

# NEWS

BC's Premiere Lesbian Magazine

## What's Inside

### Phyllis Serota

On her new paintings and her life beyond the artist's palette.

### Lesbian Families: 3

Lesbian parenting. River Chandler talks about honouring her children's coming to terms process.

### Quotes & Queries

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### An Intimate Ferron

Her mellow, enjoyable and intimate concert on Saltspring.

and much more ...



Phyllis Serota - cobalt blue is the colour of success.





The necessity for care in my use of words has never been a concern. I have used the words I have learned over time without knowledge of their etymology. My community is teaching me to care. Don Heiden writes below about how careful we must be when we write about, talk about, expound about those less financially fortunate. Recently, I have learned how important it is to consider the large woman and seats in an auditorium. Again, my community is my teacher. We often say that we are "blind" to some ideas or situations. A friend pointed out to me that sometimes we use that word in a way that equates blindness with stupidity. Never thought about it before. Don's article is in the editorial spot, not to point fingers at the poet, but to show how our words, or our lack of words, even in our artistry, can unwittingly lead others to second-guessing and wrong conclusions. The poem raises our consciousness. Did it go far enough? It is necessary to point out that Don didn't talk to the poet. We know nothing of the actualities; we know only the content of the poem. The poet, Nikki Tate-Stratton, has agreed to respond in the next issue in this editorial spot.

Here's Don's commentary.

A poet at the G-Spot (Loose Tongues Feb. 23) read to us about a bad experience she had in southern Florida where she "had the misfortune to live". Her neighbour was a young woman with four children—a woman who screamed at her children daily, in a

courtyard, so that all could hear.

To emphasize the verbal abuse given these children, the poet screamed out the things this mother had said to her kids in order, we guessed, that we could all feel the horror of this woman's crimes upon her children. I searched in vain for some sense that the writer had some awareness of the mother's life, some possibility that the writer did more than witness the children's abuse.

When we watch a child being abused and we do nothing, we share responsibility for the abuse. The mother's anger and the children's pain in this work, merely provided some shock value and some "ain't it awful-ing."

Those who clapped gave their seal of approval to this woman's writing. Writing about other people's lives, particularly those who have less benefits than we do, is fraught with danger as our privilege prevents us from seeing the whole picture. All we see are the shocking or titillating events; we don't see how we participate (in the abuse of children, in this case) by doing and saying nothing to help. We do not see how we benefit from families that have few resources or choices.

We have all seen children being abused in some way, but what have we done to help? We can help to improve the lives of children and mothers, instead of exploiting their suffering for our own artistic purposes, for our wanting to play "ain't it awful", and/or, perhaps, for our need to feel superior.

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LNews is a division of Victoria Lesbian Community Connections. Its mandate is to provide a monthly written forum for lesbians, bi-sexuals, transgendered lesbians and allies that celebrates all aspects of lesbian life, to promote a healthy, visible lesbian community by giving voice to and honoring diverse and common interests and to promote dialogue on issues such as class, culture, racial differences and disabilities.

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# Family Portraits: 3

By Gay Toner

River Chandler, 38, is mother to Danica and Ben. Born in the U.K, River moved to Canada with her parents, grew up in Manitoba, and has lived in Victoria for the last 20 years. River will graduate from UVic this April with her bachelor's degree in social work. She was married to Dani and Ben's father, Eric, for 10 years until they separated in 1989. She began her process of coming out almost immediately.

Until 1995, River was a single parent. When Ben went to live with his father, River and Eric commenced a co-parenting relationship. River acknowledges Eric as a co-parent because "he is really good with Ben." The relationship between River and Eric involves "a lot of power struggles and animosity" but we share "a common concern about our kids' well being."

I asked River how being a parent affected her being a lesbian? "I'm not as out as I want to be. At Ben's elementary school I have judiciously chosen a few people to tell. Danica, who's in her third year at high school this year, was having trouble. I came out to the school counselor—it felt like an important piece to put out."

Aside from her children's school environment, there are also issues at home. "Danica and I have constant negotiations about me having sleep-overs. This past weekend, Danica wanted to have a few friends sleeping over on Saturday night and I said, 'Well, remember I already asked you how you felt about my lover staying over?' And Danica said, 'Well in that case I'm not inviting my friends.' I thought to myself, this is not good. I don't want her having a bunch of resentment towards my lover. So I decided what was fair was that my lover stay over on Friday and for Dani to have her friends on Saturday. Danica hasn't come out as the daughter of a lesbian except in a few places and I need to honour that."

As to how Ben feels about her being a lesbian River said, "It's hard to say. Ben really likes my friends, and he really likes my lovers. He and his friends come to lesbian baseball and see women with their shirts off. Ben's friend was over this weekend and my lover and I were here together, hanging out and hugging and...His friend wasn't uncomfortable and doesn't seem to think it's weird. So, he seems pretty cool. But, when he was in Grade 5 his teacher said to me, 'Look, there's homophobia in my classroom and I wonder if you would come in and talk to the kids... Put a face to it... Educate them a bit...'

"I said that I would have to ask Ben. And Ben said, 'No way! I get teased enough at school (about completely unrelated things).' But, he did say that it was fine if a friend of mine came in, someone I knew."

And has she told Ben's friends' parents? "They don't know and I wouldn't tell them. It's really hard because I know it's a big deal [for other people] and I don't want it to be a big deal. If I say, 'I want you to know that I'm a lesbian before your child sleeps over' then I'm making it into a huge deal. But then I think if somebody came to me and said, 'What? You're a lesbian and you had my kid here?'...I would feel bad...I don't know"

Does being a lesbian affected the way River parents? "My kids know a lot about the 'isms.' and not just heterosexism They also know about racism, sexism, and ageism. I think my analysis is informed by my experience as a lesbian. So I really educated my kids a lot. Basically, I'm a parent, and that's what I do, but I also happen to be lesbian. The big difference is that my kids have to deal with homophobia, and it's not their

The big difference is that my kids have to deal with homophobia, and it's not their choice.

choice. Their mother has chosen to be, or figured out, that's she's a lesbian, and they're stuck with it.

"Being a lesbian is a fundamental part of my identity but that doesn't just mean sex. It means political action. It means oppression. It means healing. I think my kids really struggle, but there are good things, too. They know now that they have a choice. They don't buy into compulsory heterosexuality. They know there's a different way because their Mom lives a different way. Danica identifies as heterosexual, and Ben doesn't identify right now but there is the potential for choice. I think they will be powerful allies if one of their friends has the courage to come out to them."

*Rowena Hunnisett* M.A.

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# Lesbian Limboland

These days some women are finding the courage to say "I think I might be a lesbian but I am not sure yet" - as long as they trust they are with understanding people. I never thought I had a right to say that at all when I came out in 1972, because the lesbian community was too much in need of totally committed lesbian warriors to accept any doubters and I was too afraid of rejection. I am glad the climate is changing and it is more OK for women to express their process out loud. What I am asking is: are you willing to make it easier for those lesbians in Lesbian Limboland to move on out?

Some women, who are unsure about their sexual orientation, tell me they feel they have to act like they are already out, so they can feel safe enough to explore their feelings through socializing in the community. In many circles the norm experienced by women "checking it out" is suspicion or distancing.

Some lesbians see newcomers as a threat - their loyalty to the lesbian "nation" is unproven. We may not want to be reminded of our internal struggle before coming out to others - going to libraries, ferreting out ancient tomes on "female inversion" or possibly being more lucky and finding "Lesbian/Woman" or "Now that you know". However remembering our own stories from Lesbian Limboland can help us be more open to what women experience there.

When we usually tell our coming out stories, we tend to swap

dramatic yarns about the first time we fell in love, what happened the first dance or when we told our heterosexual friends. Of course this is much more exciting than describing what we went through before that time. Studies of the "pre" coming out process show that lesbians average six years between first questioning our orientation and finally coming out.

Some prefer to struggle in private. Some endure long marriages empty of any sense of connection to themselves. A few lesbians arrive relatively easily at the realisation of their sexual orientation. Most go through an isolated and secretive process of working through denial, wondering how you tell, fear of rejection and internalised homophobia. People take many different paths before saying "this is who I am". It would be much better if women could feel more confident that they could explore their questions and doubts without being snubbed.

Why do we tend to go through this alone? How come kids could say "I think I might be a Mom/doctor/painter when I grow up" but nobody (?) dreams of saying "I think I might be a lesbian when I grow up"? This is the homophobia inside and around us. I hope some kids do say that now. I think those of us who are out and confident in our sexual identity could be making it easier for the women who are wondering about their sexual orientation.

*Rowena Hunnisett is a therapist in private practice in Victoria.*

## Candidates Wanted

It seems that lesbians in our community, as they look to their senior years, are concerned about issues such as loneliness, finances, health, and support services to name a few. They want lesbian only housing and a community centre. Have you ever thought about any of these concerns?

The Victoria Lesbian Seniors Care Society was formed by lesbians to address such issues for the women of our community. We have spent the past two years laying the groundwork for its real beginning. And that beginning is Now!

Our first Annual General Meeting will be at the Church of Truth, 111 Superior Street, at 2 p.m. Sunday June 1, 1997. The first Board of Directors will be elected.

There are 12 positions, six to be elected for a two-year term, and six for a one-year term. To be eligible, candidates must be members for at least sixty days prior to the election.

To volunteer for nomination, or to nominate another, please call Jenny or Sharon at 474-6085. Nominations will also be accepted from the floor.

This important organization needs involvement from you. Please be proactive and allow your name to stand for election. We encourage new memberships from all age groups and need many volunteers for committees and special events.

Afternoon tea will be provided.







**Dear Barbara:**

First of all, thank you for the article in the March edition. I really appreciate the opportunity to talk about the work I do. There were, however, a few inaccuracies in the article which I would like to clarify.

My work is based on a feminine philosophy of knowledge (as opposed to feminist). This body of knowledge is from the feminine. It includes an understanding of our oppression as women under patriarchy—because that is part of our experience—and it is more than this. It is derived from the wisdom we have always had as women, a wisdom we hold in our bodies, a wisdom we share with the earth.

Secondly this wisdom is based on sacred laws which include: "all things are born of woman (of the feminine principle)" and "nothing to be done to harm the children." Through these sacred laws we are called to care for all the children of Grandmother Earth: all the human children—the children of this generation and all the generations to come; all the plants and animals, and our own inner child.

The teachings with which I work I learned through 10 years of study with Oriah Mountain Dreamer, author, poet and shaman. They are from the Twisted Hair Council of Grandmothers, an Intertribal Council of Elders and as such are non-traditional. These teachings have been essential to my retrieving my own spiritual centre, and they supported me as I went through a recent diagnosis of breast cancer.

**Sincerely, Linda Mulhall**

**Dear Editor:**

This letter is in response to Judy Lightwater's March article "Dildo Shopping" in which Judy advocates getting Everywomans Books to stock sex toys. The Bookstore Collective has discussed carrying sex toys. We think it's a great idea.

There are several reasons, however, why we don't carry sex toys, and first and foremost, is financial. Judy says carrying sex toys would guarantee our financial solvency. At present our financial situation is shaky and we do not have money needed to have adequate stock (one size does not fit all!—Womynsware in Vancouver has approximately 70 different kinds of dildos ranging from \$50 to \$100). New orders of such merchandise have to be prepaid before you can establish credit. The good stuff (silicone) comes from the US, so add on the exchange and duty factors, plus the potential of harassment by Canada Customs.

Then there's the space needed to display and store stock. For me, carrying sex toys means dildos, harnesses, butt plugs, lubes, condoms, dental dams, gloves, vibrators, et al. Also, sex toys need to be displayed in an area that affords some privacy so customers don't feel vulnerable around others in the store. We don't have any extra space, nor is the layout of the store conducive to any feeling of privacy. I also wonder about shy or closeted dildo shoppers who are reluctant to disclose the use of sex toys to others in the community who are in the store browsing for books. They may prefer to shop in a store that deals exclusively with sex toys, or the anonymity of shopping in another city.

Another concern is around individuals in the Bookstore Collective. We are a diverse collective of 20-24 heterosexual, lesbian, bisexual women whose knowledge of and comfort level with sex products varies. In my opinion, as with any group of people, not everyone is able to communicate openly and accurately about sex information.

So, Judy and all you other dildo aficionados out there, Everywomans Books regrets to inform you we will remain dickless. Judy recommends Martin Enterprises mail order in Toronto, and I would recommend Good Vibrations mail order in San Francisco, who have an

excellent free catalogue and a toll-free number (1-800-289-8423), as well as shopping at Womynsware in Vancouver and Toys in Babeland in Seattle.

**Jahnet Hewsick**  
**Member, Everywomans Books**  
**Collective.**

**Dear Friends:**

This letter is to all the dykes in the community who have always wanted a lesbian community centre. Now we have one. The G-Spot. It's much more than a bar. It's a place where some of us meet for coffee on Wednesday mornings and dinner on Thursday nights. It's like coming home to the family you never had but always dreamed of. It's a place where you can sit around and talk about ideas, meet people new to town, make friends, dance or have a private party.

It's a place where you can make friends with women young enough to be your daughter (or old enough to be your mother,) where you can call a meeting about anything, where you can bring your kids to a mom & kids dance, watch movies, do yoga, listen to poetry, volunteer. It's a place where it feels comfortable going alone.

And the thing that makes it possible to have this place is that we buy memberships. To date 120 women have bought memberships. It will take only 500 memberships a year at the bargain basement price of \$50/year to keep this wonder of ours. That's nothing. Well, it's nothing for many of us—one dinner, a shirt you never wear, a couple of CDs—but, half the members so far are on layaway membership plans because, to them, \$50 is a lot of money.

I think that even if we never set foot in the G-spot we have lots of reasons for being members. This is creating community. And it's great that younger women have the creativity and energy to go for it on this scale. We all want this. How many of us have worked on building this lesbian community over the years? How about it? There are way more than 400 of us. It's time to join!

**Yours in community,**  
**Jannit Rabinovitch**





# Babe Notes

A short column this month because I am off to Palm Springs, California, to see the sights and hear the sounds of an estimated 30,000 lesbians who may stop by Rancho Mirage to see the Nabisco-Dinah Shore Ladies Professional Golf Association tournament starting March 27. I'm going early to see some of the up-and-coming amateur players, and, perhaps, observe some of the clinics given by the pros prior to the tournament start.

The other half of the Nabisco-Dinah Shore is commonly known in our community as Lesbian Spring Break. There are many events running concurrently while the game's being played, so I have decided to go into Spring Break training.

I have been working out religiously to increase my walking stamina and neck-craning ability. When walking 18 or 36 holes,

you need strong calf muscles and quads. When spectating at the tee or green, watching a drive or putt, you often have to stand tippy-toes (thus the Achilles exercises), while stretching the neck around another spectator's wide-brimmed hat.

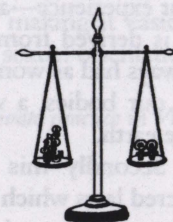
Now there are social events to cover during Lesbian Spring Break. These too, involve training and preparation. I have to practice staying up past The National time slot. My physical and mental preparation often tires me out; I've instituted a regimen where I add 15 minutes awake time per week over the next four weeks to allow me to stay up until at least 11:30 p.m. so I can go to the clubs and watch people dance, mingle, ogle, and have fun.

The final preparation is clothing as the Spring Break Lesbians are, I understand, a fashionable lot. I'm perusing the Lipstick and Drag Queen publications for appropriately fashionable yet funky wear as I do want to present well if I and the PerfectPartner, for example, attend the White Ball. So I'm packing the travel iron, and the whites, and leaving the Camp Nowannaweenie T-Shirt at home.

I'll let you know how my expedition goes. If you want to visit gay Palm Springs, try their site at <http://www.gay-travel.com/psphome.html> where you'll find a comprehensive list of hotels, cafes and events.

Wish you were here...watch for the postcard next issue.

## Ask a Mediator



**Dear Patricia:**

There's a lot more to listening than I thought! So what you are saying is that a good listener will know that she is doing a good job by the talker's response! If the listener pays close attention, lets the other person have lots of air time without trying to move the dialogue onto her agenda, and if she reflects back both the content and the feelings of what she is hearing, with appropriate intensity and respect, the talker will eventually let her know she is doing a good job by saying "Right" or "Yeah". She might also say "that's it" and move off blaming and complaining and get onto problem solving or onto finding out about the listener!

But what about those talkers who won't let go...you know, the ones with verbal diarrhea who just won't shut up! And the negative talkers, the ones who refuse to see anything positive.

**"All ears"**

**Dear "all":**

Wow - I really feel heard. Thanks! If

you have a talker who won't stop or who keeps repeating something chances are very good that she does not yet feel heard. Try using their exact words back to them. Help me to understand this point which seems important to you. You are saying that you don't just feel sad - you feel let down - I think you used the word "Betrayed". Is that right?

Ironically the best way to deal with a nonstop talker is to make her feel heard.

In really bad situations you can always be direct about it.

"You have repeated that phrase twice now - that makes me think I am not doing a good job of communicating that I know that it's important to you. What would you like to hear from me that would acknowledge that?"

And for those who are stuck in the negative, try giving them the responsibility. Good listeners know that they are not responsible for solving the problem and that it is counter-productive for them to even try. Rather, problems get really solved when the one with the issue comes

up with the solution.

So where does that take you?

After you have reflected back the words, both the content and the feeling of the talker, on a number of points try summarizing where they are. It seems to me that the things you have said are important to this point are: X,Y and Z? Is that right? Ok - is there anything I have missed? No?

And then, to move forward use a phrase like this: "So, in order for this issue to be resolved to your satisfaction you are going to have to see a solution which takes care of these concerns". "Right".

Taking the negative spin out of the past and providing a positive future focus is called reframing. Its one of the key ways to move a talker from negative problem identification-from blaming and shaming to problem solving and taking responsibility.



# An Intimate Evening with Ferron

by Robin Durkin and Joanne Nicolson

Ferron enjoying herself on stage is not something people who saw her years ago will believe, but...Ferron is happy. She's co-parenting Maya with her partner Marianne, and having fun on stage with Jami Sieber on electric cello.

We were treated to an hour and a half of music and anecdotes in the warm and friendly setting of Beaver Point Hall, Saltspring. Although this was billed as a promo tour for STILL RIOT, the majority of songs were from Ferron's previous albums.

The first of two concerts, this tended to be more of a relaxed jam session, warming up for the 8:30 performance. Even though Ferron and Jami had not seen each other since November, this did not detract from the incredible performance. Ferron had the enthusiastic audience clapping to *Rosalie* and singing along to encore songs *Harmless Love* and *Testimony*. Jami's electric cello captivated the audience, especially with her haunting bridge between *Shadows On A Dime* and *Indian Dreams*.

Together, two talented musicians, one incredibly enjoyable show.

Before the concert we sat with Ferron in the rays of the setting winter sun and talked about co-parenting, which she finds educational. "I love her, [Maya] to death." In her spare time, Ferron is studying Chakra and intuitive healing and is writing songs with Barb Higbie in Mill Valley, California. Ferron's hobbies include drinking coffee and knitting the occasional sweater.

When asked about the significance of the owl on her new album Still Riot, Ferron replied there had been an owl outside the recording studio, that it had shown up on *Driver*, in the song *Cactus*, and that it was a totem for a moment, symbolizing the "loneliness of the owl through the night" and "calm waiting."

She's going to be touring even more, and can't see that she'll ever stop. She'll

be in Toronto March 7 for Canada Week, the US Northeast for the rest of March, the US Southwest for April, and across Canada in May. She will also be doing the Lilith Tour through the states. At this time she has not yet been invited to Vancouver Folk Music Festival '97.

Ferron enjoys jamming with Indigo Girls and Shawn Colvin. Given a choice of jamming with any one in the world, her preferences are Eric Clapton and Bruce Hornsby.

Playing spaces like Beaver Point hall

is a re-enjoyment. She has favourite places everywhere, but thinks it would

*"To be what you are is one thing.*

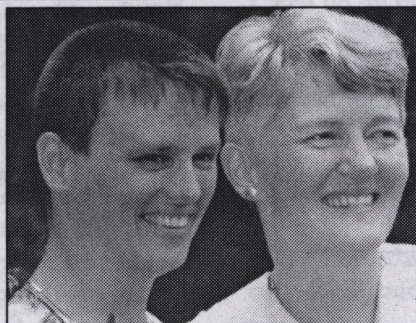
*To be what you want—now  
that is something else."*

*quote on Phantom T-Shirt,  
Ferron Concert.*

be fun to play the Greek Theatre in LA.

Ferron's award winning net site is <http://www.Ferronweb.com>

Watch for Jami Sieber's new CD *Lush Mechanique*.



Rowena Hunnisett M.A. R.C.C. and  
Karen Ferguson  
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# The Cutting Edge — Humour by Lightwater

## Just by A Hair

I went to a fancy place instead of my usual one. Once a year I make this mistake: try to update my image. But, wings were growing and neck hairs were flying. I had to have it cut.

Every person in the place was under 22. Except for the senior stylists who

were, perhaps, 32. The fact that these people seemed so young was frightening. Everyone at the front desk, and there were four of them, (but no pens, no receipts, and no calculator) had a number of pierced body parts. I've long caved into my own biases by refusing food service from waitrons who wear nose rings. By trying to be liberal I obsess for the whole meal about what happens if they pick their nose. This wasn't food, however; it was a haircut. I pressed on.

Every youth in the place had the same colour hair. I asked my stylist, one of the few with brown tresses and no rings in her body (that I could see) if there'd been a sale on this particular white hue, or lack of it. She laughed. The old can be so hip sometimes.

Looks aside, everyone was quite pleasant: but curiously absent in a way—not preoccupied, or cranky—simply not there. You know what I mean? Afloat, awash—drugged? Or just caught up in a cloud of camomile hair gel. Conversations started but not completed... then minutes to get my shampoo... then a decision about whether or not to massage my hands. I told her I needed them for turning the pages of my book.

As she trimmed, the hairdresser informed me she hoped to elope in Las Vegas. I asked her to consider her parents, and to invite them to the ceremony, too. It would be fun getting married in a rhinestone-covered room, and they could all lose money together afterwards—a

90's family experience.

As she clipped I looked around at the staff. I figured they'd be nice folks if you met them in the line-up at Thrifty's, or even at a rave where old people were featured in a live special on what happens when you turn thirty. Afterwards, we'd slowly make our way home, cups of hot chocolate and Dr. Quinn bringing some comfort to our final days.

My haircut was complete. I filled out the evaluation form quickly, the instructor checked my head, and I ran for the door. I was stopped in mid-flight by the requisite walking-out escort, a young man about six feet five, weighing 110 pounds. He was dressed in black pants and a beige tunic like the others, but his greasy hair, thick glasses and white skin likened him to a chemistry student, not an aromatherapy specialist.

I tried to exit. I'd already paid. They wanted me to come back next week for colour. I agreed. I paid for my parking and drove home, pleased with my hair, as I was the following week with the colour job. From now on I'll go there twice a year and take a piece of experimental fiction with me. At least I am hip in literary terms, even if the stuff doesn't hold my attention. Perhaps I'll read poetry aloud sometime. Now, there's an idea! Long silences... obscure phraseology... I'd feel right at home, and they'd be a wonderful audience.

by Judy Lightwater



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# Levitt 's Canvas Dazzles

By Barbara McLaughlin

Artist Gloro Levitt brought home from her trip to Mexico and Arizona the essence of the earth she walked, the richness and colour of its textures, the boldness of its colours, the sensitivity of its climes. She showed the results at her Art Show and Sale at her Medana Street home.

Like so many good things, the idea is wonderful, the technique amazingly simple, but oh, so difficult to execute without talent and study. Many of the colourful collages of photos and water colours, hung along with a retrospective of two year's work and discovery, featured flowers in sun-dried colours rarefracting across canvasses to create a distortion of perspective. "It's a marriage between water-color and my photography, which I colour-Xeroxed," Gloro explained. It was a happy marriage. The color images are placed into the paint.

I particularly enjoyed the papier maché boxes and hangings dotted with affirmations or glorious nudes; they are designed to store personal small treasures..

Gloro has exhibited at the Barton Leier Gallery here, at Toronto's Artery and Ontario College of Art, and in San Francisco. Her work is just a teensy bit

reminiscent of Leier's, a particular favourite of mine.

Gloro has been an artist for a long time, but it wasn't until 1991 that she felt she had freedom to fully indulge herself in her own personal work which includes printmaking, photography, sculpture,

graphics and papier maché.

After a quick tour of the entire display, such inventive mixed media, I suggest the work is underpriced.

"No," Gloro replied. "It's affordable".

## What's up at the G-Spot: April

Telephone 382-7768

April 5

Carolyn Neapole, Rocktoria 1997 winner performs. \$5 and get tix in advance for this G-Spot fund-raiser.

April 11

League of Our Own — softball tournament weekend kick-off.

April 12th

Aries Party

April 13

Salon Alison Bowe hosts

April 18

Mo's Retro Night

April 19

Jam Night. early evening. Bring her instruments

April 26

Country 'n' Western Night

April 27

Loose Tongues 7 p.m. Open Mic

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# Behind the Paint - A Personal

By Barbara McLauchlin

Phyllis Serota is happy. Victoria's best-known lesbian painter is successful enough to work her canvasses in cobalt blue paint, the most expensive color there is. She's learning to play with her work, learning to accept what comes up, learning to work from a deeper part of her soul rather than a prepared idea worked out in her sketch book. She has become a seeker, searching out spiritual possibilities.

"I don't know what I'm doing. I used to have an idea and draw little boxes in my sketch book. Now, I start out with something, and then I get a different feeling about it, and madly throw paint on it for awhile—sort of like a writer playing with plot, I guess. But, having said that, what comes out in a lot of paintings, whether it be pears or figures, their arms always reaching up—to me that has

Now, I start out with something,  
and then I get a different feeling  
about it, and madly throw paint  
on it for awhile

to do with spiritual yearning.

"I'm seeking. It's conscious and not conscious. But with my painting I can connect in a feeling way—connect with the yearning. I was raised Orthodox Jew and rebelled early. I have a lot of feeling about it.

"I feel like I'm just beginning. I have painted out a lot of turmoil, angst; my work is fresher, more open than ever before."

Back in the kitchen with a cup of coffee we reminisce. It was 1973 and Phyllis and Annie decided to "realize the situation [their lesbianism]. "Until then we were hippies and we happened to be lovers. In those days everyone was into sexual experimen-

tation. That night we had gone out with six lesbians, very dykey women, and all of a sudden it [lesbianism] was there. It ended up that all the women went to this basketball game, and Annie and I went to the Snug and sat there and cried. And I said to Annie that there's this guy I'm thinking of going to bed with. (We had been living together for about a year by now, but we used to have other lovers, mostly men).

"It was just too scary right then. We were supposed to go to a gay bar for the first time that night. Then we got lost in the Empress. I never get lost in the Empress. I was convinced that everyone in the Empress would know we were all dykes; it was really scary for me. And then Carol (Tarlington) came down the stairs and said, 'these are my friends; let them come up.' You see they weren't even going to let us go up, which was sort of confirmation of my feelings. And there you were with a tie on in there. That was probably 1973 and you were the first woman I ever saw wearing a tie in real [life]. And then the gay bar was closed so we never did go. I

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# Look At Phyllis Serota

was afraid to go into the gay bar 'cause I thought every woman in there was going to fall in love with Annie. Uh Oh this is it. The whole thing is going to be over."

Having lived here since 1975, when she came (with Annie) to study at UVic, Phyllis has noted a lot of changes in the lesbian community. "I am totally shocked by how many lesbians there are here. I used to know every lesbian in Victoria. We used to go to the Women's Centre (where Mustard Seed now is) on Friday nights. It was really fun. Now, I probably know maybe five per cent of the lesbians. Maybe 10. But there's so many more now, and a lot of us are more out. I feel like community is getting better again. There was a time when things got very uncomfortable. I think that the G-Spot happening, and events like Wild Tongue, really help. In the beginning it was very cohesive and warm, and if someone had a party, everyone was invited. Then there was all those years when if you had a party you didn't tell anybody 'cause not everyone was invited. It feels to me like the community is on the upswing again. Especially with the young lesbians. I love their energies. I think things generally are more positive, that word seems too simple. I am not interested in a world where everybody is jumping around happy; that's not what I'm saying.

"I have always had lots of activity outside of the lesbian community, social and otherwise. Like, both of us are part of a lot of other communities, too. So, I feel like I'm part of the community. But, I'm also the arts community, the theatre community [through Annie] the university community, the Jewish community. I'm part of —being a grandmother, my family. There's a lot of communities that I belong to. My original family isn't cool at all about my lesbianism. My kids are okay."

Coming out hasn't affected Phyllis' work as far as she knows. She does know that the lesbian community has been really supportive. "I really believe in people coming

out. I don't believe in outing anybody, but I do think the more of us that come out the better.

Phyllis relaxes painting, gardening, watching TV, reading—right now, *Women, Sex and Addiction* by Charlotte Kasl. Phyllis and Annie are still sexual but sex doesn't play as big a role in Phyllis' life since menopause. "We do make love, but it's more difficult. Annie is lovely to live with and we're still lovers. We have a great friendship; we like each other."

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# BRAIN FEVER

It wasn't fair. Flossie was doing what the people at the hospital told her, which was to forget about being a Golden Retriever and focus on being human, although nobody could tell her exactly how, and just when they said she was getting really close, it was time to leave. Her friend Nurse Olive called it her first birthday and gave her a crystal to wear along with her old license tag on the chain she wore around her neck. Everyone except Flossie thought it was auspicious.

For one thing it meant taking the gym bag out of the closet. The gym bag preferred to make short trips to the gym and back. It didn't like the idea of moving from place to place. The nurses insisted that she had to take it with her to Backwards Woman's house. Backwards Woman had offered to take her after she found out Flossie didn't have any other place to go. "Just until," Backwards Woman told her, plus some other stuff that Flossie didn't understand except for Stay. That meant it was all right to go to her house, because Stay meant there was a bond between them.

But the gym bag was feeling depressed. She filled it with all her clothes from the lost-in- found and left the hospital carrying that as well as several shopping bags for Backwards Woman filled with shells and stones and small sticks packed inside of socks. In honor of being released from the psychiatric unit, Backwards Woman had put her clothes on backwards again. People in the street turned to look at them as they went by.

In the late afternoon they crossed the bridge into a district of warehouses and blackberry jungles where Flossie had not been before. Rain had left a sheen on the deserted sidewalks and soaked them both by the time they left the hungry warehouses behind and came to the top of a long hill where there were houses again. They turned into the drive-

way of one and descended worn concrete steps to the basement. Backwards Woman opened the door and reached inside for the switch.

Even with the light it looked to Flossie like a dark and lonely place. Foglike wisps of murk trailed from the corners and attached themselves to Backwards Woman as they made their way among the leaning bicycles and stacks of boxes. She unlocked the door to her room. There was scarcely enough room for the bed, the table, and a counter with a sink in it next to a small stove. Flossie set the shopping bags down on the worn carpet.

"Under the bed, not in the middle of the floor!" Backwards Woman snapped. Flossie moved Backwards Woman's bags but held on to her own. It was Schmeleng's bag, she suddenly remembered, thinking at the same time of her old warm house and the way the windows glowed bright yellow in welcome after trips to the store for groceries. That brought to mind Schmeleng's yelling. She stared pointedly at Backwards Woman, who turned her back and bent over the sink. "Don't believe for a minute that doctors ever let anything good happen," she said quietly. She was surrounded by sullen grey tendrils that pulled her backwards self into motion, spinning it faster and faster. Her aura wheeled by, eyes wide and frightened, and reached out a pale hand. Flossie dropped the gym bag to catch and steady it while Backwards Woman's other hand reached for the taps and started water running loudly in the sink. "I want to tell you something but it isn't safe," she said, her voice hollow as an empty pipe. "They've connected all the drains in the city together and the doctors can find out everything we do through the sewers."

Flossie wanted to ask how the doctors could see all the way across town, even through the drainpipes, but she felt Backwards Woman's aura hand vibrating in hers like a frightened mouse. She wanted to touch her nose to Backwards Woman's but she didn't know if she would be understood. It would be better to do something human. She put her arms around her and touched her nose to the back of Backwards Woman's ear, which felt like the right thing to do. Backwards Woman went suddenly quiet, like turning off a loud radio, and turned around. She leaned her head to one side, making another place for Flossie to put her nose.

The front of Backwards Woman's ear smelled as nice as the back. Flossie liked the way the smell of rain clung to her hair. And then Backwards Woman showed her that she did know something about touching noses after all.

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# Quotes & Queries:

## News & views from the lesbian & gay press

**Gina "Boom Boom" Guidi** is a 34-year-old lesbian, a dedicated athlete, and the reigning North American Welter Weight Champion. She's profiled (great photos) in the March issue of *Curve*, which will soon turn up in the magazine rack at the G-spot. It works like this: LNews pays for subscriptions to *Curve*, *Out* and *The Advocate*; yours truly gets first read (lucky me); then the mags are donated to the G-spot. But I digress... back to Gina and her partner, in life and at ring-side, **Diane Butler**. As for their lesbian visibility, Gina says: "I know that some people outside the ring have a problem with it, but to be perfectly honest with you, I am getting really close to not worrying about it. It's there but it's underlying." Diane observed: "People accept Gina as a boxer, not as a woman boxer, and our relationship is accepted as well. She tends to break all the stereotypes." Personally, I can't help but wish that Gina would devote her six-a-week workouts, and her twelve and three-quarters inch biceps, to a less brutal pursuit. And she knows I'm not the only one: "I do not think that [lesbianism] is the problem for women in the boxing world. I think the problem is that there are a lot of people out there who have a problem seeing two women hit each other." Hey, Gina, what do you think about rock climbing?

**Mistress Angelique Serpent**, the web mistress and Dominant Experiential Facilitator of a thought-provoking site for online readers (<http://www.domin8rex.com/serpent>) and a sparkling conversationalist, contributed her "definitions of Lady" to an e-mail dialogue among women who grew up with the "tomboy" label. I think it speaks to the Lady in all of us: "The Lady is a term for Goddess, and so to be Female with awareness that I am Goddess inside, is to be a Lady. Simply, I am a Lady, therefore, if I do something, it must be Ladylike. It is Ladylike because a Lady is doing it. My status as a Lady is never in danger, because I am out broadening what the term means. I will not allow anyone outside myself to tell me what is Ladylike behavior. If they are not a Lady, how would they know? Only the Lady in Myself can know what is the right behavior for me. A Lady might behave as a sacred temple prostitute, or as Joan of Arc, or as the bloodthirsty heroine of an Edgar Rice Burroughs' *Warlords of Mars* novel. You can only be judged if you allow judgments in. Make a choice in confidence that are you Goddess manifest, and if there are those who would judge you as less, let them know otherwise. I am a Lady, so if I do it, it is Ladylike. End of story."

**k.d. lang** is messing with the mob. (Credit for this bulletin goes to "the Buzz" columnist in *The Advocate*, Feb. 18). Watch for her — playing a showbiz type who happens to be a lesbian — in a 6-hour CBS mini-series in May, the "Mafia meets Hollywood" story, *Maria Puzo's The Last Don*. Director Frank Konigsberg says lang's star power, not her sexual orientation, won her the feature role: "She's totally natural, direct, and straightforward." Presumably, no pun intended and said with a straight face.

**JoAnn Loulan** has followed her heart into one of the minefields of lesbian political correctness by falling in love with a man. Who wouldn't be taken aback, startled like a deer in headlights, to hear that one of the best-known and best-read authorities on lesbian sex and relationships is sleeping with a man? "I know that to others — and to

myself, in some respects — part of this feels like I'm cavorting with the enemy... I understand that I have broken one of our lesbian cultural taboos," Loulan told *The Advocate* (Feb. 18). She knows whereof she speaks: "Some people will remember my flipping out a couple of years ago in a newspaper because somebody had accused me of having sex with a man. My response was, 'I haven't had sex with a man in 20 years' and, essentially, 'fuck you.'" Loulan says she's already been scorned by women she knows and friends "are mad at me." What really stirs up debate is that Loulan insists she still wants to be known as a lesbian, and resents being labeled heterosexual or bisexual: "I'm not into men. My culture is really lesbian- and woman-identified." Whether she'll still be regarded as a spokesperson for the lesbian community is anyone's guess. **Kathryn Kendell**, executive director of the National Centre for Lesbian Rights, where Loulan is a former board member, expects these possible reactions: "One is a sense of absolute betrayal and anger. The middle response would be one similar to mine — a sense of loss, wondering what this means, and having to go through some processing. The third response would be a 'So what?'" **Robin Tyler**, producer of the main stage shows at all three gay and lesbian marches on Washington, D.C., thinks her friend will be judged harshly — but hopes for understanding: "The gay community has to stop saying we are talking about sexual politics. We're not. We're not a movement from the waist down. What we're fighting for is the right to love." Loulan is the author of numerous books, including *Lesbian Sex*, *Lesbian Passion*, and *The Lesbian Erotic Dance*.

**Susie Bright** writes an attention-grabbing first sentence in her new book, *Sexual State of the Union* — "Lust brings out the liar in everyone." And she's off, leading readers on what reviewer Guy Kettelhack (*Advocate*, March 4) gleefully describes as "a frontal assault on the sexual hypocrisy with which so many Americans continue to cover their burning lusts and fears." He pictures Susie as a Joan of Arc brandishing sex toys instead of a sword, puncturing balloons of sanctimony on the blade of her quippy prose. In 24 short chapters (with headings like "My First Dirty Picture," "Spankful" and "I Love Being a Gender") she declares her mantra: "You can not only have it both ways, you can have it ALL ways, which is many more than two and looks a lot like infinity." The review describes Susie's lesbianism as only one of the many facets of her sexual, social self. She has a 5-year-old daughter and is currently involved with a male lover she calls "Jon". Hmmm, what do you think? Does two make a trend? Are celebrity lesbians suffering millenium hysteria? Or is it, as Susie tells us, simply that sex is an unpredictable circus?

**ELLEN**, at last. ABC-TV has announced that Ellen Morgan will come out as a lesbian on April 30, either in her regular time slot or an hour special. **Oprah Winfrey** will play Ellen's therapist and the love interest is **Laura Dern**. A subsequent episode will deal with her telling her parents about what the network calls her "startling self-discovery."

- by mary lasovich



# Video is A Gift To Last

By Barbara McLaughlin

Barbara Rosenblum died of breast cancer more than eight years ago. The book, *Cancer in Two Voices*, written by Barbara and her partner Sandra Butler, is Barbara's legacy to us. "She was a soldier wounded in a war she didn't know she was in," Sandra told about 30 of us attending her lecture and video at the Jewish Community Centre earlier this month. Unlike the soldier who gains valor for his wounds, she added, a woman with a lost breast suffers shame, loss of self worth. The evening, co-sponsored by the UVic Women's Studies Dept.

and Everywomans Books, was to be chiefly a reading from Sandra's new book, *The Self In Context*. She did read, but mostly we watched and talked about a video she made with Barbara which chronicled the experiences both women went through as Barbara struggled with the horrors of living with breast cancer. Setting a context for the video, Sandra told us of Barbara's misdiagnosis at an America public clinic. Although a financially secure adult, Barbara grew up poor and continued to use the

poor person's public medical system. "We learned that class is a matter of life and death, not just a variable. It was the first time we fully understood this." The women were able to document this time in the book and video because Sandra was able to stay home; she lived on the money from Barbara's winning suit against the doctor. "When you are given privilege, you have to use it in the service of community. It was time to write a book and give it back."

We learned that class is a matter  
of life and death, not just a variable.  
It was the first time we  
fully understood this."


The video could have been depressing. Instead, the contents modeled relationship—the most positive I have ever seen.

Sandra explained the couple already had a history of sexual talking; they were both out; they had privilege and the luxury of family and financial security. As feminists they already understood "the systemic nature of oppression and of disease. We understood the importance of creating and sustaining the daily activity of community. So, when the diagnosis came, we had the support [and nourishment] of community."

Sandra described the video as a map of their experiences—a story of struggle and courage, a story about loss and the gifts loss brings. "Instead of looking for a miracle, become a miracle," became the women's axiom. The video actualized Barbara's hope that "many of my friends will see their future in the way I handle mine."

Barbara lost hair through the therapy and she described how it affected her—especially losing pubic hair and how that disrupted her sexual feelings. She felt like she was 10 years old. Sandra found she ceased to have a body. Barbara was the body. Sandra gained weight trying to ensure that Barbara gained. "We ate when Barbara ate, exercised when she exercised. I stopped thinking about whether or not I felt hungry."

"It is important to remember that the person who has the disease is the person who makes the decisions about treatment," said Sandra, when asked about Barbara's choice to go through radiation and chemo therapy.



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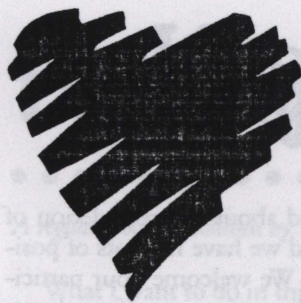
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# Dear Vera

I'm not certain whether this is an appropriate question for your column or not. But here goes. I am acquainted with a very nice heterosexual man whose friendship means a great deal to me. I came out to him ages ago, and I'm always ranting and raving about how gloriously happy I am to be gay. Yet I know he continues to perceive me as a heterosexual female because he doesn't take my fondness for a mutual friend of ours seriously. I'm finding the situation increasingly disconcerting and am at my wit's end as to how to deal with it.

Why can't heterosexual men realize that love doesn't have to be expressed romantically and/or sexually with them? Being viewed through his eyes rather than my own makes me feel trivialized and invalidated. And I'm increasingly uncomfortable with the circumstances. But I don't want to be insulting and lose his friendship. All I want is to be accepted for who I am, not what I could be in a potentially heterosexual liaison, because it is simply not going to happen. What can I do? Thank you for your consideration.

Sincerely, Ms. Ina Quandary

Dear Ina:

Thanks for writing. Your question actually raises a very important issue: what do we do when people who are important to us—our friends and family—refuse to accept a fundamental part of us? Folks who trivialize and deny someone's sexuality tend to have unexamined and rigid ideas about how the world is "supposed" to be. Risking the possibility of diversity could change their own beliefs and values—scary. It may feel safer to your friend to pretend that you're going through a "phase" of some sort, especially if he's attracted to you. I have some advice for you: Pity his ignorance, sympathize with his insecurity, but PROTECT YOURSELF! I wonder if you've asked yourself how important it is that you have this man's acceptance and approval of your sexuality? How many other lesbians do you know and hang out with on a regular basis? The groups listed in LNews are GREAT ways to enrich your social support net-

work. How would you feel if you spent more time with folks who do validate your life and love, and less time with those who don't?

Heterosexual males don't usually know much about queer life except to make sure everyone knows they are not part of it. Does your friend use the word "faggot" a lot? Are you the only lesbian he knows beside the few images on television and in pornography—images which reinforce the idea that we gals are just awaiting the arrival of the mighty phallus? Be up front and honest with your friend. Give him a chance to understand how you feel when he makes remarks and comes on to you. Make it absolutely clear to him that (1) you are never going to sleep with him and (2) you would like to remain friends with him, but not if he harasses you.

This is a big step—you're opening up to him as a human being with a heart that can feel pain, and hoping that he'll do the same with you. If he acts like a jerk and tries to blow you off, it will hurt. However, if you stick to your belief that you love yourself and have the right to be who you are without taking crap about it, you'll survive. He may surprise you and come around, either in the moment, or eventually. Just don't put your life on hold until then, girl.

Good luck. Vera.

*Vera loves to get your letters. Send them to her c/o LNews. The address is on the inside cover.*



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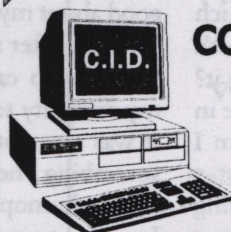
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# Best Bed Bets On The Net

*The Delser@sprynet.com*

Since this was the first time in a long time that I have had someone to spend Valentine's Day with, and because I have had a bad case of "I need to get off this island", I decided to check on the net to see what is available for us queer gals to run off to.

I headed to a Q-net [<http://www.qnt.com>] where I found a wide variety of places to go, places to stay, and things to do. I found a vast listing of B&Bs which are queer owned. One is in Vancouver's West End and I was able to make reservations right on line as e-mail addresses for B&Bs are provided. The accommodations have all been checked out and let me guarantee you, we had wonderful ser-

vice. It was also delightful being in a Queer positive B&B. We checked out Little Sisters while we were there. Their web address is <http://www.lsisisters.com>

If you wanna surprise your cyberbabe with something special for all those online love interests, consider sending virtual flowers or postcards. There's no charge. To find out how, go to The Park <http://www.the-park.com> where you will not only find flowers and cards, but also some excellent chat rooms.

This month we realized a long-held dream of mine. We have successfully added a SIG (Special Interest Group) to the local freenet. We now have a Gay/Lesbian/Bisexual/Transgender sig with a discussion area and links to community resources and web sites. We are

all very excited about the completion of the project and we have had lots of positive feedback. We welcome your participation in the discussion area. If you know of any events that you would like posted, please feel free to contact me and I will be delighted to post them our sig. Modem number is 479-6500. You can sign on as a guest, and check out the site by going your choice=>go gay or go queer or go lesbian

Finally, the Pink Pages are on line. <http://www.gayvictoria.com/pinkpages>. Great site, lots of info on local happenings. Also very professional. The local queer community should be proud.

Happy Surfing.

## The Year 2000 And the Angst of Growing Up

*By Megh Blackburn*

I chatted to a kid on the street the other week about the year 2000. Apparently there is an agreement amongst some of the youth that their life will and should end at the millennium. Scary thought, although I can see how this would be fashionable. I heard on a Seattle TV station that more than ever, since Kurt Coban (Nirvana's lead singer) died, it has been popular amongst youth to push themselves to their fullest: drugs, alcohol, sex, violence, crime, whatever, then suicide. It's a weird movement. There's an evil edge to it.

In Montreal, where I used to live off the street myself, I don't remember such strong, shadowy, dark energy. Maybe it's the turn of the century that's causing it? In any case, there is a sense of lost hope in the air for me and others with whom I have talked.

I remember one of my parents telling me that I should stop complaining about my life, because "it will only get worse as I grow older". I remember thinking "this is a silly theory".

Somewhere along the line, I stopped

fighting to be different and lost my drive to be an anarchist. I have started becoming just like the norm I so adamantly opposed as a teenager. I struggle to get along in this patriarchal, conservative, consumerist, narrow-minded, classist, ageist, homophobic, racist world.

I have forgotten why it's important to stay unique, have fresh ideas and be spontaneous. Instead, I am grounded, have integrity, values and morals, commitments, obtainable goals, intents for the future.

I don't feel unique anymore.

I remember making a banner for International Women's Day that said "Lesbian Pride", and I was feeling all good about myself and "in-your-face-ish" about it. After all, I was the first in my little town to carry a banner announcing my sexuality to everyone who knew me. It was a personal journey for me. It was something I needed to do to help cure the town's homophobia, but more than that, I needed to explore my own inner hatred and ignorance of myself.

Kids these days have "got it" sooner than I did. There seems to be no hope for their future, and older generations, I have

witnessed, almost always have no faith or trust in teenagers anyway. Teens seem to have been written off and ignored.

I can fully empathize with their need to live life so fully with the only salvation being death. If I were a teenager these days, I would want the same things. I would want to die by the year 2000 also. After all, everything has been done already. There is no uniqueness. The effort it takes to actually be someone worthwhile is almost overpowering.

After 27 years of life, I'm beginning to "die" inside myself. I call it "dying" because I'm facing an end to the innocent aspect of myself. For me it has come in due course and at a very appropriate time. I am almost finished my masters level diploma and the big world is on my doorstep. That parent was right, however: things have got worse. I have forgotten why I shouldn't conform, why I should make loud political efforts, why I should trust the world, why I should put forth my voice or die...but then again, maybe I should take one last leap of faith and believe that life isn't worse: it's just different.



# Pushing Buttons and Pulling Strings

*A regular political column by Lahl SarDyke*

What I want to do in this column is look at what white dykes are doing in our political movements and to crack that work open and talk about what we can do to change the things that are not working. I want other dykes to write letters, agree, disagree, tell me what you know, what worked and what did not.

I am white, gentle, mixed-class, and university educated. That means if I want something I can usually get it without a lot of people or institutions standing in my way.

I have always talked as though the fact I'm a dyke means all my privileges don't matter. I was wrong.

At the beginning of 1996, I attended a meeting which began the mediation process to try to address racism in the Women's Studies Department at the University. Following that meeting a friend and I talked for weeks about what we would do differently. For example: I talked as though my oppression as a dyke was the same as the oppression of women of colour, as though, because I'm a dyke, and understand one form of oppression, I was exempt from being an oppressor. I then proceeded to make the oppression of white dykes more important than the oppression of women of colour.

What I was saying was: I'm a dyke; therefore, I understand oppression; therefore, I'm not racist; therefore, women of colour should trust me. What I was doing was pretending I'm not white, pretending I'm not racist, expecting that I wouldn't be confronted about anything.

I was wrong. When I do anti-racist work, all that matters is that I am white.

Last summer I became lovers with a Jew. Within two weeks we were no longer in the "honeymoon phase". I thought we were breaking up. My lover, because of previous experience with anti-Semitism, knew otherwise.

The ability to have a honeymoon phase is fundamentally about loving someone the same as myself. It's easier to love smoothly if there are no cultural differences. We never would have made it if I had acted like our cultural differences meant nothing. My lover never had that option. Ignorance is a privilege.

For the first time in my activism I have a political mentor—someone who has taken many political risks, works in ways that I admire, and in a variety of communities. I was feeling politically isolated and frustrated in my dyke community. It was my mentor who suggested that I work in communities that were not necessarily dyke-centred.

I was horrified to discover that I didn't know how to find people and communities that aren't of my experience. My list now includes prisoners, immigrants, refugees, the homeless. Then s/he told me, when you go out there and do your work, make sure you are supporting the community's struggle and do the work that is asked of you. Let them define what *they* need, and, you do what you can to work toward *their* goals.

For the first time in my political life, being a dyke isn't going to protect me because I might not tell the people with whom I am working. I'm going to be quiet, and listen, and do what needs to be done.

## **VICTORIA LESBIAN SENIORS CARE SOCIETY'S**

**First  
ANNUAL GENERAL MEETING**  
Will be held at 2pm on  
**SUNDAY, JUNE 1, 1997**  
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**The election of the first BOARD OF DIRECTORS  
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**Afternoon tea provided**

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# LITTLE LEZZIE FLASHES

Leslie Robinson suggested, when we were discussing Wild Tongue lineup, DRAG means "Dressed As A Girl." Therefore, our Drag Kings, should be DRAB Kings—"Dressed As A Boy." Another Leslie, Feinberg, avers DRAG is derived from the drag of the long train of dresses male actors wore. Maybe one day we'll get it all sorted out... We had a

the way, LNews was the recipient of a gift of \$500 from the committee, the Lez sends big thanks to all who suggested the idea to Mary. The Lez danced with old friend **Judy Reid** at the Spot the Saturday night before. Judy, known as Judy Rude, **Colleen Craig's** cousin, and one of my favorite (from the past) one-night stands, is now living in Windsor with her partner. We reminisced a lot over dinner with Colleen and her very funny partner **Judy**, about the early days and the laughs and the old clubs... Speaking of old, Sheralynn has a hip grandmother. She has sciatica which gives her sleeping troubles. Pot cookies help the 80-year-old sleep. But, she confessed to Sheralynn, they make her horny. "I've never been wet before," she exclaimed. Later, as the duo were driving along, Sheralynn honked at a car with rainbow flag. "They might think we're together!" shrieked grandma... **Marsha Mildon** left us drowning in a sea of concern for her heroine Cal Meredith, at the last Loose Tongues reading. We'll have to buy *Stalking the Goddess Ship* to find out if Cal makes it from a deadly underwater predicament... No predicaments at Hairdresser Joe's. But a couple of us got a chuckle out of a list of actual lawyer performance accounts. With apologies to **Alison Campbell** and **Kevin Doyle** here's two of them: "this associate should go far—and the sooner he starts the better." And, "this associate is depriving a village somewhere of an idiot." Well, I'd better be going now....

grand time at **Mary Lasovich's** birthday party, eating our faces off at **Helen Durie's**, then walking it off on the beach. A perfect February day! Celebrating with Mary were **Shawna Farkas** and **Barb van't Slot** and **Marion Stoodley**.... Wednesday at the G-Spot can be a lot of fun, especially when a surprise is in the offing. **Mary Lasovich** showed up with a cheque for \$1,000 made out to the Spot as a gift from the Lesbianities Committee. The looks on the faces of **Heather Brown** and **Sheralynn Pearce** dazzled. Later, **Su Hallett** did one of her glorious fake faints. By

## HOLLYWOOD NORTHWEST



by Kelevelyn Hurley

Her role in *101 Dalmations* as Cruella de Vil has made Glenn Close very popular lately. Likewise, Jamie Leigh Curtis is back again in the film *Fierce Creatures*. A search on the Internet produced the following info on these two gorgeous gals.

Enjoy!

Glenn Close was born on March 19, 1947 in Greenwich, Connecticut. Versatile, elegant and not to be confused with actress Meryl Streep, Glenn's talents have been recognized by her peers in the form of five Academy Award nominations (Best Actress for *Dangerous Liaisons* in 1988 and for the 1987 thriller *Fatal Attraction*, and Best Supporting Actress in 1985 for *Jagged Edge*, in 1984 for *The Natural*, and in 1983 for *The Big Chill*.) Winner of two Tony awards, her beautiful soprano voice can be heard on the American Premiere recording of "Sunset Boulevard."

Movie Credits: 1996 *101 Dalmations*;

*Mars Attacks!*/ 1994 *The Paper*; *The House of the Spirits*/ 1993 *Stones for Ibarra*/ 1992 *Skylark*/ 1991 *Hook* (as the elderly Wendy); *Meeting Venus*; *Sarah, Plain and Tall*/ 1990 *Hamlet* (with Mel Gibson); *Reversal of Fortune*; *Order*; *The White Cow*/ 1989 *Immediate Family*/ 1988 *Dangerous Liaisons*; *Light Years* (cartoon voice)/ 1987 *Fatal Attraction*; *Do You Means [sic] There Are Still Real Cowboys?*/ 1985 *Jagged Edge*; *Maxie*/ 1984 *The Natural*; *Greystoke: The Legend of Tarzan, Lord of the Apes*; *The Stone Boys*/ 1983 *The Big Chill*/ 1982 *The World According to Garp* (with a very young Robin Williams)/ 1979 *Orphan Train*.

Born on 22 November 1958 in Los Angeles to actress Janet Leigh (of *Psycho* fame) and actor Tony Curtis, Jamie Leigh Curtis has an older sister, Kelly Leigh. Known as the "Scream Queen" for her early roles in teen slasher films, Jamie has continued to shift her image from sexy to serious to motherly to comedic. Her biggest budget film to date was the 1994 *True Lies* action-comedy, in which she did

many of her own stunts. Alas for all of you who sigh for this gorgeous woman - she is happily married and spends much of her time with her two adopted children.

Movie Credits: 1997 *Fierce Creatures* (not a sequel to *A Fish Called Wanda*, it co-stars Kevin Kline, Michael Palin, John Cleese)/ 1996 *House Arrest*/ 1994 *True Lies* (with Arnold Schwarzenegger); *My Girl 2*; *Mother's Boys*/ 1992 *My Girl*; *Forever Young*/ 1991 *Queen's Logic*/ 1990 *Blue Steel*/ 1988 *Dominick and Eugene*; *A Fish Called Wanda*/ 1987 *As Summers Die*; *Amazing Grace and Chuck*; *A Man in Love*/ 1985 *Perfect* (with John Travolta); *Annie Oakley*/ 1984 *Grandview, USA*; *Adventures of Buckaroo Banzai Across the Eighth Dimension* (although I watched this one the other day and her name was not even listed in the credits... edited out, perhaps?)/ 1983 *Love Letters*; *Trading Places* (with Eddie Murphy and Dan Ackroyd); 1981 *Death of a Centrefold*; *Halloween II*; *Road Games*; *She's In the Army Now*/ 1980 *Terror Train*; *Prom Night*; *The Fog*/ 1978 *Halloween*.



# ANNOUNCEMENTS, ADS AND SERVICES

Please mail items to us at P.O. Box 5339, Station B, Victoria, B.C. V8R 6S4. Or Call Barbara 598-6490. Deadline for submissions is the 10th of month prior to publication.

## CLASSIFIED ADS

**BODY & SOUL:** Healing and spiritual direction for women. Linda Mulhall, M. Ed., is a lesbian, an adult educator, Healing Touch Practitioner, cancer survivor and former nun. For healing session, spiritual direction, or brochure of events, call (250)386-6744.

**FACES OF THE FEMININE:** Exploring a Feminine Spirituality four evenings in April with Linda Mulhall, M.Ed. During these four evenings, we will experience through teachings and ceremony, the aspects of the goddess in each of the four directions. Working with the energy of each direction, we will come to know that aspect of the goddess within us and the unique attributes of the soul. Call (250)386-6744.

**FINDING THE STILLPOINT:** with Linda Mulhall, M.Ed. Reflection day for women based on feminine spirituality. Time to be still, find our centre, deepen our connection to the earth and to ourselves. April 6th, 9 a.m. to 5 p.m. Call (250) 386-6744.

**DESKTOP PUBLISHING:** Of newsletters, booklets, etc. including writing, editing, photo services. Laser Printing. Camera ready. Low rates. And MAC SE for sale. 100 meg hard drive, 4 meg RAM. Software negotiable. \$350. Call Marion 598-1257.

**SHARE HOUSE:** Spacious three-bedroom home in Esquimalt. Rent is \$375/month which includes all utilities and parking. Call M.J. at 383-2607.

**SHARED ACCOMMODATION:** Two private rooms with ensuite. Share kitchen, livingroom, large balcony, fenced yard and garden. \$425 plus half 'phone. April 1st. Elizabeth 384-1787.

**VANCOUVER BOUND?** Need a room on occasion in Vancouver? Inexpensive room to let to women travellers/part-time commuters. Parking available. Kids welcome. Call Sand (604)873-1125.

**JAMES BAY, 1/2 BLOCK TO DALLAS RD.** Lesbian seeking other to share 2 bedroom duplex. Quiet; private yard; laundry facilities. Prefer quiet non-smoker. \$400/month. Phone

Lynn at 360-1954.

**MOVEABLE FEAST:** Too busy to cook? Too tired to go out? Have the Moveable Feast cook delicious meals for you to come home to. Catering for all budgets. Phone 592-3103.

**DYKE ROOMMATE WANTED:** to share three-bedroom, n/s character home with two dykes. Quiet yard with fruit trees, flower and veggie garden. \$395 all inclusive. Available April 1st. Jennie 479-3423.

**FOR SALE:** Equity in Gorge area, 2 suite house. Mortgage at very low rate. Payments LESS THAN rent! Good cash flow for investors. Call Sharon or Jenny, 478-5907.

**NANAIMO WOMEN'S CHOIR:** a non-profit society seeking new members and a conductor/accompanist. For meeting dates and times phone Kathy (250) 390-3267.

**FOR RENT:** Shared accommodation for two women in large 3 brm character Fairfield house. \$400 each per month incl. utilities and laundry. 598-9187

**A GOOD PSYCHOTHERAPIST:** has extensive Clinical Training & Supervision & has undergone her own personal analysis. Nancy Nigro M.S.W. with 20 years Clinical Training & Experience has recently relocated & now offers her services in Victoria. 480-0080.

## COMMUNITY NOTES & HAPPENINGS

**RE-CREATE!** Supportive, accessible recreation group meets third Sunday of every month at noon, rain or shine, Starbucks on Cook. Activity decided by group that day. Look for Lynn, Jude, & Taylor. No 'phone calls, please. See you April 20.

**INCREDIBLE GALS:** G-Spot team looking for windmill pitchers and a coach for government league. Relaxed. Call Marianne, 383-3914.

**WISEWOMAN:** Friendship group for women over 40 begins at G-Spot. Call the Spot for

details.

**SUPPORT GROUP:** for lesbians coming out of, or still in, emotional/verbal abusive relationships. Anonymity assured. Call 383-3763.

**LOOSE TONGUES:** Pull out your pencils gals, it's time to get ready for a Women's Reading Series at the G-Spot last Sunday of every month at 7 p.m. Open Mic and featured readers. Cover charge \$4. Refreshments available. Wheelchair accessible. April 27 is well-known lesbian poet now living here, Daphne Marlatt.

**FOREIGN TONGUES:** Meet some wonderful dykes bilingue at the G-Spot. Call Jenn at 652-7072.

**CALL FOR SUBMISSIONS:** To a Queer Art Show for Gay Pride Week, 1997. This non-juried show is open to all queers. Express yourself as a dyke, gay, two-spirited, bisexual, intersexed, transgendered, people. All mediums accepted. You will receive a space 18" X 18" on the wall, floor, ceiling or pedestal. You hang it yourself. Registration forms are available at Everywomans Books, GSpot, Pop Culture, BJs, AVI. This event is sponsored by the Victoria Lesbian Art Collective. Call Rebecca 386-2550 or Don 595-7179. Deadline June 1.

**LESBIAN AND GAY PARENTING GROUP:** presents a PICNIC IN THE PARK Saturday April 20 from 2-5 p.m. at Beacon Hill Park (near the playground). Volunteers needed to help out. Call 384-6252 or 383-2607 for info.

**DANCE PARTNER:** Jannit Rabinovitch wants a skilled (butch/short-ish) ballroom dancer to train with her for a year, and to join her in competition at the gay games in the Netherlands. If you are adventuresome, and an exceptional dancer, call her at 388-0161.

**DYKE CAMPOUT:** At Ruckles Park, Saltspring Island Fri. May 16 to May 19. Must pre-register & pay by April 30. \$12 per person. Sliding scale for low income. \$15 per on site if space avail. Children welcome, free. Some subsidized ferry tickets avail. Dogs must be leashed per park regs. Call Don 595-7179 or Bec 386-2550. There may be a dance.

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Swami Radha

*Susan-Rose  
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**QUEER ART '97:** A queer art show at 712 Cormorant Street. Opening nite June 28 at 8 p.m. Everyone Welcome. Show runs June 28 to July 11. Sponsored by the Victoria Lesbian Art Collective to celebrate Gay Pride '97.

**JUST OUT?:** Weekly coming out discussion group. Meet other women in similar situations to learn about ourselves, our sexuality and lesbian culture in a safe, supportive atmosphere. Call Sandra 656-0520 or Ann 383-5677.

**LAUNCHED THE PINK PAGES:** The Pink Umbrella says thanks to all who supported the launch. The new Pink Pages looks great. Find yours at Everywomans.

**THE PINK LINE:** Community information and support line begins operating March 1, Tuesday to Saturday 7 - 10 p.m. Call 920-6121 for a variety of informational services and directions to further assistance. Call the same number to volunteer. A great way to support your community.

**HOT & BOTHERED:** Karen X. Tulchinsky, editor, wants 1000 words or less from you by April 30th about queer sex/desire-driven stuff you probably have experienced but never thought to write about. Do it now. And send to P.O. Box 100, 1036 Odium Drive, Vancouver, B.C. V5L 3L6. with SASE, or e-mail kxt@aol.com Can be funny, sad, poignant, tragic and/or ridiculous.

**FASTBALL:** Rumours Women's Fastball League play begins in April. Call M.J. @ 383-2607 for info.

**Gay & Lesbian Parenting Group,** Natasha 384-6252 or M.J. 383-2607.

**Lesbian French CLub:** Meets at the G-Spot. Call Jenn 652-7072. \$2 cover non-mbrs.

**LesbianNews:** P.O. Box 5339, Station B, Victoria, V8R 6S4 Barbara, 598-6490

**Victoria Lesbian Seniors Care Society:** Sally, 388-6036

**Lesbian Social Group:** Mary, 361-9568 or Iris, 389-6772 (was Very Nice Dykes)

**Musaic: Lesbian and Gay Choir:** Contact Daphne, 480-0024

**P - F L A G : Information,** 642-5171

**PINK UMBRELLA:** fax/phone 727-6669

**Pink Line, Gay & Lesbian Information and Peer Counselling,** 920-6121. Tues-Sat, 7-10.

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## SERVICES ACTIVITIES CONTACTS

**Victoria Lesbian Art Collective:** Dawn 595-7179 or Rebecca at 386-2550

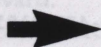
**Bridge for Dykes:** Marion S., 598-1257, Barbara 598-6490.

**Dyke Basketball:** Jahnett 380-6617

**Dyke Dimensions Radio Show:** Mondays 8:00-9:00 p.m. CFUV 104.3 FM Cable FM 101.9

**Dyke Writers:** Serious writers meet bi-weekly. Lahl, 995-0147

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