



CALEDOWN

VOLUME I, No. I

Nov. 20, 1981

# 200 March Against Rape

by V J REDICK

NORMAN -- Over 200 pairs of hands and voices were joined together on the night of Nov. 2 in a march around Asp Street to Take Back The Night with the sole purpose of making just one street safe for women to walk down at night without fear of being attacked.

The line of women and men stretched out over a two block area while the marchers were provided protection by the Norman Police Department.

People met at the vacant lot at the corner of Asp and White Streets at 8 p.m. and listened to Judy Katz, OU Human Relations teacher, who discussed the reality of rape on the Norman campus.

Katz focused her talk "about freedom." "None of us (women) are free," she said. "Rape is not an attack of violence, it is an attack of terror. It (rape) is not a question of sexuality, it is a question of survival, and we do what we can to survive," Katz said.

"Women do not have the freedom to walk around campus without fear," Katz said.

The teacher spoke with fire in her voice when she laid the seeds that would unite the group. She roused the spirits and introduced Ann Lawrence, director of the Women's Resource Center, as the next speaker.

Lawrence discussed the center located in Norman. "The center now offers 24 hour service to women who have been rape victims," she said.

"There is only one way we can stop rape. We must start resocializing the children and teaching them

that violence is not okay," she continued. "We must teach them to admire and respect other people," Lawrence said.

Cheers filtered from the crowd in reaction to her solution. She did not think there was any quick cure to stopping the violent crime of rape, but she did offer hope.

Debbie Tolan gave a demonstration on the best way for a woman to protect herself should she be attacked. She brought out the idea that the best defense a woman can have is just using her brain. She stressed that the worst thing a woman could do was to physically try to fight back through her muscles.

She said rape whistles, large metal key chains, guns, knives were  
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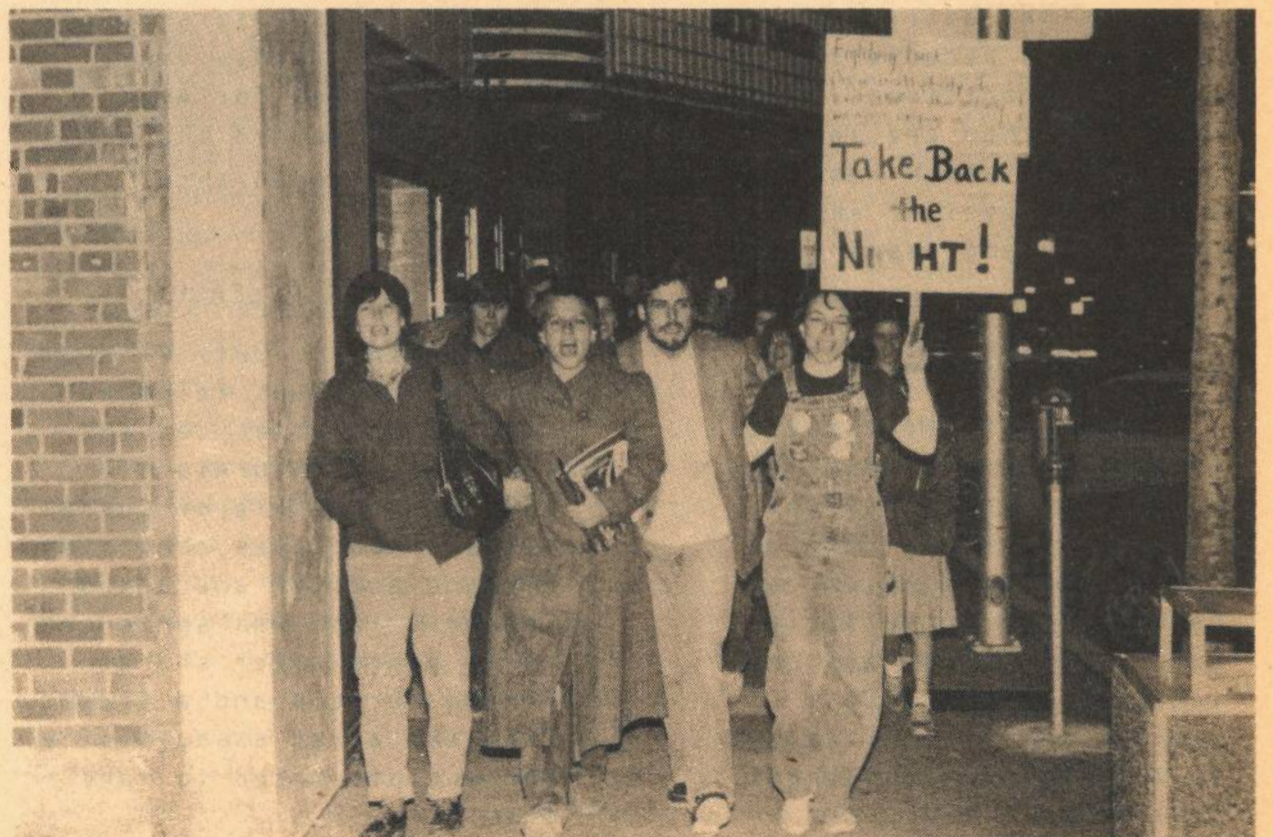
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# NEWS BRIEFS

WASHINGTON D.C. -- Phyllis Schlafly, speaking recently before a Senate Labor Sub-Committee hearing, testified that women who suffer sexual harassment on the job bring it upon themselves. She said women speak through body language that men "intuitively understand," Schlafly, said. She continued with, "Men hardly ever ask sexual favors of women from whom the certain answer is no."

## RAPIST MUST PAY

ILLINOIS -- For the first time in Illinois state history a rape victim has sued the assailant in Circuit Court and won. The 21 year-old nursing student sought \$1 million in damages. The jury, six women and six men, returned an award after 15 minutes of deliberation of 5 million in punitive damages and \$100,000 in actual damages.

## STRIKE VICTORIOUS

SAN JOSE -- For a ten-day period city workers went on strike and won pay increases for 750 clerical, recreation and library workers. The strike was the first in the country over the issue of "comparable worth" pay. Comparable worth corrects pay differences which exist because female jobs are traditionally paid less than are jobs held by men which require a similar level of skill, complexity and responsibility.

## NEWSLETTER BANNED

OHIO --- No More Cages, a bimonthly newsletter for women inmates, which was read by 200 women (1/3 of the prison population) was banned by prison officials Aug. 1980 because its contents allegedly pose a "clear and present danger" to the safety of the penitentiary.

## NO CHOICE GIVEN

BILBAO, Spain -- Warrants were issued for the arrest of 11 women who failed to appear in court, two of them were to be tried for performing abortions and nine for having abortions performed on them. The prosecutors allegedly were seeking a 55 to 60 year prison sentence for the women charged with performing the abortions. The other women if convicted might not be imprisoned, but would be barred from government jobs for life. Fifty lawyers in Bilbao signed a petition demanding amnesty for the 11 women.

## TENNIS STAR SPEAKS OUT

NEW YORK -- Martina Navratilova, who recently became a naturalized US Citizen, has come out as "bisexual," according to a story appearing in the New York Daily News. The article said that she had wanted to speak out sooner, but was prevented from doing so for fear she would be denied citizenship as a result. She also told the Daily News that she feared the disclosure of her sexual preference could result in Avon Products, Inc., withdrawing its sponsorship of the women's tennis tour. A spokesperson for Avon reportedly denied the withdrawal of sponsorship.

## DESSIE WOODS RELEASED

GEORGIA --- July 9, 1981 Dessie Woods was released from prison after serving six years at Georgia's Women's Institute of Corrections. Woods was convicted of manslaughter and armed robbery. She was sentenced to 22 years after she defended herself and a friend from the armed assault of a man who attempted to rape them.

## MATERIAL AVAILABLE

MINNEAPOLIS -- Feminist news and discussions are now available to those who cannot read because of a visual handicap. Womyn's Braille Press, Inc. (WBP), has announced that it will offer feminist and lesbian books, periodicals and other material on women's issues in the form of four-track cassettes, tapes and in braille. Material may be purchased or borrowed. A quarterly newsletter will be offered in all three formats for a sliding fee subscription rate. WBP needs readers and is seeking donations. For information write WBP, P.O. Box 8475, Minneapolis, MN 55408.

## GAY PAPER SUED

SAN FRANCISCO -- Two San Francisco police officers filed a \$20 million libel suit against the Bay Area Reporter. The police are seeking \$5 million in general damages and \$15 million in punitive damages in response to the newspaper's coverage of a meeting during which several witnesses alleged that they were victims of police brutality. The day the suit was filed the paper printed a correction to the story in which it was noted that the date of an incident reportedly involving the two officers mentioned was incorrect. The editor of the paper, Paul Lorch said, "We chose to stand by the story but to make the appropriate correction, which was only the date, and to issue an apology."

WASHINGTON D.C. -- A resolution proclaiming March 7, 1982 as National Women's History Week was passed by the U.S. House of Representatives on July 15th, the Senate July 24th and signed by President Reagan.

# MARCH

continued from page 1

all fine forms of protection, but were sadly useless when they were laying in the bottom of a purse the attacker has already knocked to the ground.

"You will go into shock when an arm is thrust around your neck with a knife touching your throat," Tolan said. "Knives cut and guns go off, and you want to survive," she said.

"Don't struggle. Try to relax and wait for your opportunity to Kill The Bastard," Tolan said.

Only if you have the chance there are three main target areas to attack, the groin, the eyes, and the jugular throat area, she said.

"Do it and make sure it works," she advised.

Following her demonstration Patsy Benson performed the song "Fight Back," written by Holly Near. The words of the song rang clear through

When she finished her performance the picket signs were raised high in the air. The crowd joined arms or hands and started the march.

Two hundred voices were raised in the night shouting "Fight Back," "Rape is violence not Sex," "Fight Back."

The sight of the women united walking together stretching out over a two block area "left me breathless," one bystander said.

When the walkers returned to their starting point they all joined hands to make a giant circle in the vacant lot. It seemed for a moment all the people were united for one cause - Women's freedom.

the night, "A lady don't go out alone at night. Fight back in large numbers. Together we can make a safe home."

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## BOOK REVIEW

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by MIRIAM CLARE

OUR BLOOD by  
Andrea Dworkin  
Perigee Book

This is a book of well-crafted public speeches delivered between 1974 and 1976. It is also a book which condenses much of the pain and hope of being a woman in this society into a slim volume of razor-edged prose.

Dworkin includes nine spoken essays, covering a variety of subjects, with titles like "FEMINISM, ART, AND MY MOTHER SYLVIA," "RAP ATROCITY AND THE BOY NEXT DOOR," and "THE ROOT CAUSE,"

Many of these ideas have appeared in other sources since 1976, but here they are presented with a fine vision and an absolute clarity which is compelling and convincing.

Every page is bursting with the passionate but analytical force of a woman who has discovered herself to be living in an unspeakable culture.

Unspeakable in Mary Daly's term of being 'un-named' because the only names we have are from a male past and present.

How can we call the life-long terror of women who have learned from their mother's arms to be afraid of everything, but most

especially success, simply FEAR? (THE SEXUAL POLITICS OF FEAR AND COURAGE) Does the word SLAVERY truly describe the reality of a woman whose very soul is owned by a husband-master in that control system called marriage? (OUR BLOOD, THE SLAVERY OF WOMEN IN AMERIKA) Will NEW be adequate to speak of a world in which 'women are not experienced as trivial and contemptible', a world turned 'upside down and inside out'? (FEMINISM, ART, AND MY MOTHER SYLVIA)

Most of these essays are emotional in their basic subject matter, but the prose is crisp and extremely logical.

Only in one essay, 'LESBIAN PRIDE', does she seem to allow her feelings free play.

'LESBIAN PRIDE' is a poem written as prose, a work of love and praise for women who love other women; as lovers, mothers, daughters, sisters, friends. Reading these two pages makes sisterhood as real and warming as the sun herself.

In a way, however, perhaps the most interesting part of this collection is the preface. This is really a herstory of the essays and how they came into being. Here, Dworkin tells us about a part of her life which is truly a story of Everywoman, because all of us have



known a rejection like hers, rejection because we were unwilling to fit the role of docility reserved for us.

She refused to repeat the lies editors demanded and therefore kept her honor - and her poverty. And as Dworkin says, refusing a large amount of money when one is very poor is 'profoundly distressing'.

She also found her books black-listed by publishers who found her writing equally distressing.

So she decided to speak instead. She wrote these essays and presented them at colleges and rallies, because like so many other women, silence seemed to her more deadly than ridicule.

Now her speeches form this book which is a victory in itself.

Grow and Enjoy.

# EDITORIALS

Just as long as newspapers and magazines are controlled by men, every woman upon them must write articles which are reflections of men's ideas. As long as that continues, women's ideas and deepest convictions will never get before the public.

Susan B. Anthony

Welcome to the masthead edition of THE BRAZEN HUSSY RAG! Our goals are simple: to open a line of communication for the unspoken communities: feminist, lesbian, and gay.

We hope you enjoy our work.

This being the first edition of THE BRAZEN HUSSY RAG, there were naturally a few hitches in the system. Here are some of the regular features which will begin next month.

Look for them.

## GAY MEN'S NEWS AND COMMENTARY

Three intelligent young gay men have offered to write for our news-magazine beginning next month. Their work should be thoughtful, insightful and probably controversial.

## CALENDER

Beginning next month we will be running a monthly calendar of events from the feminist, lesbian and gay communities. We encourage everyone to let us know of any upcoming event. Calendar listings will be free.

## CLASSIFIED ADS

We will also be starting a classified section in the next issue. Sell that old junk, advertise your garage sale, or send a secret message to your long lost love. Call 528-4494 for information on classified rates.

# Anyone Can Be a Victim

by V J REDICK

During my first exciting week at the University of Oklahoma I registered for my classes, called my parents four times, bought my first pair of blue jeans, blew my wad of bucks on records, bought my first illegal bottle of booze and lost my virginity in a brutal rape.

The attack just did not figure in the plans I had made for my first year of college. It was six months after the fact before I could discuss my feelings.

One year later I went to a \$60 an hour shrink and about \$500 into therapy. He told me I was much improved and should not have any more "problems."

Eight years after the attack I can still remember the violence, terror and the tears.

I still feel angry and violated when I look through the eyes of a 26 year-old adult woman.

Rape is a vicious brutal attack to the body of a woman. I have covered Oklahoma City Courthouse rape trials. I saw a man convicted of raping a three year-old beautiful girl and be sentenced to 20 years for destroying a young life that had yet to begin.

I walked away from the courtroom shaking because the punishment just did not seem to fit the crime.

The sex crime dockets are filled and that number represents maybe 1/20th of the women that are raped.

What do we do? How do we protect ourselves?

I find it difficult to sleep at night unless a gun is only a hand grasp away. Women should not have to live with a gun by their side just to protect their bodies from being violated.

But until the day comes that I can feel safe in my home, in my car, on the street, or in the library, I will continue to take measures to protect my body. I can't advise others to be as paranoid as I am. But, I will advise caution. If you are raped do not remain silent!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!

Seek immediate help.

Contact the police department  
Call the Women's Resource Center.  
Call a rape line and ask for advice.

But get help. Don't let the SOB get away free to attack again.

## DYKEWISE

Ah . . . the Bars! The wonderful Lesbian Bars. Veritable oases in the midst of the heterosexual desert. Ah, yes, we LOVE the bars, don't we? After all, the Bars are the only public places where we can get together and be ourselves. The Bars serve a very great function in our lives. The Bars are wonderful. Well, mostly wonderful. Sometimes when we go to the Bars we drink too much. Some of us consistently drink too much, and all of us occasionally drink too much. But still, sometimes it's nice to drop into the Bar and have a beer with our friends. Just slide on into the Bar and order a Coors. Ah, yes . . . a light, ice-cold Coors, the beer that made Golden famous. Rocky Mountain High. We drink a lot of Coors, the Bars sell a lot, Coors Company makes a lot of money. Everybody is happy, especially people like the Moral Majority, to whom Coors gives a lot of money. The Moral Majority has a lot of expenses; they recently launched a \$3 million media campaign against the "Gay Peril." Thanks, Adolf Coors, for saving our children. Apparently, the Moral Majority feels it their God-appointed duty to deny Gays equal job opportunity, equal housing opportunity, and equal rights and protection under the law. Pretty scary, huh? Well, Coors foots the bill for a lot of this, and through Coors, YOU foot the bill for a lot of this. In other words, Gays are paying through the nose to kick themselves in the ass. Remember that the next time you reach for a "taste of the high country."

# My Point of View

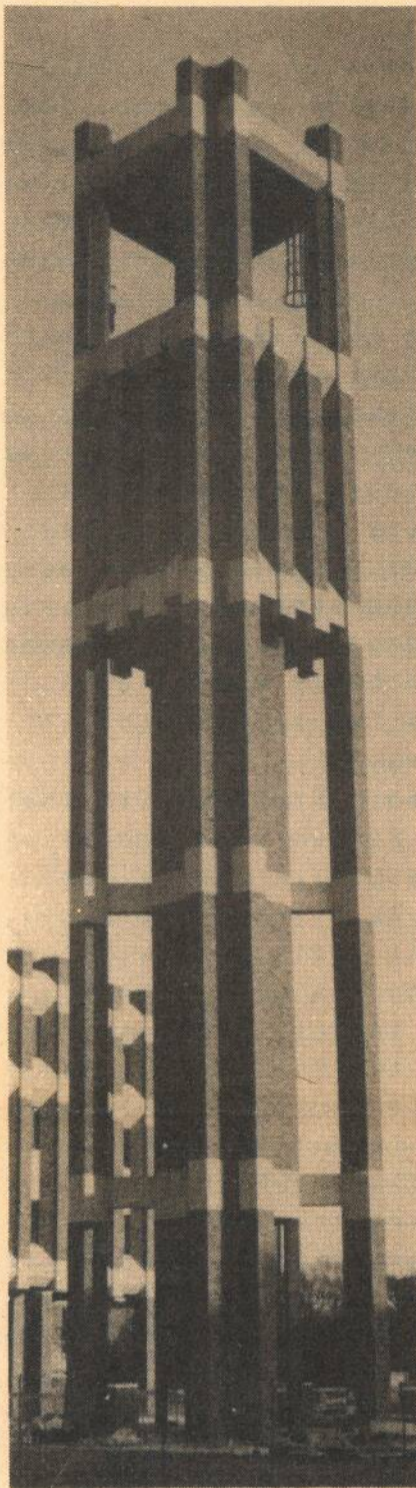
by Elaine Barton

The University of Oklahoma has on campus now a patriarchal symbol which rivals even the prevailing venomous tradition of football. Standing at 123 feet, four inches and costing \$330,000.00 (not including clockworks estimated at \$35,000.00), the Library Clocktower is an offense to all who are in the least sensitive to the absence of ovarian architecture in western culture.

It is with a feeling of pride that people conquer the landscape. It's the way we as a species make our presence known: to build, to dot with purpose until the land is crusted over with our industry, our ambition. We do great things and leave monuments on our behalf to communicate the greatness. We adopt symbols to our strength, our heritage. Our world is wild, barren, or uncivilized until we construct upon it in wood and stone and steel. It is usually men who make these preparations so our lives will be useful and meaningful. The motif has been masculine and the preservers of the motif have been feminine.

"The man-made environments which surround us reinforce conventional patriarchal definitions of women's role in society and spatially imprint those sexist messages on our daughters and sons. They have conditioned us to an environmental myopia which limits our self-concepts...which limits our visions and choices for ways of living and working...which limits us by not providing the environments we need to support our autonomy or by barring our access to them. It is time to open our eyes and see the political nature of this environmental oppression!" (Leslie Kanes Weisman, WOMEN'S ENVIRONMENTAL RIGHTS: A MANIFESTO. Heresies II, pp. 6--8.

The clocktower was "erected" in the place where the Women's Building once stood; further veneration to Father-University William Banowsky et.al. The new library addition overlaps where the Women's Building was by only a few feet. The Women's Building was built in 1921 in the original collegiate Gothic style of architecture. It housed the office of the Dean of Women, the Y.W.C.A. office, the Department of Physical Education for Women, the



Medical Advisor for Women, a sewing room, kitchenette, gymnasium, swimming pool, locker room and bowling alley.

PHALLUS. Definition: An image of the male generative organ, symbolizing the generative power in nature, venerated in various religious systems; specifically that carried in

solomn procession in the Dionysiac festivals in ancient Greece. In later times commonly worn as an amulet or protection against the evil eye.

"In pre-patriarchal life the phallus (herm) had a quite different significance from the one it has acquired in androcentric (or phallogocentric) culture. It was not worshiped on its own account or regarded as autonomously powerful; it existed as an adjunct to the Goddess, along with other figures such as the bull, the cow, the pig, the crescent moon, the serpent, the lunar axe or labrys, the small child in her lap...Pre-patriarchal phallogocults were the celebration by women of the fertilizing instrument, not the celebration by men of their 'manhood' or of individual paternity. The Great Mother acknowledged no individual husband, only sons who become consorts." (Adrienne Rich, OF WOMAN BORN, Bantam, pp. 87-88.)

Anglo-Saxon women must go back to pre-Christian times to find gynocentric (woman-centered) symbols which are widespread through culture as phallogocentric (man-centered) symbols are now. There is no counterpart for women and this is a main criticism against the clocktower. If men and women decide that we should move towards a more balanced, androgynous way of life, then with the addition of the clocktower, (their resistance to support equal rights in our governing constitution, the increasing rate of violence against women, etc.) I propose that men are only paying lip service to women's needs. As a result the needs will become demands.

Because the power to construct is men's power, they construct in their own image: godlike. As women's awareness of their non-part in this affair increases, so will their disgust, until some objects possessing such obviously oppressive characteristics are seen as pure insult.

"The built environment is largely the creation of white, masculine subjectivity. It is neither value-free nor inclusively human. Feminism implies that we fully recognize this environmental inadequacy and proceed to think and act out of that recognition." (Weisman, WOMEN'S ENVIRONMENTAL RIGHTS: A MANIFESTO.)

# FILM REVIEW

''Rich and Famous'' with Jacqueline Bisset and Candace Bergen Directed by George Cukor. Based on a play by John Van Drusen.

Men seem to be particularly interested this year in relationships between women, if we are to judge by the current crop of films (MOMMIE DEAREST, ONLY WHEN I LAUGH and RICH AND FAMOUS), as opposed to last year's focus on father - child relationships (as in KRAMER VS. KRAMER and ORDINARY PEOPLE in which the unfit mothers were only peripheral characters). RICH AND FAMOUS is the only one of these films that deals with a relationship between adult women, and combines the themes of PERSONNA in which two women's identities become fused, and JULIA, which follows a sporadic friendship that begins in school, but here the level is that of domestic comedy.

Can we expect these writers and this director to treat women any better than last year's misogynists? Yes, and no. In the case of the portrayal of the friendship, the answer is no. The relationship seems to follow a male pattern; it apparently persists primarily because the two are unable to form any new friendships with women, beyond this bond based on the forced camaraderie of college roommates who have survived a year in close quarters; the women compete; and they are more jealous of each other's emblems of success than their relationships with other people. Since the focal theme of their friendship fails, and with it the device that one of the women, Merry Noel, is the somewhat monstrous creation of the other, Liz, as she attempts to follow in Liz's footsteps, the structure of the film doesn't hold up.

In terms of the portrait of one of the two women, the answer may be yes. Liz is too confused to be a role model, but she is a character some women getting an objectionable message. As Liz complains early in the film, ''Why do they always end up alone?'' Is the lesson here that if women make work central to their lives, it will cost them personal happiness? Or is it simply true that a woman who is as bright and sensitive as Liz, with a nascent political awareness, probably won't have a successful relationship with a man?

The main problem with the film is Bergen's portrayal of Merry Noel. She is too awful. As a result, Liz's friendship with her is not credible, nor is much else that happens to her. Bergen is repeating the role of a woman of monumental insensitivity and lack of talent that she delivered in STARTING OVER, but in this case, even though it is still a funny performance, it doesn't fit. Her style is broad Carl Reiner, but the tone of the rest of the film is more like late Woody Allen.

It is Jacqueline Bisset's portrayal of Liz that redeems the film, given the basic plot failure. Although initially Bisset plays Liz in the current cinematic mode of self-sufficient professionalism, Jane Fonda, she turns out to be more than the wise-cracking mass of nerves that Fonda created in CALIFORNIA SUITE. She denies that she is a feminist, but often acts like one and lacks the ideology to explain her behavior to herself or others. Unlike Fonda's and Streep's (in KRAMER VS. KRAMER) portraits which suggest that women who are serious and successful in their work lack some critical gene of humanity, Liz produces good work at the same time that she is red-eyed and ruby-nosed

from weeping about her inability to get the rest of her life together. She is both tough and vulnerable, witty, a little wise (via her therapist) but not very happy. Her unhappiness is not really her fault; it's her condition as a serious artist in a society that values crap-art, and as a heterosexual woman who has good reason not to trust men but still wants to be in love with one. Liz ends up, not alone, but with a woman. Unfortunately, since that woman is her only visible female friend, Merry Noel, it is small comfort. And she still looks for a solution to her situation in sex with strange men.

There are other problems with this film, structurally, politically and aesthetically. For example, Bergen's southern accent comes and goes, and Bisset's English accent seems equally out of place. Liz is supposed to be a dedicated writer, but it is an accomplishment she seems to have achieved with a great deal of suffering and not visible labor. On the other hand, there are funny scenes created by Bergen's broad farce style, especially the awkward nonverbal messages she broadcasts at the first reunion of the friends, and many funny lines with small insights are delivered by Bisset.

If you think you might find it cathartic or reassuring to see a film about a woman who, although she is obviously talented, attractive, and no more than normally neurotic, cannot fall in love or stay in love with anyone who can love her back; whose political anger disrupts her relationships against her will; who fumbles and fails at getting her life together despite her intelligence (and a house in Connecticut with a waterfall outside and a fireplace inside

## Static Motion/ (Imag)inary Action

by MYRA FOURWINDS

Her hazel eyes held my gaze as a magnetic field, not letting go my focus. Acting "casual", I tried to turn my body hoping my neck would bring my head to follow, and break the eye contact. I could tell she was in infatuation stage. My radar scanned her emotional energy level and read: fritzed out! She was very anxious, right now, I detected, to run to be with her newest girlfriend. She disengaged my vision from those hypnotic pupils on her face and left the room quickly.

Exactly what had she been telling me? She had said "I am thinking lately I really prefer one-woman at a time: monogamy, sort of." This was unexpected. Our conversations, brief and infrequent for months, held no content of late, just "small-talk". Usually, I found this intolerable with most people. With her, I found it excruciating, wanting to know what she feels, what she thinks, and she carefully covers anything remotely approaching such topics with school, or money. I had asked her then: "what do you mean, emotional monogamy, or sexual monogamy?" She had answered me, "both, I suppose," and I could tell by her shifting to the other foot that our conversation was over.

Later, when I began considering why she had said that to me - and at the same meeting holding me tightly and long, I was stumped. She had been so cold and distant for enough time I had almost got used to her that way. I was resigned to it. I acted casual and calm in her presence. My pulse would not slow down for hours after she had left. I wonder "am I torturing myself?" I consciously shifted my mind to other things. But soon, I found myself again thinking of her.

I reran the scene in my mind. She came in the darkened room, seeking me, for the first time in weeks. I had sat up on the couch and shoved over to one end, so she would have plenty of room to sit

down. She sat. We talked briefly. She got up to leave. I stood up to be hugged. Then, the intense connection of eye-contact paralyzed me. She turned, and was gone.

Suddenly, an alternative fantasy amused my senses. At the moment she turned, I grabbed her wrist and held it firmly. Then, stepping backward so I was blocking her exit, I said, "I won't let you go", and shoved her down on the couch, jumping on top of her body so that my weight restrained her. She protested and I held her. Should I go on then?

Three versions of the next part of this scene emerged in my mind. In the first, she screams and calls for help. People rush into the room, quite shocked at the view. In the second, I kiss her mouth roughly and rub against her so she relaxes in arousal. I mentally kick myself for not pursuing this one. She would enjoy herself, surely, if she would let herself.

In the third version I dominate her verbally. Grasping her wrist strongly I say "do you mean that when you are with me, or think about me, you feel no small glimmer, at times, of sexual excitement, or a pulling or filling of the heart with emotional connection? If this happens, you are not monogamous. If you must repress this, you are not monogamous. So what will it be?" I am demanding, powerful, irresistible in confronting her.

But I did none of these. I sat back down on the couch as she left the room, wondering how long women would consider each other as disposable entities. First we're lovers, then we're discarded. I am in the junk heap of many. Often, I still think of these women I've cared for as being in my own salvage yard. That as the seasons pass, as the lovers come and go, the connections can be retained. We all play interchangeable parts, anyway. This, like most of my life, stays confined within my skull. If one is in the junk heap, only herself is with her. Me and mine, selves that is, we have reached a calm peace with that.

## Naked to the Bone

And what of your finest fantasies?  
Or — your most terrifying fears, now?  
How can one so contradict the other?

Her faces, my sisters,  
Her blood, my mothers,  
Her tears, my daughters,  
Our dreams betray us.  
Our powers unfolding  
We claim our birthright.

Our stars guiding us —  
Through black of night.  
The darkness, the terror  
Overtakes us.

Where, running, stumbling,  
Through lands unseen and unknown  
Will I nest stop to rest?  
On some soft woman's breast?  
Or instead a hard stone:  
Some sphinx's petrified paw.

Each shall discover  
The wells deep bottom  
Only by diving down, down, within.

And the bitterness —  
Shall strip her naked to the bone.

myra fourwinds 6-81

## FILM

continued from page 6

to retreat to), then you will enjoy this film. If you think you might find offensive Liz's spurious sexual encounters with strangers and a gigolo (shot from her point of view -- a man strips slowly in front of her; men's breasts are exposed and kissed, not hers), don't go. Given the choice of films available, RICH AND FAMOUS is not bad fare. One could do worse than spending an evening with Liz -- just write your own ending.



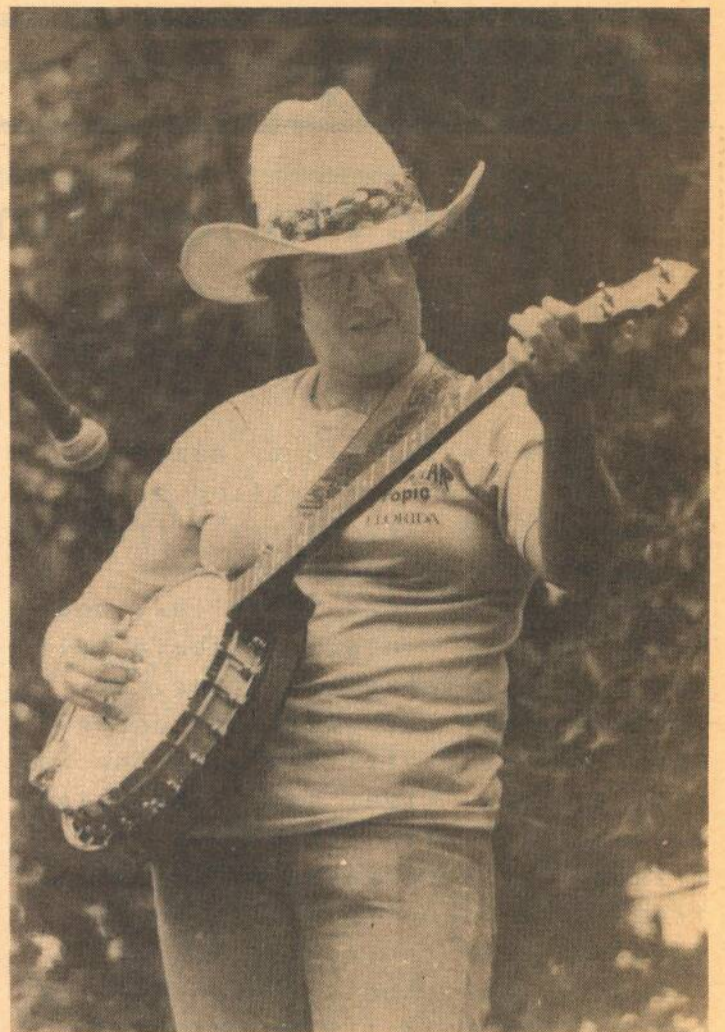
We dedicate this issue of THE BRAZEN HUSSY RAG to the members of Let's Talk Women: Vickie, Susan, Brett, Roxann, Kathy, and Carole.

These women's dedication and hard work has lifted the hearts and minds of the entire women's community of OKC.

We of THE BRAZEN HUSSY RAG are proud to call you sisters. We can only hope to accomplish as much.

THE BRAZEN HUSSY RAG  
Staff: Jana Birchum,  
Tonya Jones, Susan S.,  
Pat C., Joni D., Bar-  
bara B., Robin S.

Our thanks to  
Susan Gonders and  
Charlie.

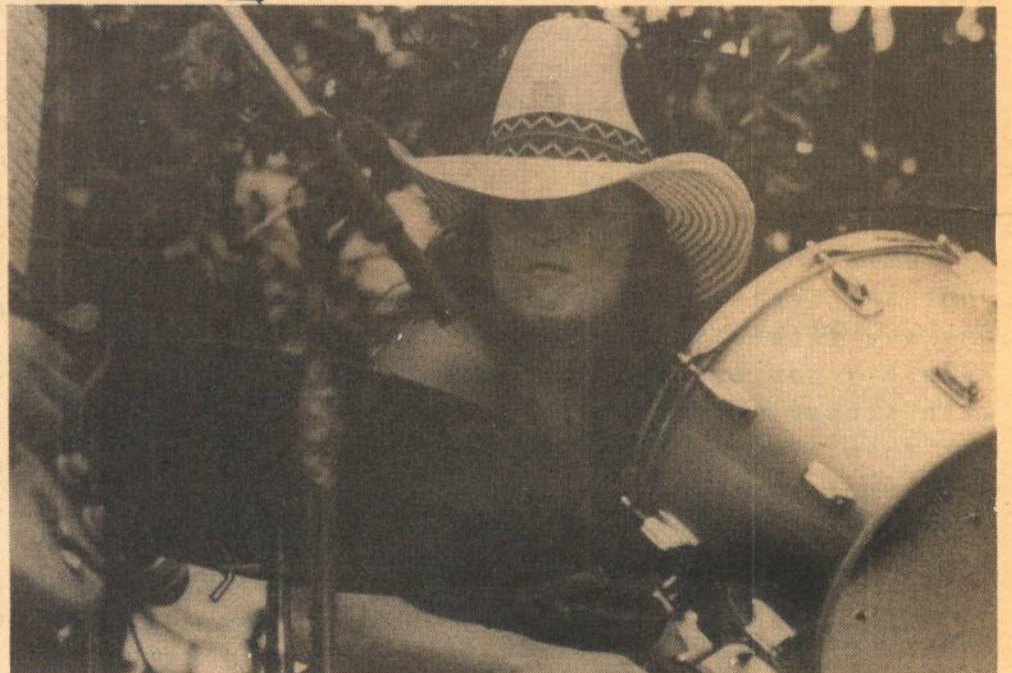


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