

ACHÉ

February, 1990

Vol. 2, No. 1

\$2

The Bay Area's Journal For Black Lesbians



(Artwork by Barbara Sandidge)

Aché

The Bay Area's Journal For Black Lesbians

FEBRUARY, 1990 VOL. 2, NO. 1

PUBLISHER/EDITOR:

Lisbet

CONTRIBUTORS

Darlene Angela
Margarita Benitez
Juana Maria de la Caridad
Tamu Imani Chambers
Maria Cora
Debra K. Floyd
Regina Gabrielle
Winn Gilmore
Khrystelle
Sacul L'Adnbré
Audre Lorde
Adésiña Ogunelesé
Roxanne Stanard
Alix Stephens
Skye Ward
Storme Webber
Jean Weisinger

Aché (pronounced a-chay) is a monthly publication by black lesbians for all black women. Aché is available the 1st week (or close) of each month and the deadline for submissions is the 1st of the previous month. Handwritten, typed materials and 3.5 disks using MacWrite or Microsoft Word are accepted. Include name, address, & phone # on all submissions. Don't submit originals, as we are not able to return them. Please specify if you would not like your full name reproduced in Aché.

Aché will not print words & images we deem to be racist, sexist, ageist, etc. 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, send your name & address to:
Aché: P.O. Box 6071, Albany, CA. 94706
phone: (415) 824-0703

The contents of Aché are copyright ©1990 and may not be reproduced in any manner without written permission from the publisher. Aché is dedicated to the memory of Pat Parker & all the black lesbians who have passed before us, and whose work we continue today.

TABLE OF CONTENTS

<i>A Letter From St. Croix</i>	Audre Lorde	4
<i>If All The World's A Stage</i>	Sacul L'Adnbré	6
<i>"Race: Myth & Reality"</i>	Ms. Belvedere	7
<i>"The Color Thing"</i>	Winn Gilmore	9
<i>Profile: Lisbet</i>	Skye Ward	11
<i>Jeté: on Black Dance</i>	Debra K. Floyd	12
<i>"Dos Culturas / Two Cultures"</i>	Maria Cora	21
<i>"Sister" (correction)</i>	Darlene Angela	23
<i>"For My Lover"</i>	Regina Gabrielle	24
<i>"Burning Down the House"</i>	Khrystelle	24
<i>"Tatoos"</i>	Roxanne Stanard	25
<i>"Alone"</i>	Jean Weisinger	25
<i>"For Moki"</i>	Adésiña Ogunelesé	26
<i>"A Moment of Stillness"</i>	Tamu Imani Chambers	26
<i>"Blues For Star Eyes"</i>	Storme Webber	28

DEPARTMENTS

<i>Letters to Aché</i>	3
<i>Black Women Writer Quiz</i>	8
<i>This Month In ... (calendar descriptions)</i>	14
<i>On The Table</i>	20
<i>Bulletin Board</i>	30

Aché is a monthly journal by black lesbians
for the benefit of all black women.

Our goals are:

- 1) To celebrate ourselves, our communities, and our accomplishments.
- 2) To document black lesbian herstory and culture.
- 3) To provide a forum where issues impacting our communities can be openly discussed and analyzed.
- 4) To keep black lesbians in touch with each other's activities locally, nationally, and globally.
- 5) To provide a place where black visual artists and writers can develop and display their skills.
- 6) To help organize and empower ourselves; so that we may become more effective allies in the struggle to end the oppression that we, as black people, women and members of the gay community, face daily.

First, in response to the many calls I've received this past month, there was *no* January publication. I'm kind of flattered that so many of you noticed Aché wasn't around, but no, you didn't miss anything. Speaking of not missing anything, there are two very important dates to mark on your calendar: Wednesday, Feb. 14, Valentine's Day, Aché will be presenting "we come...from fire," an erotica reading to end all erotica readings. Featuring Darlene Angela, Natalie Devora, Winn Gilmore, Stephanie Henderson, Margaret Sloane-Hunter, Storme Webber and erotic dancer Teri Lethridge, this event will pack Modern Times bookstore quickly so be early!! See the calendar for the rest of the information on this event. Also, on Friday, Feb. 23 at Koncepts Cultural Gallery in Oakland, we will be celebrating our 1st anniversary with a special event celebrating ourselves and our tribal connections with: Gwen Avery, poet/healer Rachel Bagby, emcee Maria Cora, story-

teller Diane Ferlatte, dancer Debra Floyd w/vocal artist Karolyn van Putten, gospel singers Allowyn Price & Rosalind Johnson, and performance poet Storme Webber. This is our biggest event ever, so please come help us celebrate!!



Upcoming Aché Topics

- March** - Biracial Black Women
April - Exploring the Issues that Divide Us (colorism, class...)
May - Our Relationships with Men & building alliances w/the Black Gay Male Community

Other themes coming up:

Black Feminism
 Recovery & other Health Issues

Please, send us your ideas on these & any other topics you feel need looking at. We want to hear from you...

Letters to Aché

Sistahs, Sistahs, Sistahs,

I just wanted to tell you thanks for being there. It's been a wonderful thing for me, to be able to look out into an audience, and see your beautiful faces & smiles. It's not that I don't appreciate the white audiences that have supported me, because I do. It's also not because (as one Sistah said,) you "validate" me, because I don't believe that, as I'm already valid. It's simply because you turn me on... because I like looking at you... because I like the feel of your presence... because I love the sound of your laughter... I guess it's because I'm ethnocentric & I simply like being surrounded by African & Latin folks like you. So I just want to thank you for being there & thank the Black & Latin press for being in my corner. I'm truly grateful.

*Love you madly,
 Avotcja*

AUDRE LORDE:

A Letter...

November 30, 1989

To Lisbet, the women of Aché, the women of NIA, Andrea and Yasmin, and to all my other concerned and richly responsive friends;

Gloria & I wish to thank you all for your prompt and sisterly support in the last 11 weeks since hurricane Hugo devastated our home, the island of St. Croix. The lanterns, food, mattress, tent, the essential, light-giving batteries and Sterno, and the reading materials, all helped to make our lives, and the lives of many others here, more liveable in those first few terrible isolated weeks. A good deal of what you have sent us we have shared with others here on St. Croix who are far less lucky than we. Your assistance made those first few weeks so much less nightmarish.

In particular, it was so important to know that you were out there somewhere, and that you cared.

St. Croix was literally wiped out by this storm. It has been the mainstream media's decision to ignore the physical devastation and human heroism involved in this natural disaster, choosing rather to focus upon the sensational aspects of "looting", and then ignoring the governmental bungling and long-standing race-class tensions that made these occurrences totally predictable.

90% of our homes were severely damaged or destroyed. 14,500 out of 16,000 utility poles and transformers were destroyed, cutting all power and communication off the island. Every light plane and every National Guard helicopter was wrecked, the airtower was felled and the airport unuseable. A few isolated ham radios were operating, and WSTA, one radio station from St. Thomas. The morning after and for weeks, one of the hardest things was the unrelieved ugliness of hills of broken trees unadorned by even one shred of green -- every living thing had been stripped of leaves by the winds.

Many of the residential parts of the island (differentiated from tourist areas and the center town which are being rewired) cannot expect electricity or telephones or television cables before January.

But of the creative outpouring of Hugo-related reggae and calypso music, the most popular one being sung right now says:

**...blow you angry win'
we will never give in
we will rise again
with a little help from our frien's!**

And we are rebuilding. This is our home. We have passed from the stun of crisis to the interminable frustrations of long-range coping within a profit-based economy; gas lines, bank lines, insurance lines, potable water lines, food lines, disaster relief lines, debris removal lines, etc., and the growing fury when what is promised or owing is not delivered. But we are rebuilding, those of us who claim this island as home, with determination and will as well as courage and style.

There has been a lot to think about since that morning of Sept. 18, when we staggered out of a rain-drenched room after 13 hours of terror, to see sky over half the house, smashed, mangled and rain-sodden belongings, all landmarks altered, and a brown leafless, limbless terrain strewn with wreckage. The next several days were backbreaking labor, complete isolation and lack of outside communication, never-ending rain, no drinkable water, no word to or from our friends in other parts of the island who were inaccessible because of blocked roads, and one radio station from St. Thomas urging us to be of good cheer, help was coming. It was hard to believe there was anyplace where faucets ran, switches and toilets and telephones worked, the sun shone and trees had leaves. Not to mention dry clothes or towels. But there was little time to think about everything other than physical safety and survival.

Next came the U.S. Marshals and Military Police with M-16's and military supply helicopters, (no cots, no blankets) and Navy destroyers. And an angel of mercy from New York named Bob bearing supplies from our families, Sterno, batteries, an electric saw, and news of the outpouring of concern from our friends and relatives from across the country.

... From St.Croix

Then a month later to the day, Earthquake, touching the lives of so many of you who had responded so generously to us, and we were unable to do anything other than pray and send loving best wishes.

Santa Cruz, St. Croix, Two holy crosses hit one month apart. In West Africa, the vodun say it is at the crossroads that we must leave our problems for other travelers to find and seek solution. I do not want to indulge in magical thinking as an excuse for avoiding action. But I do know that hurricanes are a way of cooling off the earth, and I also know we are burning down the rain forests, polluting the atmosphere, and heating up the oceans and the earth, not to speak of tearing jagged holes in her protective ozone layer.

The earth is telling us something about our conduct of living as well as about our abuse of this covenant we live upon. Not one of us can believe herself untouched by these messages, no matter where she lives, no matter under what illusion of safety or uninvolved she pretends to hide. Each one of us has some power she can use, somewhere, somehow. And the next time you think choosing a rub-on instead of an aerosol is the best thing you can do to make a difference, just feel (image, admit, grock..) what kind of ecological violence it took last week to hurl 40 tons of revolving plutonium into the sky up over our heads and call it scientific progress.

Yet our house was among the lucky ones. Half of our roof held. Parts of our home were only flooded, not totally destroyed. We did not have to jump into our cistern as our house collapsed around us. Others did. We did not have to dash out into the eye of the hurricane and get caught pulling an unknown child out of a ditch and spend the next six hours clutching that child while hanging onto the fender of a VW van wrapped around a fallen tree. One woman did. We did not have to tie the children together, tucking the youngest inside our jackets, and fight up the hill to our uncle's house when ours collapsed, only to find his gone too, and all 8 of us riding it out in his bucking car with the kids on the floor and cushions pressed up against the windows.

I did not have to crawl into a cabinet under the kitchen sink with my doberman after the roof went and

the walls blew in. Or huddle in a bathroom closet with a tin mixing bowl over my head singing Amazing Grace for 7 hours, while the rafters were crashing down around my ears. Or, like another friend, jump into the bathroom tub with my four year old daughter holding a mattress down over our heads for protection from the wind, and trying to reassure her she was not going to die, while I prayed my labor-pains wouldn't start. Or crouch down with my wife and two children between a washing-machine and a broken cement wall, the only pieces left of our house. Or put the two little ones under the bed and make them promise to stay there if I didn't come back, then run out into the wall-less kitchen with galvanize tin swirling around, trying to turn off the gas cylinders that were rupturing under the pressure of the storm.

We were not senior citizens seeking shelter in the Central High School Gym, only to have the cement roof fall in, and be saved from destruction through the heroism of teenagers from the Civil Air Patrol, who by themselves led a gym-full of refugees to safety through winds that stripped the clothing from their bodies. These are just a few stories of Cruzan heroism and survival.

When the hurricane passed, even though we had no pump left to pump it, we were lucky to have water in our cistern that was only a little muddy, a little salty, not fouled by the 40,000 gallons of crude oil spewed out of Hess Oil Refinery storage tanks as they collapsed in Christiansted Harbor. The tornadoes and 240mph winds picked that oil up and flung it into cisterns across the island.

Hugo slowed down to 5 miles an hour over St. Croix, gathering intensity. It hovered inexorable as the monster of imperialism, grasping our whole island in its talons and lashing it apart.

I have not led an uneventful life. I have given birth, passed into an operating room not knowing if I would come out alive, walked down a lightless alley in a strange city with a switchblade in my hand, wrestled with a man twice my size determined to have my blood, pre-karate, driven myself to the hospital in search of my daughter who had just been hit by a car. But the most physically terrifying time of my life were

(continued on page 27)

If all the world's a stage, what part do lesbians of color play?



Announcing the formation of Sapphire Theatre Co., a black lesbian feminist theatre group where lesbians of color will play all parts.

Sacul L'Adnbré is the founder and director of Sapphire. Prior to moving to the east bay, she lived several years in San Francisco where she directed and codirected plays for Black Box Theatre Co., Black Light Explosion Co., and was for a time stage manager for Bess Children's Theatre Co.

*** * ***

"I love theatre and feel there's a need for it in the lesbian community (which tends to have lots of drama.) I hope it will be welcomed

and supported. I envision the company as a venue through which we can express ourselves, be entertained, and educated as we explore social, political, and personal issues relevant to lesbians of color.

I have been a single parent for the past sixteen years raising a son, now a sophomore at Berkeley High School, who recently moved in with his father. This change has provided me with more freedom to pursue some of my dreams; one being the formation and success of this theatre group.

Some of the theatre pieces will indeed take on the African concept of theatre with an integration of dance, music, poetry and drama. There will also be choreographed monologues and speeches. In the future I would like some of the group to attend national and international wimmin's festivals with

some of our more political drama.

It is important for me to include a statement about professional positive attitudes. This is not a collective. In our community, which is small but growing, it is important that we build together. This group has *no* place within it for negativity. I would like each womyn who participates in whatever capacity, to complement the theatre group, which in turn will complement our community.

With unlimited exuberance and abundant enthusiasm I welcome all interested wimmin wanting to contribute their works, talents, and abilities to please drop a creative line ASAP to:"

**Sapphire Theatre Co.
6034 Colby St.
Oakland, Ca. 94618**

“Race: What is Myth, What is Reality?”

by Ms. Belvedere

“Race” is a social construction: it is not based on scientific “truth” rooted in biology and genetics, as we have been taught to believe. The significance of the concept is social and political, not scientific. Because the concept is socially constructed, it merely reflects some person's subjective perspective of classifying various groups of human beings. The original categories of racial groupings were developed by European male “scholars” in the nineteenth century. Embedded in the classifications were their racist judgements about the superiority and inferiority of each group, specifically the superiority of Whites (“caucasoids”) and the inferiority of the rest (“negroids,” “monogoloids,” and “aboriginals”). The so-called scientific truths—derived from measuring brain size, for example—about the differences between Whites and people of color were then used to explain and justify the imperialism and colonialism of the Europeans. These same concepts, along with a strong dose of Christianity, were used to justify the genocide of Native Americans and enslavement of the Africans in “America.”

The four original categories have been changed since their invention to fit the particular social and political realities at any given time. For example, at one point in the history of the U.S. “White,” “Black,” and “Other” were the only “legitimate” categories. In contemporary society, the list has been expanded to include many more, depending upon the situation in which the categories are used. For example, in some places on the East Coast, one can see a form listing “Asians, Black, Hispanic (not Black), White and Other.” On the West Coast, a different list could appear. It might say “Asian/Pacific Islander, Black Native American/Alaska Native, Latino, White.”

Obviously, in many cases, the categories may not be an accurate way of describing a person or a group of persons. Moreover, the terms themselves, and practice of categorizing people in the predetermined sets, obscure the true identities of people who are being categorized thereby rendering them invisible. Another destructive outcome of this practice is that doing so prevents the establishment of real connections among them.

How we see and relate to each other in the women's

community, in general, and in the the community of women of color, in particular, are affected by the dynamics of the larger society: we distinguish ourselves and each other based on a European-American conceptualization of who is what race. That includes viewing people in monoracial terms. In fact, we often go as far as to force our sisters into a monoracial category, sometimes even implying that by saying one is biracial, she is attempting to pass, in some way. “[Don't even try it.] You are Black!”

There are many sisters who, in reality, are biracial, therefore, bicultural. Those of us who are have lived in two distinct communities, whether the living has occurred literally or through socialization by family. We,

the practice of categorizing people in predetermined sets obscures the true identities of the people who are being categorized... rendering them invisible...

therefore, “know,” in a profoundly intimate manner, the ways of both cultures. The extent to which we know one or the other varies according to our respective histories; the knowing of both is real, nonetheless.

Another important issue to consider is that of identification versus classification, and the connections between the two. Identification is the subjective view of self. It is how we see ourselves culturally and racially, and how we present ourselves to and assert ourselves in the world. Classification is how others—people in the community and in the society at large—see us. Obviously, how we see ourselves, and value ourselves, is based on how we are seen and valued by “others,” both individuals and social institutions, although we commonly like to deny that reality.

On a day-to-day basis, this social classification is based primarily on physical appearance. Thus, others relate to us, judge us, and generate expectations of who we are, and, especially stressful, who we ought

(continued on page 8)

"Race: What is Myth, What is Reality?"

(continued from page 8)

to be, on how we look physically: skin color, hair texture, facial features. Many times, relying on those physical characteristics will take the observer nowhere near who the woman really is. She, instead, becomes a screen onto which the observer projects whatever fantasies, experiences, and previous history bring to bear. As a result the two women will not be able to make real connection.

For both women in that situation, the experience is frustrating, at best. The biracial woman often feels invisible and as though she must deny one part of who she is, which of course she cannot and should not. Typically, the monoracial woman experiences a sense of betrayal. "Why is she trying to 'pass'? She thinks she's better than the rest of us."

In my discussion here, I have not fully articulated the complexity of the issues I raised. That will require a different kind of space, like a workshop or a book. Instead, I tried to raise a few of what I think are the key issues in the discussion: racist and imperialistic origins of the entire concept of race and of racial categorization; the distinction between identification and classification; and some of the ways in which the issue gets played out in our community. For me, as a biracial/bicultural woman, the major significance of these issues is this: how do we, as progressive, activist woman of color in the 1990s, honor each other's individuality and forge a truly multiracial/ multicultural collective identity so that we may expand our energies on transforming the oppressive conditions in our communities and in this society?

Continued next month...

BLACK WOMENS LITERATURE QUIZ

Can you identify the writer and/or text?

1) ● "I do not know where to begin. Long before I tried to write this I realized that I was attempting something unprecedented, something dangerous merely by writing about Black women writers from a feminist perspective and about Black lesbian writers from any perspective at all. These things have not been done....All segments of the literary world-whether establishment, progressive, Black, female, or lesbian-do not know, or at least act as if they do not know, that Black women writers and Black lesbian writers exist."

2) ● "Visions of black liberation which exclude lesbians and gay men bore and repel me, for as a black lesbian I am obligated and dedicated to destroying heterosexual supremacy by "suggesting, promoting, and advocating" the rights of gay men and lesbians wherever we are. And we are everywhere....The more homophobic we are as a people the further removed we are from any kind of revolution."

3) ● "The vicious antilesbian and antigay attacks are a part of the same menacing process. The roots of sexism and homophobia are found in the same economic and political institutions that serve as the foundation of racism in this country and, more often than not, the same extremist circles that inflict violence on people of color are responsible for the eruptions of violence inspired by sexist and homophobic biases. Our political activism must clearly manifest our understanding of these connections."

4) ● "It is essential that non-gay black people recognize and respect the hardships, the difficulties gay black people experience, extending the love and understanding that is essential for the making of authentic black community. One way we show our care is by vigilant protest of homophobia. By acknowledging the union between black liberation struggle and gay liberation struggle, we strengthen our solidarity, enhance the scope and power of our allegiances, and further our resistance."

5) ● "Historically, Black women become more overtly feminist when Black militancy is in eclipse-and male chauvinism is on the rise-and this was again true in the seventies. Thus 1973 saw the creation of organizations such as the National Black Feminist Organization (NBFO), which articulated the need for politi-

(continued on page 27)

The Color Thing: Scenes from a Beauty Store

by Winn Gilmore

"Light, bright, and damned near white," I overheard one of you Negro Gay ladies whispering to another in the beauty store a while back. Picking up a jar of Wet 'N' Wild curl activator, she continued, "and she won't even *look* at any woman who's got more than a little bit of Black in her. Alma may be mixed, but her lips are thicker than mine, girl."

"Yeah," her friend said, nodding sagely and reading the text on a Revlon box. "Um huhn, child. It's a shame for her to be so yellow and have that much lip, too. What do you think about this shade of blonde on my hair?" She held the box of Revlon Blonde Bombshell hair coloring beside her glistening, copper-black skin for her friend's evaluation.

I idled closer, ostentatiously lifting a bottle of Esoterica Fade Cream to my eyes. This was going to be a really juicy conversation...if only I could get a bit closer to the action. This was the gossip of which color wars were made, the dank secrets of colorism hidden so deeply within that not even we, ourselves, recognize their existence. And these Negro Gay ladies were just tossing the shit out like already-washed sheets being hung in the wind for any passerby to see. What a find!

"No, I like the 'Blazing Brunette' better," JeriCurl decided. "It

brings out your red undertones. You've got some Indian in you, don't you?"

I picked up a tube of Porcelana

***this was the
gossip of
which color
wars were
made...***

and pretended to compare its ingredients to those in the Esoterica. My eyes slid over to Blondey's beaming face. "You can tell, can't you?" she begged. "Yeah, on my mama's side. My grandma was pure Cherokee. Hair down to *here*, girl," she boasted, right hand making a straight line across her ample buttocks.

She bent over to check out yet another shade of blonde haircoloring, and I couldn't help but follow the movement to her behind and the glaring lack of panty line beneath her 501s. Quick as lightning, JeriCurl caught my stare. I jerked my eyes back to the skin-lighteners in my hands.

"I don't know *where* this nappy hair of mine came from," Blondey

mumbled disgustedly.

"I know what you mean, girl. My mama's hair was good, too. But she married that Black no-good daddy of mine, and just look at me." JeriCurl returned the activating cream to the shelf and began studying a bottle of Soft 'N' Curl. "When I was a little girl, though, my hair was pretty good. All the other girls were jealous... except for my first girlfriend, Betty. Damn! But she was fine. Sweet, berry-black lips and a tongue too pink to look at without wrapping your lips around it."

"Stop, girl!" Blondey insisted, smiling conspiratorially. She looked around, hoping no one had overheard her friend. "I know what you mean, though."

"Yeah, she wasn't like that half-breed Alma. I just *know* she wouldn't even give me the time of day, not to mention the time of night."

"I can't stand these mixed dykes. Like I said," Blondey concluded sadly, "light, bright, and damned near white. Folks like me, who are mixed with Indian, are different. But these girls mixed with anything else... forget it! They always think they're better than everyone else, and cuter, too. They aren't *thatt* fine, girl. Don't even let Alma get close enough to break your heart."

I turned as another Negro Gay

(continued on page 10)

Scenes from a Beauty Store (cont. from page 9)

lady walked down the aisle toward us. I knew she was one of you all because I'd seen her a few weeks before at one of those gay-lady clubs. I was there doing research, you see.

Anyway, this lady's eyes lit up when she saw JeriCurl. JeriCurl's commiseration was aborted, and her mouth dropped wide open. She was radiating a heat that even I, several feet away, could feel. The approaching lady exuded an air of... assuredness, pride, or something like that, and her daba-encased thighs whispered softly to each other upon meeting with each step. Her honey-dipped skin blazed as her black-lidded eyes - living testimony to night-swathed Africa bedding with sister Spain or Arabia - took in JeriCurl. Lips, which should only be that full and moist after a clit-tingling kiss, smiled. I knew then that this was the "damned near white" about whom JeriCurl and Blondey had been dishing.

"Hey, Monica," she said to JeriCurl. "How's it going, Jade?" she asked Blondey. "I've been waiting for your call, girl," she said, facing Monica/JeriCurl. This was getting *real* good now. "We all missed you at the NIA gathering. It was magical! Just spending time with all those beautiful sisters would have been enough in itself, but we even started dealing with some of the garbage we have among ourselves, you know? I missed you."

"Well, I just couldn't get it together to go," Monica/JeriCurl replied, somewhat defensively. "I don't do groups."

"Yeah," Blondey/Jade chimed in. "All that processing stuff is for white girls. We don't have any 'garbage' with each other." She

sneered at the interloper, then returned her attention to the miracle-making Revlon package.

"Well, I missed you," Alma reiterated softly to Monica/JeriCurl. She waited expectantly, then hid her hands in her daba pockets as the pregnant pause grew to uncomfortable roundness.

Monica/JeriCurl juggled the Soft 'N' Curl from one hand to the other, then said carelessly, "I'll call you sometime."

"Okay," Alma stammered self-consciously. Her eyes were filled with a confused pain. She whipped around and picked up a jar of Nature's Lanolin and Vitamin E body lotion, then retreated back down the aisle toward the check-out counter.

"Sister," Monica/JeriCurl advised, turning to me, "if you can't decide between the Esoterica and Porcelana, let me help you: that Porcelana doesn't work for nothing. Now, that Esoterica is serious. It'll really help brighten your skin."

Confused and embarrassed, I stared at the forgotten products in my hands. They'd served their purpose as an excuse for eavesdropping and now they stared up accusingly at me. I dropped them back to the shelf, and said to Monica/JeriCurl, "Yeah, maybe some other time. I was just comparing."

As I walked away, I heard Blondey/Jade say to Monica/JeriCurl, "can you *believe* the nerve of that yellow bitch Alma? Talking to us like we sinned by not going to that gathering. We know more about sisters' stuff than she *ever* will. And trying to act all sweet, like she really wanted you to call her. Girl, I told you she thinks she's better than us."

Black Writer's Quiz

(cont. from page 8)

cal, social, and economic equality specifically for Black women...Also in the early seventies, political Black lesbian groups such as the Combahee River Collective, organized in 1974 in New York, emerged."

6)●

There are those who think or perhaps don't think that children and lesbians together can't make a family that we create an extension of perversion...

ANSWERS

- 1) Barbara Smith "Some Are Brave..." pg. 157
- 2) Cheryl Clarke "Home Girls" pg. 208
- 3) Angela Davis "Women, Culture & Politics" pg. 12
- 4) Bell Hooks "Talking Back" pg. 126
- 5) Paula Giddings "When & Where I Enter" pg. 344
- 6) Pat Parker "Jonestown" pg. 67

Prepared by
Skye Ward

PROFILE: Lisbet Ach  Publisher & Editor

"The existence of Ach  is a deep and satisfying joy to me. It is important that we encourage and support an organ of communication exploring the potentials of black lesbian communities...."

(Audre Lorde, Activist-Writer)

"(In the black lesbian community) for a long time I felt like there was really nothing in terms of a focal point. Ach  is so much of a focus, it's like a star shining, drawing other entities."

(Storme Webber, Activist-Poet)

"I can't tell you what Ach  has done for me. I'm just coming out-I don't know any black lesbians....I read each Journal from cover to cover. I don't want to miss a word."

(Too Shy, Ach  Subscriber)

The above opening statements adequately reflect the sentiment and attitudes as expressed by the diverse group of black lesbians, who have contributed to the rapid growth and success of Ach . Ach , the Bay Area's Journal for Black Lesbians has become a rallying point, catalyst, and common ground for black lesbians in the U.S., the Caribbean, Europe, and Canada. A continuum of black lesbian culture is explored in the pages of Ach  - from distinguished and noted scholar Audre Lorde, grassroots activist-poet Storme Webber, to the anonymous correspondence of an Ach  reader who shares her experience of self-discovery and identification with other black lesbians.

Since the departure of co-founder Pippa Fleming seven months ago, the woman who serves as publisher, chief editor and driving force behind Ach , is known simply as Lisbet among the many women of color, writers, musicians and community organizers who under her direction contribute to the publication and the cultural/fundraiser events that help sustain Ach . Lisbet was born and raised in the San Francisco bay area and continues to make her home in the heart of the Mission District. She is a successful businesswoman, an avid photographer and a very talented musician. Her interests run from Afro-Cuban folklore to radio, and she currently produces an Economics module with noted economist Julianne Malveaux for public radio station, KPFA.

In recognizing Ach 's one year anniversary we spoke briefly about the rapid growth of the publication.

According to Lisbet, the genesis of Ach  was characterized by a very humble beginning and very limited resources. But with grand visions for the future, she is currently developing guidelines that will facilitate what appears to be a very fast growing project. She comments on the growth, "If I had known it was going to be 36 pages every month and women all across the

"... I'm committed to documenting the process so that other groups of women trying to organize and do work will have it a little easier..."

country would be waiting on it, the thought would have stopped me dead in my tracks. Ach  has grown so rapidly and everything's happened so fast that right now I'm spending a lot of time trying to put together some structure to this project so that it doesn't burn out everyone who's involved. There are a lot of different women who work on Ach  and together we need to organize in such a way that the growth won't be impeded. I'm also committed to documenting the process so that other groups of women trying to organize and do work will have it a little easier."

More significant than the genesis of Ach  is why it is important that it continues to exist. Lisbet commented on the need for Ach  to be focused solely on black

(continued on page 29)

The Acceptance of the Black Dancer as a Performing Artist:

A synthesis of the historical roots of African-American Dance and a brief look at Katherine Dunham and Pearl Primus.

The beginnings of dance can be traced back to the beginnings of time itself. "Black Dance" can be traced back to the days before slavery took hold of the African people and changed so many of their traditional and ritualistic ways and customs. Dance was used by the white slave traders to entice the native Africans aboard the slave ships. Dance was also used as a form of exercise for the slaves aboard the very tight quartered slave ships. This practice was referred to as "dancing the slaves." The music was either a slave thumping on a broken drum or an upturned kettle, or even by an African banjo if there happened to be one aboard. The following is a statement made by Richard Drake who spent fifty years of his life in the slave trade business. "Our Blacks were a good natured set, and jumped to the lash so promptly, that there was not much occasion for scoring their naked flanks.

We had tamborines on board, which some of the younger darkies fought for regularly, and every evening we enjoyed the novelty of African war songs and ring dances, fore and aft, with the satisfaction of feeling that these pleasant exercises



were keeping our stock in fine condition, and, of course enhancing our prospect of a profitable voyage."¹

Many Africans were taken to the West Indies before coming to the United States for a process termed, "seasoning." The slave would be regarded as seasoned after three or four years in the West Indies, then viewed by mainland planters as a much more desirable slave than those that were considered "raw" because they came straight from the "wilds of Africa."

Because of this interchanging of slaves between the West Indies and the United States, there is much discussion as of the Caribbean contribution to Black Dance as we know it today.

The basic instrument that was used by the Black West Indian for the much needed "rhythms" was

the drum. With the use of the drums many of the dance movements came forth and took form, such as the "Calenda." The Calenda consisted of the dancers forming two lines with the men and women facing each other. They would come together at the signal of the drum and their thighs would then touch and they would return to their places. Another dance needing the beat of the drum was the "Chica" or the "Shay-Shay" as it is called today. This dance was done mostly by the Congolese people. The women hold the ends of their kerchiefs or the sides of their skirts and proceed to move the lower part of their bodies in a shaking motion while maintaining the upper part practically immobile. The man will then join her by almost touching her and then falling into rhythm alongside her. There were other dances like the BamBoula, Juba, dances done for certain holidays, weddings and funerals, crop over dances and the sacred "Voodoo" ritual dances. These dances dealt with spirits and the Gods of the West Indian people.

In looking at Black Dance today, we focus on the two women that are considered the "primary

(continued on page 13)

jeté

(continued from page 12)

leaders" in the concert aspect of this dance form and they are: Katherine Dunham and Pearl Primus. These two great trendsetters were quite alike in some aspects and they certainly emerged to prominence at early stages in their careers. Even as far back as the 1940's, they wanted their efforts to be viewed as the "acceptance of the Black dancer as a performing artist."

Katherine Dunham discovered dance in high school and after majoring in anthropology at the University of Chicago and studying dance from private studios, she landed her first leading role in Ruth Page's West Indian ballet, "La Guiabliesse." (1933) It was through this combination of anthropology and dance that Dunham received the chance to go to the West Indies to do research for her Masters Thesis entitled "The Dances of Haiti." She arrived in the West Indies in 1936 and studied dance from the Black people in Martinique, Jamaica, Trinidad and particularly Haiti for 18 months. The most important aspect of her trip to the Caribbean is the fact that she laid the foundations for the choreography which made her an outstanding figure in the entertainment world.

Katherine Dunham's early contributions to dance consisted of her becoming the director of the Black unit of the Chicago branch of the Federal Theatre Project where she staged the dance numbers for "Emperor Jones" and "Run Lil Chillum." In 1939 she went on to be the dance director of the New York Labor Stage and she choreographed the musical "Pins and Needles." Her concert at the Winsor Theater was entitled "Tropics

and Le Jazz Hot" which launched the vehicle to her internationally-known career. Late in 1940, Dunham and her company appeared in the all Black musical, "Cabin in the Sky," where she played the seductive Georgia Brown. Other Hollywood choreography to her credits were; "Star Spangled Rhythm" (1941), "Casbah" (1948), "Pardon My Sarong" (1952), "Green Mansions" (1959) and the really superior Technicolor short of her own dances, "Carnaval of Rhythm." Katherine Dunham then decided in 1945 to open her own school of dance. Her plans were, "to establish a well trained ballet group and to attain a status in the dance world that would give Black student the courage to really study and a reason to do so. Also, to take 'our' dance out of the burlesque show forms and into a more dignified form of art." So with all of this in mind, Dunham's students received the "Dunham Technique," and a combination of classical ballet with Central European, Caribbean and African elements. All of which exist in her East St. Louis school today.

Overall, Katherine Dunham truly captured the love and admiration of the whole dance world through her innate sense of theatre and music, as well as through her choreography and style of dance.

Pearl Primus, another primary Black dance leader, was also trained in anthropology and utilized ethnic material as a basis for concert presentations. Her style had more African base movements and with this she tried to keep African American dance form flowing. Several of her themes dealt with messages that could be considered "dances of protest" that would

draw attention to the inequalities and injustices in the lives of American Blacks. Primus used such moving themes as Billie Holliday's "Strange Fruit" (which was also the name of her dance piece) that dealt with one woman's reaction toward lynching and another theme entitled, "Hard Times" that was a protest against sharecropping. To illustrate the general ignorance of the knowledge of the heritage of Black America, Primus used Langston Hughes' poem "The Negro Speaks of Rivers."

Primus once stated that she dances "not to entertain," but to help people better understand each other. She also believes that the Black artist should be accepted as an American artist.

These two women worked very hard to change and reconstruct the preconceived ideas many white Americans have about Black dancers, and that Black dance itself is not just an ethnic mentionable, but a major contribution to the American dance scene.

There are others that have made their marks in the Black dance world such as; Carmen DeLavalade, Mary Hinkson, Carolyn Adams, Lavina Williams, Ruth Beckford-Smith and Judith Jamison. All of these women along with the Black Concert Dance women of today, are working hard for the struggles and challenges of this important "Third World" art form to be acknowledged and accepted into the mainstream of the American Dance Picture.

This Month In...

Aché presents:

☛ *"We Come...from Fire"*
an erotic explosion featuring:

*Darlene Angela, Natalie Devora,
Winn Gilmore, Stephanie Henderson,
Margaret Sloane-Hunter &
Storme Webber with special guest,
erotic dancer, Teri Lethridge*

Wed., Feb. 14 7:30pm
Modern Times, 968 Valencia St., SF.
\$5-10 (no one turned away for lack of funds)

* * * * *

☛ *Aché's 1st anniversary party!!*

"Celebrating Ourselves"
and our tribal connections with:

*Maria Cora, emcee
Gwen Avery, singer
Rachel Bagby, poet/healer
Diane Ferlatte, storyteller
Debra K. Floyd, dancer
Allowyn Price &
Rosalind Johnson, gospel singers
Karolyn van Putten, vocal artist
Storme Webber, performance poet*

Friday, Feb. 23 8pm
*Koncepts Cultural Gallery
480 Third St., nr. Jack London Sq. in Oakland*
\$10 adv./\$12 door.
For advance tickets call (415) 841-2672.

DANCE CLASSES: (not listed in the calendar)

SAT. & WED. (ongoing) Modern jazz dance, with Debra K. Floyd and live drumming. Advance Beg. are Saturdays from 10:00-11:30am & Intermed. are Wednesdays from 7:30-9:30pm and Saturday, 11:30-1:30pm starting with floor barre. Fee \$7.00 single class (there are student & class card rates.) Finn Hall, 1819-10th St. in Berkeley.

■ DANCE

FRI. - SUN. - Feb. 9-11, 15-18 "The Dance Theatre of Harlem" will be performing 3 different programs over 2 weekends at Zellerbach Hall on the U.C. Berkeley campus. Shows start at 8pm/Sun. matinee at 2pm. Tix \$17.50-\$30. For info: 642-9988.

FRI. - SAT. - Feb. 16-17 An African dance series featuring The Ladzepko Brothers, and the Diamano Coura West African Dance Co. (Friday) & Fua Dia Congo and Ceedo Senegalese Dance Co. (Saturday) will be held at Cowell Theatre, Fort Mason in SF. \$8. 8:30pm. For info call 763-3962.

FRI. - SUN. - Feb. 23-25 The Bay Area Dance Series presents Luisah Teish in "Calabash of Memories" at Laney College Theatre, 900 Fallon St. in Oakland. 8pm/Sun. matinee 3pm. \$6-12. For info call 750-3250.

■ EVENTS

THUR. - Feb. 8 - Stephanie Henderson hosts an evening of local black poets & writers, 7:30pm at Old Wives Tales, 1009 Valencia St. in SF. Donation.

THUR. - Feb. 8 - "Rock Down Central America: Afro-Nicaraguan Roots" is a reggae video featuring "Soul Vibrations of the Atlantic Coast of Nicaragua. The emcee will be Oakland councilperson, Wilson Riles Jr. Sponsored by Friends of Nicaragua

(continued on page 15)

This Month In...

Culture. \$5. 7:30pm at La Peña, 3105 Shattuck Ave. in Berkeley.

SAT. - Feb. 10 - "Poetry to Dance To" Avotcja & bassist Herbie Lewis will be performing at the Exploratorium Theatre, 3601 Lyon St. in S.F. 2pm.

SUN. - Feb. 11 - Opal Palmer Adisa & Devorah Major will read from their new book of poetry, *Traveling Women*. with accompaniment by jazz saxophonist Lewis Jordan. 2pm at the Exploratorium, 3601 Lyon St. in S.F.

THUR. - Feb. 15 - Belinda Sullivan is a black lesbian writer/actor/storyteller who will be at Old Wives Tales, 1009 Valencia St. in SF. 7:30pm.

SAT. - Feb. 17 - An evening of sensuality "Everything You Didn't Get for Valentines Day" will be held at Simply Shortbreads, 1314 Ocean Ave. in SF from 7-10pm. For info call 647-4612.

THUR. - Feb. 22 Actress/storyteller **Diane Ferratte** will be at Old Wives Tales, 1009 Valencia St. in SF. 7:30pm. For more information call 821-4675.

MON. - Feb. 26 - J. California Cooper (storyteller) & Avotcja (poet/musician/storyteller) will be performing at Spartan Memorial Chapel on the San Jose State University campus. 2pm.

WED. - Feb. 28 - Jan Faulkner, whose collection caricatures of African Americans became the basis of the film "Ethnic Notions" will be having a slideshow at Mama Bears, 6536 Telegraph Ave. in Oakland. 7pm. \$4. For info & reservations call 428-9684.

■ FILM

SAT. - Feb. 10 - "Black Music in America: The Seventies" (1979) Isaac Hayes and Dionne Warwick take a look at black music in the 70's. Also showing is **"Alvin Ailey: Memories & Visions"** featuring major works by Ailey with featured dancer Judith Jamison. 7:30pm. Free at La Peña, 3105 Shattuck Ave. in Berkeley.

SUN. - Feb. 11 - The Exploratorium presents "Mask" which through dance and poetry interprets the myth and reality of Black women's lives; **"Picking Tribes"** which takes a look at one woman's struggle to find an identity between her Black and Native American heritages; **"Toni Morrison"** a portrait of a writer struggling with her roles as mother and editor, & **"Two Lies"** which expresses an aesthetic that is uniquely Asian American and femal. The program begins at noon at McBean Theatre inside the Exploratorium, 3601 Lyon St. in S.F. The films are free with museum admission.

THUR. - Feb. 15 - The Exploratorium presents a special film series for Black History month featuring, "Visions of the Spirit: A Portrait of Alice Walker", "Syvilla: They Dance to her Drum" a portrait of Syvilla Fort, a first-generation African American concert dancer who influenced a generation of dancers, **"Women of the Calabash"** and **"Pick Up Your Feet: Double Dutch"** which documents and N.Y.C. double dutch championship. The program begins at 11:30am at McBean Theatre inside the Exploratorium, 3601 Lyon St. in S.F. The films are free with museum admission.

The calendar listings may change without notice so double-check with the source for any last minute changes. To list something in next month's calendar, mail notice by the 20th to:

Aché, P.O. Box 6071, Albany, CA. 94706 or phone (415) 824-0703.

(continued on page 18)

Calendar - February 1990

SUNDAY

MONDAY

TUESDAY

WEDNESDAY

C - class, D - dance, E - events, F - film, M - music, N - nightlife, R - radio, T - theater, TV - television

For details on calendar listings, see pages 14, 15, 18 and 19. Calendar listings may change without notice, so double-check with the source for any changes. To list in next month's calendar, call the office by the 20th of each month to:

Aché, P.O. Box 6071, Albany, Ca. 94706 or phone (415) 824-0703.

<p>4</p>	<p>5 TV - "Eyes on the Prize"</p>	<p>6 TV - "No Father, No Mother..."</p>	<p>7 R - "Acoustic" TV - "Eyes on the Prize"</p>
<p>11 D - Dance Theatre of Harlem E - Opal Palmer Adisa/D. Major F - Exploratorium film series TV - "Black Stars in Orbit"</p>	<p>12 TV - "Eyes on the Prize"</p>	<p>13 TV - "No Father, No Mother..." TV - "Throwaway People" TV - "Roots of Resistance"</p>	<p>14 R - "Acoustic" M - Charlene TV - "Eyes on the Prize" TV - "Zora Neale Hurston"</p>
<p>18 D - Dance Theatre of Harlem TV - "Roots of Resistance" TV - "Sonia Sanchez"</p>	<p>19 TV - "Eyes on the Prize"</p>	<p>20 TV - "Sonia Sanchez"</p>	<p>21 R - "Acoustic" TV - "Eyes on the Prize"</p>
<p>25 TV - "Black Issues Forum" TV - "Boogie in B & W" TV - "Flyers in Search of Dream"</p>	<p>26 E - J. California Cooper/Avotcja TV - "Eyes on the Prize" TV - "Memories from Beale St." TV - "Art Blakey"</p>	<p>27</p>	<p>28 R - "Acoustic" E - J. Faulkner F - "Winnie" TV - "Eyes on the Prize"</p>

SDAY

THURSDAY

FRIDAY

SATURDAY

<p>television t, send de-</p>	<p>1 TV - "Eyes on the Prize"</p>	<p>2 R - "La Verdad Musical"</p>	<p>3</p>
<p>ourney" e Prize"</p>	<p>8 E - Black Poet Series E - "Afro-Nicaraguan Roots" TV - "Eyes on the Prize"</p>	<p>9 D - Dance Theatre of Harlem M - Rashida Oji R - "La Verdad Musical"</p>	<p>10 R - Bell Hooks D - Dance Theatre of Harlem E - Avotcja & Herbie Lewis F - "Black Music" "Alvin Ailey" N - "Valentine's Love"</p>
<p>ourney" son & Friends e Prize" Name!"</p>	<p>15 E - Belinda Sullivan F - Exploratorium film series TV - "Eyes on the Prize"</p>	<p>16 D - Dance Theatre of Harlem D - African Dance Series R - "La Verdad Musical"</p>	<p>17 D - Dance Theatre of Harlem D - African Dance Series E - an Evening of Sensuality... TV - "Black Stars in Orbit" TV - "Throwaway People" TV - "Zora is My Name!"</p>
<p>ourney" e Prize"</p>	<p>22 E - Diane Ferlatte R - "Rhythm Drive" w/Avotcja TV - "Eyes on the Prize" TV - "Rappin' About AIDS"</p>	<p>23 D - Luisah Teish R - "La Verdad Musical"</p>	<p>24 D - Luisah Teish R - Rachel Bagby F - "Tongues Untied"</p>
<p>ourney" Ethnic Notions" elson Mandela" e Prize"</p>	<p>29 R - "Rhythm Drive" w/Avotcja TV - "Eyes on the Prize"</p>	<p>30 R - "La Verdad Musical"</p>	<p>31</p>

This Month In...

SAT. - Feb. 24 - "Tongues Untied" Produced and directed by Bay Area filmmaker Marlon Riggs, this award-winning film explores black gay male identity. Also "Ethnic Notions" another award-winning film by Riggs which takes the viewer on a disturbing voyage through American history, tracing the deeply rooted stereotypes which had fueled anti-black prejudice. Special appearance by filmmaker Marlon Riggs. Benefit for the S.F. Black Coalition on AIDS. \$15. 7pm at the Victoria Theater, 2961 - 16th St. in SF.

WED. - Feb. 28 - "Winnie & Nelson Mandela" is a video which chronicles their lives. \$3. 7:30pm at La Peña, 3105 Shattuck Ave. in Berkeley.

■ MUSIC

FRI. - Feb. 9 - Singer/songwriter Rashida Oji from St. Louis will be performing at Mama Bears, 6536 Telegraph Ave. in Oakland. 8pm. \$6-8. For info & reservations call 428-9684.

SAT. - Feb. 14 - Charlene Mason & guest artists in concert at Mama Bears, 6536 Telegraph Ave. in Oakland. 8pm. \$6-8. For info call 428-9684.

■ NIGHTLIFE

SAT. - Feb. 10 - Finesse Presents "Valentine Love," a dance at Koncepts Cultural Gallery, 480 - 3rd St. in Oakland. Also features a lingerie show from 10:30-11:30pm. \$7. 9:30pm-4am. Info: 893-4562.

■ RADIO

FRIDAYS (ongoing) - "La Verdad Musical/The Musical Truth" with Avotcja. Fridays from 12-3pm on KPOO 89.5 FM. She also hosts "Rhythm Drive" Thurs. from 4:30-6 on 94.1 FM.

WEDNESDAYS (on going) - "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.

SAT. - Feb. 10 - An interview with writer Bell Hooks, who speaks out about the meaning of feminist consciousness in daily life, self-recovery, and intimate relationships at noon on KPFA, 94.1FM.

SAT. - Feb. 24 - "Rachel Bagby: Drummer's Daughter" This remarkable healer/speaker/lawyer and member of Bobby McFerrin's Voicestra shares her rich and visionary spirit. Pt. 3 of a 4 Pt. series. 1pm on KPFA, 94.1FM.

■ TELEVISION

MON., WED. & THUR. - thru Feb. - Part 2 of "Eyes on the Prize" airs a new segment each Monday at 10pm on channel 9, and rebroadcasts it again on Thursdays at 3pm (9) at Wednesdays at 9pm on channel 32. The 1st week features "The Promised Land (1967-68)", 2nd wk. "Ain't Gonna Shuffle No More (1964-72)", 3rd wk. "A Nation of Law (1968-71)", 4th wk. "The Keys to the Kingdom (1974-80)."

TUES. - Feb. 6, 13 - "No Father, No Mother, No Uncle Sam" explores the issue of what happened to the babies born by white British women and fathered by the black American servicemen stationed in Britain during WWII. On the 6th, 12:20am on / on the 13th, 12 midnight on KQED, channel 9.

SUN. & SAT. - Feb. 11, 17 - "Black Stars in Orbit" This program profiles black astronauts. On the 11th, 6:30pm, channel 9 / on the 17th, 7pm on channel 32.

TUES. & SAT. - Feb. 13, 17 - "Throwaway People" This program explores the development of the black underclass by examining the history of one neighborhood in Washington D.C. On the 13th, 10pm on KQED, channel 9 / On the 17th, 5pm on KQED channel 32.

TUES. & SUN. - Feb. 13, 18 - "Roots of Resistance: A Story of the Underground"

(continued on page 19)

This Month In...

Railroad” This program traces the history of the Underground Railroad and abolitionists Harriet Tubman and Frederick Douglass. On the 19th at 11pm on channel 9 / on the 18th at 11pm on KQEC, channel 32.

WED. & SAT. - Feb. 14, 17 - “Zora is My Name!” stars Ruby Dee as the black writer, oral historian and folktale teller Zora Neale Hurston in this celebration of her life and work. On the 14th at 10pm on channel 9, on the 17th at 10pm on channel 32.

SUN. & TUES. - Feb. 18, 20 - Poet “Sonia Sanchez” looks at her childhood in Alabama, her adolescence and political awakening in Harlem, and her 2 decades in Philadelphia, where she is currently an English professor at Temple University. On the 18th at 10:30pm on channel 32, on the 20th at 12:30am on channel 9.

THURS. - Feb. 22 - “Rappin' About AIDS” features raps that sprung from a Denver Health and Hospital Neighborhood Program contest. 8:30pm on KQEC, channel 32.

SUN. - Feb. 25 - “Black Issues Forum: Racism” This program examines racism from a black perspective. 7pm on KQEC, channel 32.

SUN. - Feb. 25 - “Boogie in Black and White” is a documentary which focuses on the all-black cast of a 1947 short film, “Pitch a Boogie Woogie.” 9pm on KQEC, channel 32.

SUN. - Feb. 25 - “Flyers in Search of a Dream” This program tells the story of America's pioneering black aviators from the 1920's to the 1930's. 11pm on KQEC, channel 32.

MON. - Feb. 26 - “All Day & All Night: Memories from Beale Street” This program focuses on the lifestyles of musicians from Memphis' Beale Street featuring B.B. King, Evelyn Young, Laura Dukes, Rufus Thomas and Booker T. Laury. 11:30pm on KQED, channel 9.

MON. - Feb. 26 - “Art Blakey: Jazz Messenger” A profile of this jazz drummer and band leader is told through conversations with some of his many collaborators including Horace Silver, Dizzy Gillespie and Wayne Shorter. Midnight on KQED, channel 9.

■ THEATER

THURS. - SUN. - Feb. 1 -25 - “MLK: We Are The Dream” is a tribute to Dr. Martin Luther King, Jr. by actor/playwright Al Eaton. Eaton explores Dr. King's impact on the lives of millions through his portrayal of four different characters. 8pm/Sat. & Sun. 2:30pm. For info call 839-5510.

Coming in March...

SAT. - Mar. 3 An evening of music with Gwen Avery & Friends who will be performing at the Artemis Café on Valencia St. in SF. \$5-8. 8pm.

FRI. - Mar. 9 - Comedian Karen Williams will be performing at Mama Bears, 6536 Telegraph Ave. in Oakland. 8pm. \$6-8. For info & reservations call 428-9684.

The calendar listings may change without notice so double-check with the source for any last minute changes. To list something in next month's calendar, mail notice by the 20th to:

Aché, P.O. Box 6071, Albany, CA. 94706 or phone (415) 824-0703.

ON THE TABLE...

"Mixed Heritage"



"Amigas" by Juana María de la Caridad

DON'T CALL ME HISPANIC! by Margarita Benitez

I am not of mixed heritage. I was born and raised in Puerto Rico. I was taught English there, but began to speak English when I moved to New York in March 21, 1968. My father is black and my mother is light skinned with long light brown hair (now silver); they are both Puerto Rican. My father had kinky hair all his life (now deceased.) My skin is dark brown and my hair is curly (kinky) like my father's. I love my hair and my skin color. I love to speak Spanish. I speak perfect English only when I have to and I love my accent. I love Puerto Rican women. I love Black women. I am a Black Latina Lesbian, Afro Boricua, a black woman.

To you I am what you think I should be, fortunately you cannot change who I am. You try to fit me into a stereotype, but you can't mold me. You resent me in your events, but I belong wherever I go. You, sometimes don't understand what I say when you hear my accent not listening to what I am saying.

When I arrived in California in June 1980 you called me Philipina, Samoan, Pacific Islander, Salvadorean; all but what I am, giving me too many labels. I don't wear your labels. All people of color come from AFRICA. This is who I am. AFRICA and PUERTO RICO are MOTHER and DAUGHTER. Do not misquote me. AfroBoricua is not a mixed heritage.

(continued on page 21)

DOS CULTURAS / TWO CULTURES

by Maria Cora

*Soy la coyuntura de dos culturas en lucha
Tengo por herencia ambas caras simbióticas del coloniaje
He dejado años, lagrimas,
esfuerzos y cantares de sobrevivencia
en las arenas de Borinquen
en el cemento de Yanquilandia.*

*I am that place where two cultures struggle
I have inherited both interdependent sides of colonialism
There, my years, my tears, my efforts and songs
there, I left them
on Puerto Rican seashores
on city pavements of Yankee Land.*

*Hago la política en mi inglés manipulador
Hago el amor en mi español apasionado*

*I do politics in manipulative English
I make love in passionate Spanish*

*Como semillas al viento,
he presenciado en mi carne
el desparramamiento de mi familia, mi gente, mi pueblo.
Es nuestra la dura cosecha
de desubicación, enajenamiento y nostalgia.
Yo nomada involuntaria, nutrida de
los planes del próximo viaje
las llamadas telefónicas
las cartas esperadas
la separación
el sueño del volver eterno*

*Like seeds in the wind,
I have witnessed in my flesh
the scattering of my family, my people.
For us a bitter harvest
of displacement, alienation and nostalgia.
Unwilling nomad nourished on
thoughts of the next visit
telephone calls
awaited letters
separated
forever dreaming of going home.*

*Hubiera enloquecido de no haber tenido
la suerte de nacer negra.
Ahi se reconcilian mis conflictos existenciales
De lado y lado mis antepasadas
maldijeron su rapto de mi tierra santa Africana
Y derramaron sangre resistiendo
violaciones
la venta de sus hijos
el ardor del carimbo
las condiciones inconcebibles
de sus abusadas vidas como esclavas.*

*I would have lost my mind
but that I am blessed to be black.
There all of my existential conflicts reconcile
On both sides those women, my ancestors
cursed their being abducted from our motherland Africa.*

*And they shed blood resisting against
the raping
the selling of their children
the burning of the brand
the inconceivable conditions of their abused lives in
slavery.*

*Y continuaron recordando
que lo esencial es dar vida
y no dejarse vencer,
no dejar de soñar para el presente y el futuro.*

*And they always remembered
that which is essential
to give life and not let yourself be beaten
to never stop dreaming for the present and the future.*

*Y yo recuerdo con ellas.
Hoy lucho a diario,*

And I remember with them.

(continued on page 22)

DOS CULTURAS

*resistiendo el legado del racismo
a veces directo, otras veces sutil
mas siempre nocivo
lo mismo aca que alla*

*No me impresionan la gente rubia
ni me estiro mis pasas queridas.
Soy bruja Yoruba y sonera
que vocaliza pregones que saben a jazz y a rumba
en la marginal.*

*Yo no permito que me definan:
lo mio lo defino yo.
Vengo como los huracanes
como la muerte.
Seria un grave error para cualquiera
subestimar lo que soy y a donde voy.*

TWO CULTURES

*I struggle day to day resisting this legacy of racism
sometimes direct, other times subtle
always deadly*

both here and there.

*Blondes do not impress me
I will not straighten my beloved naps.
I am a Yoruba sorceress and voice
whose verses taste of jazz and hot rumbas from the
side.*

*And I do not allow others to define me
That which is mine I define.
I am on my way
like hurricanes
like death.*

*It would be a grave mistake
for anyone to underestimate
who I am and where I am going.*

"On the Table" is a monthly forum where you respond to various topics. If you have any comments about anything that you read here, please write to Aché; we need your feedback if the dialogue is to continue.

Next month's topic:

☛ **Biracial black women**

Submissions can be in the form of letters, essays, poetry/prose, short statements, or artwork. Please specify if you would not like your full name included.

Mail responses to:
Aché, P.O. Box 6071,
Albany, CA. 94706

Sister

where will your heart be
this weekend

will it be hiding
behind your stone cold rhetoric
institutional oppression

will it be laying in fear
behind polysyllabic words that speak
to systems, institutions, and imaginary oppressors
forgetting me

Sister

don't waste my time
i am coming to hear you release
your heart

Sister

don't waste my time
i am coming to you with my pain
on my sleeve

dripping like an open wound

Sister

don't waste my time

with your intellectualized bullshit

Sister

i am not in the mood
to listen to you philosophize

as i feel my pain

which you call
cross-cultural hostility

Sister

i am not in the mood
to listen to you verbally masturbate
yourself and others
using politically correct phrases
while i relive my pain

which you call
cross-cultural dynamics

get raw

Sister

get real
Sister

get down
Sister

down to that place
where the pain is so blood red
you cry
you wail

as you descend

get down

Sister

down to that place
where you will say

i feel you
not

i hear you

Sister

can you do this

for me
for you
for us

'cause

Sister

we ain't gonna combat nothin'
if we too afraid to

feel it within
ourselves

DARLENE ANGELA

For My Lover

*I long for the spell
that bound us helpless
drawn to one another
beyond our control our
wildest dreams that dug
thru the core where no
one had ever been and
it was tribal primal
climbing and we could
dream and want desire
so thick it dripped while
everyone watched jealous
excited our dance so
pure so deep so full of
love entice me entice
home and we merged
ribs into smoke rising
because we had no choice
thought no price too high
for the risk of longing
to stay spellbound to you.*

Regina Gabriel

BURNING DOWN THE HOUSE

Taut maple brown
skin
as soft as purse leather
promising
a breeze of summer sweetness
fingers
a red hot poker, tracing the touch of moist
bodies
turning on the steam
sweaty
musty
nasty
fangs of heat, mimicking the depths
hell
fire is immediate
flames
roaring, feeding excitedly on absent minded
flesh
fire
pounding, entering multiple doors
burning
eager walls beg for release
tongues
a snaking water hose spraying
cooling,
fanning,
my igneous dream

Khrystelle

we come...from fire

(Artwork by Alixe Stephens)



TATOOS by Roxanne Stanard

*I have thought of
tatoos -
something permanent to remind me of you.*

*A rainbow on the shoulder
that you love to bite;
a chocolate kiss on the thigh
that you pinched last night.*

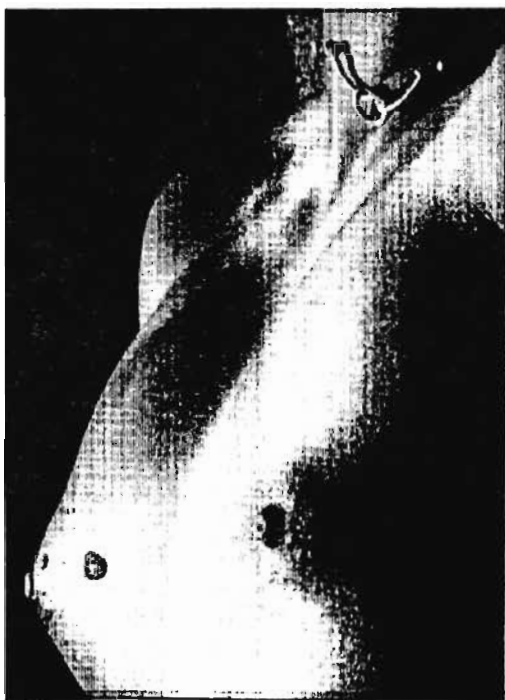
*Be the ink which colors my life.
If you were the needle
I would enjoy the piercing.*

*alone
near the FIREPLACE
HOT
like
my INNERS
HOT
like
the HEATED
issues I'm dealing with
HOT
like
the peppers on my vegetarian burrito
HOT
like
the POLITICS of sleeping with a white lover*

jean weisinger

For Moki

Move my body to the magical rhythms
of your voice
steal away my heart
Moorish woman
& weave ancient patterns of Love
through my mind
So pure & sweet a voice
must shine on the world
to bring happiness & joy
to all who hear you
dance sensual vibrations
that capture & possess
the sounds reawakened
of an Africa
then & now.



by Adéṣiṅṅa Ogunelesé

A MOMENT OF STILLNESS by Tamu Imani Chambers

The elements of time...
pain, rejection, loneliness and fear
Had parched all the dimensions of my world,
mind body and soul.
So this microcosm which had been assigned me
began to shrink.
The space around me became greater
as the me that I was became smaller.

How long had it been...
since I drank from the river of life?
I only knew that the occasional rain drop was
not enough for my continued existence.
Unable to control the direction of my flight
I plunged head on into nothingness.
As my soul felt torn between wanting to live
and hoping to die.

Just when the end...
seemed almost certain,
You reached out with the power of a mighty wind,
the gentleness of a cool summer breeze
And drew me into your field of energy
which was like an oasis.
In the stillness of that moment I heard
you whisper my name.

You overflowed with a...
life giving substance which nourished.
I drank eagerly and feasted
on the tenderness you gave.
The safety and warmth of your arms
strengthened and comforted
My weary and lifeless soul, and
I lingered long enough to start afresh.

Thank you...

A Letter From St. Croix

(continued from page 5)

the 10 hours I spent with Gloria, Char, and our dog Beeva, after fleeing from an inner hallway mattress when the sliding glass doors blew in, barricaded finally in a small room watching the wooden roofbeams over us rise and fall, and listening to the rest of the roof being ripped off and crashing down around us, with the shriek and roar of the creature-like tornados surrounding us in a din, sometimes like a locomotive roaring over our heads, sometimes like a 747.

At 8am, September 18, we stepped out into a world forever altered. For the first week we dragged out fallen timber, wet stinking debris and the twisted remains of our past lives. We learned in quick order, after the Sterno got soaked, how to chop damp wood, build driftwood fires between cement blocks in the driveway, make lamps out of scrap oil and waxed string, haul water and wash under downspouts. And think about the 60% of the rest of the world that lives like this much of their lives. Some of whom still show up in the morning clean and well-combed and smiling at counters and kitchens every day in Johannesburg and Benares and Antigua and Tunica, Mississippi.

It is 12 weeks and many crises in other parts of the world later, and we still do not have electrical power, telephones, rapid communication, a permanent roof or glass in our boarded up windows. But we do have a gas stove and a temporary roof and a generator that runs a borrowed refrigerator and some lights and a water pump. The island is green again, the sun is more brilliant than ever with spectacular sunsets, and even the flowers are returning, covering over the mangled broken trees in the rainforest and the mounds of twisted galvanize heaped alongside every roadway, waiting for the Army Corps of Engineers to haul away.

But there are still many people here on the island whose only shelter are Red Cross issued tents unsuitable for longterm living. Despite the brave governmental claims of FEMA Disaster Relief and Red Cross help for everyone, many of these families have fallen between the cracks of most aid and concern. Not surprisingly, as of this writing, 70% of the homeless have not applied for any federal aid. With no outside contacts or other places to go, they are still suffering the effects of post-Hugo chaos.

Practically all who are still homeless in St. Croix are poor, Black, and Hispanic. Class issues as well as race issues are depressingly obvious in Disaster Aid Relief. Lacking the privileges of schooling and experience, many of the underserved are emotionally, philo-

sophically or educationally reluctant to expose themselves to bureaucratic scrutiny, unable to thread their way through the morass of redtape and application procedures.

It is three months after Hugo, and neither the government nor FEMA has implemented any concrete plans for temporary housing. The first hasty tarpaulins offered for roofless dwellings are now disintegrating from the sun and wind, leaving many dwellings once again exposed to the elements.

For those of us who call the Caribbean home, hurricanes are natural occurrences we must be prepared to experience if we also wish to experience the beauty and other benefits of this region. The same thing is true of earthquakes in your part of the country. But we must learn to live in such a way that the effects of these natural events are minimized, and the after-effects are absorbed by realistic pre-planning that will include all members of our society.

We thank you all again for your support and help in arriving at this point. Rather than sending further supplies to Gloria and me, we ask those of you who wish to help to make a contribution to the Sojourner Sisters, Inc., a Non-Prof organization of 5 Black women dedicated to education and supportive programming for women and children in St. Croix, at this address:

SOJOURNER SISTERS, INC.
P.O. BOX 1696, CHRISTIANSTED
ST. CROIX, 00821, U.S.V.I.

It is important to know and to acknowledge how deeply we touch each other's lives.

The existence of Aché is a deep and satisfying joy to me. It is important that we encourage and support an organ of communication exploring the potentials of Black Lesbian communities. I have seen Aché grow and develop through the hard work of a few committed sisters, and I hope to see even more of our communities and their concerns represented in the future.

A sweet solstice to you all, and a special bouquet to the women who make Aché possible. May this coming new be a fruitful one for each one of you, and those you love.

In the hand of Afrekete,

Audre Lorde, St. Croix.

“blues for star eyes”

love sugar is the dance we left
in the middle of
we forgot (or we thought) we forgot
the steps/so we stepped off
the scene leaving anything but a clean
break not even a heart or two
mine waz ripped raw to ragged seams
unspent full grown love running out
in every all kind of direction/chaos
of emotion we thought it better to close
the door tried to push all untidiness
inna closet/& move on
& on we & time went/i have rambled
you stayed put/found stability not without struggle
our feelings/still alive sometimes ached like a missing
limb/as though we cd still feel with even tho
amputation waz complete hearts have memories like elephants
specially for soulmates/even when they mug yr vulnerabilities
leave you oozing & raging in some dank street
i can't help it/yr image tatooed inside my eyelids
fingertips/mouth/i can't though sure if i cd
i wd even wrap you carefully/peacefully/in a blk silk
cloth/& leave you somewhere/vibeless vague in detail becomes
but too much remains & i don't have any storage space
you see i really move around too much to carry this much on with
i carry my home/of memory & dream on my back & there's not
so much room inside this shell/i need more space for the new
& i'm not so sure of these other steps we trying to make up here
soon as i figure out how/i'm a haveta evict you
i'm a haveta peel back my eyelids/trade fingertips wit
somebody that never touched you
surely somewhere/another mouth/new eyes
surely somewhere/a cosmos where we never met.

storme webber ©1989

Profile: Lisbet

(cont. from pg. 11)

lesbians: "every community has work that it needs to do just for itself and its own growth; all our issues and experiences are not the same. There is so much depth and breadth to our community that 36 pages a month just for black lesbians is not enough. Here in California, there's a tendency for all women of color to be lumped together, and it was time to claim our space, as is evidenced by both Aché, and *Mujerío* (a Bay Area Latina lesbian newsletter.) Also, Aché is a

ans doing work; both personal and internal work and in terms of community activism and organizing. For me, Aché has been a real training ground for getting some important skills and as I learn more and more about desktop publishing and computers, I'm excited about the prospect of teaching other women these skills in publishing and gaining access to written media. I don't consider myself a great speaker or anything but I do feel in some way that my particular skill is

were doing was important. She was very accessible and gave us her time, at a point in her life where time was very precious. In terms of her legacy, I will never forget her contributions to laying the ground that allows for all of us to be so 'out.' What an honor for her to feel that 'Aché is a continuation of the struggle...'"

On behalf of all the sistas who have had the privilege of contributing to the publication, the sistas like "Too Shy" who have moved one step further from being isolated from other black dykes, and for all the many black women worldwide who receive Aché in the mail each month, we are deeply grateful and wish Lisbet abundant blessings for bringing us this wonderful gift called Aché: The Bay Area's Journal for Black Lesbians!

"... I feel my contribution is to try and develop the means by which some things can be done..."

continuation of the work done by previous Bay Area black lesbian publications like 'Onyx.'"

Beyond the publication, Aché continues to sponsor a variety of cultural events and educational forums. "While the majority of my time is spent on the publication, one of the most exciting elements for me is the fundraising events," Lisbet stated. "The ongoing film series started bringing maybe 25 women and in four months, ended up packing the place while bringing together an incredibly broad spectrum of the black and gay communities. The Aché events tend to bring out all different kinds of black women, and I've had several black artists tell me that they've noticed more and more black women attending their performances and supporting them during the last year.

My biggest dream is to see Aché used as a tool for black lesbi-

an facilitation - and right now my contribution to the community is to try and develop the means by which some things can be done."

Aché has benefited from the contribution of many black lesbian writers, artists and community activists, some world renowned and others who remain behind the scenes. One individual who was instrumental in the development of Aché was black lesbian activist Pat Parker. Aché is dedicated to the memory of Pat, who died of cancer last year. She reflects on receiving Pat's gift for bringing black men and women together and acknowledging the cyclical process of building a viable and visible black gay/lesbian community. "Pat was someone who had been such a powerful activist and foremother of the gay community. She took us under her wing and helped define the work that needed to be done. She also made us feel that what we

Corrections from last month's profile on Storme Webber:

Storme Webber was in Zulema, a black lesbian support group begun in 1979, and worked with a different group of women on the black lesbian conference "Becoming Visible" in 1980. She performed with a collective of women performers "Stations" which debuted in May, 1988 at Hunter College in N.Y. "The Tribute to Pat Parker" took place on Sept. 15, 1988.

Bulletin Board

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

GROUPS

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



Black Lesbians exploring the issue of fear in our lives, and how it separates us. Group meets weekly on Friday eves. 3-month commitment required. For info call Joyce at 839-3302 or Takai at 346-5872.



Lesbians 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.

HOUSING

AVAILABLE FOR RENT
1 or 2 rooms in large sunny North Oakland flat. \$275 / \$425. For information call Barbara, 658-5373

NOTICES

The 3rd Annual National Black Gay & Lesbian Conference will take place at the Hyatt Regency in Atlanta, Georgia on February 16-19. This year's theme will be "Celebrating Our History, Creating Our Future."

For more information on the conference, write the Black Gay & Lesbian Leadership Forum, P.O. Box 29812, Los Angeles, CA. 90027 or call (213) 666-5495.



Do you appreciate Aché & wonder what you can do to help? We could use your help finding:

- ◆ artwork by black women
- ◆ coverage of current events
- ◆ profiles of local organizations
- ◆ book reviews
- ◆ letters of support
- ◆ poetry / short stories

Also, please keep your eyes open for articles appearing in other publications that you think would be of interest to other Aché readers. If you can help us please contact Aché at:

Aché
P.O. Box 6071
Albany, Ca. 94706
(415) 824-0703



Dancing Lady

who is very interested in keeping her strip tease skills honed, is available for your next special event. Locally I have danced in SF at Amelia's, The Baybrick Inn, and A Little More. So, if you're having a party or even a smaller more intimate occasion - let me entertain you!! Fee negotiable. For more info. call Teri, 532-8836.



Literary anthology for, by and about black lesbians seeking POETRY (any form or length) and SHORT FICTION (maximum 25 pages.) Send unpublished submissions and queries with self-addressed, stamped envelope to: Terri Jewell, 211 W. Saginaw #2, Lansing, Michigan, 48933. Deadline: April 1990.



"A Celebration of Colors" is a 1990 Women of Color calendar featuring 13 beautiful and strong women from the Bay Area. This calendar is a grassroots project put together by Julie Mau and Maria Salazar, with a lot of help from our sisters in the community, as well as our ancestors. The purpose of the calendar is twofold: to raise monies for several Women of Color/Lesbians of Color community-

Bulletin Board

based organizations, and to empower ourselves as Women of Color by defining FOR OURSELVES what is beauty, and what is strength. The calendars are currently on sale at Modern Times, Old Wives Tales, A Different Light and Mama Bears. Also, if you have suggestions for next year's calendar and/or would like to buy a calendar (\$5-7 sliding scale), call 255-9426 or write/stop by 2037 - 15th St., San Francisco, Ca. 94114.



"Black Lace"

The first and only erotic magazine by and for African American lesbians will be published by the BLK publishing company. **Black Lace** will feature erotic photography, short stories, fantasy letters, poetry, feature articles and other items of interest to the African American lesbian community.

Women interested in submitting their work should write to:

Alycee J. Lane,
P.O. Box 83912, Los Angeles,
CA. 90083-0912
(213) 410-0808



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



UJAMAA

The Women's Building Project of the East Bay. A new group of women of color, dedicated to the concept of cooperative economics and survival. Our initial goal is to secure funds to purchase a multi-cultural center. Task committees now forming. For more information call (415) 255-2155 or 436-6145. UJAMAA's mailing address is: 2500 - 25th Ave., Oakland, CA. 94601.



Black Lesbians!

I need your assistance for the completion of my thesis. Subject: Black Lesbian Identity Formation. Format: Interviews. Please call Darlene Angela, (415) 821-9207 if interested. I am a Research Psychology student at San Francisco State University.



Women of color wanted for study of female sexuality. If you have identified as lesbian for 5 years or more and now identify as lesbian, bisexual, heterosexual or unsure, or are now involved with a man/men, write STUDY, 1032 Irving St., Box 443, San Francisco, CA. 94122 for confidential questionnaire. STUDY is a sponsored project of S.F. Women Centers.



SERVICES

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. M-F. O.M.I. area, SF. 334-2077.



GWEN AVERY FOR HAIR

precision cuts, styles,
colors and perms. 550-7666.



"A SAFE AND CARING MASSAGE" by Debra Floyd for yourself or a thoughtful gift to 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 or gift certificate. \$5 off - Valentine's Day Special!!



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



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



THE BACK PAGE

**Aché Shirts !!
Perfect gifts....**



by Storme Webber



"5 Women Watching"
by Barbara Sandidge

Order yours now. T-shirts are white, 100% cotton in sizes S, M, L, XL (\$12) & 3XL (\$15). Sweatshirts are available in gray, red, white and gold in sizes M, L & XL. (\$20). Special hooded and larger-sized sweatshirts are available in gray, red and white in sizes 2XL, 3XL & 4XL. (\$25). Not all colors and sizes are still available so call first to double-check availability.

To order, specify which shirt, size & color and send a check or money order along with your name & mailing address to:

**Aché
P.O. Box 6071
Albany, CA. 94706
(415) 824-0703**

SUPPORT YOUR LOCAL ARTIST!!



These t-shirts present a powerful statement & are available in variations of red, black, gold & green on red or white, 100% cotton. They are preshrunk and avail. in all sizes for \$10. To place your order call: Ama Najz Design Crafts, (415) 654-6592.



"Calafia" & "Sistah" T-shirts. Pre-shrunk, 100% white cotton, M, Lg., XLg. \$15. (add \$1 for postage and handling. Irene's Graphics & Fine Art, P.O. Box 128184, San Diego, Ca. 92112. (619) 696-1558.



**Deborah Matthews
Fashions Management
& Consultant Services**

**For Information & Brochure, call
415 • 841 • 2672**