

# HOT WIRE

THE JOURNAL OF WOMEN'S MUSIC AND CULTURE

## SHERRY HICKS

THE QUEEN OF CODA COOL

ALL-WOMEN BIG BANDS IN WORLD WAR II

MOMS & DAUGHTERS AT FESTIVALS

FAREWELL TO  
AUDRE LORDE

CATHY WINTER

ALIVE! REUNION

LYNN THOMAS'S  
MARCH ON  
WASHINGTON  
ANTHEM PROJECT

WH DID THAT  
KID GROW UP  
TO BE? CONTEST

DOS FALLOPIA

*CLAIRE OF THE  
MOON*

LESBIAN CARDS

SERAIAH CAROL

LAURA LOVE

*PHOENIX the*

*DYKES TO WATCH  
OUT FOR*

WOMEN COMING  
OF AGE VIDEOS

THE TRAVELS OF  
BARB GALLOWAY



STEREO RECORDING INSIDE

Toni Armstrong Jr.

VOLUME 9, NUMBER 2 • MAY 1993

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# FROM THE EDITOR'S DESK

## THE 'HOT WIRE' EDITORIAL PHILOSOPHY

*HOT WIRE* specializes in woman-identified music and culture (primarily the performing arts, writing/publishing, and film/video) by, for, and about women. We strongly believe in the power of the arts to affect social change, and we enjoy documenting the combination of creativity and politics/philosophy. We are committed to covering female artists and women's groups who prioritize feminist and/or lesbian content and ideals in their creative products/events. We are also committed to giving exposure to women journalists, photographers, and cartoonists. We enjoy helping to both spark and strengthen the international community of those who love the creativity of women. *HOT WIRE* is the oldest and biggest publication devoted to the feminist women's music and culture industry; it is an organizing tool for our community as well as interesting reading material covering today's hottest women's culture happenings. Each issue is at least sixty-four pages and includes a two-sided stereo recording, so we (and future generations) can hear the music and poetry as well as read about it.

## HAPPY MOTHERS DAY

Traditionally, our May issue includes mother-daughter material in honor of Mothers Day. Feminists in general—and lesbian feminists in particular—are partial to the term "matriarchy." It seems to me that one of the most obvious ways to *live* the matriarchy (instead of just jawing about it) is to actively prioritize and acknowledge the magical mother-daughter bond. To that end, I never miss an opportunity to honor my own mother, Toni Armstrong Sr. (It pleases me to think that we are good role models for living the matriarchy.) In this issue, *HOT WIRE* features an extensive article about mothers and daughters who have shared the women's festival experience [see page 24]. On this Mothers Day 1993, take a moment to give a little extra respect to all the mothers you know, including our cultural foremothers.

## THE QUEEN MIDAS TOUCH

1992 was our best year yet, financially speaking. A lot of the credit goes to our Fairy Godmothers, who collectively donated \$10,017.66. We also got that \$3,500 grant from Harmony Fund For Women, raised \$1,518 at our post-Michigan Maile & Marina two-stepping benefit, and picked up another \$184 at our yard sale. The grand total income for the year was \$61,849.65. (Unfortunately, expenses were \$62,656.39, but even so, this is by far the best year we've had.) Thanks so much to those of you who've made commitments to supporting us financially through gift subscriptions as well as outright donations. P.S. The Fairy Godmoms deserve extra pats on the back, because they don't need to be manipulated into giving us



Happy Mother's Day, Mom. I think we'll all agree you were quite a babe in your thirties. Thanks for all the fun we've had together. (Pictured: Toni Sr. and Toni Jr. in California in the late 1950s.)

money; we don't offer "free" premiums, subscription discounts, or any other incentive gimmicks. It's a true love offering on their part.

## FROM THE NEVER SATISFIED DEPARTMENT

True, we're doing better financially. This comes at a crucial moment in *HOT WIRE*'s history, because two of the three women who put in the most labor hours around here are moving to Seattle on September 1. They will be resigning from *HOT WIRE* on August 1, and we've decided to create two paying positions. The work load here has grown commensurately with the rise in income, so we can no longer run the operation solely on volunteer labor. I will continue to donate my time indefinitely, but we simply *have* to hire an office manager and someone to do bookkeeping, festival coordination, bill paying, banking, etc. To that end, we need to keep all the Fairy Godmothers we have *and find several more*. If you've been considering it, please contact Kris Johnsen. Let us assure you, tithing even \$5 or \$10 per month really helps.

## WHILE WE'RE THANKING YOU...

Some dear soul out there bought us a star through the International Star Registry and named it "The Women of *HOT WIRE*." Did you plan to remain anonymous? Although we got an absolutely beautiful certificate and chart of the celestial heavens showing where our star is, we didn't get any hint of who our imaginative benefactor might be. We love you, whoever you are. Let us know your name.

## THE GAY '90s

Special warm welcomes to k.d. lang, Melissa

Etheridge, and Indigo Girls Amy Ray and Emily Saliers, who have recently joined the special ranks of feminist musicians who are publicly self-identified as lesbians. And heartfelt thanks to them for taking the risk. All of us will benefit from their history-making courage, as we have benefited from Martina's braveness.

## FROM THE CLIFFHANGER DEPARTMENT

Part two of the intensive Donna Allen piece was scheduled to appear in this issue, but we ran out of room (due to a successful ad campaign on the part of Lynn). Even though we added four extra pages to the issue, we had to cut or postpone a few articles. Rather than edit Donna's fascinating life story down to the bone, we decided to hold off until next time. Stay tuned.

## DESPERATE THOUGH WE ARE FOR CASH...

...we don't ever sell our mailing lists. We get a lot of requests from groups that want to buy or trade, but our policy has always been to maintain *absolute confidentiality* for our readers who are not in a position to have it known they read *HOT WIRE*. So... "sorry" to some of you, and "you're welcome" to some others.

## 4,000 WOMEN AT YOUR FINGERTIPS

The 1993 *Women's Music Plus Directory of Resources in Women's Music and Culture* has been available since February. It's by far the most comprehensive resource guide of its kind ever published, with contact info on more than 4,000 woman-identified performers, writers, festivals, publications, bookstores, organizations, and so forth. The cover features original art by Ursula Roma, and the seventy-four pages include numerous photos and cartoons. All this can be yours for \$13 plus \$2 postage/handling.

## LESBIAN KARAOKE

The first in what I'm sure will be a new wave: the karaoke version of "Together, Proud & Strong" is now on the market. If anyone is compiling a women's music karaoke tape, please let us know and we'll help you promote the project. A footnote to the "Together, Proud & Strong" story—on the third chorus, a weak but enthusiastic "we're lesbians!" can be heard. That contribution comes to you courtesy of our Chicago contingent.

## CRASH AND BURN

We had a computer problem a couple of months ago and are pretty sure we lost some of our subscription list. If you've moved and didn't tell us, this doesn't apply to you, though you should let us know your new address so you don't miss the next issue. But if you didn't get

*continued on page 60*

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Anthem (by Lynn Thomas; 63 voices) • "Walking By Myself" (Marla BB)  
"I'm Wanting You, Needing You and Loving You" (Seraiah Carol)

# The Queen of Coda Cool SHERRY HICKS

interviewed by Toni Armstrong Jr.

Master music interpreter Sherry Hicks was born in 1961, the hearing child of two Deaf parents, Eva and James. This triple Scorpio woman (with her moon in Taurus) grew up in Little Rock, Arkansas, and by the age of eleven was already a rebellious handful. The family decided it would be best if she went to live in Maryland with her Deaf sister Bette, who was fourteen years older. After two years, she returned to Little Rock, where she began interpreting professionally at sixteen.

Her women's music interpreting/performing career got rolling in 1981, and she has become one of the most familiar and popular sign language interpreters in the women's music scene. She is the founder and director of Hand Records and Company, a performance group comprised of Deaf and hearing actors performing poetry in American Sign Language (ASL) and English, ASL storytelling, and choreographed music sign language selections. Her musical interpreting credits include such diverse artists as Holly Near, LL Cool J, Ferron, Odetta, Rhiannon, RUN DMC, Teresa Trull, and Indigo Girls.

Sherry has lived in the Bay Area since 1991, and received her B.A. in Humanities/Performance Art in 1992 from New College of California. She is now touring with 'PHOENIX the,' a unique one-woman show exploring what it's like to grow up as a child of Deaf parents. She thinks of herself as a poet and radical thinker, a challenger of ideology, and a woman grounded in shamanistic spiritual practice—in short, a healer through storytelling.

**HOT WIRE: YOU ESTABLISHED YOUR WOMEN'S MUSIC FAME UNDER THE NAME "SHERRY HICKS GLOVER," AND YOU STILL OCCASIONALLY GET INTRODUCED THAT WAY. WHY DID YOU MAKE THE CHANGE?**

**SHERRY HICKS:** It's true that audiences first knew me as Sherry Hicks Glover. It



**Sherry Hicks:** "The fact that hearing kids grow up with Deaf parents creates a dichotomy of Deaf pride and hearing identity. Both Deaf and hearing cultures are starting to hear from us; we have a healing message. Those of us who live in both worlds are best able to explain the Deaf/hearing dichotomy."

was my identity for all of my son's life. I am a lesbian single mother of a son (Lucky) who is thirteen, and at the time it was the way for me to honor my Deaf family name (given name) and my son's name. Ugh! Growing pains. I let go of Glover—and decided to let my son be the Hicks Glover—in August of 1989, when I moved to D.C. Once in awhile people still do introduce me as Sherry Hicks Glover; I guess it has a familiar ring to it.

**...OR "SHERRY HICKS' LOVER."**

That's the funniest thing—during concerts through the house speakers when I got introduced it often sounded like Sherry Hicks' lover. That was just about as identity-less as I had ever wished to be! It's

true that the role of interpreter is that of a non-participant, or the one who does not speak for the self in said discussions—"attempted invisibility"—but really! People always jokingly said, "Well, who is the woman I see? I don't wanna know whose lover she is."

**HOW DID YOU GET INTO STAGE INTERPRETING FOR WOMEN'S EVENTS?**

I began interpreting as a junior in high school, back in 1978, and I have been working professionally ever since. My first music gig in the womyn's community was with none other than Holly Near and Ady Torf. They came to the University of Little Rock in '81. Ha! I was coming out and the *Fire in the Rain* tour gave me just the insight I was looking for. What a thrill. Later, I hooked up with the Boston interpreter women, a group called Face The Music. These women [Aileen O'Neill, Eve Silverman, Laurie Rothsfield, Laurel Chiten, and Rea Rae Sears] coordinated interpreters at festivals from about '79 to '86. They discovered me and asked me to share my work in Michigan and at other festivals like NEWMR and the Hudson Clearwater Revival.

This was a time of interpreter women beginning to present artistic interpreting. It began an evolution that eventually wove its way deep into the fabric of women's music. I hit the festival scene in '83 and have grown up with all of this work, keeping it very close to my heart. Susan Freundlich began this phenomenon with Holly. They ended up touring together for seven years in a collaborative relationship, bringing the messages of political music to the Deaf community. These interpreted concerts brought cultural diversity and accessibility to the forefront. That, I am sure, had a great influence on what lesbian audiences have come to expect. Producers became aware of the need for interpreters

for concerts, and before you knew it, it was a topic of national debate between artists and producers, Deaf people and interpreters.

This topic has always been loaded. Women came to expect interpreters at feminist shows, and hearing women would protest if there wasn't one. Often Deaf women didn't even know that this was going on. It became problematic for artists who did extensive tours—how could they work with a different interpreter every night? Sometimes there was one Deaf woman in a community who felt *obligated* to attend all interpreted events, just out of support and/or desire...

**...NOT TO MENTION THE CONTROVERSY OVER WHETHER THERE SHOULD BE AN INTERPRETER ON STAGE IF THERE ARE NO DEAF PEOPLE EVIDENT IN THE AUDIENCE.** Right, that's been debated—they might come in later, or they might be there but not sitting in the Deaf section. A decision must be made situation by situation. Anyway, I have followed all of these things very closely with my heart—I've watched and participated in the evolution. The place where my two worlds, Deaf and hearing, come together is in artistic expression of music into ASL. My creativity soars in this place; it is the best expression of my coda self. The twelve years of experience that I've had in this arena affords me much knowledge of the stage and of all aspects of production, as well as an evolution and polishing of my performance interpreting work. It is funny how things end up. When I was seven, my Deaf sister started asking me what was on the radio, and I told her as best I could, and it was fun. I've been doing it ever since. When I lived with her later, I found myself in Deaf mecca. She worked at the Maryland School for the Deaf. I suspect that those years were the time that I absorbed the language and culture into my bones.

By the way, when referring to Deaf, please use the upper case D—it symbolizes an empowered and liberated community. It's a recent change in the literature that I would like to honor.

**WILL DO. IN ADDITION TO STAGE WORK, WHAT OTHER KINDS OF INTERPRETING DO YOU DO?**

I'm in business for myself. I work as an independent contractor with interpreter referral agencies, doing interpreting work across all sectors and disciplines, in every kind of situation you could imagine—



Resan Gray



**'PHOENIX the' spans the first thirty years of Sherry's life, beginning with what it's like for a hearing child to be raised by Deaf parents, and including how it is to be a lesbian single mom raising a son. (Pictured: Sherry at three months; the show's mixed-audience debut at the 1992 Michigan festival; and Sherry with her son Lucky.)**

except in court. I do a lot of interpreting in medical situations, in school for graduate students, and in one-on-one situations, such as when a Deaf person is going for a job interview. I especially enjoy interpreting at workshops and intensives on topics like racism, Deaf/hearing issues, sexism, homophobia, the heteropatriarchy...you know. I really enjoy doing the emotional group work.

**YOUR SHOW 'PHOENIX THE' IS VERY EMOTIONAL, PACKED WITH FEELINGS ABOUT WHAT IT'S LIKE TO GROW UP AS A HEARING CHILD WITH DEAF PARENTS.**

It's a completely different reality—partially Deaf, partially hearing. Up until recently, it's been relatively unexplored terrain. Growing up in this unique situation eventually led me to CODA (Children of Deaf Adults), an organization that existed originally for the purpose of finding community with others who grew up in families like mine. My show gives recognition to coda people.

Even though I have been an interpreter since I was sixteen, the *identity* of myself as a coda was hidden until I was consciously connected to a group. This discovery—that we exist and are similar culturally—has been vital in my understanding of myself. The fact that hearing kids grow up with Deaf parents creates a dichotomy of Deaf pride and hearing identity. Now we speak out on behalf of our important, overlooked, misunderstood community. Both Deaf and hearing cultures have not understood or recognized us, and are now starting to hear from us as a community. We have a healing message; those of us who live in both worlds are best able to explain the Deaf/hearing dichotomy.

**WHEN DID CODA, THE ORGANIZATION, START? AND HOW DID YOU BECOME INVOLVED?**

CODA began as a newsletter in 1983, done by Millie Brothers in Santa Barbara, to see if people were out there. Since then, there has been nothing but steady word of mouth and outreach, reaching many codas both nationally and internationally. The World Games for the Deaf were held in Los Angeles in '85, and we had our bi-annual RID [Registry of Interpreters for the Deaf] professional interpreter conference in San Diego in July of that year. Two panels were put together by Sheila Jacobs, a Bay Area coda—one was hearing interpreters of Deaf parents and hearing interpreters of hearing parents comparing

experiences. Little did they know that this was going to be the most explosive and sensitive topic ever to surface at a RID conference!

When the panel made up of of codas spoke, they told it like it was. This opened a big can of worms that had never seen sunlight. Things that had never been spoken before in a public arena were shared. It was almost like telling the secrets of our families' cultural ways of being. It had been a taboo, unspoken rule; we were always supposed to uphold our Deaf family pride and name. Well, parents, brothers and sisters, interpreters—all the people were in tears, emotionally raw, and something new had surfaced.

Immediately following the panel, a group of more than 100 codas met in the hotel pub and sat in the largest circle you can imagine, and simply said, "My name is..., my mother and father are Deaf, and I'm from...." Believe me, it brought the house down. It had never consciously happened before that the group was able to identify in this way. Then Sheila, being the community organizer that she is, asked if people were interested in meeting again, and they were. From this informal happen-chance sprang the planning committee of the first CODA conference to take place in Northern California at Fremont, at the California School for the Deaf in 1986.

In the spring of '86, I was in California for the noteworthy ASL Research and Teaching Conference. It sprang out of earlier conferences, which had been gathering places for the exchange of ideology within the field of interpreting, Deaf culture, and ASL linguistic research. The latest curricula in the teaching of ASL was designed and presented by Vista Community College faculty, now internationally recognized. [Editor's note: The second Vista teaching videotape features Ramona Galindez, a Deaf woman familiar to festival-goers.] Theoretical issues that face the field, important discoveries in ASL linguistics, and the techniques of interpreting—with new models for interpreters to use when working—were visible entities at this conference.

I met Sheila Jacobs there, and was given an introductory CODA newsletter. I didn't realize at the time that so much was to come of this very important period: bringing to the conscious level the meaning of bilingual, bicultural identity.

#### SO WHAT WAS THAT FIRST CODA CONFERENCE LIKE?

There was a reception and gathering of

codas and Deaf adults; it was very successful. The group now has annual conferences in different host cities with more than 150 members in attendance.

In 1987, NTID [National Technical Institute for the Deaf] in Rochester, New York hosted the second annual CODA conference. LouAnn Walker was the keynote speaker and had just written the autobiographical book *Loss For Words*. It was an important contribution and quite impressive. I was living in Rochester at the time, and got involved with the planning committee. I remember feeling mainly bogged down with logistics. I was mostly behind the scenes, and the conference didn't make a lasting impression on me.

Also, the language of the conference was English. It was strange to me that there was not one person signing around for miles. This kept me estranged. I am most comfy in my first language, ASL. I did not understand where these people's Deaf parts were, because mine was sure needing some attention or communication. But, that was not where people were at. Nevertheless, I did have a good time and I met many of the folks—especially the D.C. codas, a strong group. I did notice that there were no coda lesbians around, though. At the time I was mainly involved within lesbian circles, and it was disappointing to find no other coda lesbians around because it was so much of my identity. That also kept me distant.

#### BUT YOU CONTINUED IN THE ORGANIZATION.

Oh, sure. In 1989, I went to the CODA conference in D.C./Maryland. Another coda friend and I went for the day. To show up for just the day was thought to be outrageous by those who wouldn't miss a conference—they wouldn't miss a moment of the process, the tears, the fun. In Maryland I got a little more plugged in, though—saw familiar faces, caught some of the entertainment, laughed hysterically, and had a great time.

I became involved slowly. The issue that year was to decide if the conference should be only for hearing codas or if it should include partners and Deaf codas. This debate was very heated. It was actually a turning point in the organization. In all the preceding years, Deaf codas and coda partners were welcomed. They had their own sessions, moderated by a hearing partner and/or Deaf codas. 1989 marked a year of change when it was decided that future gatherings would be for hearing codas only.

At that time, everyone was still

speaking only English, with a bit of signing here and there. It wasn't until the '91 Chicago conference that signing became common. Plenary sessions and workshops were conducted in English or ASL or coda talk, and people seemed much more comfortable.

An explosion happened there in Chicago. We were freeing up the Deaf sides of us. Arts hit the scene; the program was hot. Our gatherings have exploded recently with the pouring forth of performance art, music, singing, signing, poetry, and celebration of our rich heritage. My show *PHOENIX the* made its premiere at that conference, with a coda-only audience. It was herstory and testimony to tell all of it to a room full of people who'd never seen a story portrayed about their lives set on a stage. It was emotional and exhilarating for all of us, myself included. The coda talk thing started in early March '91.

#### "CODA TALK"?

Well, In early March '91, one coda sister—Sheila Jacobs—found herself in a crisis situation, and noticed profound differences in the responses culturally to such a crisis, Deaf or hearing. In watching her share this rage and giving herself an "accent" so that she would not "pass" as culturally hearing, we all learned something. We would sit in circle and sign and share many stories of our past, the joys and traumas both. The coda talk is perhaps how we spoke as children when trying to sign and talk to our families. The experience of tapping this old place in each of us brought us to intense healing through sharing. An extension of this was the development of each of our creative projects. One among us painted T-shirts and got her studio going; mine was wanting to do a show. For years I'd been sitting on it. So we began by being rocks for each other to do our work.

#### IS THE TITLE OF YOUR SHOW IN CODA TALK?

No, not really. It's about the phoenix rising from the ashes and transforming. The "the" is tacked onto the end because...in coda talk, we play with articles such as "a" and "the." See, in written English there's often the problem of how to use articles like "the" and "a." It can be a problem getting them in the right place if English isn't your first language. "*PHOENIX the*" is sort of a coda play on words. We just say "the" at the end of things for emphasis...like, "you're *cute* the," or even after names...it's hard to explain in English. Adding "the" is just for emphasis—in this case, it empha-

sizes phoenix, with its connotations of transformation.

There are two layers of what coda talk is. First, it's an accent, or a quicker way of speaking that's based on signs. For example—"me will meet you at time nine o'clock." This is how it's signed along with the grammar of ASL. In coda talk, we *speak* this way. The second layer is adding humorous word play. For example, the sign for "stuck" is the index and middle fingers pointing like a V, palm orientation down, pointing in and moving towards the throat. Instead of saying "stuck," we might say "fork in throat" because that's what it looks like. Another example...the sign for "nothing" is an "f" handshape, with the movement being shake right to left using both hands. The palm orientation is away from the body. It looks like the sign for furniture, so we may say, "You think me furniture, I am not furniture"—meaning "I am not a nothing." It's a play on signs. Every culture has its own humor, and this is an expression of ours.

**WHEN DID YOU FIRST GET THE IDEA TO WRITE *PHOENIX THE*, AND HOW LONG DID IT TAKE TO GET THE FIRST PERFORMABLE VERSION READY?**

I was living in D.C. at the time, and I began the script in March of '91, sitting and capturing experiences and writing them down—letting the vision fly. I would present what I had to the four other coda women I was sharing with, getting a more solid form for each character. Then I began rehearsals in the living room.

My writing and rehearsal process was ready to be presented four months later in July at the conference in Chicago. I was in heaven. I had a coda director, stage manager, and lighting person, as well as a visionary pushing me to make my age-old dream of creating a piece become a reality. Originally it was intended to be a one-time performance. But then when I had a senior thesis to do for my undergraduate work, I quickly flew with *PHOENIX the* and decided to work the muscles more to have a piece that would adapt to a mixed audience (Deaf, hearing, and coda). [See also "Opening Night" on page 16 of this issue for more details about the show.]

At this point, I hired my friend Janis Cole, Deaf director and actress, to direct the piece. We went down a road of exploring theater, acting, and the script all at once. The writing problems with the script surfaced; some transitions were difficult because of the writing. The four therapy sessions, for example, were added as a

vehicle to explain the Deaf/hearing dichotomy.

**DID YOU HAVE TO ADAPT IT TO PERFORM IT IN MICHIGAN? WILL THAT BE THE SHOW PEOPLE SEE WHEN YOU TOUR WITH IT?**

I did have to adapt it from the original coda-only show, because it would not have been as clearly understood without changes. As insiders, codas have this knowing without explanation. Also, it was a different *intention* to do it for codas only, than to share it with a mixed audience. It went through this adaptation under the direction of Janis Cole, and required an entire acting metamorphosis. She helped make it into a theater piece; originally it was a more raw monologue delivery, devoid of much acting technique.

The presentation in Michigan was unique because it premiered to its first mixed audience there. For me, it personally was important to share it in that setting; I have worked at that festival for so many years as an interpreter. It felt important for me to speak myself—and surprise these women with my Southern accent!

*PHOENIX the* has been through yet another transformation since Michigan. The acting has tightened up and more lines have been added. I believe it will continue to grow as I perform it over and over. I still call it a "work in progress." It had its West Coast premiere in November of '92. Redwood Cultural Work presented it as part of the "Close Up" series, showing works of new artists in the Bay Area, and as part of their twentieth anniversary season.

**DO YOU PERFORM THE SHOW DIFFERENTLY FOR CODA AUDIENCES COMPARED TO LESBIAN-FEMINIST AUDIENCES?**

The question of having two or three scripts according to the audience was dealt with early in this whole process. We finally settled on one script that addresses all audiences. As it is now, hearing people who "zero on head" [have no previous experience with any of the issues] can follow it, codas can follow it, and Deaf can too.

**DO CODA AUDIENCES ACCEPT THE LESBIAN PARTS? WAS THERE ANY FEAR ABOUT COMING OUT TO CODA PALS?**

The lesbian material was challenging for the coda audience, but they embraced it and me! I just went ahead with it, not fearing the response. I do it to speak for

myself, as part of my herstory, and also in support of my gay and lesbian coda brothers and sisters.

**IF SOMEONE IS INTERESTED IN BRINGING YOUR SHOW TO HER TOWN, HOW SHOULD SHE GO ABOUT IT?**

She should contact me for a press kit and video of the performance. We have a version for hearing producers, and two versions for Deaf viewers/producers—one is captioned, and the other has the interpreter inserted in creative ways. It would be great if two cities near each other could co-sponsor the show. I am now working with a booking representative, Haley in Oakland, who can be reached for definite bookings at (510) 534-7013. My address is UNI-QUE Productions, Box 107, 2336 Market St., San Francisco, CA 94114. We are setting up a national tour of the show, hoping to play different venues—such as the women's industry, Deaf theater, and other theater circuits.

I am looking forward to touring and meeting coda, Deaf, and hearing people. The show is powerful in that it gives people the opportunity to look at themselves by opening the door into their own lives as well as mine. This work is a contribution to coda people everywhere, and to the Deaf families that we have all come from and know across this nation and abroad. It is also a gift to myself, to undertake a performance art piece, solo, as if on a journey to both speak to the issues and clarify my own identity. Here's to healing, understanding, and peace. •

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# SOAPBOX

Just a note to tell you the far reaching effects of *HOT WIRE*. Back in January '90—after reading the "women's culture in Ohio cultural travelogue" in the September '89 edition—I felt like writing a song. I called the song "Ohio," based mostly on what I have read about it.

In the summer of '92, I worked at the Michigan festival for the second time. There I performed the song "Ohio" at the workers' "talent (?) show." A lot of people really liked the song—so much that someone put the word "Ohio" onto the workers' festival quilt. Also, when workers were walking past me, the first or only thing they would say/sing to me would be the word "O-Hi-O."

Anyway, I have to say that I have not been to Ohio, but I have been through it on the Greyhound. My Michigan ("Ohio") experience has spurred me on to really try and make my living from songwriting, which I have been only thinking of for years.

*Jacqueline Grant, London, England*

*O-Hi-O the heart of it all  
O-Hi-O, O-Hi-O the heart of it all  
I read it in a magazine  
says Ohio's the best place there's ever been  
In the pages of a magazine  
says there's things to be done and things to be seen.*

*O-Hi-O the heart of it all  
O-Hi-O, O-Hi-O the heart of it all  
And if I ever lose my way  
Should I ever fall  
there's one thing for me to do  
Just throw back my head and call...*

...

In 1987, a friend gave me your women's resource guide to give me an insight into women's culture and activities in the U.S.A. It has been a source of wonder and inspiration for many women here on the isolated furthest tip of Africa.

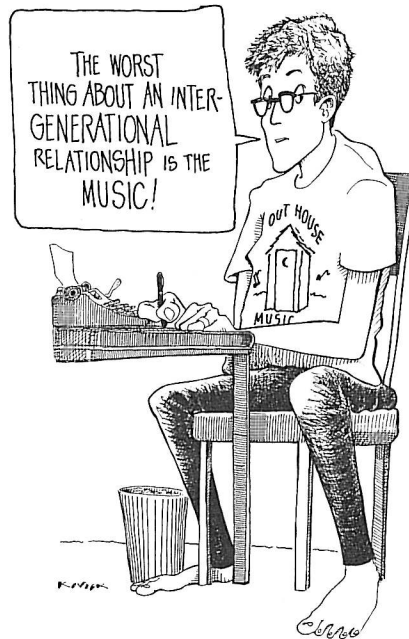
My name is Mignon—I am a singer/songwriter and have been actively involved in the struggle against apartheid and oppression in our country as a sort of musical activist for many years. Living in South Africa as a woman is an oppressive and violent experience—as a woman musician it is also an isolating experience.

Over the years as women in the

**LETTERS may be edited for clarity and/or length. Send to SOAPBOX/HOT WIRE, 5210 N. Wayne, Chicago, IL 60640.**

Kris Kovick ["Whine, Women-only, and Song," January 1993] is right. I love lesbians, but a lot of what goes on at festivals is just plain boring to me. (Too slow.) Thanks for the information on riot-grrrr! I'd be especially interested in finding out how we can tap into the grapevine that passes on details about *where and when* these raves are. It must be going on in a lot of different cities now. Does anybody out there know how to get connected in any city?

*AnnaMarie, New York City*



I just finished reading Kris Kovick's article, "Whine, Women-only and Song." Brava! What a refreshing and valuable perspective to be added to the pages of *HOT WIRE*. Kovick paints a compelling (and accurate) picture of the electrifying diversity of feminists and lesbians today. I further emphasize the need to broaden our roster of performers and creators of culture. There exists an exciting world of women's "cutting edge" work that is a vital source of inspiration, ideas, and power for many of us. At festivals and other women-only events I am always in search of the feminist avant-garde, the challenging, the subversive, and would love to see more of this type of art in these venues.

I agree with Kovick that our various women's gatherings are essential to our stability and growth. And, to ever strengthen and build our communities we must continue to expand our definition and coverage of women's arts and culture. This article in *HOT WIRE* is a welcomed step in this direction.

*Alice Lowenstein, Chicago*

struggle we have built up strength. We have recently organized some women's concerts and rallies where racism fell away and many women were united in song.

The music industry in South Africa is entirely male-run, and for women who do not fit into a commercial stereotype there are no recording facilities or support available. As a member of the women's community in Cape Town I would like to inquire how to get hold of a more updated version of *Women's Music Plus* to encourage women here that women artists and entrepreneurs have even got their own record companies together.

For myself, personally as an artist longing to connect with women's culture, I would like information on how I could go about getting to perform in the U.S.A.—how does it work? Do I contact women agents or organizers? Can anyone recommend one or some? I also have recording and sound engineering skills and would love to work with other women in music.

Once again, thank you for *Women's Music Plus*. Even if mine is totally outdated, it has inspired me for many years. If you would like any information about women's music in South Africa, I would be happy to share it, and you are welcome to use my name as a contact for any other women wanting to know about women's music in South Africa.

*Mignon, H1 Alma Court, High Level Road, Green Point, Cape Town 8001, South Africa*

...

Does anyone know the name of the gay women's movie with Patty Duke Astin and one of the Redgraves? The movie was about two professional women who wanted to have a child. I remember seeing it about 1986-1988...?

*Edie Fuld, Project 100, Community Center, 1841 Broad Street, Hartford, CT 06114*

...

Enclosed is a copy of my latest recording, *Tomboy*, to add to your listening library for those late-night, deadline-meeting moments. Congratulations on reaching your ninth year. It looks like things are looking up for all of us. As for me, my back injury forced me to get very practical, so I am now a college junior majoring in Occupational Therapy. Most of my classmates were born the year I dropped out of college, and want to know if I was at Wood-



stock. Concentrating on school has left my vocal cords rusty and my callouses soft, but I do what music I can. Two of my songs were performed at last year's GALA choral festival and I've also written music for a couple of local theater productions. I co-wrote and performed in a variety show called *McTherapy, Can I Help You?*, was voted "Best Vocalist" in New Haven, and came in first in another category with my a cappella trio Colossal Olive. This has all been gratifying but rather suspiciously timed. It seems as soon as I began working towards a non-music career, up pops the universe waving a guitar at me, calling "Yoo-hoo! You forgot something!" I want to wave back, but I know I'm going to be very busy for the next two years. By then, *HOT WIRE* will be eleven and I'll be a college grad. I'm looking forward to both!

*Alison Farrell, New Haven, Connecticut*

### THE ALTERNATIVE BUNCH

(Sung to *The Brady Bunch* theme tune)

Here's the story  
of a dykey lady  
Who was bringing up three  
independent girls.  
All of them had been conceived  
by a sperm donor;  
A family unfurls.  
Here's the story  
of a gal named Katie  
who adopted three boys of her own.  
She had a daughter, too,  
from a first marriage  
some people won't condone.  
But then one day these two women  
got together,  
and they knew that it was much more  
than a hunch,  
that this group could form a big, strong  
family;  
That's the way we all became the Alternative  
Bunch, the Alternative Bunch...

*Carolyn K. Parkhurst, Washington, DC*

I read a lot of feminist publications, and none manages to combine humor, serious political information, and entertainment the way you do. I am always torn; I want the most current issue to last me the four months until the next one arrives, but I want to read from cover to cover. Your magazine transports me into different physical locations; I'm allowed to learn about different subcultures that I might never otherwise be invited to visit without feeling guilty or ignorant; and I can "meet" amazing women of the past and present (and future?) that make the world so much richer. Sorry to say, other arts publications I've seen tend to be either beautiful but



Toni Armstrong Jr.

The trivia question in our January *HOT WIRE* came from Suede: "Why can't you masturbate with these two fingers?" The first to correctly answer ("because they're mine") was Tay Jelaena from Syracuse, New York. She wins a free subscription to *HOT WIRE*. Suede has a swarm of fans, and this particular trivia game generated a lot of mail, including...

The reason "you" can't masturbate with "these two fingers" is that the two fingers pictured belong to someone else, not "you"! I imagine that *HOT WIRE* has provided lots of joy to all the valiant lesbians trying to disprove the assertion Suede appears to be making in her statement!

*Hot Wired Reader, Lancaster, Pennsylvania*

The answer to your trivia question "Why can't you masturbate with these two fingers?" is because they aren't mine, they are yours. I'm sure I won't be the first correct answer—or maybe I'm wrong—but would you consider in the future: if there is more than one correct answer, you could have a drawing for the free sub? I just got my *HOT WIRE* at 4 p.m. yesterday. It's 7 a.m. now and I'm going to mail it. Because of the slow rate of delivery (and also I'm sure women in Illinois get *HOT WIRE* sooner than far-away states), it just seems more fair to do a drawing from all correct answers received as of a certain date. In any case, I like your magazine—keep up the great work.

*Donna Anderson, Willimantic, Connecticut*

Although Donna has more faith in the Illinois postal system than may be warranted (our winner was from New York state), it's a point well taken, and her method will eliminate the unfair advantage held by faxes. We're sending Donna a copy of the 1993 'Women's Music Plus' directory for being so brilliant. Now: Who is the only person to win an Academy Award for playing a character of the opposite gender? (We need the title and year of the film, plus the names of the actor and character.) Correct entries will go into a drawing to be held in late June; the prize is a subscription. Plus, the reader to send in the most interesting piece of trivia about this actor (or the character) will receive a copy of the 1993 'Women's Music Plus: Directory of Resources in Women's Music and Culture.' Send to: TRIVIA/HOT WIRE, 5210 N. Wayne, Chicago, IL 60640. Fax to (312) 728-7002.

dry or lively but amateurish. Your photos are great, and it's obvious you care about the content deeply. I assume you're not operating on a big budget; what you put out is mind-bogglingly good. Congratulations on yet another great issue.

*Mollie A. Balerdunne, Salem, Oregon*

You people kill me. I've been tickled in the past by some of the stuff you combine in each issue, but this one takes the cake. The ever-spiritual Z Budapest on the cover and then an article suggesting live sex acts and sacrificial men at festivals [Kris Kovick]... from Melanie [DeMore] with the nuns in the convent to Anne [Seale] and Sasha [Hedley] at the Women's Motorcycle Festival...seasoned with a dash of basic sound engineering and the story of the professional baseball players from the '40s...this last issue was a full and satisfying meal. I'm pleased to be on a steady diet of women's culture, thanks to *HOT WIRE*.

*Dorothy Steiner, Columbus, Ohio*

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# HOTLINE

By Nancey Epperson, Annie Lee, Alice Lowenstein, Jamie Anderson, and Toni Jr.

## TRIVIA CONTESTS

The trivia contest winner from the January 1993 issue (and the question for this time) can be found in the "Soapbox" column on page 7.

## WOMEN

At press time, Adrienne Torf was working with Ferron and Shelley Jennings on a performance they plan to give with Dance Brigade. It's the **STORY OF CINDERELLA**, set to the music of Ferron; seven shows are being scheduled in the Bay Area for this June.

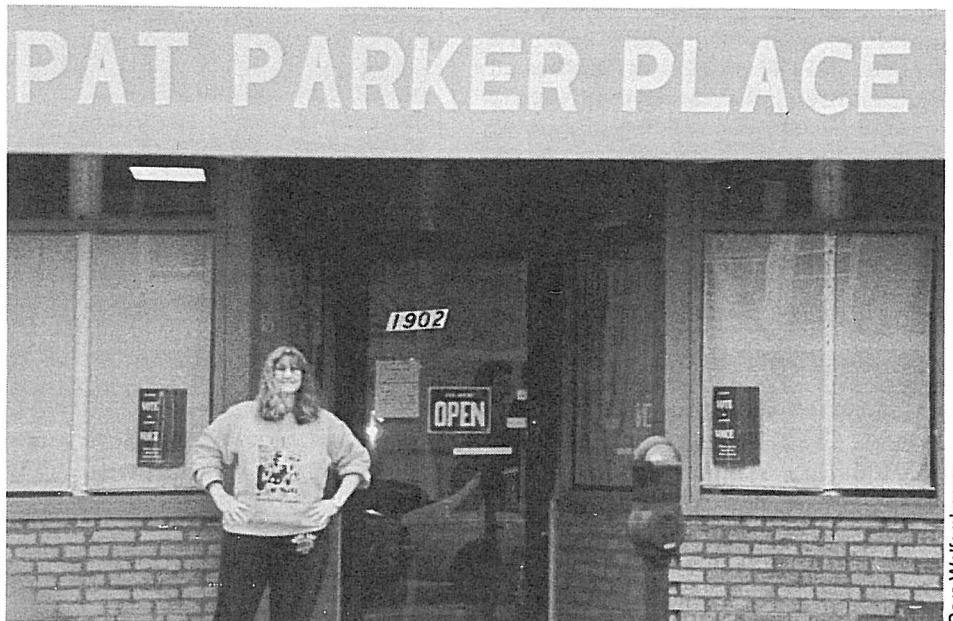
Let's continue to inundate the U.S. post office with requests to put one of our own on a stamp. 1994 is the centennial of the birth of **BESSIE SMITH**. Petitions have been created by jazz historian Rosetta Reitz and are available from Rosetta Records, 115 W. 16th #267, New York, NY 10011, (212) 243-3583. You can also write letters/postcards directly to Citizen's Stamp Advisory Committee, Stamp Support Branch, 1 L'Enfant Plaza, Washington, DC 20260, and to Postmaster General Anthony Frank, U.S. Postal Service, Washington, DC 20260.

In November and December of last year, numerous women's music performers gathered to record the title song from the new women's music sampler **A FAMILY OF FRIENDS**. Participants included June and Jean Millington, Cris Williamson, Tret Fure, Margie Adam, Sharon Washington, Mary Watkins, Deidre McCalla, Sue Fink, Robin Flower, Libby McLaren, Jamie Anderson, Helen Hooke, Barbara Borden, Dakota, Jane Emmer, Monica Grant, Lynne Vidal, Susan Herrick, and Teresa Chandler.

Sixty-three performers collaborated on "**TOGETHER, PROUD & STRONG**," the official anthem for the 1993 March on Washington. Written by Lynn Thomas, the song was recorded in six cities over the course of four months. [See related article on page 44.]

**MAYA ANGELOU** read a poem at the U.S. Presidential inauguration for Bill Clinton in January. Written especially for the event, the poem emphasized the importance of peace; it specifically mentioned a wide variety of people, including lesbians.

**HOTLINE** presents capsule reports of past happenings, announced upcoming events, and passes on various tidbits of info. This column is in honor of Donna Allen, who has dedicated a great deal of her life to facilitating and promoting the type of connections between women that "Hotline" is all about.



Lesbian Chicago and The Lesbian Community Cancer Project have moved into their new shared location: Pat Parker Place, at 1902 W. Montrose in Chicago.

According to *Nightlines*, **PAULA POUNDSTONE**, who opposes the anti-gay law passed in Colorado, chose not to cancel a scheduled performance last February 14 in Aspen. Instead, the comic decided to place fifteen billboards in Colorado Springs (one of the most right-wing areas of the state), saying such things as "Hate takes way too much energy," and "Maybe you misunderstood the question. No one is asking you to have sex with gay people, just to give them equal protections under the law."

**SUSAN SARANDON** is the national chair of the Gay and Lesbian Anti-Violence Project. Other celebrities who are serving as committee members include Chaka Khan, Ricki Lake, Helen Shaver, Amanda Bearse, and Lady Miss Kier (Deee-Lite). *10 Percent* reports that the group is currently airing two public service announcements on TV in Los Angeles and San Francisco that decry gay and lesbian bashing.

## COME OUT, COME OUT, WHEREVER YOU ARE

"The best thing I ever did in my life was come out," said **K.D. LANG** at the gay inaugural ball at the National Press Club January 20, 1993. Then, *Outlines* reports, **MELISSA ETHERIDGE** stepped up to the microphone and said, "My sister k.d. has been such an inspiration. She did the greatest thing I've ever seen this year. I'm very proud to say I've been a lesbian all my life."...On a recent airing of *The A List*, part of

the commentary in one of **SANDRA BERNHARD**'s routines was "...of course I don't *have* a husband, because I'm *gay*."...Finally, **INDIGO GIRLS** made it clear that they planned to attend the 1993 March on Washington for Lesbian, Gay, and Bi Rights and Liberation. As Maile and Marina might put it, "Yee-haw!"

## FOND FAREWELLS

A memorial fund is being set up to commission a sculpture of **AUDRE LORDE** and a scholarship fund for African American women writers, says *dinah*. The poet/activist passed away from cancer last November. [See related article on page 50.] Donations to: Audre Lorde Memorial Fund c/o Astraea, 666 Broadway #520, New York, NY 10012.

## HONORS

**ADRIENNE RICH** won the Lenore Marshall/Nation Poetry Prize for her book *An Atlas of the Difficult World: Poems 1988-1991*. The \$10,000 prize is given annually for an outstanding book of poetry published in the U.S. during the previous year. She also won the fourth annual Bill Whitehead Award for lifetime achievement in gay/lesbian literature, given by the Publishing Triangle, an organization of gays and lesbians in the publishing industry.

Two almost-forgotten artists are the subject of recent books by the Smithsonian Institution. **BERTHA LUM** and **HELEN HYDE**, who

flourished around the turn of the century, were among the first Occidentals to become accomplished in the traditional Chinese and Japanese arts of printmaking. Their work was popular during their lifetimes, but they have been left out of the histories of women's art and of Asian art. These two retrospectives serve as catalogs of their works, and rescue the women from obscurity.

The old one-two punch at the Grammys: **K.D. LANG** won as Best Female Pop Vocalist ("Constant Craving"), and **MELISSA ETHERIDGE** was named Best Female Rock Vocalist ("Ain't It Heavy"). Heartfelt congratulations to our shining stars. What a pleasure to finally see women be true to themselves and be honored by the mainstream industry *at the same time*. Cards and letters to: k.d., 1616 W. 34th Ave., Vancouver, BC Canada V6J 1K1, and Melissa, 3800 Barham Blvd. #309, Burbank, CA 90068-1042.

## GROUPS

According to the *International League of Women Composers Journal*, **WOMEN'S TECHNET** is an on-line telecommunications network for women in audio, video, broadcast, recording, and related industries. The group is searching for a volunteer to produce a newsletter of Technet developments that can be sent to those who don't have access to telecommunications. Vanessa Else, Women's Technet, P.O. Box 966, Ukiah, CA 95482.

A new grassroots organization dedicated to supporting **WOMEN'S SPORTS** is forming. Sportswomen, P.O. Box 49648, Austin, TX 78765.

An enterprising group of women from Royal Oaks, Michigan has launched the **HER STORY PROJECT** in an effort to bring details, images, and information about women's accomplishments into our everyday lives. Her Story encourages simple but radical acts, such as making flyers about notable women—past or present, known or obscure, real or mythological—and wheat-pasting the flyers around your area. Her Story, P.O. Box 1073, Royal Oak, MI 48068.

The American Foundation for AIDS Research (AmFAR) awarded a Red Hot + Blue Community Grant worth \$93,543 to the **CHICAGO WOMEN'S AIDS PROJECT** to educate women with HIV/AIDS to become their own treatment advocates and improve their ability to access services. AmFAR, 733 Third Ave. #12, New York, NY 10017-3204. (212) 682-7440.

Two groups are presenting lesbian art, music, and comedy "behind the Orange Curtain." **LAVENDER UNDERGROUND PRODUCTIONS**, Jill Long, P.O. Box 1622, Costa Mesa, CA 92628, (714) 540-5698; and **DYKES ON MYKES**, Kelly Conway, P.O. Box 4666, Laguna Beach, CA 92652.

**LESBIAN VISUAL ARTISTS** is a promotional and networking organization with a membership of 200. The group serves as a conduit for artists' communication about all aspects of their

lives. LVA, 3543 18th St #5, San Francisco, CA 94110.

**UNITED LESBIANS OF AFRICAN HERITAGE** offers a membership that includes a quarterly newsletter. ULOAH, 1626 N. Wilcox Ave., #190, Los Angeles, CA 90028.

Join the **LESBIAN TEACHERS' NETWORK** and receive their quarterly newsletter. LTN, P.O. Box 638, Solon, IA 52333.

**THEATER PRAXIS** has formed "to give center stage to women, lesbians, gay men, people of color, and others who have traditionally been relegated to the wings of representation." Board members include lesbian feminist playwrights Claudia Allen and Paula Berg. Theater Praxis c/o Lauren Love, 1409 W. Gregory #1R, Chicago, IL 60640.

As a part of the 1993 March on Washington weekend, **LESBIAN AND GAY BANDS OF AMERICA** will return to D.C. with a concert called *Americans We*. Musicians, twirlers, and tall flags from twenty-two cities will combine to form the largest marching band ever to participate in this type of event. LGBA, P.O. Box 57099, Washington, DC 20037.

The **DENVER WOMEN'S CHORUS** is announcing its third choral music competition for women composers. First prize is \$1,000 and a travel subsidy to attend the premiere. The piece will be performed in a concert "celebrating women of power and women who have made a difference, both historical and contemporary." Deadline: September 1, 1993. Choral Music Competition, Denver Women's Chorus, P.O. Box 2638, Denver, CO 80202.

Women who would like to show their art in Chicago may want to contact **COMMUNITIES OF WOMEN ART SHOW SERIES**. Future shows include *Images: Women in Prison; Women of Many Colors*; and the ninth annual *Lesbian Art Movement Show*. COWAS/Urban Art Retreat, 3712 N. Broadway, Chicago, IL 60613.

## NEWS

At press time, **JANET RENO** had become the first female Attorney General of the U.S. Also, **ROBERTA ACHTENBERG** had been nominated by President Clinton for the position of Assistant Secretary for Fair Housing and Equal Development at the Department of Housing and Urban Development. If confirmed, she would become the highest ranking openly lesbian official in the history of the executive branch of the U.S. government.

Don't be fooled: Aping the success of progressive women's Political Action Committees (PACs) such as **EMILY'S LIST** and the **WOMEN'S CAMPAIGN FUND**, a group calling itself *Feminists for Life* has announced that it will establish "Susan B. Anthony's List" as an anti-abortion PAC. The stated goal of this PAC is to elect anti-choice candidates to public office. Be careful about donating money based on names.

News from the world of women's sports: On September 6, a relay team of **SIX WOMEN FROM CALIFORNIA SWAM THE ENGLISH CHANNEL**, breaking the American women's team record by thirteen minutes. They finished the twenty-five mile swim in ten hours and forty-one minutes, according to the February issue of *Women's Sports and Fitness*. The same issue reports that the average amount an NCAA Division 1A school spends on **RECRUITING STUDENT ATHLETES** is \$268,996 (men) and \$49,406 (women). The average **BASE SALARY FOR HEAD COACHES**: \$272,057 (men) and \$149,740 (women).

**THE GAY AND LESBIAN ALLIANCE AGAINST DEFAMATION** has made a large impact on how purveyors of popular culture portray gay and lesbian folk. To wit: *Entertainment Weekly* named GLAAD "One of Hollywood's Power 101" for its aggressive and effective watchdogging against homophobia.... GLAAD encouraged Roseanne Arnold to add a lesbian character to her top-rated TV show, and Sandra Bernhard's character (Nancy) now has Morgan Fairchild playing her lover (Marla).... During last fall's election season, GLAAD developed an exit-polling project and worked with major media analysts to track and interpret the gay/lesbian vote for the first time in presidential politics. The result was a nationwide round of stories on gay and lesbian political power and commitment.

**THE AMERICAN WOMEN'S TRANS-ANTARCTIC EXPEDITION**, led by Minneapolis-based lesbian Ann Bancroft, made history January 14 when they became the first all-women's team to reach the South Pole (without motorized vehicles or dogsleds). Ann is the first woman to reach both the North and the South Poles, reports *Outlines*.

## QUOTABLE QUOTES

"I'm the Helen Hayes of cult. It thrills me that one day my grandchildren may see their grandmother in her half-slip and bra seducing a monster," said **SUSAN SARANDON** in *People* about her role in the camp favorite *The Rocky Horror Picture Show* (1975).

**JANIS IAN** fans, take note: "My first gay event was when my best friend Jeanie and I slept together when we were fifteen," said singer Janis Ian after the person who introduced her at the National Gay and Lesbian Task Force's January 19 inaugural dinner referred to her appearance as "her first gay and lesbian event," according to *Outlines*.... "As a female artist entering her forties, I carry both the blessing and the curse of my career length," she said last February in *Rolling Stone*. "Blessing because I learned the craft when performers had to be good live without props, and writers had to turn out singable, memorable songs that anyone with a voice could sing well...There are artists like myself out here begging low-level funding, supporting ourselves overseas, watching record companies tell us they have no funds while advancing millions to acts with two or three LPs

due to other labels. We take hope every time a Bonnie Raitt breaks through."

"I have certain boundaries beyond which I won't go because I find something morally or politically incorrect," said actress AMANDA DONAHOE in the Chicago *Tribune*. "What's so weird is that a lot of actresses simply would not be seen kissing another woman on-screen. But they don't mind being victimized or raped on-screen. To me, it's the other way around."

## GATHERINGS

If there's any chance you can get to Washington, D.C. for any part of the April 25th weekend, please do. You'll be joining with hundreds of thousands of other women and men who will be marching that Sunday for the 1993 MARCH ON WASHINGTON FOR GAY, LESBIAN, AND BI EQUAL RIGHTS AND LIBERATION. Numerous women's music entertainers are scheduled to perform at the rallies. You are invited to join the *HOT WIRE* contingent—we'll be a very enthusiastic group with banners, signs, and drums promoting lesbian culture. Bring noisemakers if you have them.

Twenty-two choirs will perform, and up to fifteen additional choirs will be represented, at the next SISTER SINGERS WOMEN'S CHORAL MUSIC FESTIVAL. Called *A Feminist Fourth*, the festival will be held July 1-5 in Cincinnati. Workshops will be given by the women of Altazor, Ysaye Barnwell, Ethyl Raim, AmyLee, and Linda Thomas Jones. Choral Festival, Sister Singers, P.O. Box 7065, Minneapolis, MN 55407.

Plan ahead: The INTERNATIONAL MARCH ON THE UNITED NATIONS TO AFFIRM THE HUMAN RIGHTS OF LESBIAN AND GAY PEOPLE is scheduled for June 26, 1994. International advisory committees and local planners are meeting now on several continents. Stonewall 25, United Nations March, 208 W. 13th St., New York, NY 10011-7799.

The NATIONAL NOW CONFERENCE is scheduled for July 2-4 in Boston. A major plenary session will honor the memory of Audre Lorde.

In Madison: *THE SHARING SPIRIT/SHARING SKILLS CONFERENCE* will be held May 21-22. Workshops/rituals will be presented by members of the Re-Formed Congregation of the Goddess...Also, the *MIDWEST WOMEN'S WRITERS CONFERENCE* is on for September 3-6. Women writers from around the country will present workshops for writers of all skill levels. Topics include writing poetry, science fiction, journals; selling your work; and the publishing business. Info on both events from Of A Like Mind, Box 6021, Madison, WI 53716.

The NATIONAL WOMEN'S MARTIAL ARTS FOUNDATION—SPECIAL TRAINING CAMP '93 will be held June 17-20 in Long Island, New York. The event will include training in traditional martial arts areas, such as Forms,

Sparring, Aikido, Tai-Chi, Judo, Karate, and Kung Fu, as well as workshops in self-defense for beginners. The camp is open to women martial artists of all disciplines and to women with no prior martial arts experience. Sensei Linda Ramzy Ranson, 825 Morrison Ave. #19B, Bronx, New York 10473.

We send a warm welcome to the new HAWAII FEST, scheduled to take place on the island of Oahu over Thanksgiving weekend (November 25-28). SASE to: Lin Daniels, Particular Productions, 2854 Coastal Highway #7, St. Augustine, FL 32095. (904) 824-2282.

Welcome also to The FIRST PACIFIC COAST WOMEN'S MOTORCYCLE FESTIVAL. They will be cruising into Northern California September 10-13. Creative Riding Productions, Box 423717, San Francisco, CA 94102. (415) 905-4511.

SISTERSPACE POCONO WEEKEND will be held September 10-12 at a private 1,000+ acre camp in the Pennsylvania Poconos. Hiking trails, waterfalls, cabins, hot showers, beautiful tenting areas, musicians, "and delicious food for veggie and non-veggie lovers" are among the enticements. Sisterspace, 351 S. 47th St. #B101, Philadelphia, PA 19143. (215) 476-2424.

The sixth annual WOMEN IN VIEW FESTIVAL will be held in Vancouver January 20-30, 1994, according to *Kinesis*. The festival showcases work by women in the performing arts, both emerging and established. Women in View, 314 Powell, Vancouver, BC, Canada V6A 1G4.

*Sojourner* reports that the nineteenth annual FEMINIST WOMEN'S WRITING WORKSHOPS is scheduled for July 11-18. The eight-day event will be held in the Finger Lakes region of New York. FWWW, P.O. Box 6538, Ithaca, NY 14851.

The fifth annual EAST COAST LESBIANS' FESTIVAL will be held Labor Day weekend (September 3-6) instead of during its usual week in mid June. The event will again include a sign language intensive "Silent Pre-Fest." Particular Productions, 2854 Coastal Highway #7, St. Augustine, FL 32095. (904) 824-2282.

## FILM & VIDEO

The SAN FRANCISCO INTERNATIONAL LESBIAN AND GAY FILM FESTIVAL is scheduled for June 18-27. Last year's festival attracted over 38,000 viewers. Frameline, Box 14792, San Francisco, CA 94115. (415) 703-8650.

Did you notice? In the movie *Leap of Faith* (1992, starring Debra Winger), the bus in which the main characters travel has a bumper sticker that says "WE BELIEVE YOU ANITA." It's on the inside of the vehicle, and it shows up in several scenes.

Recovering Catholics, current practitioners, and others interested in the world of nuns: catch *BEHIND THE VEIL*, Margaret Wescott's 1984 film that explores the lives of nuns and the his-

tory of female religious orders in the Catholic Church. First Run Features, 153 Waverly Pl., New York, NY 10014. (212) 243-0600.

WOMEN MAKE MOVIES has a new address and a new catalog that includes sixty new releases. Women Make Movies, 462 Broadway #501, New York, NY 10013. (212) 925-0606.

A non-profit multi-cultural organization promoting U.S.-Japanese cultural exchange sponsors an annual PHOTOGRAPHY AND VIDEO CONTEST FOR AMATEUR WOMEN. Deadline: November. For information/rules: Luminous Inc, 188 East 64th St. #2003, New York, NY 10021. (212) 753-0923.

Of interest to *HOT WIRE* readers: *JAZZ WOMEN ON VIDEO: FOREMOTHERS, VOLUME 1*, produced by Rosetta and Rebecca Reitz. *Foremothers* captures some rare performance footage covering the years 1932-1952, and features nine representative women artists, ranging from Billie Holiday and Helen Humes to lesser knowns such as Rita Rio and Sister Rosetta Tharpe. Rosetta Records, Inc., 115 W. 16th St. #267, New York, NY 10011.

*WOMEN WHO MADE THE MOVIES*, directed by Gwendolyn Foster-Dixon, covers the history of women filmmakers from 1896 to the early 1950s. The careers of such directors as Alice Guy Blache, Dorothy Arzner, Ida Lupino, Lois Weber, Dorothy Davenport Reid and others are documented. Music by all-women orchestras of the early 1920s and 1930s completes the soundtrack. V.C.I. Home Video, 6535 E. Skelly Dr., Tulsa, OK 74145.

*A LEAGUE OF THEIR OWN: THE DOCUMENTARY* offers vintage newsreel footage and contemporary conversations with some of the real-life women who inspired the movie about the All American Girls Professional Baseball League. Columbia TriStar is releasing this video in conjunction with the home video of the fictional account that was shown in theaters.

Wendy Weinberg's film *BEYOND IMAGINING: MARGARET ANDERSON AND THE LITTLE REVIEW* was nominated for an Academy Award in the Short Documentary Category. The film chronicles the unconventional life of a lesbian, Margaret Anderson, the founder and editor of the *Little Review*. The magazine launched the careers of writers such as Gertrude Stein, H.D., and Djuna Barnes among others. Women Make Movies, 462 Broadway #501, New York, NY 10013. (212) 925-0606.

## TV & RADIO

*THE WOMEN'S SHOW*, a feminist/womanist radio magazine produced by Dorothy Abbott, airs every Saturday from 10 a.m. to noon on WMNF Community Radio (88.5 FM) in St. Petersburg, Florida. If you live in the area and would like to contribute to the show, Dorothy welcomes your input. (813) 823-3337.

*WILD WOMEN RADIO!*, WNUH 88.7-FM's

women's music show, airs Saturday mornings from 7-10 a.m. in Connecticut.

An extensive listing of gay, feminist, and folk music **RADIO CONTACTS** is available from Tsunami Records, P.O. Box 42282, Tucson, AZ 85733-2282. (602) 325-7828.

The successful new comedy **HEART'S AFIRE** (CBS) featured John Ritter's character learning that his ex-wife (Julia Cobb) is involved in a serious relationship with a psychologist named Ruth (Conchata Ferrell). On the show, Ruth says, "I've been with men and I've been with women. From what I can tell, they deserve each other," reports **GLAAD**.

**RADIO STATION KGAY** was brought on the airwaves November 28. Based in Denver, the sixty-five hours per week of lesbian/gay programming can be heard in the U.S., Canada, Mexico, and parts of the Caribbean. Tune the receiver on your satellite dish to Galaxy Five, Transponder Six, 6.3 to 6.48 megahertz, in Discreet Stereo. No satellite dish? Call **KGAY** at (303) 733-6642.

## THE 'ZINE SCENE

The new 'zine **SIREN** is a brash, in-your-face forum for women who play (or are fans of) rock, thrash, hardcore, art, other rebellious genres. "This 'zine is not alternative, its subversive." Girltime Productions, P.O. Box 14874, Chicago, IL 60614.

**THE MULTICULTURAL JEWISH DYKE NETWORK NEWSLETTER** is an "inspirational, motivational 'zine for Jewish lesbian-identified wimmin." Leah Astarte, P.O. Box 1006, Huntington, NY 11743-0640.

For those of us looking for something adventuresome in our mailbox, **QUEER ZINE EXPLOSION** is a publication that lists lesbian, bi, gay and related interest 'zines with brief descriptions of the contents of current issues of each 'zine, mailing addresses, and costs. [Zines are cheaply produced, photocopied publications with very specific focuses.] **QZE**, P.O. Box 591275, San Francisco, CA 94159-1275.

## PUBLICATIONS

New wimmin's comix...**OH, A COMIC QUARTERLY FOR HER, BECAUSE IT'S TIME**. Keep up with the adventures of Tomboy, Agent Street, Gender Blender, and Liliane. The stories have a political, funny, romantic lesbian sensibility. Women cartoonists are encouraged to contribute. **OH...**, P.O. Box 41030, 5134 Cordova Bay Road, Victoria, BC, Canada V8Y 2K0.

Prison inmates are ninety-four percent male. Whether it's murder, rape, or the S&L scandal, crime costs about \$300 billion a year. Why is crime essentially a male pursuit? For those interested in such gender studies, the new book by Dr. June Stephenson, **MEN ARE NOT COST EFFECTIVE: MALE CRIME IN AMERICA** explores the issues. Diemer Smith Publishing

Co., 138 W. Main St. #140B, Ventura, CA 93001.

If you missed the Gay Games III in 1990, lament no more! Photographer Cheryl A. Traendly has put together a limited edition collection of 150 photographs in a ninety-six page book entitled **THE WOMEN—GAY GAMES III VANCOUVER, CANADA**. Cheryl is known for being the first woman photographer listed on the masthead of *World Tennis Magazine*; her work has appeared in *Sports Illustrated*, *Golf Illustrated*, *Time*, and *TV Guide*. Cheryl Traendly, 3008 Manning, Santa Rosa, CA 95403. (707) 759-3898.



**'HOT WIRE'** staffer Diane Germain is ever-vigilant for signs of oppression.

**OUT LOUD** magazine, **HOT WIRE's** Australian cousin, focuses on **WOMEN'S MUSIC AND CULTURE "DOWN UNDER."** The forty-page publication, edited by Marilyn Nuske and Neroli Smith, is published quarterly. *Out Loud*, P.O. Box 535, Eltham Victoria 3095, Australia. (03) 439-7942.

**MADISON'S FEMINIST NEWSPAPER** is back after a brief hiatus and is being published quarterly by a new collective. *Feminist Voices*, P.O. Box 853, Madison, WI 53701-0853.

Margot Silk Forrest, an incest survivor, has developed a newsletter to help other **WOMEN RECOVERING FROM CHILDHOOD SEXUAL ABUSE**. *The Healing Woman* is intended to serve as a point of contact as well as a tool for information and support. P.O. Box 3038, Moss Beach, CA 94038. (415) 728-0339.

**EQUAL MEANS: WOMEN ORGANIZING ECONOMIC SOLUTIONS**, a new quarterly published by the Ms. Foundation for Women, is intended to encourage and support women and girls working for self-determination and local/global changes. "Straightforward information to help untangle and demystify economics." *Equal Means*, 2512 Ninth St. #3, Berkeley CA 94710

Kuumba, one of the seven principles of Kwanzaa, means "creativity." *Kuumba* is also the name of a **LITERARY MAGAZINE FOR LESBIAN AND GAY AFRICAN AMERICANS**. This quarterly publication includes contributions from both the U.S. and Africa. *Kuumba*, P.O. Box 83912, Los Angeles, CA 90083-0912.

The November/December issue of *New Directions for Women* included a piece on the history of cowgirls, giving information on The Rhinestone Round-up Weekend at the Cowgirl Hall of Fame and Western Heritage Center in Hereford, Texas (scheduled for the third weekend in June). The museum contains almost 2,000 books about the West, a room full of files on past cowgirl honorees, and a unique collection of photographs of cowgirls. The all-girl rodeo that originally was held with this event is now held in conjunction with Amarillo's Old West Days celebration in August.

## SUBMISSIONS SOUGHT

*off our backs*, a newsjournal by, for, and about women, is **SEEKING SCISSOR WIELDING AMAZONS** to send news clippings from local newspapers regarding women's activities confronting the patriarchy or just generally stirring things up. Send clippings to: *off our backs*, 2423 18th St. NW, Washington, DC 20009

Good lesbian artists wanted: submit progressive artwork for a **GREETING CARD LINE**. Pukka Press, 223 W Railroad, Missoula, MT 59802. (406) 542-7707.

*At the Crossroads*, a visual, performing, and literary arts journal for women of African descent, documents and explores the cultural and political work of **BLACK CANADIAN WOMEN**. Written and visual submissions of all types are sought. No original artwork. Brief bio and other relevant info to *At the Crossroads* c/o Karen Augustine, P.O. Box 317, Station P, Toronto, Ont. Canada M5S 2S8.

Editors Wendy Caster and Jayne Relaford Brown are seeking fiction, poetry, essays, recipes, and art "reflecting the love affair between **LESBIANS AND FOOD**" for an anthology to be titled *Consuming Passions: Lesbians Celebrate Food*. P.O. Box 3463, San Diego, CA 92163-1463.

*Hag Rag Intergalactic Lesbian-Feminist Press* upcoming themes/due dates: **LESBIAN SEX 2** (June 1); **PASSAGES/TIME** (August 1); **DESPAIR** (October 1). *Hag Rag*, P.O. Box 1171, Madison, WI 53701. Theo (608) 241-9765.

According to *Womyn Words*, Tough Dove Books is looking for **LESBIAN ADVENTURE STORIES** for an anthology. Fiction or nonfiction. Previously unpublished writers encouraged. Deadline: January 1994. SASE to: Mikaya, 11101 Eastside Rd., Ukiah, CA 95482. •

**ABOUT THE WRITERS:** Nancey Epperson practices Karate, sits Zen, and aspires to teach English in China. Annie Lee is a film buff who originally hails from Florida, where she spent her teenage years cruising around with her girlfriends and dodging gators—or so her pals today like to imagine. Alice Lowenstein is falling ever more passionately in love with her Conga drum and her female drumming group. Toni Jr. is pleased to officially announce her engagement to Sara Wolfersberger.

# NOTEWORTHY WOMEN

## THE POLITICS OF IMPERMANENCE

# WORLD WAR II AND THE ALL-WOMAN BANDS

By Sherrie Tucker

*"At last, in a world torn by the hatreds and wars of men, appears a woman to whom the problems and feats of men are mere child's play—a woman whose identity is known to none, but whose sensational feats are outstanding in a fast moving world!"*  
Wonder Woman comic strip introduction, 1941

*"Steel and skirts. The idea is too big. Steel and skirts. The thing isn't right."*  
Joe, a shipyard worker, 1943 (in Joseph Fabry's *Swing Shift*, 1982)

When I began researching the all-woman bands of the 1940s, I telephoned the musicians' union in San Francisco to see if they had any ideas of who, locally, might know something about the subject. "Well," said the man I spoke with, "you know there were only a couple of all-woman bands in the country."

I said, "So far, I've found the names of more than *sixty* bands."

"Groups of housewives who got together during the war would not be considered *real bands*," he asserted. "They wouldn't have been professional, and they wouldn't have belonged to the union."

We now know that there were more than 100—probably in the hundreds—of all-woman bands. At least three of them were based in San Francisco, and of the musicians I have interviewed, nine out of ten belonged to the union.

The man from the union who spoke with me didn't know the facts, though he thought he did. He gave me a concise example of the misperceptions that have been applied to female musicians, causing them to be trivialized or ignored in the historical record. As trumpet player Clora Bryant said in Linda Dahl's 1989 *Stormy Weather: the Music and Lives of a Century of*

**NOTEWORTHY WOMEN is devoted to reclaiming and celebrating the talent and accomplishments of our lost and denied musical foremothers.**



Photo courtesy of John B. Coleman

**Trumpeter Clora Bryant played with the Prairie View Co-Eds (sax section pictured above) before she joined the famous International Sweethearts of Rhythm. Eventually she got to perform with an all-woman band on TV—but was fired after only a week when white viewers complained about the presence of a Black musician playing with a white band.**

*Jazzwomen*, "the existence of women musicians is a fact that has been treated as a novelty."

Indeed the perception of "novelty" is rampant in what little documentation exists on the all-woman bands. Even dur-

ing the War Years, when women workers (including musicians) experienced increased public acceptance and professional opportunities, the wide-spread notion that their existence was temporary ("for the duration") reinforced the perception of novelty.

World War II indeed affected women musicians. Reeds player Deloros (Conlee) Goodspeed says, "We hated it when people would come up and ask, 'What are you girls going to do when the war is over?' We would tell them we worked before the war and would work after the war also." Just as the role of Rosie the Riveter was filled by more women who were already in the labor force than by housewives [see Sherna Berger Gluck's *Rosie the Riveter Revisited*, 1987], many of the female musicians of the 1940s had been professionals before the war. All-woman bands had been abundant in the '20s and '30s, yet musicians who played in the groups of the '40s were regarded as temporary wartime phenomena: Rosie the Riveter with a trumpet.

Tenor saxophone player Peggy Gilbert's career began in the '20s, and she currently—at almost ninety—leads an all-woman band called the Dixie Belles. "The great era of all-woman bands did not actually begin in the war years," she told me. "Vaudeville and stage shows would be the really wonderful time for all of us. The war years expanded our acceptability into other areas of the business, like ballrooms.

We did the one-nighters in buses like all of the men's bands did, playing theaters along the way—those that were still left. And a lot of us were on USO entertaining the servicemen."

But, like many gains made by women during the war, this broadened acceptance into the public sphere was temporary. In *American Women in Jazz* (1982), Sally Placksin writes, "After the war, Gilbert, like so many other women, suddenly found herself dismissed from much of her work, because, the union insisted, the returning GIs needed their jobs." Peggy—who had both led and played in dance bands, radio bands, and studio bands since the '20s—took a secretarial job with the musicians' union after the war, and stayed there for twenty years.

The dual themes of patriotism and glamour, which were so heavily used in the propaganda surrounding women war workers, were also covert messages of impermanence. In defense industry recruitment advertisements, patriotism and glamour were clever devices: they enticed women into jobs while negating permanent upward mobility, emphasizing patriotic, rather than economic, motives for working. According to Leila Rupp, in Susan Hartmann's *The Home Front and Beyond* (1982), "The appeal to patriotism was less threatening to traditional social norms because it carried the implication of impermanence."

Glamour served a similar function; it reaffirmed traditional sex roles, assuring the nation that "beneath the overalls and grease stains there remained a true woman, feminine in appearance and behavior."

Patriotism and glamour were also prerequisites to success for the all-woman bands of the 1940s, and it's ironic that female musicians would be discounted later for the inclusion of these very elements. Many all-woman bands were formed out of sincere motives of patriotism, and were later considered amateurish—the "bunch of housewives" as described by the man at the union. But the women musicians who joined all-woman bands for patriotic reasons were often anything but amateurs.

Frances Scher was already a professional singer at Tin Pan Alley in Chicago when the Japanese attacked Pearl Harbor. "A friend of mine who played piano and another friend who was a drummer, well, the three of us got together and said, 'Why don't we form a band? We could march in all the parades and play for civilian defense and that kind of thing,'" she recalls.

Frances and her friends put an ad in the paper for more women musicians, and found a basement in a local drug store for rehearsals. Their band, The Musicalairs, became a popular attraction throughout Indiana, Wisconsin, and Illinois. They joined the union when they found themselves playing a constant schedule of serious professional jobs, and they stayed together until the end of the war.

"Some of the girls were intent upon marriage, that kind of thing," Frances says, but asserts that she would have continued leading her thirteen-piece band if the members had stayed. She is quick



Reeds player Deloros (Conlee) Goodspeed says, "We hated it when people would come up and ask, 'What are you girls going to do when the war is over?' We would tell them we worked before the war and would work after the war also." (Pictured: Herb Cook's Sweethearts, courtesy of Ms. Goodspeed.)

to point out that bands died out after the war anyway. Although she says her post-war career (singing with male combos) was also wonderful, she wrote me a letter after our interview, echoing the sadness of many women who missed their war-time working relationships with other women.

"I do have many fond memories, not only of the great musical abilities of people in our band, but of the people," she wrote. "I had a beautiful friendship with some, who to this very day I miss so much."

The glamour principle may have been the most exploitative element the women bands had to contend with. ("Obviously all-girl bands would be a natural visual attraction, and if they got by on looks rather than musicianship, well, that was their prerogative," wrote Arthur Jackson in his 1977 book *The World of Big Bands*.) The notion that it was the *choice* of women musicians to be relished for their physical allure instead of for their music is, of course, preposterous. Peggy Gilbert expresses the frustration she felt at having to explain to male club owners that replacing a band member because she "doesn't smile enough, or is too fat, or her hair doesn't look just so was *not* the

way to maintain a good sounding band."

Not only did the demand for glamour negate the goal of good musicianship, it also became oppressive when show-girl visual standards were seen as an invitation to sexually harass the musicians. Bass player Sharon Rogers, who was leader of a group called Sharon Rogers and Her All Girl Orchestra (in the 1940s), writes of how they were nearly fired from the USO for not fraternizing with the officers. "The general consensus of opinion among the officers—the enlisted men were great—was apparently that we girls were supposed to be their playthings," she recalls. "And our manager gave them the impression that 'just tell him which gal they wanted and he'd take care of it.'" Though she was only nineteen at the time, Sharon fought her band's dismissal before a panel of

*continued on page 59*

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**ABOUT THE WRITER:** Sherrie Tucker, writer of both fiction and non-fiction, is a graduate student of Women's Studies at San Francisco State University, and a DJ at KJAZ. This article is based on a paper she presented at the "Women in World War II" conference in Racine, Wisconsin in October 1991.

# FADE IN • FADE OUT

## WOMEN COMING OF AGE

By Ann Collette and Roz Warren

The partnership of Ann Collette and Roz Warren signals change, and a new beginning for one of *HOT WIRE*'s regular features, the "Fade In • Fade Out" column. We're excited about our new job, and want to share with you our aims and goals as video commentators. Our intention is to focus on contemporary, smart, and emotionally engaging films about women. During our trips up and down the aisles of our respective video stores [Ann lives in Cambridge and Roz in Philadelphia], we've come across too many worthwhile films in which the focus is slanted more towards the male's role than the female's (how unusual!)—even though *her* character is the one who makes a far more interesting journey.

When we decided to report on videos about women coming of age, we knew there were fewer starring roles for women than for men (consider the extreme difficulty Hollywood had coming up with five solid nominees for Oscar's 1992 Best Actress category), but we didn't realize how desperate the situation was until we tried to find four great movies about girls on the threshold of womanhood. In fact we didn't—we could only find three.

Not for lack of trying. We screened, among others: *Heathers* (an offbeat comedy about high school popularity. Roz was amused; Ann thought it stunk); *Girl Talk* (a documentary about three troubled young women which we didn't think was terrific); *Foxes* (Jodie Foster looks great in short sleeved blouses and tailored shirts, but besides one right-on scene where she and her pals react to a group of spurned boys who jeeringly call them "dykes," the movie is dull and confusing); and *Dirty Dancing* (yet another young woman finds—yawn—Mr. Right).

**FADE IN • FADE OUT:** In these tight economic times, more women than ever are turning to videos to stretch their entertainment dollars. **FADE IN • FADE OUT** is a handy guide, from a woman-identified perspective, to rentable titles.



photo courtesy of Redwood

**In 'Dogfight,' Rose (Lili Taylor, who is also in 'Mystic Pizza') works in a cafe with her mom (Holly Near) and has her value system and self-concept tested.**

*Sixteen Candles* came close. We loved Molly Ringwald as Sam; she portrayed beautifully the mix of vulnerability and resilience of a teenaged girl. But the pleasure of watching her, and our enjoyment of many truly funny scenes, was too often undercut by the script's racism, casual homophobia, and sexism, plus a ludicrously ageist depiction of Sam's grandparents.

This leaves us with three films we can recommend, and all three are special, overlooked, underrated movies that we think you'll enjoy as much as we did.

•FADE IN•

### **WELCOME HOME, ROXY CARMICHAEL**

The pre-credit sequence introduces us to the ambitious title character as she packs her bags and prepares to desert her boyfriend and their infant in search of fame and fortune. When the credits actually begin, it's fifteen years later, and the people of the small town Roxy left behind excitedly prepare for her return (since she has indeed attained stardom). But this delightful comedy, written by Karen Leigh Hopkins, isn't really about Roxy at all; it's about people who are afraid to face the truth and live their own lives, finding it

easier to subsist on fantasy.

Winona Ryder stars as Dinky Bossetti, an alienated fifteen-year-old with uncombed hair and sexless dark clothing who has no friends and whose parents don't understand her. She loves books and her menagerie of stray animals—and is obsessed with Roxy Carmichael, a woman she's never even met.

She seeks out Roxy's ex-boyfriend, Denton (Jeff Daniel), to grill him about his former love. Denton has a new family by now, but it's clear that he can't forget Roxy. Her memory also haunts another of her ex-lovers—Evelyn (Dinah Menoff), who longs to know whether Roxy will remember her too.

While Dinky's parents investigate the possibility of sending her to a private school for "socially inappropriate" students, Dinky continues her quest for more information about the mysterious Roxy. She's heartened to learn of each new similarity between them. She's also struggling with her awakening sexual interest in a gap-toothed, long-haired fellow classmate, Gerald. One day in school, Dinky—in the throes of passion—recites a hilariously intense love poem to the embarrassed Gerald, and as a result is sent to the guidance counselor (Laila Roberts). Luckily, the counselor, a one-time novelist, empathizes with Dinky and encourages the lonely and defensive teen to open up and trust her. In the process, she becomes Dinky's first true friend.

Tension heightens as Roxy's return nears. Interspersed with Dinky's story we see magical, slow motion shots of mysterious Roxy, her face not yet revealed to us, that add to her mythic quality. Gerald begins to return Dinky's interest, but peer pressure keeps him from letting her know it. Roxy's imminent return affects Denton so much that his wife, fed up with his emotional distance, packs up the kids and leaves. Evelyn also hurts those near to her, finding them all lacking in comparison to the fabled Roxy. Lives are falling apart as all wait for Roxy the Goddess to return and make them whole again.



When Roxy's stretch limo finally pulls up to the party the town is giving to welcome her back, Dinky, Denton, and Evelyn are among those eagerly awaiting her appearance. But when the limo door swings open, all are forced to face the truth about themselves and their longings, and to confront what they've been running away from. Dinky learns that she must leave childish fantasies behind if she wants the pleasures growing up brings.

Anyone who ever felt like an oddball in high school—and is there anyone who didn't?—will identify with Dinky. We suspect the fact that a woman having penned the movie's script is why this film feels so resoundingly true to our lives as women.

And Melissa Etheridge fans will want to check out the soundtrack.

## MYSTIC PIZZA

*Mystic Pizza* is a wonderful movie celebrating girlfriends and sisters, and the way these relationships serve as the core of young women's lives.

Jojo (Lili Taylor) and sisters Kat (Annabeth Gish) and Daisy (a luscious, pre-*Pretty Woman* Julia Roberts) work at a pizza parlor in Mystic, Connecticut. As the movie begins, Jojo is about to marry her sweetheart, Bill (Vincent D'Onofrio). Instead, she faints at the altar and the wedding is off.

Serious Kat, meanwhile, works several jobs to supplement her scholarship to Yale, where she's about to start her first year. Gorgeous Daisy lacks sister Kat's brains, but knows how to use her unflappable self-confidence and beauty to get what she wants; and what Daisy wants is a slice of upperclass "white bread" named Charlie (Adam Storke). Their cheerfully vulgar boss Leona (Conchata Ferrell) guards the secret of what ingredients make up her delicious pizza sauce, and watches over all three young women with a loving eye.

Throughout the movie, Jojo hesitates to commit to rescheduling her marriage. She's crazy for sex with Bill, but he doesn't want to until they're hitched. This reversal of stereotyped gender roles is welcome; in most movies the man's crazy for sex while the woman's crazy for marriage. Here, Jojo loves Bill but won't be forced into marrying him until she has a firmer grip on her own identity.

Kat is too busy working toward fulfilling her ultimate ambition of becoming an astronomer to think about romantic love. That is, until she starts babysitting for the daughter of an architect, Tim (Wil-

liam Moses), whose wife is in England. Tim sees his youthful optimism reflected in Kat's innocence, and from where he stands—a cynical thirty—she looks very attractive. The normally careful Kat falls for him, too, only to face the heartbreak that everyone but she saw coming.

Daisy has her eye on Charlie from the start; the scene where the two actually meet is a joy. He's slumming with his pals in the bar where Daisy and her working class friends hang out. Drawn to the vibrant, self-confident Daisy, Charlie asks her to join him in a game of pool; she proceeds to impress the hell out of him and their opponents (and us). They begin a relationship that's a dream come true for Daisy—until she begins to figure out the lies Charlie has based it on. Class raises its prejudiced head, and Daisy finds herself with no other choice than to stand up for herself and her origins.

By the movie's end, Jojo, Kat, and



**In 'Welcome Back, Roxy Carmichael,' Dinky (Winona Ryder) loves books and her menagerie of stray animals—and is obsessed with Roxy Carmichael, a woman she's never even met.**

Daisy have weathered their various encounters with love (and, in a lively subplot, Leona has weathered a visit to the restaurant by an influential local restaurant critic). Sisters Kat and Daisy have been brought closer by the hurts they've suffered (and sometimes caused each other), and all three young women have been buoyed by the strong bonds of their friendship. All are firmly set on the paths their lives will take, paths none of them

could have reached without the love and support of one another.

Gathering together one special night to gaze at the stars, they know their friendship to be one of the mainstays of their lives. Friendship is central to all women's lives; we salute this representation of it on film and video.

## DOGFIGHT

It's 1963, and Eddie Birdlace (River Phoenix) and his fellow Marine Corps buddies are spending their last night stateside in San Francisco. The next morning they're on their way to Okinawa, and from there, to Vietnam. Before shipping out there are a few things they want to do—get a tattoo, get in a fight, get a blow job, and participate in a repellent (to the feminist viewer) ritual: whoever brings the ugliest date to a party, known as a "dogfight," wins a big cash prize.

A very intense Eddie targets Rose (Lili Taylor—the same actress who plays Jojo in *Mystic Pizza*) for his date, spotting her in the cafe where she works with her mom (Holly Near). Sweet, innocent Rose trusts Eddie from the moment they meet. Eddie encourages this trust, artfully drawing her out. She tells him about herself and her love of folk music. He persuades her to go with him to "a party."

Rose has no idea as to the true nature of the party, of course. On the way there, Eddie has second thoughts and tries, without success, to discourage her from going. Once they arrive, Rose soon discovers what's really going on. What makes her a wonderful character is that it doesn't occur to her for a moment to accept the Marines' critical judgment of her. Instead, angry at their heartlessness, she gives them a fierce, passionate upbraiding before walking out. (But back home, alone, she cries her eyes out to a recording of Joan Baez singing about "those wicked loving lies.")

Shamed, Eddie discovers he needs Rose's forgiveness. She does forgive him, and they agree to spend the rest of the night on "a regular date," one that ends up changing their lives. As they walk around San Francisco, they open up to each other. Rose believes in the power of art, in particular her beloved folk music, as a

*continued on page 62*

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**ABOUT THE WRITERS:** *Ann Collette* is a book reviewer who is currently working on a novel; *Roz Warren* is the editor of *'Women's Glib,' 'Women's Glibber,'* and the upcoming *'Mothers! Cartoons By Women.'* They are good pals.

# OPENING NIGHT

## PHOENIX the

By Hope Berry

An exciting new show opened at the Michigan Womyn's Music Festival last summer. Sherry Hicks, well-known to festival-goers as an American Sign Language (ASL) interpreter, broke out with her own voice in *PHOENIX the*. She wrote and performed this powerful autobiographical one-woman show based on her experience as a hearing child of Deaf parents, an ASL interpreter, and a lesbian single mother.

Audiences all over the country know Sherry Hicks as one of the most talented sign language music interpreters around. She has worked at various festivals, including Michigan, every summer for the past ten years with such favorites as Rhiannon, Teresa Trull and Barbara Higbie, Dianne Davidson, Deidre McCalla, and Ferron. She has been instrumental in establishing the presence and organizing ASL interpreters at many of the larger festivals.

Although she was born in Little Rock, Arkansas and recently moved to California, Sherry lived on the East Coast for many years of her life. In Washington, D.C., she was a familiar sight at such events as the Earth Day Rally, the NOW march, and the 1987 March on Washington for Gay and Lesbian Liberation. She has interpreted for big name mainstream entertainers such as Indigo Girls, RUN DMC, and John Denver, as well as appearing with feminist celebrities at women's music festivals and concerts. For several years she has been a liaison between Deaf and hearing artists, doing collaborative performance art pieces featuring ASL and English poetry, ASL storytelling, and music sign language.

An interpreter does not have the opportunity to speak to her own experience; in fact, interpreters are expressly *not*

**OPENING NIGHT: Theater by, for, and about women. Introducing theater groups, one-woman shows, feminist plays, and upcoming playwrights who will be writing the classic woman-identified plays of tomorrow.**



Rasan Gray

**Sherry Hicks' new one-woman show is a unique combination of acting, spoken English, American Sign Language, "coda talk," and signed music performance. Called a "coda musical," 'PHOENIX the' presents the bicultural, bilingual experiences Sherry had growing up as a hearing child of deaf parents—as well as her life as a lesbian single mother.**

supposed to inject their own thoughts or opinions into the communication. This big change—from sharing the stage with festival performers to being center stage herself—is one that most interpreters do not seek out. But for Sherry Hicks, it has been an essential step in her development as an artist with a message that she wants to share with her own various communities. [See also the cover interview beginning on page two of this issue.]

The message in *PHOENIX the* is moving and powerful. After connecting with a national group called CODA (Children of Deaf Adults), Sherry started writing *PHOENIX the* to be performed at

the organization's 1991 annual conference in Chicago. The original plan was to do it just once, for a group of people—codas—who would connect with the show's message because they had all grown up in the same community.

The performance was such a success that it seemed the audience could be widened to include Deaf people and hearing people who are learning ASL as a second language. Then came the question: would the message come across to "outsiders"? With some script adjustment to account for language use, and professional directing assistance from Janis Cole, the 1992 Michigan Womyn's Music Festival gave her the chance to test it...and the answer was a resounding *yes!*

*PHOENIX the* takes the audience on a journey that has taken Sherry a lifetime to experience. The audience meets eight characters as the one-woman tour de force spans the first thirty years of Sherry's life.

The show opens with two backlit figures illuminated behind a sheet, signing to each other. They are Deaf, and their dialogue is of obvious conflict and anger. All house lights are out, and the stage itself is barely lit. The audience hears the musical selection "Molly's Sky" by Teresa Trull.

"These two people represent my folks, and my mother is pregnant," says Sherry. "The next thing you see is a two-year-old crawling onto the stage about to demonstrate her already-set bicultural identity. She talks in a Deaf voice and signs to her mommy."

The audience sees the child coming into awareness of the difference between her mother and herself. As the phone rings, the lights start flashing; she calls out for her mother and is not heard.

An interpreter then appears, standing on a platform near the set's metamorphosis area, slightly stage right and upstage. She interprets into ASL when Sherry's character speaks English, or interprets into spoken English when the character signs, making the action easily understandable to all.

At nine years old, the girl is caught

between being her mother's link to the hearing world, interpreting phone calls, and her own desire to just be a kid. The emotion of being the only hearing person in a Deaf world is further exemplified in a scene in which the girl is locked out of her house. After breaking a window and cutting herself to get in, her father tells her that she should go talk to her "hearing" aunt, who will make her feel better. "I don't want to go to hearing aunt's house," the girl cries. "It's *you* that makes me feel better!"

At the age of sixteen, she is offered a job interpreting for people other than her family; thrust into the professional world of interpreting, she must begin coping with such foreign expectations as high heel shoes and interpreter smocks. At this point in the show, "City Lights" (by the jazz group Alive!) blasts through the speakers, and Sherry—this time taking artistic license in her interpretation—uses the song to demonstrate what life can be like as a freelance interpreter in a big city.

During the presentation of musical selections, the character delivers choreographed ASL storytelling or music sign language, giving Sherry the opportunity to use the stage in the manner that best showcases her creativity. There are six pieces of music in the show—"Molly's Sky" (Teresa Trull), "Piece of My Heart" (Janis Joplin), "City Life" (Alive!), "Good Times" (Joan Armatrading), "Nayib's Song" (Gloria Estefan), and "Hold On" (Wilson Phillips).

"Some of the songs are for background effect, and some are choreographed," says Sherry. "The music serves as transition points between the characters. The pieces chosen are some of my favorites. I also felt I wanted to pay tribute to a couple of the musicians I've worked with over the years."

*PHOENIX the* continues with the birth of her son and her coming out as a lesbian. The character, with the help of Joan Armatrading's "Good Times," demonstrates the struggle: a young lesbian, alone, trying to raise a son in this world. Gloria Estefan's "Nayib's Song" marks a tribute to her son, Lucky, who makes choices that are painful to his mother. The story brings to life one woman's journey of self realization and discovery.

*PHOENIX the*, a unique combination of conventional acting combined with American Sign Language music performance, is performed in spoken English, ASL, and the hybrid "coda talk." The set design takes the interpreter into consideration to make the show fully accessible to all mem-

bers of the audience. The humor in the show, although sometimes language specific, crosses the cultural boundaries, due in large part to Sherry's ability to share with the audience the information needed to understand the connection between the Deaf and hearing worlds.

*PHOENIX the* has been called a "coda musical," presenting the bilingual, bicultural aspects as its central theme. Though only performed a few times in public prior to this tour, the show has already been widely praised by those who've seen it as a vehicle to help people understand multicultural differences and diversity. "Usually when Deaf is mentioned, it is a marginal example," says Sherry. "My show puts it at the center for understanding diversity and bicultural identities."

Driven by her creativity and desire to spread her message, Sherry enlisted the aid of director Janis Cole. Together, they have crafted *PHOENIX the* into an effective theater piece that can be performed in a manner that takes into account the different ways Sherry expresses herself. It allows the person watching to connect with the universal experiences illuminated in the show, as well as providing an

opportunity to gain understanding of a language, culture, and experience that may be different from her own.

Audiences so far have laughed and cried; the show is an emotional roller-coaster on which the spectators go for an intense ride with Sherry Hicks. Ultimately, there is an important message to be found in it for all of us.

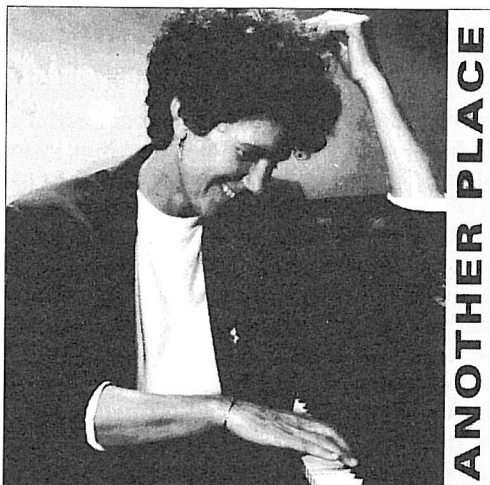
For information regarding bringing 'PHOENIX the' to your area, producers can request a press kit and video of the performance. Two versions for Deaf producers are available—captioned and interpreted. Materials and other information available from Sherry Hicks, Box 107, 2336 Market St., San Francisco, CA 94114. For definite bookings, call Haley at (510) 534-7013. •

**ABOUT THE WRITER:** Hope Berry is a freelance interpreter; board member of Gay and Lesbian Parents Coalition International; program director for Just Us, an organization for children with lesbian/gay parents; and is currently studying politics and society at the New College of California in San Francisco.

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## MULLING IT OVER

# CATHY WINTER: LONG-TIME FRIEND OF WOMEN'S MUSIC

By A. Kathleen Yanni and Toni Armstrong Jr.

The earliest, deepest identity in Cathy Winter's life is as a woman musician. "It's a very deep sense of self for me, very primary, something that has been totally consistent for me through my entire life," she says. "Sexuality, lifestyle, living situation—those have been different at different points in my life. But I have always been a musician, a female musician. It's inconceivable to me that the music I play and write would not be profoundly affected by that. I've made specific choices—and *had* specific choices—because I'm a woman. That's the thread, tying together the different styles I play."

Cathy has been a professional musician for more than twenty years. "I first performed professionally—i.e., got paid—in 1968 when I was in my first year of college," she says. "I played Boston coffeehouses solo for a few years, worked in a pretty mediocre lounge band for two years, then did an apprenticeship repairing guitars at E.U. Wurlitzer in Boston—which I flunked out of." She played in a jug band in 1971 when she lived in France, and began working solo full-time in about 1973. She started by playing in bars and clubs between Bangor, Maine and Washington, D.C.

She did solo gigs for four years before joining up with Betsy Rose; both women came to national women's music prominence via their very successful seven-year collaboration. Since then, Cathy has put out three albums, including the recently released *Next Sweet Time*. [Hear her new hit "Strong Hearts" on the January 1993 soundsheet.]

Cathy sought out the women's music scene in the 1970s for different reasons than many of the women she met. "Most women I know who started going to women's music festivals went because



**Cathy Winter: "Holly listened to Ronnie Gilbert. Tracy Chapman listened to Alix, Holly, Cris, and Meg. Who is listening to Tracy and Suzanne Vega and Lucie Blue and all the rest of us now? I don't think we'll be disappointed when we find out."**

they were hungry for the feminist and lesbian culture they could experience there," she recalls. "That was new, exciting, and definitely of interest to me, but it wasn't what made me decide to go. I was hungry to find experienced women musicians who could play rings around me, musicians I could learn from."

She says she was in a "pretty volatile and formative place" at the time. "Like a lot of other women who work in a non-traditional field, my feminist consciousness grew out of my work situation, and I was starved for peers. I was somewhat political, and women's health care was a very active issue in Boston—this was when *Our Bodies, Ourselves* was being written. I still have a plastic speculum Bonnie Raitt passed out at a big benefit for the Cambridge Women's Health Clinic," she says. "There was also a very active movement around reproductive issues. But I

would say my feminist consciousness reflected my avenue into women's music. I was focused on issues around women's work identities more than sexual identities. Sexuality wasn't something that was an active, pressing issue. I was comfortable with where I was at."

At the time, she was lovers with a man whose ex-lover had become a lesbian separatist. "They managed to stay close friends, and I went with him to a few concerts he knew about through her," she recalls. "Olivia had put out a small 45 record with Meg Christian on one side and Cris Williamson on the other. I wrote to them and Meg wrote back, suggesting I go to the National Women's Music Festival in Champaign."

That festival was Cathy's first major exposure to lesbian events. "I came back thinking, 'Now *that's* an interesting idea!' In terms of getting involved in relation-

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**MULLING IT OVER is a forum for the discussion of the connections between art and politics.**

ships with women, it didn't occur to me in a straight situation; it occurred to me—on the conscious level at least—for the first time in a situation where that was the norm. I didn't go through the trauma a lot of women have to deal with regarding their first lesbian relationships; I was hanging out in women's music circles, and I was the odd one out because I was more involved with men than with women."

Cathy teamed up with Betsy Rose to become musical partners in 1975. "I put together a local group of Boston women to be guinea pigs for a student video project on women in music. Besides Betsy and myself, it included Marcia Taylor, Ginni Clemmens, Linda Waterfall, and Shirley Sherwood. At the time, I don't think any of us had ever worked with another woman," Cathy says. "We arranged different combinations of musicians on six tunes, and then we were interviewed. It would be a fascinating tape to see today. Unfortunately some student either erased it or took it home, never to be seen again."

The first gig Cathy and Betsy did together as a duo was at the 1976 National Women's Music Festival. They started touring that fall, and did their final performance in January of 1983.

Cathy Winter has many first-hand memories of the early days of the feminist cultural arts scene. "Women's music was born because women didn't feel we had a music that spoke to the realities of our lives," she says. "Jazz and blues came the closest, due to the predominance of women singers, but the range was still narrow compared with what we've grown accustomed to in the last fifteen years. For years now, women have been seeking out women's voices in a very active, hungry way. As part of that, lesbians have been a driving force behind that eagerness to be validated in a cultural reflection, because it doesn't happen any other place in this culture."

Cathy notes that despite the efforts of a few dedicated men, "men's music"—sometimes called "mehn's music"—never really took off the way women's did. "The number of men who feel the mainstream culture doesn't speak to them is smaller," she explains. "I think they haven't felt as starved for their collective stories as we have. In some ways, rock and country have been men's music all along, men's viewpoints and experiences.

"Most of us involved in women's music know there are men who have been doing alternative kinds of music with more humanistic values, trying to see men's experiences and possibilities with a

new outlook—one that includes women as equal, and men as (we hope) more humble creatures. But it's more appealing to strive towards being more powerful than to strive towards letting go of power. In a broad cultural overview, as defined by mainstream values, feminist women strive towards strengths, while 'feminist' men strive towards weakness. Getting out from under an oppression feels much more exciting than giving up being in an oppressor role." She gives voice to the idea that excitement and hunger generate culture.

"A lot of women songwriters—lesbian, bisexual, and heterosexual—have gotten very visible in the last five years, doing some extremely interesting things with music." She points to the mainstream folk, pop, and country scenes, singling out women like Tracy Chapman, Suzanne Vega, Indigo Girls, Patty Larkin, Nanci Griffith, Two Nice Girls, Mary Chapin-Carpenter, Melissa Etheridge, and k.d. lang. "These women have carved out places that are clearly from a woman's perspective. A lot of the women who have done well are much enjoyed by the women's music community, although they didn't really develop their careers there. But the strength of those voices is deeply rooted in the strong voices that have come out of women's music—all that support for doing strong, independent music, breaking away from old concepts of what women can sing and write about, challenging that and changing it," she says.

Cathy notes that many women identify the openly-lesbian aspect of women's music as being the core difference between that genre and all others. She has a wider perspective. "To me, that's just *one aspect* of it. Women's music is women writing about lots of different things—work, friendships, ageing, getting more details into women's voices. That has affected mainstream writers very deeply," she says. "I don't think Suzanne Vega would have written a song about incest before Meg Christian sang about being a lesbian."

Cathy observes that women's music has continued to become more pop oriented in sound as the years have gone by. "You don't hear much fingerpicking or country-style flatpicking anymore; the solo players have a very pop-acoustic type sound. It's expanded to a cultural scene of comedy, theater, and music for a mass appeal," she says. "When I played at National in 1991, there was a lot less *music* than there had been at the first festivals years ago. As a cultural event, it was exciting to have the non-music work-

shops there, exploring politics and writing and spirituality. But it was very hard to network and jam with other musicians, because there really weren't that many there. In 1975 in Champaign, I met *dozens* of players and songwriters, as well as classical musicians and jazz women. We were all doing workshops as well as concerts, so we were very visible, and it was easy to connect with each other. Festivals are wonderful cultural events now," she says, "but I miss hearing more music."

The growth in the women's music industry has been tremendous since the 1970s, when a fan could easily own every album put out by feminist musicians. "The albums that sell well today are very produced," Cathy says. "That means they're much more expensive than, say, Meg Christian's first album. So the women's labels, concert producers, and distributors need to generate bigger audiences to cover their expenses. Unfortunately, audiences don't turn out anymore for just any feminist performer that the local producer tries to bring to town. The audiences turn out for the 'names' and shy away from unknowns and lesser knowns. I think a lot of producers are frustrated by that. Money is tight—that recession that hasn't been happening, you know—and audiences don't like to take risks."

The first women's music concert Cathy recalls attending was in Washington, D.C.—Woody Simmons and The Clinch Mountain Backsteppers with Robin Flower and Mary Wings. "It was in a huge church packed to the walls, and no one had ever heard them before," she recalls. "But the community took the producers' word for it that the event would be worth their time. The music was *incredible*—very high energy. These days, if a producer risked an unknown band like that, the place would be empty. I think the expansion into a large, commercial, cultural happening has snuffed out a lot of the grassroots things that used to work well. I'm glad for the larger scale, greater visibility, and accessibility of the music, but it seems like we should have figured out a way to maintain the smaller scale things as well. The cruises have expanded in number, but

*continued on page 63*

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**ABOUT THE WRITER:** A. Kathleen Yanni once embarrassed herself by running up to Tret Fure after a concert and blurting out, "I think you're hot!" Ms. Fure politely said thank you. This article is based on an exclusive interview done by Ms. Yanni with Cathy Winter.

## ON STAGE AND OFF

# LIFE AND LOVE WITH BARB GALLOWAY

By Donna Lockett

On October 21, 1992 my partner Barb and I celebrated our anniversary. The past three years have been filled with love and learning. In many ways our relationship has given me consistency and honesty, and encouraged us both to grow in ways we never imagined.

Barb was born November 4, 1952. At the age of four, her parents observed her creating music on the family piano with both hands, and realized they had a gifted child. At five, she began accordion lessons (which continued for fifteen years); her teacher also taught her to compose and arrange music. In high school, she wrote music for all the instruments of the band.

Her commitment to guitar began when she was twelve. She would hide and play her father's guitar until her mom caught her and recognized how talented she was. After four lessons, Barb began to explore the intricacies of guitar playing on her own, and at fourteen, she began playing professionally at local events in the Portland area. At seventeen she got her first taste of performing in bars and clubs, primarily in the folk music scene.

For many years, Barb concentrated on guitar, and she began playing electric lead guitar with various bands. One of the first was Babayaga (formed in 1974), a seven-member all-women Latin jazz band which Barb helped start; they toured until 1979. With Babayaga, Barb began to focus her style toward jazz fusion and blues.

Barb Galloway is one of the gentle people of this world—quiet, unassuming, and at times painfully shy. Initially, her preferred style of playing was with the lights low and her back to the audience. Three and a half years as Patti O'Furniture and Slick Licks with The Fabulous Dyketones served to "bring out" the background musician; touring, performing, traveling, and handling bookings taught her to be more assertive and reach out for what she wanted to do with her music.

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**ON STAGE AND OFF addresses issues of interest to and about musicians and performers.**



**The days and nights of Barb Galloway (left) and Donna Lockett are filled with music, love, and adventure.**

"As a Fab D'tone, it took me about a year to deal with my stage fright and shyness," she recalls. "I thanked the goddess for sunglasses to hide behind. Patti O'Furniture was my femme character. She emerged into a gum-smacking flirt, quite out there and obnoxious. Patti O's talk on keeping girlfriends was, 'Listen, honey, you snooze, you lose.' She was right there flirting with everyone's girlfriend."

Slick Licks, Barb's butch persona, was quiet, the opposite of Patti O: dark shades, slicked back hair, horn-rimmed glasses—the Buddy Holly look. "Slick's patent leather shoes would swing back and forth to the beat," says Barb. "She wore black pants, a black shirt with white pin stripes, and a pink and black satin jacket...just too cool. Slick was easy to play—very withdrawn and quiet. Patti O, on the other hand, took some work. The hardest part was keeping up the image on stage and remembering my lines. Today, I occasionally still do Patti O. I've worked

on that character so long; it really helped me to overcome some stage fright."

The Dyketones show portrayed lesbians in the '50s as very butch or very femme. "We played '50s 'rock and role' music, danced on stage and into the audience, flirting with them," Barb says. "We'd laugh at ourselves and get the audience laughing with us. The Dyketones had a lot of packed houses; we played the Paladium in New York, and even had Lily Tomlin join in with us on 'Da Do Ron Ron' during the reception for her one-woman show! The most enjoyable gig was probably playing the stage at San Francisco Gay Day Parade in 1985. As far as the eye could see from the huge stage was the vast gay population...it was an incredible sight and wonderful feeling."

Barb left the Dyketones in 1986 to pursue her own music. She has played with a variety of groups to support herself, and has supplemented her income with all kinds of physical labor, including dry-walling, painting, carpentry, electrical work, and delivery driving.

Her musical career has taken her to numerous far-flung locales, including a Department of Defense tour (with the U.S. military) in 1987 and 1988. They went to Korea, Taiwan, Okinawa, and Hawaii, as well as traveling throughout the U.S. and Canada. [See sidebar.]

While in other countries, Barb has spent many hours biking, walking, observing other cultures, and asking questions about the local politics. The oppression and abuse of women and minorities that she has encountered has often angered her and spurred her to action. To this day, Barb is often first to volunteer her help in fundraising; she's willing to do unglamorous labor as well as donating her talent. Frequently the money is short, but still she somehow manages to dig deep and give.

"Often I use my music to promote or fundraise for issues I support, such as AIDS benefits, NARAL, and electing politicians who promote and support diversity," she explains, "I also like to fight

radical groups, such as the Oregon Citizens Alliance who began in our state to try to label homosexuality as perverse and illegal. I perform at Gay Pride, festivals, and many other events that support our community."

Although Barb has performed with numerous bands in the past, since 1989 she has focused mostly on playing with women musicians. "I push strongly for women to get out front in the music scene," she says. "At Tam Martin's first two Women's Music and Cultural Jamborees in Bellingham, my band [Vital Move] played the kickoff dances. We did a variety of R&B, rock, blues (Dianne Davidson), country (k.d. lang), and instrumental music. I included as much music written or sung by women as possible, and/or chose material with a positive meaning for women—music that does not portray women in negative context."

The soundsheet in the September 1992 issue of *HOT WIRE* includes a sample of the type of music that is Barb Galloway's true love in this world. ["Little Bit of Something Special," with Cacy Lee.] Her first instrument is her electric guitar, and if you get the pleasure of hearing her play and sing you are one of the lucky people. We are hoping to produce a CD and tape this year. The ...*Something Special* tape project was very well received, and we've received many requests for more recordings.

In 1989, Barb returned to Portland, Oregon (from the suburbs of Boston) to be near her family, due to her father's illness and death from cancer. Her love for her family has kept her close to Portland. (Our relationship has probably influenced that, too.) Now, the time to return to performing on a larger scale has arrived, so Barb has begun touring again. At present, she attends Mt. Hood College, where she is working toward a music degree with a major jazz focus. She's given private lessons on the piano, guitar, drums, accordion, banjo, and bass for more than twenty years.

These days, Barb does solo, duo (with Cacy Lee), and trio work, as well as the occasional gig with Standard Deviation, a band Barb organized initially for me. She taught me to play electric bass, and the band was a way to encourage a lot of practice. It started as a country band, but has expanded to include jazz, blues, and R&B. She also performs with her friend Kate Sullivan and others in the Portland area, and has a project underway to transcribe the music of Emily Remler. She hopes to do a future tour in honor of the jazz guitarist. "Emily was one of the jazz greats," Barb says. "She died a few

## THE UPS AND DOWNS OF TOURING

*The Barb Galloway Way*

In December of 1987 I found myself performing as lead guitarist with a Top 40 show band called Square One. We had the opportunity to travel with the U.S. military on a Department of Defense (DOD) tour to many foreign shores.

I'm not usually afraid of heights unless I'm standing on the top of a ladder painting the peak of a housetop. Having toured throughout the States as a performing artist for sixteen years, I have traveled via train, bus, van, cruise ship, and—only when necessary—by plane. (Since childhood I've been prone to motion sickness. Flying in planes is actually all right, except when the aircraft decides to dance to the rhythm of the wind currents.)

Square One was scheduled to perform in Korea, Okinawa, the Philippines, Guam, and Hawaii. This tour took place during the time of the Marcos/Aquino political battles in the Philippines, the riots in Seoul, Korea, and Korea's preparation for the 1988 Olympics—and there was also the war in Iran. Our band was informed we'd be flying on Military Air Command (MAC), also known as "Maybe Airplane Come" or "the lizard."

At one point in our travels, the military decided it would be quicker to get us to another base in Okinawa if we were transported by hilo (HEE-lo). I was not quite awake on this quiz...hilo meant *helicopter*. What an education! These hilos were huge compared to the ones used in the States by TV stations,

hospitals, and radio traffic reporters.

We each wore huge headsets to protect our hearing. Hilo attire included life jackets and a parachute. The side door to the hilo stayed open. Ah, fresh air and a tropical view.

We took a MAC flight from Okinawa to the Philippines for hours and hours. I could hardly wait until I felt the earth underneath my feet. I was hoping I had not lost too much weight and that gravity would still hold me to the ground.

After the Philippines, they decided to send us to Diego Garcia and Oman (the northeastern tip of Africa) to follow the Bob Hope tour. We needed to be extremely careful in the sun while in Diego Garcia, as we were close to the equator.

Diego Garcia, a footprint of an island in the Indian Ocean, was a tropical paradise. We had one great performance and some of us nearly baked on the white sands during our rest stop there. We got back on the MAC lizard and spent hours in the still air. We arrived in Oman and had to pay close attention to the officers' instructions due to the very real military tensions in the region. We spent several hours sitting while our escort gathered orders. What a desert!

Once outside, we were given the hilo gear to wear. I wondered where the MAC was...but this journey would be hilos only! We were rushed on board and strapped in, and off we went, lifted off the ground.

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years ago from a heart attack when she was only in her thirties. I am constantly on the lookout for information about Emily and other artists."

Our days and nights are usually filled with music, and our home has the sweetest sounds flowing out—usually the magic of that guitar and the low sensual tones of the gentlest person ever to enter my life, singing about all the things we feel and love.

"Donna has been my partner for over three years," says Barb. "On our third anniversary we had a commitment ceremony. This included the commitment to be part of each other's lives, and all that goes with it. Donna takes on some of the management in public relations promotions, and does some of the bookings. She's my support person, always there. We both schlep equipment, and often she is with me on stage to play bass. She runs around, deals with managers, passes the tip hat, and has at times dealt with individuals who had a bit too much to drink. Our personalities work well together, as we are somewhat

site. I'm somewhat an introvert and she's right out there. We give each other a hundred percent support. I am also involved in Donna's professional life. I performed at the youth shelter she ran last year, and frequently assist in fundraising. She's now a vocational counselor with disabled youth, and I often get the opportunity to be her support person."

Luckily, there's no jealousy in our relationship. I got involved with Barb with full knowledge of her life as a musician. I had worked in women's music production for several years, and had worked with Barb for several months before we began dating. I fell in love with a musician, and

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**ABOUT THE WRITER:** Donna Luckett grew up in Tennessee, and has been actively involved in women's music since 1985. In addition to being a budding bass player, she has a master's degree in Criminal Justice and has worked as a child abuse investigator, counselor, carpenter, landscaper, and musician.

# STILL ALIVE!

By Cate Gable

When the folks at Redwood Cultural Work sat down to plan their twentieth anniversary season, Artistic Director Elizabeth Seja Min and Executive Director Susan Freundlich decided they wanted something a little special, something reflecting Redwood's strong belief that music has the power to transform people and heal the planet. It's not hard to imagine why the next inspired thought that popped into their minds was *ALIVE! reunion concert!*

*ALIVE!* has had a unique role in the San Francisco Bay Area and the national women's music and culture community since 1977. Originally debuting to women's music audiences as a trio, they soon became a quintet. The band's distinctive jazz sound and their approach to music has inspired the creativity of untold other musicians and artists. For many in the generation of young feminists who came of age in the '70s and '80s, exposure to the musical confidence and competence demonstrated by the women of *ALIVE!* resulted in the sudden realization that women *could* in fact take center stage and play instruments—without the help of male musicians.

When the band decided to break up in 1986, it felt to many of us like somebody in the family was getting a divorce. So even before tickets went on sale, the thought that *ALIVE!* would be reunited on stage built momentum for what Rhiannon has called "a gathering of the tribe."

But before I give you a little taste of what their fabulous reunion performances last winter were like, let's hear from Rhiannon, Carolyn Brandy, Suzanne Vincenza, Janet Small, and Barbara Borden.

## HOW DID *ALIVE!* GET STARTED?

**Suzanne:** Rhiannon, Carolyn, and I met at a jazz workshop in the Haight in July '76. Rhiannon had been doing theater and some jazz singing. Carolyn was doing traditional African-style congas. I was playing the cello, but was making the transition to bass because it had a bigger jazz repertoire. So the three of us got together, called ourselves *ALIVE!*, and I think our first performance was in March of 1977. Then we decided we wanted more



Suzanne Vincenza, Barbara Borden, Carolyn Brandy, Rhiannon, and Janet Small: *ALIVE!* vintage 1978.



Irene Young

"There is a way we combine that seems special," says Janet. "The group as a whole is bigger and better than the sum of its parts. Coming together again after all this time, that element is still there." (Pictured: *ALIVE!* 1993)

of a jazz sound, and we found Barbara and Janet in 1978.

**Janet:** I remember *ALIVE!* auditioned me and then I went with them to hear Barbara playing a gig somewhere. "Rhi-Rhi" had been singing and playing the piano but wanted to be able to focus on just singing, and Carolyn was playing percussion and wanted to be able to stay with the congas more. So, in the same week they auditioned Barbara and me, they hired us for a six-week tour. We got part-way through the tour and I recall this touching little moment—we were supposed to get paid a certain amount and, as it turned out, the band didn't *make* that amount. Since Suzanne and Rhiannon and Carolyn had officially "hired" us, they were going to have to forfeit their part of the deal to cover our fee. I think Barbara and I said, well, let's just split this evenly—and so we became members of the band and lived happily ever after...with a few ups and downs in between!

## HOW WOULD YOU CHARACTERIZE YOUR TIME WITH *ALIVE!*?

**Suzanne:** It was very exhilarating for me. In a lot of ways, it was the best time of my life, because we were performing, traveling, writing, and arranging our own material. Any of the tunes *ALIVE!* put out involved all of us. Even though one of us officially wrote it, every song got reworked, changed, or arranged by the group. We spent so much time together because we were touring together—it was a living process, not just rehearsals once every week.

**Carolyn:** *ALIVE!* was that special environment where everybody is really committed, which is pretty difficult to find. I've been in so many bands, let me tell you, and it's the rare band where everybody is willing to do what it takes to have a cohesive, dynamite, and tight group. With *ALIVE!*, the music came first. *ALIVE!* was a wonderful environment for creating, because there was fertile ground to bring in ideas, and there was a willingness to take even the smallest little germ of an idea and work on it. Maybe all you had



was a couple of words or something! And of course Rhiannon is such a great artist—to bring in a lyric and hear her sing it was very inspiring. I used to have dreams with her voice in my mind.

**Barbara:** The main thing that happened to me in that band was changing my focus from being a musical technician—as well as being into the "star syndrome"—to realizing what it is to let music heal people, and to be part of a community. In our "star mentality" in this culture, the star is always removed, and has to travel quickly; she spends a lot of time alone developing work. In other cultures, musicians are part of the village.

**Rhiannon:** I learned about community—the ALIVE! community—as we would ride across country. Also, we didn't have enough money to stop in motels when we had our van and then our RV, so we would start in California and then not stop, except for gas, until we got to the East Coast, or wherever we were playing. So we had some mighty long talks, driving across all those miles, and we got in very deep with each other.

**Suzanne:** But it was also very demanding—you had to be willing to immerse your whole life in it. I think that was partly the demise of the group. Some of our members weren't willing to do that any more; the paycheck wasn't great enough for them.

#### HOW DID YOU FEEL ABOUT DISBANDING ALIVE!?

**Rhiannon:** It felt like the right thing to do...but very hard. It was the most loving break-up I'd ever been through. We had put in place a lot of things to help us: we had a therapist, we had made some legally binding agreements about how things would be divided up. And we kept our agreements with each other.

**Carolyn:** I quit the band because I had a son. Basically, we had been on the road from the time he was four through the time he was eleven. It was real hard for me—he needed me. So I came back home, and about a week later I was informed that they were looking for a music teacher at Berkeley Arts Magnet, the school that he was attending. So I applied and got the job. It was perfect. I'm still there—I've been there for ten years now.

#### WHAT HAVE YOU DEVELOPED IN YOURSELVES SINCE THE GROUP BROKE UP?

**Rhiannon:** Independence!! Suzanne did all the booking and the thinking about the whole *big picture*. She kept track of our vehicles so things didn't break on us. And Barbara did a lot of our economics. So when we stopped, and I sat down to try to figure out how to book myself, how to manage my own affairs—I sat for months at my desk crying! I didn't know what to do! But it's like any relationship: when you let go of it, the parts that are really great...you miss them terribly. But what that relationship did was to give me such courage and strength that I was able to live through the hard part after we broke up. I didn't make much money for awhile. I just went in deeper to myself. I went about taking up the whole stage, and that was really good for me. I developed more ways of putting theater into my work, and deepened my teaching so that about half of my musical life is my teaching. I recorded and paid for a whole album of my own [*Toward Home*]. I've been doing a lot of collaborating with other musicians, dancers, poets, actors. And I'm developing a new show called *A Bowl Full of Sound*.

**Barbara:** Since ALIVE! I've gotten into the healing powers of drumming. Being on my own has allowed me to develop my sense of self and work on my drum solo music. I've done a lot of collaborating with other musicians and artists: Suru Ekeh, a Nigerian drummer; Naomi Numan, an actor; Vicki Noble, feminist and healer; India Cooke, violinist—and now I'm playing in her band Living on the Edge with Suzanne. My composing partner, Sheilah Glover, and I started Cloud 9 Music, and have put out several albums: *Lady of the Serpent Skirt* and *Portraits of Passion*, plus I have my own album, *All Hearts Beating*.

**Carolyn:** I've been writing quite a bit of music—jazz, Latin, pop-oriented. I went to Michigan last year with my own band, and wrote seven originals—all instrumentals. [At press time, Carolyn was scheduled to have a performance sponsored by Redwood in March called *Skin Talk: Heartbeat of the Ancestors*, and she was busy writing the music for it.] There'll be six tunes altogether—mostly vocals—highlighting the lives of women drummers. I'll be working with vocalist Faye Carol, and drummers Edwina Lee Tyler, Nydia Mata, and the poet Joy Harjo.

**Janet:** I've been "woodshedding," composing, setting poetry to music in a more or less classical mode. I'm working on a piece

called "Binsey Poplars." It's a Gerard Manley Hopkins poem about a grove of trees that gets cut down to make way for "civilization." I really enjoyed writing it—I think I finally enjoy writing more than anything. And then having to go out and play it...it's hard for me to do. I think, are people going to like this? Is it going to be too lugubrious? Kind of a downer? But Rhiannon, living up there in Inverness, is currently in a situation where developers want to develop right across the way from her, on the other side of the canyon, in a place where there's just been trees. So it's right on point with lots of people's concerns.

**Suzanne:** Well, I've been playing a lot of music with different people: Mimi Fox, Living on the Edge, Mary Watkins. I played in Lea DeLaria's band for her Herbst Theatre performance, and I joined Carol Chaikin at Michigan last summer. Other than that, the main focus of my life has been my family. Building a house. And trying to get pregnant again.

#### HOW DOES IT FEEL TO BE COMING BACK TOGETHER TO PERFORM AGAIN?

**Suzanne:** We had our first rehearsal and it was so great! We've been away from each other for so long—but still we know each other so well that we just grooved right back in there like a glove. But it's richer now, because all of us have been doing so much playing with other people and in different situations. The music feels very fresh.

**Carolyn:** We got together first just the rhythm section—Rhiannon wasn't there—and we sat down and we started playing. Vinnie [Suzanne] started playing a bass line that we knew, and it was phenomenal. It was so light and buoyant, and so soft, until it was like...it felt to me like we had all just relaxed into it. We put on some of our old records, and we could hear how frantic and frenetic some of our old stuff was! Music just reflects the spot where you're at, you can't get around it.

**Barbara:** We're having a lot of fun being in contact with each other. I hadn't played

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**ABOUT THE WRITER:** Cate Gable, Director of Public Information at a Bay Area college, is a writer living in Berkeley, California. Currently she is scheming about cyberspace: how to e-mail herself to her Parisian lover.

# I BROUGHT MOM TO THE FESTIVAL

By Bonnie J. Morris, daughter of Myra

*My memories of the women's festival included beautiful sounds, beautiful things, beautiful people. I cannot remember a time in my life that I was as totally relaxed. Even though I got lost every day—it was still a grand, fantastic experience. I look forward to returning next year. My appreciation goes out to all the staff, crews, and performers for making it all come together.*

—Betty Casselberry Vance

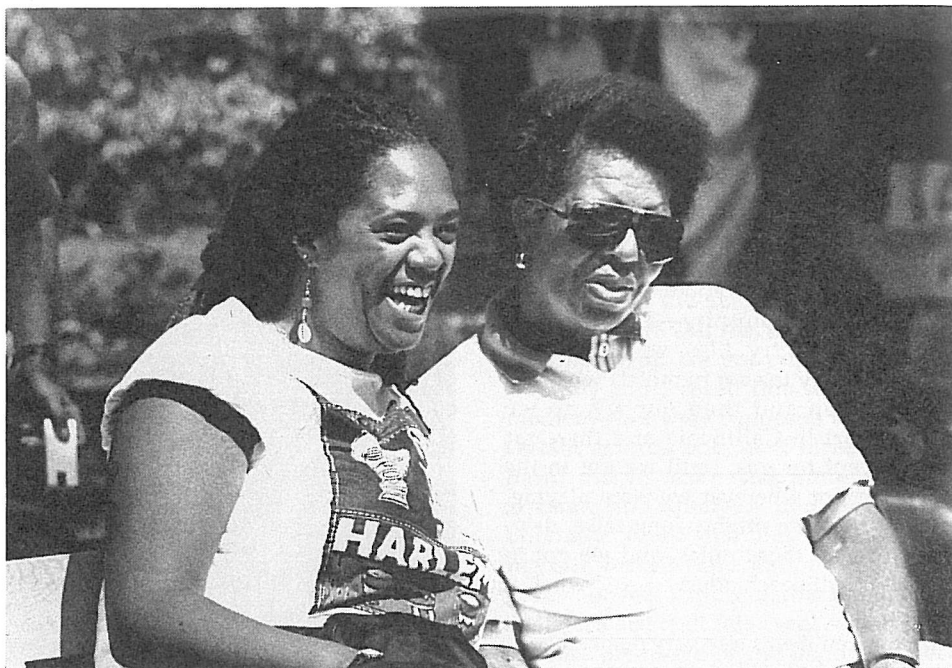
The scene is a crowded dining hall at Campfest 1991. A torrential downpour has interrupted the Night Stage concert and forced everyone to relocate indoors. During the complicated transition of bodies and amplifiers, emcee Jamie Anderson entertains the rowdy audience with festival humor.

"How about a big round of applause for all the straight women here!" she shouts, adding, "How many straight women do we have?" From the sea of campers, one woman stands up—to enormous cheers. It is my mom, Myra. "Wow," breathes performer Zoë Lewis, to my left. "You brought your *mum* to the festival?"

But of course. My mother is now a festival veteran, having attended Sisterfire, Campfest, and the Michigan Womyn's Music Festival as well. She is a high-spirited, open-hearted dance teacher who took me to peace marches and political demonstrations while I was still in kindergarten; it seems only natural to bring her now to my community of allies in women's music and culture.

Myra's reactions have been mixed as she bravely sallies forth through man-hating lyrics and tofu surprise. And I know I'm privileged to have her friendship, the basis for shared adventure.

Festival culture is, by design, overwhelmingly matriarchal. It is one of the few actively matriarchal movements in the contemporary United States, supported by thousands of diverse and multicultural women, yet rarely publicized in "mainstream" media. The music, workshops, theatrical performances, and woman-made crafts available at festivals intentionally draw attention to our foremothers, our female bloodlines, our mother-daughter rites of passage (no matter how stormy),



Betty Casselberry Vance with daughter Judith at Michigan 1992: "Since the festival, I tell everyone that I've got about 10,000 daughters."

our visions and heritage as kinswomen from ethnic traditions. And yet, within this very harvest of mother-naming, many women are in pain because their actual mothers do not condone or understand feminist politics or a lesbian lifestyle. Thus, when my own mother agrees to enter my world as an occasional festie-goer, we are greeted with wistful awe: "I could *never* bring my mother to a festival." "I wish my mother could accept me and learn more about my music, my interests." "My mother would *die* if she came here and saw some of the titles of some of these workshops!" "Yeah, and my mother would *flip out* over the nudity, the sexual slang, the soy milk. I could hardly flirt with anyone if *she* was along."

Inevitably, I am told, "Your mother must be, like, *way cool*."

Yes, Myra is way cool. But in 1980, when I first came out at age eighteen, my mother's reaction was less than enthusiastic. She had as many questions about my future in a homophobic society as I did. Given time, and exposure to women's music in all its variety, my mother realized that festival work is as much a part of me

as my eye color, and that while lesbian identity might not have been her plan for me, it has led me to a community of the most talented and dynamic performers around. My mother learned that I have a home in festival culture, an extended family where I will never be alone or abandoned. Witnessing and participating in festival work, Myra familiarized herself with a culture which warmed to her presence.

As each of us needed months or even years to grow comfortable with our sexual or political identities—and as each of us experienced culture shock or controversy or discomfort at our very first festival—it is naturally daunting to imagine our *mothers'* reactions to parthenogenesis workshops and naked rugby.

Ageism accounts for some of our assumptions, despite the example set by older performers such as Ronnie Gilbert and the anti-ageist activism at festivals such as NEWMR (the Northeast Women's Music Retreat). As we move beyond the absurd stereotype that mothers and grandmothers are by definition prudish conservatives, we might also respect the plight of

women whose dysfunctional family histories preclude easy togetherness.

For many festival enthusiasts, however, inviting Mom along is a feasible step, and a rewarding one. Practical considerations—such as the physical comfort of older moms at camping festivals, or the privacy of both mother and daughter during a weekend in a shared cabin full of amorous couples—must be addressed before the brave duo arrive on the land. This article is a first step in providing a look behind the scenes of contrasting mother-daughter voyages. What is it like to be taken to festivals by your radical kid?

## BETTYE AND JUDITH

Bettye Casselberry Vance attended the seventeenth Michigan Womyn's Music Festival last summer (1992), where her daughter Judith—the tall, husky-voiced half of the legendary duo Casselberry-DuPreé—was performing on Night Stage.

"It was my first festival," she recalls. "Judy had told me all through the years how great it is, and she said, 'Now Mom, I want you to know there's a *whole lot* of women there!' But the magnitude was exhilarating. Everybody's so sincere and so genuine. It's a tremendous experience. And [festival producers] Boo and Lisa are just phenomenal. The people in the engineering booth let me sit in there and that was great; I got to watch *their* expertise, finally, and see how everything worked."

As the mother of an acclaimed performer, Bettye keenly enjoyed listening to the audience around her roar with praise for Casselberry-DuPreé. "It made my chest swell, you know," she says. "I've been Judy's greatest fan all through her performing years, and always travel when I can to where she is performing—my husband, too. We're a musical family; Judith just went for it and persisted. I loved to hear other women say 'Oh Ms. Casselberry. You're Judith Casselberry's mother!' And Jaqué DuPreé's like another daughter—you know they've known each other since high school. Now, since the festival, I tell everyone that I've got about 10,000 daughters."

Although Bettye never attended a festival with Judith until 1992, she did arrange for the reunion of three generations of women in her family at one Casselberry-DuPreé show.

"Five years ago Judith played in Santa Monica, and I surprised her by bringing my aunt, who's ninety-six. We arrived in the middle of a song, and no

one knew we were coming but the people at the door. They took us up to the very front row. And when Judith saw us she stopped right in the middle of a song, and came down to us."

Would Bettye recommend the Michigan experience to other moms? She plans to attend again, even while noting with a laugh, "The first thing I did when I arrived home last year was to *flush my toilet*." More seriously, she emphasizes, "One thing I want to note for women who are skeptical is that the festival is *truly* a personal growth experience. Many mothers are really missing something in life if they don't take advantage, as I did—not only to be with my daughter, but to have the closeness with other women! Many women spoke to me of how they wished *their* mothers would come to the festival."



**Myra and Bonnie Morris at Campfest 1991. "We all need to be shaken up, jarred—to walk a mile in someone else's Birkenstocks," says Myra.**

## SHERRI AND PENNE

North Carolina attorney Sherri Zann Rosenthal brought her mother, Penne, to the 1991 East Coast Lesbians' Festival. Their shared week in declaredly lesbian space (Penne is not a lesbian) proved such a success that Sherri eventually published her own article about the experience in the May 1992 issue of *The Newsletter*, a monthly lesbian/feminist periodical serving women of the Raleigh-Durham-Chapel Hill Triangle area. Entitled "Strange But

True: I Brought My Straight Mother to a Lesbian Festival," Sherri's interview with Penne began by noting that both women found a common bond in the ECLF tent for Jewish activities. Reprinted below, with their permission, are excerpts from their story.

**PENNE:** I loved the shows. I felt that I was a part of the action instead of apart. I met a lot of women with whom I would have liked to maintain a relationship. I found them not just warm and friendly but also very thoughtful...thinking kind of people. Aside from the sexual preferences, they were my kind of people. I really did not feel uncomfortable at any time because of the fact that I was straight. I felt it was a shame that they are not given the same kind of courtesy—not courtesy, really, but permission to be themselves—within the larger society that they gave me within their society. I had some concern before going that I would be considered an interloper. But I didn't experience any of that there...Remember the punky hairdo kids that stayed at the weaving tent? In passing on the road, their greeting was, "So, have you come out yet?" It was all done in such good humor, with such warmth. That they felt warm enough to tease me was great...

**SHERRI:** What were some of your favorite things about the festival? I liked Havalah before the show on Saturday night.

**PENNE:** That was beautiful. I'm remembering the witches' tent, and how I went there on just a lark. Maybe it was desperation. The doctor who examined me was a chiropractor. She really seemed to know what she was talking about. She gave me something for the pain, massaged my foot, and kept me from further injury. She really helped me, and I was very impressed with her.

The greatest thing was taking part in the improvisation where my daughter became the disapproving mother and I became the daughter's lover being brought home to meet the mother. Where else in America would a mother ever get to exchange situations with her daughter, who thinks she's so liberal, but was unable to let go of her disapproval, even though the script called for it! I enjoyed the hell out of that.

**SHERRI:** Do you think there are differences between mainstream culture and lesbian culture?

**PENNE:** The adjectives that come to mind are informal, easy. Totally different emphasis; the emphasis is more basic. It's not even that they emphasize the individual—it's that they are less concerned with a lot of the things that take up most of straight society's time and effort, like dress and appearance and presentation...The way they present themselves to each other is less important than what they are presenting.

In straight society the form is almost more important than the content. Part of it is that in straight society the women are so concerned with...how men are going to perceive them. I do think sometimes the lesbians are a little bit too self-consciously trying not to be self-conscious. But the women who are more comfortable with themselves will or will not wear lipstick, etc., depending upon how *they* feel.

I'll tell you something that I don't know if you're going to like: I feel that you became more comfortable with me (as a result of my going to the festival), and began to trust my acceptance more.

## DEIDRE AND JULIA

Longtime Olivia Records artist Deidre McCalla brought her mother, Julia, to the 1987 NEWMR. The two women chose this festival as a comfortable introduction due to NEWMR's location at the University of Rhode Island campus. As Julia had often attended her daughter's concerts on other occasions, she came to the festival familiar with Deidre's music and message; it was Deidre who assumed the protective maternal role, fussing over her mother's comfort. The recent years of Deidre's work as a performer on several Olivia cruises also provided an opportunity to bring her mother along in a very different setting.

"We get a certain notoriety because I'm so prominent," Deidre says. "Women are thrilled that I'd ask my mom and that she'd actually show up. It's a healing, maybe, for all the women who can barely talk to their mothers. There was a time when I wouldn't have brought Mom because it wasn't very comfortable. Comfort is of concern to me, and I do tend to get overprotective. At NEWMR I realized I was *too* protective, and when she did that to me as a kid, I wanted to kill her! I had to step back and let her be her wonderful self and not interfere. My mother does quite well without me and has for years—that's how I raised her!"

Julia mentions one initial festival impression which is with her still. "Well," she says, "I was a bit shocked, remember Deidre? Not *so* shocked, but..."

Deidre elaborates, "She came up to me [at NEWMR] and said, 'I finally found something that shocked me. I looked across that shopping area and there was a woman buck naked! And a whole group of others, all naked!' And I said, 'Mama, that's the showers!'"

Deidre's performances typically include her song "Mama's Little Baby Girl," a tribute to her mother and an ideal stage moment for introducing a mother-daughter anecdote about their relationship. When Julia is in the audience, Deidre



**"Women are thrilled that I'd ask my mom and that she'd actually show up," says Deidre McCalla, pictured with mother Julia. "It's a healing, maybe, for all the women who can barely talk to their mothers."**

is sure to point her out to those in attendance. "She knows that I'll single her out—so sometimes she won't go to my shows! And I want everyone to know she's there so they'll behave, be more careful about language—things we don't think about. I'm not a big fan of heavy making out at intermissions in my shows. I do talk about Mom on stage, and often the first thing people say to me is, 'How's your mom?' And I run through the file in my head—have they met her? So many women have heard me talk about her by now, and some ask, 'Is your relationship with your mother really that good, or are you making it up?'"

Deidre agrees that the framework of a festival might be affirming of mothers and daughters but that not all families are ready for the festival experience. "We invoke a vision of the world as it should be—but the reality is that many women

have a very difficult relationship with their mothers," she says. "Most significant, for me, is having my mother there in a venue where I do what I do best, to be in an environment where my work is appreciated. She's used to this kid who just wanted a guitar and sat at the coffee table writing these little songs, and gosh darn, would she ever amount to anything? Worrying that her child will be okay, then seeing me *successful* in the work I was *born to do*, has reassured her that I can take care of myself and all her work was not for naught."

What was it like to be together for not one but two Olivia cruises? "The first advantage of a cruise over a festival is that it's infinitely more comfortable," Deidre says. "I've gone into cruise work with reservations about what kind of person would go on a cruise. At a festival it's our own world we've created in the woods; we don't have to deal with the rest of the world. My mother worries about how the rest of the world will receive me as a lesbian. But on the cruise, the staff is regular cruise line, treating us with the same deference and respect my mother receives when she's on a cruise with my dad! It's opened up my mom to seeing we are making the world different—it's taken cash-flow, but there's the example of a world with respect, not couples being thrown overboard."

"On cruises the majority of women are very closeted in everyday life, women who have never heard of women's music. The environment Olivia creates in a *mainstream* context is very empowering. It's another level of the revolutionary experience—and leads many women to then consider festivals. On the cruises we are community and create an ambiance. It's been good for my mom to experience that joy, and not the media stereotype of angry women."

## BRENDA AND MARY

Gulf Coast Women's Festival co-producer Brenda Henson brings her mother and daughter and, occasionally, granddaughter to the yearly Deep South festival each spring. The "family" feeling all festivals strive to create is natural at Gulf Coast, where the producers have taken the lead in acknowledging and including kinfolk. The matriarchal traditions and storytelling passed between Southern women are part of the GCWF framework generated by Brenda, her partner Wanda Henson, and their extended family.

"Whether it's for my mother or the women down the block, festival is such a healing space—I'd want anyone I love to



Toni Armstrong Jr.

The Henson clan, from left: Wanda Henson and daughter Terri Elliott (seated), Brenda Henson and daughter Andrea Gibbs, and Mary (Mamma) Brandenburg. "Henson" is Mamma's birth name, taken as a surname by both Brenda and Wanda when they formed a committed relationship.

be there," explains Brenda. "For me, being able to take Mom and show her what we've done is both empowering and healing. We create that kind of safe space for women to be in whether or not they are lesbian."

Eighty-seven-year-old Mary (known fondly to all as Mamma, with the accent on the first syllable) has attended all but one Gulf Coast festival, responding to concerts with pleasure and appreciation. Brenda and Wanda recall a stage performer [from the Atlanta-based group Raw Silk] who played the piano while decked out in black leather, lace, and push-up bra. According to Brenda, "Mamma said to Wanda, 'Isn't that an impressive outfit!' and Wanda replied, 'Well, yes it is, Mamma.' And Mamma, she just smiled real big."

Mamma is more shocked by violence against gays and lesbians than by any festival show, Brenda affirms. "My mother will quickly tell you that all lesbians are political activists, because I've never taken her out to the bar scene or into the street life/biker community. Her only exposure is to the very active political women who come to our home. Thus she has a wonderfully skewed view, and can't believe it when she sees violence against these wonderful lesbians on the news. She really worries about violence, and, standing in our defense, she'll say that people must not understand gays and lesbians—that if they *knew*, they'd change their views."

In fact, Henson is Mamma's birth name, taken as a surname by both Brenda and Wanda when they formed a committed relationship. "Wanda agreed to honor her by taking that name," Brenda notes, "and Mom liked it—she cried. It was special to Mom, that Wanda cared so much."

## BONNIE AND MYRA

For four-time festival-goer Myra Morris, the most painful challenge on the land is the gratuitous straight-bashing, particularly when such comments come from hired stage artists. Thirty-four years married to a loving and caring man, Myra finds the experience of being a "minority" both instructive and frustrating when she chooses to enter the festival community. While she is very proud of her very out lesbian daughter, Myra believes "most festivals are really a celebration of *lesbian* culture; the women who are not lesbians are de-facto, visitors."

At fifty-five, she also prefers a certain degree of physical comfort and uninterrupted sleep few festivals can provide. "Women who aren't used to camping will find festivals a challenge," she says.

Myra's first festival experience was Sisterfire, which she was able to attend with her husband for an afternoon not far from home. Arriving at Michigan in 1987 was a completely different experience. While still at the airport, I was able to introduce my mother to the one performer

## MICHIGAN MOTHER "KODAK MOMENTS"

1982

Dovida Ishatova performs on the Day Stage with her mother, Auschwitz survivor Hennie Goodman. The two women were on a nationwide music tour together, acting on Hennie's conviction that she had survived the Holocaust "in order to play Chopin." Touched by the warm response she received from her festival audience, Hennie declared, "And you are all so wonderful, I think I may try women."

1987

Ronnie Gilbert acknowledges her mother's recent death by singing the tribute "There Was Music In My Mother's House." Two years before, at her first Michigan appearance, Ronnie had performed the intense spoken piece "Mother's Day"—addressing, among other issues, coming out to one's mother and coming to terms with loss and separation—for the Michigan Tenth Anniversary album.

1989

Alyson Palmer (of the trio BETTY) concludes their performance on the Night Stage by holding up a small tape recorder and asking the audience to send greetings to her mother. Five thousand women shrieked a special festival hello.

1990

Adrian Hood grabs the Night Stage mic and encourages the audience to sing "Happy Birthday" to her mother Alix Dobkin, during the Lavender Jane reunion set. "Please," Adrian wept, "this is my mother's favorite place in the world, and this is a very special day: she's fifty today." ...Lillian Allen performs with her young daughter Anta, who coaxes the delighted audience, "Come on, a little louder please. That's right." ...Rhiannon presents a breathtaking tribute/re-enactment of her mother's dying time. For those audience members coping with their own grief, Rhiannon's Acoustic Stage set, sign language interpreted by Sherry Hicks, served as a valuable outlet for emotion and closure—and there wasn't a dry eye in the grove as the performance concluded with the song "Shenandoah."

whose songs Myra grew up with: Ronnie Gilbert.

"Ronnie, this is my mom," I began proudly—and Ronnie immediately suggested, "Why don't you call her by her name during the festival week? It's important." *continued on page 61*

**ABOUT THE WRITER:** Dr. Bonnie Morris is editorial dominatrix of a small publication called *'The Goddess Babes Gazette'* when she's not busy teaching at St. Lawrence University or making the world safe for women's festival culture and/or feminist Barbiephiles.

# THE ROAD I TOOK TO ME

By Laura Love

In trying to decide what I might write about for *HOT WIRE* I mused over several possibilities. Immediately such topics as "What It's Like To Be a Light-skinned Lesbian From Lincoln, Nebraska"; "Making Music in a Man's World"; "Cats I've Met on Tour," etc. came to mind, yet none of these ideas seemed to capture the essence of what I really wanted to say. I've decided to share some of my personal life story, significant events which helped guide me to my latest album, *Pangaea*.

I was born in Omaha, Nebraska, the daughter of a female singer in a jazz band called The Preston Love Orchestra. It was the livelihood and sustenance of my father, Preston Love. My parents' love affair had been tumultuous. My father was the illegitimate child of a strong woman of mixed ancestry named Mexi Love, my mother the brilliant and beautiful "high yellow" singer from Lincoln. When she first joined his band—which was touring the country—he had recently left the Count Basie Orchestra, having been too "uppity and cute" to be a good "side man" saxophonist. His outspokenness and absolute confidence (bordering on self-idolatry) in his solo virtuosity seemed more than any band leader wished to take on, particularly in one so young as he. It created the opportunity for him to strike out on his own.

Although he was married at the time, he saw no need to deny himself any of the comforts and pleasures he felt were his due as a traveling musician. Among these pleasures was my mother, Winifred (Winnie, nicknamed "Peaches") Winston. With her he was to have two children: my sister Lisa Lucille, and myself, Laura Vivian.

Eventually the strain and hardship of being on the road with a married man, a band, and two babies proved to be too much for my mother. She was just beginning to show the signs of severe mental illness, and she left him—almost as suddenly as it had begun—moving back to Lincoln, Nebraska, where I was raised.

It was 1962. My sister was three years old, and I was barely two. I have come to understand how utterly alone and desperate she must have felt at this time. Her children had no father; she had some

education, but little experience in anything other than singing. It was little wonder that she began exhibiting what we now recognize as clear warning signals of depression and psychosis. I believe she also had a biochemical problem, and might have been incapacitated with her condition even if her life circumstances were easier. But I believe her psychosis was exacerbated by the pressures of being a single black mother with no money—and sometimes no home—in a world which prized neither her color nor her gender.

My mother increasingly withdrew from human contact, forgot to eat, chain-smoked, would not bathe, and began neglecting my sister and me. By the winter of 1963, her paranoia and depression had reached the point where she had to be admitted to the Nebraska State Hospital. Though I was just three years old, I can remember the night the police came to take us away—her to the hospital, and us to the Cedars Home for Children orphanage. I can still remember her—weak, thin, sick, and depressed—sitting on the toilet and vomiting between her legs as I stood before her and she buttoned my dress.

I spent almost a year at Cedars, during which time I ran from my own sister, refusing to acknowledge her, as I associated her with the terrible events leading to that day. I had also been crudely informed by the somewhat coarse, haggard, and uncaring women that took care of us that Lisa was too dark to get adopted, and that I—as the younger, and lighter child—might stand a chance. In particular I remember an older, heavysset, and very unkempt white woman named Lottie saying, "She ain't yer sister, she's a nigger," which puzzled me even then. As an adult it breaks my heart to think of little Lisa begging me to talk to her or play with her, and me refusing her even a glance. The color line between a dark child and a light child was almost tangible then, made painfully evident by the way in which the "care-givers" neglected to comb my sister's hair except once weekly—if that—as it was much kinkier and harder to manage than my own.

Then there was the time during that

same year when my sister and I were allowed a visit to the State Hospital. My mother, fresh from a multitude of experimental therapies—such as massive doses of electro-convulsive therapy (shock treatments) and drugs—believed herself to be three or four years old, and thought my sister and I were her playmates. It frightens me to imagine how easy it must have been in Nebraska in 1963 to perform these life-altering procedures on a woman such as my mother: single, poor, black, female, and with no particular family ties which might pose problems in the future. It prompts me to surmise that surely there must have been no sport in the application process necessary to obtain clearance to perform such "treatments."

On Christmas Eve, 1963, she was pronounced well enough to regain possession of her children, thus ending nearly a year-long stay at the Cedar Home. I was scared of her, and uncertain what the future would hold, yet glad to be leaving the awful place full of gaunt, sad-eyed children.

Years passed, punctuated by a series of psychotic episodes in my mother's life. In 1966, she hanged herself in front of me and Lisa from a sewer pipe in our roach and waterbug infested basement apartment. Our near-hysterical ceaseless screams brought the landlady running to the rescue, with an entourage of parents she had been entertaining at an open house on what had otherwise been a lazy Sunday afternoon at her in-home day care service.

Our mother lived, but this experience was to have many lasting effects on me. [Hear the song "Voices" on *Pangaea*.]

Her clinical diagnoses were paranoid schizophrenic and manic/depressive. She was on much medication throughout my childhood, but she resented it and often refused to take it. I can remember her giving us vitamins as a child, and Lisa asking her what she was taking (from a brown prescription bottle). "Mommy's vitamins," she answered. I have since deduced that it was during the lapses of taking medication she was most psychotic. I confirmed my suspicions with a social worker, Mary Lou Hepburn, that I called about six years ago to ask if she'd seen my mother. She told

me that my mother had often gone off her meds because she didn't trust the doctors and disliked the side effects. She also told me that she was amazed I'd turned out relatively normal, given the scariness she had witnessed in my childhood.

By 1976, I was sweet sixteen. Lisa and I had an apartment of our own. The never-ending succession of social workers and foster homes necessitated by my mother's chronic mental illness proved to be completely intolerable, and we ventured out in search of freedom, independence, and self-determination. I worked at the Burger Chef fast food joint in downtown Lincoln, right in the path of Cornhusker Football Stadium Mania, and Lisa had a work-study job developing film for our high school annual and newspaper.

We rented the apartment by telephone. I had answered an ad in the newspaper, and the landlady—Bernice—was so "charmed by my personality" that she rented to us and cancelled her ad. I had told her that we were "in school," and she assumed I meant the University of Nebraska. I didn't meet her until we were actually moving in, and she was aghast that I had not disclosed to her on the phone that we were "colored." She admitted that she and her husband had "never rented to coloreds before," and were not pleased at what she thought had been a sin of omission on my part. It had not occurred to her that I might be "colored" because I could speak clearly and articulately. Within three months she had evicted us, even though we were extremely quiet tenants and were never late with the rent. She said her other tenants "felt nervous having that colored boy" (the guy Lisa was dating) around so much.

It was in that same year that I was reunited with my estranged father. Imagine it: all of my young life I'd been told he was the dead "husband" of my mother, who had—sadly—died suddenly in an untimely car accident when I was an infant, thus ending a brilliant, if ephemeral, career. Then one day I was leafing through the entertainment calendar of our local newspaper. I saw that "world-renowned jazz saxophonist and former alto player for the Count Basie Orchestra, Preston Love" had moved back to the Midwest, where he'd scheduled a number of local engagements,

including a gig *that very evening*. He was playing at the Zoo Bar, a local college hangout and hotspot/hipster dive for jazz and blues aficionados, as well as for frenetic, acne-plagued University of Nebraska students looking for a release—sonic or sexual—on a Saturday night.

Disbelieving, I screwed up all my courage, lied my underage self into the club, and walked up to the man on his break and asked him if he had known a Winnie Winston in the late '50s and early '60s. He must have recognized me immediately, judging by the sudden difficulty he was having with his speech. Ingesting yet another rum and coke with a twist of lemon, he began reciting important dates in my life, such as my birthday, my sister's birthday, and even my mother's birthday, to prove that although he had been completely absent the previous fourteen years (and maintained no contact with us), he still cared enough to remember the little things which mean so much to women who are in love.



**The passionate music of Laura Love: joyous and melancholy, acknowledging tragedy, celebrating triumph.**

That night I learned from him (unapologetically) that I had many "illegitimate" siblings all over the country, and

that he, proudly, had been married to the same woman for nearly forty years and had a wonderful, handsome brood of three sons and one daughter—his "real family" by his "real wife," Betty. Not surprisingly, two of these sons, Norman and Ritchie, were the same ages as my sister and myself. Apparently there had been some breaks in the rigorous touring schedule my father had undertaken some years prior.

At sixteen, I was unable to analyze or assess the many problems and complexities such a reunion would later (in therapy) represent to me. At that moment in time, I found myself wanting to be close to this man, previously only a concept—to know this stranger, who looked so like me. It was amazing to see the similarities in our hand gestures, mannerisms, stance, and even sense of humor. I followed him to many local concerts that year, and eventually—at his behest—found myself on stage with him and his band, singing solos and duets with his sidemen. I hid this reunion easily from my mother, who by this time had retreated so far into her private world of voices and hallucinations that she seemed completely crazy even to me, one of her most staunch defenders.

Through my association with my father, I had some of my first stage experiences, not counting a handful of school performances. In sixth grade, I auditioned for the part of Gretel (in *Hansel and Gretel*) and the teachers felt I had done very well and had a good voice—but I was cast as "the witch" instead. My mother felt the choice had been made because parents and teachers didn't want to pair a white Hansel with a black Gretel. The girl who was chosen had a weak voice and difficulty memorizing the lines, but she was blonde and blue-eyed. Racism? I'll never know for sure if that was the determining factor, but I'll never forget the experience and what a stir it caused in my family.

In seventh grade, I learned Carly Simon's "Anticipation" on the guitar, and I sang it solo in front of a school assembly at Everett Junior High. It was well-received, and from that point on I was regarded as a good singer. I even began performing songs like "Country Roads" and "Both Sides Now" with my

Toni Arnsperg Jr.

sister for school talent shows and community concerts given by my junior high. Lisa is very musical, and I remember her coming up with very elaborate arrangements for songs, as well as truly innovative, exotic harmonies when we were kids. As an adult, she hasn't performed much, except for the occasional guest appearance with my band. I released *Pangaea* last September and asked her to sing with me at my album release concert, which was a reunion of sorts. It was a lot of fun.

By the time I was in high school, I was much more interested in athletics than music, and I was involved in volleyball (and gymnastics and track) more than singing. My first real paying gig, though, was in that momentous sixteenth year, when I performed nearly an entire Chaka Khan album at the Nebraska State Penitentiary with Leroy Critcher and The Oklahoma Twisters.

Fast forward to 1993. I don't have any contact with my parents today. I've written to my dad a few times in the last ten years, and he has sometimes answered with brief letters, and sometimes not. It has been extremely disappointing to me that he didn't take a greater interest in my life. The last time I saw him was in 1987, when I surprised him with a visit at his gig in London. I had written him some months earlier and knew he'd be playing there, so I dropped in. He was indeed surprised, if not altogether warm. By this time I probably "looked gay" to him, and since I was with my partner he probably put it all together. I knew from previous conversations I'd overheard between him and his band members that he was extremely homophobic, and thoroughly disliked "queers" and women who were "shorty George." The next time I wrote him was in 1989 to tell him I'd graduated with honors from the University of Washington, to which he responded by telling me all about himself and the great and wonderful things *he'd* done in *his* life. I'd hoped he'd be proud, but instead he seemed to see it as an opportunity to brag and to discount my achievements. Oh, well.

As for my mother, Lisa and I haven't had any contact with her since 1983. We drove to Nebraska to visit her after five years, time I had hoped would be water under the bridge. I longed to finally have an adult conversation where I was not afraid of her, in which we could finally talk as equals. I believed then (and now) that she loved me during all those crazy and often cruel years—yet I couldn't get over feeling like I was a twelve-year-old child being screamed at for being an unfair

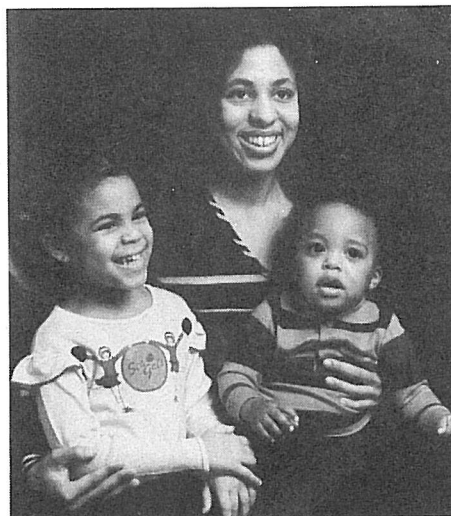
burden to her. As I saw her talk to Lisa—who was twenty-four by then, with a baby girl of her own—I realized how truly strange and unhealthy our family had been. She constantly berated my sister for being stupid, inept as a mother and a student, and for being lazy and incompetent in every way. I finally worked up enough courage to ask her not to speak to my sister that way, and to tell her I didn't want to be there if she was going to continue her verbal abuse.



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**"My mother was the brilliant and beautiful 'high yellow' singer from Lincoln," recalls Laura.**



**Lisa with Sacheen and Marcus in 1985.**

Later that evening, she began to reminisce about our childhood. She had completely distorted reality until she was describing an idyllic upbringing with everything but servants and a jacuzzi. I could not believe what I was hearing; I reminded her that certain events she was

describing simply hadn't happened, and that our childhood had indeed been a nightmare. She changed suddenly and became very angry when confronted with the adult "Lauri," even though I had spoken with love (and trepidation) out of a sincere desire to establish a dialogue and begin working things out.

She informed me that night—July 4, 1983—that she no longer considered me her child, and that she'd never speak to me again. She has kept her word. Though I assured her that I loved her deeply, she refused to answer me then, or ever again. I went back home and wrote her (she had no phone), but she returned my letters unopened with an angry looking "return to sender" scrawled across the front of the envelopes. I've since asked friends who are still living in Nebraska if they've heard of her whereabouts, but without success. (The only exception was when someone who'd lived upstairs from her told me that she'd gotten very isolated and unkempt—"crazy"—and refused to care for herself. She'd apparently started a fire in her apartment (accidentally? on purpose? it was unclear), and had to be rescued by the fire department, who then admitted her to a mental health facility.

Happily, Lisa and I are very close. She moved to Seattle about six years ago with her two children (Sacheen, now twelve and Marcus, nine). She completed nursing school in 1989 and has been working as an RN for the last few years.

The events of my childhood had many effects which remain with me today. On the positive side, I am able to relate easily to people of all colors and strata, unafraid of death, eager to help bring about change regarding access to mental health care, food, housing (etc.), and am generally a champion for the downtrodden. I love people and animals, and I long for kindness and equality. On the negative side, I find that I'm sometimes depressed (especially around holidays) and can get overwhelmed by the drudgeries of daily life. I

*continued on page 60*

**ABOUT THE WRITER:** *Laura Love leads her own band as well as being a member of Venus Envy. She has three solo recordings: 'Menstrual Hut' (1989), 'Z Therapy' (1990), and 'Pangaea' (1992) and has appeared with Venus Envy on 'Unarmed and Dangerous' (1990) and 'I'll Be A Homo For Christmas' (1991). She will be performing at the Michigan Womyn's Music Festival this summer, and can be reached c/o McFaul Booking, P.O. Box 30853, Seattle, WA 98103.*



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# DOS FALLOPIA: TWIN SISTERS OF DIFFERENT CUL-DE-SACS

By Lisa Koch and Peggy Platt

Once upon a time, there were two little girls who grew up in different cities in different states in different houses with different parents...you get the general idea so far. Lisa lived in beautiful Ashland, Oregon with Mom, Dad, and brother Dave, had a major crush on Julie Andrews (*Mary Poppins*), and was certain that she, too, would grow up and become a famous singer someday.

Peggy spent her formative years in Woodlinville, Washington with Mom, Dad, and brother Bill. She wanted to be just like Katherine Hepburn, but somehow always wound up more of a cross between Jonathan Winters and Carol Burnett.

For a time, the two young women were content traveling life's road separately, each forging her own path into the world, one burning with a low pilot light, the other a tuna can short of a casserole. Yes, they were missing a crucial element from their lives, and it wasn't just Vitamin K...little did Lisa and Peggy know that once their comic karma connected, they would truly become "Twin Sisters of Different Cul-de-Sacs," and would create a force so unbelievable, so ridiculous, that the name DOS FALLOPIA would echo in the halls of buffoonery for eternity.

"DOS FALLOPIA is not a traveling flamenco act, nor is it a pair of practicing gynecologists," explains Lisa. "DOS (dose) is the number two in the Spanish language, and should not be confused with DOS (doss) computer lingo. FALLOPIA is our attempt to conjure up a mental picture of *woman*. We suggest you don't search for a deep translation, because, well, it's a *joke*." Lisa came up with the name one day for a sketch they were writing, and it made Peggy laugh, so they kept it.

"That's what Lisa does best—she's



**Their comic karma has connected, resulting in DOS FALLOPIA. (Pictured above from left, Peggy Platt and Lisa Koch in Surly Bitches mode.)**

the Master of Wacky Names, like John Cleese is the Minister of Silly Walks," says Peggy. "She has a knack for inventing weird names and truly stupid non-sequiturs. The name DOS FALLOPIA seems to confuse people a little. We've been misprinted as Dog Fallopia, and were once introduced as Dos Fellatio...scary!"

How did the "Twin Sisters" create their strange and unusual brand of humor with music?

Let's examine the legend up close, beginning with...

## THE EARLY YEARS: BDF

(Before DOS FALLOPIA)

Peggy entered the world of stand-up at age twenty-one. She soon discovered that mainstream comedy was overrun with bad accommodations and sexist pigs, and began exploring other creative options: improvisation and theater. ("Fewer bad accommodations and sexist pigs," she says.)

At age fifteen, Lisa formed a singing lounge duo with her brother, and for the next several years, continued to perform in various groovy Top-40 lounge acts from coast to coast. She became a dyke, a Dyketone, sobered up, and got a straight job until...

## THE PHONE CALL

(September, 1989: long distance conversation from Seattle, Washington to Washington, D.C.)

PEGGY: Hi, this is Peggy Platt, calling from the Alice B. Theater in Seattle...the gay and lesbian theater for all people...is this Lisa Kock...Kosh...Kaaa...?

LISA: This is Lisa—how can I help you?

PEGGY: You don't know me, but I heard from a reliable source that you're a triple threat lesbian—you know, sings, acts, writes—and I know your brother David, and that you just did a show here in Seattle, *Meet the Bouffants*. I saw the tape...funny stuff, big hair. Anyway, I don't know if you realize this, but there's a shortage of lesbian actors here in Seattle... oh, there's plenty of dykes who run the shows, and droves of gay men to perform them, but when all you've got are butch tech ladies and girlie actor boys, it makes for a very boring evening. Wanna move to

Seattle and be in a Christmas show?

LISA: Who is this?

## LIFE IN SEATTLE

Lisa and Peggy laugh at each other's jokes...they begin writing unusual sketches... DOS FALLOPIA is born.

## A PROFILE

- Lisa is a lesbian...Peggy is a Presbyterian.
- Peggy dates men...Lisa eats dates.
- Lisa likes cats...Peggy collects poodles (fake ones).
- Lisa likes order...Peggy orders out.
- Peggy likes the color pink...Lisa is colorblind.
- Lisa came out to her parents at nineteen...Peggy's parents threw her out at nineteen.
- Lisa drives a truck...Peggy drives Lisa crazy.

## THE PROCESS

Lisa throws out a bizarre idea or situation; Peggy counters with a punch line. Together they formulate their concept, bickering and giggling. Lisa proofs, edits, and types into the computer. Peggy re-edits, ad-libs, and a script is born.

## SOME OF THE CHARACTERS

- Retro-lesbo-folkies Mud (Compost Morning Dew and Dolphin-Free Tuna Woman): a little slice of the women's music circuit circa 1975.
- Reclusive British grunge band The Surly Bitches: a band that has been floating around in Lisa's head for years, finally spawned.
- Fran and Annie and their 12-Step Day Care: a *different* kind of twelve step program...Lisa and Peggy's moms both taught pre-school...coincidence?
- Dysfunctional mother-daughter country superstars The Spudds (Euomi and Wynotta): loosely based on that *other* mother-daughter singing duo.
- Clueless suburban housewife Louise Needlemeyer and women's studies instructor, Phree: Louise was inspired by Peggy's mother, Lolly. Phree is P.C. to the tenth power.

## A STATEMENT

"We're not quite sure what DOS FALLOPIA is, but so far, we manage to appeal to gay and straight audiences alike," says Lisa. "Maybe that's because we

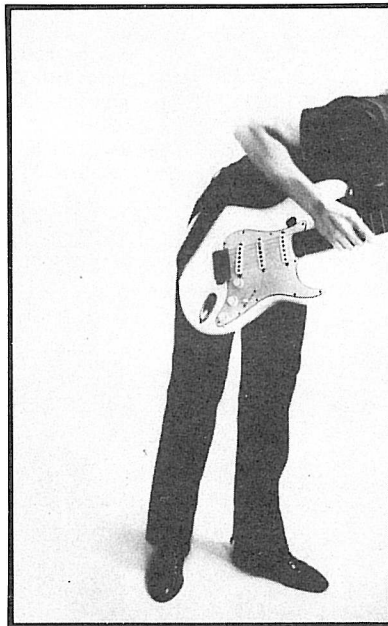
are gay and straight; hopefully, it's because we're funny and make people think while they're laughing. DOS FALLOPIA is comedy from a woman's point of view...two very different and unusual women."

"Our personalities may clash, but our politics never do," says Peggy. "I've always been a left-wing commie subversive. You combine that with being a woman, and most people automatically think you're a lesbian. Lisa and I are women artists first—the rest is gravy. Frankly, being a lesbian would be a lot easier..."

"There's still time, Peg..."

"Shut up and type, Lisa." •

**ABOUT THE WRITERS:** Lisa Koch and Peggy Platt currently live and work in Seattle. Their long-running cabaret smash hit 'Chicken Fried Spudds' continues to delight audiences. They have appeared at the Michigan, West Coast, and Pacific Northwest Women's Music Festivals, and are soon to be seen at Wimifest and Campfest. Peggy has been on the Showtime Comedy Network, and Lisa is a member of the Seattle band Venus Envy. Their debut cassette, 'My Breasts Are Out of Control,' is available through TongueinChic Productions, 1202 E. Pike #712, Seattle, WA 98122.



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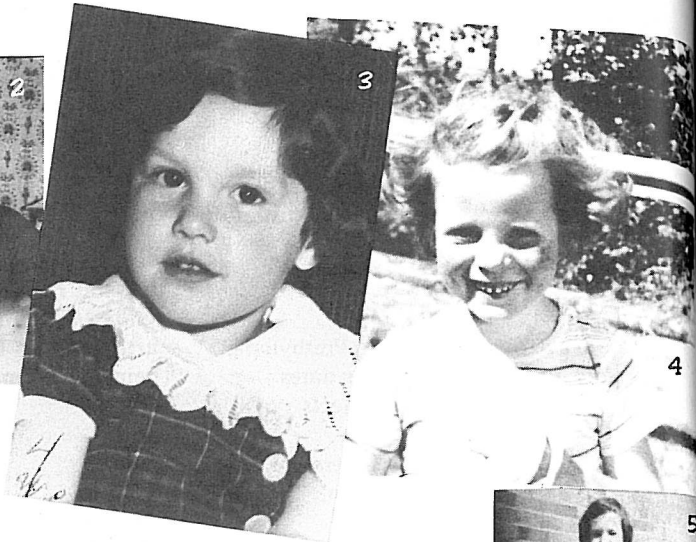
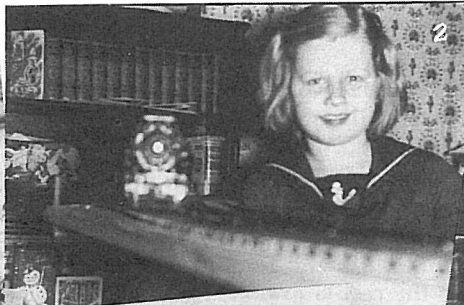
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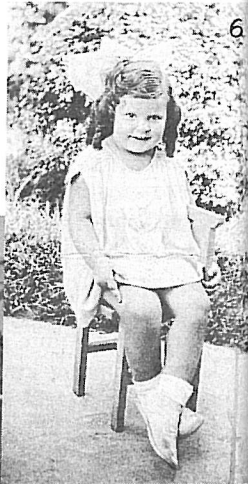
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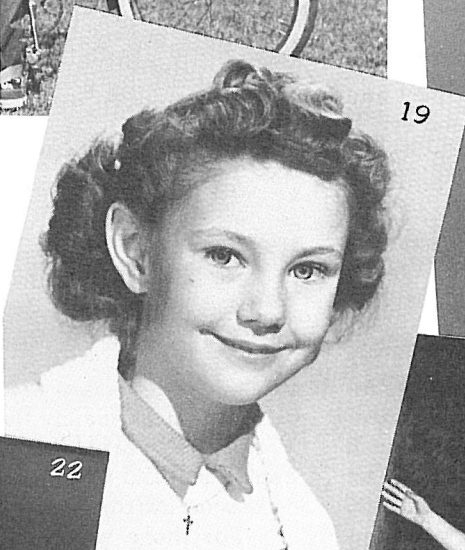
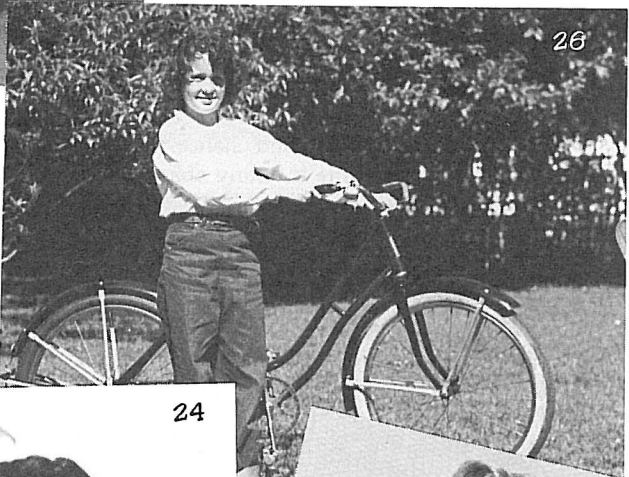
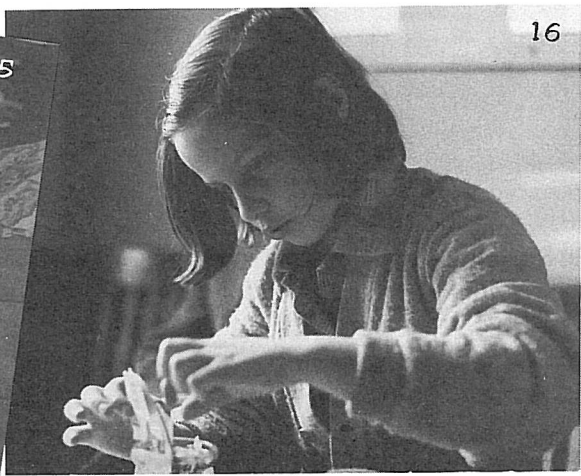
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# CLAIRE OF THE MOON

By Jan Huston

For me, writing about the new film *Claire of the Moon* started out more or less like any other freelance project: meet the people, "get the dirt" as Maggie would say, and go home.

Instead, I fell in love. With the movie and with Nicole Conn and Trisha Todd and Karen Trumbo and Faith McDevitt. I fell in love with the whole process of filmmaking, of watching fantasies and dreams come true. Spending time with a filmmaker as gifted and passionate as Nicole Conn was one of the most intense, emotional experiences I have ever had.

I learned what went on behind the camera, about the heartbreaking necessity of cutting scenes ("like killing babies," Nicole says) due to lack of time and money. How the director had to abandon plot-critical scenes and flashbacks that would explain Noel's haunted past, for example, or the bar scene where Claire rejects Brian. And how the ending had to be changed completely to accommodate scheduling constraints.

I have such profound respect and appreciation for what Nicole, and everyone who worked with her—especially producer Pam Kuri and coproducer/mother confessor Nannette Troutman—accomplished. I wish everyone could see the *Claire of the Moon* I saw; I'm certain much of the criticism that has been leveled at the film would be recanted.

People believe in Nicole and her vision in a big way. Her former bosses invested in this film just because she asked; all they wanted to know was how much she needed. They didn't even have a clue as to what the film was about. Nannette, who has been in the business for years and had never previously invested, decided to give money to this project. Nicole mortgaged her soul for this film, and that's the kind of commitment that speaks to people.

*Claire of the Moon* affects and changes lives, I think, because it's an on-screen validation of our experience. It shows us another option. It opens women's lives to possibilities they never knew existed, choices they never knew they had. Noel's speech about coming out—"One kiss...I never knew a thing about myself until that kiss...never knew want until that kiss...

what it felt to be utterly aroused...I never understood any of it, until that moment"—sums up many women's reality.

For every woman who is wondering, and I suspect many are after seeing this film, it gives the courage, the permission to reach for the moon, regardless of where you may end up. We weren't all card-carrying lesbians from birth. Even though I was, this film gave me an important insight about how difficult it must be to not really know who you are—at your core, your essence. I think that's the gift Nicole has given: a second chance.

Miracles come in many shapes and sizes and often aren't immediately recognizable. But *Claire of the Moon* is very definitely a miracle, and writer/director/executive producer Nicole is the miracle maker.

This film, a major lesbian love story that's been widely compared to Donna Deitch's *Desert Hearts* (1986), was shot in an unheard of twenty-seven days for only \$180,000. This amount is roughly fourteen percent of what it cost to film *Desert Hearts*, according to Naiad Press guru Barbara Grier, who published Nicole's book (an adaptation of the movie), and plans to publish the novelization of her next filmmaking project, *Cynara*.

"*Claire of the Moon* is a masterpiece. The riveting love scene will stay in the mind's eye forever," says Barbara. "Nicole Conn uses her art in ways that make speaking unnecessary and undesirable. I believe that ultimately the *Claire of the Moon* overall package will exceed *Desert Hearts* sales, and that Nicole will go on to make some incredible lesbian movies."

For those who haven't yet seen *Claire of the Moon*, the story goes like this: The beautiful-but-restless, world-weary straight satirist Claire Jabrowski (Trisha Todd) goes to a writers' retreat where she shares a cabin with Dr. Noel Benedict (Karen Trumbo), the elegantly stunning "mysterious therapist who made brooding a fine art." The two hit it off somewhat like the perennial odd couple Felix and Oscar, only not as compatibly. As Claire—described by Noel as a "common garden variety slut"—so succinctly puts it, "We're just polar opposites." Get the drift?

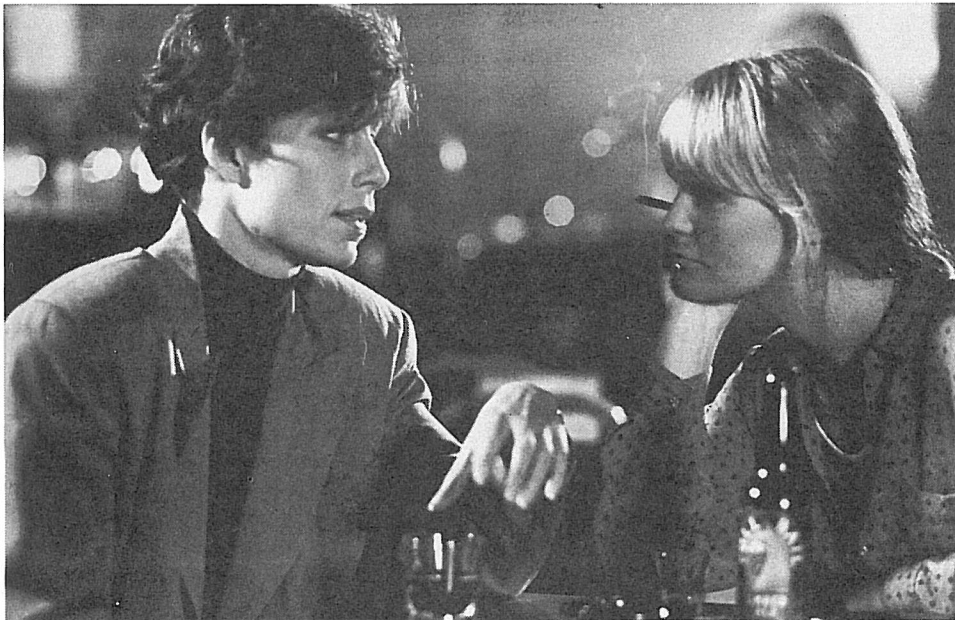
One evening during a communal literary rap session, Noel comes out to the group, and Claire—who spends most of her time in anonymous sexcapades—is obviously intrigued with the revelation. And the dance begins. Slowly the two come together and push apart, metaphorically speaking, as they cope with their fears, their dissimilarities, and their growing attraction for each other. Nicole Conn describes *Claire of the Moon* as "one woman's journey into her sexual identity."

The filmmaker will be at the American Booksellers Association's national conference in Miami May 28—June 1 to sign copies of her book, which was edited by Katherine V. Forrest. Nicole will also be a presenter at the Lambda Literary Awards banquet in Miami on May 28.

The thirty-three-year-old independent filmmaker became disenchanted with the Hollywood process and decided to strike out on her own.

"I just got plain and simply sick of it. I mean, there is so much hurry up and wait," she says. "It's like this other producer I worked with for a long time said, 'It's the fast track to the slow no.' We shot this film and put it in the can for \$180,000 in 35mm, and you have a film that looks like it was made for between \$2 million-\$5 million. You can spend that much on your above-the-line cast alone. I'm the first one, as a writer, who would love to get a million dollars for a script; who wouldn't? But you can do this for less money than what's being done right now. In the filmmaking process as a whole, the studio conglomerates, just like big corporate America, have taken over everything. They have so finely created this film-pumping machine of sequels and garbage that the independent filmmakers are not able to make films, not able to create art in the medium that they've chosen simply because they cannot survive," she laments.

"The industry doesn't quite know what to make of this—or me, either," Nicole continues, laughing. She has many contacts and friends in the Hollywood movie system—including her *Claire* producer Pam Kuri, who has worked on several mainstream films—and the Hollywood grapevine is a lively one. "There are



**Top: 'Claire of the Moon' producer Pam Kuri shares a meaningful moment on the set with writer/director/executive producer Nicole Conn; bottom: Noel (Karen Trumbo) and Claire (Trisha Todd) discover each other and, ultimately, themselves.**

certain split factions of people in the industry who are simply amazed by what we've done, and another faction just waiting for us to fall on our faces. But we're not going to, because the lesbian community is supporting the film."

Since *Claire of the Moon's* world premiere in Portland, Oregon last May, Nicole has been taking hits for the film's politics—or lack thereof—and what some view as excessive drinking and smoking. It's also made a lot of people uncomfortable, particularly with Nicole's position in the film that men and women cannot

achieve true intimacy together.

"I'm sorry, but I really believe that," Nicole says. "Two women, whether they're straight or lesbian—or one's straight and one's a lesbian—can talk the same language, because they're the same species, and I use the term species loosely and broadly. Our bodies function differently. We walk around in different physical vehicles on this planet, and because we do, we have different experiences. Not a judgment, just a reality."

She is amazed and pleased by the impact *Claire of the Moon* is having.

"There are people who have been so touched by this film that it has actually changed their lives," she says. "There are writers who haven't written or songwriters who haven't composed in years. Or people who are compelled to discover their sexuality. There are people who fall in love again with their lesbianism because they haven't seen a love story that's spoken to them until *Claire*."

"When people talk about this film not being political—how about *what film is supposed to do in terms of the impact it has on people?* This film has more impact than a political-statement film for me, because it's touching us at the core of who we are. There isn't anything more vital than your sexuality. I mean, that is your life-giving source. To me, that's what this is about. The reason the film works for me—and the reason I have been able to see it *ad nauseum* during editing and sound mixing and every step of the way—is because Claire's passion is so believably alive," she says. "But the most important thing in my life is artistic integrity. I believe art and sexuality are so intertwined. Those two struggles are tantamount to anybody living a happy life, coming to some sort of resolution for themselves."

Filmmakers always hate to have to trim any footage from a film in progress, and Nicole is no exception.

"I cringed during the first twenty minutes of the film," she says. "It's very difficult to have that vision be so marred by lack of resources. Some of what we had to cut is in *Moments*, which is a warm, funny, poignant, insightful look at the people who turned a fantasy into a reality. That's why it's eighty-five minutes long; there's a whole other movie in there." [*Moments...The Making of Claire of the Moon* is a behind-the-scenes look at how the film was made. It includes many scenes originally cut from the movie, plus bloopers, auditions, and clips from the world premiere and party in Portland.]

Nicole Conn hopes *Claire of the Moon's* bottom line will be in the black so it will make raising money for her next project—*Cynara*, a 1930s period piece—easier. She expects it to have a \$3 million budget.

"*Cynara* will be *Howard's End* meets the *French Lieutenant's Woman*, that kind of thing. It has the same sort of feel," she says. "What matters to me in film is, did you have an emotional experience? Did you take a ride? And when you got off that ride, were you changed when you walked out of the theater? If you were, the film was successful."

Nicole likes to think of herself as the lesbian Frank Capra of the '90s. "What Frank Capra did was deal with reality, even though a lot of it was sappy, sentimental. Who cares? I love it. Every time I see *It's a Wonderful Life* and he's hugging the kid at the end, I lose it. The reason that film works is because it's so real, and it shows the impact people have on other people's lives. For me, that's the bottom line."

Their strategy was to release the film in the secondary markets first to gauge audience reaction. The world premiere was May 28, 1992 in Portland. Festivals have included Toronto, London, and Boston, as well as lesbian/gay film festivals in Tampa, Chicago, and Los Angeles. By June of 1993 it will have played in San Francisco, Berkeley, San Jose, Palo Alto, Chicago, New York, Missoula, Ann Arbor, San Diego, Seattle, Orange County, Long Beach, Milwaukee, Portland, Austin, Provincetown, Petaluma, Birmingham, Kansas City, Sacramento, Reno, Santa Cruz, Tempe, St. Paul, Arcata, Washington DC, Chapel Hill, Cleveland, Madison, Boston, Columbia, Memphis, and Cincinnati.

They're targeting about 120 cities but distribution has been a nightmare. At press time, *Demi-Monde* had signed up for a co-distribution deal with Strand. They intend to run the film in theaters until about the end of July, with the video due for release about mid fall. They wanted to release a longer, more explicit version for the lesbian audience, but costs turned out to be prohibitive.

*Demi-Monde* is the distributor of the *Moments* video, ultimately the movie video, and all the ancillary products (CD, cassette, T-shirt, poster). They can be reached at P.O. Box 1245, Cannon Beach, OR 97110 (503) 436-2054. •

**ABOUT THE WRITER:** *Jan Huston is a senior technical editor by day, freelance writer by night, and former saloon singer.*



## 'CLAIRE OF THE MOON' SOUNDTRACK

Teresa Trull's song "Could It Hurt" was written in only a few days, yet it stole the show in the film's hot dance sequence. The song is presently available only on the soundtrack, though she says she plans to include it on her next album.

"I started to write this song and it started out kind of...nice," Teresa says, "kind of like the Melissa Etheridge song 'I Want You' [originally considered for the film]. As I really got into it, I somehow combined my current life experiences with the movie and this plot. I just got real excited; I felt like I wanted to play it safe, but what I had to do was take the song as far as I wanted it to go. I actually worried that it was going to have too much attitude."

Looking for songwriters to come up with original music for the film, filmmaker Nicole Conn had originally called Wolfe Video, who directed them to Teresa Trull and Tracy Parker.

"They needed it about three days after I got the screenplay," Teresa recalls. "So I read it, and wanted very badly to get a song they liked. There was lots of pressure. It worked out really, really well but I was scared it wouldn't. We did it as economically as possible; basically everything is on computer except for a live bass player and a live guitar player. I did all the backup vocals—I did it a step up so it would trash my voice. I wanted it to really rock."

Teresa says the premiere party was especially fun. "All the actresses told me they really loved it, and some of them got kind of drunk and came up and said, 'That's our song' and they all started dancing. It was great."

It's a good thing Debbie Clemmer works well under pressure, too—otherwise *Claire of the Moon's* soundtrack might have been shy two tunes. "Hush Hush" and "Do You Want My Love" were conjured up almost by magic in response to Nicole Conn's plea for a couple of original songs. *Claire* producer Pam Kuri recommended Debbie for the gig.

"We were one week away from our final mix for the entire soundtrack," explains Pam. "We had been trying to acquire the rights for two 'needle drops' [songs], and we decided we couldn't take the chance on the rights for this music not being finalized. We'd been trying to get them since even before we rolled the camera, which was back in October (1991), so I went to Deb and told her we need two songs and we need them *right now*."

Nicole gave Debbie the gist of the film and left her on her own. "I developed it on my home studio computer and then went into the recording studio," Deb says. "I took the computer parts and reproduced some of the instruments live, like I played the acoustic guitars. The drums were sampled, so they weren't live drums, but the keyboards and all that were live." Besides composing the two songs, Debbie Clemmer played all the instruments and did the backup vocals.

"The songs were a lot of fun to do," says Debbie now, laughing, "but I didn't get a lot of sleep. I literally was on the 210 freeway at like three in the morning, driving a version on DAT of these two songs out to them for their plane ride. But I work the best under stress, and that's definitely what this was. Afterwards, when Nicole said the songs worked and went really well with the film—well, that's when it was a good payoff for me."

As for Tracy Parker's involvement, a "raspy, ass-kicking song" was what Nicole cajoled her into conjuring up, despite Tracy's protestations that she wasn't a songwriter.

Nicole's father had written a song, "Another Place, Another Time," that she wanted performed in the film. After hearing the song and adapting it a bit, Tracy agreed to do it. But that wasn't enough for Nicole. As Tracy recalls it, "She said, 'Do you have anything else that might be appropriate that you've written?' I said, 'Well, no, I don't see myself as a writer.'" Undaunted, Nicole explained she was looking for a blues sort of song to back up a bar scene between Claire and Noel. Tracy pretty much put the whole idea out of her mind until one day, while on vacation, she got to watching the rough cut of the movie.

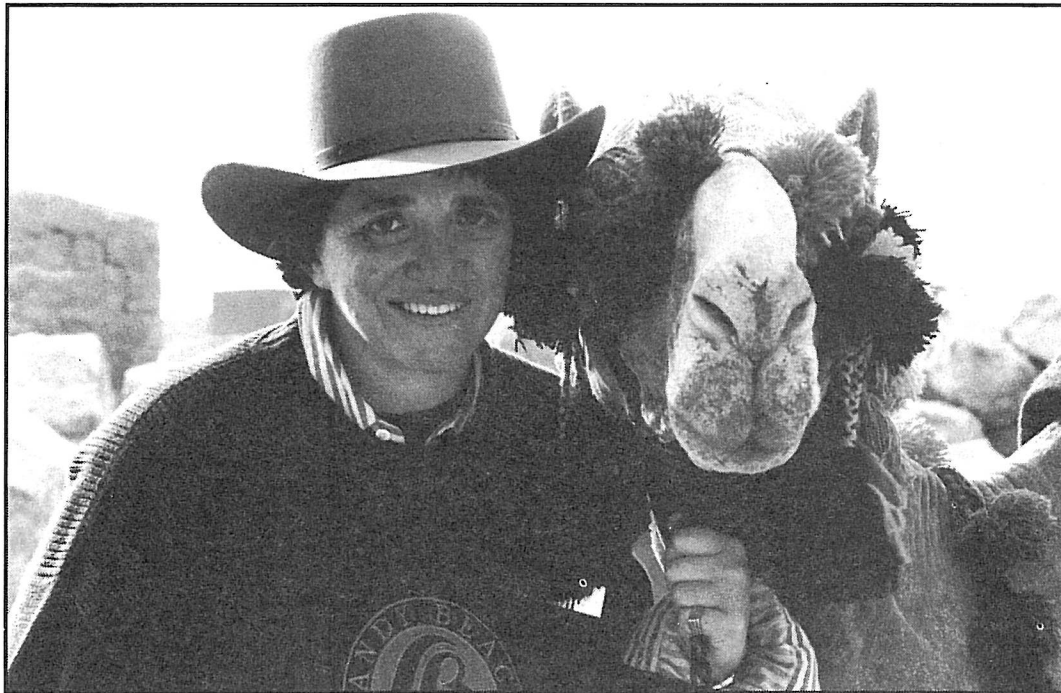
"I studied the scene over and over, and I started to get the sense, the spirit, of what the scene was about. The song just kind of came together as I watched it. I was watching them do the push-pull thing—the approach-avoidance thing—and, you know, everybody can relate to that. And so the more I watched it, I wrote a verse. Then I wrote another verse. Then I wrote this and I wrote that and it was very simple," Tracy says. In fact, "Just Passin' the Time Away" was exactly what she was doing.

The *Claire of the Moon* soundtrack also includes three Chopin tunes played by Nicole's mother, Christa Hoven, who is a former concert pianist. The rest are original songs by Michael Allen Harrison, a well-known Portland musician/composer, who has released six CDs.

—reported by Jan Huston



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# LESBIANS MAKE CARDS

By Dell Richards

Since the mid 1980s—when several lesbians across the country started making and distributing greeting cards—this particular cottage industry has grown by leaps and bounds. Today, lesbian-oriented greeting cards can be found in nearly every festival crafts area and every women's bookstore nationwide. From the beautiful to the bizarre, lesbians are filling a need for cards that represent women's experience and women's culture.

"I felt we had a starving audience," says Cincinnati-based graphic designer Ursula Roma of Little Bear Graphics. "All the cards were straight. I couldn't find cards that related to my issues."

While the need for lesbian cards is obvious, major problems still have to be resolved before women nationwide will have access to the large variety of cards available. The costs of creating high-quality greeting cards (especially photographs) are prohibitive, and distribution is nearly non-existent. As of now, the customer has to be the moving force, asking stores to carry cards, ordering them directly from the creators, or buying them at women's music festivals.

Some of the most sophisticated cards I've seen so far come from three professional photographers: Susan Wilson, Joan Greenfield, and Jan Phillips.

**SUSAN WILSON**—who does album covers and promo photos for performers such as Ferron, Ronnie Gilbert, Kate Clinton, and Lucie Blue Tremblay—started making cards three years ago at the urging of friends who thought they could distribute such an item. Susan's color photos show women in erotic poses with light or water reflecting off bronzed skin, usually including one woman in a humorously erotic pose.

"I knew they had cross-over potential," says Susan, who runs So's Your Sister Graphics in Cambridge, Massachusetts. "I knew the people I had made them for would know who the cards are intended for, but I figured if other people wanted to buy them and give me their money, that would be great, too."

But even with the chance of a mainstream audience, Susan ran into the same problem most card producers have: find-



Etana Finkler

ing a distributor who can get the cards into bookstores nationwide.

"People want to help, but I don't know any distributor who can handle cards," says Susan. "The major problem is convincing the people who own bookstores to buy them. People feel they're hot, but they don't know how to sell something new."

After spending nearly \$10,000 to create seven cards, pushing them seriously and still not getting enough response, Susan decided to take a break. Today, she has some 20,000 cards in stock ("which fills a loft"), and jokes that she hopes to break even in her lifetime.

**JOAN GREENFIELD** ran into the same problem after she created her cards: no major distributor wanted to handle a line that only had a dozen cards. Today, Joan—a California college professor who also publishes books on dentistry—has more than two dozen black and white cards, with more on the way.

In the process of creating three dozen designs, Joan wants to broaden the scope of lesbian images—not only for mainstream America but for lesbians themselves.

"The lesbian community is so diverse, and I wanted to show what we're really like," she says. "Only one part of the community is ever shown, at least in the

mainstream media—the flannel shirt-wearing, stomping dyke or worse, someone with a nail through her nose. While I have nothing against women who are punk or butch, the media uses these images against us. I wanted to make sure there is something else available to us and to them."

First Blush cards generally feature two women in a variety of poses, from dancing and talking to playing footsie and fixing cars. Although Joan has some erotica, her cards tend toward humor and wit; "Bust Dusters," for example, shows a woman with feather duster in hand ready to have a go at the breast of a huge naked marble statue, with a sign that says "No Job Too Big or Too Small."

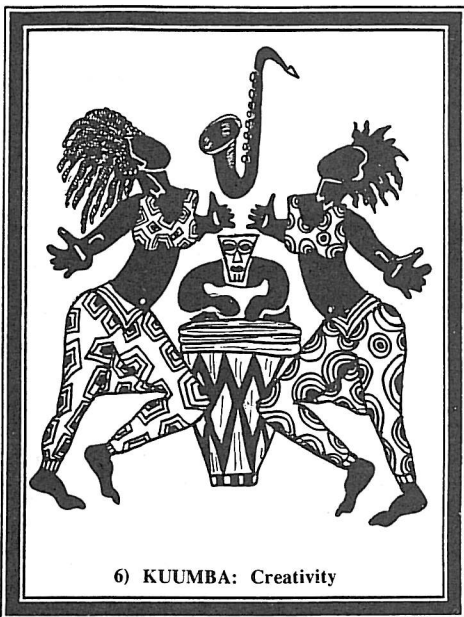
Artist/activist **JAN PHILLIPS** solved the distribution problem by hooking up with Syracuse Cultural Workers, a distribution network that focuses on cultural diversity, peace, and ecological activism. They specialize in posters, buttons, and bumperstickers.

Jan also does slide and video shows that range from "Out and About" (on lesbians) to "Focus on Peace" (which traces images from Hiroshima to the women's fight against nuclear weapons at Greenham Common, England). She currently has three six-packs of cards (in sets called "Woman to Woman," "Sappho," and "Children of the Earth") which feature color photos of women hugging, women in nature, children, and a mother/daughter pair with matching T-shirts at gay pride.

"I'm inspired by work that relates matter to spirit, that transforms a chunk of honest reality into profound possibility by a change of tone or throw of light," she says. "I think art is a critical component to activism. People are moved to action by images that touch a common center. I want to make the invisible visible, to send a current of pride and identity through our individual and collective consciousness." Using this approach, the Syracuse-based activist is now making a profit.

Photo cards aren't the only type of greeting cards available. Cards with drawings are also becoming popular.

The cartoonist **LAURA "LUCKY" BAKER** offers eight "Juicy Fruit" cards,



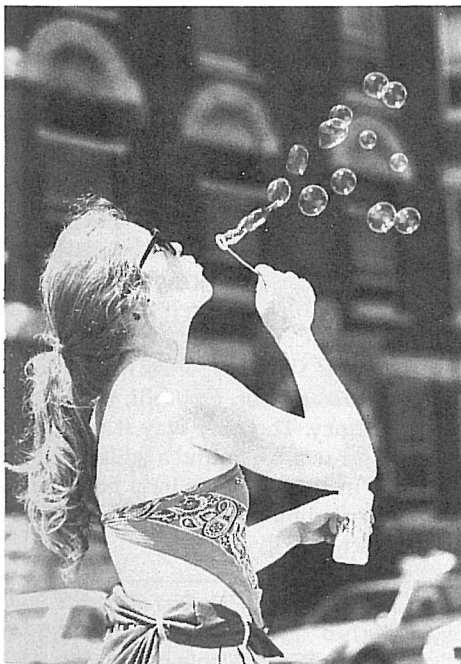
6) KUUMBA: Creativity

Laura Irene Wayne

ranging from those for birthdays ("I think it should be called a *Rebirthday* cake") to jokes on the intricacies of lesbian courtship.

"I think it's the everyday things that really invalidate us," says Laura, who lives in Missouri and worked as a greeting card designer for a major company before she started making her own. "When we see these cards, we know what this is about. We nudge each other and get the inside joke because we know that this is who we are."

Although Laura hopes to see Hallmark cards carry a lesbian line someday, she isn't holding her breath. In the meantime, she's going to continue to create



Jorjet Harper

black-white-and-hot-pink cards that are "100 percent juicier than regular cards."

Cartoons on cards are also the specialty of ALISON BECHDEL, creator of the "Dykes To Watch Out For" cartoon strip, which is currently carried in more than forty publications. A veritable factory, Vermont-based Alison has a complete line of merchandise featuring Mo, Harriet, Toni, Clarice, and Lois, from cards and calendars to posters, T-shirts, mugs, and buttons.

With more than a dozen post cards, greeting cards, solstice/winter cards, and erotic sketch cards, Alison has one of the largest selections of cards available.

Alison Bechdel started drawing her now famous dykes in letters to a friend in the early 1980s. Her characters (and their

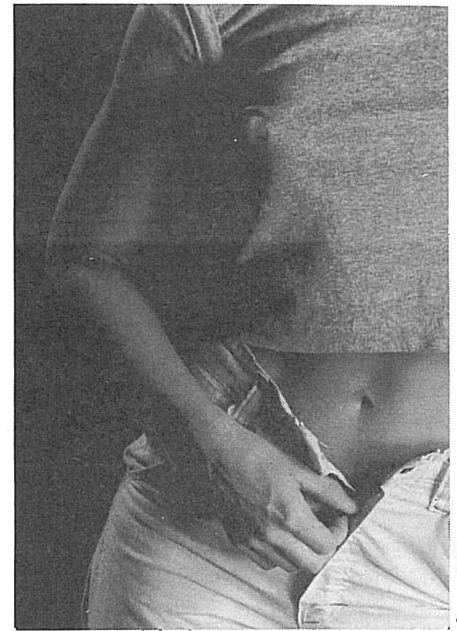


Inside: Lesbians are the only ones who really mean that.

ongoing sagas) are perhaps as real as it gets in cartoonland. The "Fab Five" try to be themselves while also being fair to each other and to their political, spiritual, and recreational convictions—not exactly an easy combination.

On the cards, new and old friends continue the ever confusing life of being modern lesbians. "Chainsaw," for example, shows a "typical lesbian Christmas dinner" with the words "Cora was so delighted with her new chainsaw that she had to be physically restrained from using it to carve the tofu."

LAURA IRENE WAYNE, with more than 100 cards, posters, and shirts in her "Womyn Work" catalog, has by far the largest line of cards available. Using mail-



Susan Wilson

ing lists for mail-order and her sisters for distributors, Laura has created cards featuring women of color since 1983. An African American painter, poet, writer, and illustrator of children's books, Laura won the Pat Parker Memorial Poetry Contest in 1991 and has been exhibiting her work both nationally and internationally for more than a decade.

The black-and-white drawings show women working, dancing, celebrating, and being with children. They also draw on historic feminist roots with cards of heroines such as Rosa Parks, Sojourner Truth, and Nefertiti.

"The cards not only represent me,



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*\$1.25/issue, \$5/year...member-supported newsletter with samples of artwork...many of the cartoonists featured have greeting card/postcard businesses not mentioned in this article.*

they also give my other sisters positive images of culture and history," says the designer. "They help us build our lives and knock out stereotypes." Unlike most of the other cards, few of Laura's images show facial features. She has chosen to deliberately represent women without individual characteristics. "To avoid perpetuating stereotypes, the blank face is a mirror reflecting the viewer's own beauty," she says.

With almost eighty different drawings, URSULA ROMA also has a wide selection of postcards to offer, in addition to a dozen holiday-design greeting cards. Like many other artists, Ursula relies on humor and puns for the black-and-white images. "They exchanged vowels," for instance, plays on the exchange of vows; "Butch or femme" has a very butch-looking cartoon figure trying to decide which side of the fence she belongs on with her spikey hair and shorts, dangling earrings, and daisy-print shirt.

Started in 1986, Ursula's Little Bear Graphics postcards currently are carried in almost two dozen bookstores nationwide, and she recently began selling them at women's festivals. The price of her cards makes them particularly attractive: postcards ordered directly from her sell for 40¢, and holiday cards are only 75¢.

ETANA FINKLER not only sells cards at festivals but has actually created a line of festival cards done in watercolors. The nine cards, which she color copies and then assembles by hand, show women at the crafts fair, in the swimming pool, and getting a haircut. Etana says she chose women's festivals as a theme because they were the only places she could find the colorfulness she saw around the world when she came back to America.

"When I traveled, I saw and fell in love with earth cultures, with simple, colorful, peasant cultures," she says. "When I came home, everything was putty-colored, like the color of computers. I think festivals are the most colorful, most alive places in America." The Maryland resident has a line of cards which reflect her four-and-a-half-year trek around the world. They have women in market scenes, and rural women working in countries like Guatemala and India. She also does floral and landscape works, all of which are distributed by her Starcatcher Graphics business.

While the graphic artist and painter had hoped to sell the cards mostly at festivals, Etana realized that most lesbians do not attend music festivals, even though the gatherings draw enormous numbers

each year. "So many women are not a part of the festival culture," she says. Despite the fact that she hasn't yet broken even, she's not giving up. She hopes to find someone to buy and mass produce the cards eventually to reach a broader audience.

New to the market—but not to be outdone—cartoon character Hothead Paisan: Homicidal Lesbian Terrorist (of the 'zine scene) recently joined the postcard and T-shirt realm. Writer/illustrator DIANE DiMASSA and her publishing partner Stacy Sheehan formed Giant Ass Publishing and started putting out a quarterly comic 'zine in 1991. Hothead's wild world view hasn't stopped since.

Using Diane's nickname combined with the Italian for "homegirl," Hothead Paisan sports an impressive array of weaponry with which to make the cartoon world safe for lesbians and cats. A typical frame features Hothead with shotgun strapped across her back telling her cat (Chicken) that she's "going out to clear a space in society for you and me!"

Chicago's JORJET HARPER is perhaps representative of the many women nationwide who are creating cards to sell in their local bookstores only, who do it for the fun of it and have no major plans to make it big in the greeting card field.

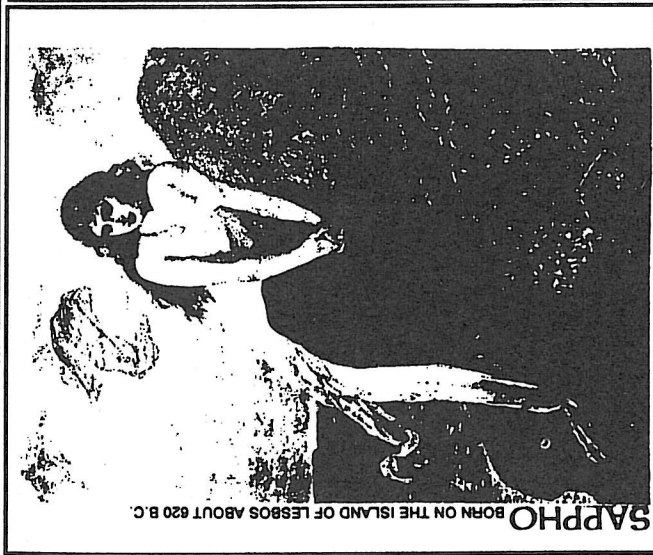
A journalist whose humor column *Lesbomania* is carried regularly by several publications and whose articles appear in more than thirty gay and lesbian newspapers nationwide, Jorjet says that she thought the cards would be a nice supplement to her lesbian refrigerator-magnet business and her goddess Christmas tree ornaments.

Hand-made and hand-tinted, with an actual photograph on each card, Jorjet admits they're an expensive hobby. To date, she has four black-and-white cards, two of which are copper-toned, showing women looking at pottery or blowing bubbles at Pride parades; she markets them at Women and Children First bookstore in Chicago. She is considering making cards for lesbian holidays such as Halloween and National Coming Out Day.

Despite the number of women producing cards for fun or profit, the field is in its infancy. The only way it will grow enough for women to find a wide selection of cards in stock at their local bookstores, is if more and more women demand cards that reflect their lives. •

**ABOUT THE WRITER:** Dell Richards is a syndicated journalist whose book *'Lesbian Lists'* is available nationwide.

Items 6-17 are available in T-SHIRTS & TANKS 100% heavy cotton, white, M, L, XL \$13.95 ea. add \$3.00 ea. for XXL; SWEATSHIRTS heavy 50/50 blend, white, M, L, XL \$21.00 ea. add \$4.00 ea. for XXL



6. SAPPHO

**MARCH ON  
WASHINGTON  
APRIL 25, 1993**

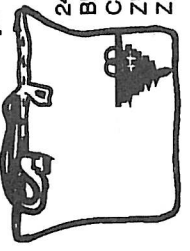
12. WASHINGTON

**ITEMS 18-27 HAVE WOMEN'S  
TRIANGLE PRINT**

18. BIKINI PANTIES  
WHITE



100% COTTON  
SIZES-5,6,7,8  
\$6.00 ea.  
3 pack-\$15.00  
[SAME SIZE]



24. TOTE, extra large,  
BLACK, 100%  
COTTON CANVAS  
ZIP TOP & INSIDE  
ZIP POCKET. \$12.00 ea.



7. SUNSET WOMEN  
Dedicated to our friends in KEY WEST

11. I AM ONE

© 1992 SCREEN CREATIONS

*Our First Lady*  
**HILLARY  
RODHAM  
CLINTON**

13. HILLARY

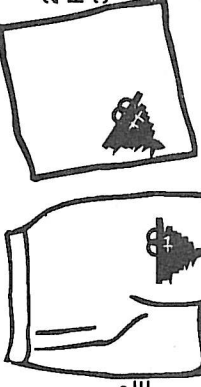
**I KNOW  
YOU KNOW**

14. I KNOW

© 1992 SCREEN CREATIONS

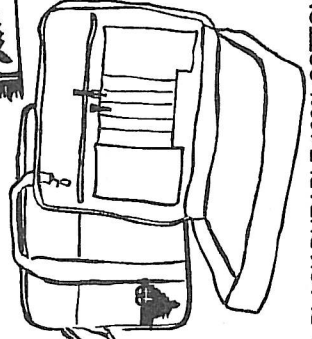
9. WOMEN'S  
TRIANGLE  
15. PRIDE  
TRIANGLE  
Games 94  
17. GAMES 94

9, 15, 16, 17 are left chest prints

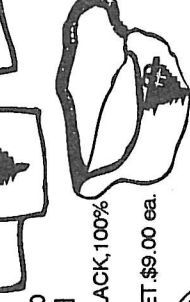


20. BANDANA  
PURPLE \$4.00 ea.  
3 pack \$10.00

21. SPORT TOWEL  
WHITE \$8.00 ea.



26. BRIEFBAG, BLACK DURABLE 100% COTTON  
CANVAS, LOTS OF POCKETS, KEY RING, UMBRELLA HOLDER,  
ADJ. DETACHABLE SHOULDER STRAP. \$30.00 ea.



25. FANNY PACK, BLACK, 100%  
COTTON CANVAS,  
HIDDEN ZIP POCKET, \$9.00 ea.

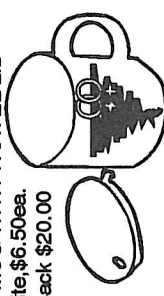


27. BACKPACK, BLACK,  
100% COTTON CANVAS,  
OUTSIDE ZIP POCKET &  
HEAVY DUTY BACK STRAPS.  
\$15.00 ea.



10. DOROTHY

23. MUG WITH TRAVEL LID  
white, \$6.50 ea.  
4-pack \$20.00



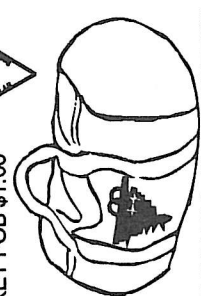
28. LITTLE  
PINK  
ADDRESS  
BOOK  
\$2.50 ea.



29. PINK TRIANGLE  
PIN \$1.00 ea.



30. PINK TRIANGLE  
KEY FOB \$1.00



22. SPORT BAG, BLACK COTTON  
CANVAS, ADJ. STRAP, \$12.00 ea.

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# TOGETHER, PROUD & STRONG

## THE MAKING OF THE MARCH ON WASHINGTON ANTHEM

By Jorjet Harper

Today is National Coming Out Day 1992. A cool, fresh breeze is coming up from Lake Michigan. More than a dozen lesbians are converging, on this sunny but brisk October afternoon, on a Chicago recording studio. It feels extremely appropriate; we are here to record our portion of the official anthem of the 1993 March on Washington for Lesbian, Gay, and Bi Equal Rights and Liberation.

The song we are recording, written by Lynn Thomas, is called "Together, Proud & Strong." This is the last large-group recording session scheduled for the anthem project. For four months, Lynn has been recording the song in locations across the U.S., including Pennsylvania, California, Chicago, and Seattle. When all the tracks from these various sessions are mixed together, the March on Washington anthem will end up with a total of sixty-three voices on it. [Hear the final mix on the soundsheet in this issue.]

On Saturday before the recording, the singers in our Chicago group have had a jovial rehearsal at "Anthem Central"—the residence of Toni Armstrong Jr. and Sara Wolfersberger (also home of the *HOT WIRE* office). Out-of-town singers, including Pam Hall (Mississippi), Jess Hawk Oakenstar (Arizona), Ruth Simkin (Canada), Edith Millikan (Indiana), and Nedra Johnson (New York City) have flown or driven in just for the session.

As the last group to record, we get a special treat: we watch videotapes of the previous sessions. In addition to helping us learn the song, the videos underline for us the huge scope of this recording project. Dozens of familiar faces appear on the TV screen [see sidebar], and we get the feeling that we're all doing this together.

I am especially thrilled to see Gwen Avery singing in the Berkeley session—she's a vibrant, powerful singer who was well-known in the early days of women's music, but who has not been on the women's circuit for a number of years now.

On Sunday, we're gathered at Chicago Trax on Halsted Street in the middle of Chicago's gay neighborhood, Newtown. Since the studio is too small for all of us to cram into at once, Lynn divides us into



The recording of the anthem for the 1993 March on Washington for Lesbian, Gay, and Bi Equal Rights was done over the course of four months in six cities, sung by sixty-three voices. (Pictured: Margie Adam and Gwen Avery, Berkeley session.)

two groups. While the first is recording, the second group gives visual encouragement as we watch and listen from the sound booth where Lynn is conducting.

The feeling that we are not just recording a song but doing something of historical importance crackles in the air. Recording assistant Marcy J. Hochberg, photographer and writer for *Outlines* newspaper and *HOT WIRE*, takes photos. Leda Shakti glides around with her video camera in the studio and behind the scenes, capturing the event on video as she has done in the other cities.

After each group has sung, Lynn records the fabulous-voiced Seraiah Carol on her own track, so she can improvise and belt out her own harmonies. We all watch, holding our breath, crowded into the sound booth as Seraiah, alone now in the studio, sings her heart out. When she finishes: a spontaneous burst of applause.

After the session, we reconvene at Lake Michigan. More photos; a late-afternoon picnic by the seawall, as the sun fades and whitecaps collide against the rocks. Then it's back to "Anthem Central"

for a chat by the fireplace, a quick listen to Nedra's new demo, and one last chance to connect before some of us have to fly back to various destinations. Leaving feels almost like saying goodbye to friends I've met at a women's festival.

"Looking back on it, that weekend was one of the highlights of my year," I tell Ruth Simkin during a long-distance phone call months later. "I feel the same way," she says.

### A SONG IS BORN

The idea for "Together, Proud & Strong" was conceived by thirty-three-year-old pianist/singer-songwriter Lynn Thomas, who has become a familiar face on the women's festival circuit, and Pat Hussain, a member of the executive steering committee for the 1993 March.

The two met at the Gulf Coast Festival in April 1992. Lynn had been commissioned by the festival to write an awards presentation song for their annual Sue Fink Award, and at that same festival she performed yet another anthem—an internationally award-winning song she had written for children.

"I was at the Gulf Coast Festival to talk about the march," Pat recalls, "and Lynn was there to perform. We were talking, and she said, 'You know, I'd like to do something for the march. What can I do?' And I quite innocently said, 'Why don't you write us a song? We identify with all kinds of songs, but we've never had a song that was ours—just ours!' And she said, 'Oh. Okay.' She called me three or four months later and said, 'The song's almost finished.' You could have knocked me over with a feather!"

Pat was very impressed with the song Lynn had written. "We had talked about why we were marching; I listened to the words, and the answer to that really struck home. It seemed like the whole concept behind it was unity, bringing our community together," she says.

When Lynn got the green light from the march's executive committee, she began calling other musicians, telling them about the song. Perhaps the most remarkable thing about the anthem project is this inclusive scope of the recording. Not only did Lynn write the song, but she envisioned the plan to record it in sessions around the country, so as many women's music and gay singers as possible could lend their voices to the final product.

Lynn did all the song's instrumentation on a MIDI keyboard in her home mini-studio. Since it was all computerized, she could then take it to the various

recording studios and just pop it into the soundboard. In the meantime, recording sessions were set up in different parts of the country. Individual sessions were also arranged for Holly Near and the Washington Sisters, who were unable to fit any of the group sessions into their schedules.

• • •

The first session was recorded in mid July at a Pennsylvania studio near Lynn and Leda's home. "We had a whole lot of people—kind of a mini-festival—at our house, and we worked at the studio where I normally work," says Lynn. "We got the first twenty-eight voices on tape by the end of that weekend."

Women's music scholar Bonnie Morris was at the Pennsylvania session. "I was one of the very first voices on the very first track. Leah Zicari, Laura Berkson, and I were the first three in the studio. We were the ground-breaking loudmouths," she quips. She was tickled by the fact that many famous performers all over the country were going to have to match themselves to these first voices. "By the time it got to Holly Near matching her voice to us, my head was too big to get through the door. These were people I had listened to when I was younger, and now I was part of a project with them. Wow."

At Lynn's farmhouse that weekend, as in Chicago, there was one day for rehearsal and one for recording.

Suede drove in from Baltimore to be

part of that first session. She, too, was impressed by the project and the process of it. "Seeing such a variety of performers with different styles and political perspectives together, in all our diversity, to create such an incredible piece of music, I got a tremendous sense of what's possible," Suede says. And from a technical standpoint, knowing the anthem would be pulled together into one final mix from recordings all over the country, she says she got "such a feeling of how small and how huge we are all at the same time."

Naturally, there was a celebration after the project was launched. "We had a really great party after we did that first recording," Bonnie reminisces. "We all sat around and had a big jam session in our pajamas and stayed up all night. It really was a mini-festival; there was so much energy under one roof. I was thrilled to be a part of this."

That evening, women who would be participating in later sessions, including June Millington, Toni Jr., and the Washington Sisters, phoned in from all over the U.S. to see how the first session had gone. "We were playing the hot-off-the-reel sample from that afternoon over a tiny little tape player into the phone," Bonnie reports. "Lynn's car had the best working stereo system, so she played the tape for Toni Jr. while sitting in the car, with the phone extension going from Lynn's house to the front seat."

## TOGETHER, PROUD & STRONG

written/arranged by Lynn Thomas

*We're not askin' for special favors,  
We're not lookin' for more than we've  
Been guaranteed by this great nation.  
We have the right to be free.*

**Chorus:**  
*Together, proud and strong we stand—  
Hearts united across the land.  
We are Gay, Bi and Lesbian  
And we won't go away,  
back off, pretend.  
We are marching for our lives, you see,  
'Cause no one's free until everyone is,  
No one's free until everyone is free.*

*See us: sisters and brothers,  
Hear our voices crying in harmony,  
And echoing one burning passion  
For justice and liberty.  
(Chorus)*

*Though they've tried to deny us,  
It has served to unite us,  
It's a common pain that we bear.  
Undivided by race, gender, or class,  
We're taking our place  
And remembering our past—  
(Chorus)*

© 1992 Shock T Music (ASCAP).  
Cassingle available: vocal version on A  
side, instrumental tracks only on B side.  
Lynn Thomas, Shock T Music, P.O. Box  
54, Parkasie, PA 18944. (215) 795-0615.



Marcy J. Hochberg

Women traveled to Chicago from six far-flung locations to participate (on National Coming Out Day 1992) in the Chicago recording session. Hundreds of thousands are expected to converge on Washington, D.C. in April for the march and related activities. (Pictured, from left: Executive producer Ruth Simkin, Edith Millikan, Nedra Johnson, Toni Armstrong Jr., Jess Hawk Oakenstar, Paula Berg, Sara Wolfersberger [kneeling], Pam Hall [tallest, in back], Seraiah Carol, Val Jones, Jorjet Harper, composer Lynn Thomas, and videographer Leda Shakti.)

## THE ANTHEM PERFORMERS

Anthony Tricano • Bonnie Morris  
Brian R. Marks • Carlos Roman  
Carole and Bren • Cheryl A. Cabre  
DESTINY (Diana L. Biting, Mary Abt  
& Mary Jo Paranzino) • Diane  
Lindsay • Donald. Horton • Elaine Eib  
Edith Millikan • Frank Roccasanto  
Gwen Avery • Holly Near • Jenna  
Mamma • Jessie Cocks • Jamie  
Anderson • Jess Hawk Oakenstar  
Jorjet Harper • June Millington  
Laura Berkson • Leah Zicari • Lisa  
Mamma • Lynn Vidal • Lynn  
Thomas • Margie Adam • Maria BB  
Mattie A. Weaver • Matthew Sitzer  
M.A. White • Michael Arnold • Nedra  
Johnson • Pam Hall • Paul Phillips  
Paula Berg • Penny Russell • Reed  
Williams • Ron Romanovsky • Ruth  
Simkin • Sara Wolfersberger  
Seraiah Carol • Shekinah Rae  
Suede • Susan Herrick • Ted Fox  
Toni Armstrong Jr. • Toni Salisbury  
Tracy Drach • Ubaka Hill (D'Jembe)  
The Washington Sisters (Sandra  
& Sharon) • Valerie Jones-Carol  
Venus Envy (Lisa Koch, Laura Love,  
Linda Shierman & Linda Severt)  
Wild Hearts (Libby McLaren,  
Nancy Vogl & Robin Flower)  
• Sue Fink (rehearsal only) •

•••

August 20, 1992. The scene: Fantasy Studios. The Berkeley session was equally high-energy, according to June Millington. Gathered was a colorful, fun, and very accomplished group of "gay, bi, and lesbian" women and men, where only a few hours earlier Margie Adam had been rehearsing for background vocal sessions on her own still-in-progress new album. Sue Fink livened up the rehearsal, but was called away for an emergency before the tracks were laid down. Videographer B.S. Bull cruised the room; recording engineer Leslie Ann Jones took a few hours off from working on Margie's album and negotiated a reduced fee with the studio.

"The room was bubbling with energy," says June. "There was a lot of good-natured poking and ribbing, many hellos... much like a reunion, which in fact it was. Many of us hadn't seen each other in years, like Margie and Gwen for example."

According to June, the Bay Area participants had only heard the melody prior to the session. "Lynn and Diane [Lindsay] had written harmonies and one counterpoint line in Los Angeles, which they hoped we would sight read. Some—like Robin, Libby, and Nancy of Wild Hearts—actually could, and did. Others faked it with great gusto!" June says, with her characteristic good humor.

"Also, we were asked to improvise and 'fill in the holes' where appropriate. This part really came together with the arrival of Gwen Avery; it takes someone with her awesome talent to deliver that type of part. That's why, with Lynn's permission, I specifically asked Gwen to participate, so she could sing a soaring gospel part, in the call-and-response tradition, over the group vocal."

Gwen made a brief yet lasting splash with her classic "Sugar Mama" on the Olivia album *Lesbian Concentrate* in the late 1970s. Now she's back, and June says plans are underway for the release of an album, made in collaboration with the Institute for the Musical Arts (IMA). Recorded live during a spring 1992 performance, at press time the project was tentatively titled *Gwen Avery & Members of the Tribe*.

"Gwen took us from the frying pan into the fire, and the rest of the session sizzled," says June. "We had an excellent time working on our parts, and the day showed just what men and women in perfect harmony can do together. It was synergistic, inspired, and divinely humorous—a total joy for participants and spectators alike. The whole session made one proud to be a human being, and acutely aware of

the specialness of being in the room in those moments. The care and planning of Ruth Simkin, Lynn Thomas, Leslie Ann Jones, and IMA was evident in the results: everyone had a wonderful time, and Lynn flew off with the master tape and a huge smile, ready for the next sessions."

•••

In Seattle, how could it be anything but fun when the stars were the women of *Venus Envy*? As Lisa Koch tells it, the recording date was scheduled on the very day she was supposed to be returning from the Michigan festival.

"I called Lynn and begged her to change the day," says Lisa. "I thought being in it would be such a cool thing to do; the project sounded great, and I really wanted to be a part of it. She had already booked the studio for that one day, so Laura [Love] and Linda [Severt] went ahead as planned. Lynn added a day just to accommodate me, which was a beautiful thing, so Linda [Schierman] and I did day two. Lynn Thomas is going to get money—perhaps even my bad furniture—when I leave this earth. She's such a good, beautiful person."

•••

The project's executive director, Ruth Simkin, flew to Chicago from Vancouver, and had a great weekend. "It was a blast. Absolutely. Just being with all the women, laughing and having fun and creating something. It was so easy to be together and rehearse and sing," she says. "What I really liked about it was how everybody came together and produced something we're all going to be proud of for a really long time. I'm extremely proud to be associated with it."

Toni Jr. agrees. "It was an amazing gathering of national talent. In the early days of women's music, the scale was so much smaller, you knew almost everyone. Now—with literally hundreds of performers and a couple dozen festivals—things are less personal. Not surprisingly, people are often more focused on their individual careers than on community-building projects. I imagine this has 'We Are the World'-style appeal to many of the singers and other participants *as well as* to the people who ultimately will be watching the edited video. Though in different cities, we captured a unique moment in time—forever and ever, this is 'our' song. The other people on it are very special to me," she says.

"The lyrics are all about true unity, standing together shoulder to shoulder for our common cause—working together despite gender, racial, and class differ-

ences," she continues. "The women's music and culture community sure isn't perfect, but for twenty years we've tried *so hard* to identify and correct those very issues. When you see the video, look at the mix of folks; it was great to work in a project where the finished product reflects at least some of the diversity of the world and our community," she says.

"This project makes it clear that we really are a *we*. There's precious little true unity in this world. I find the project inspiring as well as emotionally moving. I often put the cassette on now to get me going when I have to do *HOT WIRE* work. Labryses off to Lynn and Ruth for their determination and ability to pull off a project that has such magnificent vision and scope."

•••

Lynn wrote the anthem in the same way she goes about writing other songs: "I start with a complex concept, then I try to distill it. The first idea was unity, to try to show our strength. And I didn't want it to be an 'in your face' kind of thing," she says. "I wanted it to be positive, since it's going to be presented to the world community as representing us." Lynn says she didn't want the song to be a lashing out, or to dwell on anything that was negative about the problems of gay men and lesbians. She *did*, however, want to get in a few particular ideas, like the opening line: "we're not asking for special favors."

"According to our Constitution, basic rights are due to us as citizens of this country," she asserts. "And I wanted the song to be full of pride, to show that we're not ashamed of who we are, and we don't think we should be. We're very proud people—a talented and creative and dynamic group," she says.

Most of the singers who appear on the tape of "Together, Proud & Strong" are women, and Lynn feels comfortable about this. "I don't particularly mind that there's a predominance of women on it; I think there's often a predominance of men in things, and there's nothing wrong, every now and then, with having it the other way. Anyway, there's a much larger number of women that are performing lesbian

*Continued on page 62*

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**ABOUT THE WRITER:** *Jorjet Harper is a jeweler, photographer, and musician as well as a novelist and journalist. Her 'Lesbo-mania' column is syndicated nationally. Thanks to Sara Wolfersberger, June Millington, and Toni Jr. for extra reporting and editorial suggestions.*





Marcy J. Hochberg

Barb Galloway (far left) in her gum-smacking Patti O'Furniture persona, circa 1986. Patti O's talk on keeping girlfriends: "You snooze, you lose."

## LIFE WITH BARB *from 21*

have never felt the desire to change that part of her. There were some adjustments initially because we are very different—I'm actually more like Patti O, only I don't chew gum. I suppose much of my attraction to Barb is/was interwoven in the artistic creativity that flows through her music. I understand that others may be attracted to her, too. I expect that, but we have complete trust and are concentrating on performance quality. So in the flirting department, we're probably pretty boring!

We did work out some compromises in the relationship: no music when *Star Trek* is on TV; Barb doesn't sleep with the guitar in bed or the headphones on; and we never end the evening on a sour "note." We don't go to sleep angry, even if that means no sleep. We work hard to talk about issues that may come up, and this works well for us.

If this article sounds like the author is dopey in love with Barb Galloway, then that would be very much true. We have shared births, deaths, debts, treasures, music, and most of all love in the last few years together. We look toward the future—sometimes a bit concerned, but always together. •

WHENEVER  
POSSIBLE, BUY  
FROM WOMEN

## BARB'S TRAVELS *from 21*

We set out across the Arabian Sea. The water was like a mirror as far as the eye could see, and the weather was *hot*. After several minutes, we approached our destination, a navy ship. The hilo landed on the deck and the band was escorted to our quarters.

Those ships are immense! I could not feel the ocean currents or movement until the ship itself began moving. I thought of underwater mines that would "blow us to Toledo," torpedos, missiles—all those war toys—and wondered what I was doing there. At least I was physically all right, free from motion sickness, and enjoying the adventure while learning a great deal.

We went from ship to ship via hilo, but it never occurred to me that the hilo might not be able to land on some ships—that we would have to be lowered down to the deck by a harness. Sure enough, that happened. Our drummer Tammy tried it first. She raised her arms while the loop of yellow canvas was strapped around her chest and fastened together with two big iron hooks. She was told to cross her arms over the strap and hold on. "Step out of the hilo into the air," the co-pilot directed. Out and down Tammy went. I watched two other band members disappear from sight. My stomach churned away. What if the hooks slipped and the strap came loose? What if...? What if...?! *My turn!*

I looked out, clutching the strap with my hands and my elbows. I could not step off, and that long drop started to grow. Suddenly, before I realized it, I was

pushed out. The strap wrenched my ribs and upper spine. I closed my eyes and then suddenly felt surface under my shoes. *The deck!* My back was a bit wrenched, but salvageable. Whew!

We stayed on this ship a little longer than the others. Other ships pulled alongside, and we performed our two-hour show for the officers and military crew of all three ships. Our music was heard floating over the Arabian Sea that night.

After a long, somewhat sleepless night—the ship was on alert due to the uprisings in the Iranian Gulf—we had our breakfast with the officers, said our farewells and blessings, and prepared for the departure back to land. Well, what comes down must go up. Our brave drummer elected to go first again. The hilo, whirling in a massive roar, lowered what looked like an evil yellow snake, to which Tammy was wrapped and hooked. The hilo lifted her off the deck about fifty feet and swung her out above what I surmised were shark-infested waters. It seemed like time went ever so slowly before Tammy was finally back in the aircraft.

The yellow snake wrapped itself around each band member one by one. *My turn* again. Before I knew it, I was dangling what seemed like a mile above the vast body of water. I was tugged, pulled swinging in the air like a "catch of the day." All I could see was the ship in the distance and the sea far below. Suddenly, I was within arm's length of the opening in the hilo. Finally, I was dumped onto the floor. "Stay down on the floor," ordered the co-pilot. "We'll take the strap off, then you crawl to the back of the chopper and strap yourself in. Put on the headgear and life jacket." No problem.

From there we flew the "lizards" to other locales, including the Philippines, Guam, Johnston Island, and Hawaii. From those beautiful islands we traveled in a commercial airplane back home to Sacramento, California.

I counted thirty-two hilo flights, hilos and lizards combined. I never lost my cookies, though I was prepared. If I am ever asked to go on another overseas tour, I will respond quickly with a "you bet!" •

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MUSICIANS

# MY TWENTY-FOOT DROP TO FREEDOM

By Seraiah Carol

In August of 1990, while flying from Los Angeles to Chicago, my life took a radical turn in a new direction.

I was heading back home after having spent a week with yet another disappointing, sex-seeking mainstream music producer. I was angry with myself for trying to fit into stereotyped sex roles, and even angrier with him: the cheapskate had bought me a return ticket that required me to catch a tiny aircraft—with less than two dozen seats—out of Indianapolis. (I would have felt safer on a flying carpet!)

Halfway to Chicago, the plane went through an electrical rainstorm. Without any warning, the plane suddenly dropped twenty feet. Instantly my body lifted, restrained only by my seat belt. Everything that wasn't bolted down was suddenly hurtling towards the ceiling.

I was calm—I love roller coasters and I have no fear of dying—but my mind had been jolted. I suddenly realized that if we didn't make it, I would die without reaching my full potential as an artist.

Performing is nothing new for me. For the last twenty years, I've been doing professional theater. I attended Northern Illinois University and later transferred to the Goodman School of Drama in Chicago. While I was a student there, I won a part in Steven Schwartz's production of *Godspell* at the Studebaker Theater. (I was featured in the song "By My Side," playing the role of Mary Magdalene for a year.) Before my final year at the Goodman, I was offered a role in *Don't Bother Me I Can't Cope* with Nell Carter.

When this show closed, I packed my bags and hauled myself off to New York City in a Ryder truck. I was in several productions there, ranging from *Ain't Misbehavin'* and *Porgy & Bess* to *General Hospital*. My theatrical career has so far taken me to six countries and more than forty states over the years.

A little later on, I decided it was time to pursue a recording career. When I was a teenager I had gone through the first door that opened—theater. But I've always loved music, and decided it was time to sing full-time (with some acting to supplement my income, if need be). I moved to



Toni Armstrong Jr.

**Seraiah Carol: "Singing at Michigan 1992 was my step through the storm...I want to do my part in keeping and expanding safe environments for lesbians and gays everywhere." (Pictured during her debut performance on the Michigan Day Stage.)**

L.A. and was able to generate a reasonable amount of professional interest, but I quickly learned that the hetero-male producer wasn't always about business first. Most were looking for a girlfriend on the side, or someone to have their baby. (All this for a major recording contract.)

During my search for this "perfect connection" I was coming out as a lesbian. Finally, I thought, people will know why I've never had a romantic relationship (i.e., boyfriend). I was booked at the '87 Long Beach Pride Festival and experienced a wonderful homecoming. Until then, I'd been turning down gay music jobs because I'd been "protecting" my career, waiting for that "miracle gig" that would send my singing or acting career soaring nationally. (Also, it's another long story, but at one point I almost became an ordained traditional minister!) Anyway, I had been advised that taking gay gigs would hinder my chances of getting a mainstream music deal; I was told I would be labeled a lesbian, whether I was or wasn't, because of association.

Producers in the male-dominated music business just aren't that open to being with women they can't have, sexually speaking. That's been the traditional bottom line in mainstream music: the artist has to be desirable to the opposite sex, and if word gets out that you're gay, the straight audience members will stop thinking of you as their idol (or sex goddess). For so long I had accommodated this homophobia, forgetting the fact that I, as the artist, am the commodity. *I'm* the one with the gifts that create the career.

That dramatic plane ride in 1990 was a turning point in my life. I decided right then and there that if the plane landed safely, I would sing and dramatize *wherever* I was wanted. Needless to say, the pilot recovered the plane (with the help of my angels!), and luckily no one was injured. I landed at Midway Airport with a new attitude and direction.

By the time I left the airport, I vowed to find out about the women's music circuit. I had done a few openly gay jobs by then, but I decided I would actively

seek out singing in my own communities: *lesbian, gay, and colored*. For so long I had been saying "no" to my own, even though I knew I was missing a good time, a great morale booster, and friendships.

I decided in 1990 that the most important thing was for me to be happy and comfortable. I knew I wanted to experience all that's good and positive. It's essential for me to sing and never deny a song—especially the songs that I've been given in order to put joy back into souls.

I had confidence that I would be able to make a comfortable living as an out lesbian. My own community is big enough for me, and if the rest of the world wants in on this joy, then I'll let them in. Accepting myself means I'm accepted by others; I won't be expected to pretend any more. I might not make \$42 million a year, but then I'm not the type of person who would miss that.

I'm really a private person who loves wide open spaces. That's part of the reason I fell in love with the first women's music festival I attended: the 1991 Michigan Womyn's Music Festival. One year after that fateful plane ride, I was camping and experiencing an overwhelming sense of independence *and* community. This,

combined with being among the finest female musicians and vocalists in the country, was more than I ever expected.

My spirit was fed in a way that I hadn't imagined. I knew that this space was special, peaceful. I knew that *this* was the space in which I had been longing to perform. I decided I wanted to "play Michigan."

I created a special new show, which I performed (and got the kinks out of) at Mountain Moving Coffeehouse in Chicago and Apple Island Coffeehouse in Madison. Boo and Lisa booked me to perform at their seventeenth (and my second) Michigan festival.

My concert is a compilation of all my years of show business performance, and the material is very personal. Though I'm theatrical, I'm not a "character" and I don't present a false image. I'm your basic big ballads singer who loves to do dance music, so my concert is a mixture of both.

Singing at Michigan 1992 was my step through the storm. I felt relieved and reborn for living through and experiencing that twenty-foot drop that led to my liberation. I'm now free to sing in safe and nurturing environments. I want to do my part in keeping and expanding safe

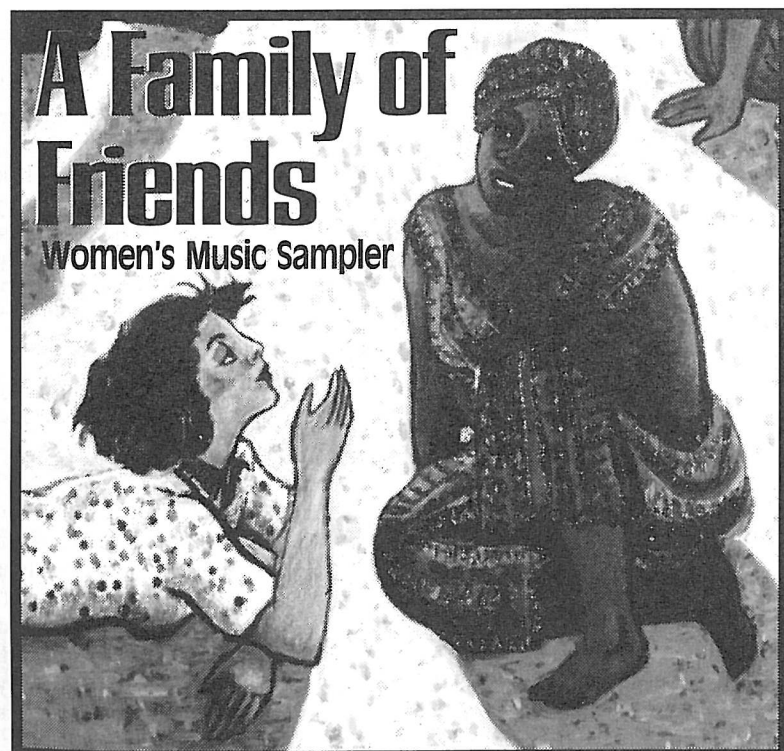
spaces for lesbians and gays everywhere.

I accepted an invitation to sing at the mainstage rally this April for the 1993 March on Washington for Lesbian, Gay, and Bi Equal Rights and Liberation, and I participated in the "Together, Proud & Strong" anthem project. [See the article on page 44.] There were no second thoughts nor regrets in these decisions—I never lose sight these days of the fact that I may not get a second chance to live free.

My years of falling victim to sexual harassment and intimidation left me needing to hear an answer. My answer came in that twenty-foot drop. Go where they've always wanted you. •

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**ABOUT THE WRITER:** Hear Seraiah Carol's song "I'm Wanting You, Needing You and Loving You" on the soundsheet in this issue of 'HOT WIRE.' Her many years of involvement with musical theater have taught her to use the whole stage when she performs. Her women's music shows involve more choreography and dancing than is usually seen on this circuit, resulting in a high degree of audience involvement and enthusiasm. Seraiah Carol can be reached at P.O. Box 21609, Chicago, IL 60621-0609. (312) 752-1713.



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# REMEMBERING AUDRE LORDE

By Terri L. Jewell and Jorjet Harper

## A FEW OF THE LESSONS AUDRE TAUGHT ME

By Terri L. Jewell

*Be who you are and will be  
learn to cherish  
that boisterous Black Angel  
that drives you  
up one day and down another  
protecting the place  
where your power rises  
running like hot blood  
from the same source  
as your pain.*  
—from "For Each Of You"

Another Mother is gone. And I was just learning her name and her genealogies. The true textures of her hair, the timbre of her call. I was just beginning to trust that she would never leave me. And I know now—quite solidly—that she won't.

I have never learned to grieve. Especially for those lost to the inevitable. And particularly when there are so few Mothers. How do I let go? How am I supposed to feel? This Mother is teaching me the purpose, the slow action of grief.

"Terri, stop hiding behind those glasses and come over here and give me a hug." I was at the "Eye-To-Eye" Conference in Boston, 1990. I was crouched in a dark corner, waiting to take pictures of Audre Lorde with Barbara Smith. I didn't even realize the woman knew I existed! Then I learned that Mothers know their daughters. Audre was thirty years my senior—a full generation—when she died last November at age fifty-eight.

*Do not remember me as a bridge  
nor a roof  
as the marker of legends  
nor as a trap...*  
—from "Movement Song"

Born February 18, 1934, Audre Lorde died six months ago after a strenuous battle against cancer. She left her partner, Gloria Joseph, and her two children, Beth and Jonathan. She also left behind a world of women and men who garnered courage

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**Women's communities in many cities held tributes to celebrate the life and mark the passing of poet/activist Audre Lorde, also known by the African name Gamba Adisa.**

and strength from her. Audre Lorde was a woman who did not waste herself. At this moment, I grasp at the labels applied to her existence. I am neither excited nor content with them, but they come easily: Momma, Warrior, Sister, Feminist, Philosopher, Spirit, Revolutionary, Woman, Lesbian, Poet, Writer.

*...death...becoming such an excellent measure  
of prophecy...*  
—from "Equinox"

Death by cancer. A fourteen-year war. Her bare instinct to live carrying her to deeply personal options—a victory here, a defeat there.

Did we who claimed to love her so readily listen? Will those of us who claim to be offspring of hers bring the prophecies of her death to fruition? Will we live by her failures as well as her triumphs? Did she not teach that we are no more than human, and that our task is to grow into the fullness of our lives, our spirits?

She taught me that my job is to keep it going, to take the task one level above what I am doing now. And when I need to, rest.

*...we must be very strong  
and love each other  
in order to go on living.*  
—from "Equinox"

And so we must. We need one another. And there are many things that keep us distrustful and fearful. We know the depths of our own pain. And we see this pain reflected in the eyes of those who are most like us. But we must try to love each other so that to reach out to another Black woman becomes automatic, unhesitant, and safe as one's own muscle.

*It is a waster of time hating a mirror  
or its reflection  
instead of stopping the hand  
that makes glass with distortions...*  
—from "Good Mirrors Are Not Cheap"

I do not seek absolute clarity through this time of my grieving. To strive for perfect transitions will prove worthless. I want to grow lost in my grieving. To lose the grip of rationality, speak in choppy gasps of half visions. I hear it takes three to five years to work through grief. I want all the time that's due me by the universe.

*I am deliberate  
and afraid  
of nothing*  
—from "New Year's Day"

This is something to hold on to. But I must not forget that such a pronouncement can trap me in stone. When written in script, it fits quite easily into the palm or across my cheek. I can print it small enough on paper, fold it for the diamond on a nose stud. I can fit it in my navel, among the folds of my vulva, between my big and second toes, under my tongue like a lozenge.

*I have paid dearly in time for love hoarded  
unseen....*  
—from "Change Of Season"

Audre Lorde knew the price of living as single mother, dyke, Black, unattended, lonely, on the pedestal.

*...But I who am bound by my mirror  
as well as my bed  
see causes in colour  
as well as sex  
and sit here wondering  
which me will survive  
all these liberations.*  
—from "Who Said It Was Simple"

I protest the notion that death is the ultimate liberator. Struggle breathes fire into me. Liberation sprouts from within first.

*Hear my heart's voice as it darkens pulling old  
rhythms out of the earth  
that will receive this piece of me  
and a piece of each one of you  
when our part in history quickens again  
and is over....*  
—from "Prologue"

*When agate replaces dead wood  
slowly the opal and bone become one.*  
—from "Relevant Is Different Points On  
The Circle"

It is this progression of time that will testify to our success in love or not. The circle of life closes itself and continues on.

As I must see the life of Audre Lorde and all my Mothers—whomever I claim her to be—remaining, before me and yet to come, slowly I will become one with them. I celebrate the fleeting touches and whispers I receive in their swift passing.

*Now  
when you question me on love  
shall I recommend a dictionary  
or myself?*  
—from "Progress Report"

I, Terri, one of your many, many daughters, release you to the wider world, my Mother. My Mother Audre.

*Poetry excerpts are from 'From A Land Where  
Other People Live' (Broadside, 1973).*

...

## HEART TO HEART by Jorjet Harper

The last time I spoke with Audre Lorde was four years ago. I was doing the 1989 cover story on her for *HOT WIRE*. Audre was living in St. Croix, and Hurricane Gilbert had just passed through the islands. She had been without electricity for two days. We conducted our long-distance phone interview with the expectation that at any moment we might be disconnected. But the line held, and we

ended up talking for almost two hours.

Growing up Black in New York City, coming out as a young "gay girl" in Greenwich Village and Harlem, taking part in the feminist movement early on, and with her forthright personality and incisive intellect, Audre had plenty of subject matter for her poetry. But life gave her yet another topic, a burden she would rather not have assumed, but which she shared with us movingly in her writing: her four-teen-year battle with cancer.

First, a mastectomy in 1978. In *The Cancer Journals*, which won the 1981 Gay Book of the Year award, she wrote, "Living a self-conscious life, under the pressure of time, I work with the consciousness of death at my shoulder, not constantly, but often enough to leave a mark upon all of my life's decisions and actions. And it does not matter whether death comes next week or thirty years from now; this consciousness gives my life another breadth. It helps shape the words I seek, the ways I love, my politic of action, the strength of my vision and purpose, the depth of my appreciation of living."

I first met Audre when she came to Women and Children First bookstore in Chicago. I met her again in Montreal at the International Feminist Bookfair in 1988, where she seemed physically vigorous despite a continuing battle with liver cancer and surgery for ovarian cancer.

Audre traveled to Berlin several times a year for a special cancer treatment program. During our interview in 1989 she was optimistic. She talked at length about the interconnectedness of the political struggles of women, Blacks, and gays, and was involved in the women's movement in the West Indies.

In 1990 she was undergoing cancer treatment during the Lambda Book Awards and could not receive the Publishing Triangle's Bill Whitehead Award in person. Jewelle Gomez read the fiery speech Audre had written for the occasion, in which she strongly advocated for gay and lesbian writers of color.

I was hoping to see Audre again this summer at the Feminist Bookfair in Amsterdam, but by then she was gravely ill.

*continued on page 52*

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**ABOUT THE WRITERS:** *Terri L. Jewell is a Black lesbian poet and journalist who edits topical anthologies and cruises the lesbian literati scene. Excerpts from Jorjet Harper's nationally syndicated 'Lesbomania' column have been performed as a one-woman show in Europe and the U.S., and a 'Lesbomania' book is forthcoming.*

## High Breast Cancer Risk for Lesbians?

According to Dr. Susan Haynes, an epidemiologist at the National Cancer Institute (NCI), far more lesbians than heterosexual women may be contracting breast cancer, and far more may die from the disease.

The risk of contracting breast cancer is alarmingly high and climbing for American women in general; the overall risk is now one in eight, up from one in nine just last year. And for lesbians, the risk may be even steeper—possibly as high as one in three.

The one-in-eight statistic has been issued by the American Cancer Society, which estimates there were 180,000 new cases of breast cancer in 1992. Since no official studies have been focused directly on the problem of cancer among lesbians, there is no hard data for incidence of breast cancer or mortality rates among this group to date. Dr. Haynes calculates the risk for lesbians by combining information about standard known risk factors with information gathered from the comprehensive National Lesbian Health Survey and other sources.

"What we did was to look at the known risk factors for breast cancer that would apply to the lesbian population," says Dr. Haynes. "Of course the biggest one is lack of childbearing: seventy percent of lesbians do not bear children." She also looked at alcohol consumption [seven times as many lesbians are heavy drinkers], weight [there is "slightly more" self-report of overweight among lesbians], and breast cancer screening [lesbians are "much less likely" to do breast self-examination].

"It also appears that lesbians are less likely to undergo mammograms, and less likely to consult physicians who would detect a problem early," she says. "There's no data on that in the lesbian population, but we looked at national data and found that single women in general had significantly lower mammography screening rates than ever-married women," she says. "And single women were less likely to get their breasts examined by a physician than the general population of ever-married women."

Dr. Haynes then combined these numbers with the overall available statistics of known breast cancer risk. For instance, for any woman who has not borne children, the risk is eighty percent higher for breast cancer. "If you're overweight, your risk is sixty percent higher of dying from cancer," she says. "If you're a heavy drinker, your risk of contracting breast cancer is forty to sixty percent higher, and if you don't get screened with mammography, your risk is thirty percent higher of dying from breast cancer."

Dr. Haynes has concluded that the average lesbian, with one or more risk factors present, is likely to be at an elevated risk for breast cancer—anywhere from between two to three times higher than women in the general population.

*continued on page 52*

## AUDRE LORDE *from 51*

While there, the eminent Black South African feminist writer Ellen Duzwayo told us she was on her way to visit Audre, "to say goodbye."

Audre always emphasized the importance of transforming our silences into language. I asked her once why it is often so difficult for people to say what we really feel and think.

"Because the stakes that they offer us for being silent are so high," she answered. "The lie has always been that if we do not speak what we know to be true, then we will be allowed to take part in the fruits of whatever the imperfect systems are that we live in. But silence never bought us anything." She maintained that silence doesn't make us happy, or safe, or beautiful; it only makes our oppressors more comfortable.

Audre stressed that when we open ourselves to each others' knowledge, and listen very carefully to the parts of each others' lives that we do not share, it makes us more powerful in fighting the battles that we do share. "The function of poetry is to make us more who we wish to be," she said.

Before her death last November, Audre Lorde—poet, essayist, and outspoken African American lesbian feminist—was named poet laureate of New York.

Farewell and blessings, Zami, Afrekete, Gamba Adisa.

*The books of Audre Lorde include 'From A Land Where Other People Live,' 'The Cancer Journals,' 'Cables to Rage,' 'Coal,' 'The Black Unicorn,' and 'Zami: A New Spelling of My Name.' She lived for the last seven years on the island of St. Croix in the U.S. Virgin Islands, where she was known by the African name Gamba Adisa.* •

## BREAST CANCER *from 51*

Part of the problem is caused by the fact that—according to the extensive 1985 National Lesbian Health Survey of 2,000 lesbians that dealt with wide-ranging aspects of lesbian health—almost fifty percent of lesbians do not see a health care provider for OB-GYN care. This is partly because they don't need to see them as often. Heterosexual women go to OB-GYN physicians much more regularly, to get birth control pills, and they get breast exams and pap smears while they are there. OB-GYN physicians are the best breast cancer screeners of all physicians because they do clinical breast exams and refer women to mammography more than any other provider. The average lesbian

gets a pap smear every eighteen months, while the average heterosexual woman gets one every nine months.

Dr. Haynes adds that a San Diego study done three years ago showed that OB-GYN physicians "scored highest on the homophobia scale." (That is, they had the highest levels of homophobia of any type of physician.) "You put the two together, and say, well gee, why aren't lesbians going to GYN physicians?" she says.

*Statistics tell us that in 1992, approximately 180,000 women developed breast cancer, and 45,000 will die from it—nearly as many deaths as in the entire Vietnam War. In 1940, the incidence of breast cancer was one in twenty. Today, one in eight women will eventually get breast cancer. We are facing an epidemic.*

Everything indicates that lesbians are struck more by breast cancer than other women—"though as of yet we don't have any hard studies to prove it," she says, and emphasizes the need to study the lesbian population to see if her dire estimate is accurate. NCI has no studies running on health issues among lesbians, and none are currently planned. Some researchers have applied for funding for such studies, but so far none has been granted.

"We are trying to work with various institutes or offices at NIH [the National Institutes of Health] to begin talking about this problem, and try to bring it to their awareness," says Dr. Haynes. "What we need is a good survey of risk factors among a large, representative group of lesbians, and also to get information as

best as we can from cancer registries, doctor's offices, and other sources."

Dr. Haynes began to compile her estimate of the incidence of breast cancer among lesbians by extrapolating from known statistics when she was asked to present any information that existed on lesbians and breast cancer at the National Lesbian and Gay Health Conference last July in Los Angeles. "A lot of risk factors were identified in the National Lesbian Health Survey," she says, "but nobody at that time really thought to say, 'Gee, it looks like these are breast cancer factors.'"

Mary McCauley II, director of the Chicago-based Lesbian Community Cancer Project, wrote in a recent issue of the *CAnswers* newsletter, "Judging from the array of advertisers displaying their wares at the National Lesbian and Gay Health Conference, mainstream health care providers think the only—or main—issue facing the health of the gay and lesbian community is AIDS. When specifically asked if pharmaceutical services or nutritional/sustenance programs were provided for lesbians with cancer, the overwhelming response was a very surprised yes—but they just didn't think that information was necessary at this type of conference."

Dr. Haynes says that the symposium in Los Angeles stimulated a lot of interest and ideas for possible future studies of lesbian health concerns.

Some ways lesbians can begin to combat the problem include reducing fat in their diet, limiting their alcohol intake, doing frequent breast exams, and getting screened often. But there is also a need for health programs specifically targeting lesbians, like the Whitman-Walker Clinic in Washington, D.C., and support/education groups, such as the Lesbian Community Cancer Project, P.O. Box 138202, Chicago, IL 60613. (312) 561-4662. •

—Reported by *Jorjet Harper*

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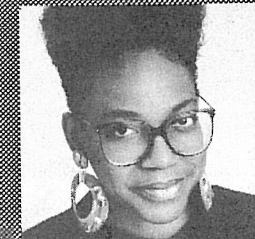
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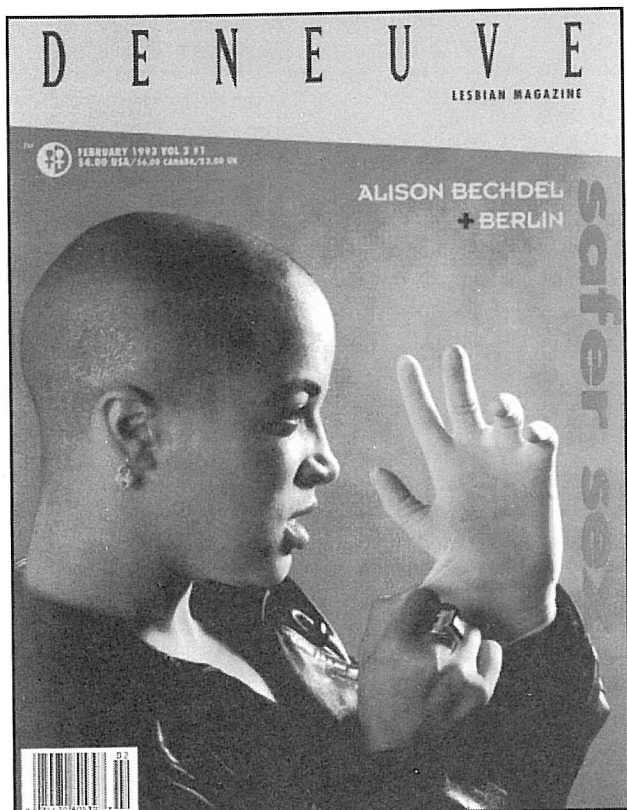
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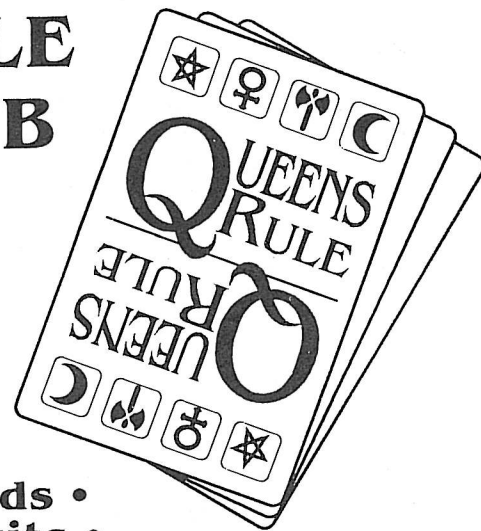
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# DYKES TO WATCH OUT FOR

By Alison Bechdel

## W4SON #40

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1. NOT BAD, CLARICE. DID THE DEALER SAY YOU NOT TO TRADE IN THAT CLASSIC '77 PICKUP OF TONI'S?

2. DID I MENTION THAT THE RADIO EVEN DUBBING THE CALL LETTERS OF THE STATION YOU'RE TUNED TO?

3. GREAT. HAS NO ONE SEEN IT?

4. YEAH, SHE SAID I WAS A SHAMELESSLY MATERIALISTIC, CARBON MONOXIDE-STEAMING MENACE, AND THAT IF I HAD ANY SENSE OF SOCIAL RESPONSIBILITY I'D RIDE THE BUS OR, BETTER-YET, A BIKE.

5. I'D LOVE TO, WHOA TONI! BURNING ON A LITTLE WEIGHT THERE, HUH?

6. IT'S REALLY WEIRD, SHE GETS PREGNANT AND I GAIN TEN POUNDS.

7. YEAH, WELL, LET'S JUST HOPE I DON'T GET SYMPATHETIC LABOR PAINS.

8. OUR MIDLIFE SAYS THERE'S NOT UNUSUAL SOME PARTIES' EUGEN GET SYMPATHETIC MORNING SICKNESS.

9. SO TONI, I JUST READ ABOUT THIS COOL SHOW OF WEARABLE AGITPROP FIBER CONSTRUCTIONS OPENING AT THE FEMINIST ART CO-OP...

10. UH, HI, SPARROW. I JUST STOPPED BY TO SAY HI. FOR A MINUTE.

11. OH, NO. I THOUGHT YOU WERE THE PIZZA.

12. YEAH, WE HAVE A FABULOUS EVENING PLANNED. LOW-NUTRIENT FOODSTUFFS AND LIGHTWEIGHT ENTERTAINMENT, GUARANTEED TO TAKE OUR MINDS OFF OUR TROUBLES.

13. OH, GREAT. ORDER A PIZZA. POP IN SISTER ACT, AND FORGET ALL ABOUT GENOCIDE, STARVATION, AND MASS RAVES IN BOSNIA, THE TRUE AMERICAN WAY.

14. I'M SORRY YOU'RE RIGHT. I'M PROJECTING MY OWN HOLLOW JUDGEMENTS ONTO EVERYONE ELSE. I NEED TO GET A LIFE.

15. LISTEN, MO. I HAVE BEEN DOING CRISIS INTERVENTION WITH BATTERED, HOMELESS WOMEN AND KIDS ALL WEEK LONG. TONIGHT, I AM GOING TO VEGETATE IN FRONT OF THE TV. IF YOU'RE SO WORRIED ABOUT BOSNIA, GO JOIN THE RED CROSS.

16. I AM NOT COMING IN WITH YOU TO THE BURNOUT BRIGADE!

17. SO TONNY, I'M ACTUALLY ITT! MAMA! DANGER! SMELLS GREAT. HUH? WHAT'RE YOU HAVING?

18. MELL, ACTUALLY ITT! MAMMA! DANGER! SMELLS GREAT. HUH? WHAT'RE YOU HAVING?

19. REALLY? SO HOW'S IT GOING?

20. NO, IT'S ALL RIGHT. IT'S TRUE. WE ARE.

21. I KNOW WHAT'S WITH THE EARRINGS. JEEZ, IS IT SO UNUSUAL FOR ME TO WEAR EARRINGS?

22. I KNOW WHAT'S WITH THE EARRINGS. JEEZ, IS IT SO UNUSUAL FOR ME TO WEAR EARRINGS?

23. I AM NOT! SHUT UP!

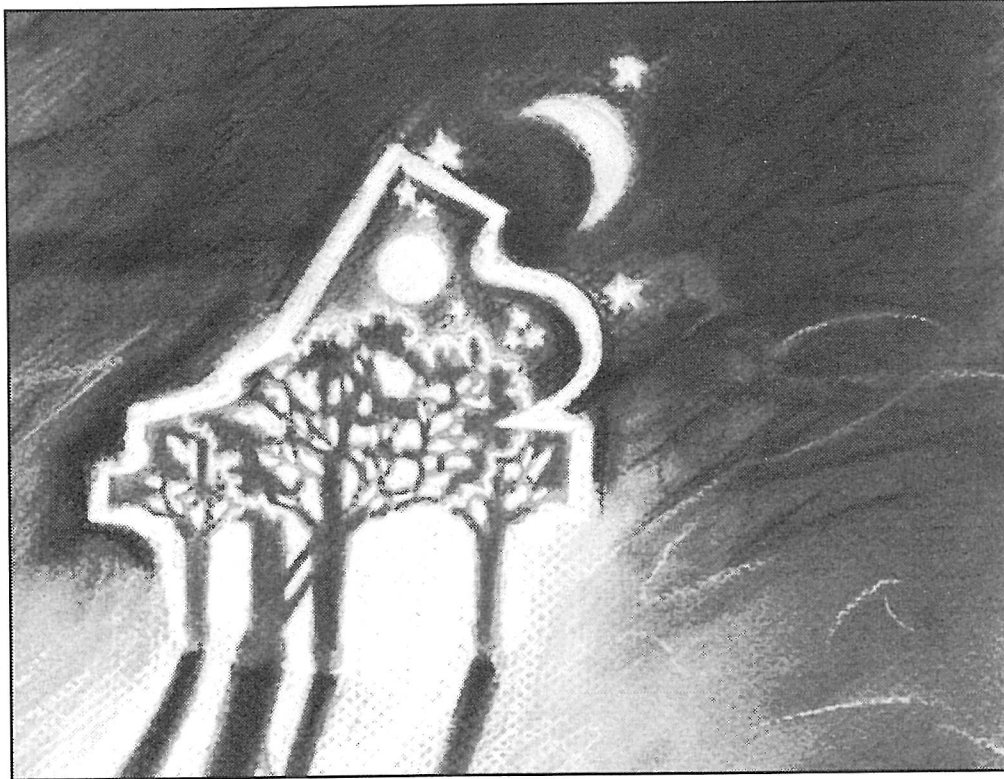
24. WHO? WHO?

25. I DON'T WORRY. YOUR SECRET'S SAFE WITH ME. ESTABLISHING VISUAL CONTACT AS SHE'S ALREADY SPOKEN FOR.

26. I DON'T KNOW WHAT YOU'RE TALKING ABOUT. WHAT I'LL BE WATCHING FIRST, 'TRUTH OR DARE' OR SHE'S GOTTA HAVE IT!

27. I DON'T KNOW WHAT YOU'RE TALKING ABOUT. WHAT I'LL BE WATCHING FIRST, 'TRUTH OR DARE' OR SHE'S GOTTA HAVE IT!

28. I DON'T KNOW WHAT YOU'RE TALKING ABOUT. WHAT I'LL BE WATCHING FIRST, 'TRUTH OR DARE' OR SHE'S GOTTA HAVE IT!



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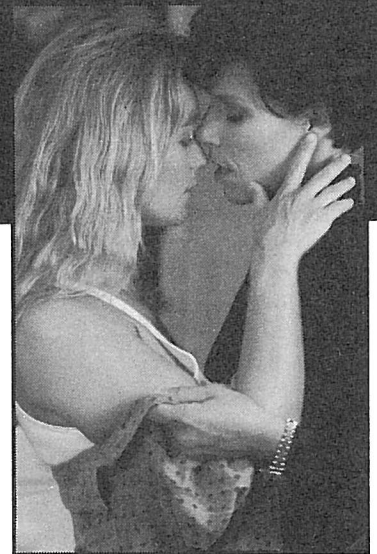
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# EIGHTH ANNUAL 'HOT WIRE' READERS' CHOICE AWARDS

- *HOT WIRE* has presented awards since 1986 to women who have made outstanding contributions to women's music and culture. In the January issue, readers were asked to submit nominations specifying the contribution of their nominees. The point is not competition but appreciation of those who have contributed to our network in an especially outstanding way. Below are the nominations we received.
- *HOT WIRE* readers do the nominating, not the magazine staff.
- The survey of favorites is included for fun and to give us at *HOT WIRE* a closer look at the tastes of our readers (so we know better who and what to cover in the next year's issues).
- Readers' Choice votes and surveys for this year can be written on a separate piece of paper or photocopied from this page. (Don't feel compelled to rip up your magazine).
- Please vote for one individual and one group.
- Please vote only once.

*We must receive Readers' Choice surveys no later than June 15, 1993.*

**SEND TO: 'HOT WIRE' READERS' CHOICE, 5210 N. WAYNE, CHICAGO, IL 60640**

## INDIVIDUALS

- ALICE WALKER** for the inspiration, role modeling, and spiritual guidance she provides for women of all races and persuasions.  
**ALISON BECHDEL** for her *Dykes to Watch Out For* cartoon series, calendars, and books.  
**ANDREA NATALIE** for her syndicated *Stonewall Riots* cartoons and for founding the Lesbian Cartoonists Network.  
**K.D. LANG** for being one of the boldest of the mainstream music heartthrobs to come out so publicly.  
**LYNN THOMAS** for the "Together, Proud & Strong" March on Washington anthem project.  
**ROSETTA REITZ** for retrieving and promoting our lost musical foremothers on record and video.  
**SUE FINK** for being such a good cheerleader for lesbian music and culture.  
**SUSAN SARANDON** for her aggressive pro-feminist, pro-gay political/cultural activism.

## ORGANIZATIONS

- FEMINIST BOOKSTORE NEWS** for providing support and contact info that helps keep the women's bookstore network alive and kicking.  
**INSTITUTE FOR THE MUSICAL ARTS** for providing training and opportunities for women musicians, especially women of color.  
**KITCHEN TABLE WOMEN OF COLOR PRESS** for producing important books by and about women of color.  
**LADYSLIPPER** for maintaining the world's most comprehensive catalog of music, videos, and other resources by women.  
**MICHIGAN WOMYN'S MUSIC FESTIVAL** for being the biggest woman-identified, women-only cultural gathering on the planet.  
**NAIAD PRESS** for years of lesbian fiction and for introducing lesbian writers to the public.  
**WOMEN MAKE MOVIES** for maintaining the world's most comprehensive catalog of films and videos by women.

## FAVORITES

|   |  |
|---|--|
| Vocalist _____<br>Group/band _____<br>Songwriter _____<br>Bass player _____<br>Percussionist _____<br>Drummer _____<br>Electric guitarist _____<br>Acoustic guitarist _____<br>Keyboard player _____<br>Instrumentalist _____<br>Wind instrument player _____<br>Comic/comedienne _____<br>Emcee _____<br>Sign language interpreter _____<br>New performer _____<br>All-time favorite performer _____<br>Current song (last 2 years) _____<br>All-time favorite song _____<br>Current album (last 2 years) _____<br>All-time favorite album _____<br>Album producer _____ | Live sound engineer _____<br>Recording engineer _____<br>Album cover _____<br>Book cover _____<br>Writer _____<br>Poet _____<br>Fiction book _____<br>Nonfiction book _____<br>Periodical _____<br>Cartoonist _____<br>Photographer _____<br>Movie/film _____<br>TV star _____<br>Film star _____<br>Film director _____<br>Radio show _____<br>Mainstream performer _____<br>Other _____<br><br><i>In my opinion, the most exciting recent development in women's music and culture has been...</i> |
|---|--|

## ALIVE! from page 23

with Carolyn for a long time and now we're playing in another group as well. We're in each other's circles a little more. The music has a sameness about it—but it's a very strange feeling...it's a whole new vantage point, familiar and unfamiliar at the same time. We're adventuresome, creative, trying new things, and we seem to have a new musical maturity.

**Rhiannon:** I think we each anticipated that we might have different concepts about how to approach this reunion show, because each of us is out doing different things. But when we started talking about how to do the show, we were in complete agreement! Even about the old songs that we wanted to do. And we each brought in a new tune so we'd have some new material. So I feel like we've never left the concept that ALIVE! put together.

**Janet:** There is a way we combine that seems special—the group as a whole is bigger and better than the sum of its parts. Coming together again after all this time, that element is still really there—maybe more there because certain other stuff is out of the way. Before, sometimes we were frustrated because we wanted to do things musically that we felt we couldn't do in ALIVE!. But now we've had a chance to do some of those things, so it's more like focusing on what we can do in ALIVE!. And our personal experience has grown, so we understand one another even better. Here's a small example: when ALIVE! first started playing together, Carolyn's son was four and hung out with us a lot. Now Suzanne's son Ian is four and is always there for our rehearsals. So Suzanne has a completely different understanding of how it was for Carolyn at the beginning of the band.

### THERE ARE TIMES WHEN YOU NEED TO BE RECHARGED. HOW DO YOU DO IT?

**Barbara:** It's easy to forget to do it. That's a piece of advice I might give to someone who wants to make music their life—make sure you recharge. Sometimes it's a creative thing, where you have to go out and learn a new form of whatever your medium is, take lessons or something. Sometimes it's taking a vacation and sitting quietly, or going on a retreat, or creating a new piece, or hanging out with friends, or sitting by the fire just being alone with yourself for an evening. For me, I get so much from the animals. I have three cats. Sometimes I'm the only one

here—with the Redwood trees and the deer. I come home to these deer and the cats and they are the "people" I talk to. I don't feel separate from the beings of the earth. I feel that we're all part of this one large organism. And I want to interact with as many living entities as I can in this lifetime. Being a drummer is an honor—being alive now, keeping our heartbeat going.

### WHAT WOULD YOU LIKE TO BE DOING IN THE NEXT TEN YEARS?

**Suzanne:** Ten years from now...at fifty-five years old, let me see...Well, in Hawaii on Christmas morning on public television they had a group of eighty-year-old Hawaiian women singing. Their voices were strong and beautiful. I was thinking, yeah, we're all getting up in years now, but there aren't limits. We can keep playing our whole lives!

.....

At the Cowell Theatre reunion concert, most of the hopefuls in the crowd who are waiting for spare tickets to the sold-out show have joined us, and everyone in the crowd of 450 settles into their seats as the lights dim.

Three candles glow on stage while ghostly figures enter.

Then out of the dark, a familiar bass line breaks the silence and tantalizes us as the lights come up, and, as if no time had passed at all, there they are: Rhiannon, Barbara, Carolyn, Janet, and Suzanne. They hit the ground running with June Millington's "Heaven Is In Your Mind," and it's just like the old days. (Well, almost like the old days—there's a little more grey hair on stage and in the mostly forty-something audience, but there are lots of new faces, too.)

When the first tune ends, we're up on our feet, giving them a standing ovation because they're there! And their sound is, well...*alive!* Full of emotion, ideas, and issues for twenty-first century women, conveyed in complex musical tonalities.

The foundation for all the tunes they regale us with is built on Suzanne's solid, creative bass line and Barbara's scintillating rhythms. Carolyn adds an incredible range of sounds, from clear-as-a-bell conga tones to rattlings, gongs, scrapings, whirring, shakings, tinklings, and tappings. Janet, many times playing the synthesizer with one hand and the piano with the other, is truly a wizard on the pearlies, comfortable getting down with the blues, launching into an improv jazz riff, or blending sounds for a New-Age-fuzz mood. And then there's the miracle of

Rhiannon, singing everything from gutsy, raspy blues lyrics, to low sensuous love crooning, to other-wordly bird calls, to the magical story-telling of Nora, the immigrant Midwest farm wife.

They did many of their originals and our old favorites—"Yemaya," "Skindolele," "Step by Step," and "City Life"—but with a lighter, unhurried touch.

The new pieces were challenging, particularly liked "Binsey Poplars," with its ominous undertones and strong, disturbing cello line; and "Don't Stop," with top-notch lyrics cleverly fitted to an intriguing upbeat rhythmic structure.

There seemed to be more room in the music for listening. More spaciousness. More attention paid by the band both to the sound of the whole and the details of individual musical flourishes. Every note seemed lovingly created. And the effect of the whole was indeed greater than the sum of its parts. The environment ALIVE! creates in a music hall is nothing short of inspired.

When dancer Elvira Marta joined them for their "Spirit Healer" encore, I melted, thinking to myself, "What fabulous luck to be on the planet just at this time with all my sisters here. We could so easily have missed each other!"

As Rhiannon said—and these were the last words spoken on stage—"We're still ALIVE!"

Several classic and current recordings are available. ALIVE!: 'City Life,' 'Call It Jazz,' and 'ALIVE!' Rhiannon: 'Toward Home,' 'Loosen Up and Improvise,' and 'Finding Your Voice.' Barbara Borden: 'All Hearts Beating: Drumming From the Source to the Core' and 'I Always Wanted to Play Drums.' Barbara Borden and Sheila Glover: 'Lady of the Serpent Skirt' and 'Portraits of Passion.' Contact Ladyslipper, P.O. Box 3124, Durham, NC 27715. For orders only: (800) 634-6044. •



## BIG BANDS from page 13

high-ranking officers. She won the right to simply put a show together and entertain the troops—the purpose for which they supposedly were hired by the USO in the first place.

Violinist Thelma "Tommie" Dwyer summed up the glamour problem nicely when I asked her what the end of the war meant to her as a woman musician. "If anything," said Thelma, who had played in all-woman bands since the late 1920s before performing in the Army and Navy Club of the Fairmont Hotel in San Francisco, "the end of the war let us be gray haired and let us wear eyeglasses."

Besides the war-time gains of acceptance into areas of the public sphere hitherto denied women musicians, and expanded opportunities for work, another important—although also impermanent—change affecting women workers and musicians was the breaking down of social and legal constructions which had kept African-American and white women separated. Executive Order 8802 in 1941 forbade "discrimination in hiring of workers in the nation's defense industries on the basis of race, creed, color, or national origin." President Roosevelt reiterated in a speech in 1942: "In some communities, employers dislike to hire women. In others they are reluctant to hire Negroes. We can no longer afford to indulge such prejudice." Presented solely as a response to the defense crisis, the subtext of such a statement was interpreted by some to mean that such drastic measures would be necessary in war-time only.

Despite the *implied* impermanence of war jobs, and continued racial discrimination in the work place, many African-American women experienced dramatically increased opportunities to advance. The same was true, of course, for African-American women musicians.

As D. Antoinette Handy wrote in her 1981 book *Black Women in American Bands and Orchestras*, "The 1940s were the years in which the world came to know that black women were capable of orchestral participation, in terms of organization, membership, and leadership." Defense in-

dustries workers have described how their aircraft jobs allowed them to get out of domestic work and helped them live better; Elise (Blye) Henderson told me how, during a visit to Los Angeles in the 1940s, she discovered she could make four times her Oklahoma school teacher salary by playing fifteen-minute piano intermissions at a Hollywood theater. She didn't return to Oklahoma or teaching, and soon she was playing in black all-woman bands, touring the western states.



The International Sweethearts of Rhythm in St. Louis, 1944.

Photo courtesy of Roz Cron

At the same time that some African-American and white women were working side by side for the first time in the defense industries, the first racially integrated all-woman band was at its popular, professional, and musical peak. From its inception in 1936, the International Sweethearts of Rhythm—though primarily an African-American band—included racially mixed, Asian, and Hispanic members. In 1943, the group added a white bassist/trumpeter named Toby Butler.

"We had love for each other," she said in *The International Sweethearts of Rhythm* (D. Antoinette Handy, 1983). "This shared love as sisters nurtured our personal desires to become better musicians."

In 1944, white alto saxophonist Roz Cron also joined the Sweethearts, because she wanted to go on the road and, as she told me in an interview, there was virtually no integration of women into male bands. This, by the way, is the reason many women joined all-woman bands in the first place. "There were other bands

out there, but the men didn't accept us," another Sweethearts member, bass player Lillian (Carter) Wilson, told me. "So we had to get our own."

Roz insists that as a naive young Bostonian, she had not been very aware of the historical significance of a racially integrated band. "I never really thought about segregation. Of course it wasn't taught in the schools, and I didn't know it existed—certainly not to the extent that I ran into it. I didn't know that there were real laws out there that said you cannot walk down the street together," she recalls.

Roz received a rude wake-up call when she was arrested in El Paso for allowing a black soldier in uniform to help her find a cab after she got separated from the group one morning when she had taken some extra time to clean her instruments. The experience of watching him get in trouble for being kind to her in the midst of a war—when men in uniform were treated by most people with fervent patriotic respect—infuriated Roz. She says her night in jail for walking with a black person was just one of many incidents in her education regarding the deep and tenacious racial prejudice in America.

Trumpet player Clora Bryant had been a member of a black all-woman band at Prairie View College (as well as several other all-woman bands) before playing with the Sweethearts. She described to me an incident which illustrates how

*continued on next page*

For more information about *The International Sweethearts of Rhythm* and dozens of other jazz and blues foremothers, write for a catalog of recordings from jazz historian Rosetta Reitz. Her albums include extensively researched liner notes and lots of rare photographs. Send SASE and two first class stamps to Women's Heritage Series, Rosetta Records, 115 W. 16th St. #267, New York, NY 10011.

.....

For those readers interested in musical foremothers, Janna MacAuslan and Kristan Aspen (*Musica Femina*) tour with a show they describe as a "concert/informance" which showcases the work of historically important and contemporary women composers. P.O. Box 15121, Portland, OR 97215. (503) 233-1206.

## BIG BANDS from page 59

war-time integration deteriorated after the war. Five years after playing with the integrated Sweethearts in a well-attended engagement at the Million Dollar Theatre in Los Angeles, she got an offer to play with one of the white all-woman bands on television. She told me that after a week, there were so many complaints about the presence of a black player in a white band, she was fired.

Other gains were lost when Johnny came marching home. Propaganda, which had emphasized patriotism as the reason for women to join the work force, now turned around to influence the public with the opinion that women who didn't want to give up their economic gains were unpatriotic.

With the success last year of Penny Marshall's film *A League of Their Own*, and the renewed interest in the female pro baseball leagues of the '40s, further exami-

nation of "the politics of impermanence" is likely to occur. Though attitudes of the post-war period erased many of the advances made by women musicians during the 1940s—and some women, either by force or by choice, gave up or postponed their musical careers in the post-war period—it's important to acknowledge that women musicians, like other working women, had been a fact *before* the war and they remained a fact *after* the war.

Although "impermanence" may have been the message wished upon them by propaganda and public opinion, and "novelty" may be the perception that has gone down in history, all of the women I interviewed remained musically active well beyond the War Years. The historical record must be revised to include and honor the *fact* of women musicians, and not just echo the perceptions which were applied to them for social, economic, or political reasons. •

## LAURA LOVE from page 30

am also frequently and easily saddened when I feel as if kindness and generosity will never be as popular and "in" as cruelty.

I think my music reflects my ongoing "sometimes-hopeful/heartened/encouraged/optimistic-and-other-times-sad-and-disappointed" battle. My latest work, *Pangaea*, has been a cathartic experience for me. There are many personal and autobiographical references within the confines of its fourteen song digital walls. My music is both joyous and melancholy, a celebration of triumph and an acknowl-

edgement of tragedy.

My political ideas and influences have also been shaped by experiences with my mother, being poor, being black, being around mental health professionals and social workers from early on. These experiences are so very much a part of me they cannot help but surface in my writing—and yes, the personal is very political to my way of thinking. [Hear Laura's song "Nelson" on the soundsheet in this issue of *HOT WIRE*.]

I have been a musician since I was sixteen, having sung and played both

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## EDITOR from inside front cover

this issue (and are reading a friend's copy or standing in your local bookstore fuming at us), please drop us a line ASAP.

### FOND FAREWELL TO AUDRE

Though we all knew Audre Lorde was battling cancer and were aware that we would lose her prematurely, her passing was a sad event. It's fairly common in the arts for people to gain popularity after they go to the great eternal women's culture festival in the sky. Indeed, there's already an increased curiosity about and revived interest in Audre's works. We're happy to help feed that fire any way we can, so we're willing to *give away* our back issues that feature Audre on the cover and include an extensive interview done by Jorjet Harper. If you'd like to obtain

copies, just send us \$1.05 per issue to cover postage.

### MY OWN PERSONAL TREASURE HUNT

I'm looking for...copies of *Lesbian Concentrate* and *BeBe K'Roche* records or tapes that are still in listenable condition. We need these classic recordings, made in the 1970s by Olivia Records, for our women's music library. Thanks to Bonnie Morris for contributing a copy of the pioneering '70s album by the Chicago and New Haven Women's Liberation Rock Bands....I'm also interested in hearing from other Jo Ann Castle fans, just because I want partners in fandom for this amazing ragtime pianist.... We're looking for women who have seizures to be interviewed for a piece a doctor is writing for a future "Access" column (about the myths and realities of seizure

styles (good and bad) of every genre on earth. As it turns out, music has been a constant for me—perhaps the only one in my life. Although I have done many other things which were important to me, such as completing a bachelor's degree in psychology [Laura graduated cum laude and Phi Beta Kappa from the University of Washington in 1989] and raising many stray cats to healthy and happy adulthood, the writing and performing of music seems to be the most enduring and fulfilling thing in my life. •

disorders)...Are you a writer and an avid fan of Sue Grafton and Sara Paretsky? We want to publish a piece comparing and contrasting feminist detectives Kinsey Millhone and V.I. Warshawski...And finally, I'm always happy to get letters from other feminists who are vampire fans. My library has now passed the 100-titles mark and I've started to add comic books to the collection. Have you encountered *Avenue X*?

Toni Armstrong Jr.  
Publisher/Managing Editor

### CHICAGO AREA WOMEN

If you would like to get on a mailing list to receive flyers about upcoming events of interest, write to HOT WIRE Mailing List, 5210 Wayne, Chicago, IL 60640.

## MOMS/FESTIVALS from 27

tant that you remember she has a separate identity as well as being your mother." Myra was really pleased to take the long shuttle ride out to the festival land seated across the aisle from Ronnie.

But how well had I prepared my mother for the largest of all women's festivals? "You had described beautiful land, cuddling women, safety, camaraderie, nudity...there's nothing you could have done about the rain." Michigan 1987, of course, was the wet one—thunderstorms and pouring rain day after day, limiting the events Myra might have attended, yet providing her with ample time to digest the new culture around her.

"I was sure I was going to get lost at Michigan," she recalls. "I would come back late at night thinking *My God*, I'm going to be walking around all night looking for my tent! You wanted me to be independent, and we were camped separately. So I chose to be off in the 'quiet' area, where they did that Harmonic Convergence thing at five a.m."

Despite the discomfort of rain and mud, Myra was deeply impressed with the lineup of performers—particularly the Dance Brigade, Rhiannon, and of course, Ronnie. "I enjoyed dancing in the rain with Rhiannon at her workshop. And I loved Edwina Lee Tyler because she came down into the audience; it was a participatory feeling. I was also fascinated by British path-performer Marilyn T at that festival, because she presented intense working-class rap from another cultural perspective."

Many of Myra's reflections developed long after she had left Michigan. "I was alone much of the time, on my own, sorting this new experience out. It was a lot for me to, quote, process," she says. "So a good deal of the benefit of attending Michigan came afterwards rather than during. When I was warm and dry, back in the comfort of my own surroundings, in conversation with you, I had time to think. The processing went on for weeks, months, years."

After four years of such processing, Myra agreed to attend Campfest, which was smaller, closer to home, and—as she put it—"snoring aside, quite comfortable."

Our first mother-daughter experience at Campfest in 1991 was enhanced by my role as a performer. My one-woman play *Passing* specifically addresses our bi-cultural household, Myra's occasionally reluctant Jewish identity, and her controversial intermarriage to my father in the anti-Semitic 1950s. If I, the daughter and playwright, felt terror in performing this inti-

mate piece before my mom, she was thrilled—and even took questions from the audience afterwards! Myra was delighted to see women of color and non-Jews expressing interest in issues of Jewish identity. And, of course, the highlight of Campfest 1991 was the warm tribute Myra received from Jamie Anderson and the Night Stage audience when she came out as the only straight woman present.

Myra's second trip to Campfest differed on several counts, although by 1992 she knew what to expect and arrived well-prepared. At the 1992 festival, to her surprise and amusement, she received romantic glances and longing looks as she strolled about the land. How did it feel to be approached by lesbians hoping for a date?

"Well...but I look so *different* because I wear eye makeup," she says. "It's not so much the way I dress but my *head*; my hair and makeup sets me apart. Now at Campfest if you walk into the dining hall and don't know anybody, you have to sit down and start talking to whoever's at your table. The woman who approached me in the food line, yes, was probably fishing; but the conversation was very comfortable on both sides."

Myra was not satisfied with being only a festival "consumer," and wanted to give something back to Campfest. So in 1992 she offered a modern dance workshop for adults and children. Being in charge of a highly successful event, contributing to the artistry of the festival, was a 1992 high point. "My dance workshop was apolitical; it put us all on the same footing—literally! I like to be able to give, and in giving, I get something back."

By now, many of the most political lesbian performers are her daughter's friends, and Myra was able to attend a most jovial party in Maile and Marina's cabin on Saturday night, sharing stories and cookies with stage artists for hours.

Myra's distaste for anti-male, anti-straight material—even when her own kid was on stage singing backup—placed her in a very awkward spot during some sets. ("It's hard for me to sing along with songs about cutting off penises," she says.)

Instead, Myra found pleasure in the humor of Marga Gomez and especially in the storytelling of Deaf actress Susan Jackson. "She was so genuinely loving, reaching out and touching the entire audience. That was very moving. I know that there's a lot of anger and sorrow, that it's hard for most performers to come across with tenderness," she says. "Much anger is covered up with laughter."

Myra is fast becoming a much-

beloved folk heroine at Campfest, a symbolic stand-in for others' absent moms, even as she frankly admits to her own mixed feelings. What advice does she offer to other mothers and daughters considering a shared festival experience?

"It's a good consciousness-raising experience for women, whether or not they're moms with daughters. Going to a festival is like developing a friendship with a person from a foreign country. It provides a different perspective from the standard one we hear all the time. We all need to be shaken up, jarred—to walk a mile in someone else's Birkenstocks," she says.

"Women bringing their mothers must recognize that all women are different and have a life story to tell that is valid," she suggests. "Ideally, there should be a mother-daughter meeting or workshop."

In concluding her thoughts, my mother said to me, "I'm very glad I've had that festival experience. You've been so important to my adult education. I read the newspaper differently now. But I'm not a 'festival babe'—I can't be one of the gals as you want me to be. I'm your mother, and believe me, I am honored that you want to share everything with me. There are so many women who *don't* share with their mothers, and their mothers want them to. Find ways to build bridges and still respect the differences, and know when to say, 'Beyond here I cannot go.'" •

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## DOGFIIGHT from page 15

positive force for change; Eddie believes in action and gunfighting. But as he spends more time with Rose, we see him begin to understand the *value of her ideas*. As the hours pass, Eddie's convictions wobble to Rose's growing self confidence.

By the time they part, a radiant Rose has matured from a shy, awkward girl into an optimistic young woman. And it's not just because of Eddie's attention; her personal philosophy has been tested and found worthwhile. In contrast, Eddie, rejoining his pals, quickly re-embraces their cynicism, literally and figuratively throwing away what Rose might have given him. Not until much later is he able to acknowledge the value of what she shared with him.

We appreciated *Dogfight* for several reasons. We liked the way the soundtrack's '60s-era tunes nicely tracked the emotions unfolding on the screen, the way the era was evoked in general, and Nancy Savoca's sensitive direction. Best of all though,

is Lili Taylor's Rose. Her passion, integrity, and intelligence are all too rare in a screen portrait of a teenaged girl, and Lili makes Rose believable as an insecure, inhibited girl who in the course of the movie blossoms into a competent and sensual woman. Her final, healing embrace of Eddie can be interpreted as symbolizing the love and forgiveness all women have within them, without which the world would be a savage place.

As is evident from the plot synopsis, this is a problematic film to view from a feminist perspective. Rather than watch it as just one more story in which men treat women badly and then are forgiven, try to see it as a clash between two value systems. His (essentially, the patriarchy) is tested and found lacking; hers is affirmed. In every encounter, she comes out stronger, whole.

"Working on *Dogfight* was quite special," recalls Holly Near. "Most of my work was with Lili Taylor and director Nancy Savoca. There was not much in the script about why Rose didn't have a dad, or why

she and her mother—who I played—were at odds. So Lili, Nancy, and I spent a few days building a past for Rose. None of the details would be in the script, but when it came time to do our scenes together, we felt more like family."

The film takes place during the war in Vietnam, a time during which Holly came into her own political awareness when she traveled to Southeast Asia with Jane Fonda on the antiwar Free The Army tour. "It was interesting to work with a cast of young people, most of whom were not adults during the war in Vietnam—some cases, not even born!" she says. "They felt like how I used to feel talking to my parents about World War II or the Rosenbergs.

"In some ways I'm sorry the film was called *Dogfight*—I think a lot of people, particularly women, don't rent the video because they think it's about airplane fights or animal cruelty. There is a fight, a right—but Rose defines it. I think it's a film worth seeing."

•FADE OUT•

## ANTHEM from page 46

and gay music." In addition to Romanovsky & Phillips and Ted Fox, a number of gay men involved in New York theater also took part. The Flirtations wanted to participate, but couldn't work it into their schedule.

The anthem project includes people all over the professional spectrum, from Holly Near, to people who are just starting out, to people who don't even consider themselves to be singers. "These are all important parts of our various communities," says Lynn. "It's not exclusive; the goal is community—inclusive."

•••

Lynn believes "Together, Proud & Strong" will make a kind of media statement that the lesbian and gay movement hasn't had before. "I get really tired of mainstream media, when they come to our events, focusing on one group and sensationalizing it," she says. "I don't want [all lesbians and gay men] to be represented only by small contingencies, because we are so diverse and, generally, average people. If you look at the ordinary gay or lesbian person...we cover the range, just like any other subculture."

Bonnie Morris agrees that the song has the right spirit. "I think that having the tape to play for everybody who comes to your door is a really great way to advertise the march," she says. "My parents in



Susan Herrick, East Coast session.

particular were really impressed with—I don't want to say how 'mainstream' we sounded—but I think it sort of hit home with them that this wasn't just a bunch of scruffy folksingers sitting around in a basement making a little tape. The project reflects a very impressive range of talent and commitment in people they respect."

Lynn asserts, "The whole idea of making the tape is to get as many people excited about the march as possible. So many people have come up to me after my concerts and said, 'I wasn't going to go to the march, but now I am.' So maybe we can get another thousand, or ten thousand, to go as a result; who knows what sort of an effect it will have?"

Pat Hussain is clearly delighted that Lynn took the initiative not only to write the song, but to create it in the way she did. "Just the thought that over sixty musicians in our community would come together and sing the same song, that our person would write the song and invite a thousand other voices to join—to me it's like 'We Are The World' within our own community," she says. "We're singing from the same sheet of music for a change. An act like that to me is exciting."

The "Together, Proud & Strong" tape has the sixty-three-voice song on the front and the instrumental version on the back ("lesbian karaoke," as Toni Jr. calls it), so people can take it back to their communities and sing it with their own choirs and groups. In addition to the "cassingle," Lynn and Ledi Shakti are also producing an edited videotape of the making of the song (about forty-five minutes long), and a T-shirt with the sheet music on the front and the signatures of all the singers on the back. Lynn Thomas, Box 54, Perkasio, PA 18944. (215) 795-0615. •



## CATHY WINTER from 19

the audiences for concerts and festivals haven't—at least that's what I hear. This should be thought-provoking to those of us who see ourselves as building some kind of community through the music."

Cathy points out that women's music has been a groundbreaking place for promoting diversity and accessibility as community priorities. "I saw [President] Clinton's acceptance speech broadcast from Arkansas in November, and I almost fell over when I saw the choir and the speeches were being sign language interpreted!" she says. "It was wonderful and right, and long overdue. The women's music scene fostered a climate for that to flourish. It's a thrill to see huge repercussions like that as part of the Presidential scene. Women's music has been a very deep and powerful cultural movement, nurturing threads that have surfaced and will continue to do so in a lot of different realms over the next few decades.

"Every repercussion of feminist culture won't be labelled as such, but that's, in part, a piece of success. You can be peeved that Tracy Chapman didn't publicly align herself with the women's music scene—or you can be thrilled with the strong, political, woman-identified music that she has managed to make a household word," Cathy says. "Eventually we'll get to see what the generation who grew up listening to *her* music writes and plays when they get old enough to be our new songwriters. Holly listened to Ronnie Gilbert. Tracy listened to Alix, Holly, Cris, and Meg. Who is listening to Tracy and Suzanne Vega and Lucie Blue and all the rest of us now? I don't think we'll be disappointed when we find out."

What does being a feminist mean to Cathy today? "To me, being a feminist means respecting women as full human beings with a complete range of choices intact," she answers without hesitation. "Women's voices fascinate me; to hear them all requires a quilt made from experiences from everywhere. Each one of us finds strength and focus to have a piece in that; we each have something important or beautiful to say. When we put down other women for not saying the things *we* want to hear, we devalue their experiences as strong women who are capable of determining their own values. Growing up in a sexist culture, we internalized something that makes it okay to criticize and judge other women harshly. Accepting women as they choose to define themselves is the very core of my concept of feminism."



Cathy Winter (right) and Betsy Rose were a popular duo from 1976-1983.

She describes her ideal world: "Money, health care, emotional well-being, personal safety, access to decent housing, and meaningful work would not be defined by sex, race, class, age, physical abilities, or choice of sexual partners. Women-only happenings would exist, but it wouldn't feel as if our safety and sanity depended upon them. We would not need to mistrust people whose life choices were different from our own. Women with voices of great depth, power, and diversity would be part of the large fabric of life in every realm, with all choices open to us. Every child born would be safe and well-nurtured. And somehow, we would not have burned ourselves out achieving all that. I try to do my piece in creating that world. I'm a woman musician; that's been

my strongest, most constant and most primary identity since I was about five years old. So I keep trying to figure out how to live my life, play music I love, and be part of creating that vision."

What's next for Cathy Winter? "I bought a new guitar when I turned forty, and it will take me a few years to break it in," she says. "There's something incredible about playing one instrument for twenty years. I bought my old guitar in 1969, so when I got this one, I could see twenty more years of playing guitar and living my life stretching out in front of me. People, places, ideas, music—maybe doing more poetry writing," she says with a smile. "Settling in, and stretching out."

*Next Sweet Time* has gotten considerably more airplay and media attention than her previous recordings, so Cathy plans to do a lot of traveling with album release and promotional tours in the next couple of years. Luckily for her and for us, she loves doing concerts.

Cathy Winter's recordings include *'Sweet Sorcery'* (with Betsy Rose, 1980); *'Breath On My Fire'* (1984); *'Songwriters of the Nineties'* (1988); *'Travelling Home'* (1988); and *'Next Sweet Time'* (1992). She can be reached c/o Season 4 Productions, 1017 Chrysler Ave., Schenectady, NY 12303-1215. (518) 377-6312. •

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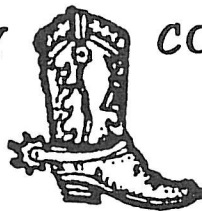
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**NEED MONEY?** Wolfe Video, PO Box 64, New Almaden, CA 95042. (408) 268-6782. *Offering special fundraising packages to groups for the performance rights to 'Two In Twenty,' the world famous lesbian soap opera. Call for details.*

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## PERIODICALS

**ACHÉ: Journal for Lesbians of African Descent.** PO Box 6071, Albany, CA 94706. (415) 824-0703. *Bimonthly publication by Black lesbians for the benefit of all women of African descent.* 6x/yr; \$10-\$25 (sliding scale) subscription.

**BROADSHEET.** 476 Mt. Eden Rd., Box 56-147, Auckland, New Zealand. Phone: 608-535. *New Zealand's feminist magazine. Ten 40-48 page issues per year—regular music section.*

**BROOMSTICK.** 3543 18th St. #3, San Francisco, CA 94110. *National feminist political journal by, for, about women over forty.* 4x/yr; U.S. \$15, Canada \$20 (US funds), Overseas/Institutions \$25, sample/\$5. *Free to incarcerated women over forty.*

**CAULDREN.** PO Box 349, Culver City, CA 90232. (310) 633-2322. *Lesbian-identified publication seeking writers, artists, photographers.* 4x/yr; \$13/yr; \$26/2 yrs.

**FEMINIST BOOKSTORE NEWS.** PO Box 882554, San Francisco, CA 94188. (415) 626-1556. *Trade publication for women's bookstores. FBN's "Writing Wanted" column is sheer inspiration for writers. Easily worth the price of the magazine.* \$50/6 issues, \$5/sample.

**FEMINIST TEACHER.** Ballantine Hall 447, Indiana University, Bloomington, IN 47405. *Multi-disciplinary magazine committed to combatting sexism, racism, other forms of oppression in the classroom.* 3x/yr; \$12/yr, \$4/sample.

**HAG RAG.** PO Box 1171, Madison, WI 53203. (608) 241-9765. *Now available on cassette tape!* \$10-\$15/6 issues (sliding scale), \$3/sample.

**HOT WIRE: The Journal of Women's Music & Culture.** 5210 N. Wayne, Chicago, IL 60640. (312) 769-9009. *Only publication devoted to national woman-identified music & culture scene. Music, writing, film, dance, comedy. Many photos. Each 64-page issue includes two-sided stereo recording.* 3x/yr; \$17/yr, \$7/sample (includes postage). *Canada: \$19 US/yr. Overseas: write or see masthead on table of contents page for rates.*

**HURRICANE ALICE.** 207 Lind Hall/207 Church St. SE, Minneapolis, MN 55455. *Feminist review of literature/arts/culture featuring essay/reviews/art/fiction.* Quarterly; \$9/yr.

**IN THESE TIMES.** 2040 N. Milwaukee Ave., Chicago, IL 60647. (800) 827-0270. *ITT is committed to democratic social and political change. Its weekly coverage of the nation, the world, and the arts combines incisive reporting, thoughtful analysis and timely reviews with exciting, award-winning design. Experience the very best in alternative American journalism by ordering a free sample copy today.*

**IOWA WOMAN MAGAZINE.** PO Box 680, Iowa City, IA 52244. *Pays for essays, fiction, poetry, and visual art by women everywhere. Send SASE for submission guidelines. Mention this ad and send \$4 for sample copy. Subscriptions \$18/yr, 4X/yr.*

**LADYSLIPPER CATALOG.** PO Box 3124, Durham, NC 27705. (919) 683-1570. *World's most comprehensive catalog of records/tapes/CDs/videos by women; free but stamps appreciated.*

**LESBIAN CONTRADICTION: A Journal of Irreverent Feminism.** 584 Castro St. #263, San Francisco, CA 94114. *Commentary, analysis, humor,*

*reviews, cartoons; by women who agree to disagree.* Quarterly; \$6/yr, \$1.50/sample.

**THE LESBIAN NEWS** PO Box 1430, Twentynine Palms, CA 92277. (213) 6560258. *A digest of information from Southern California and beyond.* Monthly; \$12/yr.

**NEW DIRECTIONS FOR WOMEN.** PO Box 3000, Denville, NJ 07834-1973. (201) 568-0226. *Women's health, family issues, racism, ageism, culture, and sports from a feminist perspective.* 6x/yr, \$12/yr, \$20/institutions, \$18/Canada & Mexico.

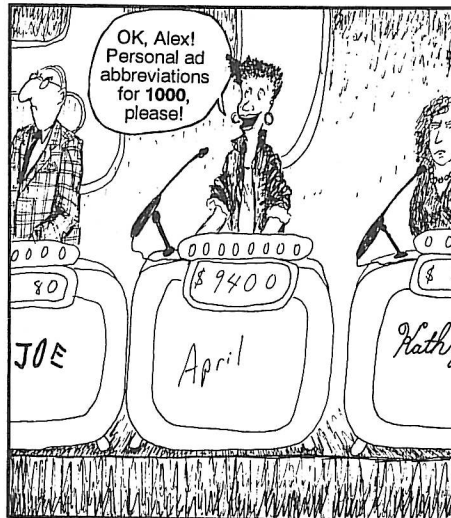
**OF A LIKE MIND.** PO Box 6021, Madison, WI 53716. *A leading international network and newspaper of women's spirituality.* Quarterly; \$13-33/yr, (sliding scale); \$3/sample.

**ON TARGET.** PO Box 386, Uncasville, CT 06382. (203) 848-3887. *Newsletter for women over 40 and their friends.*

**OUTLINES.** Editor Tracy Baim, 3059 N. Southport, Chicago, IL 60657. (312) 871-7610. *Lesbian/gay newsmagazine; extensive women's music & culture coverage. Midwest & national focus.* \$25/yr by mail.

## STONEWALL RIOTS

By Andrea Natalie



**SOUND AROUND.** PO Box 297, Hadley, PA 01035. (413) 549-6283. *Music venue directory. Acoustic, Electric Folk, Alternative.* Entire U.S. \$25; regionally \$10.

**WOMAN OF POWER.** PO Box 2785, Orleans, MA 02653. (508) 240-7877. *'Woman of Power' can no longer accept unsolicited poetry and fiction.*

## RECORDINGS

**A FAMILY OF FRIENDS.** Tsunami, PO Box 42282, Tucson, AZ 85733. *An exciting women's music sampler featuring Jamie Anderson, Laura Berkson, Alix Dobkin, Pam Hall, June Millington, Sue Fink, Venus Envy and more!*

**AMAZON,** Kay Gardner. Ladyslipper, Inc. 613 Vickers Ave., Durham, NC 27701. *Alto flute meditations with sounds from the rainforest.*

**ANOTHER PLACE,** Margie Adam. Pleiades Records, PO Box 7217, Berkeley, CA 94707. (510) 569-5139. *Margie's long-awaited new release includes: "Los Caldónes," "Long Haul," "Count On Me," and "Women Who Dare."*

**BETTER THAN NORMAL,** Sue Dunlop. PO Box 28069, Wellington, New Zealand 6030. *A*

*controversial cassette including: "Hairy Legs" and "Tell The Boys."*

**BROADCASTING,** Saffire: the Uppity Blues Women. Alligator Records, Box 60234, Chicago, IL 60660. *Includes "Dump That Chump," "Miz Thang."*

**CENTER OF BALANCE,** Jamie Anderson, Tsunami, PO Box 42282, Tucson, AZ 85733. *Details the life and loves of the average goddess babe lesbian. (A.B., Dirty Linen)*

**COMING INTO OUR VOICE,** MUSE, Cincinnati's Women's Choir. PO Box 23292, Cincinnati, OH 45223. *Fourteen songs, including "Music In My Mother's House."*

**DEAR LOVER,** Seraiah Carol. Seraiah Carol Productions 5944 S. Princeton Chicago, IL 60621. *Hot new songs from this popular performer include: "I Want To."*

**KISSING IN THE DEEP END, SHE IS.** Sound Image Production, 120 Sherman Ave., Takoma Park, MD 20912. (301) 270-8705. *From moving love ballads to raunchy, grinding blues.*

**LADY OF THE LAKE,** Lisa Thiel. Ladyslipper, Inc. 613 Vickers Ave., Durham, NC 27701. *Fourteen songs including "Turquoise Woman."*

**LIVE THE LIFE YOU DREAM,** Cindy Freedman. PO Box 66566 Houston, TX 77266. *Earth-heart folk music that conveys a sense of beauty and blessing.*

**LOVE & POLITICS,** Alix Dobkin. Ladyslipper, Inc. 613 Vickers Ave., Durham, NC 27701. *A thirty-year retrospective of Alix's music.*

**MERMAIDS IN THE BASEMENT.** 1702 Hampton Blvd. Unit 3, Norfolk, VA 23517. (804) 622-0067. *MITB's new release "Positive Energy" just out on very hot album. For info contact Ladyslipper or write above address. Rock and soul at its best.*

**NEXT SWEET TIME** by Cathy Winter. 1017 Chrysler Ave., Schenectady, NY 12303. *Feminist folk music and blues. Includes "Electrician Blues."*

**OLD NEW BORROWED BLUE,** Heather Bishop. Ladyslipper, Inc. 613 Vickers Ave., Durham, NC 27701. *A selection from earlier recordings plus five new songs.*

**PANAGAEA,** Laura Love. PO Box 30853, Seattle, WA 98103. (206) 935-1222. *An amalgam of "folk/funk, African/Appalachian, and House/Celtic."*

**PEACEFUL WOMEN,** Rt 1 Box 281, Bayfield, WI 54814. *A capella songs include: "Peace Is A Woman," "Breaths," "Car Wars," "Find The Spirit," "Take Back The Power," and more! Send \$12.50 check or money order.*

**SHARE MY SONG,** Melanie DeMore. Redwood Records, PO Box 10408, Oakland, CA 94610. (510) 835-1445. *Original compositions exploring the themes of transition, relationship, spiritual quest and discovery.*

**SINCLAIR—READY OR NOT.** Quartz Apple Music, PO Box 2104, Costa Mesa, CA. 92628 (714) 722-6023. *A collection of her songs performed for political rallies and fundraisers concerned with women's issues of domestic violence, peace, relationships, and empowerment.*

**SONYA HELLER.** 103 E. 2nd St., New York, NY 10009. (212) 460-5168. *Four songs including "Looking For The Sun."*

**TOMBOY,** Alison Farrell. PO Box 847, New Haven, CT 06504. *Follow up album to 'Stop Being So Nice.' Includes "Excitable Girl," "Billboard Camel," "I Like Being A Dyke."*

**TRUTH AND THE LIE,** Susan Herrick, WATCHfire Records, PO Box 657, Unionville, PA 19375-0657.

(215) 486-6139. Fax (215) 486-6326. Distribution: Lady Slipper, PO Box 3124-R, Durham, NC 27715. 1-800-634-6044. "You Deserve" (cassingle tool), voted best new song by 'HOT WIRE' readers. A listener wrote, "I met my true soulmate through the 'together listening' of your music as we were 'Slow Burnin'!... 'One Moment At A Time'/'Never Have I' & 'Silent Friend.' I mean wow, these have been like a guidebook-color-by-number to our flowing communication!"

**WE ARE DESTINY**, Destiny. 622 S. 5th St., Philadelphia, PA 19147. (215) 925-9991. Tapes available through Goldenrod Catalog. New release by the Finger Snapping, Toe Tapping original empowering Lesbian Feminist music group. Enjoy songs like "Lesbian Luvver," "Homophobic Blues," "Provincetown," "Lust," "Softball....," "It's Alright."

**WE ARE ONE and WOMAN ALIVE!** (set) Truth-Sayer. Power Productions, Box 117, Mill Valley, CA 94942. Original spiritual music specifically created for therapeutic purposes.

## GROUPS

**WOMEN'S INITIATIVE.** AARP, 601 E St. N.W., Washington, DC 20049. Organization helping to ensure that the economic, social, health and long-term care needs of midlife and older women are met.



## BOOKS

**A DOORYARD FULL OF FLOWERS** by Isabel Miller. Naiad Press, Inc. PO Box 10543, Tallahassee, FL 32302. The continuation of the lesbian classic 'Patience and Sarah.'

**AMMONITE** by Nicola Griffith. Del Rey Books, 201 E. 50th St., New York, NY 10022. One woman's journey, internal and external, through change.

**BASTARD OUT OF CAROLINA** by Dorothy Allison. Plume, 375 Hudson St., New York, NY 10014. A gritty first novel of love and anger.

**COPING WITH CHEMOTHERAPY** by Nancy Bruning. Ballantine Books, New York. The revised

and updated edition of this informational book.

**CRAZY FOR LOVING** by Jaye Maiman. Naiad Press, Inc. PO Box 10543, Tallahassee, FL 32302. A Robin Miller mystery about life and love in the '90s.

**DEAD CERTAIN** by Claire McNab. Naiad Press, Inc. PO Box 10543, Tallahassee, FL 32302. A Detective Fiorello Ashton mystery by the author of 'Cop Out.'

**THE EROTIC NAIAD.** Naiad Press, Inc. PO Box 10543, Tallahassee, FL 32302. Love stories by Naiad Press Authors.

**FIRST REFRAINS** by Kay Stoner. Stoner Productions, PO Box 8116, Santa Rosa, CA 95407. Part one of a seven-part poetic series.

**THE ISSUE IS POWER** by Melanie Kaye/Kantrowitz. Aunt Lute Books, PO Box 410687, San Francisco, CA 94141. Essays on women, Jews, violence and resistance.

**THE LAVENDER SCREEN,** by Boze Hadleigh. Carol Publishing, Citadel Press, Birch Lane Press, 120 Enterprise Ave., Secaucus, NJ 07094. 250+ pages, dozens of photos with detailed captions. Gay and lesbian films: Their stars, makers, characters, and critics. \$17.95.

**LOCKED DOWN** by Idella Serna. New Victoria Publishers, PO box 27, Norwich, VT 05055. A real-life account of a woman's life in prison.

**LOVE, ZENA BETH** by Diane Salvatore. Joyce must choose between an erotic fantasy and a promising career.

**THE NIGHT AUDREY'S VIBRATOR SPOKE** by Andrea Natalie. Cleis Press, PO Box 8933, Pittsburgh, PA 15221. A 'Stonewall Riots' collection of cartoons.

**OCTOBER OBSESSION** by Meredith More. Naiad Press, Inc. PO Box 10543, Tallahassee, FL 32302. A romantic exploration of an ancient mythological legend that will challenge modern concepts of reality.

**THE SECRET IN THE BIRD** by Camarin Grae. Naiad Press, Inc. PO Box 10543, Tallahassee, FL 32302. A psychological mystery by the author of 'Soul Snatcher.'

**SILVERLAKE HEAT** by Carol Schmidt. Naiad Press, Inc. PO Box 10543, Tallahassee, FL 32302. A novel of passion and intrigue, set in L.A.'s gay Silverlake district.

**SOUL SNATCHER** by Camarin Grae. Naiad Press, Inc. PO Box 10543, Tallahassee, FL 32302. A suspenseful tale of identical twins.

**STONEHURST** by Barbara Johnson. Naiad Press, Inc. PO Box 10543, Tallahassee, FL 32302. Forced into marriage by her father, Cassandra defies him to be with Alex.

**TO THE LIGHTNING** by Catherine Ennis. An erotic tale of two lesbians stranded away from civilization.

**VIRAGO** by Karen Marie Christa Minns. Naiad Press, Inc. PO Box 10543, Tallahassee, FL 32302. An eerie, erotic tale to be read only with the shades tightly drawn.

**THE WAR AGAINST WOMEN** by Marilyn French. Ballantine Books, New York. What's wrong with this country by the author of 'The Women's Room.'

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# LESBIANS' FESTIVALS

## 1993

### WEST COAST LEZ FEST Memorial Day Weekend May 28-31 Santa Barbara

Margie Adam  
Gwen Avery  
Avotcja  
Arisika  
Ruth Barrett  
Melanie DeMore  
Sue Fink  
Fuego Borincuba  
Silvia Kohar  
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Theatre  
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Films by Barbara Hammer  
Plays by Carolyn Gage  
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### EAST COAST LEZ FEST Labor Day Weekend September 3 - 6

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Alix Dobkin  
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### HAWAII FEST Thanksgiving Weekend November 25-28 The Island of Oahu Ginni Clemmens Sue Fink

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# SOUNDSHEET

Produced by Joy Rosenblatt



**LYNN THOMAS**

## TOGETHER, PROUD & STRONG

**WRITTEN/ARRANGED BY:** Lynn Thomas  
**PERFORMED BY:** International ensemble of sixty-three voices (see page 45); Diane Lindsay (bass); Lynn Thomas (MIDI)

Shock T. Music, (215) 795-0615  
P.O. Box 54, Perkasio, PA 18944

This anthem for the 1993 March on Washington for Lesbian, Gay, and Bi Equal Rights and Liberation is available in "cassingle" format, with the final mix (vocals and instruments) on one side, and the instrumental tracks only on the other. It was recorded over the course of four months in Seattle, Los Angeles, Berkeley, Chicago, Philadelphia, and Bath, Pennsylvania with more than sixty feminist and gay singers and musicians. Part of the proceeds will go to benefit the March, scheduled for April 25, 1993. Hundreds of thousands are expected to participate.



**DOS FALLOPIA**

## THE SISTER SONG

**MUSIC BY:** Lisa Koch  
**LYRICS BY:** Lisa Koch & Peggy Platt  
**PERFORMED BY:** Dos Fallopia (Lisa Koch, guitar, tambourine, vocals; Peggy Platt, vocals)  
**FROM:** *My Breasts Are Out of Control*  
Tongueinchi Records  
(206) 325-1920  
1202 E. Pike #712, Seattle, WA 98122  
Dos Fallopia is the warped comedy mind of Lisa Koch (solo album *Colorblind Blues*; also



**MARLA BB**

currently a member of the lesbian comedy showband Venus Envy, along with Laura Love) and Peggy Platt (stand-up on Showtime TV). "Twin Sisters of Different Cul-de-Sacs" were discovered in a stairwell in Seattle. A typical Dos Fallopia experience features a cast of dozens, including British grunge rockers The Surly Bitches; the dysfunctional mother-daughter country superstars The Spudds; Fran and Annie's 12-Step Day Care; and, of course, the lesbian folk duo Mud (Compost Morning Dew and Dolphin-Free Tuna Womom). Dos Fallopia has been spotted at the Michigan, West Coast, and Pacific Northwest Women's (and Womyn's) Music Festivals, as well as in comedy clubs and theaters around the country. They are touring this spring, and in their spare time, Lisa and Peggy stay busy in Seattle as actor/playwright/composers. *My Breasts Are Out of Control* is Dos Fallopia's debut recording.



*Seraiah Carol*

**SERIAIAH CAROL**

## NELSON

**WRITTEN BY:** Laura Love  
**PERFORMED BY:** Laura Love (vocals, bass, percussion); Rod Cook (vocals, guitar, national steel); Ben Smith (drums)  
**FROM:** *Pangaea*

Octoroon Biography Records  
(206) 545-7375

P.O. Box 30853, Seattle, WA 98103

Laura Love's new album *Pangaea* captures the electrifying essence of her live performances as well as her poetic prowess. The irresistible "Nelson" entreats the listener to rejoice in advances made by the disenfranchised (women, people of color, etc.), yet cautions "that's not enough" to those who might be satisfied. Laura describes her music as "Afro-Celtic." Recordings include *Menstrual Hut* (1989) and *Z Therapy* (1990) plus, with Venus Envy, *Unarmed and Dangerous* and *I'll Be a Homo For Christmas*. *Pangaea* is available in CD and cassette formats.  
*continued on inside back cover*



**LAURA LOVE**

Mary McFaul

## WALKING BY MYSELF

WRITTEN BY: Gary Moore/lyrics adapted by Marla BB

PERFORMED BY: Marla BB (vocals); Melanie Monsur (piano); Mary Burnley (bass); Debbie Lane (drums); Laney Goodman (harmonica); June Millington (guitar)

FROM: *Sassy Mama Blues*

Ascending Productions, (516) 897-7532

P.O. Box 688, Point Lookout, NY 11569

"Walking By Myself" affirms big mamas, as in: "I wouldn't mistreat you for my weight in gold (and I'm not talkin' pennies!)," as well as asserts a woman's right to love, and whomever she wants. MBB counteracts the *woman-done-wrong-but-stands-by-her-man-anyway* blues, reclaiming power by keeping the traditional form but transforming the content. "Gutsy, sultry Marla BB presents the blues from a distinctly female point of view," says *Cabaret Magazine*. And according to the *New York Native*, "This Jewish lady can wrap her tonsils around a number and make you feel juicy and rapturous."

## I'M WANTING YOU, NEEDING YOU AND LOVING YOU

WRITTEN BY: Seraiah Carol

PERFORMED BY: Seraiah Carol (vocals); Julie Homi (keyboards); Lynn Keller (bass); Fat Groove Productions (rhythm engineers)

FROM: *My Life Is Loving You*

Seraiah Carol Productions, (312) 752-1713

P.O. Box 21609, Chicago, IL 60621-0609

"I'm Wanting You, Needing You and Loving You" is a heart warming, foot tapping sample of Seraiah's powerful yet soothing melodious voice combined with a "New Age/R&B/Jazz" style. "This song has always been special to me," says Seraiah. "I've used it for many occasions and circumstances, bringing edification and joy to audiences. It now chronicles the steps that many take in building new relationships. I'm sure everyone can relate to the feelings of meeting someone new and the expectations we are sometimes overwhelmed with after the first date." Enjoy!

*Feel free to copy these tunes onto cassette tape with songs from previous soundsheets.*

Material is recorded on both sides in stereo. Place the soundsheet on a turntable at 33-1/3 rpm. A coin placed on the label prevents slipping. If your turntable has a ridged mat, placing the soundsheet on top of an LP may be advisable.

# 1993

# Women's Music Plus

## Directory of Resources in Women's Music and Culture



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## Women's Music Plus

### 5210 N. Wayne, Chicago, IL 60640

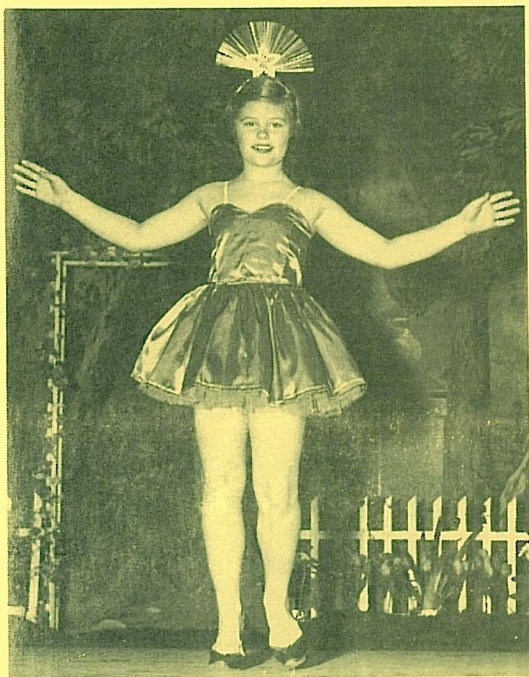
### MOUNTAIN MOVING COFFEEHOUSE FOR WOMYN & CHILDREN

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**For info: (312) 973-2477**



More than sixty musicians and singers in six cities recorded "Together, Proud & Strong," the official anthem of the 1993 March on Washington for Lesbian, Gay, and Bi Equal Rights and Liberation. Anthem writer Lynn Thomas and video documentarian Leda Shakti traveled around the U.S. over the course of four months, rehearsing the singers and laying down the tracks. [See page 44.] On a light note, *HOT WIRE* is pleased to present the "Who Did She Grow Up to Be?" contest, which includes more than two dozen girlhood photos of women now active in the women's music and culture scene. [See page 32.]