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# LESBIAN NEWS \$2

VANCOUVER ISLAND 'S MONTHLY LESBIAN FEMINIST NEWSLETTER

VOL.2 ISSUE 10

JUNE 1991

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LESBIAN NEWS

*h.i.g.n.f.y.*

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Music & Drama & Stand-up Poetry  
Comedy & Dancing & Surprises

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## EDITORIAL

BY DEBBY GREGORY

Once, on a cross-country trip when Donna bugged me about my driving, I snapped, "I was driving when you were in grade two." (She graciously declined to suggest I hadn't profited much from the extra experience.)

I first realised I was middle-aged when I noticed that every new experience was starting to remind me of one I had before. I got worried when the majority of the important events in my life happened before a lot of the women around me were born. My mid-life crisis came when I found myself out of touch with the latest developments in science, the arts, and the world in general, and when I simultaneously found I had forgotten a lot of what previously had been current knowledge. I compared myself to a train passenger who gets on in France, thinks she must have failed to notice when the train passed into Spain, and suddenly realises the train is in China.

I had a good weep and then signed up for an evening course in modern astronomy. I made a list of all the things I "always wanted" to do and started doing them (fortunately, my wants are fairly mundane and manageable). I decided once and for all that I was more interested in time than in money and vowed to work as little as possible. Recognising that I have a finite number of Summers left, I mean to enjoy every one and not let them dribble carelessly away.

Sometimes I feel incredibly mature: like when I'm in the midst of a crisis and I know it's just another crisis and will pass. Sometimes I panic when I see my skin "decomposing" practically before my very eyes. When I'm running, or cycling around town, and my muscles sort of blend in with the universe, I feel absolutely thrilled to be in my body. When people tell me I look tired, I think, "I'm not tired, I'm old." I pretty much almost accept that I won't be able to read all the books I'd like to, and that I'll probably never meet Doris Lessing.

There seems to be a few years' lag between my attaining a given age and my coming to terms with it, but it gets easier with practice. Eventually I hope to be able to come to terms with the age I am, rather than the age I was a couple of years ago.

Recently at a workshop I remarked that women are always either too young or too old to be credible. You only get a short time in your early-to-mid-thirties to be credible, and if you get the flu and miss your time, you're just out of luck. The laughter was loud and long. Age is one of those sticks women get when we're born to beat ourselves with. Whatever we are, something else would have been better. Since there are only two choices, get old or die young, let's make our choices, live them to the fullest, and keep laughing till those goddam sticks shatter.

A reminder that next month is a double issue, July-August, with a "Recovery" theme. Whether you want to praise or criticise therapy and 12-step programmes, to relate personal experiences, or address any other aspect of the theme, or anything else, for that matter, please send in your copy by June 15th.

September will begin the third year of *LesbianNews*' publication, IF we get a new editorial collective going. Please come to a meeting July 28, 7pm, 598-9634 for more info, if you want to help edit and publish *LesbianNews*.

Finally, I hope to see you and all your friends, lovers, and ex-lovers at H.I.G.N.I.F.Y. Saturday night, June 8th.

## LETTERS

Dear *LesbianNews*:

I see you are doing an issue on Aging in June. Here are a couple of articles you may wish you use. I had this stuff ready but then thought I'd wait until after the National Lesbian Conference in Atlanta.

I enclose an article about same: I could have written lots more but realize space is an issue. I had lots of fun there, we stayed at a fabulous luxury hotel. A big sign on the Civic Centre where we had meetings said "WELCOME TO ATLANTA - LESBIAN CONFERENCE, APRIL 24-29TH." We were VERY VISIBLE all 3,000 of us! It was great.

Good to see you still going strong. Best of wishes,

Emma Joy

## WHO ARE WE?

Editor & Data Entry: *Debby Gregory*  
Proofreading: *xywrite spellcheck, Debby and the Goddess*

Distribution: *Marti Carr-Harris*

Layout & Pasteup: *Nancy Issenman, and P. of OUTWEST DESIGN*

Contributors This Issue:

Emma Joy Crone (several times over)  
Marie Curtis  
Debby Gregory  
Nancy Issenman  
J.P.  
Sylvia Plachy  
Bonnie Waterstone

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### LESBIANNEWS

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**Submissions** are welcome from all lesbians and allies: This is an open community newsletter. Send your letters, questions, comments, stories, poems, articles, ideas, cartoons, drawings, news items, calendar items, and dreams of the week to the PO Box address, typed double spaced, very neatly written, or on IBM-compatible disk. We edit for space and clarity. We'll print it as long as it's not sexist-racist-homophobic-antisemitic-ageist-classist-ablebodyist-personal attackist or boringist.



## *Growing Old DISGRACEFULLY*

BY EMMA JOY CRONE

I have just returned from Atlanta, Georgia, U.S.A., where I went to be with Lesbians over 60 who were out in Force at the National Lesbian Conference, held there from April 24-28th. We were very visible with our own specially designed T-shirts, buttons and blazing lavender sashes, and a button declaring "OLD PRIDE." I know many women will feel quite upset by our declaring ourselves as OLD. But many of the Lesbians involved with the Old Lesbian Organizing Committee (who helped me get there with assistance for my fare) believe as do I, that this is a political statement - we are old, and we are proud.

On the first day our activities centred round consciousness-raising on ageism, networking and coalition-building. We had discussion groups, vented our feelings, and talked in small interest groups. We watched a video from England, made by old lesbians and one called Nine Old Women developed by the West Coast Crones (U.S.). In the evening a dance (with some old-time music - I found myself jitterbugging) with young as well as old lesbians, this dance was sponsored by the OLOC.

On Thursday, Barbara McDonald, a widely acclaimed author (LOOK ME IN THE EYE, her book on ageism in collaboration with Cynthia Rich) addressed the whole conference. She spoke of attitudes by professionals to us, and of the fact that a young woman had come to the Conference to hand out a questionnaire in order to stereotype our lives, and to write us up once again in academia and separate us from our sisters. She pointed out the ageism developed by lesbian professionals, and the lack of analysis of ageism, which allows these people to explain us to the straight world that has only a male agenda as its criteria.

Old lesbians have been meeting in the U.S. and having conferences since 1987, with the first one in Los Angeles; two years later a second conference was held in San Francisco. On both occasions I was the only Canadian there. Now in the U.S. they are organizing Regional OLOC groups, a newsletter is happening, and anyone interested should write to Old Lesbian Organizing Committee, P.O.B. 14816, Chicago, IL. 60614, sending a donation to the extent they can afford. Women are talking of organizing a retirement community and nursing home for old lesbians.

Mothertongue, a feminist theatre collective, did a piece, "Speaking of Aging," which was humorous and full of insight into the attitudes of ourselves and society - one of the comments "public wiglets for that bald spot" really struck home - mine developed a few years ago! The body may be affected, but not the spirit or inner self; as we age, we are considered opinionated and eccentric. We are old, grand, serene, full of wisdom, or is it that we stop becoming a human being and become a senior citizen. Age is not an illness or a malady, or a condition like pregnancy - but a time for newness, change, ways of being that denote change - for what are we RIPE (ripe old age)? No one wants our fruit. If a young person becomes ill, it's a pity, if an old person becomes ill, it's a burden. A woman at 80 when asked about her sex-life said, "You'll have to ask someone older than me." Does old mean worn out useless??? These were some of the quips and comments that came across in the theatre piece. A song was sung, and all in all it was good to be surrounded by peers. I wish Canadian women had such an organization, maybe one day when we realize it's just as much an issue as all those others we've been fighting for and about.

**Age is not an illness,  
a malady, or a  
condition like  
pregnancy**



# My Notes on Aging

BY MARIE CURTIS

Sure, there are down sides to gathering days and years: one of my knees buckles at random, inopportune moments; my sleep is punctuated by trips to the bathroom; my most sought-after beddy-bye companion is a hot water bottle. As society persists in advertising youth as the epitome of life, aging is defaulted to a negative image: dark profiles of bent, wispy-haired folks sidelined and shuffling, bowed by ill health. I consider hardening of the categories as a greater danger than any hardening of the arteries.

Once upon a time, at age 25, I spent an afternoon with two women who were comparing notes on age and aging. I was astonished when they said that from the vantage point of 42 and 48 years of age, they wouldn't ever want to be 25 again. Now, at the ripe old age of 35, I am still not particularly excited about the idea of being 42 or 48. But I have come to agree with them in that I never want to be 25 again, not even 28 or 34 again. "Passages" (used as the title of Gail Sheehy's book describing her own life) is a better word than "aging" to describe a person's gathering of years. And the gleanings of my passages are reason enough to not turn the clock back, not even to yesterday.

Here's one example of my life getting better. At age 11 I bought my first gun (two-store prairie towns sold them beside the nickel boxes of popcorn). Mostly the gun was for rabbits, tin cans, rural mail boxes and road signs. I kept it with me for two more decades: its presence guaranteed that I could take my own life easily, step clear of the hard parts, at any time. Then the time came when I was dumped by a lover, failed out of university, became jobless and homeless all

within three weeks. I proceeded to take my life into my own hands: I began to change the circumstances of my life to what I wanted, with values from my own soul and no one else's. During the next year of chosen solitude I began to learn to know me, to love and delight in me. At 32 I gave the gun away, confident that I could change my life to a space worth living, come what may. No bygone season is worth letting go of that lesson.

Oak trees and other evolutions may take as long to bear fruit. At age 16 my eyes nearly popped out of my head as I watched two women (strangers to me) embrace, hold one another longer than the polite 2.3 seconds. There was some fourth dimension to their embrace that had me spellbound, some sort of glow and strength and gentleness that were profound, beautiful. At age 21 I panicked with fear, almost fled, when a woman friend embraced me for longer than 2.3 seconds even though the glow and strength and gentleness were all there in her arms too. At 24 I made love to a woman for the first time, then moved on to a relationship with her, and others (in politically correct serial monogamy order, I swear). But before I came out even to myself there were eight more years of moral agonizing, despair, furtive sexual encounters, a constant mental monitoring of all my speech lest I betray myself. The double life sometimes bordered on schizophrenic as I donned robes of righteousness on Sunday mornings to sing in Baptist choirs. (We are everywhere!) Would I go back to any space of sexual confusion? No.

And here's a toast to Victoria's community of good women, many of them older and wiser than I, who invited me to be out to my world as



I am. that step was one of the healthiest, most empowering moves I have ever made.

I have one or two other gleanings.

As years passed it was a slow dawning to me that the time between visits with good friends did not matter when our hearts are open.

I see that pain carves out my capacity for joy.

It is as I find qualities, experiences in my life, that I am able to hear those qualities, relate to those experiences in other people's lives.

I see that all of life looks better, more manageable after a good night's sleep.

It has been years since the touch of a woman's lips turned my blood to fire. And yes, it seems that there are greater expanses between my sexual peaks of orgasm. Can there be an up side to this one? While the choice may not be mine, I like my growing awareness of sensual and sexual tones across life. With passing years I am managing to be more relaxed, far more open to sub-orgasmic forms of sensuality, playful intimacy, openly flirtatious encounters that continue to quicken my pulse and warm me. For sure, I would like all the peaks and all the valleys and all the heat all at once. Still, I am rich and alive.

I see that my life may end without warning. That is reason enough to not wait for some perfect tomorrow, an airport scene or deathbed visit to tell those I care about that I do care, that I love them, enjoy them, embrace all of who they are and take delight in them.

Of those women ahead of me in life, I observe that those who continue to be the most alive are the same women who continue to

lean into life's challenges and love openly, strongly. Elizabeth, my 90 year-old buddy, loves me well, tries hard to understand the reasonings of one a third of her age. When I told her I was going back to university to get my piece of paper she said, "I think you are already smart enough. Why go to school? I will give you a piece of paper." From her perspective formal education is not important. From my perspective, four years out of a possible 90 is not much time.

So what is important as days spin and wave themselves into years? The question was heavy on my mind on the day that I deposited two years of my work in the dumpster, efforts rendered useless by beyond-my-control changes in government policy. My current conclusion is this: it is only in the moment, in this moment, that I can fully enjoy, learn, appreciate and feel all that is. From any other point in time, this moment will be less.

**W**hat do I look for in the time left to me? From the women ahead of me in life, I want to watch and learn from you, learn to laugh more easily, to let go more quickly, to love more openly, to channel anger and indignation constructively, to live life with more courage. Please be patient with me. To you who are with me, I need support, upbraiding, and plenty of hugs. To you whom I may dismiss with ageist insensitivity, I need you to invite me to see through your eyes how life can be, lest cynicism cloud my own vision.

Most of all, I need you to be you, whatever our ages.

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of the categories a  
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hardening of the  
arteries***



# Watching Ourselves Aging

BY BONNIE WATERSTONE

Aging is something I think about often. For years now I have been watching old women from afar, noticing their wrinkled faces, their gnarled hands, and telling myself: this will be me, I will grow old like this. I intend this to be a kind of preparation, the opposite of avoidance. Like the title of the book by Barbara Macdonald and Cynthia Rich, *LOOK ME IN THE EYE*, I want to look my aging directly in the face. I know that I am still in the thrall of ageist conditioning. Baba Copper in her book *OVER THE HILL: REFLECTIONS ON AGEISM BETWEEN WOMEN* challenges lesbians to resist ageism. She speaks from "over the hill," which is also, she notes, out of sight, a place where old women's experience is invisible.

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*When we lose touch with old  
lesbians, we lose our herstory  
and ourselves*

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"An active confrontation of my own conditioned loathing" of old age is the first of two demands Copper makes of lesbians who want to overcome ageism. The second is to "become consciously anti-ageist, a step toward self-love, a step away from the contempt and terror with which we evade our eventual future."

We all will be old lesbians (if we're lucky!). If we can't relate to old lesbians now, we will have a hard time accepting ourselves in a few years or a few decades. You may notice I am not using the words "older woman" or "older lesbian." Older than whom, I want to ask? What is the standard we are comparing to, and why is that considered the standard?

Another important question about ageism is: who does it benefit? The power and experience of old women is denied us when we view them through the only lens the patriarchy gives us, that is with fear and aversion. Barbara Macdonald writes, "The older woman is who the younger women are better than—who they are



more powerful than and who is compelled to serve them . . . and like all who serve, the older woman soon becomes invisible." In *LOOK ME IN THE EYE*, Macdonald asks lesbians to recognize her, to see her for what she is, and to look beyond the stereotypes that make old women invisible.

The patriarchy tries to rob old women of their power for a reason. In fact, one of the key indications of patriarchy is that there are no powerful old women. Adrienne Rich describes the accumulated experience of old women as "the enormous potential counterforce [to patriarchy] that is having to be restrained" ("*Compulsory Heterosexuality and Lesbian Existence*," *BLOOD, BREAD AND POETRY*).

Without being in touch with the experience of old lesbians, we lose our herstory. We repeat the same mistakes, we can't learn from the past. As lesbians, this



is particularly important, because our herstory is not recorded in mainstream books, is not taught in schools, but remains hidden in lesbian archives, in the minds of old lesbians.

Through reading about the experiences of old lesbians I have felt my stereotypes crumbling. In **LONG TIME PASSING: LIVES OF OLDER LESBIANS**, there are no two stories alike. Sometimes they echo a sense of isolation: "I haven't made any friends in the last ten years my own age [which is 76], the closest is 60." Sometimes they are full of romance and excitement, like "Falling and Rising in Love" by a 65 year-old woman.

One of the most difficult aspects of my own ageism is my disregard for my mother. I see her as old-fashioned, marginal, even obsolete in her ideas. I still expect her to understand me, to take care of me, and I blame her when she doesn't.

Baba Copper talks about the "daughterism" she has experienced in the lesbian community. "I move amongst lesbians younger than myself . . . I am the surrogate for their resentments against their mothers." All the ambivalence we hold toward our mothers gets dumped into relationships with old lesbians. Copper and Macdonald both describe their experience of being expected to understand, to be motherly—but not to need understanding, touch, and attention.

When we lose touch with old lesbians, we lose ourselves. We are looking into the face of our future. I look at my face as I gently smooth vitamin E lotion around the corners of my eyes. I have been doing this almost daily since my 28th birthday, when I received Oil of Olay for a present. That's 14 years ago now. I feel shy about performing this ritual in front of even my closest friends. I don't want to be teased about being afraid of getting old.

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## Death

BY EMMA JOY CRONE

Forty, never

Too old

to know the fear

The Strength

The pain

Of opening

To a new life

Presented, but not accepted  
on

Scarey

But safe

Power, inside this woman  
now at 63

She knows

Has wisdom to carry her

Forward

Towards the final

Goal, Death.

March, 1991.



Recycled Paper



# Count the Love ♡ Not the Years ♡

By J.P.

Something of import happened when we first met. Something unexpected. Something that would not in the ordinary course be shared between two like us; twenty-five years apart in time. With you, reserve went down in me which usually was maintained for years even among my oldest and most treasured friends and yet, I still dared not entertain the thought of loving you; one so tender in years to my more than fifty. I remember your protesting then, that "age made no difference where love was concerned" and thinking "oh how full-blossomed the innocence of youth, believing it can overcome all obstacles." But now our 15 years together have proven your truth and I have reaped in those years the equivalent of a lifetime of joy, which at fifty, I thought had eluded me.

Surely when we began to know each other I had in mind only a

friendship that would enable us to stand more strongly alone, by standing together; from me, dependability, something brought from experience; from you, vitality and that beauty of inner radiance; from me, to offer a degree of stable strength; from you, to offer interest and sparkle in what we shared. And share we did. Oh, that we could do it all again....

For my part I will always consider myself privileged; always be thankful and happy for the thrill of knowing you, my dear and lovely late-years princess and love of my life. How I yearn that I could reclaim those years spent in want of your company; to reclaim the energy that slipped away unmeasured, unnoticed; gone - the youth I thought would be mine always. These years between us stand more noticeably now with each anniversary and I know, as I have always known, that the future holds that you will move on with your life and this is as it should be.

You will go away in time to come. I only hope you will return at times and that we will not have lost too much of our present nearness of feeling and spirit. I love you with a deep and abiding love. Nothing changes in that since we first began to share our lives together. Know that I will always be here for you. If there are sad or hurtful events I want to be near enough to have a presence and a word of comfort and strength, and to see you achieve serenity again, and go forward both glad and eager.

Know too, that I will not make claims or suppose a closeness that may no longer be between us. I will be content to watch and take joy in the opening up of your life as it unfolds and you must know as you watch the unveiling of my coming years that I harbour neither anxiety nor fear for what is before me nor regret for what has been. I would not change a moment, dear one. ♡

From Ms Vol 1 #4: As she lost her teeth, she lost her bite, with two remaining fangs to spice her yawn. She plays less, sleeps more, she is gentler and her voice is sonorous. She often slips now, when she attempts to leap up on the piano to walk up and down the keys. Nora, my cat, is old, maybe 14 or 15, but her wrinkles don't show.

My grandmother did not divulge her age until she was 90. It was then that she let her hair grow white. She said it was time. As children we used to whisper about sex. Now, in our forties, we whisper about signs of getting old and look for maps to guide us into this next uncharted territory.

Sylvia Plachy



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BY EMMA JOY CRONE

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#### AUTOBIOGRAPHIES

Elsa Gidlow, *Elsa I Come With My Songs*

Mary Meigs, Lily Briscoe: *A Self-Portrait*

#### NOVELS

Jane Rule, *Memory Board*

Also, May Sarton has written many books that may be of interest to women, regarding her aging process.

I'd like to mention too GOLDEN THREADS, a friendship club for

# An Approach to Understanding 20th Century Illnesses

BY NANCY ISSENMAN

It goes without saying that, when speaking of the 20th Century Plagues (see LNews Vol 2, #9), we must work to change the external environment to the best of our ability; it is a monumental task, something which some of us have been chipping away at for years. As overwhelming as it can be, we seem to have more control over our own bodies, minds, and immediate environments, so that this is always a good place to focus our energy. Traditional Chinese Medicine (TCM) is one approach.

TCM is a system of medicine that dates back almost 5,000 years. It includes acupuncture, herbology, Tui Na (a vigorous type of massage) and Qi Gong (a form of psychic healing). Originally used as a preventive medicine, TCM involves a holistic and self-motivated approach to healing. It assumes that the body knows how to heal itself and that, in reality, the human body is not separate from the environment in which it lives.

What attracted me first to TCM was the seeming simplicity of the concepts and the way in which it uses the language of Nature to describe disease. We talk about Wind, manifesting in the body as conditions which come on suddenly and which cause tremors, shaking and restlessness; Dampness, to describe conditions in which the body feels very tired and heavy or sluggish, etc.

Since the body is simply another form in Nature, it follows that it will be more or less subject to the same rules as everything else and, in defying those rules, we create imbalance and disease. The most generalized form of treatment, then, will include an attempt to live in harmony with the Earth, to respond to the "Evils" in Nature and to strengthen our own internal energy.

In TCM, there is no such thing as an immune system per se. The Chinese originally came to an understanding of the channels and the internal organs, not by dissection, but by observing the functions and how the body acts and reacts. So the immune system is interpreted as a function of the Qi (or Energy) system; we refer to Defensive Qi, which resists the pathogens (known as Evils in TCM) attacking the body from without, and Righteous Qi, which prevents abnormal internal processes.

In an article as short as this, it is impossible to give much more than a few examples to illustrate what is a complex theory underlying problems of the immune system or hypersensitivity to the environment. In general, we talk about the Spleen system (similar to the one in Western medicine and more); it is here that the food is taken in, transformed into vital energy or Qi, and delivered

Lesbian women. A newsletter is published 4 times a year. Large resource list. For free info mail a stamped envelope (U.S.) to Golden Threads, P.O.B. 2416, Quincy, Ma. 02269. Confidentiality assured.

Old Lesbian Organizing Committee (O.L.O.C.) newsletter: P.O.B. 14816,

Chicago, IL., USA, send whatever donation you can afford.

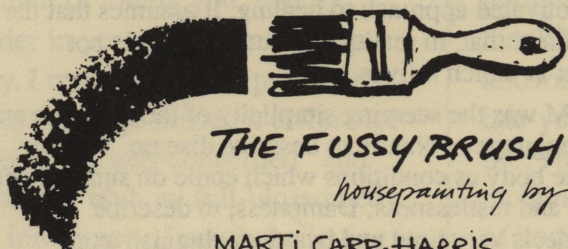
**Editorial addition:** One of my favorite "old woman" novels is by Sylvia Townsend Warner, *Lolly Willowes*, (London: The Women's Press), 1978. If you have other faves, send them in, including bibliographic information.



to the rest of the body. If this system is weakened by poor diet or overwork and worry, there will not be enough energy, resulting in fatigue; since the Qi also moves the Blood, there may be poor circulation of Blood, insomnia and dizziness (not enough Blood to the head), common symptoms of Chronic Fatigue Syndrome or Candida. Depression is often a result of the detoxifying function of the Liver being weak. The Liver, referred to as the temperamental organ, is easily disturbed by emotional activity. Since it is responsible for the free flow of Qi throughout the body, an imbalance resulting in congestion of Qi can manifest as headaches, irregular periods and emotional problems.

In treating a condition like AIDS or Epstein-Barr Syndrome, where there is viral activity, the method must consist of eliminating the effects of the virus as well as strengthening the body's Essential energy. If only the pathogens are removed and the body's essential energy is not improved, then the strong activity of elimination may weaken the body even further. On the other hand, if we just focus on strengthening the body's energy, this could also exacerbate the viral activity.

TCM can pick up where Western medicine leaves off. It is especially effective for those conditions, like Candida or Chronic Fatigue Syndrome, where there is a variety of seemingly unrelated and often vague symptoms. It is for the very reason that TCM, when making a diagnosis, takes all the signs and symptoms into consideration, taking the whole person into account, that the subsequent treatment with herbs and/or acupuncture etc. is so effective. As practitioners, we rely on all this information to guide the body towards healing.



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# ADS & NOTICES

**FRIDAY JUNE 7TH:** Phyllis' Opening. Phyllis Serota, "On The Edge" experimental paintings 1990-91. 8pm, X-changes Gallery, 981 North Park. Also, catch her Artist's Lecture Tuesday June 11, 7:30pm.

**FRIDAY JUNE 8TH:** H.I.G.N.E.Y. Have I Got News For You. At last, the Lesbian Talent Show and Dance we've all been waiting for. 8pm-1am, Norway Hall, 1110 Hillside, doors open 7:30, tickets \$10/\$7unwaged at Everywomans Books & SWAG, cash bar + soft drinks, no smoking, limited admission: buy early, stay late. Benefit for LesbiaNews.

**SATURDAY JUNE 22nd:** 1st Annual Saltspring Island Women's Dance and Social, 8pm - 1am, at Beaver Point Hall. Food and beverages. Chemical-free event. Tickets \$8 at Rare Find, Ariel Books, Little Sisters, Everywomans Books. For more info phone 537-9874. Limited childcare and billeting available.

**MONDAY JUNE 24th:** Justine - absolutely wild and wonderful experimental music group from Montreal (formerly Wondeur Brass). Justine will blow all your stereotypes about women and jazz. 8:30pm at Felicita's, UVic, as part of their International Jazz Festival (way to go, Lauri). Tickets \$12 incl GST (hiss) from regular outlets.

Vancouver's Gazebo Connection has a single lesbian women's professional group that meets twice a month for brunch, potluck dinners etc. Is there interest in participating in a similar group here in Victoria? If interested, drop a line to LesbiaNews, expressing ideas etc, enclosing a phone number for contact purposes. All replies will be held in confidence.

**HOLIDAY ACCOMODATION:** WOMEN'S COUNTRY CABIN ON SALTSRING ISLAND. close to sea, lakes and hiking trails. available July and August. \$35 single, \$50 double. Call Gillian 653-9475.

**DISCUSSION/SUPPORT GROUP FOR OLDER LESBIANS IN THE VICTORIA AREA.** How old is "older"? If you want to join, you're exactly the right age! Phone SWAG, 381-1012.

**PUT YOUR MOUTH WHERE YOUR MONEY IS: WRITE FOR LESBIANEWS,** help to edit and publish this community newsletter. Meeting for all interested Sunday evening July 28, 7pm, 598-9634 for more information & location. If you are interested but can't make that date, phone anyway to let us know about you. You need some writing and/or editing experience, access to a computer, and an interest in your community.

NANCY ISSENMAN  
C.A., Dipl. Ac. (NCCA)

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