

LESBIAN NEWS

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VANCOUVER ISLAND'S MONTHLY LESBIAN FEMINIST NEWSLETTER

VOL.3 ISSUE 7

APRIL 1992



EDITORIAL

BY JOAN GARCIA

Dear Readers:

Anyone not wanting to be irritated by the editorial this month is invited to turn the magazine over and start from the other end.

This week, Victoria's Times-Colonist (a newspaper which, at the end of the 20th Century, still does not have the political awareness to change its name) reported that a B.C. Transit bus ran over "a woman pedestrian". In the next paragraph the man reporter (sounds silly, doesn't it?) stated that "three other pedestrians" (presumably male) "suffered lesser injuries". Once again the message is clear: humans are male unless otherwise stated.

Incidentally, surely the term should be "female", not "woman". Does anyone ever say "man nurse"? Even if the newspaper had a valid reason for identifying the gender of a pedestrian (as in, "While several women escaped injury, a tire ran over the penis of the male pedestrian.") it would definitely not have printed "man pedestrian".

What bothers me is that these terms are now commonly used by women. Increasingly, we read titles such as "Women Composers", "The Woman Writer of the 19th Century". What's wrong with "Women as Composers", or "Women Writing in the 19th Century", or any number of alternatives which do not suggest that "composer" or "writer" printed by itself necessarily refers to the male gender?

In my opinion the simple assumption that "pedestrian" is male creates the kind of myopia that makes it possible for the illustrators of medical books to exclude, for the most part, the female anatomy from their texts. Does it surprise anyone, then, that the National (U.S.) Cancer Institute recently refused to allocate more than 14% of its budget of 648 million dollars to research on breast cancer? You can see why this would make perfect sense to someone to whom the word "pedestrian" means a person without breasts. When a similarly funded institute for research into heart disease was asked to justify

the fact that it uses only men as research subjects, one of the reasons cited was that women (particularly low income ones) cannot be trusted to remember and to record accurately the food they eat. [See me for source. Ed.]

We are trivialized into non-existence.

I, for one, am going to train myself to add the description "male" (where applicable) to words like pedestrian and composer. Men don't own these words. Actually, this is not new. I'm reminded that Sonia Johnson says that she assumes that all women are lesbians unless she is otherwise informed. The implications of this deserve an essay.

Next, I have a few words to say about a very peculiar ritual which is practised more and more these days by folk singers on-stage. I refer to Compulsive Throat Irrigation During Applause. Recently we have been privileged in Victoria to hear three respected feminist/lesbian singer/songwriters. While I continue to enjoy their songs, can someone tell me when this water-guzzling business began? Did Ronnie Gilbert ever do it?

continued on page three



WHO ARE WE?

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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 or Mac
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

I looked around the circle of concerned faces and thought: your average people. Still, I wondered. Did we have enough in common? Enough to justifying being here, in the office of this psychiatrist?

A woman in her thirties started to speak. Rapt, like the stands at Wimbledon, the circle of faces turned in her direction:

"I've gone over it at least a hundred times and dammit there's a period of thirty minutes missing out of my life that I just can't account for."

We all nodded, even me. It had happened to me, too.

"I have a schedule in the morning. At 6:30 the alarm goes off. I press the snooze button. 6:39 - alarm goes off; I press the snooze button again. 06:48 - alarm goes off; I press the snooze button and try to imagine what kind of diabolical mind designs a snooze alarm to go off at nine-minute intervals. Then all of a sudden, the clock says 07:18 and I never even heard the buzzer. That's a full half-hour gone out of my life!

"And I wasn't sleeping. I know I wasn't."

That's what brought me here, too, to be with people who share that same experience, the sudden realisation that a piece of our lives has gone unaccountably, irrevocably missing.

Then it was my turn to tell my story, and suddenly, as I spoke, it all came back to me.

I was making a smoothie. I remember peeling a banana and dropping the chunks in the blender. I poured in the apple juice and pushed the switch. At first I thought something had gone wrong, because the blender was rattling and jumping all over the counter, even when I turned it off. Then the lights started to flash, on and off, and the next thing I know my kitchen had been remodelled by kids in heavy metal sleepers.

Everything was space-saver and built-in and none of the drawers had handles, just little holograms of Francois Truffaut making hand signs to the theme from "Close Encounters". That was when I saw the blades. What used to be my kitchen was now a giant blender, and the kids were stuffing me into it!

I could feel their little hands all over me,

pushing me inexorably towards the spinning knives at the bottom of the jar. I tried to fight them. I pushed against the sides but my hands were no use; they kept slipping on the yoghurt.

"Let me outa here, I'm a human being!" I cried. I heard a lot of high-pitched squeaking, like Snow White and the Seven Dwarves having basketball practice on a newly-waxed gym floor. It was the kids laughing.

"Cut it out!" I yelled. Bad choice of words.

"Show some respect! You're dealing with an Earthling!" But I wasn't making an impression anywhere but the yoghurt. Through the glass I could see a row of buttons: chop, grind, blend, liquefy, puree. One of the metallic munchkins extended a baby finger - when you're that small, they're all baby fingers. I'd had it. I was going to be some little Martian's lunar liquado, some silver freak's frappe. I freaked.

"You can't do this to me!" I shouted. "I'm a Lesbian!"

continued next page

continued from page two

It seems that this is the way in which song sequences are currently packaged:

1. Chat topically (about ferry ride, local geography, etc.)
2. Sing the song
3. Immediately DRINK WATER, preferably during applause

Well, I don't know about everybody else, but I feel insulted. As soon as I begin to say "thank you" by whacking my hands together (admittedly, a strange custom, though two-year-olds look adorable doing it), I say, as soon as I begin this show of appreciation, the performer's hand swoops down to a strategically placed table, and the next thing I see is the bottom of a glass and

an epiglottis frantically undulating. And nowadays, they put an entire bottle beside the table in case, god forbid, the glass runs dry.

I have been thinking about this and I believe I have an explanation. It is that our generation, having grown up with "canned" laughter and applause on TV, no longer understands their significance. The recording studios force-feed so-called audience response onto their tapes, no matter how inappropriate. My conclusion is that if applause is mechanical, then perhaps performers cannot be faulted for using the time to water themselves.

I know the stage lights are hot, but how do lieder and opera singers manage? And they don't even have microphones to amplify their voices. Funny, their

vocal cords don't seem to demand a bath every seven minutes.

Have you ever seen Betsy Rose receive applause? She keeps eye contact with the audience, she smiles, she might even bow slightly, she takes her time. It is as if she is saying, "Your 'thank you' is important to me; I will let you know that I hear it." Such grace, such presence!

Somehow, I don't think my personal feelings about stage presence are going to influence anyone. I have, nevertheless, thought of a solution. Next time, I'm going to hold my applause until after the irrigation interval. If you hear two hands clapping in an otherwise silent hall, that's me making sure she knows that I really liked her last song.

Brain Fever continued

That got their attention quicker than you could say feminism-is-the-theory-lesbianism-is-the-practice. They hauled me out of the blender and stood me up in the middle of the floor. They made a circle around me, a few of them sheepishly picking pieces of banana from the legs of my pants.

"We're sorry," they all said. The word echoed around the circle. Sorry, sorry, sorry.

"Is that all you can say? You almost turned me into a Bloody Mary!"

One of them stepped forward - perhaps a leader, they were so alike it was hard to tell - and said, "How do you do,

Mary. My name is Anne, and this is my partner Anne." I bent down and shook hands with Anne and Anne, and then Anne introduced Lynne and her partner Lynne, and Jean and her partner Jill and the other Jean and her partner Jill who used to be partners with Jill before the Jills and the Jeans broke up and switched partners.

They weren't kids at all. They were Space Dykes! Lunar Lezzies!

A puzzled frown spread from face to face around the circle in the psychiatrist's office.

"Faster-than-light Lesbians! Butchlets from the Beyond! What's the matter with you people?"

The psychiatrist's head bobbed up and down, calmly empathetic.

"You had a homosexual hallucination. Is that what you're trying to tell us?"

I stood up. I was hoping my new friends in the no-rust body suits were cooking again, that they wanted to draw me upwards on a beam of light into another kitchen gadget. But all that happened was that I had a realisation. I had more in common with aliens than with some of the people on my home planet. I bolted for the door.

"Don't go!" they called after me.

"Don't you want to hear our feedback?"

"Stuff it in your cuisinart!" I answered.

I was speaking cosmically, of course.

"You can't do this to me!" I shouted.

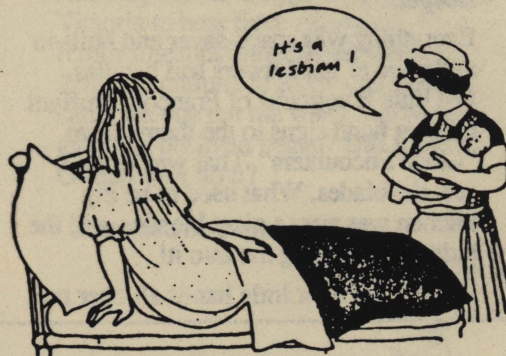
"I'm a Lesbian!"

Reprinted from OTTAWA UPDATE February 1992 Svend Robinson, MP

***On August 30 last, Justice Anne Rowles of the British Columbia Supreme Court ruled that the province must consider Raymond Garneau the spouse of Timothy Knodel under the provincial health plan. In 1989 Knodel applied for spousal coverage for Garneau, who died later that year, and received it from his place of work but was then turned down by the Medical Services Commission. In BC, married couples pay \$84 less a year in insurance premiums than two single people. In the subsequent appeal, Justice Rowles based her ruling upon the Charter of Rights and Freedoms which contains an open-ended clause forbidding discrimination. This decision was not appealed by the provincial government and the Medical Service Plan (MSP) computers were reprogrammed in October and MSP benefits are now routinely available to same-sex spouses in BC.**

***On January 14 a challenge to the discriminatory immigration laws was launched in Vancouver by Christine Morissey and her partner, Bridget Coll. ...Dawn Black, MP, New Democrat spokesperson for women's issues, participated in the press conference announcing this case. Bridget and Christine have been in a relationship for over fourteen years and are challenging the immigration regulations as they**

discriminate against same sex couples on the basis of sexual orientation thus violating the equality rights guaranteed



in the Canadian Charter of Rights and Freedoms. The immigration regulations allow sponsorship of "family class" members. Several countries, such as New Zealand and Australia, have amended their immigration laws to allow sponsorship by lesbians and gay men of their partners. ...

***In May of last year [Svend] asked that you write to the CRTC in support of a proposal to include sexual orientation as a prohibited basis for hateful programming. This campaign, begun by Ronald Kidd in November of 1990, resulted in a decision by the CRTC to include sexual orientation in its regulation amendments. This decision constitutes an important step in the struggle for equality for gay, lesbian and**

bisexual Canadians who are now afforded that same protection currently available to women, ethnic and religious groups and people with disabilities.

***After twelve years of lobbying by international gay and lesbian activists, Amnesty International unanimously resolved to defend those who are imprisoned for being gay or lesbian on September 7, 1991. The Canadian Section of Amnesty International has long been supportive of this change. ...**

***The following is a list and description of the Private Member's bills and motions that [Svend Robinson, MP] has introduced in this session of Parliament. If you wish to receive a copy of any of these bills or motions, please write to his Ottawa office, Room 386 C.B., House of Commons, Ottawa, K1A 0A6, (613)996-5597: Bill C-246-An Act to amend the Canadian Human Rights Act (sexual orientation) Bill C-249-An Act to amend the Income Tax Act and the Canada Pension Plan (definition of spouse) Bill C-247-An Act to amend the Criminal Code (hate propaganda) Motion M-231-Request that the government consider the advisability of amending all relevant federal legislation to ensure that common law and same sex couples are eligible for federal benefits currently available to heterosexual married couples.**

Dear Joan and Karey,

I am submitting for publication [See this issue. Ed.] a very late response to an article written in *LesbianNews* in February 1990. I came across the article while indexing *LesbianNews* a couple of weeks ago.

I find *LesbianNews* very informative and an important publication to the lesbian community. I hope that you are reaching many dykes across Canada. There aren't too many Canadian lesbian publications left. Keep up the good works!

I am also enclosing a cheque in the amount of \$20.00 for a subscription to *LesbianNews*.

Lesbiennement votre,

Francine Mayer
Winnipeg

Dear Joan,

After reading March '92 *LesbianNews* and realizing that March was devoted to "Small Victories" I believe that this woman's momentous and monumental achievement is appropriate and should be acknowledged in *LNews*.

Carolyn Gammon, one of our sisters, refused to accept a Master's Degree because of its sexist inference. She felt that she would rather deny the "Master's" degree than accept it, lose her identity as a woman, and be an invisible entity in a male enclave. However, "progressive" Concordia University has seen fit to review her demands and has decided to "grant non-sexist degrees". There are now alternative titles for women who refuse to accept obsolete ones. Women now have a choice, when graduating, to be acknowledged as individuals and not as nonentities who walk in men's shoes.

When I read the enclosed article ["Years of University Tradition Pushed Aside For Sake of Fanatic", *Montreal Gazette*, March 1, 1992. Ed.], written by Richard Hallam, opposing Concordia's stand, I was appalled at his stupidity and chutzpah. His reference to Carolyn as a fanatic angered me so much, I was compelled to counteract

his criticism by writing to the *Montreal Gazette* editor.

I also want to suggest that, perhaps, our Western sisters will follow Carolyn's example in setting a precedent and encourage the University of Victoria to follow suit.

Faigel Brown
Montreal



To the Women of Victoria

I was going to let this go by but I will not be silenced or silence myself any longer. I'm talking about the International Women's Day March. Where were you? I sat leaning against the wall thinking it couldn't be a more perfect day. This couldn't be all of us I assured myself. But I wasn't so sure. "What time is it?" I asked my neighbour. "Five to one", she replied. "Surely this couldn't be all of us", I said half heartedly not wanting to accept the reality.

As I marched along I tried to think of the reasons why you were not here. My first thought and obviously a personal

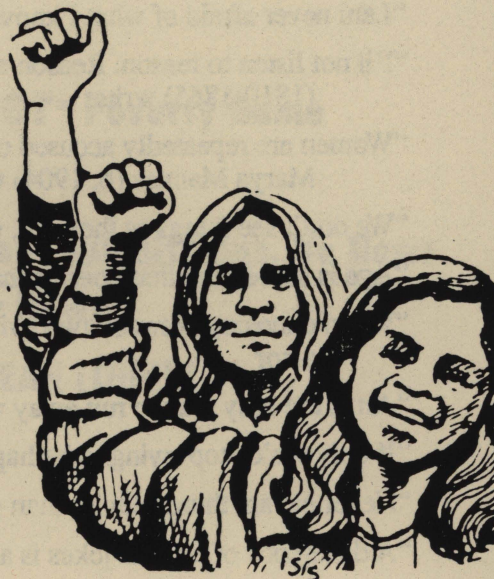
concern was perhaps (I'm trying to say this calmly) it was because of the Montreal Massacre and you are fearful of the same. The thought made me shudder and it moved on to an explanation not so threatening. I know some of you were working and wanted to be there. I saw you in your office windows raising your arm in support and honking your horn from your taxis and cars. Maybe you are politically unaware or you simply just do not care.

I was still feeling angry and disappointed but at least the thought of death had passed. It couldn't be the weather and it was Sunday. Even one of the speakers did not show up. And we had to walk on the sidewalk! I know I am complaining here but I just can't help it! I felt so disappointed I could have much easier cried then celebrate. On a personal level I did not feel supported.

For the entire sixty minutes (another complaint) it took for the handful of women to celebrate and take back their personal power and show their support, I thank you. And to the women who weren't there but could have been and who we marched for and on their behalf, we need your support.

Get involved, Victoria!

Connie Hunt



From *Quotable Women* (Running Press, Philadelphia, 1989)

- "Why not seize the pleasure at once? How often is happiness destroyed by preparation, foolish preparation." Jane Austen (1775-1817) writer
- "Life is what happens to you when you're making other plans." Betty Talmadge (b. 1924) meat broker
- "You can't be brave if you've only had wonderful things happen to you." Mary Tyler Moore (b.1937) actor
- "Reality is something you rise above." Liza Minnelli (b.1946) actor
- "The psychic scars caused by believing that you are ugly leave a permanent mark on your personality." Joan Rivers (b.1939) entertainer
- "It is hard to fight an enemy who has outposts in your head." Sally Kempton (b.1943) writer
- "I don't need a man to rectify my existence. The most profound relationship we'll ever have is the one with ourselves." Shirley MacLaine (b.1939) actor.
- "Just remember we're all in this alone." Lily Tomlin (b.1939) actor
- "The most popular labour-saving device is still money." Phyllis George (b.1949) sportscaster
- "One of the oldest human needs is having someone to wonder where you are when you don't come home at night." Margaret Mead (1901-1978) anthropologist
- "There's a time when you have to explain to your children why they're born, and it's a marvelous thing if you know the reason by then." Hazel Scott (b.1920) musician
- "Creative minds have always been known to survive any kind of bad training." Anna Freud (1895-1982) psychoanalyst
- "Think wrongly, if you please, but in all cases think for yourself." Doris Lessing (b.1919) writer

"A difference of taste in jokes is a great strain on the affections."

George Elliot (1819-1880) writer

- "I am never afraid of what I know." Anna Sewell (1820-1878) writer
- "I'll not listen to reason. Reason always means what someone else has got to say." Elizabeth Cleghorn Gaskell (1810-1865) writer
- "Women are repeatedly accused of taking things personally. I cannot see any other honest way of taking them." Marya Mannes (b. 1904) writer
- "We don't see things as they are, we see them as we are." Anais Nin (1903- 1977) writer
- "Age is something that doesn't matter, unless you are a cheese." Billie Burke (1886-1970) actor
- "When choosing between two evils, I always like to try the one I've never tried before." Mae West (1892-1980) actor
- "Art is the only way to run away without leaving home." Twyla Tharp (b.1941) choreographer
- "If only we'd stop trying to be happy, we could have a pretty good time." Edith Wharton (1862-1937) writer
- "Never eat anything heavier than you can lift." Miss Piggy
- "A difference of taste in jokes is a great strain on the affections." George Elliot (1819-1880) writer

Let's Get Our Facts Straight

By Francine Mayer

When I thought of responding to Florence Brown's article entitled "Letter from Montreal" which appeared in *LesbianNews*, Vol. 1:6, February, 1990, I told myself that it was foolish to respond to an article two years down the road. Then I thought again, and decided it was time I dealt with an issue that has been gnawing at my political self for some time.

Another good reason to write was the fact that the Montreal massacre is used as the backdrop to Florence Brown's article, and will be in our minds for many years to come. Finally, I was part of a group of political lesbians, radicals, separatists, and feminists as well as straight feminists who organized a march and a rally in Montreal only days after the massacre.

While I agree with most of Florence Brown's article where she condemns patriarchy as the system by which "men are forever undermining women [and lesbians] physically and mentally...", the second last sentence of her article which states: "We must not threaten to kill every newborn male child - as was recently done in Montreal by a female separatist group", is a false assumption.

I would like to set the record straight (no pun intended here) on the above affirmation. The following is an excerpt from an article entitled "Insignificant Violence: A Montreal Update" published in *Hag Rag*, Vol. 5:1, July-August, 1990, p.11:

"The police, in a newspaper article, attempted to make a connection, with no proof whatsoever, between a letter sent to various Montreal hospitals threatening male babies and a rally and march organized by feminists and lesbians the previous evening as a response to the slaying. Here, again, the victims were portrayed as the aggressors and the aggressors were portrayed as the victims..."

It is obvious that militant dykes are too often the easy target of mainstream male media. That I can understand, it goes with the territory. What is inconceivable is that too often, amongst ourselves, we do not have the courtesy nor the honesty to verify our facts before going public with them. I suspect that strong and voiceful political dyke activists are unwelcomed in certain lesbian communities, and, as a result, are often subjected to unwarranted and unsubstantiated public attacks. We should be concerned with nailing the "boys" to the wall, not each other! Let's verify our facts before publishing them so as to avoid misunderstandings, political in-fighting and any other tactics used to separate our political wills from one another.

COMING ISSUES

May-Relationships.

The Age of Steam and Other Sinking Feelings.

June- Brides, Then and Now.

What Does this Mean, Kelevelyn?

July-August- Praise for Ourselves.

Bravos, Cheers, Hurrahs for our Favourite Women: Lovers/Moms/- Daughters/Siblings/Figures, Historical and Literary/Chums/Us

September- Poverty Game

PS Send Us Your Submissions. No News Without Your News!

WE REALLY MEAN IT!!!!!!!

ADS & NOTICES / CLASSIFIEDS

OUTRIGHTS/LES DROITS VISIBLES,

the Second Pan-Canadian Conference on Lesbian and Gay Rights, will be held in Vancouver on the weekend of October 9-11, 1992. The conference will be a place to exchange information and develop strategies—political, educational, legal and social—to take us into the future.

If you can help with publicity in your area, they'd like to hear from you.

For more information, contact
Barbara Findlay at 604-251-4356 or write to us at 321-1525 Robson
Street, Vancouver, B.C. V6G 1C3

CANADIAN WOMEN'S HEALTH NETWORK WOMEN HEALTHSHARING,

a feminist organization which promotes women's health through publicizing the quarterly magazine Healthsharing, has received funds from Health and Welfare Canada to begin to establish links between organizations, groups and individuals throughout Canada working on issues which affect women's health. This is an opportunity for women to share resources, analysis, vision, and strategies for change...[They] will do everything [they] can to help the network develop in a way that represents and includes the concerns of women from diverse classes, races, cultures, sexual orientation, ages and physical disabilities. Contact:

Anne Fraser Regional Animator, B.C. and Alberta, 131 East 27th Ave.,
Vancouver, B.C. V5V 2K5 604-879-1747

[A questionnaire concerning our community is available through LNews
or write Anne Fraser. Ed.]

HELP SAVE THE COURT CHALLENGES PROGRAM

The Court Challenges Program provides funding to disadvantaged groups and individuals to defend the constitutional equality rights guaranteed in the Charter of Rights and Freedoms. Without this funding women, official language minorities, visible minorities, lesbians and gays, persons with disabilities, and other disadvantaged groups will not be able to go to court to defend their rights and freedoms. On February 27, 1992, the federal government cancelled this program. Write to the Hon. Gerry Weiner, the Minister responsible for the Program, your Member of Parliament, the Prime Minister, and the Hon. Kim Campbell, Minister of Justice. Remember, letters to Parliament are free!

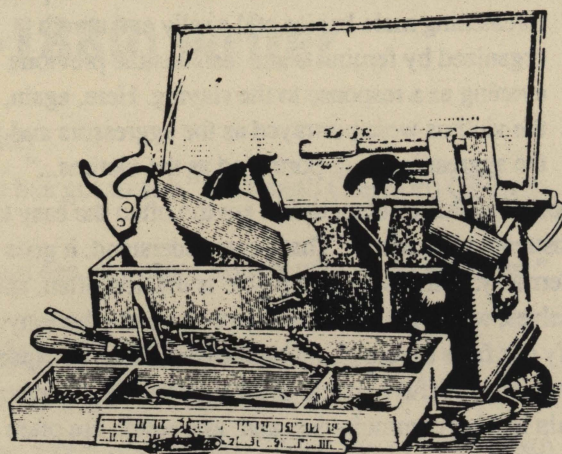
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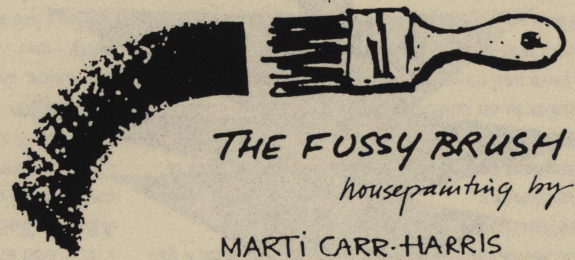
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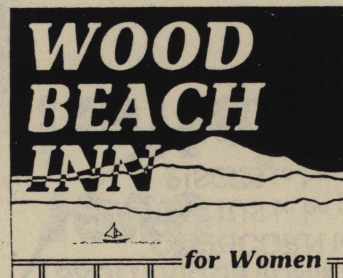
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ADS & NOTICES

DIAL-A-DYKE (DAD) AND THE ALLIANCE OF LEARNER LESBIANS AND HETEROPHOBES

is contemplating offering a number of new courses this summer to their members: Please circle the three which interest you the most, and return this advertisement to LesbianOoz by 31st April 1992

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Guilt Without Sex
The Primal Shrug
Staying In

H E A L T H
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Are you tired of lying on your couch, weeping all alone because your lover dumped you and your friends are fed up listening to you whine about it? Do you need some professional help, but aren't sure if you can afford it? Let Auntie Aytoldu Tso help! Years of experience in the areas of ruined relationships and broken hearts! Easy payment plan lets you take all the time you need to heal without financial pressure! Call your Auntie Tso today! ***666-0001***

Are you P.W., not P.C.? I am not into yoga, tofu, or aroma therapy. I like leather boots, steak sandwiches, camel-roping, long fingernails and short skirts. If you're 'politically wrong', you might be the gal for me. Reply Box 269.

Guidelines For Serious Astrologers By Star Gays

Don't ask:

ARIES to be patient
TAURUS to hear your point of view
GEMINI to stop talking
CANCER to leave home
LEO to follow instructions
VIRGO to leave the dishes 'til morning
LIBRA to make a decision
SCORPIO to suffer in moderation
SAGITTARIUS to look at the dark side of life
CAPRICORN to be frivolous
AQUARIUS to be part of the crowd
PISCES to be conventional

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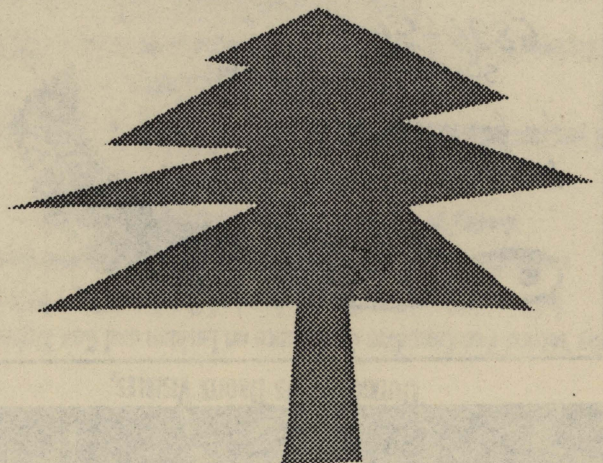
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Gentile Editor Perishes as Angel of Death Fails To Pass Over Newsletter!



LESBIANOOZers: Who are we?

Gertrude Steinway *Editor and Sound Consultant.*

Gertrude has been pleased, that is it has cheered her greatly when she thinks of it it has, though often she is thinking of something else, been a gas contributing to LesbianOoz

Krep Ersaky,

A frequent contributor to LesbianOoz, Ersaky is actually a time- space refugee. Formerly a plumber in an underbelly universe where excreta are pure and everything else is, well, you know, Ersaky was accidentally sucked into a sewer outflow pipe and spewed into our universe by mistake, where she wanders in exile, swinging a battered railroad lantern and searching for a Plumber's Friend large enough to send her home. *Al-Herlaun-Dry is finally clean!*

Newly released from Ohio State Prison, (where

she was incarcerated for "unwomanly acts" in 1983) she is the latest edition of the LesbianOoz staff. Al says "I've been through the wringer while recovering from a major bleach-out, now I'm rinsed and ready to surf with the TIDE."

Alice B. Tolltaker *Subscriptions and Ads.* Alice says, "Send czechs, checks, cheques, chex, CHEKs (just lots of money).

Ann T.I.P. O'Dean

No paragon of virtue, but, hey, she has character, and listen, she also has a conscience. Humorous, witty - and - okay, she admits it, at certain times, we find her nerve-wracking. Be ambidextrous with her and she will never let you down! She'll stand by (or sit by) you, even if you are not as neat and clean as she might desire. Official function? To hell with that, she's just around to make the status quo shake rattle and roll. A mean

proof-reader and a stickler for accuracy. With bona fide (b....f....means she actually got paid!) media experience from behind the Tweed Curtain! (don't tell anyone though, okay?)

Auntie Aytoldu Tso *Staff do-gooder, feel better?* gal, and quack, uh, crack psychologist, Aytoldu has earned quite a reputation for her particular style of helping folks through their crises (and often helping them prepare their wills, too...a woman of many hidden talents).

Camelia Airhead *Fight Attendant and Space Cadet.*

At meetings, ensures everybody is nice, fair, and honest (records all comments in black book as proof). Works in rarified atmosphere and rarely has anything practical or original to contribute. Manages to keep the chaos fresh and always circulating.

Excerpts From "Found Goddesses Asphalta to Viscera"¹

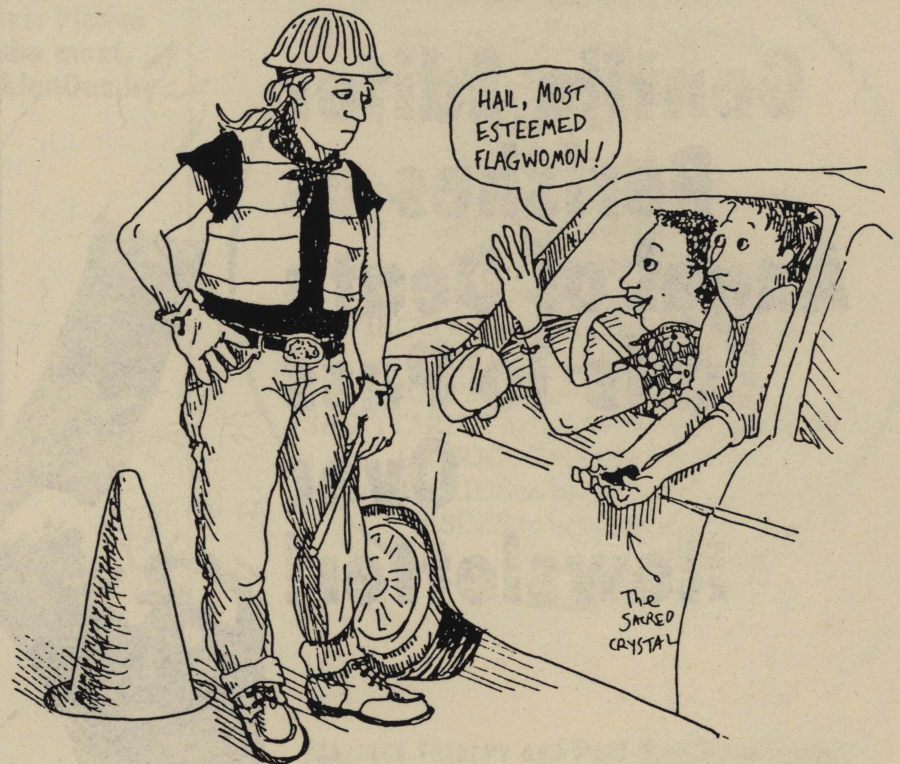
☾ **ASPHALTA**, goddess of all roads, streets, and highways, and guardian of those who travel on them, is best known for Her miraculous powers of finding parking places. The formal Parking Place Invocation to Asphalta, chanted by Her devotees around the world, and never known to fail when sincerely uttered, even in impossible-to-park-in cities like New York and Montreal, is:

Hail, Asphalta, full of grace
Help me find a parking place.

☾ **CHOCOLATA** is believed by many to be merely an occasional, or periodic, aspect of Munchies, because She frequently appears only at specific times during a lunar cycle or under similar conditions. Her most devoted adherents, however, who are legion, maintain that Chocolata is a major goddess, deserving ritual observances of Her own. Devotees of Tofu, Miso, and Soya are known to invoke the deity Carob, claiming that the delights of Carob are indistinguishable from those of Chocolata and, besides, "better for you." These are major Theological debates unlikely to be settled in the near future, and we won't try to resolve them here. Of more importance, we believe, are indications that some forms of Chocolata worship can be traced back to the Amazons.

☾ **DIGITALIS**, called Lady Fingers by Her intimates, is both dexterous and sinister. She is Our-Goddess-of-Computers, for She protects those who attend to the Mysteries of Software and Hardware, those who Program and those who Reprogram. Devotees of Digitalis can often be found gazing enchantedly into a small screen, tapping happily upon their beloved Keyboards. Many are known to experience trances when the Presence of Digitalis "carries them away." Indeed, those Lesbians who worship Her at home say that their computers are Personal.

☾ **MOOLA-MOOLA**, perhaps the most sought-after and elusive goddess, attracts both the simple and compounded interest of Dykes. She is said to abide in Financial Security, and Her sacred tokens, small disks cut from different metals and rectangular pieces of green paper with mysterious numbers, like 1 or 5 or 10, printed on them, are often carried in the pockets of Her devotees, who believe that bearing these tokens close to their bodies may cause them to multiply. (There are stories told of some who claim to have seen Her tokens with numbers of 50 and 100 on them, but such tales are hard to verify.) Initiates have been known to call these tokens "Bread" for their life-sustaining qualities.



A priestess of Asphalta

1. As Revealed to Morgan Grey and Julia Benelope. Illustrations by Alison Bechdel. Copyright 1988, M. Grey and J. Penelope. Published by New Victoria Publishers, New Victoria Publishers, P.O. Box 27, Norwich, Vermont. *Available at Everywoman's Books

More Brain Damage...

.zSorry,zsorry,zsorry.z

"Isz!h#!z#llzyouz<#nszs#y?zYouz#
lmos!z!um dzm
zin!oz#zBloodyzM#ry!"

On zofz!h mzs! pp dzforw#rdz-zp
rh#psz#zl #d r,z!h yzw r zsoz#lik
zi!zw#szh#rdz!oz! llz-
z#ndzs#id,z" Howzdozyouzdo,zM#ry.
zMyn#m zisz#nn
,z#ndz!hisziszmyzp#r!n rz#nn ."zIzb
n!zdownz#ndzshookzh#ndzswi!hz#n
n z#ndz#nn ,z#ndz!h nz#nn
zin!rodu< dzLynn z#ndzh rzp#r!n
rzLynn ,z#ndzJ #nz#ndzh rzp#r!n
rzJillz#ndz!h zo!h rzJ #nz#ndzh
rzp#r!n rzJillzwhozus dz!ozb zp#r!n
rszwi!hzJillzb for z!h zJillsz#ndz!h zJ
#nszbrok zupz#ndzswi!<h dzp#r!n
rs.zzz

!h yzw r n'!zkidsz#!z!ll.z!h yzw r
zSp#< zDyk s!zLun#rzL zzi s!
#zpuzzl dzfrownzspr #dzfromzf#<
z!ozf#< z#roundz!h z<ir< zinz!h
zpsy<hi#!ris!'szoffi< .z

"F#s! r!h#n-ligh!zL
sbi#ns!zBu!<hl !szfromz!h zB
yond!zWh#!'sz!h zm#!
rzwi!hzyouzpl ?"

!h zpsy<hi#!ris!'szh #dzbobbb
dzupz#ndzdown,z<#lmlyz mp#!h
!i<.z" Youzh#dz#zhomos
xu#lzh#llu<in#!ion.zIsz!h#!zwh#!z
you'r z!ryingz!oz! llzus?"

Izs!oodzup.zIzw#szhopingzmyzn
wzfri ndszinz!h zno-
rus!zbodyzsui!szw r
z<ookingz#g#in,z!h#!z!h yzw#n!
dz!ozdr#wzm zupw#rdszonz#zb
#mzofzligh!zin!oz#no!h rzki!<h
nrg#dg !zBu!z!llz!h#!zh#pp n
dzw#sz!h#!zIzh#dz#zr
#lis#!ion.zIzh#dzmor
zinz<ommonzwi!hz#li
nsz!h#nzwi!hhsom zofz!h zp opl
zonzmyzhom zpl#n !.zIzbol! dzforz!h
zdoor.z

"Don'!zgo!"z!h yz<#ll dz#f! rzm
.z" Don'!zyouzwn!z!ozh #rzourzf
db#<k?"z

"S!uffzi!zinzyourz<uisin#r!!"zIz#ns
w r d.z

Izw#szsp
#kingz<osmi<#lly,zofz<ours .

FLASH! LESBIAN WRITER
FOUND MISSING. ALIEN
ABDUCTION FEARED!

Love,

AND OTHER RIDICULOUS CONCEPTS

BY AUNTIE AYTOLDU TSO

Well, spring is here and the sap is again running in lesbian veins,
just waiting for a glimpse of bare skin on the softball diamond to get
those hormones into gear. Vroom vroom - abandon sleep, job security,
work routine, self-identity, all who enter into "love."

Of course, maybe you're in a deadend relationship - you'd
rather watch the sex scene in Desert Heart than actually have any with
your lover, or, really serious trouble, you'd rather watch Married With
Children than watch Desert Heart!. Or maybe you know the love bug
has migrated to some other climes when you take an 18-hour a day job,
and you don't miss her. Or maybe she has to relocate to Saskatchewan,
and you're actually feeling happy about that (although you're careful
not to say so). And everything you thought was cute about her at the
beginning - her sneezes, her popping gum, her crinkly-eyed smiles -
now aggravates the hell out of you. And you're looking around...the
pastures look more lavender over there.

Well, don't bet on it. We don't really fall in love with other
people, we merely fall for our own projections of ourselves. And when
the first blush is off the rose and the water in the vase starts to smell up
the place, and she gives you the heave-ho, remember...it's better to have
loved and lost than to get stuck with a loser the rest of your life.

Brain Damage

by Krep Ersaky

Izlook dz#roundz!h z<ir>l
zofz<on> m dzf#<
sz#ndz!hough!z:yourz#v r#g zp opl
.zS!ill,zIzwond r d.zDidzw zh#v z
noughzinz<ommon?z
noughz!ozjus!ifyingzb ingzh r ,zinz!h
zoffi< zofz!hiszpsy<hi#!ris!?

#zwom#nzinz rz!hir!i szs!#r! dz!ozsp
#k.zR#p!,zlik z!h zs!#ndsz#!zWimbl
don,z!h z<ir>l zofzf#< sz!urn
dzinz rzdir <lion:

"T'v zgon zov rzilz#!zl #s!z#zhundr
dz!im sz#ndzd#mmi!z!h r 'sz#zp
riodzofz!hir!yzminu!
szmissingzou!zofzmyzlif
z!h#!zIzjus!z<#n'!z#<<oun!zfor."
W z#llznodd d,z v nzm .zI!zh#dzh#pp
n dz!ozm ,z!oo.

"Izh#v z#zs<h dul zinz!h
zmorning.z#!z6:30z!h z#!#rmzgo
zoff.zIzpr ssz!h zsnooz zbu!on.z6:39z-
z#!#rmzgo szoff;zIzpr ssz!h zsnooz
zbu!onz#g#in.z06:48z-z#!#rmzgo
szoff;zIzpr ssz!h zsnooz
zbu!onz#ndz!ryz!ozim#gin
zwh#!zkindzofzdi#boli<#lzmindzd
signsz#zsnooz
z#!#rmz!ozgozoffz#!znin -minu! zin!
rv!s.z!h nz#llzofz#zsudd n,z!h
z<lo>kzs#ysz07:18z#ndzIzn v rz v
nzh #rdz!h zbuzz r.z!h#!'sz#zfullzh#lf-
hourzgon zou!zofzmyzlif !z

"#ndzIzw#sn'!zsl
ping.zIzknowzIzw#sn'!."z
!h#!'szwh#!zbrough!zm zh r
z!oo,z!ozb zw!hzhwozp opl zsh#r
z!h#!zs#m z xp ri n< ,z!h zsudd nzh
#lis#!ionz!h#!z#zpi < zofzourzliv
szh#szgon zun#<<oun!#bly,zirr
vo<#blyzmissing.z

!h nzi!zw#szmyz!urnz!oz!
llzmyzs!ory,z#ndzsudd nly,z#szIzspok
z!z!#llz<#m zb#<kz!ozm .

Izw#szm#kingz#zsmoo!hi .zIzr m mb
rzp lingz#zb#n#n#z#ndzdroppingz!h
z<hunkszinz!h zbl nd r.zIzpour
dzinz!h z#ppl zjui< z#ndzpush dz!h
zswi!<h.z#!z!firs!zI!hough!zsom

!hingzh#dzgon zwrong,zb <#us z!h
zbl nd
rzw#szr#!lingz#ndzjumpingz#llzov
rz!h z<oun! r,z v nzwh nzIz!urn
dzi!zoff.z!h nz!h zligh!szs!#r!
dz!ozfl#sh,zonz#ndzoff,z#ndz!h zn
x!z!hingzIzknowzmyzki!<h nzh#dz
nzh mod ll dzbyzkidszinz#vyzm
!#lzsl p rs.z

**"Youz<#n'!zdoz!hi
sz!ozm !"zIzshou!
d.z"l'mz#zL
sbi#n!"z
!h#!zgo!z!h irz#!!
n!ionzqui<k
rz!h#nzyouz<ouldz
s#yzf minism-is-!h -
!h ory-l sbi#nism-is-
!h -pr# .z!h
yzh#ul dzm
zou!zofz!h zbl nd
rz#ndzs!oodzm
zupzinz!h zmiddl
zofz!h zfloor.z!h
yzm#d z#z<ir>l
z#roundzm ,z#zf
wzofz!**

v ry!hingzw#szsp#< -s#v rz#ndzbui!
inz#ndznnon zofz!h zdr#w rszh#dzh#ndl
s,zjus!zli!!
zhologr#mszofzFr#n<oisz!ruff#u!zm
#kingzh#ndzsignsz!oz!h z!h m
zfromz">los z n<oun!
rs".z!h#!zw#szwh nzIzs#wz!h zbl#d
s.zWh#!zus

dz!ozb zmyzki!<h
nzw#sznowz#zgi#n!zbl nd r,z#ndz!h
zkidszw r zs!uffingzm zin!ozi!zz
I!zw#sz#znigh!m#r .zIz<ouldzf lz!h
irzli!! zh#ndsz#llzov rzm ,zpushingzm
zin xor#blyz!ow#rdsz!h
zspinningzkniv sz#!z!h zbo!!omzofz!h
zj#r.zIz!ri dz!ozfigh!z!h m.zIzpush
dz#g#ins!z!h zsid zsbu!zmyzh#ndszw r
znozus ;z!h yzk p!zslippingzonz!h
zyoghur!z

"L !zm zou!#zh r ,zI'mz#zhum#nzb
ing!"zIz<ri d.zIzh #rdz#zlo!zofzhigh-
pi!<h dzsqu #king,zlik zSnowzWhi!
z#ndz!h zS v nzDw#rv szh#vingzb#sk
!b!llzpr# zonz#zn wly-w#x
dzgymzfloor.zI!zw#sz!h
zkidsz!#ughing.z

"<u!zi!zou!!"zIzy ll d.zB#dz<hoi<
zofzwords.zIz<h#ng
dzi!z!o,z"Showzsom zr sp <!!zYou'r
zd #lingzwi!hz#nz #r!hling!"z

Izw#sn'!zm#kingz#nzimpr
ssionz#nywh r zbu!z!h
zyoghur!z!hroughz!h
zgl!sszIz<ouldzs
z#zrowzofzbu!ons:z<hop,zgrind,zbl
nd,zliqu fy,zpur .zOn zofz!h zm
!#lli<zmun<hkinsz x! nd
dz#zb#byzfing rz-zwh nzyou'r
z!h#!zsm#ll,z!h y'r z#llzb#byzfing
rs.zI!dzh#dzi!.zIzw#szgoingz!ozb
zsom zli!!

zM#r!i#n'szlun#rzliqu#do,zsom zsilv
rzfr #k'szfr#pp .zIzshri k d.z

"Youz<#n'!zdoz!hisz!ozm !"zIzshou!
d.z"l'mz#zL sbi#n!"z

!h#!zgo!z!h irz#!! n!ionzqui<k
rz!h#nzyouz<ouldzs#yzf minism-is-
!h -!h ory-l sbi#nism-is-!h -pr#
.z!h yzh#ul dzm zou!zofz!h zbl nd
rz#ndzs!oodzm zupzinz!h zmiddl
zofz!h zfloor.z!h yzm#d z#z<ir>l
z#roundzm ,z#zf wzofz!h mzsh
pishlyzpi<kingzpi <
szofzb#n#n#zfromz!h zl
gszofzmyzp#n!s.z

"W 'r zsorry,"z!h yz#llz#id.z!h
zwordz <ho dz#roundz!h z<ir>l

there is more on the next page...



EDITORIAL

By Gertrude Steinway

The LesbianOoz Collective has issued strict instructions that is their instructions were strict in nature that this editorial the editorial that I am writing be humourous or at least not serious. This is not an easy thing when the thing you notice the thing that the world shows to you as a woman as a woman you notice that it is not funny.

Even their rose bush has thorns, thorns, thorns and I think you can get that, that is thoroughly understand it without having to say it again that is it does not bear repeating. But as our foremotherdyke Gertrude understood she knew that you have to be courageous in the face of ridicule (just be careful who you invite to your soiree).

As she said, "It takes a long time to be a genius, you have to sit around so much doing nothing, really doing nothing. If a bird or birds fly into the room it is good luck or bad luck we will say it is good luck."1 And again, "Lightning never strikes twice in the same place but that is only because there is not enough of it"2 which is why she used so much of it I mean words enough of them to make music the repetition of them striking twice or three times she is not afraid to use lightning she is not afraid

afraid to use it more than once.

And none of us though it is fun to try can do it half not half as well though as she said (many times of course) "If you can do something why do it?" And she would have said probably would have had she not been distracted by lightning have said on the other hand that thorn bushes have roses, roses, roses.

But nevermind lightning what I set out because it is April to impart to you to tell you about was my serious research into the origin I mean the meaning of the "Fool's Cap" originally known as the "apex" which I found that is the meaning of it in Barbara Walker's *The Woman's Dictionary of Symbols and Sacred Objects* (Harper and Row). Here it is it is what follows:



"The apex was a conical miter worn by the Pontifex Maximus, Rome's high priest, at all times whenever he was outdoors. It symbolized his spiritual power descending from heaven upon his head."

Words fail me.

1. Stein, Gertrude. *Everybody's Autobiography* (Random House, 1937) p.70.
2. *Ibid.* p.120

LETTERS

Dear Editors,

So, what do we do about this proliferation of CLUBS in town? I read recently where they're even starting one for youngsters still in school! I mean to say, it's really disgusting don't you think?

To have places where heterosexuals can actually meet and indulge in their disgusting behaviour for all to see! And drink and dance and do all that stuff!

Well, I'm fed up with it, and I plan to do something, quite soon. I hope your readers will join me. I can be reached at Box 333, Station X, Victoria, with ideas, donations, etc.

Rose Thorn

Dear Editor, I read with interest in this month's Martlet that our very own University of Victoria Board of Governors has made a refreshing decision. Women, you now may be relieved to know we can enrol at UVic to obtain Spinster of Arts (Science, etc.) degrees and Grand Dame of Arts (Science, etc.) degrees. Bachelor and Master degrees still may be desirable to those of us who wish to pursue the more traditional forms of "higher" learning.

The longstanding Doctoral degrees, of course, still remain highly sought after and obtainable by women of all walks of life; they are not offered in any other form.

Good work, UVic!

Signed,

A UBC ~~Alumna~~ ~~Alumnus~~
Aluminum, 1976

LESBIANOOZ

\$2.50
CHEAPER THAN
SPONGES

VANCOUVER ISLAND'S MONTHLY LESBIAN FEMINIST FLOW

VOL.3 ISSUE 7

APRIL 1992

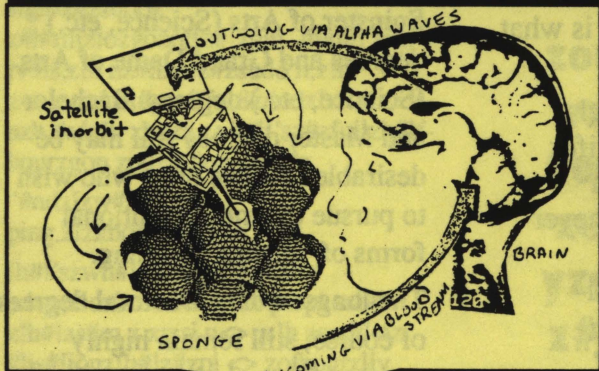
???? LESBIANS ON VENUS ????

Is Woman's Symbol Really a Space Code ?



Secret P.E.A.K. lens from Challenger
spots **mysterious alien**.
Are we descended from VENUSIANS ???

Woman Receives Space
Transmission Via Menstrual Sponge



FUSION VIRUS STRIKES LESBIAN COUPLE
Sisterhood out of control !!!



BEFORE



BEFORE



AFTER

"I look in the mirror and I see
HER FACE looking back !"

KITTY
SCOOPS !!

Cats of
famous
lesbians
spill the
litter !



INSIDE O O Z :

BRAIN DAMAGE: One woman's story
TRUE STORY: "I was a teenage mutant ninja dyke"
FASHION: Darkover Makeovers
HEALTH: New places to eat chocolate