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WOMANSIGHT

NEWS FOR TEXAS WOMEN

FEBRUARY 1982 VOL. 2, NO. 8

FIFTY CENTS

Her Say: A Goldmine of News About Women

Annie Laurie Gaylor

Who broke the story about Rely tampons and toxic shock syndrome? If you think it was the **New York Times** or another major newspaper, think twice.

Her Say did it.

Her Say is a nationally syndicated news service about women, put out by seven hard-working women in San Francisco, whose subscribers include **Mother Jones, Ms.**, commercial and alternative radio stations, libraries and "a host of wonderful, broke, thriving women's newspapers across the United States," said Shelley Buck, one of Her Say's founding members.

Her Say began in 1977 when writer Marlene Edmunds saw too much information about women being ignored. She joined up with Shelley Buck and Anne Milner and they began sending out weekly feminist dispatches to broadcast and print media outlets.

The women of Her Say "look everywhere" for the news, said Buck.

"We read most national publications for news hidden in the back pages, go through the foreign press at consulate libraries, and exchange publications with women in many parts of the U.S. and abroad. We try to see everything in print about women each week; then we sit down and think about what's missing," she explained.

"I don't want to neglect our best news source, however," she added, "—our friends and acquaintances and the women we network with provide wonderful leads." It was such a lead that enabled Her Say last year to seek out data on the



Photo by Anne Miller

The staff of the Women's News Institute, from left: Paula Martersteck, Marlene Edmunds, Anne Milner, Annamarie Faro. Not pictured: Shelley Buck, Dulcy Israel.

Congressional Union Continues Civil Disobedience for ERA

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"I don't want to neglect our best news source, however," she added, "—our friends and acquaintances and the women we network with provide wonderful leads." It was such a lead that enabled Her Say last year to seek out data on the health hazards of Rely tampons.

"We wound up with FDA computer printouts detailing the complaints tampon users
(continued on page 11)

TWU Graduates Get Lecture on Myths That Affect Women

A recent graduating class at Texas Woman's University (TWU) got more than encouraging words when they received their diplomas at TWU's mid-winter commencement in December.

Dr. Donna E. Shalala, president of Hunter College of the City University of New York, told the graduates that before they can go out to change the world, they must confront the myths which affect their lives.

"In any society," Shalala said, "change involves the identifying and dispelling of myths."

Shalala talked about myths that affect women's lives, cultural myths which often overshadow reality. In the case of families, Shalala said the myth that one woman and one man with fixed social and family roles should marry and stay there until they both die is just that—a myth.

"Intrinsic in that myth, of course, is the issue of whether women should control their own bodies; who ought to be responsible for raising the young—whether it should be shared; who ought to be responsible for housework; or how much equality do we really want among men and women?"
(continued on page 10)



The staff of the Women's News Institute, from left: Paula Martersteck, Marlene Edmunds, Anne Milner, Annamarie Faro. Not pictured: Shelley Buck, Dulcy Israel.

Congressional Union Continues Civil Disobedience for ERA

Suzanne Martin

While thousands of women are writing pro-ERA letters to legislators and making-out checks to ERA campaign funds, others are taking more drastic measures to help the last-minute ERA ratification effort.

On Feb. 15, Susan B. Anthony's birthday, the Congressional Union (CU) will stage a massive demonstration at the White House in support of the ERA. Like other CU actions, the demonstration will include acts of nonviolent civil disobedience.

Since its beginning the CU has advocated civil disobedience as a way of drawing attention to the ERA, and as a way of showing women's com-

mitment to the passage of the amendment.

In a recent CU newsletter, Mary Ann Beall, a member of the CU's Advisory Committee, wrote, "Nonviolent civil disobedience, well carried out, is first and foremost communication, a way of engaging the media to get across our message. Secondly, it is an act of personal witness, a declaration, a commitment. We feel injustice so keenly that we will take mighty risks together for justice."

The Congressional Union was formed in the fall of 1980 by graduates of the Women's History Program at Sarah Lawrence College. It has grown to include women historians, students of women's history and feminist activists, with chapters forming across the country. The organization was named in honor of the militant woman suffrage group created by Alice Paul and Lucy Burns in 1914.

Rebecca Reyher joined Paul and Burns as a suffragist and member of the original Congressional Union. Now, she is a member of the present-day Congressional Union's Advisory Committee. In a CU newsletter, Reyher wrote, "My words are a sad record of the betrayal of American women. I marched in the first suffrage parade along Pennsylvania Avenue in 1913. I first picketed the White House in 1917. Today I am 84 and women are still waiting for the ratification of the Equal Rights Amendment."

The women of the Congressional Union are not waiting idly. For more than a year they have been staging demonstrations in support of the ERA. Almost all of the actions have included civil disobedience. Every Wednesday since Feb. 4, 1981, the CU, in coalition with other women's
(continued on page 10)

Also Inside:

Reviews of
Audre Lorde's
New Book
and "Reds"

Women's Music
To Fill Carnegie Hall

Calendar for Texas Cities

LETTERS

Editor:

I'm writing in response to Bill Nelson's letter to you (Dec. 1981) about removing DGA activities (except for those of the Department of Lesbian Issues) from your calendar of events, and your answer to him.

Like you, I find it an interesting irony that an organization which says it is interested in women would show their concern over not being included in **Womansight's** calendar by cancelling their advertising in the only general-circulation publication for women in all of North Texas.

Like you, I find it an interesting inconsistency that an organization which says it is interested in the needs of lesbians should omit the word lesbian from its new name. As most of us in the Dallas feminist community know, that decision was met with the strongest possible protest from those women who had joined DGA when it was the Dallas Gay Political Caucus and worked so hard within that organization to help further the cause of basic human rights for both lesbians and gay men.

Some of those women resigned in protest. Others agonized over resignation and decided to stay on, in hopes that the organization might come to give more than mere lip service to the needs of lesbians.

The feminist community in Dallas viewed DGA's new name with responses ranging from frustration to a sense of betrayal. As I understand the rationale for their having omitted the word "lesbian" from their new name, the male leadership thought the word inflammatory, likely to rock the boat in conservative Dallas. Indeed.

If there is a word that ought to be viewed with alarm, as representing the deadliest poison for any political movement which seeks to work toward human rights, that word is expediency, not lesbian.

Yet, by choosing a course of expediency over one of claiming proudly a word which would demonstrate this organization's commitment to serving the needs of women, DGA has shown that it is willing to disenfranchise women from its purposes and goals.

They may reply that they have created a Department for Lesbian Issues. I will say in return that that is not enough. I think of James Brown's wonderfully sassy and reverberant lyric

toward those goals they share. I would be, of all people, the last to urge a policy of isolationism, divisiveness and competition.

When these two groups do come together, on their common ground, to work in coalition, the result can be impressively strong.

Sincerely,

Johnny Mundo

Dear Readers,

Please pardon our tardiness. We make no excuses. But, to tell you the truth, publishing this issue of **Womansight** has been something similar to climbing up the slick side of a steep cliff.

First, came the predictable post-holiday blues, recognizable by such symptoms as procrastination and general low morale. Then, as you no doubt remember, came the cold spell, which cast bad luck upon us—frozen pipes, dead cars, broken pipes, flooded floors and just enough ice to make going anywhere an unwanted adventure.

We thawed out just in time for deadline and began trying to make up for the lost work days. In the rush of playing catch-up, we caught a bad case of burn-out. We felt overwhelmed, ineffective and just plain bored.

Before we showed signs of hysteria, we made a quick trip to our therapist. As always she helped us piece ourselves together, gave some concrete, helpful suggestions for getting out of a sticky situation, found a few answers to our questions and reminded us that we can only do what we can do.

We left her office feeling strong and whole and ready to work. We were changed women. Unfortunately, our luck had not changed.

Next the typesetting machine gave out. Then a masterful manuscript, which had been attached to a front door in our usual delivery style, apparently vanished into the wild blue yonder with a gust of winter wind. (Of course, we didn't have a copy of the thing.) And finally, advertising sales froze somewhere near zero, as they usually do each January.

So it goes.

Or has gone. The typesetting machine was repaired, the article rewritten and the February issue is finally out. The holidays are passed; our cars are running, our water flowing and we hope

Logo Contest Sponsored For IWD Celebration

The International Women's Day Committee of Dallas is inviting all interested persons to submit a logo to be used for the fourth annual International Women's Day (IWD) celebration.

The logo will be used on all publicity flyers and IWD products. All entries should be of a quality suitable for a poster, and special consideration should be given to the international aspect of the celebration.

Grand prize for the logo chosen will be a one year's subscription to **Womansight**, copies of all products on which the logo is used and recognition at the podium during the celebration.

Submit entries to International Women's Day Committee, 5126 East Side, Dallas, TX 75214. Deadline for submissions is Feb. 20, 1982. All entries become the property of the IWD Committee unless accompanied by a self-addressed, stamped envelope.

Professional Services Directory

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Mary Ellen Freas, A.C.S.W.
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They may reply that they have created a Department for Lesbian Issues. I will say in return that that is not enough. I think of James Brown's wonderfully sassy and reverberant lyric from the '60s, "Say it loud; I'm black and I'm proud."

DGA simply does not want to say "lesbian" loud.

The group in Dallas that does say it loud, and clear, is the Lesbian Rights Task Force of Dallas County NOW. And it is within the context of that powerful and energetic group that I would urge women, of whatever sexual preference, to work together toward the goals of human rights for women and lesbians.

What I hope for and expect is that these two organizations will be able to work together

concrete, helpful suggestions of getting out of a sticky situation, found a few answers to our questions and reminded us that we can only do what we can do.

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See you next month.

Suzanne Martin
Womansight

Texas author and
sister / illustrator's new book—

"THIS LOVE I FEEL"

by Beth Norman Tharel
illustrations by Lee Williams

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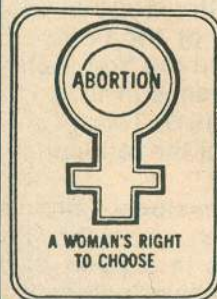
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(214) 827-4549—evenings and weekends

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Licensed Psychotherapist
(214) 526-0840

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If you're interested in reaching Texas women through the Professional Services Directory, send your name, profession, specialty and telephone number, with payment to **Womansight**, P.O. Box 64974, Dallas, TX 75206. The Directory is open to women attorneys, physicians, certified public accountants, dentists, optometrists, psychologists, psychiatrists and veterinarians. Rates are \$10.00 per month or \$25.00 for three consecutive months.

ALL AROUND NEWS

Compiled from Her Say

PRESS CLUB PRESIDENT

In late December the National Press Club elected Vivian Vahlberg as its first woman president in its 73-year history.

NURSE KNOWS BEST

If you're suffering from heart disease, you might want to skip your doctor and go straight to your nurse.

A Canadian study has found that nurse practitioners are better than doctors at getting heart patients to change their health habits.

The *Wall Street Journal* reported that nurses' heart patients lost six pounds on the average, while doctors' patients put on an average of two and half pounds. The patients who received nurses' care also had lower blood pressure.

TOXIC SHOCK AND DIAPHRAMS

Doctors in New England have reported two cases of toxic shock syndrome caused by diaphragms.

The disease was linked to tampon use last year. However, two New England women reportedly developed toxic shock after wearing diaphragms for 36 to 48 hours.

Doctor Henry Feder, of the University of Connecticut Health Center, who reported one of the cases, said the key factor appeared to be the length of time the diaphragms were left in place. Feder added that he believes the devices pose no danger when worn for the more typical eight-hour period.

CONGRESSWOMEN'S CAUCUS

The Congresswomen's Caucus added 46 men to its membership list in late December. The group reportedly changed its women-only policy as a way of gaining more revenue and more political clout.

OLDER WOMEN'S HEALTH

New York Director of Gerontology, Jan Porcino, is also author of a forthcoming book on older women's health problems. Recently she commented on public awareness of that subject. "What we know about aging throughout the world, we know about men."

Porcino said that physicians still don't know how to "efficiently and inexpensively diagnose older women's problems or treat them without potentially harmful drugs."

Porcino added that most books don't deal with the subject seriously, instead telling older women how to be "sensual grandmothers."

ATTORNEY BENCHED

Supreme Court Justice Sandra Day O'Connor survived questions about abortion and equal rights, but attorney Judith Whittaker did not.

The *Washington Post* reported in early January that Whittaker was to have been the Reagan administration's first female nominee to a U.S. appeals court—the level just below the Supreme Court.

However, *The Post* said that Whittaker's nomination chances ended after conservative GOP members complained she was, in the paper's words, "insufficiently Republican." Objections were also raised about her views on abortion and the Equal Rights Amendment, *The Post* reported.

Whittaker, currently a corporate attorney in Kansas City, claimed she was the victim of a "campaign of misinformation."

NICARAGUAN WOMEN

Nicaraguan women are hard at work shoring

up gains they made during that country's revolution.

The *New York Times* reported recently that the last two and a half years have seen the end of all laws considered by Nicaraguans to discriminate against women.

A law giving fathers absolute right over their children has been abolished, for example, while a new measure banning the "commercialization" of women has been passed. That means, in the words of one feminist, that advertisers "can't sell beer and tires anymore with women's legs."

Sandinista women made up nearly 30 percent of fighting troops in the recent war.

TOO MANY MEN IN CONGRESS

A two-year study by an anthropologist has finally uncovered what's wrong with Congress ... it's run by men.

Jack McIver Weatherford, a Ph.D. in anthropology at the University of California at San Diego, compared Congress to the male ruling councils of the Swahilis of Kenya, which, Weatherford claimed, are dominated by ceremonial rituals at the expense of accomplished work.

Weatherford, who worked on the legislative staff of Ohio Senator John Glenn, charged that all male legislators engage in almost-endless posturing on the floor of Congress and in various legislative ceremonies, such as bill-signings. The women of Congress, he noted, "work like Trojans" without nearly as much ceremony.

There's a whole list of things that can be done to reform Congress, said Weatherford, and added, "The easiest, simplest way is: if enough women were elected to Congress, they would cut all the ritual."

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Women's Music to Fill Carnegie Hall



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THE COLLECTIVE

Editorial

Suzanne Martin
Cuyler Etheredge
Amme Hogan
Melanie Ayer
Luz Germain
Beth Yager
Lynn Mueller
Mary Gilmore
Kim Batchelor
Diane Bertram
Nancy Peterson

Advertising

Becky Gordon

Design

Becky Gordon

Circulation

Suzanne Martin
Melodie Alexander
Wendy Brachman
Sheri Gilmore

Typesetting

The Perfect Form

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Women's Music to Fill Carnegie Hall



Meg Christian (left) and Cris Williamson will perform next November in Carnegie Hall's first women's music concert.

Next November feminist musicians Meg Christian and Cris Williamson will team up for Carnegie Hall's first women's music concert.

The concert promises to bring together two of the biggest names in women's music. Before going their separate ways in 1976, the women often brought their music together in concerts and on albums. In 1973, Christian introduced Williamson to the concept of women's music. Two years later, Williamson co-produced and performed on Christian's first album, "I Know You Know."

"I Know You Know" made musical history as the first album recorded by Olivia

Records, one of the first women's music recording companies. In 1975 Williamson recorded "The Changer and the Changed" on Olivia. That album, which Christian performed on, has become one of the most successful albums ever produced by an independent record label, and has sold more than 100,000 copies.

Christian and Williamson staged a musical reunion in Berkeley, Calif., in December, and the concert at Carnegie Hall promises to yield a live album by the performers.

Compiled from *Her Say* and Olivia Records

FILM REVIEW

'Reds'—Documenting 'An Intense Piece of History'

Kim Batchelor

When John Reed wrote *Ten Days That Shook the World*, he called it "an intensified piece of history." No doubt he would have said the same about the movie *Reds*—the story of the life of political activists/writers John Reed and his wife, Louise Bryant; Greenwich Village's community of writers and political movers and shakers; and the revolution in Russia which changed them all.

Reed, Bryant and their close circle of friends were active in one of the most intense periods of American history, the years between 1915 and 1920. As the world prepared for World War I, which the United States would later enter to "save democracy," American authorities were brutally dealing with many advocates of democracy in this country—union organizers and those who held unacceptable political philosophies. *Reds* is built on the strength of those individuals who participated in America's political upheaval and opposed its authoritarian actions.

Emma Goldman (played by Maureen Stapelton) is one of these individuals. She is introduced to the movie audience as an advocate of reproductive rights for women and later delivers an impassioned speech which equates draft resistance to a patriotic act. Friend of Reed

and Goldman, Max Eastman (Edward Herrman) edits the socialist publication *The Masses*. (Interestingly, he later renounces his past and ends up writing for *Reader's Digest* and *National Review*.) Cynically observing the political scene is Jack Nicholson as Eugene O'Neill, equally in love with Louise Bryant and the bottle.

These characters support the movie's central relationship between Reed and Bryant. Their relationship is adversarial and intensely committed. For instance, when Reed is trying to convince Bryant to accompany him to Russia, he approaches Bryant on a battlefield during World War I, which she is covering for the Bell Syndicate. Bryant angrily explains to Reed that if she wanted to cover Russia she would go there herself. "But Russia right now is no place for a woman," Reed tells her, as the bombs drown out his words.

Reds also shows the commitment of Bryant to Reed significantly in scenes where she is making her way across a barren wasteland in Finland to aid her husband who is jailed there. Barbara Gelb writes in her book about the couple, *So Short A Time*, the trip "would have terrified any but the most courageous woman." Writing about her ordeal to Max Eastman, Bryant told him she disguised herself as a sailor and, using forged

seaman's papers, "had to skirt Finland, sail twelve days in the Arctic ocean, hide in a fisherman's shack four days to avoid the police, with a Finnish officer and a German, both under sentence of death in their own countries."

The movie ends with Reed's death from typhus—some say his death was caused by his disillusionment with the course of the revolution. The end of Reed's life essentially ended Bryant's as well.

After her husband's death, she gave up writing and politics, turning instead to alcohol and drugs. She remarried a wealthy man, William Bullitt, and later divorced him, but not before giving birth to a daughter. Her physical health deteriorated to such a point that her friend,

(continued on page 12)

Registration Proposed For National Service

Legislation calling for registration for national service by men and women was introduced in the U.S. House of Representatives in January.

Under the proposed measure, HR 1730, women and men would be required to register for national service on their 17th birthdays. They would then be offered the option of a two-year military hitch; a one-year term of community service; a brief active service followed by five years' reserve duty; or the option of participating in a lottery for military conscription, at times when a draft is deemed necessary.

HR 1730 was introduced by Rep. Pete McCloskey, and is presently under consideration by three House committees. An anti-draft activist in McCloskey's home district said, however, that the measure has little chance of becoming law. Doris Jones of People Against Registration said similar measures proposed by McCloskey in previous sessions of Congress have failed to pass.

McCloskey claimed in a recent statement that he had obtained support for the national service idea from a key figure in the Reagan administration. That figure, and the degree of support forthcoming, were not named.



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Photo by David Appleby

Diane Keaton plays the rebellious and free-thinking Louise Bryant in Paramount Pictures' "Reds."

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Her Say

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CHARLOTTE TAFT, DIRECTOR

BOOK REVIEW

A Thing of Power

The Cancer Journals

by Audre Lorde
Spinsters, Ink
RD 1, Argyle, NY 12809
paperback; \$4

Diane Bertram

She says the love of women healed her, in those weeks and months following her mastectomy for breast cancer. And it's evident, in the account of those difficult times, that there was indeed a strong network of support, from close friends to distant well-wishers, which provided strength and helped her to mobilize her own inner resources. But reading **The Cancer Journals** leaves me with no doubt that it was Audre Lorde's own special courage and insight—her tools, or more aptly, her weapons, as feminist and poet—that enabled her not only to survive but to transform her experience into a thing of power.

I have seen no better feminist overview of cancer and its political implications. Lorde writes:

Off and on I kept thinking. I have cancer. I'm a black lesbian feminist poet, how am I going to do this now? Where are the models for what I'm supposed to be in this situation? But there were none.

But while Lorde's self-identification as black lesbian feminist poet isolates her, cuts her off from a certain kind of support she might otherwise have enjoyed, it also gives her unique tools for making use of her experience. No one could be better equipped to spot, analyze and resist the subtle but distinct forms of oppression inherent in society's treatment of the post-mastectomy woman. **The Cancer Journals** explores "(h)ow...my experiences with cancer fit into the larger tapestry of my work as a Black woman, into the history of all women."

The major issue for Lorde is one common to all oppressed groups, but which achieves dramatic illustration in the woman who undergoes mastectomy: that of visibility and unity vs.

that this mask of silence and invisibility isolates a woman from others of similar experience, infantilizing her and keeping her dependent on a cosmetic illusion. It discourages her from dealing directly with the full implications of her cancer, including a rearrangement of life priorities and an awareness of the "power and rewards of self-conscious living."

In the book's final section Lorde addresses a number of topics related to cancer politics. Briefly she expresses anger that the nutritional and environmental causes of cancer continue to be underplayed, and that findings on alternative forms of therapy are ignored or suppressed. She urges breast self-examination and deplores "the atrocity euphemistically called 'breast reconstruction.'" The American Cancer Society comes under fire for sometimes questionable ethics and motives. And Lorde meets with indignation those who demand of the cancer victim a simplistic cheerfulness, or who blame the very occurrence of the disease on the victim's own "negative feelings."

Perhaps any strong set of beliefs would have helped sustain Lorde through the experience with breast cancer, but as a feminist she may have had some specific advantages in coping. The feminist is more likely to take active responsibility for herself, for her physical and emotional health. She is less likely to be alienated from her own body or to accept blindly the societal norms for female appearance.

Confronting death, Lorde writes, reinforced her courage to act and speak. Faced with the likelihood of dying, other fears began to seem less significant. Conversely, too, her history of political courage as black lesbian feminist obviously supported her in this crisis, and provided a kind of model and training for the new courage required of her.

And it is with the special courage of a poet that she braves the isolation, the absence of guideposts and role models, to journey inward to learn what she can learn, and to return to speak those lessons to us. One journal entry reads:

And yes I am completely self-referenced right now because it is the only translation I can trust, and I do believe not until every woman traces

treatment for cancer. Almost every concern of Lorde's strikes a responsive chord in me, and I read and reread this book, combing it for clues to my own survival.

But Lorde's message transcends the particulars of the cancer experience. The details of a specific trauma, like those of a specific oppression, are not trivial but must not be used to separate those of us with common cause. The common cause here is affirmation of being. Lorde's words are psychic nourishment, and it matters vitally that this book exists.

UNTITLED

where I left it

it's all there

back in Nebraska
just south of Wymore

all I do is touch
these electrode tips
to my brain

then it comes
in swift flashes

the smell of a field
of fresh mown alfalfa
windrows curing in the July sun

the feel of Bessie's flank on my cheek
as I watch Gramps
play a pizzicato into
the silver milk bucket
warm spray spattering us both

the taste of Gram's gooseberry pie
hot and tart under
her rich hand-churned
vanilla ice cream

where are the models? what I'm sup-
posed to be in this situation? But there
were none.

But while Lorde's self-identification as black lesbian feminist poet isolates her, cuts her off from a certain kind of support she might otherwise have enjoyed, it also gives her unique tools for making use of her experience. No one could be better equipped to spot, analyze and resist the subtle but distinct forms of oppression inherent in society's treatment of the post-mastectomy woman. **The Cancer Journals** explores "(h)ow...my experiences with cancer fit into the larger tapestry of my work as a Black woman, into the history of all women."

The major issue for Lorde is one common to all oppressed groups, but which achieves dramatic illustration in the woman who undergoes mastectomy: that of visibility and unity vs. silence and separation. Breast cancer is still the great unspeakable, and women are encouraged, with the aid of prosthesis, to hide the loss of a breast and appear "normal." Lorde points out

own body or to accept primarily the beauty
for female appearance.

Confronting death, Lorde writes, reinforced her courage to act and speak. Faced with the likelihood of dying, other fears began to seem less significant. Conversely, too, her history of political courage as black lesbian feminist obviously supported her in this crisis, and provided a kind of model and training for the new courage required of her.

And it is with the special courage of a poet that she braves the isolation, the absence of guideposts and role models, to journey inward to learn what she can learn, and to return to speak those lessons to us. One journal entry reads:

And yes I am completely self-referenced right now because it is the only translation I can trust, and I do believe not until every woman traces her weave back strand by bloody self-referenced strand, will we begin to alter the whole pattern.

In the progression of journal writings which occupies part of the book, it is clear that work has helped see her through. The passion for language—the belief "that what is most important to me must be spoken, made verbal and shared, even at the risk of having it bruised or misunderstood"—is a source of renewal, the thing that makes life for the author not only possible but necessary.

As I write this, I am entering my third year of

then it comes
in swift flashes

the smell of a field
of fresh mown alfalfa
windrows curing in the July sun

the feel of Bessie's flank on my cheek
as I watch Gramps
play a pizzicato into
the silver milk bucket
warm spray spattering us both

the taste of Gram's gooseberry pie
hot and tart under
her rich hand-churned
vanilla ice cream

and the smell of lilac bushes
filling the summer air
thick and sweet as sorghum syrup

it is still there
just south of Wymore

where I left it

Sheryl L. Nelms

READ & SUBSCRIBE TO
NO MORE CAGES,
A BI-MONTHLY
WOMEN'S PRISON NEWSLETTER



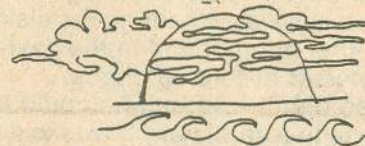
The Jan./Feb. Issue Includes Articles On:

Update at Bedford Hills Women's Prison
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Responsibility of Feminist Press to
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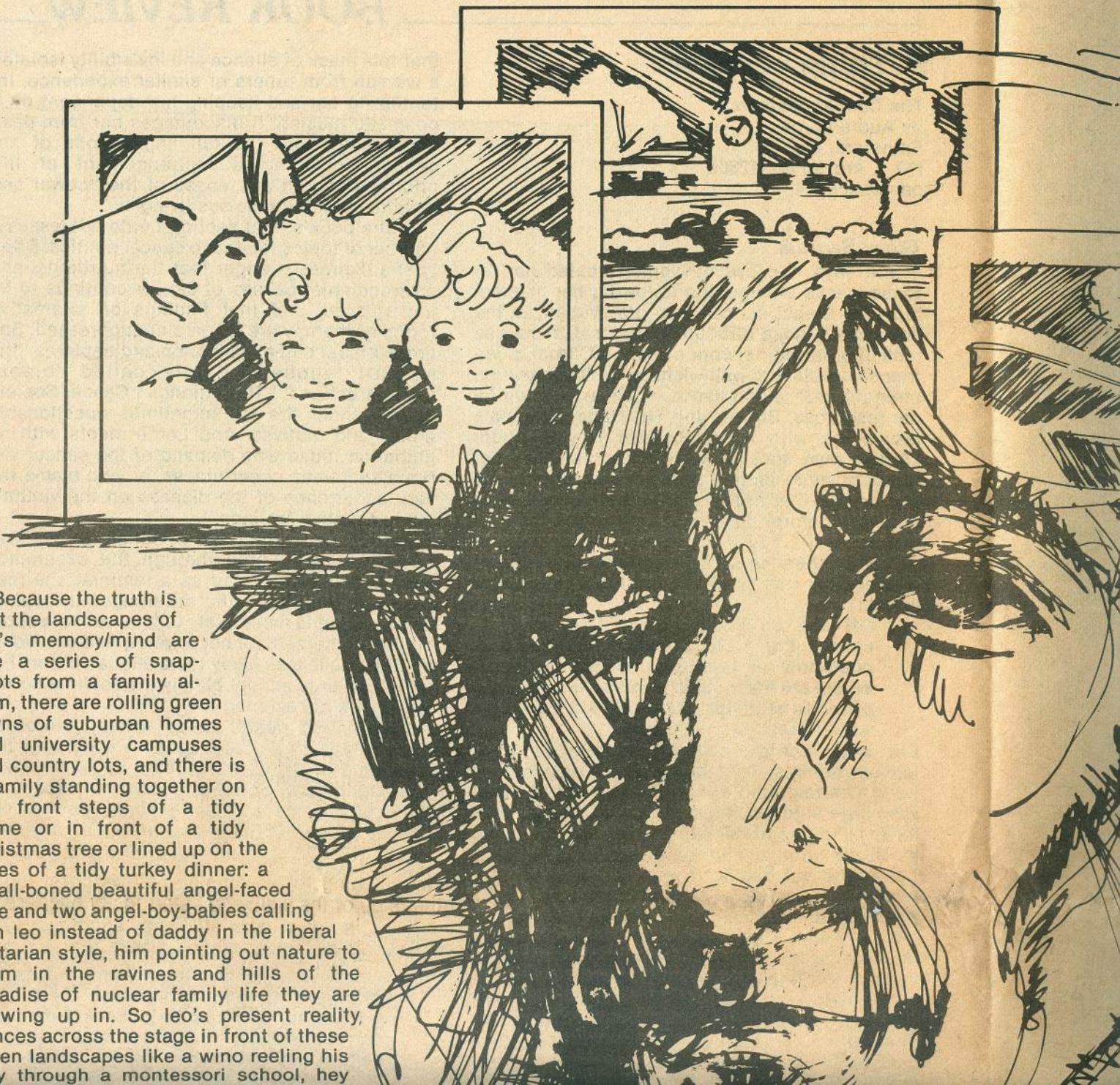
Fiction

LEAPING LEO

Pat Ellis Taylor

So in dallas leo is always working one place and I am working another, I get up in the morning while he's still in bed or after he's already gone to work, hours and days erratic working temporary jobs. I walk through the alley in back of our apartment house in the morning to gaston avenue to catch the bus to wherever kelly girl services say I should be going, the exhaust fumes flooding over the curbs and crashing in rush-hour waves against the darkening brick mix of apartments/tattoo-parlor/mex-tex-bars/and/fast-foods on both street sides. And leo coaxes the pick-up truck to his jobs, he's registered with manpower, atlas, and peakload, he loads gatorade and drives a delivery route and makes electric curcuit boards and sprays paint on pipes. And he comes home telling stories, you know how the newspaper said that street guy fell into downtown traffic and was killed? he tells me. Well, he didn't fall he was pushed, that's what one of the men down at atlas told me today. He was a pursesnatcher and the cops couldn't catch him, so they finally pushed him under the wheels. And he tells me where some of the men sleep, under the freeway, and where they told him to go on the highway to ask truckers for work unloading in town, little pieces of labor pool lore, who's hiring where, and how many at a time. He works for two or three days at a time, then lays off for two or three days, sitting around in the efficiency apartment, watching teevee in his shorts, drinking beers, letting the aluminum cans pile up in grocery bags under the kitchen window, writing poems about how workers hate working and how he wishes he was alone and free and unencumbered and

Because the truth is that the landscapes of leo's memory/mind are like a series of snapshots from a family album, there are rolling green lawns of suburban homes and university campuses and country lots, and there is a family standing together on the front steps of a tidy home or in front of a tidy christmas tree or lined up on the sides of a tidy turkey dinner: a small-boned beautiful angel-faced wife and two angel-boy-babies calling him leo instead of daddy in the liberal unitarian style, him pointing out nature to them in the ravines and hills of the paradise of nuclear family life they are growing up in. So leo's present reality, dances across the stage in front of these green landscapes like a wino reeling his way through a montessori school, hey



you know how the newspaper said that street guy fell into downtown traffic and was killed? he tells me. Well, he didn't fall he was pushed, that's what one of the men down at atlas told me today. He was a pursesnatcher and the cops couldn't catch him, so they finally pushed him under the wheels. And he tells me where some of the men sleep, under the freeway, and where they told him to go on the highway to ask truckers for work unloading in town, little pieces of labor pool lore, who's hiring where, and how many at a time. He works for two or three days at a time, then lays off for two or three days, sitting around in the efficiency apartment, watching teevee in his shorts, drinking beers, letting the aluminum cans pile up in grocery bags under the kitchen window, writing poems about how workers hate working and how he wishes he was alone and free and unencumbered and somewhere else.

In the evenings when I get off of work, sometimes leo and I walk down gaston avenue to tom thumb supermarket which is a grocery store like the neighborhood built in more peaceful, more affluent tree-lined times for the sweet-stay-at-home-housewives who were our mothers who abandoned these city neighborhoods for the safer cleaner dallas north suburbs. Now it is sticky-floor-broken-glass-crowded-aisles, votive candles and mountain-pass cans of chili across from won-ton wrappers, strong-smelling men in salvation army suits cruising with grocery carts full of plastic-sacked beans and boxed rice, iron bars between the store doors and the parking lot to keep the carts from getting ripped off by grocery-bagged walkers. The store sits at the end of a horse-shoe mall, but the dime stores and baby-knitting-fabric shops which once must have lined the other two sides of the parking lot are long gone, windows boarded up, one corner ex-drugstore now mario's lounge, black plywood across the window glass, low-riders parked in front, young chicanos lounging against the chrome-nosed hoods at night, mario's door open and loud music coming out. One night at the check-out stand I am so happy to be off work for the day, so happy to be with leo, who is holding my hand, I say isn't this romantic, the two of us here checking out groceries, and leo looks at me like I am crazy. You've got to be kidding, he says, no romanticism left in leo anymore, he can see very clearly where he is, and it's no place good.

bum, there are rolling green lawns of suburban homes and university campuses and country lots, and there is a family standing together on the front steps of a tidy home or in front of a tidy christmas tree or lined up on the sides of a tidy turkey dinner: a small-boned beautiful angel-faced wife and two angel-boy-babies calling him leo instead of daddy in the liberal unitarian style, him pointing out nature to them in the ravines and hills of the paradise of nuclear family life they are growing up in. So leo's present reality, dances across the stage in front of these green landscapes like a wino reeling his way through a montessori school, hey where are we? Just where the hell are we? Wife, children, house and car, all gone, university job finally taken away for all the scandal and chaos which once kicked up like chicken feathers in a whing-a-ding transformation from leo-the-professor to leo-the-man falling falling falling for a shady woman with teen-aged children (who is me) and poetry as a way of life. And somehow or another it has all come to this: leo creating the plot of his own story from labor pool lounge to tom thumb barrio-market and seeing (incredibly!) himself in the faces of the other men there too old too poorly educated too alcoholic too suicidal too lonely to be anything like him, but there they are anyway, wheeling the aisles of tom thumb together at night and in the daytime sharing the same set of folding chairs.

Now if leo didn't love me, he could be a poet and live alone in a cardboard box (like a man who lived somewhere up east leo read about in the dallas morning news) and then he wouldn't have to work very much at all, he could simply eat cheap mackerel and soda crackers and write poetry all day. Or if I were simply myself alone, then we could be gypsies together, we could ride the rails and hitchhike and explore deserts and mountains and meet south american shamen and learn universal secrets from listening to the grass sing across the canadian tundras and from kundalini-fucking in the dry bed of the rio grande. But I never seem to be myself alone, that sharp thin blade of a female-fantasy-companion fit for a



gypsy-poet-man, I always seem instead to have these children always tying me to the world of work. And in dallas at first there is only one of these children, there is only morgani, who is a grown child and who works himself at a car wash bringing in one-third of the rent every month. But then there are two others, calling long-distance from el paso no longer wanting to live with their father, wanting to come for the school year to dallas and live with me. And I am a mother, born under the sign of mother, called by the name of mother and all of its variations wheeling off of three children's developing tongues: the continuing chorus of all my adult years. So because of these children wanting to come, I think well, we've got to be somewhere, we've got to have a place to sleep at least, the word we no longer meaning leo and me having wider and weightier implications.

So leo money. maybe so sake of i thinks m weeks i rainbow- and som porary la migrant-r go to the rains, we how to b blows to tent pole So we're before, a place wit it's alrea to begin So one rent just everybod

I say 325.

And he says utilities?

I say we pay them.

And he says well, that's over a hundred dollars more a month than what we're paying now.

But I say I'll pay more than you need to, to cover the kids.

Who'll pay the deposit? he says.

Oh don't worry, I'll get it together, I lie-hope-wish-dream, because there's no more than fifty dollars in the envelope underneath the rug in the closet where I keep my money, and kelly services hasn't called me for work in over four days. Leo looks at me like he knows I am lying and he is mad-as-hell but he isn't saying anything, because he's seen again that I am not alone, even though I try every night to make him forget it by making him concentrate on that singular body under the covers, but the truth is always there below the surface: **leo is working in labor pools in dallas instead of crab-fishing on the acapulco-tibetan-desert-beach because the woman he has chosen is always shadowed by children not even his own.**

So it is towards the end of the summer to beat all summers, july murdering grass and shrubs, august murdering babies, old people stroking and dying, burnt-out trees like torches outside the apartment window dead-green and still. It is too hot to wear clothes so I am hanging around the apartment with nothing on but a white-half-slip pulled up to my armpits. And in the corner of the kitchen is a pile of used carpet which someone brought home from a dumpster because it is perfectly good. So I lie down on top of that and look out the window at nothing like a floundering fish pining for my kids because they're so good and I'm so bad, singing that old bad mother song. And oh these kids, I am thinking, they've been through shit with me, I quit their bankrupt ad-agency boozing dad thinking for sure I could make something better for us all than that but where am I now, baby, where am I now? My arm is over my eyes listening to leo running bathwater on the other side of the wall, and I start to cry because I'm living in a two-room efficiency apartment in an east dallas neighborhood where the winos piss in the park bushes across from the elementary school and I don't have a job and I don't even have a place for my kids to stay. And I don't even have a place for them to stay! Oh I should have bought a pair of hose, I should have laquered my fingernails and put my papers in a briefcase and

he looks his worst, his arms and legs look skinny, his hair looks stringy, when he looks at me I hear him saying you-limpbag-of-depression-and-doldrums-you-witch-bitch, and when I look at him he can hear me saying you moneyless-no-good-bummer-nonpoet-of-a-man . . . That was grey eagle on the telephone, he tells me, he's going to come over and drive us to his house so we can see some slides he took of the rainbow gathering. And I am thinking oh no oh no, not grey eagle, not the rainbow gathering, why of why did I ever go to the naked-hippiéd-rainbow-family-gathering this summer in west virginia, why did I let leo talk me into spending my money on that? So I don't say anything, I just lie there with my arm on my eyes.

Leo says so do you want to go?

And I say no.

He says I think you should go, I think you should get out of this apartment.

So I take my arm down but don't look at him, I look around for my shoes, I'll go I say, reaching around for the pants I had on which are somewhere.

Just then someone knocks at the door and morgani answers it, and it is my biker-brother who came passing through el paso on his way to dallas and gave one of my kids a ride. So I hug this particular kid, who is blonde and sixteen, and I tell him that he looks good, because he does, and we walk out of the kitchen into the other room and he says, so this is it, huh? And I say yes, this is it.

And he says well, where am I going to sleep?

And I wave to the floor and say here for right now.

He says where's the other kid going to sleep when she comes?

And I say, she's going to sleep here, too.

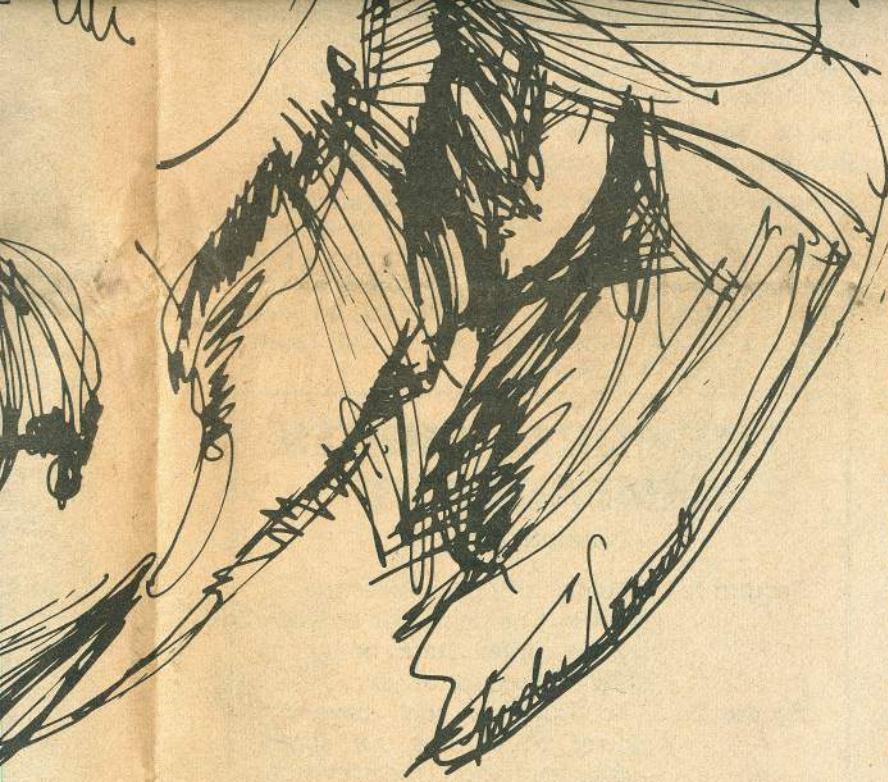
My biker-brother sits down on the couch, red beard frazzled, face red, leo brings him a beer, this city is already freaking me out, my biker-brother says, I don't see how you can stand living in the middle of the city. I called out to your house in the country first thinking you'd be there. Some other people had your number. They said they had people calling for you all the time.

Well we haven't been out there for a long time, I say. For one thing, our truck's on its last legs, so leo has only been using it to drive to jobs.

I don't know why you don't live out there anymore, my biker-brother says.

Well, we're not living out there because we ran out of money and there wasn't any work out





So leo thinks maybe he will get a grant of money. But he doesn't. And then he thinks maybe someone rich will give him money for the sake of poetry, but nobody does. And then he thinks maybe if we take off in the camper for two weeks in july for the annual-naked-hippie-rainbow-family-gathering he will get a revelation and some new kind of future other than temporary labor pools and dallas apartment-semi-migrant-neighborhoods will open up. And we do go to the rainbow-family-gathering all right. But it rains, we only have wet wood and don't know how to build a fire, we get diarrhea, the wind blows toilet paper from the shitter around our tent poles, the tent falls down around our ears. So we're back in dallas and poorer than we were before, and I start looking around for a bigger place with a lease that allows children because it's already august and the school year is about to begin and my children are coming.

So one day I tell leo, there is an apartment for rent just three doors down big enough for everybody, and leo says how much a month?

top of that and look out the window at nothing like a floundering fish pining for my kids because they're so good and I'm so bad, singing that old bad mother song. And oh these kids, I am thinking, they've been through shit with me, I quit their bankrupt ad-agency boozing dad thinking for sure I could make something better for us all than that but where am I now, baby, where am I now? My arm is over my eyes listening to leo running bathwater on the other side of the wall, and I start to cry because I'm living in a two-room efficiency apartment in an east dallas neighborhood where the winos piss in the park bushes across from the elementary school and I don't have a job and I don't even have a place for my kids to stay. And I don't even have a place for them to stay! Oh I should have bought a pair of hose, I should have laquered my fingernails and put my papers in a briefcase and finished my degree and copied my resume and stopped pretending to be a writer, and I should have married someone other than leo who would give me money anytime I asked for it, or stayed married to the children's dad who has become successful-sober-and-dull without me around, or I should have never moved to dallas I should have stayed in the country and gone to work in wills point for champion mobile homes or gotten a job at the local dairy queen dishing ice cream.

The front door opens, and it is morgani coming in from the carwash, he comes into the kitchen and opens the refrigerator but doesn't say anything to me like I am probably sleeping with my arm over my face. And thank god thank god, I am thinking, at least a little money coming in from morgani thank god for a grown son, oh, and I keep lying on that pile of carpet, not only am I not able to take care of my own children, I am not able to take care of **myself!** Here I am, I am thinking, no better than a fat black-shawled peasant mother being taken care of by a grown son (and I am getting lower and lower)—how can this be when I am such a **smart** person? How can such a bright-young-looking-kind-of-woman-for-her-age, such a—I would even say—sometimes **sexy** woman—who at the same time writes funny things as well as serious things, someone who is sometimes somewhat of a female folklore scholar, how can such a charismatic person like myself be so **down and out?**

The telephone rings and leo answers it. He comes into the kitchen a few minutes later, and

now.

He says where's the other kid going to sleep when she comes?

And I say, she's going to sleep here, too.

My biker-brother sits down on the couch, red beard frazzled, face red, leo brings him a beer, this city is already freaking me out, my biker-brother says, I don't see how you can stand living in the middle of the city. I called out to your house in the country first thinking you'd be there. Some other people had your number. They said they had people calling for you all the time.

Well we haven't been out there for a long time, I say. For one thing, our truck's on its last legs, so leo has only been using it to drive to jobs.

I don't know why you don't live out there anymore, my biker-brother says.

Well, we're not living out there because we ran out of money and there wasn't any work out there, I say.

Oh you could have worked if you wanted to, leo says.

Where? I ask him.

You never even asked around.

Well at any rate it certainly seemed to me that there wasn't any way to make a living there.

Someone is knocking on the door again, and this time it is grey eagle, leo introduces grey eagle to my biker-brother and they shake hands. And on one side of the hand-shake is grey eagle whose beard is grey and whose cheeks are rosy from hippie vitality who lives be himself on bee pollen and rose hips (like leo himself might look if he were fifty and lived alone) and on the other side of the hand-shake is my biker-brother full of biker-blood-lust, his face already dark-red from homicidal city vibes. Leo asks my biker-brother if he wants to come and see slides of the rainbow gathering and my biker-brother says yes, and we leave the apartment with morgani and the other kid sharing a joint. We drive to grey eagle's ranch-style house with trimmed-up bushes in a quiet north dallas neighborhood. He sets up his carousel slide projector on a coffee table in the living room and starts projecting larger-than-lifesize photographs of two nude blond women, one a well-preserved fortyish, the other in her teens. These are mother and daughter, he says, who came to dallas from new mexico and convoyed with me to the hippie rainbow gathering the rest of the way. I took these shots of them in

(continued on page 12)

FEBRUARY CALENDAR

AUSTIN

1 MONDAY

Texas Women: A Celebration of History on display at LBJ Library through April.

Austin Networker meeting. 5:30 P.M. City Hall Annex. Call Nora Gifford, (512) 477-8678.

2 TUESDAY

Austin Chapter of the Women's Political Caucus meeting. 7:30 P.M. Austin Women's Center, 711 San Antonio. (512) 472-3775.

3 WEDNESDAY

Austin NOW meeting. 7:30 P.M. Austin Women's Center, 711 San Antonio. (512) 472-3775.

5 FRIDAY

Travis County Women Lawyers meeting. Noon. Texas Law Center, 1414 Colorado.

7 SUNDAY

Austin Action for Former Military Wives meeting. 2 P.M. Austin Public Library, 4th floor auditorium. Call Vivian Frielmemyr, (512) 928-1718.

8 MONDAY

Tradeswomen of Austin meeting. 6:45 P.M. Austin Women's Center, 711 San Antonio. (512) 472-3775.

16 TUESDAY

Austin Chapter of the Women's Political Caucus meeting. 7:30 P.M. Austin Women's Center, 711 San Antonio. (512) 472-3775.

17 WEDNESDAY

Austin Commission on the Status of Women meeting. 7 P.M. City Hall Annex. Call the Human Relations Department, (512) 472-9168.

Austin NOW meeting. 7:30 P.M. Austin Women's Center, 711 San Antonio. (512) 472-3775.

25 THURSDAY

Austin Mexican-American Business and Professional Women's Club meeting. Austin Public Library. Call Ella Salazar, (512) 477-6511 for time.

EVERY FRIDAY

Austin Womenspace Coffeehouse. 7:30 P.M. 2330 Guadalupe. (512) 472-3053.

Travis County Democratic Women's Committee meeting. Write to Edith Buss, 3318 Perry, Austin.

CLEAR LAKE CITY

20 SATURDAY

American Association of University Women mid-winter conference. Through Sunday the 21st. For more information contact the AAUW branch in your area, or call Ellen Ward, president of the Duncanville branch, (214) 298-6691.

DALLAS

1 MONDAY

Dallas County NOW program meeting. 7:30 P.M. 3107 Routh (upstairs in back). (214) 742-6918.

3 WEDNESDAY

Brookhaven College presents a flute recital by Pam Youngblood. Noon. Performance Hall. Free.

Dallas County NOW Lesbian Rights Task Force meeting. 7:30 P.M. 3107 Routh (upstairs in back). (214) 742-6918.

4 THURSDAY

Dallas Gay Alliance's Department for Lesbian Issues meeting. 7:30 P.M. Call (214) 528-4233 for location.

5 FRIDAY

Brookhaven College presents a lecture by historian Elizabeth Enstam, "What Have Women Contributed to Dallas?" Noon. Room B220. Free.

8 MONDAY

Dallas County NOW business meeting. 7:30 P.M. 3107 Routh (upstairs in back). (214) 742-6918.

9 TUESDAY

Dallas Mexican-American Business and Professional Women's meeting. 7 P.M. Call (214) 361-1431 for location.

Dallas County NOW ERA Task Force meeting. 7:30 P.M. 3107 Routh (upstairs in back). (214) 742-6918.

13 SATURDAY

North Lake College offers a two-part workshop on Developing a Professional Image. Time management, power, sexism and assertiveness will be some of the topics discussed. 9 A.M. to 5 P.M. The second part of the workshop will be Saturday, Feb. 20, 9 A.M. to 5 P.M. Call (214) 659-5200 for location. Fee \$24.

Dallas County NOW Lesbian Rights Task Force Educational Forum. Informal discussion. 7:30 P.M. 3107 Routh (upstairs in back). (214) 742-6918. Free.

15 MONDAY

Dallas County NOW Reproductive Freedom Task Force or North Texas Abortion Rights Action League (NTARAL) meeting. 7:30 P.M. 3107 Routh. (214) 742-6918.

16 TUESDAY

North Lake College offers a Financial Planning Seminar for women. Topics include investments, insurance, tax management and budgeting. 7 to 9 P.M. Call (214) 659-5200 for location. Fee \$10.

North Dallas NOW meeting. 7:30 P.M. Brookhaven College, room B220. (214) 690-8971.

Duncanville Branch of the American Association of University Women meeting, open to women degreed from a four-year college. February's program will be Higher Education for Women: The Whys and Hows. 7:30 P.M. Republic Savings and Loan, 103 North Cedar Ridge Drive. Call Diane Cunningham, (214) 296-4629.

THE EQUAL RIGHTS AMENDMENT

(Complete text)

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Austin NOW meeting. 7:30 P.M. Austin Women's Center, 711 San Antonio. (512) 472-3775.

18 THURSDAY

Austin Legal Secretaries dinner meeting. Call Lou Van Cony, (512) 474-4704 for time and location.

Town Lake Chapter of American Business Women's Association dinner meeting. Call Marie Curler, (512) 476-2686 for time and location.

21 SUNDAY

The Black Arts Alliance and Women & Their Work present a multi-arts performance. 6 P.M. Paramount Theatre. \$5 for adults, \$3 for children and senior citizens. Call (512) 477-9660.

23 TUESDAY

ALGPC (Austin Lesbian/Gay Political Caucus) meeting. 7:30 P.M. Austin Lambda, 603 West 12th. (512) 478-8653.

3 WEDNESDAY

Brookhaven College presents a flute recital by Pam Youngblood. Noon. Performance Hall. Free.

Dallas County NOW Lesbian Rights Task Force meeting. 7:30 P.M. 3107 Routh (upstairs in back). (214) 742-6918.

4 THURSDAY

Dallas Gay Alliance's Department for Lesbian Issues meeting. 7:30 P.M. Call (214) 528-4233 for location.

5 FRIDAY

Brookhaven College presents a lecture by historian Elizabeth Enstam, "What Have Women Contributed to Dallas?" Noon. Room B220. Free.

6 SATURDAY

North Lake College offers an Assertive Communication Seminar to teach women the basics of assertiveness. The seminar will include assessing your rights and better communication skills. 9:30 A.M. to 4 P.M. Bring a sack lunch. Call (214) 659-5200 for location. Fee \$10.

WOMANSIGHT DISTRIBUTORS

AUSTIN: Bookwomen; Paperbacks Plus.

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FORT WORTH: Century Books.

HOUSTON: The Bookstore.

SAN ANTONIO: Las Mujeres Women's Bookstore.

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North Lake College offers a Financial Planning Seminar for women. Topics include investments, insurance, tax management and budgeting. 7 to 9 P.M. Call (214) 659-5200 for location. Fee \$10.

North Dallas NOW meeting. 7:30 P.M. Brookhaven College, room B220. (214) 690-8971.

Duncanville Branch of the American Association of University Women meeting, open to women degreed from a four-year college. February's program will be Higher Education for Women: The Whys and Hows. 7:30 P.M. Republic Savings and Loan, 103 North Cedar Ridge Drive. Call Diane Cunningham, (214) 296-4629.

THE EQUAL RIGHTS AMENDMENT

(Complete text)

- Section 1. Equality of rights under the law shall not be denied or abridged by the United States or by any state on account of sex.
- Section 2. The Congress shall have the power to enforce, by appropriate legislation, the provisions of this article.
- Section 3. This amendment shall take effect two years after the date of ratification.

STATES THAT HAVE NOT RATIFIED

Alabama	Illinois	North Carolina
Arizona	Louisiana	Oklahoma
Arkansas	Mississippi	South Carolina
Florida	Missouri	Utah
Georgia	Nevada	Virginia

RATIFICATION DEADLINE

JUNE 30, 1982

17 WEDNESDAY

Dallas Hispanic Organization of Women meeting. 7:30 P.M. (214) 634-0641.

Dallas County NOW Lesbian Rights Task Force meeting. 7:30 P.M. 3107 Routh (upstairs in back). (214) 742-6918.

18 THURSDAY

North Lake College offers Explore. This eight-week seminar deals with women's search for identity, role definitions, relationships and changes in life phases. Every Thursday through April 15, 7 to 9:30 P.M. Call (214) 659-5200 for location. Fee \$45.

Dallas Gay Alliance's Department for Lesbian Issues meeting. 7:30 P.M. Call (214) 528-4233 for location.

20 SATURDAY

North Lake College offers an Assertive Communication Seminar to teach women the basics of assertiveness. The seminar will include assessing your rights and better communication skills. 9:30 A.M. to 4 P.M. Bring a sack lunch. Call (214) 659-5200 for location. Fee \$10.

North Lake College offers Stress Management for Women. 10 A.M. to 4:30 P.M. Call (214) 659-5200 for location. Fee \$10.

22 MONDAY

Dallas County NOW Political Action Committee meeting. 6:30 P.M. 3107 Routh (upstairs in back). (214) 742-6918.

Dallas Women's Coalition meeting. A representative from your organization is welcome. Call in advance. 7:30 P.M. Central YWCA, 4621 Ross Avenue, room 204. Call Gretchen Geodecke, (214) 661-2891.

23 TUESDAY

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FEBRUARY CALENDAR

FORT WORTH

27 SATURDAY

Dallas County NOW Lesbian Rights Task Force Last Saturday Coffeehouse. Performances by local musicians, comics, etc. Refreshments served. Womanspace only. 8 P.M. 3107 Routh (upstairs in back). (214) 742-6918. \$1.25 donation.

DENTON

1 MONDAY

GLAD (Gay/Lesbian Association of Denton) meeting. 7:30 P.M. Maple and Avenue B. (817) 387-6419.

15 MONDAY

GLAD meeting. See listing above.

13 SATURDAY

Gray Panthers of the Fort Worth, Dallas Metroplex meeting. 10 A.M. Arlington Girls Club Unit #1, 604 New York Avenue, Arlington. (214) 941-0121 or (817) 460-8548.

16 THURSDAY

Fort Worth NOW meeting. 7:30 P.M. YWCA, West 4th and Burnett Streets. (817) 388-4456.

GEORGETOWN

16 THURSDAY

Georgetown Women's Network meeting. 7:30 P.M. Georgetown Public Library, 609 Main. Call Mary Ellen Kersch, (512) 836-7174.

RESOURCES

SERVICES

Dallas County Rape Crisis Center (24 hr.) (214) 521-1020

Women's Center of Tarrant County and Rape Crisis Center (817) 338-4456

Women's Haven, a temporary shelter and guidance for abused women and their children (817) 336-1712

The Family Place, a shelter for battered women and their children, (24 hr.) (214) 941-1991

Denton County Friends of the Family, Inc., a shelter for battered women and their children, rape crisis counseling, self-help for abusive men (817) 382-7273 or (817) 382-RAPE

Austin Family House, a residence for alcoholic women and their children (512) 441-2026

High Hopes Rehabilitation Center, residential and day programming for women with substance abuse problems

ORGANIZATIONS

Women's Issues Network (WIN), Joy Mankoff, (214) 361-6971

Business and Professional Women (214) 691-2195

YWCA Women's Resource Center (214) 827-5600

Women's Southwest Federal Credit Union (214) 748-6820

Executive Women of Dallas, Beverly Gandy, (214) 655-1311

Women in Communications, Inc. (WICI), Susan Abrahamson, (214) 353-0120

League of Women Voters of Dallas (214) 351-4125

SMU Women's Center (214) 692-3418

Explore, a woman's way to self-discovery, Susan Reese, (214) 739-4529

Austin Tenants' Council (512) 474-1961

Texas Tenants' Union Austin (512) 479-0987

Dallas (214) 823-2733

meeting. 6:30 P.M. 3107 Roth (upstairs in back). (214) 742-6918.

Dallas Women's Coalition meeting. A representative from your organization is welcome. Call in advance. 7:30 P.M. Central YWCA, 4621 Ross Avenue, room 204. Call Gretchen Geodecke, (214) 661-2891.

23 TUESDAY

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Calendar Listings

Let other women know what your organization is doing and planning.

All calendar listings for women's events are free, except those sponsored by profit organizations which charge an admission fee. Listings for those events are \$10 for one month, and must be prepaid.

When sending in your listing, be sure to include a brief description of the event and the name of the sponsoring organization or individual. Also include a contact name and telephone number, as well as date, time and address of the event.

Send your listing to **Womansight**, P.O. Box 64974, Dallas, TX 75206, or call (214) 823-6423 or 826-8368.

**Calendar Listings
for March Issue
due Wednesday
February 10th**

This resource guide will be reprinted each month. If your service or organization is not listed, please drop us a note with a brief description, phone number and contact person, if necessary. Our address is P.O. Box 64974, Dallas, TX 75206.

Women's Center of Tarrant County and Rape Crisis Center (817) 338-4456
Women's Haven, a temporary shelter and guidance for abused women and their children (817) 336-1712
The Family Place, a shelter for battered women and their children, (24 hr.) (214) 941-1991
Denton County Friends of the Family, Inc., a shelter for battered women and their children, rape crisis counseling, self-help for abusive men (817) 382-7273 or (817) 382-RAPE
Austin Family House, a residence for alcoholic women and their children (512) 441-2026
High Hopes Rehabilitation Center, residential and day programming for women with substance abuse problems (214) 653-1104
Child Abuse Hotline 1-800-252-5400
Parenting Guidance Center, counseling, classes, speakers. (817) 332-6348
Austin Women's Center (512) 472-3775
Women's Resource Center of Richardson (214) 238-9516
North Central Texas Legal Services, free legal help for low income people (214) 724-1631
Women and Prescription Drug Abuse (214) 296-2511, ext. 6666
U.S. Department of Labor, Women's Bureau (214) 767-6985
UT Health Science Center Women's Action Group (214) 688-2479
Women USA Hotline, up-to-date information about reproductive freedom, the ERA, health hazards and other women's issues 1-800-221-4945
Aging Information Office (214) 741-5244

Business and Professional Women (214) 691-2195
YWCA Women's Resource Center (214) 827-5600
Women's Southwest Federal Credit Union (214) 748-6820
Executive Women of Dallas, Beverly Gandy, (214) 655-1311
Women in Communications, Inc. (WICI), Susan Abrahamson, (214) 353-0120
League of Women Voters of Dallas (214) 351-4125
SMU Women's Center (214) 692-3418
Explore, a woman's way to self-discovery, Susan Reese, (214) 739-4529
Austin Tenants' Council (512) 474-1961
Texas Tenants' Union
Austin (512) 479-0987
Dallas (214) 823-2733
Ft. Worth (817) 923-5071
Houston (713) 528-0192
San Antonio (512) 433-5913
Women in Community Service, Inc., Job Corps, (214) 767-4983
Dallas Gay Alliance's Department for Lesbian Issues (214) 528-4233
American Association of University Women, Duncanville Chapter (214) 296-4629
Texas Women's Political Caucus (512) 474-1798
National Organization for Women
Dallas County (214) 742-6918
North Dallas (214) 867-6155
or (214) 690-8971
Denton County (817) 387-4013
Fort Worth (817) 338-4456
Fort Worth Women's Political Caucus (817) 926-6539
Dallas Mexican-American Business and Professional Women (214) 361-1431
Comanche Peak Life Force, anti-nuclear group (214) 337-5885
First Unitarian Church/Women's Alliance (214) 528-3990
Everywoman Center, Richland College, (214) 746-4664
Dallas Women's Coalition, Diana Navarrete (214) 748-9631, ext. 309
or Gretchen Geodecke (214) 661-2891
B'nai B'rith Women of Dallas (214) 231-3925
Dallas Working Against Rape (214) 521-1020
North Texas Abortion Rights Action League (214) 742-8188

TWU Graduates Get Lecture on Myths Affecting Women

(continued from cover)

These questions and many more have been raised in confronting the myths that surround the family unit. Since the 1950s, Shalala said, American society has been struggling with a clearer definition of the family. In that process, society has also confronted myths about men and women.

"What we are trying to understand is what it means to have been born a man and what it means to have been born a woman.

"There are a number of myths that exist about the family: that the family was once a happy unit and is not now; that there was a golden age in which it was full of cheer and harmony; that all American families consist of a mother, a father and two children; that the family has always been a stable unit.

"The truths are different."

The truth, Shalala pointed out, is that the divorce rate has risen dramatically in the past 20 years. By the end of the 1980s, half of all American households may be headed by single people, male or female. The number of people living alone in our society has significantly increased. Predictions are that by 1985, women will comprise half of the work force. Shalala said that these changes in family structures will require redesigned communities and services.

"Working women must be able to leave home without guilt and return to homes that have been designed for people who have worked all day long."

The truths show that women are changing. But Shalala told the graduates that if women want to

"What we are trying to understand is what it means to have been born a man and what it means to have been born a woman."

Dr. Donna E. Shalala, at TWU commencement

be counted, they must be more than role models for future generations. Women must bring new sensitivity to their positions.

"We must foster change. We must humanize institutions for which we are responsible. We must continue to advocate equality of opportunity because any waste of talent is an injustice to the individual and an injury to our own country."

Shalala also spoke about "premediated and fabricated myths" that tell us problem solving is simply a matter of hard work. These myths suggest that racism, sexism, ageism and classism no longer exist in American society, when in fact,

the reality is very different.

These myths tell us, Shalala said, "... that we no longer need the Equal Rights Amendment or regulations banning discrimination on the basis of sex or race. It looks at poverty and says when you count food stamps and housing supplements and other in-kind benefits, that poverty has been eliminated.

"The truth is that millions of American families of all races are still not able to meet their basic needs."

Shalala told the graduates that the same myths affecting women also affect the strength of the United States. She said that society must identify the myths before beginning to work against the realities those myths overshadow.

"We can and must labor against sexism. We can and must labor against racism and ageism, as well as provincialism and parochialism."

"We can and must fill the hearts and heads of our children with an understanding of the diversity of a hundred traditions which have made this country great. And we can and must teach them an understanding that is older than even our nation: that no person is free while any person is a slave."

Newspaper Article Helps Crisis Center

The Fort Worth Rape Crisis Center now has 60 new volunteers thanks to an article which appeared in the **Fort Worth Star Telegram** in late September.

The feature by Anne Marie Biondo detailed the duties of volunteers and told of the need for more volunteers. Over the next few days, the center received 160 calls from people seeking information about the October volunteer training sessions. Of these, 86 took the training course, and 60 have now become full-fledged rape crisis counselors.

"Since Fort Worth's rape statistics are up considerably over last year, we really needed these new people," said Rape Crisis Coordinator Jane Bingham. "This means that we will be able to take shorter shifts and give more quality time to the victims. We've really been relieved of a heavy burden."

Congressional Union Continues Action

(continued from cover)

groups, has picketed at the White House gates.

On July 4, 1981, the CU celebrated National Women's Independence Day with a rally at the White House. Speakers such as Gloria Steinem and Sonia Johnson vowed to begin a new, non-violent but militant campaign for women's rights. They kept their promise when 50 women, led by Johnson, blocked traffic on Pennsylvania Avenue by joining hands and kneeling in the street.

A month later, on Aug. 26, the CU marked the

speaking softly has passed. The time for non-violent militant action has come...

"... We will not wait another generation for our equal rights under the law. In the sacred tradition of our foremothers, we turn to civil disobedience as the only recourse left to us..."

"... We hereby reclaim the militant spirit of our suffragist foremothers. We choose chains to dramatize the condition of women without the Equal Rights Amendment."

During the course of that Aug. 26 action, 20 Congressional Union members were arrested.

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A month later, on Aug. 26, the CU marked the sixty-first anniversary of women suffrage by staging a "Without ERA All Women Are in Chains" demonstration at the White House. Again they blocked traffic on Pennsylvania Avenue, and this time they chained themselves to the White House fence.

As more than 100 CU supporters looked on, the women chained to the fence issued a statement.

"We gather today under the historic banner of the Congressional Union because we are outraged that our country has not yet ratified the Equal Rights Amendment . . . We come together to demand equality in the strongest way we know: not merely with words, but with our entire beings. Time is growing short. The hour for

speaking softly has passed. The time for non-violent militant action has come . . .

" . . . We will not wait another generation for our equal rights under the law. In the sacred tradition of our foremothers, we turn to civil disobedience as the only recourse left to us . . .

" . . . We hereby reclaim the militant spirit of our suffragist foremothers. We choose chains to dramatize the condition of women without the Equal Rights Amendment."

During the course of that Aug. 26 action, 20 Congressional Union members were arrested. Later they were fined \$50 each and released.

Civil disobedience will again be the order of business on Feb. 15. The ERA demonstration will begin with a rally at noon. After the rally, the CU will stage an act of nonviolent civil disobedience.

For more information about the demonstration or other activities planned by the Congressional Union call (914) 779-9138 or write to CU, P.O. Box 173, Bronxville, NY 10708.

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In September, October and November 100 rapes were reported. Weapons were used in 27 cases, and 47 rapes occurred inside the victims' homes.

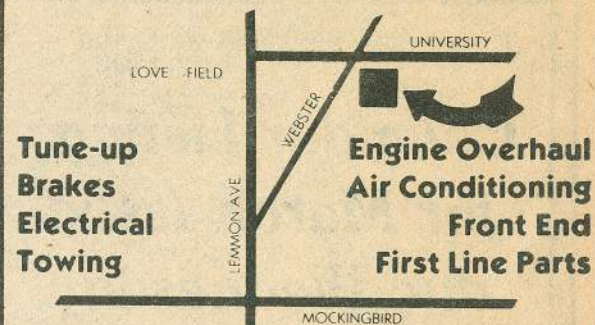
"We hope that a portion of these calls were due in part to the increased publicity following the article," said Bingham.

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WOMANSIGHT FEBRUARY 1982

A Goldmine of News About Women

(continued from cover)

themselves had been filing with the government—firm documents on which to base our breaking of a major national news story,” Buck said.

Her Say publishes a weekly six-page dispatch of 12 to 14 news stories—sent first class—to fill in those news holes for subscribing media. And that doesn't just mean American news.

“Among us we can manage Dutch, German, Swedish, French, Spanish and Italian,” Buck said.

The concise stories range from legal updates on little publicized court cases to interesting studies, health and labor news, sexism in research, quotes of the week by feminists, as well as hard news coverage.

The weekly dispatches could be described as a feminist week in review, not only featuring fascinating tidbits but also recording major happenings for the week, all in one handy place.

“We try to reflect the news of women's culture, broadly, including the concerns of women who work at home, in beauty shops and in offices, who have still not heard of feminism, or fear it,” Buck said.

Seven women now work for Her Say, supporting themselves mostly by freelance writing. Staff members who have joined the three original founders are Annamarie Faro, Paula Irons, Paula Martersteck and Dulcy Israel.

Co-founder Anne Milner, who provided the astute investigating that led to Her Say breaking the Rely tampon story, worked as associate editor of Zodiac News Service until this past fall. Born in Beirut, she's lived in Jamaica and studied abroad in Grenoble.

“Women's news is still relegated to special sections and looked at as just ‘that women's news,’ instead of being integrated into the overall news coverage framework. One day I hope there won't be a need for a feminist media,” Milner said.

Shelley Buck, Her Say coordinator said her major criticism of mainstream media is simply that “they need to do **more** about women.” Buck, who comes from northern Virginia, said that helping to found Her Say called for more “responsibility, stubbornness, grit and optimism than I ever believed I could muster.

“I think none of us could have predicted we'd

must still have to work so hard with so little in order to be heard.”

Not only is Her Say entering its fifth year of service, but three years ago Her Say's co-founders also started the Women's News Institute (WNI), with Her Say as its publishing arm. WNI trains interns in news work, does research and is now preparing a book. Her Say is now also in the process of getting an office.

What's in the future? Her Say has “big hopes and a tight budget,” Buck said, and added, “Charlotte Perkins Gilman noted early in this century, when publishing her journal, that **business** was the weak point in keeping her publication alive.

“I think that's still a problem—not ignorance or ineptness of staff—but the lack of money women have to invest in their collective future. Most of us are bootstrapping it in feminist publishing, and I expect that will continue.”

Subscriber fees (extremely reasonable) do not yet support a regularly paid staff. So, Buck said, they really need a goldmine. “Most of our goldmines to date have been informational,” she quipped.

Nevertheless, Buck is optimistic about Her Say's and feminism's futures. “I think the '80s will be a time of blooming for women.”

(Reprinted with permission from **The Feminist Connection**, P.O. Box 429, Madison, WI 53701. Subscriptions \$7.50 for one year.)

Family Place Awarded Grant

The Domestic Violence Intervention Alliance of Dallas, Inc. (DVIA) announced recently that the Children's Program at The Family Place has been awarded a grant to demonstrate services to children in shelters for battered women.

Six projects were selected nationally, of which only one was chosen as exemplary and able to technically assist the other five programs. DVIA Children's Program was the single project selected to advise and evaluate programs for children from violent

ON THE EVE OF OUR ANNIVERSARY

We wake
to touch
and you compare me to
a flower
opening
me with fingers pressed
and reaching;

later
we push hyacinths and tulips
into holes six inches deep;

and after noon
we dig through drooping ferns
the florist's refuse
finding irises
a tulip
and a slightly wilted rose.

Tomorrow we shall celebrate in secret,
touch within a house
that smells of gardens
white
as spring.

Angelica Church

Toxic Cooking Oil Kills Spanish Women

A mysterious disease linked to contaminated cooking oil continues to take lives in Spain, with still no clue as to why its chief victims are women of child-bearing age.

The disease first struck in May, and was traced to a mixture of industrial oil and vegetable oils peddled door-to-door in unmarked containers. To date, 17,000 cases of the mystery ailment have been identified, and 230 persons—four-fifths of them women—have died.

Symptoms of the disease at first resemble pneumonia. Extreme cases are characterized by muscular pain, lung failure and death.

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"I think none of us could have predicted we'd hang on and grow, and grow as respectable as Her Say has. Lately, I've realized we do far better research and reporting than most major newspapers on 1/100th of their budgets," she said.

"It makes me proud but regretful that women

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Six projects were selected nationally, of which only one was chosen as exemplary and able to technically assist the other five programs. DVIA Children's Program was the single project selected to advise and evaluate programs for children from violent homes.

The grant was awarded by the National Center for Child Abuse and Neglect. The total sum was \$75,000, of which \$15,000 will be devoted to technical assistance.

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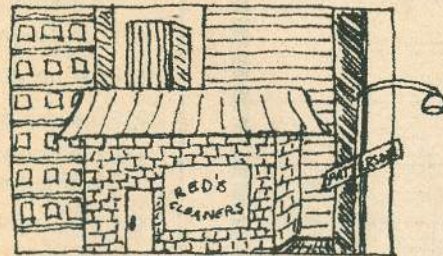
Symptoms of the disease at first resemble pneumonia. Extreme cases are characterized by muscular pain, lung failure and death.

Although no new cases have appeared since the oil was removed from the market, one doctor told **The Los Angeles Times** that another 30 to 40 victims are expected to die.

The Times reported that suspicions about the disease initially focused on a U.S. Air Force facility, with irate Spaniards charging that the base had released bacteriological weapons. No supporting evidence to this claim has been brought forward, and the source of the toxin in the cooking oil remains unidentified.

Her Say

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little neighborhood cleaners
in the middle of downtown Dallas?



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LEAPING LEO

(continued from page 7)

the shower the night they were staying here. We were just goofing around.

Now that's quite a mother, my biker-brother says.

The older woman is lathering the younger woman's boobs for several slides in a row, then for several others the two of them change places.

I wouldn't mind some of that ass, my biker-brother says.

These are my rainbow sisters, grey eagle says like a gentle reprimand. He clicks up the next slide. The older woman is washing the younger woman's thighs.

Jesus look at those tits, my biker-brother says.

Grey eagle picks up the pace, clicks through five or six fast glimpses of blonde pubic hair and smiles and stoops and bends. Then the blonde women are suddenly replaced with panoramas of nude and half-nude women bathing in streams, hiking along forest trails holding hands, eating fruit, carrying babies, everyone looking free from the cities, from working, for the taking, for grey eagle or my biker-brother or leo, anyone who can claw through the screen. And my biker-brother is going crazy. He is drinking up grey eagle's red wine, he is talking cunt and tits, so grey eagle shuts off the slides and turns to him. If you're going to talk like that about the rainbow sisters, he says, I won't be able to show you the slides.

Leo has been sitting on the floor not saying anything drinking one long-neck lone star after another, but now he speaks up. Well you do show more photographs of nude women than you do nude men, he says, although maybe it's natural if you're a man to have that bias, and his words are thick but precise.

I want to see some more of the shower girlyies, my biker-brother says.

The thing is, grey eagle says, these people let me take these photographs because they know me, they know I'd never hurt them in any way.

Oh I'd never hurt them either, my biker-brother says, oh maybe I'd want to fuck them but I wouldn't want to hurt them.

Well they know that we are like brother and sister, grey eagle says.

Or maybe I would only hurt them a little, my biker-brother says, if they hurt me or something

we could make some money collaborating that way, and a mercedes whizzes past us, and my biker-brother throws the driver a finger and yells fuck you! out the window at him. Then another car passes and he throws them a finger, too, and yells fuck you! fuck you! Then leo starts throwing fingers out the back window at the car behind us, I see him fluttering his fingers in and out of his ears, and grey eagle says or maybe we could do a story together about women who work for the highway department fixing roads. Leo is yelling you rich bastard! You rich filth! And grey eagle pulls up to the curb in front of our apartment, and my biker-brother says, and trisha stays calm through everything, she runs the show.

There is a pause, and then leo says yes she does run the show, doesn't she?

Then he slams out of the back of the car and runs up the apartment steps and disappears. My biker-brother gets out, he has a happy booze smile on his face and is swaying back and forth holding the last of a gallon bottle of red wine he took from grey eagle's house and one of grey eagle's glasses. I wave to grey eagle as he pulls away from the curb, my biker-brother puts his arm around me, I love you, he says, because you're always running the show.

When we walk into the apartment leo is throwing clothes books papers into a duffel bag. I am leaving here! he yells out when he hears the door open, and I never want to see any of your faces again! He walks out, slams the door. Morgani and the other kid are sitting on the couch watching teevee, hardly look up when leo walks out the door. Well maybe we don't want to see him again either, morgani says.

Well he must love you, my biker-brother says. He probably left so that he wouldn't beat you up.

So leo walks out the apartment to gaston avenue where the buses run, but before he gets on a bus he walks down to mario's lounge and gets drunk. And then afterwards he gets his suitcases stolen while he's waiting for the bus. And he heads for austin where his ex-nurse-wife is living with the children which at least are his own. But I don't know any of this until he calls me the next night from the nurse-wife's phone. Why don't you come down to austin? he says. You could work kelly services down here. But I say no.

to galveston? he says. But the ocean is behind him and the sea gulls are swooping down on his shoulders and back up and down again and calling, and the beach is all sand and no rocks, and leo is already dancing with the galveston dancers and singing to the blonde sisters who are not yet mothers in the galveston bars, leo unencumbered as light itself since gaston avenue took all his paper and clothes.

REDS

(continued from page 4)

Angelica Balabanoff—in her autobiography, **My Life As A Rebel**—described Bryant as so emaciated that when Balabanoff saw her on a street in Europe, she could only recognize Bryant by a sapphire ring given to her by Bullitt. Eight years after John Reed, Louise Bryant died; the cause of death: a cerebral hemorrhage.

While the first half of the movie deals almost entirely with Bryant's and Reed's life in America, the second half is concerned almost totally with the Russian revolution and the evangelistic fervor with which the couple spread its message. The revolution is emotionally choreographed to the music of the "Internationale," and the film shows how it was betrayed by men such as Gregory Zinoviev, Karl Radek and, later, Stalin.

It is interesting to note that this betrayal was opposed most notably by two women—Angelica Balabanoff, who was removed as the first secretary of the Comintern because of her challenge to Zinoviev, and Alexandra Kollantai, who was sentenced to "diplomatic exile."

The film does have a few minor faults. The camera spends too much time on Keaton's face as she strains with emotion. The film also has a tendency to stray from reality. For example, the O'Neill/Bryant affair did not end with her marriage to John Reed. The final scene in which Reed tries to recreate a conversation that took place when he and Bryant were first beginning their relationship, seems to be a technique often used in films. But I question how often it happens in real life.

These problems do nothing to take away from the strengths of **Reds**. The film is insightful and beautifully photographed. And it documents an "intense period of history" that we can all learn

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Grey eagle turns off the slide projector. Well I guess it's time to take us back, I say. So we're back in the car, I sit in the front seat with grey eagle, leo and my biker-brother in the back seat, driving back the way we came, through the quiet winding streets of north dallas to the freeway back south towards downtown. Grey eagle tells me maybe I should write a story, maybe I should write something about women who work for the railroads and he could take the photographs and

again! He walks out, slams the door. Morgani and the other kid are sitting on the couch watching teevee, hardly look up when leo walks out the door. Well maybe we don't want to see him again either, morgani says.

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Then two days later he calls up again and he's now in galveston as a poet-in-the-schools because he happened to walk into the right office at the right time. Why don't you come down

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