



Lesbian Perspective

Lesbian Organization of Toronto

342 Jarvis St., Toronto, Ont.
960-3249

Tuesday and Friday evenings

September 1979

We have an Empty House

WHAT'S

Anyone new to the "community" would be lucky to find one or two other souls wandering through LOOT house on a drop-in night to welcome them. It seems as if the house is just a decaying mass of rubble we care little about, seemingly abandoned for the Fly By Night, chiefly.

Although bars can be fun, I think it is sad that womyn aren't making any use of our house. One alternative posed to bars was the coffeehouse theatre in the summer and also the jazz-blues free munchies night, and yet people left early to go to the bar. The house is the place for the expression of our culture and the space is valuable but requires effort and responsibility.

At the last General Meeting, womyn talked enthusiastically about how we could have amateur talent nights, poetry readings, jam sessions, more theatre and conversation. A non-alcoholic space was seen as important. But the question remains: why aren't womyn coming to LOOT? Perhaps it is because when womyn first come out the focus is a "safe" space like the house and later, having established contacts and friends, it loses its function for them. It does seem as if the womyn coming to LOOT are a transient group, coming and

HAPPENED?

going, always changing. Do we eventually outgrow our need for the house in this way? Then why not restructure our space and use the house for other interests we may have?

One woman at the meeting said "LOOT house cannot compete with the bar, and excuse the expression, wall-to-wall womyn". A house is an intimate setting, warm and friendly and people meeting there may feel uncomfortable with womyn they do not know-revealing themselves as they are; whereas at a bar, you

can float around and not really talk to anyone. I think there is a lack of trust and bonding as indicated by recent past events like Fine Kettle of Fish, where womyn refused to communicate. The state of the house indicates the lack of community (was there ever one really and does anyone really want one?) or sharing spirit. TRUST — something womyn still cannot seem to do with each other. I hope that in the Fall, the House will come alive with womyn's participation and interest in moving beyond where we're at now.

by Maureen

LOOT SEMINAR

On October 7th, at 2 p.m., we will follow-up the dance with our own lesbian Thanksgiving. We should appreciate the fact that, three years ago at this time, lesbians from different groups in the city held the first meeting to discuss their isolation as lesbians and renewed their commitment to a lesbian identity by organizing LOOT.

On this day, we must follow the example of our foremothers who gathered the harvest and prepared for the winter. In many ways, this winter will be a long one— unless we, individually and collectively, evaluate our commitment to 342 Jarvis Street as well

as the rather vaguely-defined group called LOOT.

Last November, our LOOT Assessment meeting was well-attended and moderately successful. However, this year it is even more imperative to gather people together to ask the most frightening questions —

- Is there a need for LOOT? If so, by whom?
- How can we continue to give LOOT a future?

Please, reserve your Monday for traditional Thanksgiving and come to the evaluation meeting at 2 p.m. on Sunday for a lesbian future. Refreshments will be provided.

THE DEADLINE for the October Newsletter is September 30th. To submit a classified ad, (please enclose \$2.), announcements or articles, call Karen at 363-4549, or leave it at the LOOT office. Do consider writing for us. We also still need more womyn power for layout, etc. Again, call Karen.

NEWSLETTER COLLECTIVE:

Karen Henderson, Ruth Holmes, Pat Leslie, Maureen McReavy, Sharon Stone.

CELIBATE PERSPECTIVE

The views expressed in this article are not necessarily the opinion of the editorial staff.

We all know what "safe" means to many practising heterosexuals. What special meaning does it hold for us?

Dancing with my friend at the dyke bar: we are smiling, openly affectionate, daringly flirtatious. And perfectly safe. No expectations, no complications.

We talk about how we don't snore, fart or steal the covers from each other. We're good in bed.

We love each other, therefore we are lovers. We understand each other, so we connect. *Sleeping* together makes us pillow friends.

We are everything but a "couple" - but that's P.I. anyway, so it doesn't count.

For all the modern thinking in our community, we still use many misleading terms for an act that really only has one true name ... sex!

The implication in all this is that celibates do not engage in all the wonderful things that non-celibates do, simply because such tenderness so often accompanies out-and-out sex.

I hasten to note that I by no means intend to be judgemental. That would put me at cross-purposes. But as I sit here, trying to get in touch with my love feelings, I despair at the invisibility of celibates in the community.

We are lesbians in heart, soul and politics, and yet unrecognized. We support lesbian dances and demos — even marathon meetings! Now I ask you, when has the community openly advocated celibate rights? Who would come to *our* demos? Who walks *us* home?

Frankly, the "lesbians on hold" are forgotten and unnoticed; unless, perhaps, to be pitied. Or we hide in our closets. Sometimes, in order to conceal ourselves, we have to "pair up" to make it look good. Often we are told that what we need is a good ... (you know). Or that we are sick, enjoying life this way. Deprived or deprived! I say "up yours!"

Lesbian-Identified-Celibates Unite!

by Kari Reynolds

How We Spent Our Summer Vacation

Great Hera Bulldyke, we sure did get to see a lot of our friends at Michigan this year! What an opportunity to expose ourselves to varied interests and ideas! Some of us even went to workshops.

There were several anti-nuke workshops, one of which was facilitated by L. from our own hometown. In an interview with L. she told us that many dykes find the issue as explosive as we do. "We mustn't waste our energies", she said.

As for the music; Holly Near who gave a fantastic performance in Toronto Sept. 9th was excellent and was only upstaged by our own Ivy Far, who sang "*By the Light of the Menstrual Moon (I rinsed my sponge/with my baby in June)*".

Well Butchford, while you were listening to Ivy, I went to the hairbraiding workshop. On my way I ran into Willow, Forest and Two Rivers. Now, before you start telling me I should get my eyes checked, let me explain that Willow, Forest and the Rivers are all women who have changed

their names. I thought it was a really nice idea and when I told my campmates they were inspired and we became Campstove, Tentpole and Airmattress for the rest of the festival. Butchford, I heard someone call you sleepingbag, did you change your name too, or were they referring to something else?"

"Very funny Bulldyke! Personally I think you should have called yourself Lichee Nut".

Speaking of food, the eats rate a full 10 on the P.C. scale. I didn't know that salt was politically incorrect until I noticed there wasn't any. In fact, the food was so P.C. that some women were P.I. and P.O.'d (pigged out).

Michigan was a revealing experience in strength, generosity and wonders of womyn.

So tell me, Bulldyke, what have you been doing since you got back?

Well Butchford, curiosity got my cat the other day. I've been eyeing a record over at Honest Ed's for two months and I finally broke down and bought it. Although it's by a gomer, I found the title haunting. It's called "should lesbians be allowed to play 'pro' football", and is described as a comedy album. I finally decided to buy it on the off chance that I could 'reclaim' some of his lesbian jokes for our own humour and also because you Butchford, yes you, offered to split the cost. This 'comedy' album is a live recording and it soon becomes apparent that the only one laughing is a person sitting near the recorder. To my disappointment there are no jokes for us, in fact, there are no jokes. Lesbians get a two liner not even worth mentioning and, from there on in, it's a variation of the "take my wife please theme". I'm glad I only paid .99 for it and I'm extremely thankful that it's deleted.

If after reading this you're still interested in hearing it, you will find it in my garbage on Thursday. Oh, by the way, Butchford, you still owe me fifty cents for your half of the record.

REFLECTIONS ON MICHIGAN

August 1979

Memories of Michigan, still winding through the labyrinth of my mind — someone could write a womynsong on that theme. Probably it's already been done numerous times by womyn across the continent, either while still experiencing the Michigan phenomenon or while coping with the culture-shock of returning to home-base.

The Fourth Annual Michigan Womyn's Music Festival, for many a familiar friend itself, a place of renewing, meeting again, sharing again. Not just the many acres of land outside of a freaked out little town called Hesperia, where even certain trees have become landmarks, but the concept of womynspace nourished and cherished to grow from year to year.

I envied those women for whom Michigan was an established unreality to enjoy once again in similar and different ways. They did not have to spend a day and a half or more just figuring out the lay of the land (the fastest way from the Merchant's Tent to Fernwood or the creek to the foodlines). They kept exalting as they met, once again, someone from Boston, L.A., or Vancouver. And, for the most part, they were so in tune with the freedom they knew (if only for a few days,) that they frequently shed all clothing no matter how cool it seemed. How often does one see, and get used to, women wearing shoes, hat, a leather pouch slung over a shoulder and nothing else?

For me, a first-timer, supposedly recognizable by the amount of clothing I still had on — it was cold, I swear! — or the looks on my face as I tried to assimilate all that was happening around Michigan, gave me mixed feelings.

It is strange now to try to put those feelings down because, in retrospect, just the fact of thousands of women running a male-

free community for even a few days, is a great achievement. I should have been keeping a diary while there but after the second rain-soaked sleeping bag and possessions well — ! Ah, yes, the rain — the rain I hated because I lacked proper camping equipment, had little experience, and no one to keep me warm. That didn't help certainly.

But some of my ambivalent or even negative feelings about Michigan come from a deeper sense of loneliness in a crowd. I didn't think I 'should' feel that way with so many women, so many who I knew from Toronto. But ironically, it was that which bothered me most. Here, in Toronto, I almost always feel part of the community, knowing women with divergent interests and who move in differing circles, but circles which cross like those on a double-women symbol necklace.

Suddenly there I was in a Michigan-Toronto and I felt isolated, unwelcome (not all of the time of course and not by everyone at every time) or only superficially greeted with any warmth. It seemed that if you didn't pre-arrange a camping group to share food or equipment or whatever, you couldn't join either in that group's merriment or laidbackness without being forward enough to invite yourself or know you could trade something you had for something the group wanted. If I didn't make a definite time or place to see someone I knew, no one would wonder or care that I might feel alone or be looking for someone to spend that night at the concert with; that, I assume, was my problem and yet what of this thing called sisterhood?

There were lots of smiles and hellos when I passed familiar faces, but fewer hugs than I've experienced in even one night at the bar or a LOOT dance.

It's not that I mind spending time alone with myself — I do it constantly and that's fine. But I didn't want that much time alone at Michigan, although an hour and a half in "The Womb" with wonderful, healing, although unknown women, was good and as spacy a feeling as I can recall. It's just that 90 per cent of the time that I ran into women I knew from TO, they were not alone and I was, and they seemed happy and I knew I wasn't.

My shyness is my own problem, in fact I dislike certain kinds of personal aggressiveness, but with so many women who were supposed to be in tune with each other, I kept hitting dissonant chords, or feeling like whatever my own music was, it reverberated off into the trees, unheard by those physically around me.

This is how I felt most of the time at Michigan, not all of it. Not every women seemed unresponsive or unreceptive. I owe the dwellers of a nearby red and a nearby green tent quite a bit for solace when I was cold or tired or freaked out when my flashlight conked out the second night. And there were strangers with whom I probably could have had some good communications - I guess I blew that part because I know that this was the solution of at least one Toronto woman who admitted a similar alienation when we were home.

I will continue to have mixed feelings about my Michigan experience, but I will remember it as an experience I would not have wanted to miss, an experience I cannot imagine being paralleled anywhere, music-wise, collective process-wise, freedom-wise and on and on, but definitely an experience that had the potentiality of being better, much, much better. How much of this was entirely my fault, I cannot say. But I would be better prepared and if that means that I would drag out some of that old 'straight-world everyday' armour, then I guess I would have to, but that admission makes me feel very sad.

by Karen Henderson

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We started out for Michigan around 2:00 on the afternoon of Wednesday, August 23. We didn't mean to leave this late but you know how it is sometimes. We got to the Sarnia-Port Huron border at exactly 9:00 pm, like we expected. I had my parent's car and therefore thought it wiser to be in the driver's seat. Our story was that we were visiting a friend of mine in Dexter just outside of Ann Arbor.

The gate gomer asked us if we were all Canadian citizens and we all were, so we said yes. Then he asked us where we were going and we said we were going camping at a friend of mine in Dexter, at least, that's what someone piped up in the backseat.

So anyway, here we are, and the next thing out of the blue, this guy asks *pp* if she's North American Indian, and she says "yes, what does it matter?"

Then he asks *np*, "Are you a Native American?" and she says, "yes", and then he asks me, and I say "not officially". Then he smiled, I guess he liked my answer. He didn't ask *gg*, I guess cause she was noticeably Chinese.

Then he asked *pp* and *np* if they had status. When they said no, he smiled and asked me to get out of the car.

Then we went to the back of my car and he told me to open the trunk. He went into my camera bag and found my writing book. In my book, he found a letter from a woman from Mt. Pleasant and the music collective from the previous year and said to me "Where are you really going?" and I said "camping".

He said, "Is this yours?" and I said "it must be if you found it in my camera bag".

Then he said, "Why is everyone uptight?" and I said, "Probably because we don't like crossing borders that mean we might be hassled" and he said "Why do you think you might get hassled?" and I said, "We don't, but what are you doing now?" and he said, "I'm not hassling you. Do you

think you're being hassled?" and I said, "These aren't normal questions, we just want to go on holidays and don't want to have to unpack all our stuff for a dope check. We don't have any and it took us three hours to get it in".

He said, "ok, you won't have to bother, you can get in the car". Then he filled out a paper and gave it to me and said "Go to immigration. You can move the car over there".

"*pp* said to him, and this was the third time, "What does our being Indian have to do with it?" and he said, "just making sure". I knew, later, he was just making sure his fascist friends noses inside the office would be kept clean 'cause they couldn't touch us if we had status.

So we get inside and there's two women and one gomer there, and we go up to the counter and lean on it while the immigration people sharpen their pencils for the kill.

The man is tall and he has a state police badge on his shirt, not an immigration badge like the women. There is a short woman about fifty who looks like the warden in "*Women in Chains*" and a tall woman sitting at a desk doing paper work. This short woman and the man take *pp*'s, *np*'s and *gg*'s i.d. and look at it.

I set my birth certificate on the counter and no one's talking to me so I'm standing there drinking the coffee I bought. I'm looking at this other woman who looks up and smiles. I smile, she smiles, looks down again, gets up, comes to the counter and says "come with me".

So while everyone else is going into these interview rooms, we go the other way down a hall around the corner and into this empty classroom where she closes the door. She sits on the desk and crosses her legs and says "have a seat" if you want", so I have a seat.

She's young, about 27 and about six feet tall with long blond hair and lots of make up. It seems like she's trying to be nice but

AMERICAN OPPRESSION

she reminds me of "Elsa she wolf of the SS."

She says, "so where are you going?" and I say, "we're going camping in Dexter, just outside of Ann Arbor, and she says "elaborate" and I say "I have a friend we're going to visit that I've known for a few years and we're gonna camp in his yard while I catch some Irish music in Ann Arbor."

She says "you're a musician?" and I say "just a layman", she says "Have you been here before" and I say "Yea, I come down every year on the way to the Philly Folk Festival".

She says, "you're going on to the festival there?" and I say "I was thinking about it". And she says, "But you said you were only staying for a week?" and I say, "It ain't that far".

She says, "Have you been refused entry to the USA before?" I say, "no never had any trouble except for the routine dope checks", and she says, "you have any reason to worry about that?" and I say "no".

Then she says, "Do you know that there's a festival of music happening in Michigan?" and I say "no" and she says, "um", and I say "why?" and she says, "Well, we're just checking" and I say "why?" and she says "Cause we've heard they'll be a lot of lesbians there", and I say "I hope they have a good time too".

She says "you know we found that letter in your purse?" and I say "I don't have a purse", and she says "When was the last time you slept with a man?" and I said "eight months ago".

She said, "Did you enjoy it?" and I said "It's none of your business", none of it is any of your business", and then she crossed her legs the other way.

Then she says, "How long have you known the women you are travelling with?" and I say "For a year or so. One of them I just met but she was an old friend of pp's and was leaving us to go to Vancouver anyway!

She said, "Have you ever slept

with any of these women?" I said "It's none of your business, but no," and she said, "Have you ever had sexual relationships with a woman?" I said, "It's none of your business, you got no right! and she said, "you've got no rights".

She said she was just "doing her job" then she crossed her legs the other way and said "how can you do it?" and I said, "What?" and she said, "Well, how do you do it?" When I regained *consciousness*, I said "You got no right!" and she said, "lets go!"

It was just fine with me cause she was getting what I thought were her 'prick-oriented jollies' and was looking to bust my head and I didn't need that so I left the room with her behind me.

So we get back to the room and the warden's still questioning pp and they are talking among themselves and doing paper work.

Then the gomer says "are you letting pp through?" and she says, "No", and pp says "what?" and the warden woman says, "Are you a lesbian?" and pp says, "It's none of your business, and the warden asks her if her friends are lesbians, and pp says, like we all said, when they asked each of us on our own, "You'll have to ask them".

Then the warden asks the gomer if she's letting gg through and he says "yes" and then he calls pp whom he was also interviewing. He says "I'm sorry you can't get through either".

Pp got angry and said "What's all this shit about". They brought out this 1952 McCarthy witchhunt law and lay this shit about us being undesirable aliens and sexual perverts.

Then I go up to the counter and look at Elsa and say "What about me?" and she says "No" and I said "Why not?" and she says, "Cause I believe you lied", and I said "What do you mean I lied"? and she said "I don't believe you're telling the truth" and I said "What truth do you want to hear"? and she says "You're a

lesbian" and I say "I don't have to answer that," and she says "Too bad, go home".

Anyway, we're all pretty pissed off by this point and pp's had her Antibus taken from her. She says, "It's a certified medical prescription" and the warden says "What's it for?" and pp says, "So I won't 'drink'" and the warden says "Are you an alcoholic?" and pp says "No" and the warden says, "Then why do you have these pills?" and pp says "to stop me" and she says, "So you are an alcoholic?" and writes it down on the paper.

I say "It's an illness not a crime", and she says to me, "You shut your mouth, I'm not talking to you" and I say "When they come for you, there will be no one left," and she looks at me like I'm crazy.

Then I figure we better cool it out for our sisters who are coming after. All this time pp is saying how her kids are waiting at my friend's place for their mother, but they didn't give a shitsideways.

So I say "We've all just been working real hard and looking forward to this holiday". "Why do you have to be so cruel?"

The warden says to me as I'm heading towards the door behind everyone else that "I should go back to Canada and have my holiday, and when you're cured you can come back to my country".

So I stormed out the door and slammed it closed but stopped it from actually smashing their faces.

So there's me walking along with these two assholes behind and we're about 20 yards around the corner from everyone else. So I'm walking faster, and they're walking faster, and I'm walking faster, and I'm calling np, and she doesn't hear me and then I just ran. Then we left the wonderful USA and went back to Canada where we eventually made the plans that took us over the border, and that's another story.

by Donna Marchand

FLY BY NIGHT LOUNGE

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DEMONSTRATE AGAINST "PRO-LIFE"

On October 5 and 6, there will be an International Pro-Life Conference in Toronto at the Royal York Hotel. There will be experts from around the world discussing how best to limit women's freedom of choice. The people who call themselves "pro-life" are against far more than abortion. There is a place for women in their ideal world and it includes lesbians as much as any woman who needs an abortion. We have not yet felt the worst effects of their prejudice. In the United States, they harrass women immediately after abortions and they actually bomb women's abortion clinics. When they begin to do these kinds of things, it shows they have left behind the simple tactic of showing emotional foetus films. They have begun to do us real violence.

At 11 a.m., on Saturday morning women's groups in Toronto will be having a rally at Queen's Park and marching down to the Royal York to express our anger during their conference. This international conference is a unique opportunity to show that we are still willing to fight for the right to control our own reproduction. See you there.



HELP!

Countless lesbians have made contact with our community by calling L.O.O.T. For many, coming to the house is too threatening as a means of initial contact, and writing letters within the city gets a bit ridiculous when you can phone.

But that's just the point. The telephone is our communication link. Without it, our community would not continue to get so many new members. Without it, countless women wouldn't know where to go and have no one to talk to.

The sad part is that our phone line is slipping. We never have been open for very long. A few hours on Tuesday and Friday is nothing. For awhile we felt ambitious enough to open Thursdays, too, but that didn't last. Thursdays died. And now Tuesdays and Fridays are dying. If something isn't done soon, we may be mourning their death.

We *cannot* let the phone line die. With a community as large as ours, it is inconceivable that there is no one to answer the phone. It is unthinkable that a womyn may be forced to call T.A.G. because no lesbians want to answer her questions. What happened to sisterhood? And separatists, how can you so easily let a womyn turn to males for help!

The last time we counted,

there were 10 women (out of the hundreds in this city) who were willing to volunteer a few hours a month to answer the phone. That's down from sixteen last winter. At the last counselling collective meeting, there were four women. To be fair, two had let us know beforehand that they couldn't come, but where were the other four? What's more, the four of us who attended seriously discussed the possibility of the phone line's demise. We are no longer willing to keep it going without *help*.

What used to be involved was 3 hours of your time twice a month. We like to work in pairs. Lately, though this has rarely been possible because we don't have enough women. In fact, there is frequently no one at all to open the phone line.

If there were more women, this wouldn't be a problem. If there were more women, we could rest assured that the phone line will continue to be a viable link. In fact, if there were more women, we could even cut down individual commitments to once a month.

It seems a lot of women hesitate to sign up for the phone line because they think they need to know something about counselling. But you don't. The name "counselling collective" is misleading because in no way are we counsellors. The womyn who calls in just wants someone to listen to her and if she needs counselling, we refer her. So don't let that scare you.

I hope this situation angers you. I don't want you to find our plight touching and hope that someone does something. I want you to be moved enough to volunteer at least an hour a month yourself. Because if you don't do it, who will? The womyn next to you won't because she figures you will.

If you care, I'd like to be able to tell you to call us. But chances are, no one will be there to talk to you. So you can try but if you don't get through, come to the next counselling collective meeting. It will be Thursday, September 20, at the house.

by Sharon Stone

—announcements—

GENERAL MEETING

Twelve womyn attended the August general meeting and business included border hassles womyn faced en route to Michigan, a benefit dance in September, newsletter subscriptions and Lesbian innovation and tradition in maintenance, use and function of the LOOT House.



BORDER HASSLES: All of the womyn present agreed that some type of action be taken on behalf of the womyn harrassed. It was suggested that these particular womyn might wish to organize themselves as a group which the LOOT membership as a whole could participate with. Apparently, a sympathizer at the Globe and Mail is interested in writing an article and perhaps cooperating with him would be one way of voicing our displeasure. Another idea was to write a letter to External Affairs Minister Flora MacDonald officially for LOOT and for womyn generally. A good point was made that probably many 'dykey-looking' straight womyn must have been harrassed also for crossing the border at the "wrong" time. Nancy suggested that if womyn wanted to do something about their complaints, they might con-

sider appealing what happened at a hearing in Detroit through the Immigration Naturalization Services. It would be free.

NEWSLETTER SUBS: If you receive a notice in the mail instead of your newsletter, you know it is time to renew your LOOT supporter cards. An ideal time for that would be at the dance later this month.

diverse activities for us all. (See article in the newsletter for more detailed info.)

BENEFIT DANCE: One is scheduled for October 6, at St. Paul's, 121 Avenue Rd. While Denise is trying to contact members of the Production Committee, she also collected names of interested womyn at the general meeting. If you would like to help, don't be shy, it is never too late to volunteer! The dance will have Mad Mona as D.J. with slides from Michigan.

LESBIAN POT LUCK supper group forming. Join us for interesting discussions, an opportunity to make new friends and to share good food. Further info. contact Ilona at 368-0355 or Sharon 483-9449, or write us at Box 958, Stn. F, Toronto M4Y 2N9.

MICHIGAN SLIDES and someone with a projector to loan us as well as slide carousels needed for our upcoming Fall Benefit Dance at St. Paul's. Please let us know what you can share as soon as possible. Call Darlene or Libby at 923-3135 or Karen at 363-4549.

THERE WILL BE A MEETING held on Monday, Sept. 16th, at 8:00 pm at LOOT to discuss drafted proposals for a liason between the lesbian and gay communities and the Toronto Board of Education. All interested women welcomed appreciatively as we will try to give criticisms and/or support to or endorsements of the directions taken by the proposals.

For more information contact Kathy at 537-6320.

TRADITION: General meetings have always been held on Sunday afternoons and womyn want to keep it that way. Another tradition that is equally popular is the Tuesday night mail out of the Newsletter. If you are not doing anything that night, why not drop over and help out the three womyn who make certain you receive your newsletter each month? It is always the 2nd Tuesday after the GENERAL MEETING.

INNOVATION: Kari, our tenant, asked us to make womyn aware that often when they leave the house they forget to turn off the lights and lock the door. Do not assume that Kari is always there. Let's be more considerate of her and our space.

The meeting ended with a good discussion concerning how the house could be used for alterna-

THE HOUSE

The house is in serious disrepair and if anyone is interested in helping pull it back into shape for the fast approaching fall and winter months, come to the meeting on September 20th at 7:30 pm.

We need to paint the house — inside and out and it is important that we do it before it gets cooler. There is a hole in one of the planks in the livingroom, dangerous for hoofing. The ceiling upstairs caved in recently and the house needs to be winterized.

It would be nice to varnish the wooden floors, get rid of the magenta drapes and water the dying plants. We want womyn to come out who will follow through in the actual physical work. Womyn especially who were on the House Committee with your special interests and talents, we need you! Hope to see a lot of you there.

by Maureen

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WOMEN VAN available for moving, etc. at good rates. Call Karen at 961-1768, A 24-hour answering service.

PROFESSIONAL Hair Styling done by Karen \$5. Call 961-1768, a 24-hour answering service.

PRECISION Style Haircuts at reasonable rates by Erving. Call 463-4322.

CAT BOARDING-PLACE desperately needed for mid-Oct. 3 yr. old house cat: has own bed, scratching post, etc. My parents have sold their house so Christie has no place to go. Rates and visiting negotiable. Please help. Call Karen 363-4549.

NATURAL HEALTH WORKSHOP: Are you interested in learning more about your body's needs and natural health? Understanding yourself? This is a workshop to explore and share our knowledge with one another on better eating, vitamins, relaxation techniques, herbs, "habits" (smoking, coffee, alcohol, cravings, etc...), and increasing our knowledge of maintaining good health and healing ourselves. Saturday, Sept. 29 — 10 am to 6 pm. \$5.00. (a healthful lunch provided). If interested call: Charlene Sheard, R.M.T. at 536-1841 or Jane Eden, R.N., BScN. at 749-0977.

IF YOU are vacating a house or know of one, roomy enough for three, fairly cheap and in the downtown area, let me know! We need it by October 15th at the latest. Call Maureen at 977-0022.

Calendar

| Sunday | Monday | Tuesday | Wednesday | Thursday | Friday | Saturday |
|---|-------------------------------|---------|--|--|--------------------------------|---|
| 16 MTG.* 8 p.m. as per announcement page | 17 | 18 † | 19 NEWSLETTER MTG.* 7:00 PM MAIN ISSUES* 7:30 PM | 20 COUNSELLING COLLECTIVE* DROP-IN* | 21 † | 22 |
| 23 | 24 RAP SESSION 8:00 PM* | 25 † | 26 MAIN ISSUES* 7:30 PM | 27 | 28 MOVIE* | 29 NATURAL HEALTH WORKSHOP 10 am - 6 pm |
| 30 GENERAL MTG.* | 1 | 2 † | 3 MAIN ISSUES* 7:30 PM | 4 | 5 MUSIC NIGHT 8:00 pm | 6 DEMO. (See Ad.) DANCE (St. Paul's) |
| 7 | 8 | 9 | 10 MAIN ISSUES* 7:30 PM | 11 | 12 † | 13 |
| 14 | 15 | 16 † | 17 MAIN ISSUES* 7:30 PM | 18 | 19 † | |
| | | | | | | |

*Events occurring at 342 Jarvis St.

† INDICATES DROP-INS TUESDAY & FRIDAY