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LPN

*Good News
Positive Reminders
Inspirational Messages*

*Makaw Press
November 2001*

LesbianPride

Newsletter

Good news, positive reminders
and inspirational messages

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Jumping the gun on the holiday spirit

by Marilda Mel White

I know I'm a bit old-fashioned, but I really liked the old days when the Christmas season didn't start until the day after Thanksgiving. This year it got started way before Halloween.

Last month I saw Christmas decorations in K-Mart and Wal-Mart before I saw witches' hats or Shrek ears. I wonder if jumping the gun on Christmas displays before we even changed the clocks has something to do with the events of September 11. No one knows quite how to "go about our normal lives" these days, but it still seems a little abnormal to me to start one holiday while we're still in the middle of other ones.

I like all of the holidays usually, although I spend more time and energy on some than I do on others. It's been a long time since I was excited about a new Easter outfit or attended services in that season, but I have had much fun through the years coloring and hiding hardboiled eggs. It's not one of the big holidays for me now, but I do still enjoy a bite of chocolate bunny, and I always remember, in my own way, the meaning of the Easter season.

As for Halloween, it's not a biggie for me either, even though I know it's considered a day (or month) of festivities for gays and lesbians. In days gone by I used to dress myself up and go to parties (the best ones being on Castro Street in San Francisco in the 80's), and I always had a fine ol' time. More recently, though, my favorite part is seeing other people dressed up in shops and restaurants and treating myself to a bag of bite-sized 3Musketters candy bars.

Nowadays it seems I prefer holidays like Memorial Day, Labor Day or the Fourth of July, when I might go camping or have a bar-b-que or see a parade. The emphasis for these holidays is on doing things with friends and family, and I really like the idea of being with

people I enjoy and not thinking so much about spending money on disposable seasonal things.

Thanksgiving – also known as a great football day – is another favorite time of mine, usually spent with friends, eating all day long. But the food is mostly healthy (i.e. not candy), and the holiday is not about spending money. It's the conversation and the company – sharing a meal and rooting for our favorite teams – that I always remember; time spent with friends is what I'm most thankful for.

Christmas is another holiday that's supposed to be about family and being together, but it has grown into a holiday that seems to be mostly about spending money and getting and doing things. Even when we find joy in giving gifts to those we love, we also seem to be under a certain amount of pressure to spend a certain amount of money or do a certain number of things – private parties, work parties; dinners and open houses; cocktail hours and Christmas concerts; Christmas plays and church services; and shopping, cooking, decorating, and mailing cards.

I don't want to be rushed into the buying and pressure part of the Christmas holiday, but it's all around me. The stores have already cleaned out the garden supplies and stocked the shelves with trees and lights, yard signs and roof statues, cards and gifts galore. I'm seeing everything from outdoor fireplaces to indoor water fountains that all proclaim to be the *PERFECT* gift to buy for that special someone this Christmas.

But perhaps this year we need the spirit of Christmas and Thanksgiving in our lives earlier than ever, and if the stores are anxious to get their displays up, maybe that's okay. When I realize that other parts of the holiday spirit are also with us weeks ahead of time, I can live with the stores shoving reminders at us.

Many of my friends have mentioned that they think people are being a little kinder to each other and more appreciative of each other – and smiling more at each other – since September 11th. They also say they are more apt to get into interesting conversations with strangers these days, and they are willing to give other drivers the benefit of the doubt. According to news reports, people are traveling more to see relatives and friend these days, wanting to reconnect and just be together. Donations and volunteerism are up everywhere. There seems to be a little more love in our corner of the world.

These all sound like really good examples of the true holiday spirit to me.

Maybe the whole winter holiday season has, in fact, started early – not just the spending part, but the best parts. In fact, maybe it's a darned good thing, especially this year, to jump the gun and rush into the spirit of the holidays a little early after all. Δ

Knowing our history; ensuring our future

by Billy Glover

Just as the attacks of 9-11-01 have forced us to think about our nation's history and what we as a people stand for (such as equal rights, etc.) we must work to preserve what previous generations have given us — the greatest nation in the history of mankind. We must not let religious and political fanatics destroy this effort to bring freedom to all nations.

And just as it only took a few good citizens to start this long journey for us as a nation, we should also, as homosexual citizens, look back and learn how a few good people started the work to bring us equal rights.

Some people met in secret in homes in 1950 to start learning about themselves, and the meetings spread all over Southern California and into other states. From these meetings came public outreach (the original group still exists today as *ONE Institute and Archives*, an adjunct library at the University of Southern California). They dreamed that someday later generations would be able to march proudly down main streets across the nation and have full acceptance in jobs, homes, churches, colleges, government and society.

Today that dream is close to reality. But it seems that many young homosexual men and women may be tested as the pioneers were if they fail to carry on the fight...just as all Americans may be tested if they fail to learn their history and educate themselves to know why our way is better than that of the Taliban-types.

We should take the time to visit a gay/lesbian library or archive or community center and see what has been done and what still needs to be done. We must also work to preserve our nation — homosexual Americans must work to finish the journey to equal/civil rights.

We can read gay papers to learn what resources are there to join and support, from churches, to front-runners clubs, to college groups, to reading clubs and travel groups. Only ONE existed at one time, now hundreds of groups and places exist. Think what it must have been like in 1950 when Harry Hay, Dale Jennings, Rudi Gernreich and others started the journey; and when Don Slater, Dorr Legg, Jim Kepner, moved it along and across the nation. And when Frank Kameny, Barbara Gittings, Del Martin, Phyllis Lyon, Barbara Grier, Jack Nichols, Clark Polak, et al, started more publications, started picketing for justice, appearing as homosexuals for the first time on radio and television and in the general press (allowing their pictures and names to be used, not knowing what would happen to them).

Think, remember, and get involved. And then enjoy your life today, as an American — as a *homosexual/gay/lesbian/dyke/faggot/queer/trans/bi American*. Δ

I am grateful today

I can appreciate my life without discounting the hard parts. I confront difficulties in my same-sex loving, in my dealing with injustice, in getting through each day. There are blessings as well as hardships in all that I do, in all that happens to me, and in all that the world is.



With gratitude I name the goodness that is mine. I see the positive and negative in the same circumstance. Which do I choose to emphasize? I can pity myself for the hard lot I have been given, or I can see an opportunity and work with it. I can spend my time mourning what never can be, or I can move ahead and make the best of what I have.

Today I will dwell on happiness. I take energy from all that benefits me and move forward in the promise of exciting adventures to come. I appreciate my life and what I am called to do with it, starting with the trivial and moving to the momentous. All of it is significant and enhances my existence. Thank you, Universe!

— Eleanor Ruth Wagner
Lavender Reflections

Reminder:

No matter what you have
or haven't done,
or how you are or aren't being...
you never deserve to be berated
or "beat up on"
by yourself or anyone else!

If that's happening,
remember to remind yourself,
and anyone else,
that you are a tender, delicate being,
truly doing everything you can
in this moment to grow yourself
into sanity and realness,
in the midst of this
crazy-making world!

— Robyn Posin
Rememberings and Celebrations
www.forthelittleonesinside.com

(Editor's note: The following letter was issued by Robert Dodge, President of the National Lesbian and Gay Journalists Association.)

Dear Fellow Journalist:

Since the September 11 attacks, many of us have been touched by countless accounts of heroism. Americans learned about how ordinary people became extraordinary in a moment. We know about these people because journalists in print, online and broadcast have told their stories. We know much about their lives, families and friends and what made them special because those details were revealed in newspapers, magazines and on the air.

At least we know much more about the heterosexual heroes and victims.

But many Americans may be deprived of knowing about the gay heroes. That is because some news organizations have selectively chosen to obscure or ignore the sexual orientation of some of those who also lost their lives.

Consider the story of Franciscan priest Father Mychal Judge, the chaplain of the New York Fire Department who was killed while administering the last rites to injured rescue workers at the World Trade Center. Although Father Judge was openly gay and often worked in the gay community, this fact went unreported in many stories generated by the mainstream press.

Mark Bingham of San Francisco was among the heroes on United Airlines flight 93 who tried to overpower hijackers and prevented the Boeing 757 from hitting targets in Washington, D.C. Bingham was also openly gay. He was planning to play on his gay rugby team in next year's Gay Games in Sydney.

Then there was David Charlebois, the first officer on American Airlines flight 77 that crashed into the Pentagon. Mr. Charlebois, a 10-year veteran pilot, was a member of the National Gay Pilots Association. He lived in Washington, D.C., with his partner of 14 years.

Some journalists may embrace outdated ideas that identifying openly gay and lesbian heroes will cast a negative image on their memory. This decision is based on a presumption that being gay or lesbian is wrong, a bias that works completely against news objectivity. Withholding relevant details about these lives, their partners and families is unfair and hurtful to the people they loved.

In our mission as journalists, it also denies readers and viewers information about the true identity of those who are in the news. It is the same as withholding information about the spouse, children and other features about the heterosexual heroes.

What about legitimate concerns about "outing" someone, or disclosing the sexual orientation of someone who preferred privacy? We suggest more and better reporting.

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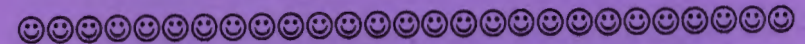
Astrology 

by Stacy Chandler

SCORPIO **October 23 — November 22**

***Exquisite taste you possess.
Only the best is yours for the asking.
You are an existentialist
by nature, but never an extremist.
You are always extra careful
with your loved ones. ****

* BE WARNED — THE VIEWS EXPRESSED ABOVE DO NOT NECESSARILY REFLECT THE AURA OF THE COSMOS!



continued from previous page

Instead of asking whether the victim was married, it might be better to ask if he or she had a partner. This basic question may open the door to find out more about the subject of your story — including the chance that they were heterosexual and had a significant, romantic relationship outside of traditional marriage.

Denying and obscuring the existence of gay and lesbian people is a form of discrimination. Withholding the sexual orientation of these individuals, especially when inconsistent in equal coverage about heterosexuals, will leave readers and viewers with only the negative stereotypes of gays and lesbians. News organizations that do so may find themselves having taken a biased editorial position that affirms those stereotypes.

I invite you to call on NLGJA as a resource; you may reach me at 202-661-8414 or Pamela Strother, NLGJA's executive director, at 202-588-9888 ext. 11. NLGJA website: <http://www.nlgja.org>

Robert Dodge President, NLGJA

On the Amazon Trail

by Lee Lynch

The Geography of Gay: New York City

Sometimes I'm just in love with the world.

Really, my home town was my first lover. New York City embraced me, educated me, somehow shielded me from its hidden threats. Long before I came out and learned that it was the gay capital of the world, it was like a glamorous woman, resplendent in Christmas finery, elegant in bright colors that sparkled in the black velvet nights. I fell hard for her, with her rushing trains and movie palaces, infinite number of circus rings and her siren voice, half cacophony, half symphony.

On the day of the attacks I spoke with a sister New York City expatriate. When I told her that I kept thinking the words, "My city, my city," she cried, "That's exactly what I've been saying!" When I got to the anger stage of my grief I found that I was incensed. "How dare they mess with my town," I thought.

We can't help it. Educated in New York City schools in the 1950s and 1960s, we were taught that New York was the best city in the best country in the world. I spent years studying its history, geography and culture. I was told that there were other important places in the world. But in my heart only New York mattered.

To this day I love to read books set in New York. I collect art books about New York. Lover knows she has to sit through all the titles of a video if they're, as they often are, superimposed on camera work depicting New York. I guess I've never fallen out of love.

This is all very foolish; I haven't lived in New York for over thirty years, haven't visited in a decade. The city doesn't age and I can't keep up with her any more — she wears me out. I love her from afar, she who has been beloved by more lesbians than she cares to recall. Yet I notice my accent, never before strong, is reasserting itself. Is this an unconscious gesture of my devotion? I am heartsick that I am not among her healers. Yes, I sent a little money, but she's been wooed by billionaires and her wounds will require their ministrings.

Sometimes I think that I might not have come out at all had I not been seduced by this vamp of a femme. But then I am appalled at the thought — a breeding life as a heterosexual is completely unimaginable and to me. No, I would have come out, just later. I am so grate-

ful to have started my conscious gay life where even Beebo Brinker lived. I walked in the streets where Willa Cather and Gertrude Stein once walked.

I wonder if people who grew up in Kabul are as chauvinistic and proud about their home town.

New York City was my playground. As kids, Suzy (my first human lover) and I could — and did — spend fifteen cents on the subway, swaying at the front window of the cars, to travel to the harbor, to Broadway, to an airport or ballpark. We could ride underground or walk the canyons of Lexington Avenue. A nickel got us a romantic ferry ride. We slid along the slick floors of Grand Central Station and hung out in the greatest museums of the world and shadowed the dykes of Greenwich Village.

Although my parents saw New York as the enemy, I think it's the best gift they could have given me. Of course they were right, I was sucked into the underworld of gay life. And I was right — it was a glorious underworld. They thought the city was dangerous, but I found it safe. Suzy and I were never evicted from museums for making out. No gay adult so much as spoke to us. No bar let us in. We learned through experimentation like the baby dykes in Sereneville, USA. The difference was that I knew from day one that we were not the only lesbians in the world and from day two that lesbians were as happy and productive as anyone else in New York. I knew these things because I could see my future self diddy-bopping down the street and I was in love with her too.

The World Trade Center was built after I left, but I went back and rode the tourist elevator to the observation floor. I remember that the huge windowed room, like the city, easily absorbed the crowd. I remember hearing many languages spoken around me as I went from window to window. I remember marveling like the non-natives at my own home town. I wanted to brag that I'd grown up there, to somehow claim as mine the vast majestic sight of the busy little island surrounded by her blue blue waters. But that's the magic of New York, we all fit in there, we can all be proud of the imperfect democracy that thrives on our wealth of languages and cultures and allows us to come out as whoever we are.

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Forget your stereotypes, your fears. Straight people are not what you have been led to believe. They're a wonderfully diverse bunch, thought the flamboyant ones all the media attention.

— Michael Goff

On sacred ground



by Joy Parks

It's a mystery to me

So what's the deal with lesbians and mysteries? While I admit I'm not a big fan of the genre, the sheer number of lesbian mysteries being published gives me a good reason to take a closer look.

Not your average who-done it, *A Question of Sabotage* by Bonnie J. Morris is engaging, if for no other reason than its setting. It involves a series of life-threatening sabotages that take place at a women's music festival. There are some rather interesting romantic sub-plots and once exposed, the motivation behind the sabotage has a credible, political edge. But what is most compelling is how well the author has captured the atmosphere of the festival, the wonderful diversity of the women who attend and the almost tangible sense of freedom that was, and still is, the goal of these women-only spaces. Experiencing it through the eyes of the brilliant but inhibited Ceci Sobol and watching her grow more empowered as the book unfolds is far more exciting than the sabotage plot. Both "festi-virgins" and veterans will enjoy this rare look inside the music festivals that continue to keep lesbian culture alive and well.

The Ultimate Exit Strategy by Nikki Baker contains what has to be one of the funniest lines ever uttered by a narrator: "I needed a drink the way a Peter Pan collar needs some nice pearl earrings and a matching necklace." The story is set in a cutthroat investment firm where greed is rampant and no one is above suspicion. Add in the usual trouble-making ex-lovers and power-hungry co-workers and the result is sure to appeal to devoted dyke detective fans.

With *Night Mare*, Franci McMahon has accomplished a difficult feat. She has written a mystery that will appeal to readers who don't read mysteries. And she has achieved this through an original plot and strong characters. Despite her wealth and privilege, horse-woman/freelance journalist Jane Scott is one of the most credible and likeable characters I've met in a long time. When she gets too close to discovering why prize horses are being stolen or killed, she is kidnapped and left for dead in a Montana field. Miles, a lesbian rancher, comes to her rescue and a very comfortable, warm relationship soon develops between the women. It's apparent that Miles is the first woman in Jane's life to care more about her than her money. And in dealing with Jane's close friendship with a straight married woman, McMahon deftly presents the realities of a situation seldom braved by

lesbian writers. Franci McMahon has a gift for character development and a way of engaging readers that makes *Night Mare* a truly worthwhile read.

Sacred Classic: *The Sophie Horowitz Story*

So who is to blame for this mystery mania? I think I know. In 1984, Naiad Press released what was then, and remains today, one of the most entertaining books in lesbian literature. Much of this book's charm comes from the sheer irreverence of the title character. Sarah Schulman's *The Sophie Horowitz Story* is a satirical tale that goes far beyond a simple mystery. The plot is complex and original and the writing is fresh, funny and powerful. Sophie Horowitz, sometime reporter and amateur detective, is one of the most irresistible characters ever created. The twists and turns she takes to discover the whereabouts of radical underground feminists Germaine Covington and Laura Woolf will have readers on the edge of their seats one moment and rolling on the floor laughing the next. Granted, *The Sophie Horowitz Story* was written as a novel with an intriguing plot, not as a genre mystery. And it shows. Whether you like mysteries or not, this is one book you shouldn't miss. It's a definite classic and well worth the search.

Ask for these books at your local feminist bookstore:


The Question of Sabotage by Bonnie J. Morris, Bella Books, \$11.9

The Ultimate Exit Strategy by Nikki Baker, Bella Books, \$11.95

Night Mare by Franci McMahon, Odd Girls Press, \$13.00

The Sophie Horowitz Story, by Sarah Schulman, Naiad Press

(Check used book stores and on-line sources for price and availability.)



HAPPILY EVER AFTER
by
Stacy Chandler

\$12 ppd.
SPECULATORS, INC.
P. O. Box 99038
Troy, MI 48099

ISBN 0-9639185-0-8

Domestic Partners Update

Governor Gray Davis recently stood side by side with Paul Holm, the former partner of Mark Bingham (one of the passengers who died after helping to overpower hijackers on the flight that crashed in Pennsylvania), to sign a domestic partnership bill that would extend important protections to California families.

To date, eight states and more than 100 cities have passed domestic partnership laws. Δ

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Sydney 2002 Gay Games Exceeds All Expectations

The Sydney 2002 Gay Games VI recently smashed its early participation target by over 150% with over 6,000 people from around the world confirmed to come to Sydney — one year out from the Gay Games Opening Ceremony on Saturday, 2 November 2002.

"We are absolutely thrilled," said Sydney 2002 Gay Games VI Board Co-Chair Peter Bailey. "Our scheduled target for the end of the Early Registration process on 31 October was 4,000 participants. With 6,040 people registered, we are 2,000 over our original target.

"The viability of these Games is now firmly cemented. It's a great encouragement for our sponsors, partners and the community at large — these Gay Games are going to be great and the world is definitely coming to Sydney."

The current total participation cap for the Sydney 2002 Gay Games VI is 14,000 - this includes 11,500 participants in the Sport Program and 2,500 for the Cultural Program. In addition, it is expected over 1,000 people will participate in the Global Rights Conference Program as part of Sydney's Gay Games.

Sydney 2002 is targeting 50% men and 50% women participants. Women's registrations for Sydney 2002 are currently sitting at 30% — 4286 men and 1764 women.

"The participation of women has increased from around 12.5% in May this year to 30% now — and rising — which is encouraging. We will be targeting women around the world in our upcoming marketing and communications plans," said Co-Chair Bev Lange.

To date, the USA leads the way with 2295 confirmed registrants followed by Australia with 994. Other leading countries are: Germany with 671; The Netherlands at 530; Canada (who will host the 2006 Gay Games in Montreal) with 452; the United Kingdom close behind with 347; and, New Zealand on 240. Other countries represented include Saudi Arabia, Egypt, Greece, Gibraltar, Chad, the Czech Republic, Bulgaria, Brazil and Argentina. Δ

Savvy Sappho's Solutions for Successful Living

Dear Savvy Sappho — How can I be more thankful this Thanksgiving? — Signed, Empty

Dear Empty — One way that might help is to fast for the two days prior to Thanksgiving. This will make you very grateful for the food which you eat. And another, donate your time to a soup kitchen and see and experience the joy of others. — SS

Dear Savvy Sappho — My girlfriend and I enjoy two different kinds of music. I like country & western, and she favors classical. How can we share our love of music together?

— Signed, Noteworthy

Dear Noteworthy — The good news is that yes, you most certainly can share your love of music with each other! Expand your listening realm — classical may grow on you. And remember, with all of the personal listening devices available today, each of you can enjoy your own music without disturbing the other...even while you're smuggled up together! (A really good set of ear plugs couldn't hurt either for other occasions.) — SS

This month's Savvy Sapphic Suggestions for Successful Lesbian Living by Stacy Chandler. If you have a question, send it to SS % Makaw, PO Box 130, Tehachapi, CA 93561

LAVENDER REFLECTIONS by Eleanor Ruth Wagner,

A book of affirmations for lesbians and gay men;
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5529 Vernon Ave S, Minneapolis, MN 55436

On the Back Porch

by Leslie McGirl

The Return of a Sense of Humor

Well, it's been a busy time, hasn't it? It's been a crazy, busy, freaky moment in the history of, well, us — our particular era here on the planet. We're really making some special history now. I mean, *really* making history. How will we get out of this one? My goodness! The destruction of the entire human race is pretty big!

How about that anthrax? That's one for the books. Golly! I'll tell you what: that could shake a gal up. I caught myself on the day we (we? me?) bombed the Taliban (gosh, I speak of it so casually like "yeah, the day we drove to the airport to pick up grandma")... Anyway, the day the United States began the bombing of Afghanistan, I caught myself actually peering through the blinds to see if it was safe to go outside. I went with little hunched shoulders and tousled hair over to the window and peeked outside. I had to look first. I had to think about it. Was it safe to go outside? Who was out there? What was waiting for me? And then I had to smile at myself, and my sense of humor began its slow recovery. You'll see from this article that it's still a bit damaged.

I laughed, and since that moment, things have been different. Things changed. The ice kind of started to melt, and instead of just sitting there waiting to die, I actually started preparing. Then the immensity of that task threw me into a state of procrastination, and I started suppressing the emotions associated with *that* instead of the emotions associated with dying of anthrax exposure, and I started sleeping better. There's nothing like the sleep of a woman suppressing emotions about putting off today what needed to be done many yesterdays ago. I highly recommend it. Overwhelming is good; anticipation — bad.

So, I got some sleep, and then partner and I started putting our affairs in order. We have a tremendous estate which I fear many relatives secretly covet. There are many evil people in our families who would want our things: my evil sisters and their evil offspring; a particularly wicked brother; and then, there's Mom. She really bares watching. Then there's the IRS, the religious right, and, finally, terrorists. Oh. They're not potential heirs, are they? Nevertheless, I'm listing them here anyway. They're all people I fight in my head these days.

Our estate, like I said, is huge. There are our respective cars — her '85 Volkswagen, my '89 pickup. Our mower. Oh, and our guitars,

the stereo, our shoes. Gad, our lovely wool socks we ordered from LLBean! I forgot about them! But, most importantly, there is our little half-finished house that presently is only in my name. So, partner and I are setting up a new warranty deed stating the house is owned jointly — Joint Tenants WROS. You have to say it that way — "Joint Tenants With Rights Of Survivorship." Survivorship being the time honored, cherished state of having survived. It has a lovely ring to it, ey? I reckon that's for us!

But owning our home as JTs with ROS doesn't solve everything. New issues arise as to what happens to our socks and shoes in the event of both our deaths, say, in a automobile accident, or something more sinister. You know, a head-on with a tractor trailer sounds pretty soothing these days. Anyone with me here? You're driving down the road, happy, perhaps just returning from a camping trip, singing "Ninety-nine Bottles of Beer on the Wall!" when suddenly, WHAM! Or you can take your pick from the current mess of ways to die: anthrax, bombing, Christian lynch mobs. I like the one where we're singing and we don't know what's about to happen.

So you can see how I am these days. I can't say that life has really returned to normal, but it certainly did go on. My sister became enraged when I told her we would leave everything to the ACLU. She isn't really even sure what the ACLU is, but one thing's for sure — it ain't her. She believes she has a right to everything I own and she lives life accordingly. Case in point: I went through her underwear drawer and found my wooly socks and a missing bra, of which I own two. I wear one until it falls apart, and then I have the second one for backup — funerals, weddings, and heterosexual males.

Gosh. How'd I get onto underwear? I had better hit the save button and wind this ramble up. It's probably safe to assume that that last image of a crusty old bra clinging to my poor old bosoms indicates a good place to stop (or maybe a little bit prior, ey?) But I'm not dead yet. I wanted you to know. I'm tough. I can take things. I will be difficult to kill. It will happen, but it ain't happened YET! I'm defying the odds today and living with new purpose, and my sense of humor, battered and torn as it is, is leading the charge. It has to. The other parts of me could not. Δ

© Leslie McGirl

Rememberings and Celebrations, a 64-card deck of
Loving Reminders of the Great Mother's Voice
available through Robyn Posin, Box 725, Ojai, CA 93024
805-646-4518 www.forthelittleonesinside.com
Ask for *A Catalog of Treasures*



In the easy chair

Your "easy chair" may be a cushion in a window seat or a chase lounge on the back porch. It may be in your own home or down memory lane in your grandmother's. Whatever or wherever it is, it is the place you love to go to enjoy a good book! Below is this month's TOP 10 of GLBT books, thanks to our friends at www.InsightOutBooks.com:

1. *THE TRUTH IS... My Life In Love and Music*
by Melissa Etheridge
2. *Michael Nava Triangle Classic 3-In-1 Edition*
(*THE LITTLE DEATH/GOLDENBOY/HOW TOWN*)
3. *ANDY WARHOL* by Wayne Koestenbaum
4. *THE MARBLE QUILT* by David Leavitt
5. *BOOKED FOR MURDER* by Val McDermid
6. *THE EVENING CROWD AT KIRMSER'S: A Gay Life in the 1940s*
by Ricardo J. Brown
7. *THE SILK ROAD* by Jane Summer
8. *JEREMY THRANE* by Kate Christensen
9. *ONYX* by Felice Picano
10. *METES AND BOUNDS* by Jay Quinn

Ask for these books
at your local feminist bookstore.



LesbianPride Newsletter

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THAT OLD STUDEBAKER: A "tender tale of a journey to love...to community...to self." (Katherine V. Forrest).

Also available: **SHORT STORIES**: *Cactus Love*,
Old Dyke Tales, *Home in Your Hands*.

NOVELS: *Toothpick House*, *Dusty's Queen of Hearts Diner*,
Morton River Valley, *Sue Slate Private Eye*, *Rafferty Street*.

COLLECTED COLUMNS: *The Amazon Trail*.

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Mel White/MAKAW
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