

Lesbiannews

JUNE 1995 VOL. 6 ISSUE 10 \$2.50

JUNE 18 NOON WE TAKE TO THE STREETS AGAIN!



Victoria queers are taking to the streets June 18, 1995, in a fabulous display of community and cultural pride. An annual event in many large cities across North America, Pride parade activities commemorate the Stonewall riots of 1969 in New York City when drag queens and dykes finally took back the streets and rioted to protest police brutality.

This year marks 26 years since that event, which sparked an immense amount of social change by gays and lesbians – change which has improved the lives of queers everywhere.

In the spirit of celebration, participants are encouraged to fully express their queer hearts in outrageous, colourful, loud and erotic parade regalia, gear and banners.

The Victoria Pride Parade will begin at 12 noon, June 18, at the Kaleidoscope Theatre on Herald Street and proceed through lower downtown Victoria to the Parliament Buildings. There will be a Dykes on Bykes contingent for those so inclined. Plans include a float to carry small children and those with walking difficulties. The New Victoria chapter of the Lesbian Avengers will be marshaling the parade and providing safety. Lesbians, Gays, bisexuals, Transgendereds, Parents of Lesbians and Gays, and allies are all urged to attend.

Organizers have decided to claim the streets this year, which means police must be used to stop traffic. Organizers are asking participants to bring donations to the parade to cover costs. Donations will be collected throughout the parade by Lesbian Avengers. Other fundraising events will be taking place so we can BE BIG!

Post Pride activities include a few short, sweet speeches on the legislature lawn and a wind-down party at 2663 Bowker Street. Bring your own food, drinks and blanket. Barbecues, music and atmosphere will be provided.

For general info call Kyle, 721-5924. Dykes on Bykes call Sue, 592-9162. ♀♀

WHAT'S INSIDE...
How to: Give Birth, Save Money, Find Sanity, Save Aching Muscles, Break Up Nicely.
Brainfever: returns to "normal"
The Babe: tells all and gives away the ball
Square Dancing: Why not twirl, girl?
UpComing Events and more.....



There's been violence done to us as lesbians and women at Rumours, a space defined as gay/lesbian territory, arguably thought of by us, as safe space. Who can quarrel with the concern for safe space to dance, to be, to share, to walk the streets and parks?

On the other hand, I have heard the word safe used and seen safety practiced, to the detriment of both our personal and community growth.

When we use the word safe to confine ourselves to the narrow view and to the intolerance of our lesbian sisters, safe equates to censorship. The word safe is abused when it protects or shields us from one another or from the larger community. It's abused when used to metaphorically crap on those who, in "the lesbian community", view or do the world outrageously. Getting to know one another is a risk, sometimes. We all came out differently, at different times, years, with different political norms. But we divide into camps when we could be having open dialogue/debate on issues that divide us: racism, monogomy vs non-monogomy, butch/femme. The dykes who have made it possible for us to use the word

lesbian without somebody's homophobic alarm going off mid-sentence aren't always the old dykes. But they are those who have left the safety zone. These dykes are not safe to be around. They do things. They have opinions. They teach us to stop hiding ourselves from the world and each other worried that our self expressions might offend. We do have different opinions; we do things differently and sometimes we offend. We're only fully alive when we let ourselves accept the challenges of our differences. Let's make June the month we start to go beyond the limits of what and who we know - especially in community.

Here's a couple of ways we can.

Next gay parade is June 18. It's exciting to note that organizers, Lesbian Avengers, have planned a party for afterward. And, joy of joys, Musaïc is bursting into song the night before at the splendid Philip Young Theatre at UVic. What a wonderful June weekend this is going to be! I have heard rumour that Musaïc will, next season, perform at least two concerts for us. Yes, please.

BMcL

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One Dyke and A Telephone Can Make A Difference

by Lahl SarDyke

There is blood on the floor. On April 28, 1995, at approximately 1:30 in the morning, a white male, age 19, walked into Rumours (a Gay and Lesbian bar in Victoria), and stabbed a 20-year-old woman of colour who was dancing with another woman.

On Monday, April 31, I made 53 phone calls. On May 9, 1995, I made another 46 phone calls.

When the 19 year old white male appeared in court, on May 1, 35 Dykes were in the courtroom. When he appeared a second time on May 10, a dozen or so dykes were there.

He stabbed her. Male, Female. Male white, woman of colour. Probably straight, perceived to be lesbian. He stabbed Jody Hallwachs.

The world can be a frightening place. If you are a woman, of colour and lesbian, it is even more frightening.

At the Lesbian coffeehouse on Saturday night, I was told that something had happened. I had no name, no information, none of us knew what happened. On Sunday morning, I started phoning. Every Dyke I spoke with that day, I asked. Do you know what happened? Do you know if she's okay? By my fifth phone call I had a name. By my seventh phone call, at 3:30, I was speaking with Shawannah Farkas, the woman who was dancing with Jody Hallwachs, the woman who was stabbed.

From that day, in my body, on my hands, in my heart, is a picture of a woman of colour bleeding to death on the floor of a bar, of another woman turning over chairs, running through crowds, desperate to stop the man who did this. I can see him tearing through lesbians and gays and tables and chairs wishing the door nearer. I can see Shawannah, the bar she is moving past, the chairs she turned over, the endlessness of the stairs she is looking up as he moves just beyond her. I can see him, hope in his eyes, as he nears the door at the top of those same stairs. I can see the bouncers who finally did stop him. I can see the speakers the music is coming from, the stairs the stretcher is coming down, the body the blood is running from. I can see Shawannah holding Jody.

I can take those images and pretend I don't see them, or I can take those images and move. Move the world.

In 100 phone calls, the world was changed.

I wanted everyone involved - Jody, Shawannah, him, the judicial system, lesbian communities - both white and of colour - to know there is a Lesbian community looking for answers, searching for safety. Because of those phone calls, and the phone calls that were made by dykes I don't know, no one was alone. Jody wasn't alone. Shawannah wasn't alone, he wasn't alone, I wasn't alone, our community wasn't alone. ♀♀

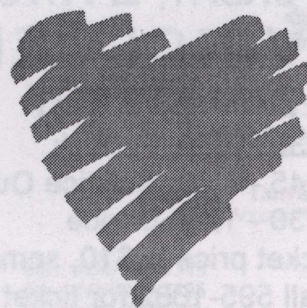
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GIVING BIRTH

by Diane Smith

Birth is the same energy that brings the sun up — Raven Lane



A woman chooses to give birth at home in freedom and privacy. She aligns her family with this choice, hires a midwife and flanks herself with sisters and soul supporters. She knows in her bones that birth is a basic and is resilient in her reliance on her body, her faith in the process and her knowledge of the energy and power that is – birthing.

She understands the architecture of her temple, her body, and that her baby ultimately wants out, as she does, of the process begun that no other word than pain can explain.

The painful process is regulated by hormones, (endorphins, oxytocin – “The Hormone of Love”, adrenaline and noradrenaline.) Her pelvis floats in its soft ligaments, but it feels more like it’s being splayed beyond capacity, opening to the descent of her baby moving down, into and out of her birth canal. Her breath has become avenger to the climax of contracting and she sends it down to the floor of her soul, meeting her cervix and crumbling her muscled walls. She’s cooked in the process, and her baby heads toward the light, friends awaiting. The route is actually circuitous. Chin tucked, the crown of her head pushes beneath the pubic bone, paving the way for her shoulders, while a force from behind is that

energy that rises the sun; uterine bel-lows. Her birth is imminent, crown-ing now through melted walls, sweeping into life. She reaches down with her searching hand and feels not vulva but head.

The rising sun arks higher and here she’s come, a spun deliverance like a fish, a water baby in a skin to face the world. Her arms scoop up her fragile warmth, all senses on alert, cradled in her bones, skin to skin, her voice and ancient memory. This place is home, enwombed in her breasts, enveloped by her hold. The separation has begun, the individua-tion of mother and child begins with the bond that lasts a lifetime. Bonding that is dependent on suck-

...more on page 14



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THIRD IN A SERIES BY TANYA ANDERSON

Where There's A Will

By Tanya Anderson
Financial Consultant

This month, I'd like to talk about why it's important that lesbians have wills and powers of attorney. To paraphrase Paula Ettelbrick in *Lesbians at Midlife*, "Since our relationships with lovers are not generally recognized in law, it is important that we know how to protect ourselves from the negative effects that heterosexually-based law can have on us. Lesbians typically fear that blood family members will be able to successfully challenge their wills, particularly if they leave their property to their lover. You cannot prevent a blood family member from challenging the will, but you can take special precautions to ensure that the challenge will not be successful. Legal advice is strongly suggested if you think your family might cause problems. Wills are necessary for everyone, not just those who have money or tangible property. For example, wills also allow individuals to express their wishes on other matters such as burial arrangements."

In B.C., if you die without a will and do not have children or a legally

recognized spouse, distribution of your estate will be to your parents. If no parents but brothers and sisters, then they inherit equally. If nephews and nieces only, they inherit equally. If no relatives are found, the estate will end up going to the government. If you don't have significant others to leave your estate to, I think it would be nice if an organization such as the Lesbian Seniors Care Society were your beneficiary instead of the government. That won't happen unless you have a will. You should draw up a power of attorney at the same time as you do your will. This will give the person of your choice the authority to deal with your affairs if you become incapable due to sickness or any other reason. If you don't appoint someone, the Court will do it for you. Your family or the Public Trustee could be in charge of your life, when you might prefer to have a lover or friend in that role. Consult a lawyer for your will and power of attorney if you can. There are lawyers in our community who can help you. Can't manage legal fees? Get a self-help book from the library or an office supply store and do it yourself. If detail is not your middle name, find a trusted "left brained" individual to check that you have covered the important points.

After all, you do want to make sure your pets, Jane and Helen, are going to a good home. (Galiano perhaps?) Back to specifying your wishes concerning funeral and burial through your will, you can also register with the Memorial Society (telephone #385-5214) for \$10. You can record your wishes for funeral arrangements and get them at a low cost rate through the Society. Does this seem gruesome to you? Arranging your going away party in advance may seem morbid, but I'd rather see it as a thoughtful thing to do. Keep the costs down and there will be more left in the budget for refreshments at the sendoff. Through your will or registration with the Memorial Society, you can communicate your wishes and then hope those wishes are respected. Your family might want a funeral, while you would prefer cremation and a memorial service. I told my partner that I want to be cremated and added to the compost heap, but she didn't think that was very funny. Could mean I'm going to end up scattered around Thetis Lake, unless I'm clear about what I want. I suppose that's still better than wanting to be scattered around Thetis Lake and ending up in the compost. What about you? Will you be where you want to be? ♪

Rowena Hunnisett M.A.

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Why Choose Therapy?

by Rowena Hunnisett

Being a therapist I easily forget what a momentous and sometimes difficult decision it is for some to choose to do therapy.

I see four main reasons for choosing to work with a therapist.

We don't expect people to get educated without teachers or learn skills without instructors. A therapist is someone who can teach you about how the psyche works and guide you through its mazes. She has been through her own healing work, knows the ropes of the emotional world, the mental shenanigans we all get up to in proving how brilliantly we can complicate our lives. She can't predict what your personal journey will be, but she will be familiar with the territory. She should be able to help you see what is hard for you to see about yourself on your own.

Therapy can be for short term specific things like when you and your partner tend to have the same arguments that go around in circles. Or like when you're coming out and don't know how to go about it, or what to expect, or what is involved in the stages of that process.

Therapy can be for work that involves a longer commitment of perhaps six months to a year or longer. It helps people get to the bottom of issues like "Why do I keep thinking I've found someone who is not like anyone in my family and after a few months feel like I'm yelling at my father/mother/brother again? or "I wish I could just tell my parents/boss/friend/ who I really am and what I really feel, but I'm scared of the repercussions if I do". These are issues that usually come from having been caught in difficult experiences in our families. Many of us didn't have fun growing up and probably still have some baggage that burdens us that we

can't seem to put down.

For people who have been abused in some way as children a one-to-one relationship with a caring therapist can provide a very safe container in which a person can go deep into their work without having to deal with the overwhelmed feelings that sometimes come up in groups when a survivor hears others' stories of abuse. At some points such sharing is really helpful; at others it can be too much.

The last reason I find clients do therapy is that some people are the kind of people for whom inner exploration is endlessly rich. Perhaps they want to break through all barriers against knowing and understanding themselves. For these folk therapy can be a life-long journey of both emotional healing and spiritual development; one of fascination, wonder and discovery, as courageous as climbing Everest or as hard work and rewarding as going to med school. ♀♀

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*Editor's note:
Rowena practices
therapy in Victoria.
Next month: How
to choose a
therapist.*



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Leaving? Have A Legal Eagle Guard the Nest(Egg)

by Patricia Lane

Even more than straight couples, lesbians must design their own relationships. A case in point:

Maryann and Jane fell in love in August, 1990. Both had been burned in the past so they took their time, but two years later Jane moved in with Maryann, who owned a small house in a quiet neighborhood. Jane paid half the mortgage payment. She brought with her a very nice living room suite and a Persian rug. She also had two valuable paintings which were inherited from her grandmother. Since Maryann had a government pension, part of Maryann's income went to making full RRSP contributions for Jane. Maryann's cat had kittens, one of which took a special shine to Jane, so they kept it. In the next few years they bought a third painting to make a set. They replaced the dining room suite and bought a second TV. Maryann bought Jane a kayak for her birthday one year. Jane gave Maryann a scuba diving trip for two.

When Maryann offered the second scuba ticket to Nancy, Jane realized that things were seriously wrong. While Maryann and Nancy were away, she moved out. She took with her the cats, so as to keep them together, all three paintings in the set, the furniture she came with and all of the dining room suite except the hutch. She left a note on the TV explaining she thought she was being very fair, as even though Maryann was in the wrong for having left her, she was leaving the TV and the kayak. She did, however, expect to be paid back for all the money she had "thrown down the toilet" in paying off Maryann's mortgage.

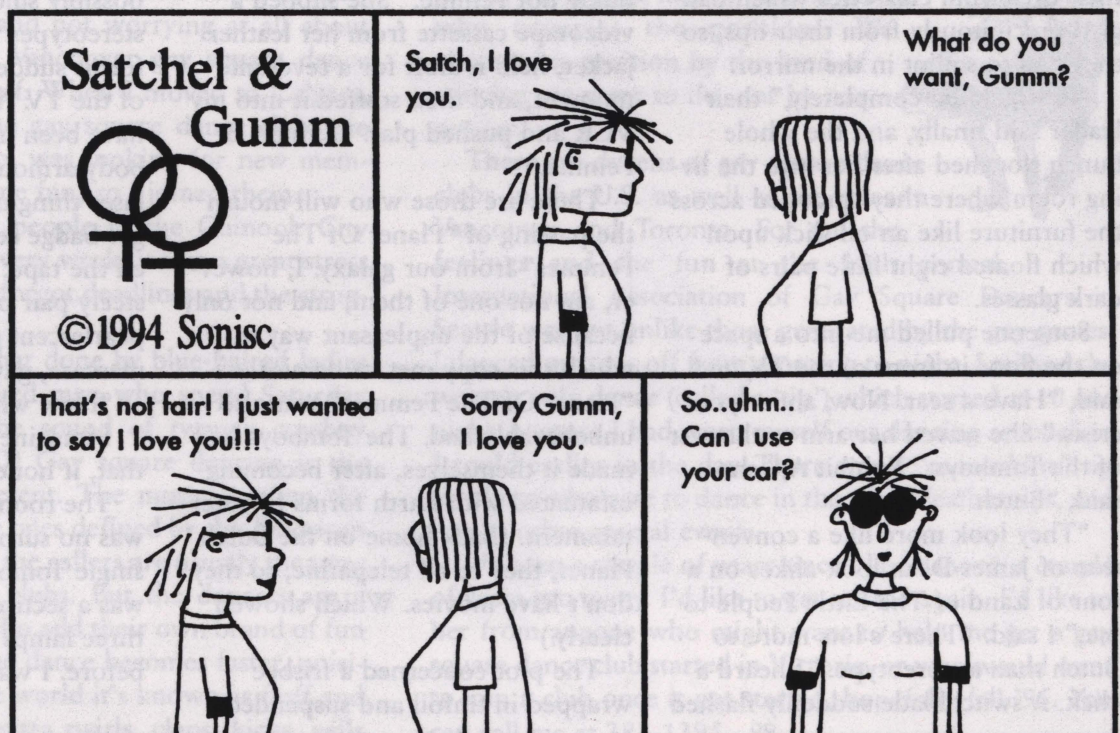
Who is right here? What do you think? Even in heterosexual relationships the law is not a very good arbiter of justice when relationships break down. Lesbian couples would do well to be just a little business-like when they come together. Living together can be easier if there are clear understandings about

who owns what and owes what to whom. And, if they do split up, a good beginning can help make a good ending.

Designing relationships can be hard, especially if the women involved are not good at expressing their real wants. So often women are socialized to take care of others but have trouble articulating what they themselves really need. This can make negotiating an agreement of any kind hard – but may seem to make one about the division of property, pets or children totally impossible.

A skilled mediator can help. She can work with both people when the relationship is new, well established, or ending, to assist them to identify their needs and work together to find solutions which will work for them both. A mediator is not a judge – nor does she provide legal advice; rather she assists the women involved to find their own right answers – to find ways to deal with their present issues which do not jeopardize the future. And, having had the experience of creating an agreement together, chances are the relationship will be stronger as a result. If a couple clarifies expectations for their ongoing relationship, this can help open the lines of communication for years to come. If the relationship is ending there is a better chance of a less hurtful breakup and quicker healing. ♀♀

Patricia Lane is a Victoria lawyer and a mediator with a special interest in issues of concern to the lesbian community.



BRAIN FEVER

By Karey Perks

I find it saves time, on those mornings when I wake up having an identity crisis, if I go right to the mirror and ask the first face I see: are you butch, or are you femme? Last week a voice tootled back at me from the mirror. It said, "Butch, definitely."

For a brief moment I thought my inner identities had finally summoned up enough Moxie to manifest somewhere where I could throw something at them, before I remembered that I knew better than that. Besides, I recognised the voice of a Tomboy from the Butch Planet.

Eight of them, more or less, proceeded to crowd in between me and the bathroom mirror. Their present likeness involved long hair which had to be slicked and combed just so. Tiny pennants of smoke curled into their eyes from cigarettes which dangled precipitously from their lips, so they had to squint in the mirror.

"Refrigerated completely," their leader said finally, and the whole bunch slouched after her into the living room where they sprawled across the furniture like an oil slick upon which floated eight little pairs of dark glasses.

Someone pulled me into a space on the floor in front of the TV, and said, "Have a seat. Now, about your crisis." She waved her arm at the rest of the Tomboys. "Exhibit A," she said, "Butch."

"They look more like a convention of James Dean look-alikes on a tour of Land of The Little People to me," I said. "There's lots more to Butch than a stereotype." I heard a click. A switchblade suddenly flashed

in the fingers of a Tomboy leaning in the doorway. "Who you callin' Stereotype?" she said, in a sullen soprano. I decided I'd better give my inner placater the microphone.

"Well, you are the experts," I said, "being from the Butch Planet."

"And who better to settle your identity crisis once and for all?" said the leader. "Take it from the experts: You are Butch."

"How would you know? I mean, um...what's your um...perhaps you could delineate some of the parameters informing your particular construction of Lesbian gender?" She couldn't be offended if she didn't understand what I said, right? I certainly didn't.

"Process of elimination," she said, almost as if I hadn't spoken, which in a sense was true. "You are definitely not Femme." She slipped a videotape cassette from her leather jacket, held it aloft for a reverent moment, and then stuffed it into my VCR and pushed play. "Exhibit B: Femme."

There are those who will mourn the passing of "Planet Of The Femmes" from our galaxy. I, however, am not one of them, and not only because of the unpleasant way in which this copy met its demise.

"Planet Of The Femmes" was also unbelievably bad. The Tomboys had made it themselves, after becoming infatuated with Earth forms of entertainment. (Back home on the Butch Planet, they're all telepathic, so they don't have movies. Which showed clearly.)

The plot concerned a frisbee wrapped in tinfoil and suspended

from dental floss over a large pile of road salt in a municipal maintenance yard. A pair of scissors appeared at the top of the screen and snipped the floss, sending the frisbee crashing onto the salt. After the ensuing earthquake scene, I realised I had seen this movie before. Three Tomboy astronauts, spaceship-wrecked on an unknown planet, are met and captured by a veritable tsunami of jouncing breasts and buttocks, the dramatic impact of which might be remotely approximated by filling a closet with basketballs and then, while standing in front of it, opening the door.

Needless to say, the "Femmes" were played by the Tomboys themselves, dressed in costumes which they had made out of rubber. I was saved from having to make another possibly suicidal comment about stereotypes when a pair of sinister forms suddenly took shape in front of the TV. And some shape they must have been in, too, to be wearing full body-armour and carrying those big laser thingums. The one with the bigger badge reached down and extracted the tape. Up came the visor. A steely pair of grey eyes, shadowed in pearlescent green set off by glittering mascara, gave me the once-over.

"Now where did you find this?"

I imagine honey would sound like that, if honey could talk.

The room was deathly still, which was no surprise since there wasn't a single Tomboy in it, although there was a sectional, a coffee table, and three lamps which I had never seen before. I was terrified. Honey - not

more on page 14...

A Little Finger...

By Lynn Kirk

Some of us have been wondering what is Shiatsu? When we don't know we ask the experts. So thank you to Lynn Kirk, who actually practices the art.

Shiatsu literally means finger pressure. It involves the application of pressure to specific points that access invisible energy streams nourishing the body at a deep level. These energy streams are known as meridian lines. Releasing blockages by pressing these points helps to balance and normalize the functioning of the internal organs. An experienced therapist uses

intuition to guide her in giving an effective treatment.

How Does It Feel? Very relaxing. Shiatsu is great for relieving stress and allowing the body and mind to completely rest. Superficial muscle stiffness is released as well as deeper seated chronic tension. Some of the points may be a little painful on pressure, but it's often described as a "good pain" which brings relief.

Shiatsu originated in Japan at the beginning of the 20th Century. A relative of acupuncture, it rose from Eastern medical theories 3,000 years old.

So I wanna try it out! Treatments are one hour long and cost \$35. Wear loose, comfortable clothing. No oils are used. Shiatsu is done with the client lying on a futon on the floor.

If you want to try it out Lynn runs *Chrysalis Shiatsu* and she practices out of her apartment in James Bay. She was graduated by Kikkawa College in Toronto, 1986, and is a certified member of the Shiatsu Therapy Association of Ontario. Any further questions you are invited to call Lynn at 480-1560. ♀♀



Ladies In, Men Sashay, Now Promenade Around

by Margie Pringle

When I was seven I was introduced to square dancing. Not too impressed, as it meant touching boys, I forgot about it, until 30 years later, when I started dancing and meeting people, and not worrying at all about touching. I had seen the Vancouver gay square dance club demonstrate their stuff. When I moved to Calgary, where I knew no one, the gay square dance club, the Chinook City Dance Club, was looking for new members. I was looking for some fun; so I joined them.

I met some wonderful people in the Chinook City Club, had a lot of laughs every week; it was a great stress reliever. When I danced, I forgot deadlines and the struggles of everyday life..

Square dancing? Isn't that done by blue-haired ladies in crinolines and red-necked men who spend Saturday nights in old barns to the sound of twangy cowboy music? Well, yes, and NO! Gay square dancing is the same but completely different. The music is often the same, the calls are the very ones defined by the American Square Dance Society, and the callers are usually the ones seen at the square dance clubs. But the dancers are a bunch of dykes and gays who add their own brand of fun to whatever they do, so the dance becomes faster, noisier. In the gay square dance world it's known as fluff and it looks and sounds like extra twirls, claps, kicks, yells

and "skirt work" (the movement involved, not the actual wearing of skirts). Positions are called by sexist terms; boys, girls, ladies, etc., no matter who occupies the positions. We choose our position by the kind of dancing we want to do, not by our gender.

There are dozens of gay square dance clubs in the U.S. as well as the ones in Vancouver and Toronto. For me the feelings and the fun at the 10th annual International Association of Gay Square Dancers in Seattle was not unlike those generated by the gay games. I danced my toes off from morning to night. I missed the women only dance (called a 'tip') which started at 10 one night, because I had worn myself out dancing as much as I could earlier in the day. There was a "moonshine" tip for those who care to dance in the nude, leather tips, and lots of other special events.

It's been a couple of years since I last danced, a couple of years too many. I'd like to get started again. I'd like to her from anyone who might want to help me get a gay square dance club started in Victoria, or who would want to join a club once it got started, hopefully fall '95. You can call me at 383-1395. ♀♀



BABE NOTES

Well, the first managerial turnover of the season took place with the departure of Coach Jan Trainor from the Rumors (sic) team. Sources list reasons as ...“irreconcilable differences”. Like many other ex-coaches at the periphery of the game, she’ll be doing the occasional colour commentary and playing with her All American Girls Professional Baseball League card set.

Speaking of a league of their own (The AAGPBL) that is, I’ve had the opportunity of meeting some of the women who played in that league. The tone and text of the movie starring the very lovely and leggy Gina Davis reflects the EveryWoman aspect of the players in that league. The women I met were Saskatchewan-born who left the farm to earn what was then a pile of US dollars while achieving absolute bliss through playing the game they loved to play. They got to travel, were applauded internationally, and achieved personal and athletic goals which elude many women athletes today. In fact, I was

at Cooperstown the year (1989) they put in the permanent installation honouring women in baseball, and I have to admit to a tear or three escaping down the first baseline.

Certainly, in that other med-ja, even when both hockey and baseball were on strike, coverage of women’s sports actually dropped while there was no end of coverage of whining millionaires griping at each other. The cure? The tiny perfect partner and I headed off to Tofino to watch the Canadian Women’s Curling Championships and the sand dollars in February. Would Sandra win again? And could Connie do something about her hair? It was an entertaining spiel and Connie Laliberte and the Manitoba rink beat out Sandra Petersen and her Regina rink (reigning Canadian and World Champions) to on to the Worlds in Sweden where the Manitoba rink won a silver medal. Can you name a former Canadian Curling Champion who lives here in Victoria? An autographed ball signed by The Babe goes to the writer of the first letter we get with the correct answer.

Next time you have cramps and feel like you-know-what and want to vent, write a stinger of a letter to the other med-ja about poor coverage of women’s sports. Or, better still, write to me, The Babe, and let me know all about your league, sports gripes and local legends of the games.

Play hard, use a hand lotion.

BABE



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LITTLE LEZZIE FLASHES


A little irony to start. There were more than a dozen dykes in court when one of us was hauled before hizzoner for assaulting her lesbian lover. Now, if that isn't hitting a bottom... We got the call from Marion Stoodley, who knew Dawn Heiden and I would be working on a grant and listening to opera. I discovered that Rusalka a la Frederica von Strade makes Dawn want to take a bath. Hmmm. Lynn Kirk and Jude Angione went to Company's branch to register their Queer Directory. They were refused the use of the word Queer as it is considered offensive. Marti Carr Harris found she couldn't face life with a lowered lip line so she pasted in a broken tooth with crazy glue. She lived to tell on friend Taylor who, when faced with her first dental dam while in the dentist's chair, looked up and asked her gorgeous dentist, "Are you a Lesbian?" Apparently, the question was answered with grace. April Steele is moving herself and her practice to Gabriola Island effective June 1st. One evening at Ramona's and Joan's we were treated to the NFB film, *When Shirley met Florence*. Florence is Joan's former partner, so Joan had a copy all her own. The film aired on WTN April 20, and is a candid look at the lifelong friendship between two Jewish women - one a lesbian. The film is such a wonderfully positive view of lesbian life, as well as a sensitive portrait of womenfriendship, that the Reform Party has placed it among the top 10 most subversive films on the loose in Canada. And speaking of reforms, there's a copy of the *The Book of Mormon* in our dining room. There wasn't meant to be. Sally Hamill and I watched them walk passed our house and I made my customary rude remarks. However, you would not believe, when they cleverly returned from the opposite direction, how utterly gorgeous Sister Oolalah was. I couldn't help myself. I was mesmerized. I can hardly wait 'til she

comes back to get her book. My month wouldn't be complete without a word from Jan Trainor. She told me the last time we swam that I had become a So So. What! Yeah. A Significantly Older Sexual Object. "Oh," I said. She added that knowing old people is knowing at a different pace. Now I am wondering if I shouldn't flirt slower. As if life weren't fraught with enuff...See you next month if the floods on the Ganges don't interfere with the growth of the oranges on the Nile. (Why should I have all the metaphysical problems?)



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Movies may be a great escape, but first you have to park the car, eh? So to help you all with the practical details, here's a little info about the Victoria cinematic scene. For those of you who like matinées, try the \$2.99 rates on Tuesdays, Fridays, Saturdays and Sundays at University Cinemas and Capitol 6. It's best to buy your tickets for Tuesdays at all theatres as soon as the box office opens (usually around 630 pm) and then grab a bite or hit an arcade for 20 minutes. If you're strapped for cash, some places now offer the option of using a bank card to buy tickets and concession coupons - check out the INTERAC column. For animation buffs, the Roxy is the best bet. Roxy and Cinecenta also feature great local and non-mainstream stuff (eg. Forbidden Love, Tokyo Cowboy, Go Fish, La Traviata, Salmonberries, etc.)

If readers are interested, I'll review local video stores in a future column. Enjoy!

ADMISSION PRICES					
	Regular Adult	Special Days	Child	Student Rate	Senior Rate
THEATRE					
Caprice Triplex 777 Goldstream Avenue 474-2700 show info Langford (20 min from Victoria)	\$7.50	\$4 Military Mondays (pic ID) \$4 Tuesdays	\$6 Jrs \$4 kids	\$4 Uvic & Camosun (pic ID)	\$4
Cineplex Odeon 383-0513	\$8	\$4.99 Tues	\$4.50 13 and under	none	\$4.50
Capitol 6 384-6811	\$8	\$4.99 Tues	\$4.50	none	\$4.50
Roxy 382-3370	\$7	\$4.99 Tues	\$4.00	\$5.00	\$5.00
University Cinemas 721-3000	\$8	\$4.99 Tues and all days before 6 pm	\$4.50	none	\$4.50
Cinecenta - SUB at Uvic (Student Union Building on Ring Road) 721-8365 show info 384-0184 other info	\$5 alumni, guests and members \$6 non-members	none, but they have great double features etc.	call and check	\$4 with ID	call and check

MORE IMPORTANT INFORMATION

	SEATING	WASH ROOMS	CONCESSION	PARKING	INTERAC AVAILABL E
THEATRE					
Caprice	decent, Deco decor	new, roomy	inexpensive usual fare	free and plentiful	no, but machine at Bank of Montreal nearby
Cineplex Odeon	decent, but long-legged gals oughta sit on the aisle	small - 3 stalls, 1 sink, and a huge waiting area (go figure)	not cheap, but groovy candy dispensers	downtown, so's you takes your chances (or you takes the bus)	no, but machine at Bank of Montreal at Yates and Douglas
Capitol 6	decent, with cup holders	large, handi-capped on main floor	expensive, avoid the natchos (blech)	downtown, so...	yes
Roxy	two-seaters at the back!!!	teeny-tiny but kinda funky	in addition to the usual popcorn, they offer coffee, juice, and baked goodies	OK on Quadra, a few spaces behind the Royal Bank, avoid the video store spaces	no, but machine at Royal Bank next door
University Cinemas	decent, with cup holders	lots of stalls, beware hairspray	"meal deals," usual fare	free mall parking (also underground at Cinema level)	yes, plus Royal Bank machines next door
Cinecenta	long-legged women may prefer the back row	decent, and lots of graffitti to read while you're there	inexpensive	free in evenings beside bookstore and behind Clerihue; bus service	no, but Royal Bank cash machine in SUB

from page 4... **Giving Birth**

ing, exploring, holding, looking, tasting, smelling, licking, touching and sleeping is enhanced at home in the family bed. The everyday world beckons her out of the tentative post partum babymoon period and a new woman emerges. She's stronger, wiser, softer, reminiscent of the power that rose in her the day she gave birth, and carries the scent of her newborn in her cellular memory. She is a mother.

Midwife means "with woman" and I'd say it's a calling to be one. The force in the power of a birthing woman was my first hook, and then the miraculous existence of a newborn, in all its wisdom and vulnerability. This has kept me saying "yes" after a three-day birth drama when I question "why?" Through the "pain by fire" process that brings us life there is always at the end, an empowered mother and a chosen child. I'd say this is my reward.

Midwife also means "she who holds". It's as simple as holding the faith of the birthing process, or as pillar as life support. The sacredness of the craft of midwifery borders on magic, while intuition is a midwife's surest tool. Irony highlights these intuitive flashes most often in retrospect when we sit back and string together the elements of a birth putting rhyme to reason. Midwives have always passed on their skills to those women that get "the calling", and it's a sexual profession, understanding the emotional and physical needs of a woman in labour.

My thrust in midwifery has been in my faith in the human female body and its ability to give birth naturally. This, to me, is the foundation beneath not needing to employ the medical establishment, where birth is considered an illness. I condone home birth and have learned to work with diplomacy in the hospital setting when we

need the facility. I've learned that we're all humans working in this fairly insane medical model where midwifery, an ancient art, has been denigrated by power, fear of litigation, a patriarch gone rampant, and money. My focus is shifting toward the cultural and spiritual values of birthing. While it appears a door is opening for me in Dharmasala, India. I will volunteer my midwifery skills to a culture that holds death as part of a life cycle, and life is precious to the Tibetan people, a dying race. Learning their language may be my next birth story. I bore my non-midwife friends by seeing everything as a metaphor for birth, or birth as a metaphor for everything. I do know the work is as cyclical as the phases of a woman's life, and it carries me along fulfilling pathways. A voice inside keeps whispering, yes. ♀♀



from page 8... **Brainfever**

her real name - looked amused. She curled her armoured fingers around the videotape, which emitted the death rattle of expiring plastic, and said to my new furniture, "We don't want to hear any more copies of this have been made, do we?"

"No," said the couch.

"No," said the pottery lamp.

"DO WE?"

"No Ma'am!" shouted everything in the room, including a rug I was positive I'd owned for years.

My living room looked pretty bare after the Tomboys cleared out, but they were right about one thing; that identity crisis is settled for me. I'll tell you all about it some other time. Right now I'm too busy working on my video. ♀♀




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WHAT'S GOING ON? WHO'S DOING WHAT?

Please mail items to us at P.O. Box 5339, Station B, Victoria, V8R 6S4. Or call Barbara, 479-2445. See inside front cover (flag) for details.

ON-GOING

LESBIAN 5-PIN BOWLING LEAGUE: Fridays, 6:30 to 8:30, Town and Country Lanes. Spares needed. Beginners Welcome. Call Dawn, 384-2061.

LESBIAN DROP-IN SOFTBALL: Doncaster park. Sundays 1 to 3 p.m. except long weekends. Call Marion S. at 383-5428.

MUSAIC: An 'out' performance chorus for lesbians, gays and allies. Open to anyone who loves to sing. No musical background or audition required. New members welcome again in September to our weekly rehearsals. For info call Helen at 383-8613. Only scheduled public concert this season June 17, 8 p.m. Philip Young Auditorium, UVic. See Ad.

SQUARE DANCERS WANTED: Single or partnered. No dance experience necessary. Have fun, meet new people, and, occasionally look the fool. Organizing experience helpful. Phone Margie at 383-1395. Check article this issue.

SERIOUS DYKE WRITERS WANTED: For writer's group. Call Lahl at 595-7179. Meeting date to be determined by group.

LESBIAN SOBRIETY GROUP: Open discussion meeting weekly for lesbians recovering. This group will not focus on any particular recovery program. It will be for lesbians to come together to explore all kinds of recovery. A safe place for sober lesbians to share. We will meet Tuesday evenings 7:30 p.m. beginning April 25. Call Cindy, 370-1289.

LESBIAN SOCIAL GROUP: Meets every 2nd Thursday & 4th Sunday of each month. Annual picnic June 10. Info call Mary, 361-9568 or Iris, 389-6772. (Formerly Some Very Nice Dykes).

DYKE HOUSING: Looking for lesbian-folk interested in creating Dyke/Lesbian Housing (i.e. co-op, co-housing, condo, apartment building, row housing etc.) Call Rebecca at 595-7179 if you are interested, and we will set up a meeting to share ideas.

ENTREPRENEURIAL SUPPORT GROUP: It's not only lonely at the top. It can be lonely just getting there. If you are looking for fellow lesbians in home business, cottage industry etc. for purposes of sharing advice, mutual concerns, ideas and support, call Trish Sharp at 389-1517 to get a club going.

WANTED: Bridge Player for daytime game 2/3 times per month. Marion, 383-5428.

SPONSORS NEEDED FOR ART SHOW: The Lesbian Art Show needs sponsors

and donations of money, labour, equipment etc. Do you have a space for the show? Do you have connections that will help us find a space for the show? In return, at the very least, we offer a dynamic, community-based dyke art exhibition, acknowledgment of your contributions, your place in lesbian history, and our heartfelt thanks. If you can help call Rebecca at 595-7179 or Margot at 380-6617.

LESBIAN OUTDOOR CLUB: Meets June 1st at 7 p.m. for coffee, planning at #104 - 128 Croft Street. If you get this notice late, call Lynn Kirk for details and meetings, 480-1560. Activities include Bicycling, kayaking, horseback riding, hiking, weight training, archery, yoga.

A BIRTH: Veronica and Kim Lake are thrilled to have burst forth their son, Orlando, on April 19 at 1:30 p.m. at home with midwives Diane & Pegan and supportive friends Stacy and Maryanne. Jubilations!

LESBIAN ART SHOW: Submit now to a

community-based, juried dyke art show opening in October, '95. Deadline extended to June 30. Call Margot, 380-6617, or Rebecca, 595-7179.

UP-COMING AND ADS

BLIND DATE PRODUCTIONS: Presents 1st anniversary Solstice Dance and Potluck, at Da Vinci Centre, June 24th. Eat 6:30-8:30. Solstice outdoor celebration 7:45 to 8:30. Dance after 'til 1 a.m. Will be alcohol. Women Only. \$10. Some sliding scale tickets available. Phone 595-1662.

SUBLET: Two-bedroom house in Fairfield available July 1 to Nov. 1. Call Diane, 598-4052.

HOUSE SHARE WANTED: 52-yr.-old quiet, single, writer, non-smoker, non-drinker wants to share heritage home, kitchen with other Lesbians. Needs own room with window. Call Lorrein, 384-2563.

...more next page



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WHAT'S GOING ON? WHO'S DOING WHAT?

DYKES ON BYKES: Looking for dykes on bykes for Pride Parade June 18 in Victoria. Call Sue at 592-9162.

ART SHOW TEE SHIRTS: Get yours now from Rebecca at 595-7179.

SCENTS OF TOUCH: an integrated body-work practice for women offering Aromatherapy (certified) and Shiatsu for stress, insomnia, PMS/Menopause, muscular pains and general health maintenance. Ear candling for allergies, detoxification of sinuses/lymph system, improved hearing and mental clarity. Gift certificates and custom aromatherapy blends available. Piedad, 361-1672.

SHIATSU: Take a break from the stresses of daily life with Japanese finger-pressure body work. \$35/hour. Gift Certificates available. Lynn Kirk, CST. For appointment call 480-1560.

GUEST COTTAGE: Salt Spring Island, self-contained. July-August only. Sleeps 4. 5 Acres gardens, forest, creek, short walk to beach and Fulford village. Hot tub, above ground pool. Children and Pets welcome. Book 653-4984. Fulford Ferry Pickup. \$80/night dble. Jen and Jocelyne.

PETS KIDS PLANTS KLEENING: Need a gardener, child care, house sitting, house cleaning? For reliable and prompt service call Trish or Kim at 389-1517.

SERVICES

University of Victoria: Jenny Waelti-Walters in the Women's Studies Department. can arrange meeting rooms under banner of Women's Studies. Call her at 721-6157.

Non-Violent Civil Disobedience Trainers: Alison Anderson, 598-8184

Lesbian/Gay Provincial Employees Assoc: or funding via Women's Equality Ministry. Anne R., 953-4511.

Unitarian Church: welcomes openly gay/lesbian. Call Lisa at 388-4910.

SWAG: Status of Women Action Group has a lesbian issues committee. Call 383-7322.

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

P-FLAG: Information # is 642-5171 for those who are interested in Parents and Friends of Lesbians and Gays.

Bowling: Dawn H., 384-2061

Lesbian Seniors Housing: Jacquie Denage, 386-8380

Blind Date Productions: Gwyneth Powell, 598-2327

Lesbian Outdoor Club: Lynn Kirk, 480-1560

Dyke Basketball: Rebecca Van S., 595-

7179. Will resume in Fall.

Lesbian Drop-in Softball: Marion S., 383-5428

****Note:** SWAG is setting up a special calendar of events, a list of granting agencies and women and dyke services — a more inclusive list than above. Please let them know what's up at 383-7322. It's called Feminist Activist Network. It is inclusively lesbian.



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