

LESBIANNEWS

\$2.50

VANCOUVER ISLAND'S MONTHLY LESBIAN FEMINIST NEWSLETTER

VOL. 4 ISSUE 2

OCTOBER 1992

STRANGE

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BEDMATES



EDITORIAL

It's always exciting opening the mail, especially when Lnews is in hot water again over something we printed. People either love us or they hate us. In the same batch of mail we'll get a letter that says "Please remove my name from your mailing list," and a sub renewal with a note enclosed: "Love the News; thanks to all your staff."

We read over each month's copy together. We laugh and we argue. We express our opinions, let ourselves react. We usually end up by printing everything, except once we couldn't read somebody's handwriting and sometimes things get lost. We try very hard to follow our guidelines, but it isn't always easy. We don't always agree ourselves on what those guidelines mean, or where to draw them. Maybe we should change them to read: we'll print anything we like because we're the ones who do all the work and if you think we should be doing it another way, there's meetings every month, and twelve pages to fill. It might be the most honest.

Once, when I really didn't know whether to print something or not, I asked Editor Emeritus Debby Yaffee for advice and she said, "Print it. Otherwise, you might as well just print recipes."

I agree. I think it's better to be controversial than it is to be nice. I find letters that say "cancel my

subscription..." disturbing. I just don't think it's a good idea to simply refuse to see things we don't agree with. There aren't that many of us, for one thing, certainly not enough to win our revolution by ourselves.

This was what I had in mind when I suggested "Strange Bedmates" as this month's theme. Strange bedfellows is what I really meant, but I couldn't think of how to degenderize it, and over the summer the thing just evolved into "diversity", which transformation is interesting in itself.

It all started with one of those kitchen conversations in which I realised that even including men, "we" (sexual minorities and their friends) are never going to be more than 15% of the population. A minority that small needs all the friends it can get, politically I mean, if we're going to get - and keep - the rights and protections we need. Strange bedmates, indeed. S&M or Vanilla, out or closet, lipstick or motorcycle oil, and those are just the easy ones. What about anti-abortion feminists? (Yes, really.)

There are no easy answers. (I know, it's a cop out, but well, are there?) All I know is what we finally came to at the end of that kitchen conversation, when the evening had gone the way of most of the wine, and we were talking about how we should forget about being nice and start being warriors. We should be warriors and sharpen our swords. We just shouldn't sharpen them on each other.

K.P.

WHO ARE WE?

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P.O. Box 5339,
Station B, Victoria, B.C. V8R 6S4

Subscriptions are \$20/year, cheque or money order payable to S. Hamill at the above address.

Individual copies sell for \$2.50 at Everywomans Books, 641 Johnson St., Victoria, B.C. V8W 1M7

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Classified Ads are \$5/month for up to 25 words and 50c for each word thereafter. If you want us to hold and forward replies to Personals, add \$2. We reserve the right to refuse any ad that might create legal difficulties or that offends our highly developed sensibilities (see note below).
Ads and payment must be received by the 15th of each month for inclusion the following month.

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 3.5" disk. We edit for space and clarity. Please limit submissions to 800 words. We'll print it as long as it's not sexist-racist-homophobic-antisemitic-ageist-classist-ablebodyist-personal attackist or boringist.

BRAIN FEVER

by Karey Perks

The Carpenter is about six feet tall, weighs 180 pounds - all of it muscle - and she has bones like a horse. She moves not with the grace of a bird or a panther, rather her legs, which are like young oaks, thump and shake the ground; she is the avant garde of a forest on the march. Her hands are strong and capable. Everything comes from someone's hands, she says, but the best things come from your own two hands. She doesn't care much for appearances; what's important is the structure underneath. Is it well-built? Will it last?

The Writer is five-five (five-six if she doesn't slouch, but that hardly ever happens any more, now that she is permanently out of range of her mother's voice), and her small-boned hands are like a *corps de ballet* who have been dancing together for years. They ache with the cold and fail at jar lids, but they are artists on the keys of the word-processor.

A woman of few words, the Carpenter watches the Writer sitting by the window, turning a question over and over in her fingers until she has seen every side, and stumps impatiently from the room muttering: Snooze, ya' lose. She doesn't believe that Thinking is Doing. Talk is cheap, she says.

A two-by-four is nothing but an idea made visible in wood, says the Writer. What is, is just what is; what's real is what we say about it.

Both these women inhabit my head, where they carry on this clash of values interminably.

For many years it was the writer who ran my life, and it was chaos. She turned my mind into a screening room. Every night she agonized over the dailies of her latest drama, then the next day she'd find me a new romantic lead, or a new villain, or else she'd call for a change of location and I'd have to move yet again. My mailing address was always six months out of date, I couldn't keep a relationship

*She doesn't believe that
Thinking is Doing.
Talk is cheap, she says.*

together, and I never had a steady job.

All this time the Carpenter was nursing a sore thumb. Also a sore back, and a couple of close calls with chain saws (also there was the time I ran over myself with a parked vehicle; but that's another story.) It was the Writer who dragged the both of us in front of a mirror and pointed out that a strong-as-an-ox, six-foot-tall intention in five and half feet of flyweight flimsiness was not a good combination. For a while, the Carpenter kept out of sight, but a writer with the attention span of a flea was still writing the plot to my life, so in the end I

decided I could live with sore thumbs and I put the Carpenter in charge.

She makes me look at my foundations. Instead of talking about abstracts, she pours concrete. She balances my checkbook, makes sure I get enough sleep, keeps the car running, gets me to work every day. What she's done is build a structure for my life to be at home in. Her strength is the strength of security. Of Warmth. Of Safety.

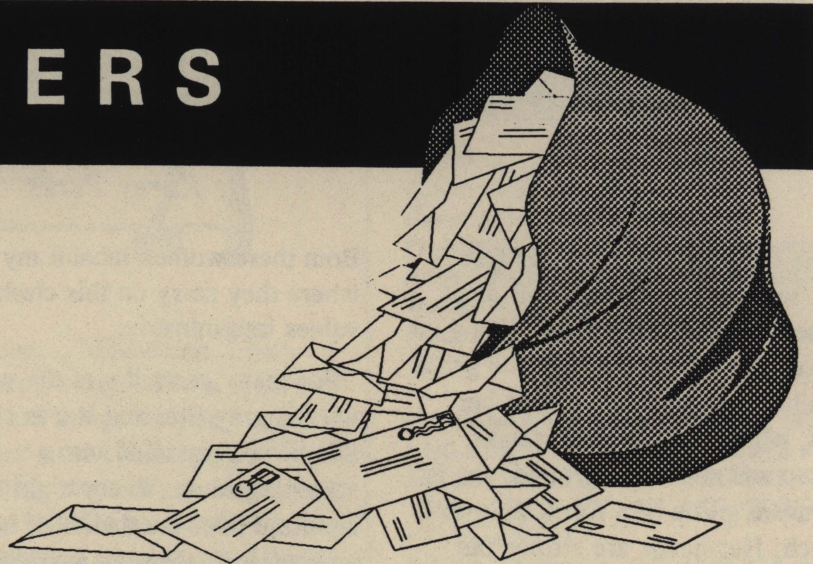
Meanwhile the Writer complains that life has become a machine, that the Carpenter spends so much time getting life together that there isn't any time left to enjoy it. The writer sits at the window and dreams of lesbians in space, lesbian warriors, and idle (lesbian) days at the beach, unmoved

by the Carpenter's nagging, that she ought to at least put the dreams to paper, unmoved because it reminds her too much of childhood piano lessons.

The writer hates lessons, and so do I. It's hard enough, without lessons, to build a life that has the shape of her dreams, I find it hard, when taking up the hammer results in so many sore fingers, harder than trying to bring the disparate halves of myself into harmony, which I can do, sometimes.

After all, we all have to live in the same house together.

LETTERS



Who Am I

I am not a jock, a jockess,
or even a jockstrap.
I do not play ball like Reggie Jackson,
Bo Jackson, or even Michael Jackson.
I do not pass the ball like Pele,
swim like Spitz, shoot jump shots like
Jordan, or even score goals like Gretzky.
I am not always competitive, cooperative, active, or passive.
I am not a muscle bound overly hairy insensitive sister
soliciting for fun in the sun.
I am not uneducated, unfashionable, or uncouth, and should not be
underestimated.
Who am I?
I am a lover of all sports. A woman who loves to play soccer, swim,
play baseball and hockey.
I am a female amateur athlete who views sport and recreation as a
passion and potential profession.
Why the awareness with words, other than to myself?
It is not just the men who need to stop stereotyping and using
sexist language against women in sport.
Our female role models, whether in athletics or not, are out there.
Do not let our children, sisters, spouses or mothers go through
another generation of being described or associated with the male
ideals or a role model. Our female astronauts, professionals,
athletes, and so on deserve to be recognised and supported for
their achievements as individuals and as women.

Sincerely,

C.M.D.

You Know Who I Am

Dear LNews;

Another tragic and sad tale of 'trying to
come out' to the world.

I had lunch the other day with a friend
whom I'd not yet come out to. She was not
surprised to know I was a lesbian. After
some discussion about my chosen lifestyle,
she told me the story of her young brother.
Seems this fellow was living in Europe at the
time, knew he was gay and couldn't face it
or the reaction he might encounter if he told
people he was gay. After a lot of internal
struggling, he hanged himself. The thought
of living as an 'out' gay man was just too
much for him to handle.

When will it end and be O.K.?

Sincerely,
Chris Ash

*Editor's note: One way or another, when
there's finally nobody left inside, the closets
will disappear. By coming out to your friend,
you brought that day closer. Thank you.*

UPCOMING ISSUES

NOVEMBER: Sex - What do you like, how do you like it, when do you like it? (We dare you to write to us!)

DECEMBER/JANUARY: Harassment - Sticks and stones can break my bones and words can really hurt me.



CAROLYN CLARK/ONE WOMAN PRESS

GARDENERS ARE OPTIMISTS

by Heather Gibson, Dipl.T.

October 12, 1955 - August 25, 1992

- reprinted from LNews, April, 1991

- Weeds understand that they are persona non grata. Rebellious youth that they are, weeds make a point of establishing themselves in the most prominent line of sight.

- Dandelions have no shame.

- Weeds make a point of going to seed, thus ensuring their perpetuity either
 - on the day the gardener weeds them; or
 - on the day before the gardener weeds them; or
 - in the compost pile the day after the gardener weeds them.

- Morning glory takes no prisoners.

- All the nursery plants refuse to survive without the companionship of noxious weeds. This guarantees that every new plant the gardener introduces to a garden will bring a fresh supply of couch grass and horsetail. How nice.

- All but the most disciplined and experienced gardeners are tempted to prune tender plants, like roses, during what my Mom calls the "pet days" of February. Soaring temperatures and blazing sunshine bewitch the feeble mind; we believe summer has arrived. Two days later it snows and the roses are toast, tra la.

- All compost bins are too small.

- All fruit trees are too tall.

- All ladders are too short.

- Nice, pretty alluring little flowers are to wasps as Martina is to me. (Boy, that's presumptuous, I meant as I am to Martina.)

- Rocks are

- too heavy
- embedded
- embedded, and in the way
- too heavy, embedded, in the way, and shatterproof.

- Dogs pee on anything edible or anything else handy. (I must interject here with a true story. I was walking my surrogate dog down a section of, yes I'll admit it, Oak Bay Avenue a few weeks ago. Faithfully from Foul Bay Road to almost our destination he squeezed out a squirt on every telephone pole. Except the last one. What is it with dogs? No sense of accomplishment or what? I waited, cajoling, telling him he'd be batting 1000 to just nail that last pole, but no, no way. Go figure.)

- Nothing in your garden looks like it
 - does in the books
 - hasn't been visited by bug conventions
 - actually belongs there
 - will make it through the winter

- Dogs poo on

- your footpath
- hedge bottoms (a real favourite)
- pansies

- Cats poo

- wherever they figure it will bug you the most. Always. This spot can move at will.

- Gardeners blab on about stuff that we find fascinating but causes narcolepsy in normal human females. (Hence we are not often on the "A" party lists.)

So, dear dykes, I bid you adieu as the regular esoteric columnist at LesbiaNews. I've seen lots of good copy come in and I'd enjoy a rest. Back to Helen Chestnut you go - just ignore everything she says about lime, pruning and fertilizing. Pay attention to her comments on tomatoes (she's known Canada-wide for her skill in this regard) and vegetable growing as this is her forte.



MEMORIAL BENCH - HEATHER GIBSON

When a loved one dies, we often want to have something in our lives that reminds us of them - a place to go, a thing to hold. This helps to deal with the pain of our loss, and adds a physical dimension of longevity to complement our memories. It is our intention and hope to raise enough money to place a memorial bench in the Rose Garden (and at Lokier if we can) as a lasting, physical legacy to our friend Heather. The bench will replace the old (ugly) one, in the small gazebo, and will have a plaque dedicated to her. For those interested in supporting this endeavour, please make your cheque out to: **Oak Bay Parks and Recreation**, but send to, or drop off to: Denise Bragg, 2509 Cavendish Ave, Victoria, V8R 2G5, phone 598-7763. All donations are tax deductible.

Please send contributions as soon as possible
- by October 19th at latest.

(P.S. There is some naughty talk of inscribing our own tributes - late at night of course - under the bench seat! Some may call it graffiti - to us, "A secret code" amongst Heather's friends. Imagine the picture - several legs emerging from under the seat, silent movement and quiet whispers with busy hands scribbling and little pockets of moving lights flicking on and off as the police make their nightly rounds!! She'd love it!!)

ESTRANGED BEDBUGS OR THERE'S MORE IN THOSE WOODS THAN TEDDY BEARS

by Kelevelyn Hurley

Looking back over some of my other columns, it seems I've been harping about how to increase acceptance of diversity in the lesbian community for most of my *LesbianNews* career. In fact, a scan of past issues shows that most of the writers for this rag have spoken on this theme at one time or another. We've covered many controversial issues, some of which include the topic of women converting to Judaism, coping with being poor in a cash-based economy, and should ex-lovers have visiting rights when co-parents split up.

Yet I don't think we've really done more than scratched the surface of what's really going on in women's lives in terms of fighting discrimination from both inside and outside the women's community. Take another look at this month's

cover cartoon - are you in that crowd somewhere, or do you think marches are for other people? It looks like a diverse bunch, until you realize there are no visible racial minorities, no bisexuals, no kids, no elderly, no sportswomen or pool-players, no teachers, no nurses, no punk rockers or skate boarders or bagladies....

Oh, maybe they're present, but I can't see them. And isn't that what it's all about? To be seen? To be recognized? Do we have an identity if nobody knows we exist? If a dyke sings in the forest and no one hears her, can she make a sound? And how many of us have gone through all sorts of different stages and phases on the way to being who and what we are today? And are they not real identities just because

they perhaps no longer apply to us? Of course not - at that time, we were really...whatever we were. Just like we are who we say we are now. The trick, perhaps, is to define yourself in a way you can live with. This is particularly hard in a world where being female and a feminist and a lover of other women makes us the targets of hatred and paranoia, of entrenched injustices. And we share this position with all those people whose race or age or physical condition or income level deny us the power to make our own safe and healthy living space. So, let's wake up to the necessity for alliances. It's a common fight we're waging. It's time to stop skirmishing amongst ourselves and learn how to work together. Bugs, bears and all.



from Alison Bechdel, 1992 "Dykes To Watch Out For - The Sequel"

*Review to follow

BUILDING COMMUNITY

from "Dreaming the Dark" by Starhawk

We are all longing to go home to some place we have never been - a place half-remembered and half-envisioned we can only catch glimpses of from time to time. Community. Somewhere there are people to whom we can speak with passion without having the words catch in our throats. Somewhere a circle of hands will open to receive us, eyes will light up as we enter, voices will celebrate with us whenever we come into our own power. Community means strength that joins our strength to do the work that needs to be done. Arms to hold us when we falter. A circle of healing. A circle of friends. Someplace where we can be free.

PRAYER IN DIVERSITY

by A. Pote

Many gifts, one spirit
Many songs, one voice
Many reasons, one promise
Many questions, one choice.

We pray for unity
Guidance as we move
May our differences unite us
In the circle of our love.

Let us learn to love each other
Search for ways to understand
We are members of one family
Growing strong by joining hands.

Please remind us
We are not alone
Though we move on different pathways
We are searching for our home.

Take our many ways of working
Blend the colours of each soul
Into the beauty of a rainbow
Give us life, make us whole.

THE RESURRECTION OF AN ATHLETE DYING YOUNG

by C.M.D.



I ran, I played, I sported well.
The laurels grew, the victories did tell.
For whom did I play? The uncertainty lies.
Did I play for myself or for family ties?



Did I run and play just for my dad?
Was I the son he wished he'd had?
Did I play for myself for others that cared?
The truth unknown, my feelings are spared.

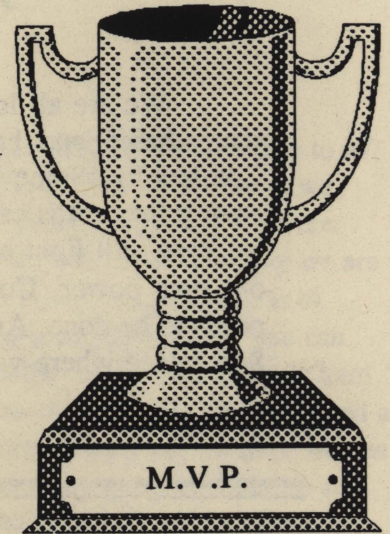
The victories grew with knowledge gained.
I loved all sport till I was pained.
The night my life was to be rewarded with gold,
I wept till endless hours unfold.



It was a male's story revelled in glory,
My life of sport forgotten, "I'm sorry."
Future glory won on the fastball field,
Uncertainly remains, family lips still sealed.
The silence reigns supreme as my sporting life ends,
I no longer play for the sport or for my friends.

A revelation unravels, I now rationalize life,
My past, my present, my future strife.
While my life of sport was felt by few,
I now know what I never knew.
There was forgotten glory in a world of blue,
But I played the game for me not you.

The glory now gone, the laurels now few?
The cheers have changed, the voices are new.
A student of sport once confined by he,
The skills are now mine to be past to she.
My love for sport resurrected at last,
Now to love my future is to love my past.



A FAMILY PORTRAIT - GAY AND LESBIAN CANADA '92



How do you feel about being a Lesbian Canadian in 1992? We are a small group of Gays and Lesbians who want to hear what you have to tell us: give us your opinions, your feelings, your passions, and your pet-peeves. We want you to make your mark in Canada's history pages...

Canada 125 Corporation is encouraging Canadians to develop and participate in events celebrating their own communities in Canada. After more than a century of struggle and change, our Lesbian and Gay community must be recognized as part of these celebrations...so this celebration includes you!

To ensure this recognition, we are, as our event, producing a written "snapshot" of our community by compiling a collection of letters, poems, and drawings by Gays and Lesbians from across the country. The complete document will be submitted to the Canadian Gay Archives, and to the Canadian Women's Movement Archives.

Participate! Write a letter, or a poem, or draw us a picture. (Keep it to 500 words or fewer, and on an 8-1/2" x 11" page.) Tell us about being Lesbian in your community, in 1992. We need your contributions, so get to it! Be a part of Gay and Lesbian Canadian history.

Mail your poems, drawings and letters to: A Family Portrait, PO Box 41, Station J, Toronto, Ontario M4J 4X8. Any questions? Call or fax us at 416-778-8811 and we'll talk to you. Submissions may be completely anonymous; please indicate "Name Withheld" at page bottom. For signed submissions, please include name and phone numbers; we need to verify authorship. All submissions become the property of "A Family Portrait" and may be reprinted. If you would like a copy of the final document, please include your name, address and phone number on a separate sheet of paper.



GUMSHOE KATE'S A GOOD GAY READ

by Milnor Alexander



If you haven't read Katherine V. Forrest's murder mysteries with a Los Angeles Police Department detective who is a lesbian, you should!

LAPD Detective Kate Delafield is a tough and demanding leader of the homicide investigation team. In the first book, Amateur City (1984 - all of them published by Naiad Press), a young woman has upset her lover by taking a new job in a high rise office building in the Wilshire District and becomes sole witness to a murder. Kate's own lover had been killed in an automobile accident, and she and Ellen become involved while Kate solves the murder investigation.

The second book, Murder at the Nightwood Bar (1987), a young girl is killed in the parking lot of a lesbian bar in West Hollywood. Kate's investigation is very complicated, and she also becomes attracted to one of the women who frequents the bar. She solves the murder, of course, although the love affair is only temporary in this case.

In Beverly Malibu (1989) Kate is called to an apartment

building on the edge of Beverly Hills to investigate a premeditated murder. I was particularly interested in this book, because it becomes a study of the effects of the HUAC (House Un-American Activities Committee) period in the motion picture industry during the blacklist years. (I lived in L.A. in the early 50's and was involved in the struggle against HUAC.) In this one, Kate finds a new lover in Aimee Grant, the niece of one of the women in the building.

Murder By Tradition (1991) involves the murder of a young gay man in the kitchen of the restaurant where he works. The kitchen is awash with blood, and the investigation shows the elaborate detective work that Kate does. Bringing the killer to justice brings Kate into a whole new set of obstacles, as she must find clear answers to mystifying questions for the prosecuting attorney, a woman who has never before prosecuted a homicide case. And the defense attorney is a man from Kate's past, who could expose the private life she has kept separate from her life as a police officer. This is another powerful and erotic novel by Katherine V. Forrest (each has one marvellous erotic scene).

NOT REALLY EVERYTHING, EXCEPT ALMOST:

A Book Review by Jahnet Hewsick

Rusty: How Me and Her Went to Colorado And Everything, Except Not Really is the title of a refreshing new work of fiction by Garbo. The title is somewhat wordy but accurately sums of what this book is all about. It is a story about the relationship between two young working class lesbians, Rusty and Carol, who are best friends and trying to get to Colorado. It is also a story about trying to break away from dysfunctional families.

Both Rusty and Carol have alcoholic mothers and the dynamics they learned in their families are played out with each other. Rusty is an alcoholic and is often irresponsible and unpredictable. Carol is always covering up for Rusty and giving Rusty credit for her own thoughts and initiatives.

The story begins in 1970 and is told by Carol. The written style and language of the book is of a working class background, which I found wonderfully refreshing, and the characters are real, down-to-earth people. Rusty has plans to better her current situation, but the solution is always external. She decides she and Carol are going to join the army. They sign up, but the Army will not accept Rusty because she has failed the literacy test. Carol spends the next year and a half in the army. In order to get out she tells them she is queer.

"Finally I decided I would say I was a dyke. I wasn't then, that was the funny part. I wasn't anything then...

I said I turned queer while I was asleep. I was fine when I went to sleep, something happened. I went to take my shower, I got overcome by unnatural desires when I seen the other recruits naked in the shower."

Carol does get released from the army and when she returns Rusty has a new plan for both of them to work at redskin brooms. When Carol finds Rusty's Colorado folder under the couch, Rusty admits she's planning on going to Colorado...by herself.

I do not want to give away any more of the story, except to say we meet some fine strong, caring, independent women along their way. My favourites are Carol's lover Mary Lou, and Rusty's Aunt Shirley, who is in a twenty-year relationship with her neighbour Libby. Both of these women are instrumental in helping Carol recognise her enabling behaviours in her relationship with Rusty and discover her own power.

As Mary Lou says, "You're the one that cares for her, and figures out what she wants. What does she do for you?"

So now that I've told you everything except not really, you'll have to read the book.

N. B. Jahnet is a member of The Everywomans Bookstore Collective

Believing In Ourselves

Carla Trujillo

(Excerpt from "How would you like to see women build community with other women in the 1990s?", in *Women of Power*, Issue 22, Summer, 1992)

The common boundary of "woman," per se, is often not enough to compensate for other areas of difference, particularly along the lines of race, class, and sexual preference. Each and every one of us is affected in some way by society's unjust views. Creating community means we must all make a continual effort to rid these poisons from our hearts and minds. Similarly, we must seek to dispel our insecurities about feeling that we need to be perfect with respect to the issues of racism, sexism, homophobia, and so on. Fear of making errors keeps us defensive, hostile, and unable to truly open up to one another.

I have accepted the fact that I am not a perfect person, but I am committed to unlearning old behaviors, prejudices, and unhealthy coping mechanisms. This process brings up a lot of fear that, I am sure, many of us can relate to. Recognizing our fears and talking about them to someone who cares about us enable us to work through them. This is growth and it's never easy.

I have also found that if I am vulnerable to others, they, in turn, are often vulnerable to me. Miraculously, this gets folks to open up, listen, and learn. This is a scary proposition, but I find that through it, I have opened up my heart and the hearts of many others to positive growth.

When I am at my lowest and filled with despair over our treatment of the world and one another, someone will surprise me and tell me that she is volunteering at a shelter for homeless teenagers, learning Spanish, or simply sitting with someone who is dying of cancer. When this happens, I sit for a minute and remember that we can still believe in ourselves and in our capacity for retaining our humanity. This, for me, is the ultimate in creating community.

Carla Trujillo is the editor of "Chicano Lesbians: The Girls Our Mothers Warned Us About" and administrator/lecturer at University of California at Berkeley

HOW DID YOU RESOLVE YOUR ANIMAL RIGHTS POLITICS WITH YOUR LEATHER JACKET?



I BOUGHT IT USED.

FROM KRIS KOVICK 1991
"WHAT I LOVE ABOUT LESBIAN POLITICS
IS ARGUING WITH PEOPLE I AGREE WITH"

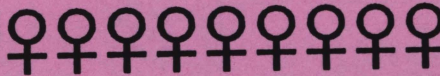
ADS & NOTICES

THE ART OF SHEILA NORGATE ARRIVES IN VANCOUVER. BAD GIRLS ROCK THE BOAT, an exhibition of acrylic and mixed-media works on paper by Victoria artist Sheila Norgate will open on Friday, October 30, at 7PM at Vancouver's Bridge Street Gallery, 1406 Old Bridge Street, on Granville Island. The artist will be in attendance at the opening, and the show runs until Nov.8.

OUT RIGHTS / LES DROITS VISIBLES, the Second Pan-Canadian conference on lesbian and gay rights, takes place October 9-11 in Vancouver. Over 50 workshops on: family, AIDS, union strategies, human rights, censorship, law, racism, etc. Wheelchair accessible. Daycare provided. For registration and billeting information, contact OutRights, #321-1525 Robson St., Vancouver BC V6G 1C3; or phone 689-1525. Registration is by income (example under \$20,000 pays \$25. Over \$50,000 pays \$250). Saturday dance tickets (Heidi Archibald, Jacqui Parker-Snedker and assorted musicians) are \$15. Included in the cultural activities is True Inversions a multimedia performance by lesbian art collective Kiss and Tell. "Video, slides, music and live performance explore the complexities of lesbian sexual pleasure and the factors that shape it. Thrilling, thought-provoking - and very funny."

ACTIVE WOMAN, 70+, INTERESTED IN TRAVEL, desires acquaintance with companion of same interest for correspondence leading to friendship. Please mark replies "Box B" and address them to *LesbiaNews*, P.O. Box 5339, Stn. B, Victoria, B.C. V8R 6S4

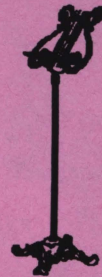
XCHANGES GALLERY PRESENTS ELOQUENT VESTIGES, an experimental collaborative multimedia installation featuring the art of three women, L. Baldisserra, C. Siversten and C. Charles-Wherry, facilitated by Maureen Peacock. ELOQUENT VESTIGES focuses on the identity of each artist in the context of her life and work. This is a process-oriented piece which concentrates on the dynamics of artistic collaboration as a model for initiating cultural change. Opening, 8 PM, October 8. The show runs until Oct. 31 at Xchanges Gallery/Studios, 951 North Park. Gallery hours Tues. to Sat. 12 to 4.



LESBIAN, GAY, AND BISEXUAL ALLIANCE Deciding about one's sexual orientation can be a difficult and sometimes lonely time for young people, particularly in a university environment. UVic's Lesbian, Gay and Bisexual Alliance is there to help. The LGBA is run by and for students of the University of Victoria. We are a "visible means of support" for lesbian, gay and bisexual students, providing information and a friendly ear; we plan events and act as a social outlet for lesbian and gay students; and we campaign for the positive and equitable treatment of gays and lesbians at the University (and in the community in general). LGBA regular office hours Wednesdays, 12:30 to 2:30 pm, room 137A in the SUB.

VOLUNTEER HELP WANTED ASAP!!

Woman with computer desktop publishing experience and equipment required to produce *LesbiaNews*. Approx. 4-6 hours per issue. Call Karey at 592-7546.



"Singing is like massaging the inside of your body"
SING OUT!
(a singing workshop)

Experience the joy of singing with other women:

Korm Hagedorn, leader of the Lesbian Chorus of Eugene, Soremundi, will lead us in a two hour, dynamic singing workshop. Open to any woman who loves to sing, wishes she could sing, thinks she can't sing. Expect to have a good time.

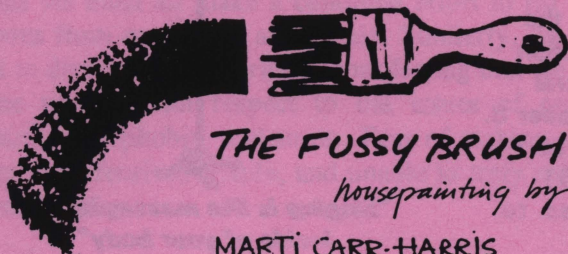
Cost: \$20 (limited space available for unemployed or students, (\$15); Location: Coastline Centre, 1270 May Street. Times: the workshop will be held twice (choose one time or come to both!) 1:30 - 3:30 and 7:00 - 9:00, October 10th, 1993.

Anyone interested in signing up for Octavia, (the new Lesbians and Allies chorus) starting this fall will have an opportunity to do so after this workshop. For information call Rowena, 384-2833 or Karey 380-7562.

ADS & NOTICES



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REVENGE OF THE GAY-LA!

It's a'comin', Saturday October 31st, the **5th Annual Lesbian Dinner Dance** at the Crystal Gardens (yes, it is Halloween, but no gorillas admitted unless wearing suits.) Doors open at 6 PM, Dinner at 7 PM, dance ticket holders admitted at 9:30. Tickets: Dinner and dance, \$25.00; Dance only, \$10.00. Available at SWAG, Everywoman's books.



FOR RENT small 2 bedroom cottage with yard in James Bay near beach. Walk to downtown. \$750-\$800/month with rent reduction for garden upkeep. Small pets/ children OK. 598-3979

TIME TO RENEW • TIME TO RENEW

If you have a purple sticker in this spot then your subscription is up with this issue!



CONSCIOUS LIVING AN AIDS WORKSHOP and BENEFIT...

Saturday, October 24
on Salt Spring Island at the Activities Center

FREE EDUCATIONAL WORKSHOP 2-5 pm

- * Medical and Educational Speakers panel
- * Question and Answer Period
- * Video Presentation
- * Audio Tapes
- * Printed Information Available

CONTINUING at 8:30 pm with an evening of
ENTERTAINMENT + REFRESHMENT..

Featuring: **BARB and KEVIN WILKIE**
KATE BRAGG and IAN VANWYCK
THEY SAID DANCE \$14.00
and special guest
FERRON

Ticket outlets:
(1) SWAG
(2) ETCETERA on
Salt Spring Island

Ticket outlets to
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Karen Partridge 592-1029.

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