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New York

National

Newsletter

for Women

WOMEN'S NETWORK



EDITED BY DOROTHY FEOLA

WRITTEN BY YOU

WOMEN ONLY (212) 597-7091

Dorothy Feola
2137 Quimby Ave.
Bronx, New York
10473



ISSUE # 15. SUMMER-FALL,
1983

\$1.50

EDITORIAL

USED EGO SALESPERSONS---DOES THE LESBIAN COMMUNITY NEED THEM?

Sour grapes, yes. In my meanderings from Arizona to New York in the feminist community, I have had my run-ins with Lesbian Feminist therapists. But these are not my own sour grapes. More than one woman has told me horror stories of what her Lesbian Feminist therapist did to her.

Let's add this up. All sorts of womyn in our community go to therapists. Not psychiatrists, even, or psychologists, much less neurologists or nutritionists. Just this vague thing---counselor. An even more ambiguous thing than social worker. This, in itself, is no crime, but it is something to be kept in mind. Do any of us know exactly what the code of conduct of these womyn (and I presume in some cases, men) is? What exactly do they do? As far as I know, I could hang out my shingle and have all of you dashing to me to solve your most intimate problems. And sure, I could shoot the psychological breeze, if that didn't bore me, which it would, and for a small fee, of course.

But think about it. If we in the Lesbian community are going to a handful of womyn, spilling out guts about ourselves and our close friends and lovers, consider the information that puts into the hands of a very small group of womyn. And this is especially devastating in a community as small as the Lesbian community. The therapists get information about the Lesbian community at large that none of the rest of us are privy to. This is where I open my eyes and begin some healthy worrying. Is it healthy for the Lesbian public to give information about itself to an un-

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I

ALBRIGHT

This begins to get scary. My political belief is that
(continued on page 2)

Together
we can
Build A



NETWORK

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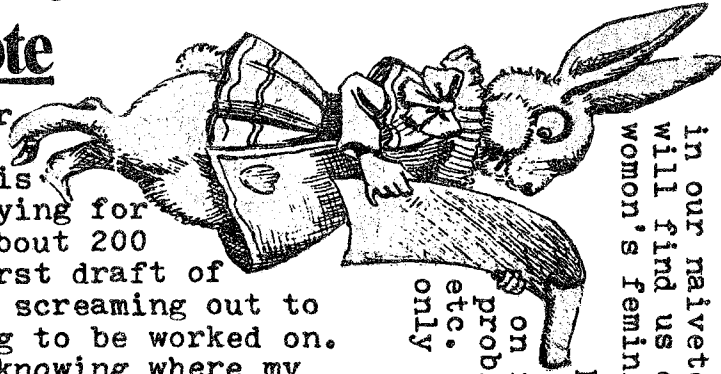
Special Consultant/Reviewer: Desi Seagull

Staff Consultant/Reviewer: Debbie Della Piana

Third World Correspondent: "Lou"

Editor's Note

Putting together this issue of the newsletter is particularly trying for me, as I have about 200 pages of the first draft of a "first novel" screaming out to me, just waiting to be worked on. But here I am, knowing where my first loyalty really lies, trying to finish this up and get it out to all of you no later than usual. As you might have noticed, our prices have gone up a bit: \$1.50 for a single issue and \$3.00 for a year's subscription. Back issues are still 50¢, and there are still quite a few of the older ones left. Be sure to make any and all checks and money orders out directly to your editor, Dorothy Feola, or they will have to be returned. We are out twice a year, with no rigid deadlines, when time and money permits. Written contributions can be submitted in just about any form of writing, we ask only that you have at least a general feminist consciousness, keep it from being too lengthy, and have an adequate command of the English language. Content of work is never touched, only absolute editorial work will be done, except for poetry, which will not be touched at all. We are open to trades with other publications, as well as exchange ads, review copies of books and publications, contributions of work, subscriptions, donations, etc. At this time we would like to thank those who wrote and called in connection with the collection of women's literature, which I was willing to give away (some of the letters are in our "mail section"), and are happy to announce that much of it has been promised to



Do we need Hypochondriac Eggs, Inc.? My vote is, obviously, No. We don't. Because the Lesbian Feminist community needs to move on from psychology to solve the incredible political and economic problems that are the real cause of our depressions, and rage, and etc. And no therapist is equipped to solve those problems. We can only solve them as a responsible Lesbian public.

MIA ALBRIGHT

(continue on page 5)

Gay
Women



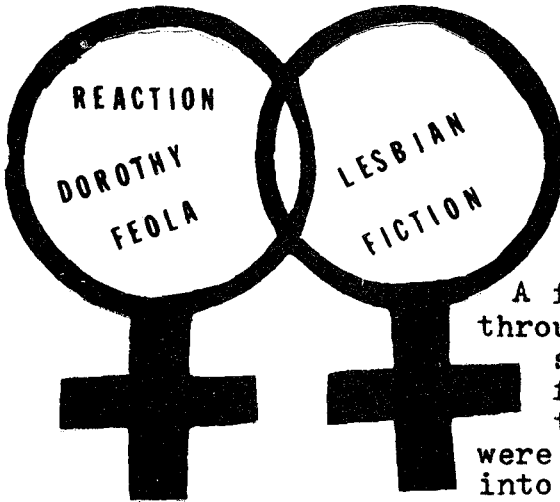
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(continued from page one) there must never be private control over the public domain. Period. The feminist public must control itself, and do that publicly. I have always believed this because I don't see how anything else can be healthy. Our problem is that, unlike the men, the politics among us womyn is undefined. We have no political vocabulary, so we can't assess who has and who has not got power among ourselves as a group.

The Lesbian Feminist therapist is not the arch villain. The big villain is our ignorance about ourselves as a Lesbian society. We don't just happen to be Lesbians any old way. We are a society, and a society does have a form. We need to know who we are. The danger is that if we devour ourselves in our naive, the gigantic malist society surrounding our tiny community will find us defenseless, and swallow up all chance for the survival of any woman's feminist values.



THE FOLLOWING IS A LIMITED PERSONAL ANALYSIS OF WOMEN'S SMALL PRESS SHORT FICTION, INCLUDING THE BOOK LESBIAN FICTION, AN ANTHOLOGY, PUBLISHED BY PERSEPHONE PRESS, AND AN EXAMPLE OF HOW MY OWN FICTION TURNED FROM SHORT TO LONG.

A funny thing happened on the way to reading through the book Lesbian Fiction, An Anthology: I stopped to write a novel. No, I'm not being facetious. I can't even claim that any/all of the stories I read up until then (13 of them) were so inspiring that I was pushed, or even nudged, into taking on this somewhat overwhelming task of writing a "first novel." The fact is, this book brought home the fact to me (once again) that, after reading years of Women's Small Press short fiction, I have very seldom been so impressed by/with a story that it has stayed with me for months, let alone years. Many have been well written---some excellently written---some interesting for the moment---some boring forever---but very few have been memorable. And this goes for writers whose names we are all familiar with, as well as those whose names we don't know at all.

I have always felt that, with few exceptions, there always seemed to be something missing, something lacking in the short fiction I've come across in Women's Small Press publications, though the same reason does not go for every story I found lacking. I know that I have always enjoyed writing that touched me as "personal"---as my own short fiction started out and continued for a number of years---but I am starting to feel like turning away from the solely aggrieved, tormented, depressed, or agonized type of writing, and, as I have started to write myself, look to the "emotional," even "dramatic," or "encouragingly realistic" type of fiction writing.

The aforementioned novel (of mine) started out as a somewhat long short story, which refused to end because 2 of the main 4 characters were left hanging, unsatisfied with their lives as it stood, both unhappy, with lots of love, caring, and sharing in them, and not enough time and space for me to bring it out in; they also had an extremely interesting past life---my first experience in writing about women close to my own age (42)---something I had only touched upon in the original (short) story. And I just couldn't leave it like that, I couldn't do it to my characters, who had become a part of me, or me, who had become a part of them. All of us, and even the rest of the characters in the original story, deserved more, more time and more attention, more than I was able to give them in that original concept. After all, it wasn't their fault that I allowed them to grow, grow to where they demanded the telling of their own story. I couldn't rest, they wouldn't let me, until I brought their life/story into focus, taking it full circle, filling in most of the important gaps, years of experiences, thoughts, feelings that there was just no room for in the original short story. After all, the least I could do (for them) was bring their story to a decent, if not happy, conclusion. And I'm glad to say that I was able to work the ending in both those directions.

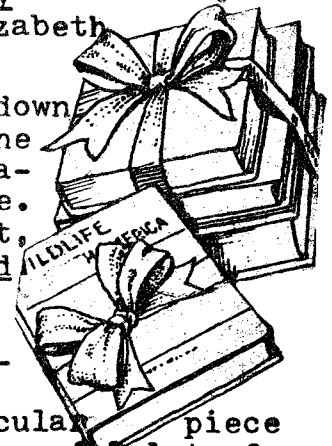
I don't think I sound too much like Mary Poppins if I ask: "Where is the hope, where is the encouragement?" I like the real, I like the personal, the emotional, the dramatic---but where is the rest of it?---where is the coming full circle, instead of everything, everyone's lives, being left up in the air? I'm just tired of feeling bad, bitter, depressed after reading the fiction in Women's Small Press (publications). I put it to you, where is the rest of what makes up a "real" story? Well, (continued on page 4)

(continued from page 3) some of it is in this book, perhaps not enough, but it is a good blend of "realism" "emotion" "personal" even "drama" even "encouragement." I specifically want to name the stories and authors that appealed to me, as I think they should get special mention among all my complaining here. They are: Kansas In The Spring (Sandy Boucher), Thesis: Antithesis (Jan Clausen), A Case Of Telemania (Ann Allen Shockley), Present Danger (Judith McDaniel), Twins (Barbara Sheen), No Day Too Long (Jewelle Gomez), The Woman Who Loved The Moon (Elizabeth A. Lynn).

I've always been honest with my readers so now I'm getting down to the real reasons that I am probably being so negative: the first is why the book seemed to bug me so much, and that reason is because so many of the stories were so familiar to me. I feel certain I've read a number of the stories before, but, except for 2 in particular, namely Photographs Of Energy And Color (Katherine Sturtevant) and Celia (Francine Krasno), the stories were obviously not impressive or interesting enough to have stuck in my mind in their entirety, and I admit to the annoyance of thinking and wondering and guessing where and when and if I had been through this or that particular piece before. So what it boils down to is, if you haven't read an awful lot of Women's Small Press short fiction over the past years, you have a good chance of enjoying these stories for the first time.

The second reason why I have to admit to the fact that my frame of mind was not exactly receptive when I sat down to write this piece is one I'm not sure even I understand: the fact is, I still haven't gotten over my annoyance (with myself) at having created such strong, realistic characters that I was compelled into stretching my short story into a novel. I never thought of myself as a novelist, and I never thought I wanted to write a novel; it just takes too much time and work. So how come I am so excited and can hardly think of anything else? (Someone close to me told me of some dramatic, intimate words I spoke in my sleep recently, and I immediately recognized them as dialogue I had been thinking about before I fell asleep.) And now I have to contend with the idea of this sequel that is spinning its web over me, simply because I feel that yet another character hasn't gotten her fair share of time and attention in the present novel. It is unsettling me, and I am wondering where and when it will stop. To think, it all started with one short story that should have ended long ago.

Getting back to the book, Lesbian Fiction, An Anthology, published by Persephone Press, P.O. Box 7222, Watertown, Mass., 02172, \$8.95, 295 pages, I'm recommending it, even if you read a lot of Women's Small Press publications, 'cause it will add to anyone's collection to have so many pieces of "lesbian short fiction" in one volume, where you, or anyone you know, can get your hands on it all at once. It would especially make a nice gift for someone you feel can appreciate it-or someone you hope will-for any number of reasons, not the least of which is to show how diversified lesbians are, in their writing and otherwise. And it's not that I'm not grateful for large small favors---but I would sure like to see more books of this type with stories that are being published for the very first time.



DOROTHY FEOLA

VIEWPOINT

Where I Stand

MON COEUR

I bought new shorts
for the stress test;
wore lots of cologne.

Puffing and sweating
on the treadmill, I almost
made it to the end.

All right, Heart,
you're supposed to be
the center of emotions.
Emotions are my stock in trade.
But now, damn it, I've got
damaged goods.

How do you not
allow exertion?

"You're lucky you've had
a warning," say all
the well-meaners.

Some lucky.

On the other hand,
I can say, "I can't" when
I don't want to. This may be
O.K....

if it will behave when I want to
whatever.

BOBBIE GOLDMAN

WALNUT CREEK, CALIFORNIA



of Poets, mice, & men

In the blink of an eye
a mouse, tail extended,
bolts across the floor.

Wormlike and spineless, the rodent
emerged from the darkness
into my line of vision.

Although not as small
as an ultra macho man,
it's just as repulsive.

The crude, hairy beast
nibbles at tempting sweets,
then curses its appetite.

In the open, exposed,
the creature cringes, from the
light of truth.

Standing far above it,
unafraid, I decided it
was not worth murdering.

Harriet Grau

BRONX, NEW YORK



.....
(continued from page 2) Barbara Grier,
for the NAIAD PRESS Archives, who was
the first one to get in touch with me.
I might add that everyone, including
myself, seems very pleased with this
choice. All of us who are familiar
with Barbara, and the women connected
with NAIAD PRESS, are well aware of the
years of dedication to women's litera-
ture through her/their work in Women's
Small Press.


MENOPAUSE, CHANGING ROLES, AND
THE JOB MARKET
ARE JUST SOME OF THE TOPICS
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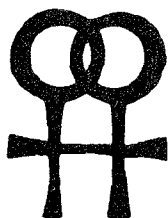
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UPWARD MOBILITY, by the staff of Catalyst, with a foreword by Kate Rand Lloyd, editor-in-chief of Working Woman, published by HOLT, RINEHART and WINSTON, New York, \$15.95, 292 pages.



BOOK REVIEW

Thanks to the fact that my feminism doesn't sell in this man's world, I enjoy a sumptuous prerogative: I can thumb my nose at whom I please. I knew I would hate this book. Revulsion first insinuated itself at the mere thought of doing my eclectic duty by paying attention to it, and climaxed when I took a look at the innards of this text published by one of the Big Men--- Holt Rinehart, thanks to the Celanese Corp. (who the hell are they, anyway?), and Catalyst---which I vaguely remember as a feminist lit mag, one of a crowd that would never publish my stuff.

Read this reader and arbitrate over your gag reflex:

DEFINITE DON'TS No matter who assigns you more work or what the nature of that work is, there are two sentences you must never utter: 'I'm too busy' and 'That's not my job.' While one or both reactions may be justified, bosses universally hate to hear those words. Either of those replies, or variations of them, is a surefire way to win your boss's enmity and thwart your chances for an eventual promotion. Those words reflect a poor attitude. They imply that you believe your boss or company is out to exploit its employees---and that is a serious accusation even if it is only implied. (page 232)

I assume that "I'm too busy" and "That's not my job" would not be Definite Don'ts in the case of sexual harrassment. I know what the womyn who agitated for better working conditions in the late 19th and early 20th century of America would think about this advice, and relish the fact that I won't repeat it.

I will not bother to drag you through an analysis; you know which side you are on.

Just let me add one thing---there is total emphasis here on individualism and a vacuum when it comes to womyn as a union. Do the kaisers of the modern malist publishing world really consider it marketing realism to believe that the masses of womyn are ready, willing, and able to shell out \$15.95 to be told how to toady? Especially considering the ironic fact that it Won't Work, and \$15.95 will remain out of the range of most womyn's budget in spite of the Definite Don'ts. I can't resist two last citations. Get this chapter title: "Making Tokenism Work For You." And how about the last chapter: "The Road To Success: A Fable!" Can't wait to exploit your exploitation, can you. One important point: as an example of the Feminist Decadence---Upward Mobility is the primer

REVIEW BY MIA ALBRIGHT

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(A Publication of Jonnik Enterprises)
\$10.00 per Year
(4 Issues)

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A Women's Newsletter

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send \$1.00 for sample issue

WOMEN
Take A Stand!

"Dear Dorothy: First. Thank you for the mention about DIPLOMAT MAGAZINE in your Summer-Fall issue. We've received a lot of inquires and several subscriptions, and that in itself means a lot.

"Second. In reading WOMEN'S NETWORK, I read about your collection of WOMEN'S literature. If it is still available, several women on the staff of DIPLOMAT have been collecting similar information in hopes of establishing an international archives/research medium.

"As a male, I have always collected this information, but my sex has prevented me or my interests from fully being accepted. If this sounds of interest to you, please let me know, as I'm sure the sisters would be pleased.

"Once again, thanks and I'm looking forward to continuing this warm and meaningful correspondence."

Derrick A. Hicks, Publisher, DIPLOMAT MAGAZINE, 607 Elliot Street, N.E., Washington, D.C., 20002

"Dear Dorothy: I've been meaning to contact you, then I just saw your ad in Telewoman. So you are giving away your periodical collection? I would be very interested in having some. I am especially interested in ones containing reprints of women's artworks. At the end of Febuary I'm coming to New York for a number of days---perhaps we could meet when I'm done trekking around the art galleries. Will you still publish Women's Network? I always liked and identified with your personal focus. In IWAA New Magazine I want to share resources with other women artists.

"Enclosed is the new IWAA flyer, which I hope you will pass on to a woman artist. The press release will help you announce the existence of IWAA in your magazine." Rosemary Anderson, International Women Artist Archives, P.O. Box 1033, Hadley, Mass. 01035, (413) 634-5096

"Dear Dorothy: Anne D'Arcy of Telewoman sent us a xerox of your notice about your desire to part with your collection of periodicals. I'm writing on behalf of the West Coast Lesbian Collections, a (continued above)

community-based library and archives for women. Like the LHA, we exist to preserve lesbian materials; however, we do maintain an extensive collection of feminist (and some gay, mixed) periodicals. These publications have had quite heavy use by researchers, and we feel more convinced than ever of the importance of working to make the periodicals collection grow.

"We are, of course, a long way from New York, but I hope you will at least consider the WCLC. We could prepare a list of the publications we have already---

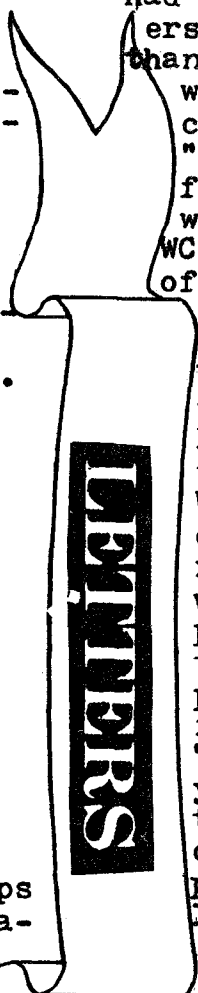
"There are several other lesbian archives closer to you, the New Alexandria Lesbian Library in Massachusetts and the Lesbian Heritage DC in Washington, D.C. I also wonder if the Schlesinger Library at Radcliffe College would consider your gift of periodicals. As I recall, their holdings are not complete, especially their feminist newsletters.

"In any case, we're very glad you've preserved this literature for all of us. If we can help in any way to find a permanent home for your collection, please let us know."

Claire Potter for the West Coast Lesbian Collections, Box 23753, Oakland, California, 94623, (415) 465-8080

"Hi! Loved your last newsletter. Work on Lenora and Eleanor being done by Blanche Cook too! Important! She was fantastic at GWA; much of what you said. Hope to see you soon." Sonny Wainwright, New York Feminist Writers' Guild

"My book column (which covers periodicals as well as books) appears in each issue of the monthly program guide published by KBIA-FM, the public radio station of the University of Missouri-Columbia. (Column consists (continued on page 8))



(continued from page 7) of news items and short reviews; and among my major interests are various alternative media.) I would welcome information about your publication, and any review copies you might care to send."

Thomas A. Cooper,
Holliday, Missouri

"Dear Ms. Feola: Several things prompt this letter. First and foremost, to congratulate you on your ongoing success with your newsletter. If you weren't providing a genuine service as a women's forum, you wouldn't still be in business. Let's hope that 1983 is a banner year for you and your contributors!

"We only recently received Issue #14 (Summer-Fall 1982) and while most pleased to read Ms. Kemmering's splendid review of our publication, "Another Kind Of Love" by Paula Christian, the review was apparently submitted quite some time ago. Due to increases in production costs, shipping expenses, and so forth, all of the "older" Paula Christian titles are now \$6.95, plus \$1.50 for shipping/handling (the 50¢ per title after the initial two copies has remained the same, however). If you possibly can, we would greatly appreciate a correction being run.

"You may also want to know that we completed the publication of all of the novels written by Ms. Christian, and all six titles are currently available. Moreover, we've only recently published her first novel in more than 17 years! Entitled "The Cruise," it's sad, funny, loving, bitchy, and much, much more. We're getting excellent reviews on it. And last, but not least, we finally "won" our battle with the Establishment and can now offer our customers VISA or Master-Card privileges. It took more than two years to accomplish this, but we succeeded. The bank has imposed upon us a floor of \$40.00 (i.e., minimum charge). Yet, should customers want to buy all six of the earlier works, or extra copies as gifts, etc., the (continued above)

sum involved would exceed that floor.

"Anyone wanting to know more about Paula Christian's novels should send us two 20¢ stamps and we'll send fliers and ordering information. Again, thanks...and keep up the good work!"
Yvonne MacManus, Co-Publisher, TIMELY BOOKS, P.O. Box 267, New Milford, Connecticut, 06776

.....
"Dear Dorothy: Many thanks for quoting my letter in the last NETWORK. Now I have another favor to ask in the hope that you wouldn't mind helping me out. I have written a number of stories that I can best define as feminist fairy tales-have sold one and am looking for markets for the others. I welcome any information on feminist children's presses or other alternative publishers that your readers might be willing to send me. Thanks again---I send a small contribution---"
Gail White, New Orleans, Louisiana

.....
"Dear Dorothy: Thanks for the WOMEN'S NETWORK NEWSLETTER, but you spelled my name wrong (page 18). Enclosed are news releases on what I'm up to now. Just taped another talk show. Second time I've been on this one, and I'm trying to negotiate a regular 5 minute spot on this TV program or one of the local radio programs.

"Things rather busy here. Will be off to India in either Jan. or Feb.."
Roberta Mendel, PIN PRICK PRESS, 2664 Green Road, Shaker Heights, Ohio, 44122

.....
"Dear Dorothy: We are pleased to announce the start of a new publishing endeavor in women's media ---ACACIA BOOKS. Our chief commitment is to produce and market works by women traditionally denied access: lesbians, women of color, women from minority cultures and classes, women in third world countries. We are particularly interested in publishing biography, fiction, herstory, how-to survival skills, mental & physical (continued on page 9)

Mail NETWORK NETWORK

(continued from page 8) health perspectives and social/political analyses, but we welcome queries on any subject." Marjorie Larney, ACACIA BOOKS, Berkeley, California

.....
"Dear Dorothy: Recently Anne from Telewoman publication sent me a copy page from Women's Network. The article described your collection. i can understand the sadness and caution with which you offer your collection. i would like you to consider donating a portion of your collection to this Archives. However, i want you to feel sure and comfortable about doing so.

"About five years ago i moved from a midwest city to rural Kentucky. i had a vision of living on land in a Lesbian community, but did not know that such places existed. It was important for me to stay connected to a larger Lesbian community and not to become isolated in the country. So, in order to stay connected, i began to subscribe to a variety of national wimmins' publications and to keep lists and files on topics i considered vital to my survival in the country.

"About a year later, i visited some wimmin on land in Tenn., while at the Southeastern Lesbian Networking Conference. There I met Catherine Rising Flame. She gave me a tour of her Archives project and encouraged me to think of the work i was doing as important and necessary to the growth and survival of a national Lesbian community. Her collection was small and located in her cabin. But she had big visions about its growth.


"i returned home with a goal and inspired energy to begin a Kentucky Archives. At that time i had about 100 books, 15 file topics, and a few compiled lists of wimmins' books stores, land space, etc. and a few current publications and periodicals. Today the Collection has grown to over 400 books, over 100 various national publications and periodicals (filling 4 file cabinets with current and back issues of each), and over 100 research files on topics of interest to wimmin and Lesbians. i have begun the tedious work of indexing everything. My goal is to get everything indexed so that it is all easily accessible to any wimmin doing research or just browsing.

"Right now the Collection is in my home in Louisville, Kentucky. i plan to be here in the city for another two years and then i will move back onto land in rural south-

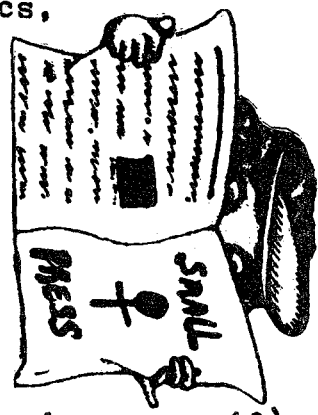
(continued on page 10)

LESBIAN PARENTING ANTHOLOGY: soliciting materials intended for publication (essays, stories, poems, letters, interviews, critiques, reviews, visual art, tapes, etc.). Anthology to reflect our **DIVERSITY** of experience: race, class, culture, ethnicity, age, able-bodiedness, nationality. Will place emphasis on women traditionally denied access to publishing. Write: ANTHOLOGY c/o Jeane Vaughn, 217 Palo Verde Terrace, Santa Cruz, CA. 95060. DEADLINE Aug. 1983

ACACIA BOOKS: First book will be stories by Lesbians about Health-Play-Recreation-Sport for publication in 1983. Writers may express any aspect of the multi-focused theme in traditional and/or holistic settings and perspectives. We invite all lesbian writers, new or published, to contribute to this comprehensive collection; lesbians of all ages, classes, cultures, mental and physical abledness (disabled and temporarily-able), politics, races and sizes are asked to send work. Please address questions and copies of manuscripts (by 6/1/83) to Marjorie Larney, ACACIA BOOKS, Box 3630, Berkeley, CA 94703. Tel. (415) 451-9559.


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It Could Happen to YOU...
An Account of the Gay Civil Rights Campaign in Eugene, Oregon
THE GAY RIGHTS WRITERS' GROUP



How thin the veneer
of social capitulation,
when touched by
feminine stimulation.

How fragile the cover
of wife and motherhood,
when the kettle of feelings
boils more than it should.

How tightly I grasp
at my closet door,
When she is near-I fear-
I tremble-I run, as before.

PEGGY
ULLMAN
BELL



GULFPORT,
MISS.

document our lives and struggles as wimmin in patriarchy on the planet. We must be the keepers of the records and we must preserve these records for future generations of wimmin. So much of our culture as wimmin has been destroyed and rewritten, we must not allow this to continue. It is with these beliefs that i generate energy for the important work which i carry on. i am the care-taker, a guardian of our records." Iandras Moontree,
Kentucky Collection of Lesbian Her-Story, P.O. Box 1701, Louisville,
(501) 634-1869 Kentucky, 40201

"Dear Dorothy: Christmas came and I didn't send a card since I had hoped to write a letter. Christmas went and I still hadn't written. I'm finally taking the time and I really feel good about it. I feel good because I want to tell you that I like what you are doing and that I admire you for doing it. I myself have never been exposed to any kind of concerned writing-be it feminist, political, consumer-oriented, art, etc. So, for me, it is an entirely new experience to read the kind of writing you are doing. First of all, for being able to put together "Women's Network-" it's a great literary, artistic, creative accomplishment. Second, for putting it together as a witness to something you believe in. And thirdly, for having the courage to believe in it in spite of conflict around you. My Generation often finds itself caught between the traditional ways of our parents and the more "revolutionary" ways of the "young." Often I have a hard time myself doing things I feel are the right things or thinking certain ways because I feel guilty that it's "wrong" (according to the old way). I can imagine that for you, being a bit older, this is even worse. So I can understand why you play a part now and then (most of us do), but if you write and relate to the people who understand you, according to your conscience, that's what's important. I haven't done much of my story writing lately, but hope to continue when my classes will be finished. Keep up the good work---"

Donna G.
Wheaton, Maryland

(continued from page 9) east Kentucky. At that time the Collection will be moved onto the land and hopefully someday be housed in a cabin of its own, which will become a cultural center for wimmin visiting/living on the land. i have considered developing the Collection into a cooperative project which would be taken care of by a group of wimmin, but as yet, there have been no wimmin to look at this project with validity and dedication. "i view the Collection, and similar collections, with not only importance in an her-storical standpoint, but also as an important networking system for Lesbian Culture now. i devote a great deal of my time and work with the Collection to networking with other groups and individual Lesbians throughout the country. For example, as I read of a conference or call for papers, i pass the information along to other Lesbians who have an interest in that particular topic.

"i am dedicated to the idea of preserving our cultural heritage and believe with all my heart that it is absolutely necessary that we keep records and written materials which doc-

Review

DESI
SEAGULL

SO FAR AWAY, a novel by Harriet Rochlin, JOVE PUBLISHING COMPANY, New York, paperback, \$2.95, 346 pages.

The lives of pioneer women have always been interesting to me, and although this takes place in a time later than the time I always wished I had lived in (the time of Annie Oakley and the other Wild West women), I still found it to be very moving and real, and I found myself identifying very heavily with the main character, Frieda Levie. This is a very realistic story, and you find yourself thinking that this is what it really must have been like.

This is the story of a young Jewish woman who, after her family is plunged into poverty, is forced to change her life-style and finds herself having to endure back-breaking work and family squabbles. She sees marriage as a way out and a way to get back to what she had been, one of the elite of the area. She goes through many struggles, wondering who she really is, and if it's what she really wants, if it's really much better than what she left behind. The men in that era viewed women as their property, and an independent woman was looked upon as being evil and totally unnatural. Frieda Levie wanted marriage and to be loved by, and herself love, a man, but she also wanted to hold onto her own identity in a time when no woman, once married, was permitted to do so.

The book is fascinating, and I think it provides a good idea of what life back then was like, making it, in a way, a history lesson, as well as being an interesting story. It made me appreciate the sufferings of our foremothers more and just where I'd be right now if they had not endured all that hardship and humiliation. I think this would be a good book for high school women to read, along with their courses in American History, as it would give them a view of life in the beginning of this country from a woman's perspective, which would supplement what they'd read in their history books, which are almost always written by men.

I can say I definitely enjoyed reading this book, and it's well-written and human, and the characters are all very real and easy to identify with in many ways. Maybe people really aren't so different today, after all. This is a book well worth reading if only for the fact that it represents one more version of a strong woman's pride and sense of survival.

Practical ways to handle sexual advances at work are the subject of the book "How To Stop Sexual Harassment: Strategies For Women On The Job." The book explains a worker's legal rights regarding sexual harassment, and provides a series of steps for resolving the problem informally. Procedures for filing complaints and lawsuits are explained and a special appendix gives information on legal cases. Also included are preventive strategies. The co-authors are Cara Peters, an equal employment consultant in Juneau, Alaska, and Erin Van Bronkhorst, a journalist from Seattle. The book was published in Seattle by Facts for Women, an independent publishing house. Single copies may be obtained by sending \$3.50 (\$2.95 plus \$.55 postage, handling and tax) to Facts for Women, P.O. Box 15113, Seattle, Washington, 98115. Bulk rates available on request. (206) 782-7970 or (206) 632-1992

AD. VOICES: A Survival Manual for Wimin, focuses on self-healing, building patterns for our future. It's produced by Lesbians; contributions welcomed from all women. 4 issues \$6 (in US, \$6 in US funds). Mothers (continued on page 13)

REVIEW
PLAY

The controversy in malist circles is predictable: is Hamlet a man or a woman? In feminist circles, the controversy is also predictable, but the question for feminists is: is Diane Venora Hamlet or Diane Venora? That is what I spent the play, that night, and the morning after trying to figure out.

Before a rage of analysis, I do want^{to} say that Diane Venora is like watching a gymnastic opera singer. The woman can move and the woman can speak. Her speaking voice comes damn close to Maria Callas' singing voice; it is that excruciating combination of resonance and accuracy. Diane Venora could fill up her vowels in one instant and then focus her consonants the next, but she could do this without letting you forget what the hell she was talking about. And, what's more, she takes her time, which, according to Barbara Kahn, a feminist director who has specialized in womyn's productions, is the most important thing any actor can do or any director can tell her to do.

As for Hamlet. Hamlet, as is generally agreed, is a boy. This does not mean, contrary to what is generally assumed, that he is a woman. A boy is a boy, not a woman. In malist society these simple facts need to be stated. Hamlet is a baby man. He is a baby Claudius. He is a baby Hamlet Sr. He is a baby oppressor.

Hamlet's closest Shakespearean analogue is Hotspur. Hotspur couldn't get it up either. Or rather, to be more accurate, in his case, it got whacked off as soon as he got it up. Life in the man's world. Hamlet's problem is not due to pubescence alone, how ever. Laertes is a boy too, but he has the knife on Claudius' throat, as Mr. Joseph Papp's direction made very clear, within a few dozen lines of his father's, Polonius', death.

The issue is that some men can be men better than others. So then the question is: what is Hamlet's problem? Most cite morality. Hamlet doesn't want to be a man for moral reasons. True. What man does? But that is not the issue. The issue for Hamlet, and for men in general, is how to get around the moral aversion to being a man. We watch Hamlet learn to be a man. And he is not a fast learner. He finally gets the knack when he has Rosencrantz and Guildenstern knocked off by a third party. Any man who knows anything about being a man, and especially a leader of men, could have told him this basic principle of manhood: pay another guy to do the dirty work. Any man in Denmark would have knocked Claudius off for him. And Hamlet had the bucks and the popularity.

This is the mystery of the play. Why doesn't Hamlet's daddy, the ghost, tell Hamlet how to be a man? Probably for the same reason Rockefeller never told his sons, in detail, how he made his money. (Hell, maybe he did!) The ghost never says: "You are the heir to my throne. Go for it " Never. Why? Because even in death, even in hell, daddy wants his own butt on that throne, not his son's. The political hatred between father and son is proverbial malism. And Hamlet never, except in one particularly crucial word fleetingly expressed-"advancement"- never says: "I'm my father's son; I'm next in line for the throne, not Claudius." This would have been the patently obvious issue to the Elizabethan audience versed in

(continued on page 13)

(continued from page 12) the bureaucracy of monarchy, but even Americans an't be that naive about power.

Why? Why don't the men talk about the most crucial relationships among men? Because they've got these two weak and situationally, not constitutionally, stupid womyn to dump on Gertrude and Ophelia. Ah, G and O. What would male directors do without you. I have never seen sympathetic, only pathetic, Gert's and Oph's. The one ace these two non-liberated womyn (and it is a malist political convenience to equate non-liberated womyn with womyn and liberated womyn with men) have, is that they never do anything mean to anyone, including Hamlet, if that, indeed, is an ace. In this production, Gertrude slapped Hamlet, but that is this production, not Shakespeare. However, because Gertrude and Ophelia are pathetic and not sympathetic, we don't care when Hamlet acts like a man to them, with the typical insinuation that his girl friend is a whore and the typical description of his mother as a whore. This, by the way, is the terrifically huge crime of the womyn: they sleep with men! It's awesome. Almost nuclear. As a Lesbian, I can feel for their impracticality, but I can't blot them out under my moralistic thumb, as the men-with such relish, predictably do-ironically. After all, the ladies don't own penises, they only rent them. The men are the sexual landlords.

Hamlet's father, for whom this entire action is unfolding, namely, the play, is in hell burning for his sins. He says so himself, in detail. Maybe Shakespeare was trying to tell us something? And yet Hamlet is in love with his father. Well, he's a son, "take him for all in all."

Diane Venora lusts to be a man. No, I mean Hamlet lusts to be a man. Diane Venora is a shit. No, I mean Hamlet is a shit. You see my confusion? This is what made me pour over my Harrison edition at one o'clock in the morning, looking for telling lines. I think what it means is not that Diane Venora is a man and not (continued above)

that Hamlet is a woman, it means that Diane Venora is a damn good actor. She confuses us perfectly.

(continued from page 11) on welfare \$3; womyn in institutions free. Sample issue \$1.50. VOICES, c/o I. Andrews, RR#2, Kenora, Ontario, P9N 3W8, Canada

WOMEN'S NETWORK would like to say how sad we are because of the death of Jane Chambers, author of the award-winning play, Last Summer At Bluefish Cove, and Playwright-In-Residence for The Glines. Chambers died the morning of Feb. 15, 1983, at her home in Green Port, Long Island (New York), of a brain tumor. She was 45 years old. Born in Columbia, South Carolina, she was a graduate of Goddard College in Vermont. Last Summer At Bluefish Cove has been honored with the DramaLogue Critics Circle Award, the Villager Downtown Theater Award, and the Oscar Wilde Award. Chambers also wrote A Late Show, which received the 1983 A.G.A. Award (Alliance of Gay Artists); My Blue Heaven, presented Off-Broadway two summers ago and currently on tour; Kudzu, produced at Playwrights Horizon last year. Her last play, The Quintessential Image, will be produced in 1983. A former writer for the soap opera Search For Tomorrow, for which she won the 1973 Writer's Guild of America Award, Chambers was also

the recipient of the Rosenthal Award for Poetry, the Connecticut Television Award, the Eugene O'Neill Prize and, this May, the Fifth Annual Award of the Fund For Human Dignity. The novel, Burning, was published by Jove Press and is currently being reprinted by J.H. Press, the publishing house which also prints Chamber's plays in both hard and soft cover. Chambers is survived by her mother, two step-brothers, and her life's companion, Beth Allen. We will always be grateful for Jane Chambers and feel we lost her much too soon. (Info from Free Lance Talents)



ALBRIGHT

MIA



THE '83 LUNAR CALENDAR, published by LUNA PRESS,
Box 511 Kenmore Station, Boston, Massachusetts,
02215. \$10.00

Once again, "dedicated to the Goddess in her many guises," this calendar is a unique and beautiful one, as were all the others, more poetry, more quotes by women, photographs, and drawings, and, of course, information on womens' myths and their beginnings. There are also the lunar cycles for each "month," as we have come to call that passage of time, and information on how to interpret the calendar. It is not nearly as difficult as it looks on first glance; it's very interesting, and makes me think back to the time when all of us determined the seasons and the time changes in that way. It provides a strong link with womens' heritage.

There is information on Lunar Astrology, Moongardening, Larger Cycles, Fertility, and how they relate to the cycles of the moon, and I found that really interesting, particularly the section on fertility. The calendar also tells you what tree is sacred to each month, and there is a fine bibliography at the end; also, the times for moonrise and moonset, for the year, in San Francisco, California.

This year's calendar seems simpler and more understated in regard to the graphics, making it even more beautiful, and certainly more accessible to all interested women. I enjoyed it as much as I have in the past, and I congratulate Luna Press on a fine piece of work.

THE LESBIAN IN LITERATURE, compiled by Barbara Grier, published by NAIAD PRESS, P.O. Box 10543, Tallahassee, Florida, 32302, \$7.95, 168 pages.

This is a complete reference book, one that gives you titles and authors and publishers of books that deal with lesbians and lesbianism, including fiction and non-fiction, poetry, and research books. It's very (continued above)

easy to read and use, and I found it interesting because it made me aware of some books I had not previously known about, but am now very interested in reading. I think it would be a good gift for a woman who is just "coming out" and doesn't know too much about the wealth of lesbian literature that is available. It will let women, in general, know about books that might possibly have been missed, and the introduction will tell them how to use the book's system of rating the books according to their lesbian content.

There are also pictures and drawings of authors in this book, and books by men, about lesbians, are mentioned and rated accordingly. I found the book very informative, as well as interesting, and I think that any woman with an interest in lesbian literature would really enjoy having and this book. The book is extensive and well put together, making it a must for women's centers and libraries.

CHOICE CENTERED TAROT, by Gail Fairfield, published by CHOICE CENTERED ASTROLOGY AND TAROT, 16141 Redmond way C-33, #246, Redmond, Washington, 98052, 117 pages, no price listed.

My first experience with the Tarot was 12 years ago when a friend did a reading for me, and that got me interested enough to want to learn how to do readings and to learn more about the Tarot. Since then I have read various books on the interpretation of the cards, some of the books including feminist interpretations, but none of the books having been like this one. This approach is based, as the book says, upon the belief that each person has the power to shape her own future. None of us is at the mercy of the fates. All the other books I have read on the Tarot seem to believe that what is destined is (continued on page 18)

3 -

REVIEWS

BY

DESI SEAGULL

THE HAUNTING OF JAN BRYAN BARTEL

(The following long prose poem was written in 1977 and based on real facts.)

1957. Greenwich Village. West Tenth Street, off lower Fifth Ave.
Brownstone town house; top floor apartment, which had, in times gone by,
once been servants' quarters.
The whole lower floor filled with chipped, cracked, crippled antiques,
Drawing you, Jan, with your natural interest in archaeology.
Early Victorian architecture, structured as if to throw harsh, almost
menacing shadows in the dim light;
While dark corners frame low windows, locking out a modern, sunlit world.
(Locking in old world inhabitants-?)
You have come home at last, Jan; a home you always knew (existed), could
almost feel---
A home where perhaps you even (once) lived---?

.....

Late at night, or early morning, a huge encompassing shadow, falling across
the wall beside your bed,
Sets the scene for misfortune and bizarre occurrences that will follow you,
plaguing you, for the next sixteen years.
(But) for the first few years, no one believes you.
Your husband. The rental agent. Your friends. Your neighbors. Even the
damn exterminator doesn't believe you.
They brush it aside as creative imagination---nerves---neurosis---
After all, you are a sensitive artist, Jan, performer, writer---female.
They will accept anything but the horror(s) of (the) truth.
The truth that you find so blatantly obvious.

.....

If not for your devoted Penny, the dog of black and tan, head the color of
wild honey,
You might very well be convinced that you are losing your mind.
(And might that not be a relief, Jan-?)
But Penny senses things also, staring off into empty space(s),
(Her) ears and eyes alert, her small body rigid, hair(s) standing on end.
And after Penny (dies), Tessa, reddish brown and short haired (and just as
bright),
Also in tune with that which moves in another dimension.

.....

Footsteps in the hall---piano noises---rustling and swishing sounds in the
room(s) with you---
Sickeningly *sweet* fragrance of perfume---sickeningly rancid odor of
death(?)---
The rare appearances of a flitting, fleeing female in white---
("And I don't like your perfume, what the hell do you think of that?" you
once shouted in frustration.)
The stalking male figure in black cloak and top hat---
("There's the smell of death and dying in this place," you once whispered,
impulsively, to your husband.)

(continued next page)

The gray cat, brushing against your ankle(s), never ever to be seen---
 Until the arrival of the young black housemaid, who claims to have "injun
 blood."

.....

Eventually you are forced to move away from that part of the city that you
 are most desirous of.
 But you long for the Village, Jan, and keep returning, in spirit, mind, and
 body.
 So it is inevitable that you should come back (again), Jan,
 Moving into the top floor vacancy in the Mark Twain House---
 With only a wall separating you from the rooms that had once chased you out
 of the Village.
 And, now, Jan, the beginning of the end was about to begin.

.....

Death surrounds you, Jan, as one by one the tenants of the Mark Twain House
 start to meet deadly fates---
 From cancer---heart attacks---one suicide---one victim of city crime---one
 'cause unknown'---
 Of ten families, nine people are dead in a matter of months.
 (Not including the stray female dog, called Noelle, that you adopted off
 the Village streets.)
 "---seven little, eight little, nine little indians," you keep thinking,
 Fearing that you might very well turn out to be "number ten."

.....

So once again you flee, Jan, completely out of the city this time,
 Up to the quiet, yet "alive," Westchester section of New York State.
 Now it was time to record the strange experiences that have plagued you;
 Time for others to relive all the horror of reality/reality of horror,
 Trying to convince them, as you yourself had to learn (the hard way),
 That "there are more things in heaven and earth---"

.....

March, 1973. The manuscript is finally completed, Jan; you have held on
 long enough to see to its finish.
 And, although one after another of your hired typists all fall ill,
 You manage, at last, to get the manuscript into the hands of your publisher
 in May of '73.
 You can rest easy now, Jan, for others will know of your plight.
 And of the insight you have gained from it.
 And you will not be alone with it anymore.

BY DOROTHY FEOLA

(Author's Note: in June of '73, almost exactly a month after she handed
 her manuscript to her publisher, Jan Bryant Bartel, actress/poet/writer/
 lecturer, died, alone(?) in her home in New Rochelle, New York, from what
 the coroner's report listed as (a) HEART ATTACK. Her manuscript was pub-
 lished, in hard cover, under the title SPINDRIFT, Spray From A Psychic
Sea, by Hawthorn Books, New York, in 1974. Fragments of her experiences
 appeared in Hans Holzer's book GHOSTS I'VE MET, under the heading of "The
Town House Ghost" (1965). Bartel's Off-Broadway performances included the
 plays BELL, BOOK, AND CANDLE, NIGHT MUST FALL, THE NIGHT IS MY ENEMY, and
THE CURIOUS SAVAGE and her satiric verse appeared in national magazines.)

B

Lesbian Writer: Collected Work of Claudia Scott, edited by Frances Hanckel & Susan Windle, NAIAD PRESS, P.O. Box 10543, Tallahassee, Florida, 32302, \$4.50, 114 pages.

O

There is a sadness about the poetry in this volume. However, that characterization must be qualified as an incisive sadness. It is the same sadness made felt so expertly by Sylvia Plath and Anne Sexton. Claudia Scott, too, creates an expert sadness.

The landscape of the poems takes place, often, as the landscape of relationship:

You Do Not Yet Know
What She Is Doing

You wrote that you hoped to understand
A slip of paper and forgotten
You were doing doing
Purposely a good intention
You had made a note to understand
What is she doing
She is doing something yes of course
She must be doing something
Some things she likes
And is likely to be doing
What are your intentions

...

She defies and deifies denying
What she will be doing
You will lose your faith
Knot your intentions
Mind it does not slip your mind
Did you not note to understand

(page 17)

Communication is the intimate act at the center of all intimate acts. This is the impression left by the poems, whether they seem to speak to a mother, a lover, or about strangers. The sadness is to be found in the sounds themselves. It is a sadness I want to contest precisely because it haunts me with its reasons for being. Why, I ask myself, are so many womyn poets so sad? I want to take them all in my arms and ask them all "Why?" Scott's poetry escapes the sad into the beautiful.

at odd intervals for years
a blueness at the
lengthening ends of days
a thin tune whistled in the wind,
the air light as if snow
were falling, glass wool
and the whitest blue white light;
a keen excruciating blueness
sharp silk
at the ends of some days
softly draws out one
slow breath
one moment almost,
in this
strange light,
clearing

(page 111)

REVIEW

(continued from page 17) Nice to know that a lesbian poet can create a description of something as difficult in its simplicity to describe with the excruciating accuracy of Claudia Scott's color blue; proves that all things are Lesbian things, the world can be a Lesbian theme. And the philosopher in me can't resist noting that, the world being a man's world, this is the meaning of the theme of sadness in our poets.

REVIEW BY MIA ALBRIGHT

(continued from page 14) going to happen and there is not much we can do to change what the fates have in store for us.

This book is very complete and easy to understand, and I found it to be very "real" and accessible to every woman. There is a very positive attitude toward life running through it, and the feeling that women can do whatever they want and that the Tarot can be a tool to help them focus their energy and achieve their goals. The interpretations are a little different from those found in the book I usually use, and it took me a little while to get used to that, but a woman who has had no experience with the Tarot should have no problems understanding and accepting the interpretations given in the book. It is laid out in a way that is easily understood, also being a very in-depth "course" in its own way. I think this is a very useful tool for women and, also, a very beautiful one.

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LESBIAN ROMANCE PRESENTED IN ITS TRUE FORM....
With THE LOVE OF TWO WOMEN Jean Vivian has given us a full length novel in which the tears, laughter, and unshamed passion of Lesbian Women are revealed. The pages relate the story of two very straight, married women, who unexpectedly find themselves caught up in a passionate Lesbian love affair. Their new found sexuality makes it impossible for them to continue in their heterosexual lifestyle and the struggle to disengage themselves from their husbands in order to make a life together with their five children is begun.

Jean Vivian's unique writing style gives the reader the feeling that they are actual participants as the passionate love scenes are articulately related.

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