

a woman's affinity

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editorial

Lavender Letters 2615 Waugh Drive, #509 Houston, TX 77006 529-4147

> Kareena Heath publisher, editor

Dee Smathers production artist

Hillary Baines
Maggle Goshen
Grynd'I
Dee Smathers
contributors

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Comments, criticisms and information are always welcome from our readers: remember it's your publication.

When we first met, I heard a sound like Violins playing.



I think it was the closet door opening



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We support Diversity Theater. Now playing "Street Theater." I see you have the sixth issue of *Lavender Letters*. The response from those with whom the staff has had contact has been extremely positive.

The idea for this lesbian/feminist publication sprang from a void in the area almost a year ago. The purpose of Lavender Letters is to encourage networking, to cover issues that are of interest to lesbians and feminists, and to encourage a sense of community. Lavender Letters had its humble beginnings six months ago with only eight pages. It is gaining credibility in the community and each month more and more copies are being picked up free of charge. This past issue had all copies 'on the stands' by the middle of June. Thus, I figure that there are many readers who would like to see this women's publication continue to grow.

The past few months people have been asking the staff how the paper is doing. Our answer has been and still is, "It is going great in the writing department, but we need more advertisers and need a few sales people." If you own a business or know of someone who owns a business and would like to advertise, please contact me. We also need people who would be willing to do some selling of advertising on a commission basis. This is not a full time job and would only involve one or two afternoons or evenings a week at most. If you are interested or know of someone who might consider doing this, please leave a message with my answering service at the number listed in the staff box.

Since we have been able to cover most of the costs with advertising we appreciate the support of the advertisers thus far. But mostly, we appreciate the support and encouragement from our readership. Thank you for making this publication possible.

This issue is on sports. It seemed to be a good month to do this topic for several reasons. Summer has started and people are starting to get out more and exercising. The Olympics are coming up the end of this month and the sports fever may already be catching on in anticipation of this wonderful event.

I hope that this issue will provide you with information that will aid in your getting involved with some form of physical activity or to broaden what you are already doing.

I prefer swimming and will probably end up at the YWCA Masterson Branch during the time you can swim laps in the evenings. The only problem I have is that I can't seem to find any goggles that fit right so that I can stay in the pool for an extended amount of time. Any suggestions?

letters to the editor.

After reading your review of Sudden Death and the perpetual quandry of your token Lesbian Issues writer, I just had to wrap my hand around my overly worn out pen to respond because response is my favorite thing. I know that sweet hot fury of not enough and the quick-silver shimmering age that women never get to be "real artists", or real psychologists, or real professionals, or just plain real alot of the time. Even if we could afford to be successfully real and still feel real...but that's another story.

I don't understand how you can turn around and compare "commerical crap" to classics. Above all, I don't know how you can quote a straight man (Faulkner) for "sensitive realism" and expect to be taken seriously. I don't believe any man can be objective or know anything about a woman's viewpoint when he holds a phallic symbol with which to write. I think your reviewer is secretly in love with Rita Mae Brown, and is probably celebate.

Come on girls, (and I do mean girls), let's put Rita's work where it belongs—with the rest of the hookers—selling lesbian image instead of twat! Not only that, but Sudden Death is the only best seller around without any good sex scenes, and I love good sex scenes, how about you? Let's face it Rita just ain't gonna be the one to part the waters in lesbian literature. She's just running her own Story of O script with lesbian image replacing the hole in the doughnut.

-Diedra Smythe

Finally somebody has said something about GPC! BRAVO! The organization is riddled with subtle discrimination and abuse against women, and it's time somebody really told the truth about men and women working together.

I volunteered for GPC and was given the dubious opportunity of stuffing envelopes. I also got to make coffee. Other than that I got to watch the queens entertain the other women stuffing envelopes and follow the orders of the man in charge.

Why not just tell the truth about GPC. They are only concerned about the issues that benefit gay men, and issues that benefit lesbians will always take second place to gay men issues. Besides that, the only women in GPC are "good ole gals" anyway, and not my kind of workmates.

-Name withheld upon request

I just wanted to write and tell you that if I was somebody important, I would contribute to your publication. But I'm just somebody who likes to read it and waits for it every month to appear at the local distribution spots.

I most prefer reading your publication with somebody I don't know, so as soon as I get a copy I offer to share it. This is a great way to meet people.

Thanks to your publication I am now a social being again; whereas before I sat home alone worrying about my genetics. It's nice to know there are people like me alive and well in this city.

-Kathleen Fasteau

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word in edgewise

By Hiliary Baines

When it comes to the subject of sports, one must give pause. It is a topic revered by most dykes. Who hasn't felt a certain something for a woman with firm thighs, short hair (before it was in style), and the directness only a competitive woman could have. I believe it may be rooted in our years of puberty.

My first significant encounter with sports was, naturally, in high school. I found that I was afraid of softball, and I was a little too much of a sprinter for long distance running. Although the open spaces on the football field did attract me, so I ran the 440 sprint. I was not able to do hurdles as I was too clumsy.

Because I was a rather tall child, basketball was my more natural sport. Fortunately, the Catholic high school I attended has a fantastic basketball team with a few players who were over six feet tall. For many people that would be a good enough reason to join the team. Also, I discovered that the spirit of women in physical endeavor was more than I could resist. I watched Sister Mary Butch wrap her three foot rosary around her belt, hike up her skirts, and straighten her head dress as she prepared for a shot. After Sister had seen that I had the ability to make baskets from mid-court, she was intent on getting me on her team. What made this a goal Sister or myself was never able to achieve was the combination of school policy and my lack of motivation in the grades department. At my high school one had to maintain a certain grade point average to be on a team. You see, I am a social animal and studying for class never interested me the way I now wished it had.

So what is it about sports anyway? To go where no woman has ever gone before? Is it competition? Perhaps it is the rush of bodies toward the goal that does it. There can be no fooling around when the team is in the last two minutes of play and the next point makes or breaks the match. Or is it developing strength in our bodies? I think it could be women discovering their bodies. As children, we were taught not to be too physical because it wasn't ladylike. We were also taught that we have a period of bleeding and must remain sedentary in order to not "throw anything off", as it were.

What a mean trick, we are not told exercise is the best thing! Not only that, but that all the years of sedentary measures may have harmed our ability to have an easy time of it during our cycle. It's a funny world isn't it?

I am so glad to see many young women entering sports. What a marvelous start to life. Most people who get into physical exercise remain healthy throughout life.

What's more, participating in sports teaches group effort. Gone are the days when we must do everything ourselves. There is a movement going on in this world which involves everyone pulling together to accomplish things. Things like world peace, higher thinking, working for the positive in life rather than stressing fierce competition.

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If you think back to your high school history classes, you might remember our foresettlers had barn raisings. This was a group effort toward a common goal. In turn when another person needed a barn built everyone got together and put their backs into it.

Similar lessons can be learned from a sporting endeavor. A common goal is achieved with group effort. This perhaps is the greatest lesson to be learned at any time, any where.

spotlight

Maggie Goshen

Located at 3615 Willia Street, the Masterson Branch of the YWCA stands conspicuously along Waugh Drive overlooking the infamous Spotts Park. Equipped with a weight room, huge indoor pool, racquetball court, showers and sauna, the YWCA offers various sporting activities to women who can't afford an expensive health spa and don't like exercising alone.

The five million dollar building looks like a spacious tile townhome and functions both as a multi-purpose facility and ear shattering echo chamber. It offers classes that range from swimming (including scuba and water exercise) to aerobics, basic exercise and body contouring. Upcoming classes include karate and Tai Chi Chuan. There are even job preparation seminars, personal income tax preparation services (by VITA volunteers), a retail store and food bank, and day care service available to members.

"We are committed to helping and servicing women," says Khaleelah Abdul Kareem, Branch Director for the Masterson Branch who also directs a Y in The Woodlands and the West End Multi-purpose Center. In fact, the Y is "the oldest and largest women's movement in the world," and was making political statements back "when nice ladies weren't supposed to make political statements.

Begun in 1855, the first Y in Texas opened in 1907 right here in Houston. In 1911 the Y supported the fight for minimum wage for women and in 1919 fought for women's sufferage. In the 1950's it was instrumental in the movement for integration. "Without a doubt," according to Abdul Kareem, "the YWCA has been a catalyst to major women's programs.

Between the 1960's and 1970's the downtown YWCA (now disbanded) sponsored a council to prevent the battering of women in Houston which grew into the Houston Area Women's Center located at 4 Chelsea Street. YWCAs are a women's institution with 125 years of experience in women helping women, though the Masterson Branch has only been in existence for three years.

Looking for a catch in this year of the Republican elephant stomp and KKK marches on the Montrose? Membership in the YWCA is open to "men and women of all ages," so don't go dancing in wearing your dyke T-shirt unless you are ready for some reaction. Right now the hottest thing going at the Masterson Branch is the Children's and Teen Day Camp so the place is packed with kids during the week. A great many classes, such as nutrition and budgeting are geared to teen mothers; though there are also classes in rape prevention and a mature women's support group.

All the events and services listed here are just a sampling of what is available at the Y. Anyone who really deb's t's

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wants to know what all the Masterson Branch offers will have to become an active member to find out. Coming up on their 125th Anniversary Celebration of all YWCAs up and coming events at Masterson will include a swimathon and a men and women's body building competition.

Membership at the Masterson Branch is only \$15 per year which gives you access to the facility, showers and a small locker (if you bring your own lock). Some bargain, but virtually everything else costs a little extra from the pool (which offers a monthly or individual fee) to classes with prices that vary according to the curriculum. Still, all and all, the YWCA is a bargain compared to other clubs in town. The YWCA offers a service and its membership does the rest.

If you are ready to move your gym clothes from your closet to a locker (larger ones are available for a little rent), and are looking for the company of good sports in a congenial atmosphere (depending on the noise level); contact the Masterson Branch of the YWCA at 868-6075 for more information and membership.

sports

Get

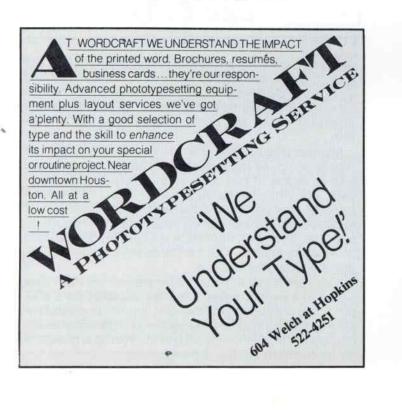
Invo

By Dee Smathers

For the past 20 years I have spent a great deal of time in Montrose drinking establishments researching the verities of life. When the subject turns to sports, two truisms are evident: 1) nearly all of us have been at sometime involved in activities which could, at least loosely, be defined as "athletic"; and 2) nearly all of us say that we would like to again become active "if". (There are two exceptions to the latter axiom: 1) those still involved in sports; and 2) those with trick knees, bad backs, weak ankles, etc. resulting from competitive sports—no fair trying to sneak in a back brace or crutches from a car accident or disease.)

The most frequently expressed "if" is "if I just knew how to contact a congenial group." The following is a non-comprehensive survey of the recreational sports activities available in Houston. No attempt has been made to cover exercize, dance, martial arts, motorcycling, camping, hiking, or any number of other activities which could loosely be called "sports".

You furnish the congeniality and go for it.



Basketball

Parks and Recreation (City of Houston), 641-5051. The City League season runs from November through February.

YWCA Masterson Branch, 3615 Willia, 686-6075 YWCA Blue Triangle Branch, 3005 McGowen, 653-7630

Bicyling

Houston Bicycle Club, Inc. Box 52752, Houston, TX 77052. Houston Bicycle Club offers leisurely and serious cycling in a wide variety of tours and weekend rides for bicyclists at all levels of competance. Some rides entail a small fee (\$3.00 - \$5.00) or a sack lunch. More information call Daniel Boone Cycles at 526-6434.

Gulf Coast Cycling Association, Joe Bently 864-1852. This is a USCF affiliated racing club and the emphasis is on serious training and racing.

Bowling

Montrose Sports Association, Mike, 973-1358. This is mixed league bowling and they meet on Thursday evening at 9:00 p.m. at Stadium Lanes, 3800 Braesmain (off S. Main just south of South Braeswood). Although the teams bowl in seasons of about 20 weeks, they bowl year round and the turnover makes getting a spot on a team relatively easy.

Diving (Skin/Scuba)

Kenlee's Scuba Center 9703 Katy Fwy, 461-3124. This facility offers a 30 hour basic certification course for \$199, (the price includes everything except mask, snorkle, and fins) and runs numerous dive trips to a variety of places at a variety of prices. They also have fully qualified women instructors, but you will need to ask for them. Almost all dive shops offer some sort of instruction; just be sure that you are buying instruction and not equipment and that you will wind up with a NAUI (National Association of Underwater Instructors or YWCA certification.

Golf

If there is an organized program for women I could not find it. Contact the pro at the golf course of your choice.

ved

Jogging

Frontrunners 529-1288. Their flyer says they are an organization for "Gay men and women", but since their flyer was spotted in a lesbian bar, they may mean lesbians instead of the general population of women.

Pool

Montrose Sports Association, Debbie 973-1358. Since this is organized through the bars, you will need to contact Debbie or your favorite bar owner/manager.

Your Favorite Bar. Most of the women's bars have weekly pool tournaments; check their ads elsewhere in Lavender Letters.

Raquetball

YWCA Masterson Branch, 3615 Willia, 868-6075.

Softball

YWCA Peden Branch, 11209 Clematis, 723-4752.

Mostrose Sports Association, Darlene, 681-7322. The
MSA softball season runs from April through July with
team formation in January and February. This year's
season will end with the Second Annual Classics Tournament at Memorial Park (Fields 1 and 2) on August 4
and 5.

Bacchus, 523 Lovett. Hang around on a Sunday afternoon and talk to someone in uniform.

Swimming

YWCA Masterson Branch, 3615 Willia, 868-6075 YWCA Peden Branch, 11209 Clematis, 723-4752 YWCA Spring Branch Branch, 1102 Campbell, 468-1727

YWCA Blue Triangle, 3005 McGowen, 659-7630 (pool under construction, scheduled for opening this fall)

American Red Cross, 526-8300 (Water Safety Programs). The ARC offers year round instruction in all phases of swimming and water safety (beginner through advanced swimmer and/or WSI) at various pools throughout the Houston area. The classes themselves are free, but you may have to buy a textbook or pay a pool fee for the use of the specific facility.

Tennis

Montrose Tennis Club, Randell, 527-9454. MTC plays every Sunday from 9:00 a.m. until noon at the McGregor



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Tennis Center near the University of Houston. Monthly dues are \$10.00 and guest fees are \$3.00 per session. Since there are about 75 active members, you can be assured of a match if you simply show up, but if you call Randall in advance, your chances are better for a more even match. MTC also participates in tournaments both here and out of town—such as the Texas Cup against Dallas which MTC has never lost.

Volleyball

Parks and Recreation (City of Houston), 641-5051. The City League season runs from January through March.

Montrose Sports Association, Rey, 721-6546. MSA plays volleyball every Tuesday evening at 7:30 p.m. at the high school where Heights Blvd dead ends going north.

Weights

YWCA Masterson Branch, 3615 Willia, 868-6075.

This should be at least a starting place for all but the most adventurous among us, but for those few who demand more I would simply note that Grady and I have not been beaten at Spades since May of 1981.

Note: YWCA dues are \$15.00 per year; the facility use fee is set by the branch.

announcing ...

The Montrose Sports Association Women's Softball League announces the Second Annual Houston Women's Classic. It will be a slowpitch double elimination tournament with teams from cities like Dallas, Austin, Corpus Cristi, Tulsa and New Orleans. Of course, there will be teams from all over Houston. This exciting tournament will take place on August 4 and 5 and will last all day long on both days. It will be held at Memorial Park fields 1, 2 and 3. The refreshment stand will be selling things to eat and drink. There is no charge to be a spectator. For more information please call Marion at 523-2521, Karen at 937-9607, Darlene at 681-9049 or Cathy or Carolyn at 868-6256.

By Dee Smathers

It's tournament time! July 6-8, 1984.

What tournament?

The tournament.

If you check the ticket which surely you have already purchased or the T-shirt you bought at *The* tournament last year, you will see that it is officially the Warren Payne Invitational, but to all who attended even one, it is *The* tournament.

Warren Payne was the founder of the Houston Umpires' Association, sponsor of *The* tournament, and the organizer of the first tournament in 1952.

This will be the 32nd consecutive year that the tournament has been held, and doubtless someone reading this has attended all thirty-two. There will be 18 teams in three divisions; playing at Memorial Park fields numbers one and two. The winner of each division plus the second place team overall will play the semi-finals at Memorial number one, and, of course, the final is at Memorial number one. Tournament tickets are \$9.00, night tickets (Friday or Saturday night) are \$3.00, and Day tickets (all day Saturday or through the finals on Sunday) are \$6.00.

It is not necessary to have or even feign an interest in softball to enjoy *The* tournament. I don't think I have missed more than three tournaments in the nineteen years I have lived in Houston, and I haven't the foggiest idea who won a one of the sixteen I did attend (I do remember that in 1968 the woman who played first base for one team had eyes the same color blue as her uniform). During tournament time there is simply no place else to be because everbody is there.

Dress cool, in both senses of the word. Wear a hat and remember suntan lotion. And always head for the bathroom before you really need to go.

It's tournament time, and I'll see you there.



* viewpoints

By Grynd'l

My dykes! I have lived with them for over a year and I still do not understand them; I don't think I ever will understand them. They are so contradictory. I mean, a bad tempered cat is consistently a bad tempered cat; I am referring, of course, to that bad temper calico, Gensing, who lives here in my house at Trash Acers. Car chasing dogs are consistently car chasing dogs like that stupid Sal who also lives here. Even that devil goat, Hermonetta, is consistently a devil goat; the other day Spft threw her out because she would not be quiet while Spft was trying to talk on the phone and the nasty thing ran around the house, came in the back door, sneaked up behind Spft and peed right on her back.

Spft and Prrr are simply consistently inconsistent. Prrr growls about the summer heat, but will spend hours mowing the lawn in the heat of the day and then fairly preens herself when she is finished. Spft has not changed a tire since driver's ed. in high school (I would love to tell you how long ago that was but I cannot count that high) because she says human male evolved specifically to get his hands dirty. Yet she recently spent three days doing nothing but getting dirty and washing the dirt away. She took apart faucets, undid pipes, and poked instruments into the resulting holes. Then she put the whole mess back together with new parts, took the back steps off the house and dug around until she found the nastiest pit I have ever seen. After she poked around in the pit for the longest time, she covered it up, put the steps back on the house, and literally danced through the house dripping mud and slime everywhere.

Even the way they eat is inconsistent. Prrr eats three plates full of everything and remains a sleek black and white. Spft eats only one plate of anything and does not eat bread or sugar, but she remains a rather tubby tabby.

Now my Lavender Letters colleagues have started this silly sports business. All this foolishness has my whiskers whirling: "If pool is a sport, why isn't backgammon?" "Should we include video games?" "I think we ought to include a complete diet for those persons training for bridge tournaments." And on and on. Any cat could tell you that there is only one sporthunting—but they are not going to include that.

The inconsistencies of my dykes are no where more evident than on the issue of sports. Prrr is an athlete. She says she is an athlete. Spft says she is an athlete. Everyone agrees that Prrr is an athlete. Spft is not an athlete. She says she is not an athlete. Prrr says she is not an athlete. Everyone agrees she is not an athlete. If that sounds consistent to you, you obviously don't know my dykes.

Prrr plays pool when she goes to the bar, but otherwise has not been observed to do anything athletic in the year I have been here. When the conversation turns to sports, she fits right in with the season of softball she played several years ago.

On the other hand Spft either tunes out sports conversations or changes the subject as quickly as possible; she just appears to be bored with the whole subject. I have seen photographs of her in the water with strange equipment; she calls it "diving", Spft seems to think that it fits into travel conversations, not sports. Spft really enjoys travel conversations; she says there are only two civilized ways to travel, by rail or by sail. She surely has not done any civilized traveling since I have been around. In fact, I do not believe she has driven a car more than a couple of times in that year. Whenever she wants to go somewhere, she hops on her bicycle and pedals away. She goes to Montrose to drink beer and visit or to the Post Office in Porter or to the grocery store. I would almost swear that she can pack a week's worth of groceries or two cases of beer on that unstable contraption. Spft says that riding a bicycle is not sport, it is sane transportation in a crazy world.

I do not know if all dykes are so contradictory or if my dykes are atypical specimens of the breed. But I do think I have discovered how to distinguish athletes from non-athletes; it is all in the socks. Athletes wear tall socks pulled up almost to the knees; non-athletes wear sockies that you can barely see over the tops of their shoes—if the sockies have little balls at the heel you can be sure that is a non-athlete.

Sharron L. Fisher Attorney at Law

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book notes

By Ashley Redding

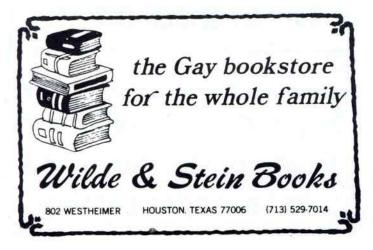
Running Fox, R. R. Knudson, Avon/Flare, New York, NY, 1975, pp. 124.

Begin with Fox (oh please, no slur intended) running barefoot along US Highway 40 in the wilderness under a full moon. A carload of track stars admire and capture a shadow running. A positive form-smooth, powerful, strong, muscles flexed-an elegant description of a young woman's timing and presence-rhythm and detail in the author. The novel is a pleasurable escape into women's track, perfect reading for a rainy afternoon when one has nothing else to do.

But don't expect any great lessons, political statements, or even overt womanhood. Fox is an Indian girl (tolerance-she's under 18) who is transported from her Apache lifestyle to run in the Olympics. From the suspense of her initial capture to faltering starts, time trials, training and finally an Olympic victory with welltimed track strategy and tension, the book will hold your attention.

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There are no lesbians in the novel, and what it lacks in sexuality the text makes up for with "heart". Kathy "Sudden" Hart is the Olympian, retired at 19, who captures Fox on the first race and befriends her. Hart dropped the relay baton in the last Olympics and has a classic fear of the string at the finish line because she was burned once in Munich. Fox is pure Mescalaro Apache-straight from New Mexico-who has a mysterious fear of the starting gun.

In spite of such cliche framework, the novel displays sensual descriptions of the two women in training that could easily compare with Collette and Richardson's early works. Mixed with a delightful balance of Apache spirit, platonic love and track strategy, the story rarely

fails to entertain.

A classic? No, but definitely part of a tradition. If Hart and Fox had just only become lovers, the story would be pure delight. Instead they win Olympic medals, train in the wilderness ritual of nature worship, and hug on the track only. Well, two out of three ain't bad. The book is fast and easy reading with wonderful detail. The author trained with the University of Arizona track team and researched the text on an Indian Reservation.

The best part is the moral (if you're into ideals): we can overcome our fears to accomplish any goal-even if it does take a little Apache magic to do so. The novel is pleasant escape reading geared toward young women; no more, no less. It's also one of the few novels available on women in sports.

Jane Fonda's Workout Book, Jane Fonda, Simon & Simon, New York, 1981, pp 255.

Jane Fonda is a tremendous actress, a committed activist, a successful business woman, and one of the best looking women around. Jane Fonda is not a spellbinding writer. Fortunately, as much space is filled with pictures as is cluttered with words.

The workout proper is bracketed between a history of Ms. Fonda's evolution from sex symbol to feminst and a call to enviornmental activism. This text portion of the book is most definitely primer level stuff and is so predictable that one may save a great deal of time by

reading the first half of the sentences.

The muscle soreness produced by "trying" a few of the beginner exercises, left no doubt that the workout program would shape up even on over forty body. But, also, I don't care how much yogart or kefir I ate or how many Donkey Kicks or Rover's Revenges I did, I would never look like Jane Fonda; so I guess I'll just waddle on into middle age doing Elbow Lunges with a Budweiser.

entertainment.

By Maggie Goshen

Lorena Hickok and Eleanor Roosevelt: A Love Story is a celebration of women loving women beyond unity with the rest of the world. The word was out long before the performance that Hazelwitch Productions expected a capacity crowd for the performance. Best known for her award winning performance in Gertrude Stein, Gertrude Stein, Pat Bond both wrote and performed her newest two act monodrama. Truly this one woman show makes her the Grande Dame of Lesbian and Gay Theatre.

Climbing onto the tiny wobbling set at Treebeard's on May 5th, Bond instantly wove a spell of American aristocracy over the women as she introduced herself as "Hick" and talked about dykes. The audience fell silent. Even with minimal costume, stage and set, the impact of the performance was effective.

"I was in love with Eleanor Rooselvelt and she was in love with me," she insisted. The line hung proudly over the crowd of women as only Bond's exquisite timing could allow. Why, Gertrude Stein had never said anything like this on stage at the Alley theatre. Who can say if the dramatic flash is the actress's eye belonged to Hickok or Bond as she stood with her hands on her hips, her eyes scanning the audience.

The spell continued through moods, laughs, child-hood endurance and flirting as Hickok told her life and love affair with one of America's most famous First Ladies. Bond waved her arms, paced and chuckled. Hickok was vital and inspired. She was telling a love story—about love between two women—the script, character, story and actress practically mystified the audience.

The presentation was casual, more like a night club than theatre. Dressed in a sweater vest and skirt with only a chair, footstool, and shelves raised up on a makeshift platform, Bond wore little make-up or the wig she had used for previous performances. Some of the lines were ad libbed, and she stumbled over a word or two, but still carried the emotional sensitivity of Hickok. Bond never failed to express the personal endurance and playful tenderness of the love between Eleanor Roosevelt and Lorena Hickok. Not once did she lose any of the wit and compassion of the play.

The event was much more than just a love story. The performance revelaed the passionate humor of a woman journalist growing up and gives personal insight into the Roosevelt dynasty. It also included a detailed commentary of the Depression Era and diplomacy in the New Deal. Lorena Hickok and Eleanor Roosevelt: A Love Story in short, offers something for everyone.

Bond's performance had all the intensity and fervor of a woman who believes in what she's doing—now that's

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unity. The charisma of the actress, character and a script based on over 2,000 personal letters, left the audience in stunned silence at the finale; but they quickly rallied to offer a standing ovation. The play is due to open Off Broadway in the fall. We have Pat Bond to thank for making history beyond history. We also have Hazelwitch Productions to thank for bringing her to Houston.

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personals

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