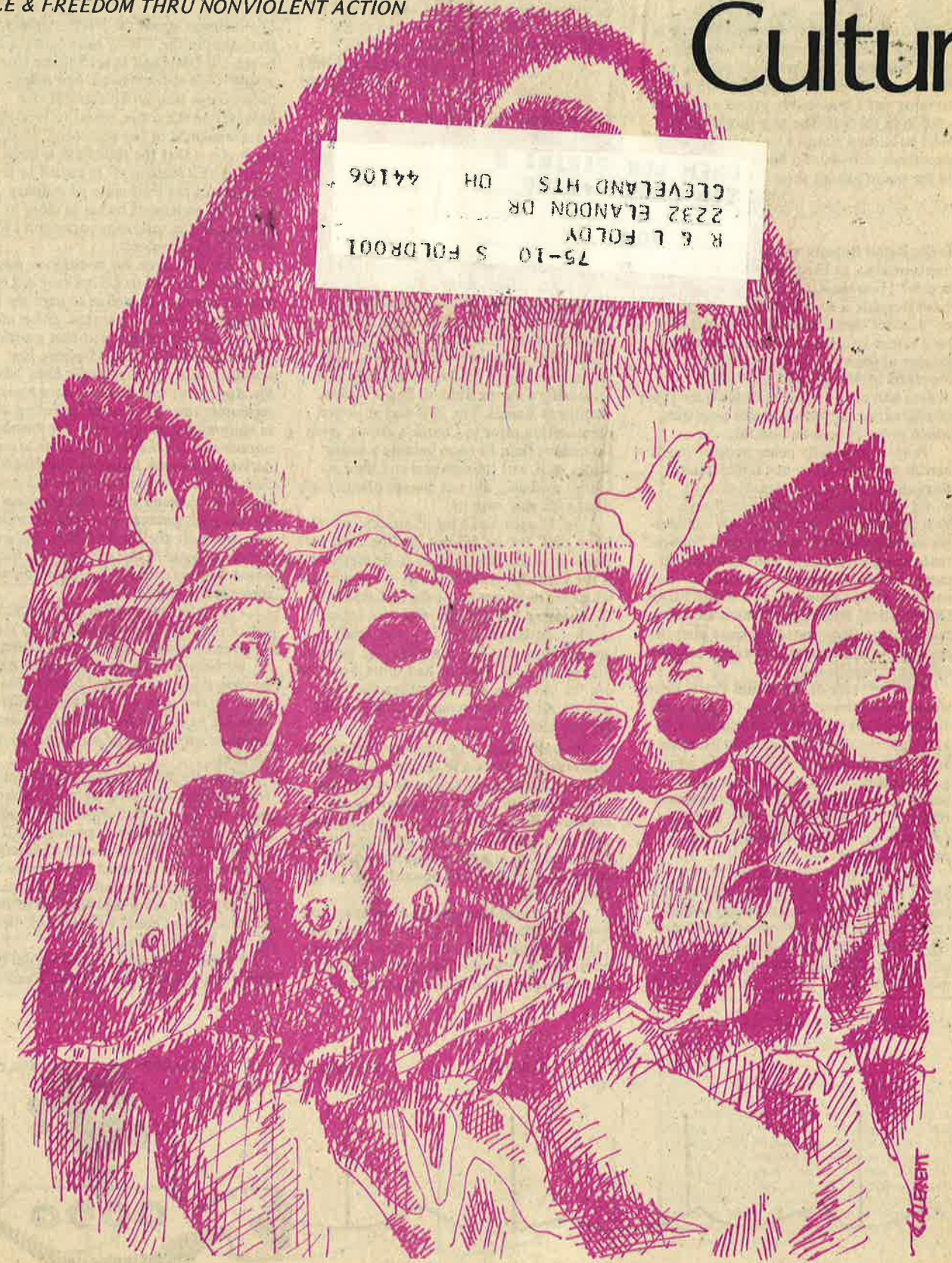


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PEACE & FREEDOM THRU NONVIOLENT ACTION

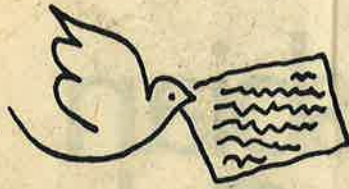
Lesbian Culture

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CALLENBET

Susan B. Anthony Cover 1 - Venice, California
FROM "THE FEMINIST BOOK OF LIGHTS AND SHADOWS" by the



One small clarification. *People's Theater in Amerika* was published in 1972 by Drama Book Specialists in a hardback edition at the unpopular price of \$12.50. DBS will also bring out a reasonably priced paperback edition in the fall. The new introduction WIN published June 12 was written for the paperback edition of a book that has been in the world almost three years.

—KAREN MALPEDE
New York, NY

Is Dr. Ralph Borsodi an anarchist or is he a decentralist, as Fred Woodruff tries to decide? [Letters, 4/29/75] If one is to label Borsodi, a broad term like "seeker" or "teacher" were more apt. Borsodi says he'd rather be a raiser of questions than a bringer of answers. Yet in his *Major Problems of Men and Society* which defines and analyzes, he outlines three types of alternative answers to major problems, which many people find useful.

People—especially peace people—might benefit to really know and understand Borsodi's global peace plan. It is not a world "government" as Woodruff says. Borsodi calls loud and clearly for eliminating nations. His plan calls for each "nation" renouncing sovereignty and discarding all munitions and armament. Individuals—not nations—would subscribe to a World Patrol Organization, members of which are voluntary because they want to aid and abet the renouncing of national sovereignty and discarding of munitions.

The only task of this World Patrol Group would be to survey the globe for any units disobeying the munitions arrangement. In such case the World Patrol would surround and isolate (not shoot and kill) any armament factory, to prevent moving in and out of such operation. Would an anarchist object to that in the real world, moving toward a more loving, mature people predominating?

Borsodi's plan also arranges for the using of all mineral and oil and fuel deposits becoming the trust (not property) of all mankind. The Shah of Iran or the King of Egypt could not "own" such deposits; the possession of and royalty of all such natural resources "belong" to all mankind.

Borsodi's global plan grapples with crucial aspects of the peace problem, and suggests creative ways out. Should we quibble about it being anarchist or decentralist? In the plan, if I remember correctly, is a suggestion that Patrol Members wear uniforms and swear allegiance to a Flag of World Peace. Should we let this minor indulgence of the emotional need of the masses, obscure our attention to his basic approach to profounder aspects?

—MILDRED LOOMIS
Freeland, Md.

In some ways Stephen Suffet [5/22/75] obviously knew the same Charlie Hook that we did, but he certainly doesn't have all his details right. Especially in regard to Charlie's stay in Kansas, there are several errors.

Charlie was, to begin with, most certainly a student at the University of Kansas for three or four semesters. We have memories of Charlie's leaving literature tables to attend class. A number of professors on campus remember him well as a student. The Alumni Association lists him as a member of the class of 1967, the year he would have graduated had he stayed. It is also misleading to credit him entirely with organizing a strong Student Peace Union chapter at Kansas. The SPU was an active organization prior to Charlie's arrival; given his natural flair, he soon became a major leader of it, but its members and their activities probably did not change dramatically during his stay with us.

Yes, Charlie had a lot of money; we all knew that. But he did not, for the most part, flaunt it or seemingly enjoy it, he merely used it for his projects the way anyone would use whatever resources he or she had available. His battered VW did give way to a Jaguar, but he continued to live in a very seedy apartment and to live generally like most of his compatriots. That he had some money to use for the cause was something that was useful, but it didn't separate Charlie from anyone else.

We understand why the term "principled conservative" is used to describe Charlie's politics, but it is not a term we would use. Charlie's politics were exclusively peace-oriented. He had only one priority. He was convinced that any minute the world would blow itself up in a nuclear holocaust. All other issues dimmed to obscurity, or never even existed.

Charlie may have changed and may not have been the same Charlie at all. New York City may have fucked up his head. Stephen expresses no affection for him. Yet all of us here remember him with a great deal of

warmth. Charlie was one of the gang here, no more or less strange than the rest of us, working out his karma like the rest of us. Death is our common end; Charlie controlled his. That is more than we have done.

—TIM MILLER
CHRISTINE LEONARD
Lawrence, Ks.

The dialogue about the WRL's Middle East statement in the 3/6/75 issue of WIN, between Uri Davis and Israel Shahak (the accusers) on the one hand, and Allen Solomonow (the spokesman for the defense) on the other, seems to miss the main weakness of the statement. That weakness is that the statement is not a clear pacifist statement. In regard to the question of the legitimacy of military force, the statement comes as close to pacifism in the following paragraph [WIN, 4/4/74] as anywhere:

It has long been our position as pacifists to demand an end to US military aid to any foreign country, as well as to urge the disarmament of our own nation, either alone or in concert with others. But that position, often dismissed as mere idealism, has political reality in the Middle East, where the Americans and Russians have a vested economic/strategic interest in selling arms, in maintaining an arms race. We absolutely oppose any US shipment of arms to any nation, anywhere, including the Middle East. Further, we call upon the US government—we demand of it—that it appeal to all foreign governments, an appeal in which we join, not only the Soviet Union, but any nation engaged in the sale of arms, that an absolute arms embargo be placed on all states in the Middle East.

The statement implies legitimacy for the use of military force for defense by Israel in several passages, this one, for example:

We believe Israel must accept as her borders those that existed prior to the 1967 six day war, or any other borders acceptable to both sides, and that it continue a phased withdrawal of her forces to those borders.

Thus, the WRL suggests disarmament for everyone, and even unilateral disarmament for the US, but draws back from what is the full implication of pacifism: All sides in the Mideast should disarm unilaterally; all sides should substitute defense by non-violent resistance for military defense. If the statement advocated that, all of the rest of its positions could be defended. Because it does not, it is vulnerable.

Pacifism puts many controversial questions in a constructive context. Consider

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Zionism. Zionism has tended to produce a great deal of injustice not because the Jews have wanted their own land where they could develop their own religion and culture—almost everyone accepts the right of peoples to have these dreams and to strive for them—but because the Zionists have been willing to use military force to realize that dream. Virtually every evil of Zionism flows from that willingness to use military force.

The "racism" of the Jewish state is one such evil. It is inconceivable that racist institutions in Israel could be maintained except by the use of armed power. A non-violent, racist Kibbutz? Describe how it would sustain itself. I can't.

Or the injustices against the Palestinians. How could the Palestinians have been expelled from their homes and excluded from Israel; how could their villages have been razed, their lands expropriated, except by action of the Israeli army? Could non-violent Zionists have carried out, or even conceived of such acts?

How could the terrorism and counterterrorism so hideous today in the Mideast—and with tentacles throughout the world—be maintained without Israeli and Palestinian armies? They are Palestinian commando units that attack Israel. It is the Israeli air force and army that retaliate; more, it is Israel's policy to retaliate with only her armed forces.

Thoroughgoing pacifism purifies even the very notion of "State." Few anarchists would oppose recognition of a nonviolent state, and any state that could maintain its existence by nonviolence would have an authority far beyond that possible through violence. Its authority would be that of justice and mercy, rather than of brute force.

Fortunately, the WRL retains an open mind toward its policy statements, and always is prepared to revise them in the light of new facts and insights. I hope that as the League struggles again to express its position on the incredibly complicated and difficult Middle East conflict, it will take a deep breath, fix its resolve, and turn out a statement that is unequivocally pacifist. Amid the torrent of commentaries that accept and seek to adjust the Mideast "balance of power" such a document could be a breath of fresh air.

—BRADFORD LYTTLE
Chicago, Ill.

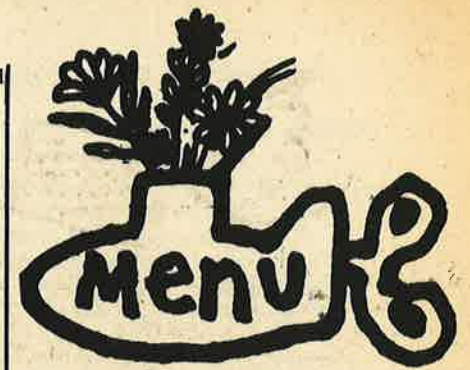
I was examining my mind today and discovered that I *really do* carry my life "in preparation" for the great cataclysm that is going to happen. In my particular case I accept the scenario offered by Cayce—the disappearance of New York City, coastal

California (primarily LA & the Bay Area), and the South Atlantic states, along with other extraordinary changes. More surprising is how methodically I go about my life in light of this knowledge: things *will* happen and I am like a man who has 20 minutes to evacuate a doomed building—I have a few important last minute things to do before I leave. Is this a real premonition or only wishful thinking? I've picked up another belief recently—that I will live to see us (i.e. the species) contacted by the being or beings from outer space. A good book along this line, and one that must have influenced me in all this, is William Irwin Thomson's *On or At The Edge* or maybe just *The Edge of History*.

Having recommended one book I might as well do two more and belatedly join in on WIN's annual Recommended Reading Sweepstakes. If Don Juan is your personal savior, you may have already marveled at how Buddhism and Don Juan illuminate each other. Chogyam Trungpa's *Cutting Through Spiritual Materialism* (in conjunction with Sgampopa's *Jewel Ornament of Liberation*) is a perfect example of this interpenetration of teachings. The Bodhisattva lives in Don Juan's world of sorcerers and she is always compassionate. ("She" by the way is one element of my personal solution to the chauvinist grammar problem. Please memorize the following: "she" is the singular form of "they," taking the place of a "he" or "she" when the situation's not sexually exclusive. Even more smoothly "hem" is singular out of a plural "them" replacing a "him" or "her;" "heir" out of "their" for a "his" or "her;" "heirs" out of "theirs" for a "his" or "hers." ("Hey" out of "they" might have been more logical than "shey" but we need a little poetic license to keep the Mother Tongue out of ruts, sexual or otherwise.) I also like "mien" in places where "person" is inadequate—as in "Chairmien" or "Humienity."

The other big book I got into this year—and don't scoff—is Heidegger's *Being and Time*. It took me years to brave it but if you want the benefits of a deeply religious apprehension—and at the very heart of the Xian mystic tradition—then Heidegger has it. Heidegger compliments the Tibetan Buddhist teachings and the Sorcerer's world too. He actually gave me some tools with which to cut through my religious materialism, enriched my prajna and he's not bound in by the usual religious sexism either.

—PAUL ENCIMER
Whitethorn, Calif.



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Cover: Drawing by Carol Clement from *The Feminist Book of Lights and Shadows* by the Susan B. Anthony Coven No. 1, Venice, Calif.

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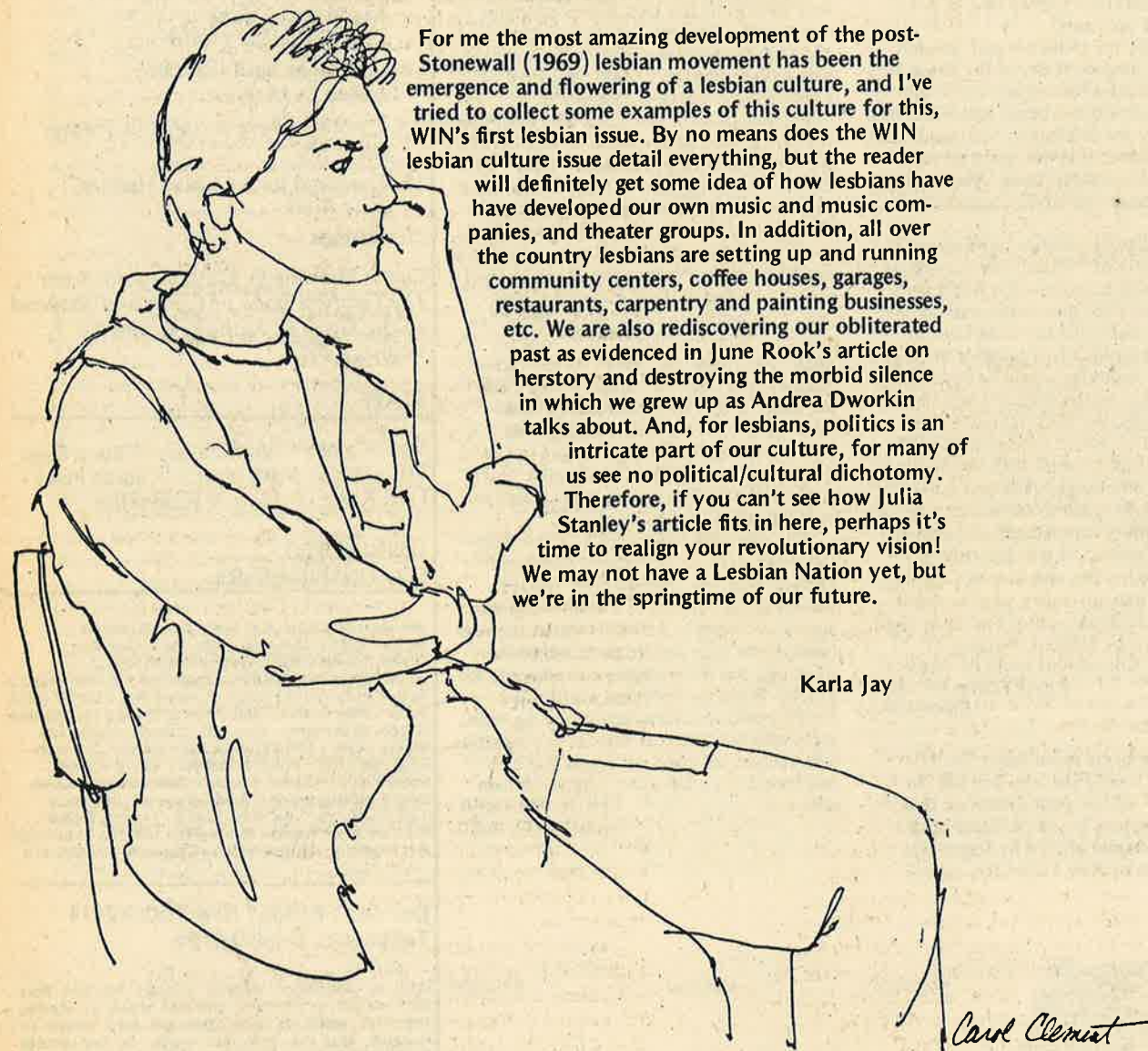
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For me the most amazing development of the post-Stonewall (1969) lesbian movement has been the emergence and flowering of a lesbian culture, and I've tried to collect some examples of this culture for this, WIN's first lesbian issue. By no means does the WIN lesbian culture issue detail everything, but the reader will definitely get some idea of how lesbians have developed our own music and music companies, and theater groups. In addition, all over the country lesbians are setting up and running community centers, coffee houses, garages, restaurants, carpentry and painting businesses, etc. We are also rediscovering our obliterated past as evidenced in June Rook's article on herstory and destroying the morbid silence in which we grew up as Andrea Dworkin talks about. And, for lesbians, politics is an intricate part of our culture, for many of us see no political/cultural dichotomy. Therefore, if you can't see how Julia Stanley's article fits in here, perhaps it's time to realign your revolutionary vision! We may not have a Lesbian Nation yet, but we're in the springtime of our future.

Karla Jay

Carol Clement

A Letter to M.

ANDREA DWORKIN

Whence come I and on what wings that it should take me so long, humiliated and exiled, to accept that I am myself?
—Colette, *The Vagabond*

Dear M.,

I wouldn't have the courage to try to write this letter after all these years if I didn't need to more than I need not to. Suddenly I'm aware that for years I've needed not to. I could have tried to call you on the phone. I know the name you use now. Probably we live in the same city. Or I could have called yr mother, I know where she lives. Im not brave like that.

I dont know where to begin. I havent thought about you in years—the proof that memory is political. Then, a few days ago, I went to the country to visit Barbara Deming. We had a talk, painful and intense, that brought me right to the thought of you.

Barbara and I first met ten years ago on the David Susskind show. We were there to talk about jails. I had spent four days in the Womens House of Detention in New York City. Barbara had been in jail several times on civil rights and peace marches. We had much in common. We were both pacifists, both women, both committed to civil disobedience as a serious political tactic and moral act. Barbara had written a book called *Prison Notes* which is the story of how she and others were arrested on a peace walk in Albany, Georgia. They were arrested because they walked down a street black and white together. They were arrested, jailed, in jail they fasted, they were released, they walked down a street again black and white together, they were arrested again, jailed again, fasted again, and finally released again to walk down that street again, black and white together. That unjust law crumbled before the strength of their conviction and

"Letter to M." is from Ruins, an unpublished collection of letters to people in a life. Andrea Dworkin is the author of Woman Hating (E.P. Dutton, 1974).

© 1975 by Andrea Dworkin

the courage of their acts. They did walk down that street.

Barbara and I met there, and I admired her as I had rarely admired another woman. She was, for me, heroic—strong, brave, authentic, honest. We met as sisters, though we did not use the word then, in the same struggle. We wanted, both of us, to tell with clarity what jail is so that those who sustain them, build them, pay for them, staff them, advocate them, would know what it is that happens inside them. We talked, each of us, of what it was.

For me, those four days had been a devastating nightmare. Two doctors had brutalized me during an internal examination. I was 18 years old, ignorant of so much. For the first time, I was forced to lie on that examining table, feet in stirrups, no sheet to cover me or give me the illusion of safety. They stuck steel in me, hurting me all over with their hands and with their instruments. The pain had been agonizing and mysterious. I did not know what they were doing or why. As one doctor kept manipulating the cold steel, the other sat watching me and taunting me. With their hands they pummelled my abdomen until I cried out in pain. When they were finished and I was returned to my cell, I found that I was bleeding. I bled for 15 days, telling myself it was my period or that maybe it was syphilis. When I did finally go to a doctor (and by then I was terrified of doctors), he said that I had been bruised and injured internally. It was a nightmare, one I still live with and through ten years later.

On the television show, Barbara described jail and I described jail. I told how my vagina was entered over and over again by rude hands searching for dope or disease. I told how I had been raped by the hands of those doctors, by their instruments.

We told what we knew about who the other women prisoners were—black and poor women, prostitutes and junkies. We described the filth, and the dreadful slop that was called food.

Then I spoke in a way that I have deeply regretted since. I said that lesbianism in that jail was "rampant," brutal, aggressive, terrifying. And it was, to me it was. The threat of sexual assault was always present. The dykes were "like men"—macho, brutish, threatening. I had come out of that jail terrified of *women*—wanting never to be touched again. In jail, one of the women I had been arrested with had been held down by a group of women, and again, her legs spread open, her vagina entered. I was sickened and confused and horribly afraid.

As I sat in Barbaras home ten years later, she told me what it had been like for her to sit there, a lesbian, unable to speak, maligned, anguished. She told me what it had been like to sit there, a lesbian, silent, not able to address me directly and authentically. She said to me then, ten years later: "Of course we couldn't talk. Those men were between us. Their world stood between us."

I must tell you what this meant to me. First, I understood, for the first time in my life, the anguish of lesbians who are unable to live fully and openly in the world, robbed of pride and selfhood, robbed of a sexual identity which is nourished by visibility and dialogue. I felt what it must have been like to be silenced by that kind of fear. I had some idea of the kind of fear it was because Barbara is a woman who is heroically strong and brave. She walked in the South and risked her life. She went to jail and risked her life. She acts according to her conscience at the risk of her life. I have seen and known this to be true con-

sistently over a period of many years. Whatever fear she felt when she walked down those southern streets, still she walked. Fear of revealing her lesbian identity silenced her. Imagine fear like that.

Second, I saw vividly how my own life would have been different if women had spoken the truth to women as I was growing up. All of the years of childhood and not one true word about women loving women. Growing up, in school, reading books for every scrap of information about life, every ray of light that might show how to live bravely and tenderly—and nothing about what would have mattered to me most. This seems silly to say, it is so obvious—and

yet sometimes I can see how the whole shape of my life would be different if these silences had not existed. No one taught us our herstory or anything at all about our lives as women. It seems perhaps silly for me to mourn it now. Except that sometimes I feel it in the saddest way.

But the first time I met Barbara, when I was 18, I was in a specific desperation. My life did depend on knowing the truth. I had been horrified by my four days in jail. I was in terror. My skin crawled afterwards when a woman touched me in the most casual way. I had made love with women before—but those had been tender meetings. Now, in jail, something dif-

Photo by Rose Jordan



ferent had happened, and I did not recognize that the one kind of erotic intimacy I knew with women had anything at all to do with that other forced, terrifying, threatening intimacy. I did not connect my own personal erotic relations with women with anything I experienced in that jail. I had never named myself a lesbian, so I thought, *they* are lesbians and *that* is lesbianism. I connected nothing. I was frightened and mystified.

These last ten years would have been different if Barbara had been able to speak to me. I needed her so very much. I am saying, of course—if only things werent as they were. The fact is that in 1965 women did not speak to women at all, and lesbians did not speak at all. There was no womens movement. There was no consciousness raising, or understanding of dominance and submission, or forthright talk of homoerotic love. There was no deep thought or dialogue on male-female sex roles, how we act them out, what that means. I didnt know why the women in jail were “like men”—boyfriend and girlfriend, rapist and victim. I could find no way out of my terror and Barbara could find no way out of her silence. We were locked into isolation from each other.

As I talked with Barbara, ten years later, I thought about you. I remembered you, I remembered us. As I sat with Barbara, I remembered us and understood all at once how the same system of masculinist values, male dominance, sexual repression derived from the oppression of women, had come between us, taken us from each other and from ourselves. I thought, where is M., and why have we not yet found a way to talk about who we really are, what we were to each other, what happened between us. The silence between women has kept us locked in isolation from each other for so long.

You and I were best friends. Remember how that was. We did everything together, went everywhere together, then called each other on the telephone as soon as we parted to discuss every detail of every event that had happened when we were together. You were a painter, brilliant, forceful, disliked by teachers and parents because you were outspoken, immodest, ambitious. Yr very posture and bearing refuted their authority. I was a writer, and we always talked together of how we would be artists one day. During science class we both worked on our novels. Yrs was about a woman named Belle who was horribly poor, lived above a saloon, and was going to law school against all odds. I dont remember mine. At yr house we would take yr pastels and draw. You painted. You worked mostly in oils, sometimes water colors, and you had an astonishing talent.

We loved each other as two girls often do, and when that love exploded into touching and kissing and passion, when that eroticism suffused our bodies and brought us to each other, and all night long, neither of us knowing anything conceptual or verbal about what was happening between us, we made love, all consuming, passionate, tender, lusty love, over and over, neither of us knew what had happened or why or what to call it or what to do about the next day or the day after. And so, in the morning we went to school, the 8th grade I think, and continued to act with each other as we always had. Only we were driven to crushes on the boys with new resolve. We didnt sleep together again.

Then we both fell in love with another girl. I think now that we probably still wanted each other but didnt know that so we loved her. Whatever the truth

of that, we fought over our new friend. I was maddened by it, enraged, betrayed. I set out to win her and I did. Then she was my friend and you werent. Then yr mother took you out of school and sent you away. You had some sort of nervous breakdown. I wonder, did you tell yr mother what happened? I wonder, did you know? I didnt. Everything just happened, there were no names, no shame or guilt, almost no memory. After you left, I was lonely, I felt remorse, even grief. But I didnt know why.

Within months, by the time you were 15, you were fucking a 35 year old painter with assorted exwives and children and models who tried to kill themselves when he left them. You were insanely in love with him. You never finished high school. You stayed with that painter for many years. You navigated through his exwives and suicidal mistresses and held on ruthlessly. You had yr nose fixed and yr hair bleached and curled. You wore ruffles. Are you with him still? I saw you once in New York when we were 18. I was going to Bennington, you were a cocktail waitress. You were a beautiful woman whose presence in the world was entirely circumscribed by the costume you wore (tarty and demeaning) and the bastard whose mistress you were. All that I know about you since then is that you changed yr name and stopped painting.

When we saw each other that time, the love was still between us, the eroticism, our old camaraderie. So many shared hours and days, so many shared dreams and ideals. And yet we didnt speak one honest word to each other. We babbled about men as I remember it. I didnt say then, because I didnt know then, you were my first love, my first lover, I loved you then and I love you still. It wasnt until I talked with Barbara that I saw the silence between us as atrocity—cruel, damaging, not of our making as the world is not of our making.

For me this means now to end the silence wherever I find it, to give the love a name, a way of being in the world, so that young girls who love each other as we did can live that love fully and joyously. We had a right to love each other and that right was taken from us before we were born. We should have lived in a time and place where that love could have grown as we grew, so that we would not have been deprived of each other as sisters, lovers, and friends over all these years. It is too late for us to reclaim our childhood but we can imagine a world in which we could have known each other fully. I believe that we have to create that world.

I have this fearful picture of you now—as wreckage, scar tissue, a painted empty shell, yr boyfriends aging refuse. I hope it isnt true. Its too late maybe for it to matter that now I know something about the wounds inside you from that time when we were 14. I wish it had been different. I wish I had some kind of magic that could take the hurt out of you. I wish we could have been best friends forever, or at least until we grew up. I wish we were best friends now. I wish I could hold you in my arms and kiss the hurt away.

I hope that this movement of women, this ocean of womens love and feeling and new presence in the world, has reached you as it has reached me. If it has, then along with the pain, along with the full recognition of our loss, has come some measure of healing. I hope that sisterhood sustains you, and that through it we can find each other again. At this moment I would give my life to be with you again.

Im so sorry, so grieved over what you went through—

Andrea

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THE

EDUCE

BY JULIA P. STANLEY



Photo by Rose Jordan

A couple of weeks ago a just-met dyke asked me, across a beer, how lesbians see themselves in relation to the now-ongoing world-wide revolution, and I said personally, as one lesbian, I don't relate to it at all, because it isn't a revolution as I understand such things. The examples of the "worldwide revolution" that she chose for reference happened to be the Arab/Israeli wars, the wars in Vietnam and Cambodia, the Chinese, legitimized by Nixon's visit and their superb ping-pong teams (also Peking Duck), and other such goings on. I had to answer honestly, dyke-to-dyke, that I don't relate to *that* (or those) revolution(s) at all, since they aren't re-revolutions at all, just men swapping guns and power back and forth among themselves, business as usual within the "brotherhood of man." Any overthrow is only one group of men taking power from other men and I couldn't see how such things have anything to do with my life, since that's the way it's always been, after all. And, even though the women in some countries, like China, seem to be better off than women in the United States, the fact remains that only *heterosexual women* are better off;

Julia P. Stanley was a member of the New York chapter of the Daughters of Bilitis in the 1960's, and a recipient of that organization's Blanche Baker scholarship as an undergraduate. She holds the PhD in English linguistics, and was recently elected to the Committee of Public Doublespeak of the National Council of Teachers of English. She is a founding member of the Lesbian Herstory Archives, and a member of the Gay Academic Union. She is an independent scholar and lives on a farm in Tennessee.

I have yet to hear about the quality of *lesbian lives* improving in *any* country, regardless of the politics of the men in power. In fact, lesbians are defined as a disease of bourgeois decadence in Communist theory, so I can't see trading one jail cell for another. At least the general confusion in the US can work to our advantage. (More on confusion shortly.)

As I went on to explain that night, for me there is only *one* revolution, in any sense, and that's the *feminist revolution*, the only one that men can't relate to except to subvert it by ridicule, or by constantly asking "Where do *we* fit into *their* revolutions?" or "Where do *they* fit into *our* revolution?" Of course, men are always preoccupied trying to figure out how they fit in somewhere, anywhere, because they can't conceive of the possibility that they might not fit into women's lives and might not be the focus of our existence. Men can't tolerate indifference. They'd love for us to expend energy hating them, but who has either the desire or the time to waste? Or, how do you construct answers to pseudoquestions?

As I was saying, the Feminist Revolution is the only revolution because it's the only movement calling itself a revolution that questions everything we know, or think we know, or have been taught to want to know. There are some women who call themselves "feminists," (which should teach us never to confuse the label with the reality), who spend all their time reassuring men that this revolution is for *all* human beings, in an effort to assuage their insecurities (purposefully ambiguous), and avoid the inevitable violence and hostility, the traditional role of women—placating men. But the only place for men in *this* revolution is on the other side.

Only a lesbian can have *no* stake in the social system. It is a system run by men, for men, at the expense of women. Straight women, even those who call themselves "feminists," are still tied to men and dependent on their tolerance and goodwill, which is why they cling to issues like equal pay and birth control. A woman who has no vested interest in men wouldn't bother. Gay men, because they're men, can always repent their sins, find a woman insecure enough to marry them, and be welcomed back into the system as proper executives, proper businessmen, generals, professors, proper anything, as long as they have a woman trapped at home. Only Lesbians have no place in the system, because we are, indeed, a threat to the entire social structure. Lesbians are dangerous. And if little girls ever learned, at their mother's knee, that they could grow up to be lesbians instead of housewives, the system would collapse in a very short time.

If this is true, where, then, are all the lesbian political theorists and analysts? Where are all those lesbian revolutionaries waiting for a chance to overthrow this system in which they have no stake? This is the confusion I mentioned earlier; this is the complication I alluded to. Most lesbians are hiding within the system, hoping to live their lives out anonymously, hoping to "get by" with as little discomfort as possible. Every lesbian knows she's an outcast in our society. That's the first lesson she learns. Then she learns to fear discovery. Then she learns to "pass." We *all* know we don't "belong" in a society constructed for the needs and pleasures of men. We *all* know we're dangerous to that system. But what we haven't yet learned is how to *enjoy* being outcasts.

Until *every* lesbian cherishes her difference, until we all know that our analysis of the situation is valid, there will be no Feminist Revolution. Ti-Grace Atkinson saw this and outlined the situation and the strategies accurately. Lesbians are the "buffer zone" between males and straight women; if lesbians aren't a part of The Revolution, there won't *be* a revolution. From her perspective, however, she was urging straight feminists to support lesbians, to claim them as their sisters, lest lesbians sell out to male power and prerogatives. As she outlined the political situation, there are the lesbians, the buffer zone, then the straight feminists, and in back of them the women who are opposed to feminist politics. As she analyzed it, the straight feminists will get caught between the two zones of women who are in the pay of the enemy, lesbians and non-feminist straight women, like Phyllis Schlafley. And that danger is real.

But at this point, I'm less concerned with the plight of the straight, pro-revolutionary feminists than I am with what will happen to the pro-revolutionary lesbians, out in the buffer zone, labeled as "criminals" by the male system, and kept invisible by straight women and gay men. We are "out there," so to speak, alone, and some of our most dangerous enemies are our sister Lesbians who have opted for a cash pay-off in return for their political silence. It *has* to be a cash pay-off—that's all the male system has to offer to a lesbian! The lesbians in the United States who are fully committed to the idea of a feminist revolution are very few, compared to the numbers of men and straight women lined up against us. If we aren't together as a political force, there isn't much hope for any real change in the existing social structure. Until each lesbian goes back into her own past and reclaims

her original analysis as an outcast, until we all remember *who we are*, a world (I'd settle for a country!) structured in accordance with the needs of women will remain an empty and unattainable ideal.

While the political analysis of Ti-Grace was accurate, however simplified, she did not explore the complexities of the politics among lesbians. For this reason, her analysis, although dim, was more optimistic than mine. Unless lesbians can unite as a strong, political front, the straight women will sell us out to the men in return for equal pay and a few minor changes in the existing male legal system. At the first sign of over hostility from men, lesbians will be the first to be sacrificed for the safety of straight women, especially those women frightened by the logical conclusions of a feminist analysis.

Caught between straight women and men, one would think that there might be some cohesion within the buffer zone itself. But what I find is the same dispersal of energies and lack of focus typical of the feminist movement today. Lesbians, as well as straight women, are so involved with male politics and male theories that we haven't taken the time to construct theories relevant to our own lives and experiences. At one extreme¹ are the lesbians who are still male-identified—their energies are totally committed to the male system, to making money; these lesbians refuse to question the basic premises of their lives. They still cannot accept the proposition that their Lesbianism has any significance, and I don't know what it would mean to them if they ever tried to come to terms with their identity.

On the next level within the lesbian zone are those lesbians with some political consciousness—just enough consciousness to put their energies into getting what "The Men" have—male political power on male political terms. And two or three of them have even succeeded in obtaining traditional political offices as lesbians, but "domesticated" lesbians nevertheless. The difference between the politics of these two levels is slight. Both groups are committed to the acquisition of male power on male terms, but the first group will not accept the necessity of proclaiming their identity.

At the next political level are those lesbians whose energies are totally committed to fighting for legal reform within the male system. Usually, they are members of predominantly gay male organizations, and their time is spent fighting straight men and their legal system, and they believe that their energy is well-spent in working with gay men because they believe that, after all, we're "all human beings." In traditional political terms, this group of lesbians constitutes the "liberal" or "moderate" political faction within the buffer zone.

The fourth political level consists of those lesbians whose energies are committed to working with straight women within the feminist organizations. Some of these lesbians remain invisible as lesbians, while others are open about their identity. The individual situation depends upon the consciousness of the organization and the individual lesbian's commitment to her own identity. To a large extent, whether or not a lesbian works as a lesbian within a women's organization will depend upon her willingness to commit her energies to making straight women deal with her as a lesbian. How-

¹ I am indebted to Sahli A. Cavallaro for her idea regarding the existence of political levels within the Lesbian Buffer Zone as it has been defined by Ti-Grace Atkinson in AMAZON ODYSSEY.

ever these individuals choose to work out their individual situations, their primary energies are devoted to other women, and it is this gut-level commitment to other women that distinguishes our revolution from every other movement. Until we become willing to work only for women, with other women, we are still in the "pre-revolutionary phase."

Nevertheless, both these levels of lesbian political action focus on trying to force accommodations within the existing social structure. The fifth identifiable lesbian group consists of those lesbians whose political energies are committed to working within a lesbian organization. These organizations provide us with a lesbian-centered awareness, a space within which we can define lesbian goals in accordance with our own priorities. However, these organizations also establish alliances with both women's and gay male political organizations on issues defined as relevant to lesbian political goals, defined within the terms of the pre-existing male social structures.

Up to this point, the political orientations of the five levels remain primarily "reformist," and lesbian energies are focused on seeking ways to make a place for lesbians within the straight male political hierarchy. Although these lesbians can force some concessions from men, power will continue to be concentrated in the hands of straight men, and political change will remain at a minimal level.

There is a sixth level of political awareness within the lesbian buffer zone, and it is at this point that lesbian revolutionaries merge with the most radical of the straight feminist women, although it is probably not accurate to even refer to these feminists as "straight." (Here I am limited by already existing labels and the distinctions that they signal.) These women have recognized and accepted the logical conclusions of feminist ideology. They know that *no* accommodation is possible within a male political framework, and they have acted on their knowledge. They have moved as far away as possible from the centers of straight male dominance and influence. But there is only so far that a woman can go, because men run the world. There's no way around that unpleasant fact. We cannot go to another planet yet, and until some other alternative presents itself, the most realistic feminist solution consists of moving out to the edge of the male political sphere of power and there consolidating ourselves around the concept of women-centered lives. It is at this extreme of the lesbian buffer zone that we can begin to define our solutions within our own terms and thus construct the foundation of Lesbian political power. If we do not accept this alternative and act upon it, we have no need for a Feminist Revolution or a lesbian perspective. If we still cannot act upon our ideals consistently, we become just another movement of the discontented seeking a larger slice of the male political pie.

Although I know that this particular analysis is oversimplified, perhaps it can give us a starting point for consolidating the lesbian community. Just as I have moved from one political extreme to the other in my own living, so each of us must make her journey, and the levels merely define a space within which we evolve our own political analyses, as we move from realization to action. By understanding and accepting the levels and movements within our community, we can set about helping each other and building a strong lesbian community in which each of us constitutes a link.

The Lovers

I can taste grass in our glasses
and earth in our bed sheets.
Wouldn't we have been wonderful if Vesuvius
had made ancient ceramics of us?
This morning's orange juice would
still fill half the glass on the arm
of our blue velvet chair, and
our cigarettes would languish in the tray,
frozen in the stale evening air.
Each ash would be a fossil of our breath.

Excavators would chip around your slipper
under our bed to find the heel of my shoe
resting on the edge of your sole.
They would dust around your one exposed breast
with tiny brushes, careful
to unpreserve a woman.
As you sat there, they would drill the pen
out of your posed hand to find
the first letter of my name
dropping from a stone.
After they dismantled you
they would pack you, dropping
styrofoam beads into each perfect line.
You, the artless statue of a time.

Then, they would look for the other,
their soft boots sucking up the dust
their chisels release from my dinner plate.
I would stand stone-stoic to face
the scientist as he scoops out my palm
and peels pumice from my wrist.
"The wrist is too small," he says;
as he withdraws his tools.
"Far too small to belong to a man."
He directs his efforts to where he guesses
there is a breast.

He picks away the sandy Vesuvius spit
and dents my nipple.
"That's it."

As they try to yank me from the floor,
they think of the slipper and the shoe—
where they were found.
I break at the ankles, from their haste.

I am packed.
Four-inferred breasts.
They suppose I was your guest,
but they leave behind
my two feet on the ground.

—Sahli A. Cavallaro

For Margaret Rose From Rita Mae

God, but people love you
When you write poems of pain.
Weep and wail
And the critics are yours.
Well, Sisters
I been up the road
And I been down the road
And damn but the sun shines once in awhile
And I do love that sun
I love this earth
And I love myself
Hell, I'd love you too
If you folks would pry yourselves
out of that existential time warp.
And while I'm testifying
Let me tell you this
in lusty red and thunderous black
Honey, this child not only is going to survive
This child is going to triumph.
So sister can you love me strong
Can you love me joyful, outrageous and without shame?
Until you can love my power, woman
You ain't got a movement
And you ain't got me.

—RMB

Photo by Rose Jordan



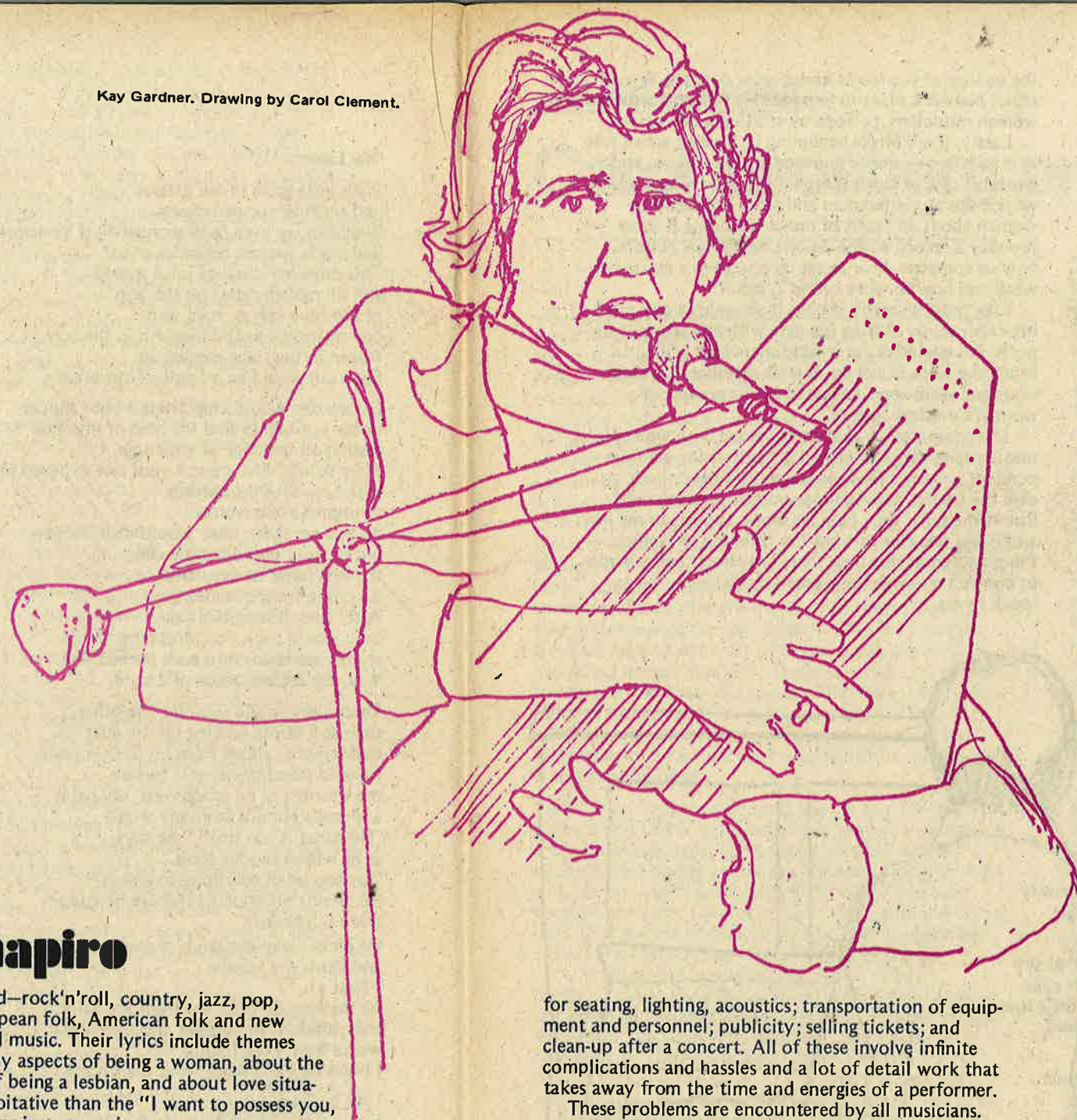
Lesbian Music Takes Off

BY Lynne D. Shapiro

One of the most exciting developments in the growing independent women's culture, of which I as a lesbian-feminist am a part, is the proliferation of the number of musician-songwriters such as Casse Culver, Meg Christian, Cookie Cirillo, Alix Dobkin, Maxine Feldman, Kay Gardner, and Willie Tyson who present lyrics supportive of the independent woman's lifestyle with accomplished musicianship and professional performances. The music these new lesbian-feminist musicians present to their audiences goes way beyond the ballads of pain strummed by the lone guitar-player in the early movement days. First, the women know many different musical instruments. For example, Kay Gardner's sets include ritual flute pieces, Meg Christian plays classical guitar and autoharp, Jerriane Hilderly is proficient on the marimba and Casse Culver's performances include pieces on the piano and on the guitar. Among this group a variety of musical styles

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Kay Gardner. Drawing by Carol Clement.



are represented—rock'n'roll, country, jazz, pop, classical, European folk, American folk and new women's ritual music. Their lyrics include themes about the many aspects of being a woman, about the ins and outs of being a lesbian, and about love situations less exploitative than the "I want to possess you, baby" situations in pop music.

For many of these women, music has been a way of life for a long period of time. For example, both Meg Christian and Kay Garner have master's degrees in music. Many such as Alix Dobkin, Casse Culver and Maxine Feldman have been performing in clubs and coffeehouses for five years or more. Now they devote all their time to composing, arranging and performing, often going on extensive tours all over the country. And more and more are going into the recording studio. Alix Dobkin, Meg Christian, Maxine Feldman and Willie Tyson already have records out. Casse Culver, Margie Adams and Chris Williamson are among those who have albums in the works.

But it takes more than being a "right-on woman" and a good musician to make one's music go. There are many, many details that go into performing that have to be taken care of: arranging for a concert place; scheduling performances; setting up a concert place

for seating, lighting, acoustics; transportation of equipment and personnel; publicity; selling tickets; and clean-up after a concert. All of these involve infinite complications and hassles and a lot of detail work that takes away from the time and energies of a performer.

These problems are encountered by all musicians. Those who choose to be involved in the commercial music business and experience moderate success with it usually have these details taken care of by the record company or concert hall publicists promoting them. But many of the musicians who are part of the independent women's culture have deliberately chosen not to be part of the commercial music world where they can be pressured to produce only music that "makes money," and can't always pick and choose audience or place to play; or where the promotion department prefers a woman to be sexy, cute, or fit some man's image of some woman he wants. So instead these musicians play to women's groups (though not all the women mentioned confine their performances to women's audiences), in coffeehouses, in colleges and at music festivals. They cut their records on independent labels such as Women's Wax Works, Lima Bean, Rounder, and Olivia Records. And they depend on friends, supporters, and members of

the groups for which they are performing to take care of things like publicity.

Most of the publicity about these musicians still is very scanty. Goodness knows how many women I don't know about and hence whose names do not appear in this article due to the inadequate publicity system that exists!

However, there is a group—the Women's Music Network (WMN)—that seeks to give these women artists the back-up support in terms of publicity and concert arranging they need to develop their music.

The Women's Music Network was founded in late 1973/early 1974 as a corporate structure to handle the business aspects of the *Lavender Jane Loves Women* album, and most of the original members were involved in producing and distribution of the record. Since then the WMN has grown into an organization with a definite set of by-laws for membership and structure and a definite set of purposes as follows:

1. to organize, sponsor and perform and participate in recitals, benefits, concerts and performance for and about women
2. to organize, sponsor, perform and participate in workshops, non-credit courses, lectures, and other related activities designed to further the education of women and to increase their knowledge of the history and development of the women's movement in music
3. to organize, perform, sponsor and participate in meetings, discussions, forums and seminars furthering the exchange of information relating to women and music.

Recently I spoke with Marilyn Ries and Nancy Sheiger of the network to learn how the network operates and how they are actualizing their purposes as stated in their by-laws.

At the current time, the WMN is composed of 13 members among whom are a professional sound engineer, a lawyer, publicists and other women intensely interested in women's music. None are musicians themselves.

I questioned Marilyn and Nancy about the politics of the network. Many of the women, if not all of them, are lesbians. Is that deliberate? Do the performers they support have to sing a particular political line? According to Marilyn, there is no conscious separatist move to include or exclude any kind of woman from network membership and the chief focus of the members when they decide whom to support is a performer's willingness to give her energies to women and women's music and the quality of her music and her musical abilities. But all the members must express a strong enthusiasm for a musician in order for the network to feel that all the energies of the group will be sufficiently behind the work they have to do to support her.

The Women's Music Network supports performers in many ways. They have on hand names of women musicians all over the country and groups interested in booking these musicians can contact the network for their names. Thus they act as a clearinghouse for both the musicians and the booking groups. They are also working to expand the mere listing of musicians to a tape library through which people and groups interested in women's music can inquire about musicians and hear their music directly. This will provide a direct opportunity for women musicians to be heard all over the country.

The Women's Music Network also sets up concerts in the New York City area. They have set up concerts for now-defunct *Lavendar Jane* group, the Berkeley Women's Music Collective when they were on tour and, more recently have been organizing a concert for the many women who play jazz.

Their biggest effort so far was the New York City Women's Music Festival they produced with the Barnard Women's Collective in February 1975. In two nights of concerts they presented New York City women with musicians from all parts of the country and into many different musical styles—Alix Dobkin, Lou Crimmins, Casse Culver, Meg Christian, The Penny-whistlers, Kay Gardner, Alice Gerrard and Hazel Dickens, Margaret Sloan and Althea Waites. WMN hopes to make an album of the festival.

The WMN is also interested in supporting the growth of a community of women musicians who can play together and develop their music and music ideas together. One could see that this was already beginning to happen at the New York City Music Festival where Kay Gardner performed a ritual dance piece with four or five other women musicians. Not only does this growth of a community enable women musicians to work and grow with their peers but also provides depth and variety of tone for the listener's benefit improving

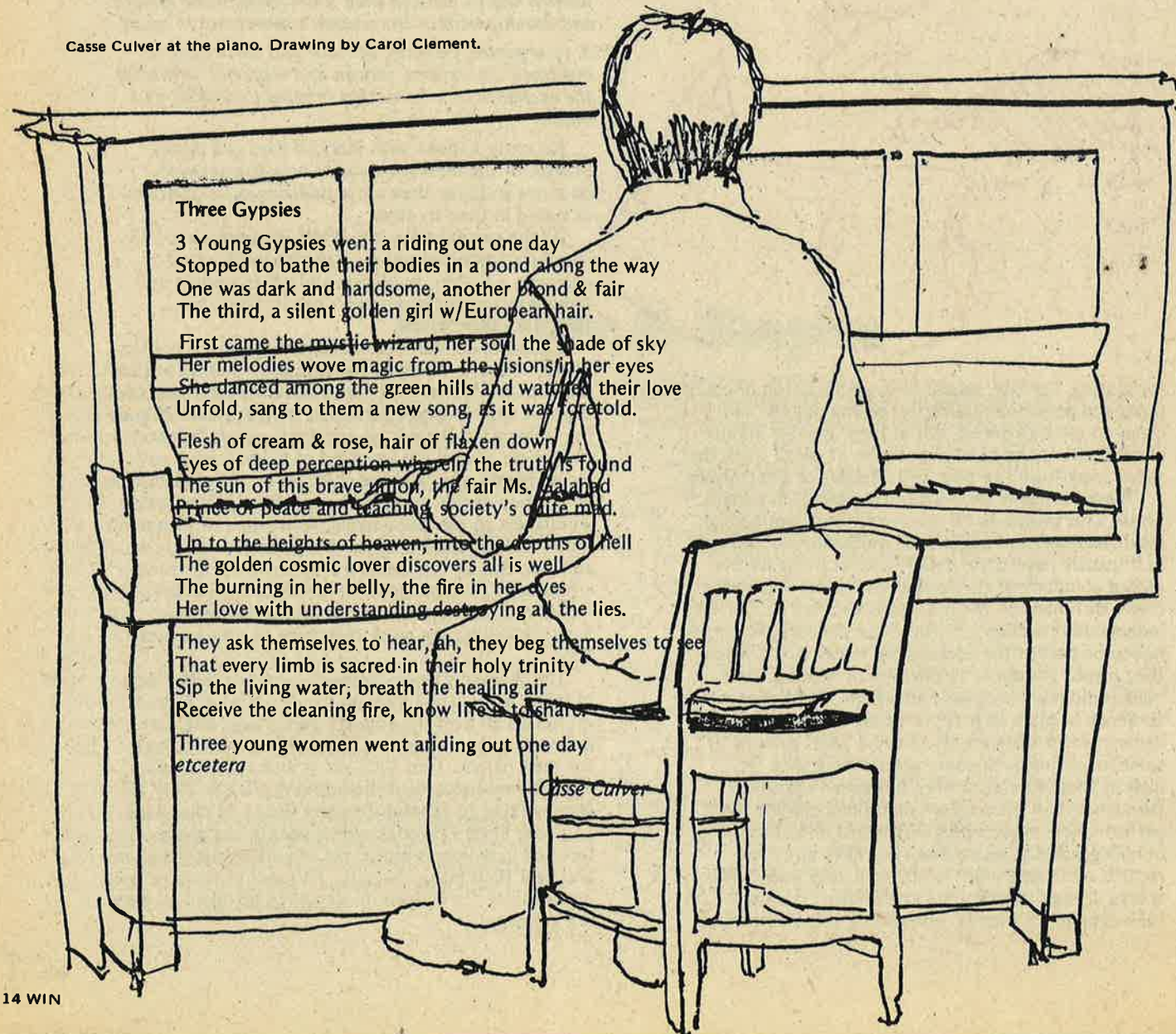
the quality of the music immensely. And the Women's Music Network plans to expand this dialogue between women musicians, perhaps by starting a newsletter.

Lastly, the WMN is beginning to take an active role in expanding women's knowledge about music and women's role in musical history. Members have given workshops at conferences and schools educating women about all facets of music including how to produce a record within a non-commercial culture, how to compose, how to set up a women's music network and how to work sound systems.

Like most women's groups it struggles along meeting expenses by sharing the gate with the artists it supports. No one works at it full-time which of course limits the work it can do. But its members are ambitious and seem very dedicated to the growth of a women's musical culture.

The prospects of what can be done with women's music excite me. The more I get into living an independent women's lifestyle the more I need music to ease the hassles between me and the outside world. But at the same time popular music appeals to me less and is less relevant to what I'm thinking or feeling. I'm glad that at this time there are efforts being made to connect me with the women musicians who can speak to me.

Casse Culver at the piano. Drawing by Carol Clement.



Three Gypsies

3 Young Gypsies went a riding out one day
Stopped to bathe their bodies in a pond along the way
One was dark and handsome, another blond & fair
The third, a silent golden girl w/European hair.

First came the mystic wizard, her soul the shade of sky
Her melodies wove magic from the visions in her eyes
She danced among the green hills and watched their love
Unfold, sang to them a new song, as it was foretold.

Flesh of cream & rose, hair of flaxen down
Eyes of deep perception where the truth is found
The sun of this brave union, the fair Ms. bearded
Prince of Peace and teaching society's outcast mad.

Up to the heights of heaven, into the depths of hell
The golden cosmic lover discovers all is well
The burning in her belly, the fire in her eyes
Her love with understanding destroying all the lies.

They ask themselves to hear, ah, they beg themselves to see
That every limb is sacred in their holy trinity
Sip the living water, breath the healing air
Receive the cleaning fire, know life is to share.

Three young women went a riding out one day
etcetera

Casse Culver

An Interview:

Carol Grosberg on Lesbian Theater

KARLA JAY

I met Carol Grosberg about five years ago. I first remember her as a dynamic force behind *Rat* magazine, on which we both worked after the women had seized it. Carol's real love, however, was not the magazine, although she worked hard and long on it, but the theater, and almost before I knew it, she had recruited me into doing feminist guerrilla theater. My career as a feminist actress was short-lived, unfortunately, as you will hear in the interview, but Carol went on to form other groups, and most recently she was one of the three members of the Womanspace Theater Workshop which produced, wrote, and performed the play *Cycles*. I and apparently the rest of the all-woman audience thought the play was marvelous. (See my review of the play in WIN, 6/13/74.) Aside from the beauty and craft of *Cycles* itself, the play awakened in me visions of a feminist culture, in which the theater will have a large part. Therefore, I invited Carol to drop over to my apartment to rap about herself and about the theater, and I'm now inviting you to eavesdrop on our conversation, which I recorded with her permission.

Karla: What happened on your way to Lesbian theater?
Carol: I don't have any kind of background in theater. I think I was brought up like a lot of middle class people in not having any kind of understanding of the arts. No one in the family was artistic, and I felt the theater was rather frivolous. Kids could paint and dance until they got old enough to do things that were more serious and worthwhile, and then they stopped.

And although I was always very interested in theater, I maintained that sort of feeling until I saw the Bread and Puppet Theater up at the Putney School with Peter Schumann [its director], and I was transported by it. They did a toten-dance [a death dance which Peter first had done on the streets in Germany] and from then on, it was completely magical. The next summer I saw them on the streets here, and I realized that politics and art could go together, and so then it was all right to do something which was considered closer to the field of art. I remember that first year too, after I had managed to help Peter sell some of his block prints, he asked me in his indirect way if I knew any people who might like to work with the Bread and Puppet Theater, and I thought and thought and thought, and I couldn't think of anywho who I thought was extraordinary and talented enough to work with them. As I realized later, that was his very indirect way of inviting me to do it, but it seemed like the furthest thing in the world from anything I could do. So I became involved with them off and on for eight or nine years and eventually I went to Europe with them for eight months.

Karla Jay is a frequent contributor to WIN. Her next anthology, After You're Out (co-edited by Allen Young) will be published in November by Links Books.

While I was in Europe, I became very close to a British woman who was a very militant feminist, and she traveled with us for a while. Then I decided to get involved with the Women's Movement when I came back to this country, and I wanted to do women's theater, although I wasn't quite sure what that meant. But I knew that I wanted to do theater with women, and I think it was in that Fall that the Burning City Women did a women's play, which was probably one of the first women's plays which was presented: It was episodes from their own lives. So that year, several women who were working on *Rat* got together for several sessions and didn't know what we were doing and didn't quite believe we should be doing it anyhow. And one of them broke her rib and went off to California (we won't mention names, but her initials were KJ), and I tried several times after that to start a women's theater group. A group Jeriann Hilderley tried to form from Burning City Theater called themselves Painted Women Theater and stayed together for about a year and managed to put together one play which we performed.

And then I ran into a Native American woman whom I had known from the Open Theater—I was close to several of the people in the Open Theater. I saw her in the street one day, and she said: "Do you know anyone who's doing women's theater?" And as I said in our play (*Cycles*), I said to her: "Can you imagine women's theater with Third-World and white women?" (Laughter) And that was the beginning of a collaboration between the three of us—Laura, who had been active in Weathermen and who came out of a Left background, and Muriel, who had very strong connections with both her family and Native American culture and who was managing to do the extraordinary thing of being a professional in the theater world without giving up in any way her claim and her attachment to her own culture.

So we worked for a year together and didn't quite know what we were doing. Then Laura said that she had to leave soon, so we put together a piece before she left and we decided it would be about the first eight months we were together—juxtaposing things from our own lives (scenes of how we came to be who we are) with the development of our relationship with each other (how when one meets new people, one has fantasies about each other, and about how the others see us—beginning there and breaking down the distance, that separateness to a place where we felt a great attachment to each other and what the breaking down of those barriers means). That's what *Cycles* was about.

We were very surprised how much it seemed to mean to women and how well it was received, and people thought that it must have been so difficult to put together. It was so intricate; it seemed to combine (which we felt it did too) a kind of standard of theater and art together with a very strong personal and political statement. And it was difficult to say to people: "No, you know it wasn't that we took months and months and months working out the intricacies of this." It was because we were working in a very organic way with the materials of our lives. It was a completely intuitive

piece. It wasn't worked out—we went over parts and knew when things didn't feel right and we would take out things or rearrange things, but it wasn't a meticulous going over of each part that people thought it would have to be to create a work that finished.

Karla: The real struggle went on before you actually got to the piece.

Carol: That's right. The best material came from things that happened outside the workshop—misunderstandings that we had because of cultural differences, because of the places we each came from, the way we perceived each other from our own backgrounds, and beginning to talk those things through. I think that I would like any theater I do after this to be a little less literal, and more impressionistic. I'd like there to be more movement, more music and less verbal storytelling. I think there is a way in which the nonliteral can go deeper because you don't have those cerebral defenses set up.

Karla: Are you aiming at what Antonin Artaud was talking about—theater as a complete experience? (I hate to quote a man!)

Carol: Oh, absolutely. In fact, one of the things we have to do is take valid experience from wherever we can find it, and then shape it as our own. I think that the greatest male artists were androgynous: in order to create great art a man has to have a very large element of feminine sensibility or feminine spirit, and I think it would be a terrible waste for us to think that we have to start all over again. I mean that there are men who have important things to say. We have to have enough confidence to take what's valid and throw away what isn't. I think that's the fear that a lot of women have—that we won't know how to separate out what's valid and what's shit, so the tendency is to say that it's all shit.

Karla: What kind of theater are you working on now?

Carol: Well, I want to do lesbian theater—woman-identified theater. I think the latter term makes more sense.

Karla: There's really no good word for us. You moved from male theater to feminist theater and now to lesbian theater. Is this shift a natural development of your lifestyle or were there some difficulties in working with straight women? Obviously, you're making a division.

Carol: I mean it's hard to tell. I do feel that there were some difficulties, although I wouldn't have traded the few years I worked with Muriel and Laura for anything. I can't say that if I had at all known, I would have worked with lesbians. That was terribly important, and I feel a tremendous attachment to both women, and I always will. We were very honest in a lot of the things that we explored. But there were a lot of barriers, and I think that if you want to go very deep into an exploration, there's a very big difference between women who are male-identified and women who are women-identified, and that it gets in the way of so many different things.

Now I want to work with women who have a sense of their own strength and their own value as women, who understand something of how we've been formed by a male culture, the ways we've reacted to it, and the ways we've been destroyed by it. We need to begin searching for a way not only of rebellion but of alternatives—how do we become stronger as women-identified women in a society that in every aspect tries to destroy any kind of independence or any kind of deviation from the norm?

Karla: And you're trying to express these politics in theater form?

Carol: Yes, and it's interesting. Yesterday I was driving a taxi (I'm a cab driver), and I happened to drive a customer, who was a male painter, out to the airport. We got into this whole discussion about art and politics. And he said, "Well, if you have a direct political intention, you can't create a good art." And I think that that's been true to a large extent, but that's because art's been defined as a male art within a whole masculine culture.

Karla: Then what you're saying is that a political/cultural split is a male trip; it's a false dichotomy.

Carol: That's exactly what I'm saying, Karla. (Laughter) I really believe that with all my heart. The deeper we can go into our private souls, the more universal will be the message or the communication that comes out of it.

You take the simplest, most everyday kind of problem, which every woman has. For example, we were talking before you turned the tape on about paranoia. Paranoia pervades women's lives. I've just discovered it in my own life and in talking about it with other women. If we were to explore this sort of private hell of continual distrust and apprehension, I would find that my perceptions of it are something that are shared by most women. And maybe in beginning to explore it theatrically and nonverbally with music and dance, we would be able to exorcise some of the hold that that kind of paranoid way of looking at the world has.

Now you said before that a lot of the paranoia is justified, and I think that's true, but I think some of it isn't. For example, if I had a lot of conflicts about loving someone, and some of those conflicts would come out as negative towards that person. If that person were paranoid, she could see it as a kind of malevolence towards her. In fact, it was really an expression of my own conflict about loving.

Karla: How are you going to get these feelings into theater? Will your new theater also be "organically grown?"

Carol: Oh, absolutely. I can't imagine working any other way.

Karla: And will it also be multi-dimensional—music, songs, and everything?

Carol: I think so. The group I'm going to be working with has a lot of feeling about music and movement. I certainly want to work with them myself.

Karla: What are some of the technical problems you have doing women's theater? Is it difficult to get a place? Would you rather work on a regular stage or do you just need an area?

Carol: I don't know whether you'd call it a technical problem or not, but I think the most difficult problem comes back again to our contact with other women. Let me give you an example from *Cycles*. When we would go someplace to perform, we simply were not taken seriously as a professional group, not only by the theater departments, but by the feminists themselves on the campus. I mean it's something we're all familiar with: we're angry and rebelling against the Man and at the same time we've bought some of the beliefs that the Man has about ourselves. So consequently women don't know how to get money from the campuses, and they don't really demand the same kind of standards from their own cultural groups: I mean they want good theater or music, but they often express contempt for any kind of thing which we'd call "professional." The anti-professionalism is really valid because professional-

ism in the old terms means *male* professionalism, but in a lot of places we haven't found an alternative and it's the old proverbial throwing out the baby with the bathwater. That sort of thing.

Or they want things for almost nothing. I think that's one of the really difficult questions within the Movement; How do we support our own culture? It's true that there's not much money within the community. Yet, our culture's going to flourish. Unfortunately, we live in a culture where money is needed. That's a big question: What kind of financial demands does a revolutionary lesbian/feminist group ask of its audience?

Karla: Why do you think that now in an era where lesbian political groups seem to be floundering that our culture is flourishing so much?

Carol: Well, I think the first part of the Women's Movement was absolutely essential. But the beginning of things has a certain rhythm and euphoria of that discovery, and once that period is over, people find out that there's an awful lot of shit to deal with and find, for example, that the fantasy of sisterhood is somewhat more complex and difficult than simply saying: "I love all my sisters." Working together, we're the children of 5000 years of competitiveness and distrust, and with two years in the Women's Movement that doesn't all fall away. And there was a kind of naive expectation the first two years that it would all go away and it didn't, and I don't consider this a retreat at all but rather another step, this breaking down into small groups working with people, whom you can trust and whom you know. I think an art begins to develop as a culture develops.

One thing I haven't talked about theater is how closely it is connected with the arts women are developing. It's really a sacred art and movement—it touches on the deepest and most universal experiences, and there's a way in which we're finding our way back to the origins of art which lie in a sort of religious expression.

Karla: Are you talking about rites of passage and so forth?

Carol: Yes. In a way, the political theater that is being done in the Women's Movement has brought a political purposefulness together with a creative, intuitive source for that political expression, and what's happening now is that theater is becoming a sort of exorcism—a recognition through participation in that theater. More and more the barriers won't be there, and the audience will participate.

And it does have to do with exploring our sickness and understanding it and exorcising it and finding new forms and in a kind of intuitive way discovering them. The origins of myths is in ritual. The myth which was spoken was correlative of the rite which was acted out. It was only later that the myth became an explanation of the rite and it was completely separated, and that's supposedly the source of all literature and poetry. We're sort of coming back to that. It's not a going backwards, but it's a finding of those deepest places and finding them for ourselves in the context of Western society, of women in 1974 in a highly technological country, trying to find out how to use that and not be destroyed by it.

It's important to see that we do have roots and a past. We can't survive if we live in that past. We have to find a way of bringing from that past what is relevant to us and combining it with our present experience. And that will be the new thing for our kind of place, and that's what our theater is about.



Carol Grosberg. Photo by Rose Jordan.

The Need for a Lesbian History

BY June Rook

The suppression of an oppressed group's history is probably one of the most effective methods of maintaining and ensuring that oppression. Without an historical or cultural background people cannot authenticate their identities or provide role models which instill feelings of validation and self-worth. In his futuristic novel, *1984*, George Orwell portrayed clearly how this suppression of personal and cultural history helps destroy the human personality and creates instead a mindless, obedient, monolithic block of sub-human creatures.

Therefore, when an oppressed people begin to cast off their oppression, they must begin to find and control their own history. This process has been evident in the past two decades in the Black liberation movement, and more recently in the women's liberation movement. For example, many Blacks have reclaimed their African cultural heritage, worked to spread knowledge of Black people of historical importance and created numerous Black studies programs in schools, colleges and in their communities.

Similarly, many feminists have begun digging into the past for information about ancient matriarchies and many are researching biographies about women of more recent times. Some women have also become involved in setting up women's studies programs in both establishment colleges and universities and also in grassroots alternative universities and "women's schools."

And now that the first wave of gay liberation has passed, we lesbians must also reclaim our cultural heritage and our lost history. We must smash the false mirror-image of ourselves held up to us by our oppressors.

We should no longer have to hear that all too familiar story—my story, and that of countless others who in the anguish and confusion of our emerging sexual feelings (and unable to tell anyone about those feelings) ran to the library or the bookstore and searched for some supportive, calming information on what it means to be a lesbian. But at best we found condescending, journalistic reports of the sordidness and sleaziness of the "gay underworld," by such writers as Jess Stearn and Donald Webster Cory. At

June Rook lives in New York City. She is currently trying to resurrect "lost" lesbians.

worst, we found the medical and psychological texts that dealt with lesbianism as a pathology—an ugly aberration that our "enlightened" society attempted to "correct," sometimes with the aid of methods such as electric shock therapy, institutionalization, or lobotomy. In some cases the libraries refused to put even those books out on the shelves. And of course, how many of us dared ask for them?

The situation now is improved at least somewhat. There are books written by gay sisters and brothers which provide a more realistic and supportive picture of our lives, but we still have a long way to go. For every book on gay liberation on the shelves there are still four or five by people like Caprio, Bieber and Hatterer who either try to change us or describe us as less than fully human.

But we are working to change our obscurity and the distortions about our lives into a visible, tangible, lesbian culture. In many places in the United States and in Canada, lesbians are organizing in order to recreate, gather, research and maintain our history which was mostly destroyed by a homophobic heterosexist society. In California, the Lost Angeles History Collective, which was started in early 1974, is studying matriarchies, witchcraft and lesbian culture.

In Chicago, a lesbian library called the New Alexandria Library for Lesbianwomen has recently opened. At present it consists of a lending library of almost 200 books, a reference section including bibliographies, and an audio section containing tapes of music, poetry and interviews. The library is currently being run on a voluntary basis by four women.

And in New York City, the Lesbian Herstory Archives have been formed and the women involved are collecting and cataloguing material by lesbians. In addition, there are numerous lesbian newspapers appearing monthly in most major cities and in many smaller ones. Some lesbians have even begun collecting their own private archives which, hopefully, they will someday share with other sisters.

Although most of Sappho's poetry has been lost to us—burned by the early Church fathers—there exists a large body of work by lesbians that is virtually untapped and that is in need of research and restoration. This includes the works of women such as Renee Vivien, Romaine Brooks, Radclyffe Hall, Wanda Landowska, Marie Laurencin, Liane de Pongy, Eliza-

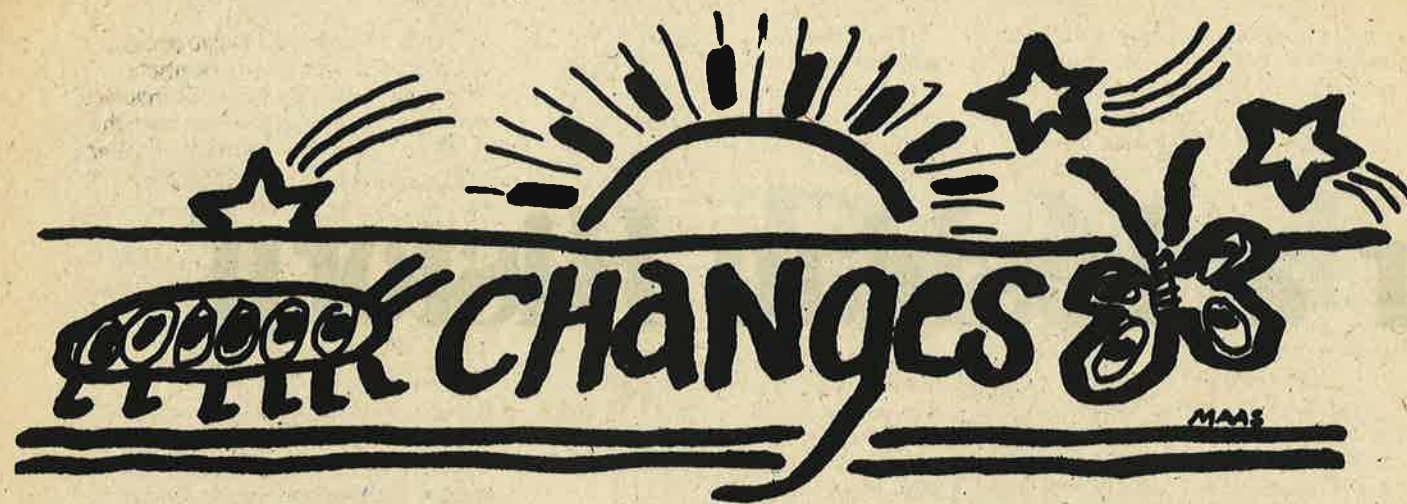
beth de Gramont and others. We must also "rediscover" those lesbians whose very existence and whose contributions are as yet unknown to us. For example, many of us have heard of Rosa Bonheur, a major 19th century artist, but how many of us have heard of her companion of some 40 years, Nathalie Micas. Micas was an extraordinary woman—a sculptor, herbalist, veterinarian and village "medicine-woman" (who used her own inventions in her practice) as well as a patented inventor who created the Micas brake for steam locomotives.

Lesbian archives should have several purposes. One goal should be the establishment and preservation of all kinds, in all media—books, diaries, newspapers, letters, pamphlets, posters, microfilm, tape recordings, video tapes and artwork by lesbian artists. Another goal is to ensure that our material is used by us—that is, we must guard against the misuse of the material by those who may seek in some way to distort it and discredit us. To do this we must remain as independent as possible. We must guard against accepting funding from any source that will try to dictate who (i.e., academics only, or those with credentials of some kind) can have access to our material. Hopefully, even if we must remain small at first, word of our successes will spread and other lesbian groups will form for the same purposes. Eventually, we might be able to put out publications such as lesbian history newsletters and magazines through which we can share our discoveries with our gay sisters in other areas.

Another way we can encourage the growth of lesbian history is to work for, even demand, the institution of lesbian and gay studies programs in our colleges, schools and community centers. Also, we can check out our local libraries—if they are lacking in information about lesbians, we must demand that they acquire books on lesbianism which are written by lesbians. We must organize wherever we can to reach as many of our sisters as possible, for almost as important as reviving our culture and passing it on to each other, is the establishment of a body of creative works about the lesbian experience *that has been created by lesbians*. We must no longer tolerate being defined as "the Other" by straights. Our history is an ongoing process—the more works we have by lesbians, the more lesbian history we will have. And it is up to us to make sure that there exists a plethora of positive, knowledgeable, supportive, and *first-hand* material for our sisters.



Drawing by June Rook.



SUSAN SAXE PLEADS GUILTY TO BANK ROBBERY: STILL FACES ROBBERY & MURDER CHARGES IN BOSTON

Susan Saxe pleaded guilty on June 9 in US District Court to charges of bank robbery, conspiracy and theft. In exchange for the guilty plea, the government has agreed that Saxe will not be compelled to testify, even under a grant of immunity, in any proceeding about events that occurred from 1969 to the present.

Pre-trial hearings in the previous week had seen the introduction of extensive evidence against Saxe, including letters that she had written to Katherine Power about the 1970 Philadelphia bank robbery. Power is still free and is listed on the FBI's ten most wanted list.

Saxe had eluded capture for 4½ years while she was on the ten most wanted list until March 27, 1975 when she was picked up in Philadelphia. She pleaded guilty to charges of bank robbery, conspiracy and possession of a molotov cocktail in the holdup of the Philadelphia Bell Savings and Loan Association and to theft and related crimes at the Newburyport, Mass. Arsenal.

Judge Alfred L. Luongo said that Saxe could be sentenced to up to 40 years in prison and fined up to \$30,000 for these crimes, but the government recommended prison terms of not more than 10 and 2 years to be served concurrently. The government also agreed not to prosecute Saxe "for any possible involvement in bank robberies in Evanston, Ill., and Beverly Hills, California in August 1970" or for alleged purchases of weapons in Portland, Oregon.

Luongo said that he would delay the actual sentencing until Saxe is tried in Massachusetts on state charges of bank robbery and murder for the September 26, 1970 holdup in Boston that resulted in the death of police-

man Walter Schroeder.

"The sentences are based on the government's understanding that I will give them nothing, ever, not in ten years, not in a hundred years," Saxe said in a prepared eight page statement that she read to the court.

"Over the last five years," the statement read in part, "I, like many other women who came to politics through socialist, anti-racist and anti-imperialist causes, have changed, have grown, have emerged a feminist. I am no longer content to be just one strong woman fighting for a revolution which, though it is just and necessary, does not speak to my own highest aspirations, my own most personal and immediate needs. I have emerged a feminist, a lesbian, a woman-identified woman.

"But most importantly, my feminism does not permit me to collaborate in order to reduce the amount of time I will have to spend in prison. The agreement I am entering into today is made on the condition that I will never testify against Kathy Power or give information concerning anyone I have known or known about in the past five years.

"My feminism does not drive me into the arms of the state but even further from it. Feminism is not collaboration.

"My guilty plea is predicated on my understanding that as of this date the government has agreed to end its investigation in Philadelphia. . . The government would never have agreed to end its investigation here if it had any hope of success. We have made it clear to them that we are together and unafraid, that our community is closed to their threats, closed to their lies, closed to divisive tactics, that we will stand together and protect what is ours, our homes, our organizations, our friends and lovers, our private lives."

—LNS

BOBBY WILLIAMS TO GO FREE

Bobby Lee Williams, imprisoned civil rights leader from Cairo, Illinois, will be released from federal prison on August 20, 1975. The decision to release Williams came yesterday at a hearing of the US Board of Parole. The hearing was held at the US Penitentiary at Terre Haute, Indiana, where Williams has been imprisoned since last September.

Mrs. Betty Lee, chairwoman of the National Committee to Free Bobby Williams, said the decision was "a victory for Bobby's family, his friends, and the thousands of people who worked so hard for his freedom." Mrs. Lee said she had hoped Williams would be released immediately, and she urged Williams' supporters to continue to contact the parole board and the prison. "We must make sure Bobby is treated well until his release," she said.

Bobby Williams was sent to prison after three trials and convictions on an alleged federal gun law charge. Twice, his convictions were overturned in federal appeals courts. Each time, he was retried by special prosecutors from the Internal Security Division of the US Justice Department. The charges against Williams were originally brought during racial disturbances in Cairo, Illinois in 1971.

On the day Williams was sent to prison, his family and friends organized the National Committee to Free Bobby Williams to help him win his freedom. Later they were joined by *PROUD* and *ENGAGE* magazines, the *St. Louis American*, *Argus*, and *Post-Dispatch*, the American Civil Liberties Union, Women's International League for Peace and Freedom, many churches in Illinois and Missouri, and many individuals across the nation. A month before Williams' parole hearing, Daniel Berrigan and William Kunstler urged Williams' freedom be-

fore five hundred people at a Rally to Free Bobby Williams in St. Louis. At that rally, Williams made his own plea for freedom via long-distance telephone from the Terre Haute prison.

—News Desk

DACHAU DOCTOR ESCAPES HIS PAST

Last September the US Immigration and Naturalization Service removed Dr. Hubertus Strughold from its list of "Reported Nazi War Criminals Living in the United States."

Strughold, as head of Germany's Institute for Aviation Medicine, was directly responsible for the deaths of at least 500 persons at Dachau concentration camp from 1942-44. The victims, mostly Jews, Gypsies, and Russian POW's, were subjected to simulated high altitude/low pressure conditions, exposed to freezing cold, or forced to drink sea water. (According to the Nuremberg War Crimes Tribunal, 90 prisoners died outright during the freezing experiments, while another 200 who survived were executed so that autopsies could be performed.)

Strughold was slated to stand trial at Nuremberg in 1946 but his name was mysteriously removed from the list of defendants. It was later revealed that he had been secretly employed by that time as a "scientific collaborator" with the US Air Force.

From 1947 to 1968, Strughold was employed by the US Air Force and NASA. He was head of NASA's Aerospace Medical Division until 1968 and is known as the "Father of US Space Medicine." Strughold is also the only person ever to hold the "Professor of Space Medicine" title at the US Air Force Academy.

Currently he is a consultant at the Brooks Air Force base in Texas. —CPF

UNEMPLOYMENT AMONG BLACK PEOPLE HITS ALL-TIME HIGH

The black unemployment rate rose to 25.7% in the first three months of 1975, according to a National Urban League report released in early June. a record 2.0 million black people were unemployed during this period.

The figures were based on a "hidden unemployment index" which includes workers who have become discouraged and are no longer actively seeking employment, as well as part time workers who would like full time work. Both categories are excluded from the Department of Labor's unemployment figures. But even their listing of 1.5 million black unemployed workers during the first quarter of 1975 was an all-time high.

The Urban League report points out that the number of jobs held by black persons decreased by 436,000 in the first quarter of the year, while the number of blacks listed by the government as officially unemployed increased only 329,000. "In short, 107,000 blacks gave up looking for work and dropped out of the labor force entirely."

Furthermore, the report continues, "Blacks accounted for almost all of the increase in unemployment in the nation during the latter half of the first quarter of 1975. Of the 49,000 new officially unemployed workers between February and March, 47,000 were black.

Other highlights in the report include the following:

*Black unemployment in poverty areas is an estimated 50% and even higher for teenagers.

*Joblessness among Vietnam veterans 20 to 24 years old rose to 30% in the first quarter of 1975, from 22.7% in the last quarter of 1974.

*The unemployment rate of married black males, usually least affected among blacks by economic downturns, doubled from 5% or 172,000 individuals, in the last quarter of 1974, to 9.8% or 338,000 by March, 1975.

—LNS

CONVICTION

Zsuzsanna Budapest, a radical feminist witch in Santa Monica, California, has been convicted of fortune telling by a Santa Monica municipal court. Budapest maintains that as a "bona fide religious representative" she is exempt from the section of law prohibiting fortune telling and believes that her arrest and conviction are political harassment brought about by her activities as an organizer in the Venice radical feminist community. She will appeal the verdict.

—Her-self

DID THE CIA. . . . ?

The *Daily News* lead story June 13 headed *CIA burglaries in NYC bared*, prompted WRL to demand an immediate investigation of the still-unsolved burglary of its office on May 9, 1969. The demand was made to Mayor Beame, because the *Daily News* story established "a clear link between the CIA and the New York City police department." Police had investigated the 1969 burglary of the peace organization, but without results.

The *Daily News* story dealt only with "selected burglaries" against pro-Castro followers on Manhattan's upper West Side."

But War Resisters League pointed out in its letter to Mayor Beame: "While our organization is not involved in the Cuban issue, it follows that the CIA must have been involved in other political burglaries in New York City." And the burglary of the peace organization's office could have been only political, since the only thing stolen was the membership files. —Jim Peck

ACTIONS SPEAK LOUDER DEPT.

Another European country is now offering its banks as tax havens and shields from the eyes of prying investigators. Its English-language guide book stresses, "The secrecy of your account is guaranteed by law. No kind of tax is due for the amount in your account."

There's no interest for small depositors, but over \$10,000 brings returns up to 7%.

Liechtenstein? Andorra? Luxembourg? Nope, Hungary.

—Dollars and Sense

ROCKY GOES UNDERGROUND



Boston's *Real Paper*, one of the most successful alternative papers in the United States, has been sold for a reported \$321,000.

The new owner of the *Real Paper* is a corporate group known as P.R.Q. Incorporated. The second largest stockholder in P.R.Q. is none other than David Rockefeller, Junior, who holds 22 percent of the stock. Rockefeller is the son of the Chairman of the Board of the Chase-Manhattan Bank, and the nephew of the Vice President of the United States.

—WIN Alternatives Bureau

BRUTALIZED WIVES HAVE NO LEGAL RECOURSE

Women who are beaten, knifed, sexually mutilated or otherwise attacked by their husbands have virtually no legal protection or recourse, according to a recent study conducted by University of Michigan law students Sue Eisenberg and Pat Micklow.

The Michigan-based study includes interviews with twenty women who have been victims of assaults by their husbands, and with police, prosecutors, and judges. Although limited, the study exposes the widespread occurrence of wife assault as well as official policies used to sidestep prosecution.

According to the study, the official response is that although "wife beating," with or without a weapon, carries a misdemeanor assault and battery charge, "it's perceived as a domestic disturbance, as a social problem that somehow the woman tolerates, or provokes, or likes in some way."

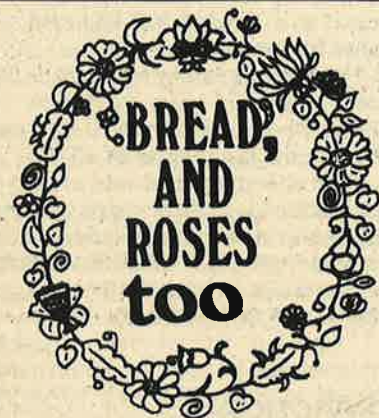
Eight of the twenty husbands involved in the study had previous criminal records of assault, although none had been convicted of assaulting

The times really are a changin', but not necessarily for the better. There are no more Executive Protection Service cops hanging out in front of the Saigon Embassy in Dee-see anymore. In fact, unless you knew it was there (possibly having been among the thousands who attempted unsuccessfully, to stage a demonstration there), you might walk right by it. Hanging over the area of the building where a sign once read "Embassy of the Republic of Vietnam" is a hastily lettered, hand drawn sign that says, simply, "closed." Certainly a nice sign, as closed signs go, when you think of all that went into getting it there. But while the cops have stopped guarding the Saigon embassy, they've begun to stake out the Embassy of Iran, an edifice just up the street which the adjective gaudy comes close to describing, yet doesn't quite capture the singular vacuity of the place. The cops are guarding it pretty much every day now, and they had their hands full when the fascist pshaw (sic) of Iran came to visit. Hundreds of Iranian students came from around the country to protest the repression in Iran that has caused thousands of revolutionaries and just plain dissenters to be locked up. Now that Thieu has fallen, the US is diverting its money, and embassy police, to prop up another two bit dictator. And stopping the ruling class from doing it is going to be much harder than in Vietnam, because there is a tremendous amount of American capital at stake in the Middle East. . . . That's not to say that American capitalists didn't lose something when Vietnam finally rose. The difference is that what was lost was essentially *markets* rather than capital investment. *Rolling Stone* has quoted the record industry trade magazine *Billboard* as mourning the "loss of a major market" now that all the

their wives. Eighty per cent of the women interviewed sought immediate police protection from their husbands, but despite repeated complaints, only one arrest was made.

In discussing police handling of these assault cases, Eisenberg quoted from the International Association of Police Chiefs' training bulletin used as a guide by Michigan police:

"Avoid arrest if possible. Appeal to the woman's vanity. Explain the procedure of issuing a warrant . . . and the cost of the court. Explain that [women's] attitudes [about pressing charges] usually change by court time. Attempt to smooth feelings, pacify the parties. Remember, the officer should never create a police problem where



Americans have left Vietnam, presumably with their stereotypes. Three hundred million dollars worth of records a year was what they were taking in for a while. . . . One of the biggest takers of all in the record industry is Warner Communications, which controls the labels Warner, Elektra, Atlantic, Reprise, Asylum and a host of others and, as a result, controls a lot of who and what you get to hear. True to the nature of an all absorbing conglomerate, they are also beginning to control what you read, especially if you've been reading *Ms.* magazine. According to the *Redstockings of the Women's Liberation Movement*, a radical feminist group which has been researching *Ms.* Magazine's and Gloria Steinem's connections with corporate capitalism, Warner Communications owns 25% of the Stock in *Ms.*, having invested a cool million into the operation. And if you've been wondering why *Ms.* devoted a cover story to *Wonder Woman*, the army intelligence agent of comic book fame, it might become a little clearer when you find out that *Wonder Woman* herself is owned by, yup, Warner Communications. The Redstockings also have documented that, despite Steinem's denials, she

there is only a family problem existing."

According to the study, prosecutors either try to pacify the victim or insist that she show her sincerity about pressing charges by starting divorce proceedings. One prosecutor interviewed for the study suggested the following course of action:

"These girls (sic) come to me and I know I can't offer them any protection. I ask them, 'will your husband be angry when he comes out of prison?' She says yes, and I put my arm around her and walk her to the door and tell her, 'I can't give you any protection. Don't you think that for you safety and your children's safety that you better try to patch up the marriage.'"

—LNS

filed reports on communist oriented students while working on a CIA funded project in the early and middle sixties. Steinem's connections with the CIA, long rumored, are documented in a press release the Redstockings are making available by writing them at PO Box 413, New Paltz, New York 12461. They also plan to publish a journal called *Feminist Revolution* and are soliciting subscriptions. . . . The FBI has begun to take a role in suppressing labor militancy in Puerto Rico, according to a recent story in *Liberation News Service*. Striking cement workers in that American colony have been questioned by agents who want to know where the strike support money is coming from. Pickets have been fired on by company hired scabs, but you can bet that the FBI won't do anything about that. If you know a group you work with that would like to keep up with the news, it should consider subscribing to LNS. They have monthly rates for movement groups, papers, and institutions, and are struggling to keep going. If you think that you might be able to sell a sub to a political group or newspaper or even a library, drop a line to LNS at 160 Claremont Avenue, New York, NY 10027. . . . If you have any extra money yourself, you should scoot it along to this magazine pronto. The fund appeal seems to have been going okay so far, unlike so many others from organizations on the left. And there's a reason for that. More than any other publication that I know of, WIN's readers feel that *they* are the magazine. And we are, of course. To keep it that way, send some bucks along before you put this issue down. . . . That's it for now. If you'd like to see something in Bread and Roses Too, drop a line to 1724 20th Street NW, Washington, Dee-see 20009.

—Brian Doherty

People's Bulletin Board

Free if no \$ involved but limited to 20 words. Otherwise \$2 every 10 words.

PUBLICATIONS

READ THE GUARDIAN—newsweekly gives MARXIST viewpoint on national and international news. Special 8-week trial sub., \$1.00. GUARDIAN, Dept. W1, 33 West 17th St., NY, NY 10011. (Full year \$12.50, student \$7.50.)

Where can you find Gene Sharp, Barbara Dane, Gandhi & Mother Jones all together? In the GoodBox Catalog, along with a batch of vegetarian cookbooks and much more. The catalog is free from GoodBox, Box 437-W, Boston, MA 02102.

New free catalog of 90 audiotapes of the radical arts and political analysis: GREAT ATLANTIC RADIO CONSPIRACY, 2743 Maryland Ave., Baltimore, MD 21218.

PRODUCTS

Women's and other political records. Willie Tyson, Meg Christian, The Human Condition, Victor Jara and others. We're an anti-capitalist, collectively run store. Bread and Roses Community Music Center, 1724 20th Street NW, Dupont Circle, Columbia (DC) 20009.

NONCOMPETITIVE GAMES for children and adults. Play together not against each other. Free catalog; Family Pastimes, Boissevain, Manitoba, Canada R0K0E0.

Golfers'/Fishermen Save—July/August Only! Northstar Range Finder will help lower your Strokes, shows distance from Ball to Hole, No. GPR-700, \$5.95. Personalized Range Finder, two lines, Gold Letters, Maximum 17 characters and spaces per line, No. GP-10, \$7.95. Featherweight Space Saver Golf Bag eliminates need for "Hard to Get" Caddy or Golf bag cart, No. GB-8000, \$5.95. Self-Propelled Fish Lure swims under its own power with a tantalizing insect-like sound, that fish can't resist, No. 1082, \$2.75. Extra Fuel Pellets, No. 1083, \$0.85. Rush Order To: TONYCOTONE, Dept. G10, 5210 Palco Place, College Park, Maryland 20740.

OPPORTUNITIES

NEW PALTZ-KINGSTON AREA WIN READERS: WIN has all sorts of Jobs Ideal for volunteers (stuffing envelopes, proof-reading, etc.). If you have some extra time and want to help give a call—339-4585—and come on over. Intangible benefits provided.

STAFF OPENING: DIRECTOR OF YOUTH ACTION—Persons should have ability to create and administer the organization of action projects relating to nonviolence, militarism, conscience and peace and justice concerns. Presently the youth program focuses on militarism in education, counter-recruitment, amnesty and nonviolence. Position requires public speaking, group work and willingness to travel part time. Commitment to pacifism and social change through active nonviolence a must. Send resume to: Fellowship of Reconciliation, Box 271, Nyack, NY 10960. Tel.: (914) 358-4601.

New Midwest research institute seeks unselfish, socially-conscious, non-careerist, MA-PhD MOVEMENT economists, political scientists, etc. MUST be able to get grants or raise funds. Semi-scholarly studies on war-peace reconversion, etc. READ Gross and Osterman "The New Professionals" pp. 33-77, Studs Terkel "Working" pp. 525-527, 537-540, Don Biggs "Breaking Out." Midwest Institute, 1206 N 6th St., 43201.

EVENTS

The Woodstock Women's Center Lecture Series: Thurs., 6/26, 8:30 pm, JUDY HOLE speaks on feminist history; Fri., 6/27, 9 pm, BARBARA DEMING and JANE GAPIN read poetry; Thurs., 7/3, 8:30 pm, ANDREA DWORKIN speaks on rape, at 59 S Tinker St., Woodstock, NY. Admission \$2.00. All women welcome.

ANNUAL SMOKE-IN July 4th, Washington DC. Free pot and free music! Youth International Party.

HELP!

ANTI-WAR ANTHOLOGY. Wanted poems, songs, conscientious objector statements. Please send to Mark Kramrisch, 55 Camberwell Church Street, London SE5.

1 woman and 1 man, want to live on a communal farm with natural ways. Sher or Paul, Star Route 1, Box 41A, Reva, Va. 22735.

Woman, 23, wants work on sheep or horse farm, this fall. Preferably New England: Jan Ross, Box 5419, Shorewood, Wisconsin.

Wish to do volunteer work here or abroad. Jack Manno, 47 Cedar St., Apt. 9, Binghamton, NY 13905.

NYC SIMPLE LIVING—nonviolent, social change community seeks additional activists. Cluster, c/o Kendrick, 144-34 Village Road, Jamaica, NY 11435.

MISC.

ANARCHISM—Interested? Contact the Woodstock Anarchist Party, PO Box 171, Stockton, California 95206.

Circulate petition to open new hearings on JFK assassination. For petitions send (SASE) to SCIDS, Box 453, San Marcos, Ca. 92069.

HELP CREATE A LEGAL ALTERNATIVE TO PAYING WAR TAXES. Contact WPTF, 2111 Florida Ave., NW, Washington DC 20008; (202) 483-3752.

Help Save Whales billboards? Ideas, donations, graphics, etc. to Whale Billboards, 1516 Munn, Hillside, NJ 07205.

Free list Far East pen-pals. Please mention WIN in your request. Rainbow Ridge, Stehekin, WA 98852.

SAVE THE WHALES. BOYCOTT JAPANESE PRODUCTS. Free literature, bumperstickers, petitions. Animal Protection Institute, PO Box 22505, Sacramento, Cal. 95822.

BUSINESS HEAD needed at WIN. Prefer someone with publishing background and/or movement fund raising experience. Crazy hours and low pay but many intangible rewards. If you are interested, tell us something about yourself. WIN, Box 547, Rifton, NY 12471.

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ATLANTA WORKSHOP IN NON-
VIOLENCE, Box 7477, Atlanta, GA
30309
WRL PLAINS STATES, 3950 Rainbow
Rd., Kansas City, KS 66103
WRL SOUTH CENTRAL, PO Box 7161,
Austin, TX 78712

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IOWA CITY WRL, Center for Peace &
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