

Woman's Way

THE PATH OF EMPOWERMENT

VOL. 2 No. 1
SUMMER 1994
\$3.00

Interview:
Kathleen
Adams on
The Way
of the
Journal



"Thriving"
Celebrating
Our First
Anniversary

Plus...
Stories
Poetry
Art
and more!



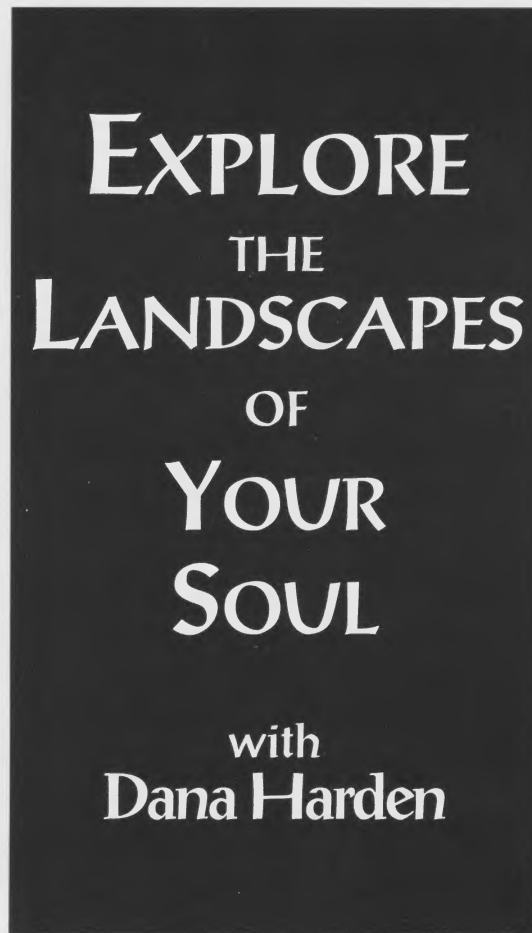
Unique audio experiences to enhance your creativity and healing...



**THE ELEMENTS:
HEALING IMAGERY, AND MUSIC**

Dana's evocative music and Lynn Bijili Marlow's imagery and breathing suggestions guide you on a journey through the landscapes of your soul—through the elements of Earth, Water, Fire, Air and Ether.

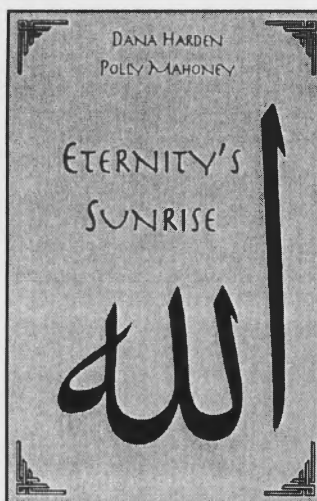
Cassette (EH1001), 41 min.



SECRETS OF ETERNITY

An original soundtrack for a condensed version of William Blake's epic mythological journey of integrating our masculine and feminine selves, and becoming a whole human being.

Cassette (SOE003), 93



ETERNITY'S SUNRISE

Experience the rich, improvisational musical tapestry of ancient Sufi and Sephardic melodies, expressed by the harp of Polly Mahoney and Dana Harden's synthesizer.

Cassette (ES 004), 61 min.

Dana Harden's melodically and rhythmically-charged compositions are "sound-tracks for the psyche" and come out of his innovative healing work as a music therapist in Boulder, Colorado.

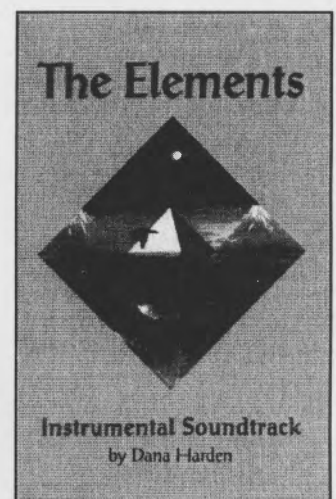
TO ORDER:

For each tape send \$10 + \$1.50 S&H to:
Golgonooza Productions
P.O. Box 19614, Boulder, CO 80308-2614
303-530-7617

WILD WOMEN AND MADMEN

A live digital recording of five passionate performances of stories, poetry and music: featuring P.G. Palmer, Billie Patton, John Jesitus, Lynn Bijili Marlow and Dana Harden.

Cassette (WWM005), 75 min.



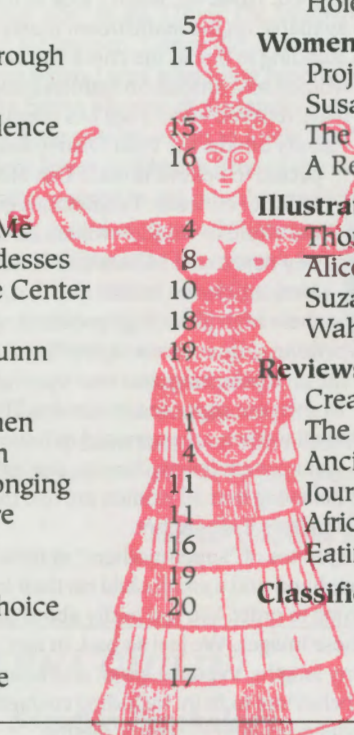
**THE ELEMENTS
INSTRUMENTAL SOUNDTRACK**

An even more ecstatic, instrumental-only performance of THE ELEMENTS soundtrack.

Cassette (EIS002), 44 min.

Contents

Editorial	2	Journal Entries	
Letters	3	Faces and Butterflies	14
Interview		Garden Therapy	17
Kathleen Adams	12	Humor	
Prose		Ann Reichner	18
Fireflies	5	Hole in the Sidewalk	25
Stumbling Through	11	Women in Prison Project	
Issues		Project Update	6
Domestic Violence	15	Susan's Story	6
Health	16	The Piano Concerto	9
Columns		A Response	9
Mother/Wife/Me	4	Illustrations	
Asteroid Goddesses	8	Thordis Simonsen	5
Journey to the Center	10	Alice Bernat	7
Relationships	18	Suzanne Ghiglia	11
Lavender Column	19	Wahaba Heartsun	19
Poetry		Reviews	
Wave of Women	1	Creating Health	20
Ancient Vision	4	The Elements	20
Dark Night Longing	11	Ancient Mother	21
She Was There	11	Journey to Joy	21
The Campfire	16	African Women's Writing	22
Intentions	19	Eating Our Hearts Out	25
A Matter of Choice	20	Classifieds	24
Articles			
The Candidate	17		



The cover art was drawn by Alice Bernat, inspired by a "vision" I had. I saw ancient, medieval, Victorian, pioneer women, of every size, shape, color, and age. Their bodies formed the path itself, leading to this point, one woman, each of us, and the future before us, and in our daughters and granddaughters. -LM

Woman's Way is a quarterly publication dedicated to establish a sacred space for self-discovery and self-expression. We intend to support women's creativity and self-expression by offering the space to read and write about our lives. In this way we hope to foster individual growth and healthy community. We want to support, nurture, heal and empower women in the community at large, by giving women an opportunity to acknowledge and tap the resources within. We wish to take an assertive - as opposed to a victim or blaming - approach to our problems and challenges in life.

We encourage women's unique way of knowing and being in the world - believing that a feminine approach to spirituality and life in general is necessary for us to be healthy individuals and create a healthy society. We are particularly interested in offering previously unpublished writers an opportunity to share their work. We also print excerpts from women's personal journals to help overcome the sense of isolation that many women feel, as well as to acknowledge the feminine principle that "the most personal is the most universal."

Woman's Way is distributed throughout the Boulder/Denver area and is now also carried by three national distributors.

Lynn Bijili Marlow
publisher/editor

Alice Bernat
production designer

B. McDonald
business manager, advertising

Elsie Goosen
accounting

**P.G. Palmer, Jyoti Wind,
Elaine Brown, Helena Mariposa,
Marilyn Hough and Chuck Schmitt**
columnists

Mailing Address:
P.O. Box 19614, Boulder, CO 80308-2614
(303) 530-7617

DEADLINES

Fall '94 issue — August 31
Winter '94 issue — November 30

Wave of Women

Waves of women
Side by side
Shoulder to shoulder
Hand in hand
Heart to heart
We stand
Stepping through time
Wave upon wave
Over and over
Each wave rising, cresting,
 flowing
Over the shore of
Oppression and lies
Doubt and fear

The tide comes in
The tide goes out
Washing away the grains of sand
That seem to stand in our way
While the undertow sucks them
 back to sea
To be taken into the shell
One by one
Until a pearl is born

Wave upon wave
Grain upon grain
Shell after shell
Pearls together
Alone in our shells
Mother daughter mother daughter
From ancient priestess to
 corporate lawyer
Amazon queen to single mother
Witch to bag lady
Sappho to Maya Angelou

Who ever questions that the
ocean lives forever?

Lynn Bijili Marlow

In Our Next Issue:

The theme will be *Passages*, featuring an interview with Julia Cameron, author of *The Artist's Way*, *The Spiritual Path to Creativity*

Future Issues of WW

In upcoming issues, our focus will be breast cancer. Please send us your letters, journal entries, poems, stories, and artwork on this theme. Reviews of books on this topic are also welcome, as are resources for women dealing with breast cancer.

Woman's Way is also planning to publish two issues on Feminism. In the first, we will focus on the history of feminism, in the following issue we will explore where feminism is now. Please write to us and let us know what you think of feminism. What is your definition of the word? Is it meaningful to you in your life now? Why or why not?

Dear Friends

LYNN BIJILI MARLOW, EDITOR

Months ago when considering themes for our upcoming issues, I came up with *thriving* for this summer—our first anniversary issue. Little did I realize at that time how appropriate that theme would be. As you can see, we have grown from our initial twelve page newsletter of last summer to a 28-page magazine! All in one short (but busy) year! I believe that fits into the category of thriving! So in this issue of WW we come together to celebrate the bounty of our womanhood.

In the past, I have often gotten together with my women friends and shared “war stories” and “breakthroughs.” Certainly it is supportive to share our feelings, often of grief and anger, and the trials of our process of healing. However, more and more I and many of my women friends who have spent many years healing from incest and other childhood traumas are moving from that phase into celebrating the fullness of our lives.

Hopefully, it offers a ray of hope to those who are still in the heart-breaking work of plowing weed infested, rocky fields, that some of us are sowing new seeds of healthier lives and others are now reaping the harvest. Some are even blossoming into the fullness of our lives, finding joy in being our natural selves and re-seeding the fields by sharing the wisdom of our hard-earned experience with others.

Some of the seeds of our early years that were planted in dark, often barren soil, neglected by lack of water and sunlight, still managed to sprout. These delicate sprouts then had to face the challenge of surviving drought, cold winds, and heat waves. Amazingly enough, many of us did it, although some may have felt like small sprigs of green that, against all odds, emerge out of the cracks in city cement, alone and unsupported by anything or anyone in our environment. Life has an amazing capacity to prevail despite obstacles, although it doesn't always feel that way. We have survived! Now, having learned the art of farming ourselves, we treat the seeds and sprouts of the abundant innate qualities in the garden of our natural selves tenderly and wisely. And Lo! The garden is flourishing!

I am reminded of the story, recently reproduced as a beautiful and touching film, *The Secret Garden*. The young heroine, an abandoned, neglected orphan, discovers an abandoned and neglected garden. Through her vision, rebellious, tenacious spirit, and love, she brings herself, others who are wasting away in grief, loneliness and despair, and the garden to flourish. She is a role model for all of us, I believe.

Throughout this past year, I have been reclaiming my own secret garden, owning my knowing and my voice. I've been discovering solid support deep within my own body, allowing my roots to probe deep into the fertile soil I have been cultivating for many years. Listening to our bodies, our intuitions, is a revolutionary act. Most of us have been raised to listen only to outer authorities.

With WW coming out, spreading across the country, being interviewed by newspapers, having some of my writing published in national magazines, I find myself shedding an old, long out-worn identity. I recently told a reporter who was interviewing me about our Women in Prison Project that I had never felt listened to as a child. As I said this, she was writing down my words and the little tape recorder was capturing each syllable, cough, sigh. I had to laugh. It is hard to continue to believe that I am not listened to under these circumstances.

Still, it is not easy to “forget” those times and to remember that it is different now. But with the passing of time and hard work, these patterns grow fainter. Like an ancient tapestry, they have faded, becoming more distant, quieter, haunting me less and less frequently.

Change is usually slow, within and without. Within, I see myself and others shifting patterns and beliefs. Without, I see glimmers of change. Slowly amid the stagnant pools of conservatism, continued

abuse, and economic inequality, women are taking on new roles. Hillary Clinton is a healthier role model than most of the presidents' wives to date. Her role in the presidency is, if not revolutionary, certainly different enough from her predecessors' to be encouraging, offering us a glimpse of the future. With her, the possibility of a woman president begins to come into focus.

When I look at the books being published by and about women I am also heartened. However, when I look at the choices in women's magazines available on the mainstream market, I am less encouraged. I'm tired of standing in line at the check-out counters and seeing ‘plastic’ women and articles on fashion and homemaking. I'm always relieved when I see MS magazine there, a symbol of sanity amidst the Walt Disney fantasy world we are expected to believe is real. Out of boredom and a morbid sense of curiosity, I sometimes glance through the wonder world of wonder women on the smorgasbord, usually next to the M&Ms and Hershey bars. Occasionally, I see articles on health and diet, but for the most part these high gloss, high profile magazines have little if anything to do with me or my life.

These magazines set up a false standard that women are supposed to aim for. They try to convince us that all women are supposed to have a certain size and shape breast, wear certain length dresses, the ‘in’ color and style. We are tricked into believing that all women are like these models, and we feel bad about ourselves if we are not.

We see photos of “super-mothers” at their computers with the phone in one hand and a small child on their lap, all dressed neatly and everything in order. We feel badly about ourselves when we don't live up to these images. We feel so bad, in fact, that some of us will go to almost any lengths, expense, pain, and health risks, to change our image and behaviors to fit in, including cosmetic surgery, breast implants or reductions, and excessive dieting.

It takes a lot of courage and strength to recover from the loss of self-esteem that is the natural consequence of all the messages we get from society. Once we wake up and realize the ruse, we are faced with the catch-22 task of filling the vacuum that has been created inside of us from the external referencing we have been taught. It is a major feat to be aware of and change the “Doctor tell me what's wrong, fix me” approach to life, to risk going into our emptiness, confusion, the “forbidden” territory of our bodies to find the truth that resides there. And often when we do take this risk, we run headlong into disapproval and discouraging responses from others.

All the contributors of WW are pioneers in this work and hope that our offerings support this process. We also hope that WW will be one of many magazines on our newsstands that reflect back to us and express to society the beauty and power of the many facets of women. We want WW to be a “real magazine for real women,” including a variety of body types, personalities and lifestyles. We invite you all to imagine along with us how it would be to go to a grocery store and see magazines that feature women like yourselves and have articles and stories that discuss the topics you discuss with your friends.

So welcome to WW! May you find a piece of yourself in the images and words offered here. If not, send us yours.

About the Publisher/Editor

Lynn Marlow is a writer living in Boulder, CO. She has a master's degree in Jungian Psychology/counseling. She has been in private practice as a body-centered psychotherapist doing massage, breathwork and counseling for sixteen years. Lynn facilitates women's retreats and workshops. Contact her at *Woman's Way* if you would like to arrange an event in your area.



Your Words

Dear WW

I just got done reading WOMAN'S WAY and immediately went to my journal to write down the thoughts it inspired. Thank you for talking with me the other day and for sending the magazine and sample issue. You've really got something here and it's inspired me to continue with my women's sports magazine idea.

I especially enjoyed your intro and the interview with Christina Grof (Winter '93). But most of all, I think the Women in Prison project is a great support for women. I once did a story for the Santa Monica Newspaper when I was a budding reporter on a women's prison up in the Santa Monica mountains—a group of 100 women chosen from state prison—went to forest fire "camp" every summer to help fight forest and brush fires in the summer. It was very prestigious for the women to get into this particular prison "camp" and they were quite proud of their achievements. Unbeknownst to most Southern Californians, if it weren't for these incarcerated women firefighters, their homes would probably burn down every year. For the story, I went on their daily 7-mile morning run through the mountains, lifted weights, etc., and had lunch with many of the women. The interview was intriguing and the story made front page of the culture section that month.

If there's anything I could do to help with the Women in Prison Project, perhaps help with the journaling part, please let me know.

Kathleen Gasperini, Boulder, CO

ELENA GIULINI

M.A. Somatic Psychology

Cert. Practitioner of Body-Mind Centering™



Creating a bridge between symptoms and insights.

Exploring body awareness.

Healing painful and addictive patterns.

Experiencing choices.



*Call for free consultation:
(303) 449-5086*

1722 14th Street, Suite 225-1, Boulder, CO 80302

Dear WW

I want to thank you for your publication. I especially appreciate your including journal entries. I always find myself going to my journal after reading WW. Perhaps someday I will be ready to share some of my journaling with you and the readers. It's a big step to come out of the closet with my journal writing. Seeing others do it is inspiring and gives me courage.

Susan S., Cambridge, MA

FROM INSIDE

Dear WW

I need to tell you that both I and my fellow inmates feel WW is a fantastic representation of what & who we are. I feel women are often pitted against one another in competitive form by society's rigid rules of performance. This occurs both in the job force & in relationship terms, & so forth. We need to find our connected ground through the oneness of our life-forces & the natural empathetic traits we have instilled within us. Your newsletter is a positive approach to link us back together in unity, as our women in tribal cultures of antiquity once lived.

I passed WW around to certain close companions of mine before submitting it to the library for all to see. Also, one of our librarians made a poster with information concerning the newsletter & article submissions. Woman's Way is becoming quite popular around here. Hopefully many will be inspired by the articles in the Winter '93 issue & will submit some work of their own for the next issue. There are talented, & unfortunately tormented souls within this fortress. Yet when humans are confined & uprooted from normal human experience they often produce & express their best mental works. Sometimes it's the impetus that strikes the deepest innermost part of their being. It causes them to find portions of the answers to those ultimate questions to life, "Who am I, & why do I exist?"

Thank you for sharing with me & my companions here at...

Christine

Spring Greetings Lynn and Woman's Way Staff,

I trust this letter finds each of you there well - if there is a Hell, I'm certainly there already - get the message?

Please understand that I cannot afford the \$3 you require for a sample copy but I do wish to submit my story to hopefully get published, Lynn.

It is PAST TIME, that free world women like yourself realize that the Jean Harris story is a country club type and a myth when it comes to reality.

Some prisons are nothing less than oppressive environments which are operated by people who would have fitted in quite well at the nazi concentration camps - get the message?

Myself/friends STOPPED getting up as soon as time was called, why? Because we are tired of 'time' called at the whim of whomever is standing meals and assumes everyone is finished eating. We non-violently protested by not getting up when time was called. We are 'on tray' for 15 days. Oh well...

Lynn - also is there any one of Woman's Way who would care enough to be my regular correspondent?

Lois

Ed note: If you are interested in corresponding with Lois or another inmate, please write or call WW for details.

Send us your thoughts! Tell us about yourself and what you'd like to see in WW. Address letters to Woman's Way, P.O. Box 19614, Boulder, CO 80308-2614

Mother/Wife/Me

DEATH AND TRANSFORMATION

P.G. PALMER

In the dream, I asked my friend for a gun, promptly put the muzzle behind my left ear and pulled the trigger. I didn't die, but it was hard to concentrate and not hit people jogging on a highway where I next found myself, driving a station wagon full of children up the mountain. The car ran out of fuel and slid sideways into some tidal pools. In the pools I found bits of old jewelry and many-legged sea creatures that were precious to me. An old professor gave me some compressed gas and I managed to put it in the car's tank and get back on the highway.

This dream so disturbed me, I thought of little else until I sat at my computer and typed a dialogue between my self who pulled the trigger and my friend who owned the gun. I realized that part of me was deeply angry that I planned to start working on performance pieces for next year rather than resting after two months of intense dramatic work. (I had rehearsed several times a week in March and was performing every weekend throughout April in a Goddess Theater production.) My angry self was attempting to kill off the analytical mind and cause it to lose focus. This made me aware that I was "out of gas" and needed to refuel by recovering items of value from my subconscious (the tidal pools). I immediately promised this furious self that I would rest, and arranged a week off after the last show with no evening appointments.

It was lovely to be just mom and wife again, slipping my hands over dishes in sudsy water, discussing school projects with Sy and Mr. Bigg, spending quiet hours with my husband.

But there were more death dreams to come. A co-worker died, and I wept for her husband; then the dream changed, and it

was my sister Cece who had died of cancer. It changed again and I was arranging for my new boss to be out of the office so he could act as pall bearer for a sheriff on his team who had died.

As I was writing the dreams down, I abruptly remembered an earlier sequence where I had saved a princess (my boss' concubine) when a "liquid bad guy" melted her down inside himself. I had to pour them both out, separate the colors, and put the princess into a container that would solidify her again. She looked like the cookies my son Zig had made the night before, all run together, with faint indentations marking her limbs. In the dream, I re-ran a scene several times where I actually escaped with the princess by leaping with her from one level to another, hitting the metal ramp hard and rolling before dropping to a lower level. I was impressed with this risk-taking and wanted to see just how I did it.

A few weeks ago, I finally got together with Ruth, a friend and fellow member of a dream group. Ruth's gentle voice asked me many probing questions about each symbol in the dreams, and in answering her, insight after insight flashed through me. Each death refers to an aspect of myself that has died and been transformed through performing in the play just ended. The princess references my "half-baked" ideas for new performance pieces of my own. The "new boss" is my developing intelligence guiding my career as a performance artist; naturally, he values the princess and wants her saved. Separating her colors from the "liquid bad guy" is the process of discrimination as I work on my ideas, struggling to give them concrete form.

As I told Ruth all the benefits I had gained from acting in the play, she pointed

ANCIENT VISION FOR BEVERLY ANTAEUS

Standing in my canoe --
my Rainbow Witch --
I paddle kayak-style.

I am pre-dawn woman
strong as drumbats
rhythmic as the undulating
flight of the heron;

arms reach up
and out and dip --
each stroke
a poem
to the water.

Marilyn Del Clements,
Claremont, CA

out the similarity between these levels of experience and the levels I had encountered as I escaped with the princess. Ruth noted that I need the princess with me in order to take these risks, I need my talents and creative ideas.

When I can do this—unravel my night dreams and integrate their images with conscious goals and visions, my fevered brow unfurrows and I am made whole. The symbols in my unconscious mind give me the courage and conviction I need to manifest my ideas in the outside world. And by honoring the images created when I am asleep, I send my subconscious a strong message that it is valued, swinging wide a door that once I may have feared to open.

P.G. Palmer has been writing all her life. She is currently studying performance art, creative writing, and C.G. Jung.



Uncover the
myths of your
body!

"Life of the Body" Spring Sessions for Women

Discover your potential for creative, happy, fuller experiences. Join us in a safe and supportive journey to explore the myths and truths of our body image and how they affect our everyday life.

For information and to enroll,
call: 674-9018

Kathleen O'Hara, MA



Somatic Psychology
Body + Mind

Therapeutic Massage

- Relax
- Reenergize
- Reduce Stress
- Improve Circulation
- Open & Balance Energy Flow



Karen Slatt

Certified Massage Therapist
Boulder School of Massage Therapy
(303) 782-9668

1776 So. Jackson, Suite 909, Denver CO 80210

Fireflies

THORDIS SIMONSEN

What could excite a child more than fireflies blinking in the night? In the summertime, my family often ate dinner at Gramma and Grampa Rownds' house. The sun had set by the time my sister and I had finished the ginger ale Popsicles my grandmother had frozen for us—one cannot prolong eating Popsicles on a warm, Lake Erie summer night. Not long after sunset, my mother and father drove us home to bed.

Sometimes we were lucky and stayed at my grandparents' after dark. Then my sister and I would catch fireflies—we called them lightning bugs—in the back yard. We would spot one and then run toward it and eagerly wait for it to light up within reach. Then we would catch it in cupped hands. Peeking inside, we watched its mysterious glow. After awhile, we let it go.

On occasion, we caught the bugs in a lidded jar. Inevitably some bugs escaped from the jar when we removed the lid to catch others. Eventually we were called inside. We presented the wondrous lantern—it was the light we prized, was it not—to the grown ups who had spent the evening chirping like crickets on the screened-in porch.

Many times during my childhood, my sis and I spent the night with Gram and Gramp. We slept in twin beds in a spare bedroom connected to one of three guest rooms by a bathroom. While we bathed together in the tub, Gramma Rownd knotted one end of a terry cloth hand towel for each of us; we took these dolls to bed. In the morning we sat at the tiger-maple table in the pantry and, in winter, ate ruby grapefruit while Gramma cooked cream of wheat on the kitchen stove. In the summer she sat at the table with us and ate a thin slice of Pepperidge Farm bread, buttered and sprinkled with white sugar, while we each ate a bowl of Tony the Tiger's frosted flakes. After breakfast my grandmother set up the card table in the library and we three played canasta—a game she had taught us when we were quite young. Or we went outside and she staked the delphinium in her garden while we picked pansies or sat on nearby flagstones and played Jacks.

We lived close enough to my grandparents that we saw them frequently. One summer my family took a trip with them. The six of us rode in their apple-green 98 Oldsmobile all the way from Cleveland to the Double Diamond Ranch at the foot of the Teton Mountains in Wyoming. Dressed in our straw hats, beaded belts, and patterned cowgirl boots, my sis and I felt at home with the ranch hands and blacksmith. Studded with distant stars, the vast Wyoming night sky inspired even more awe than the fireflies blinking within reach at home.

One morning my parents had gone trail riding, and my Grampa Rownd had gone fishing. Gramma took Sis and me for a hike up the mountain. Mud from the previous night's rain caused no problem on the ascent. But on the way down my grandmother chose to descend a particularly steep, slick section of the trail on her backside. Following her example, Sis and I sat down and merrily slid along the trail behind her. Normally getting muddy was frowned upon in my family, so this unusually uninhibited time embedded itself in my memory.

I recall no other time laughing gaily with my grandmother. An only child, she was orphaned in maidenhood. At twenty-one she agreed to a marriage spearheaded by anxious relatives. My mother was born within thirteen months, and my aunt arrived less than two years later. How these factors shaped my grandmother's personality and demeanor, I do not know. But the grandmother I remember was sturdy, stiff, and a little stern. She probably seemed all the more so alongside my ebullient Grampa Rownd.

This picture of my grandmother had become so fixed in my mind that her appearance—the last time I saw her—stunned me. It was February 2, 1990. We were in a stadium. When she walked gingerly past me, I glimpsed her face. It glowed: open, soft warm, bright. "Gram, what happened?" I gasped. She walked briskly down the steps ahead without answering. I quickened my pace and caught up to her. "Twelve years ago," she said, still walking. I caught up to her again, and again I asked, "What happened?" "Measles," she replied. And I woke up.

The evening I saw my grandmother in my dream, I had rigged up an easel to accommodate a thirty-by-forty



Thordis Simonsen

inch sheet of paper in the workspace where I had been painting once a week for three years. The two-by-three foot format I had used until then was not spacious enough for the painting I wanted to do now; I felt like a firefly trapped in a jar. The expanse of larger paper seemed at the time as boundless as the Wyoming night sky, and my soul journeyed afar when I swept my colors across it.

My grandmother escaped a nursing home where she had been confined with Alzheimer's disease when she visited me in my sleep. Ironically the Alzheimer's condition developed following her inexplicable, complete recovery from a terminal abdominal cancer that had threatened her when she was sixty-one. On February 10, eight days after my dream, Gramma Rownd donned wings and departed. She was ninety-one.

Two weeks later, I went to a Jungian movement workshop I had been participating in bimonthly for several weeks. My grandmother had married a dancer, but did not dance herself. Like her, I felt inhibited, and I had joined the group to reclaim my dance.

No one else came to the workshop that week. Rather than dismiss me, the facilitator asked whether I would like to explore the dream I had mentioned previously about my grandmother. When she asked what had happened twelve years earlier, I associated most strongly with the sabbatical year when I edited my first book, *You May Plow Here*. The year of writing had been one of the most satisfying times of my life. Later I confirmed that I took the sabbatical in 1978, twelve years before.

When my facilitator asked me about the measles, I associated the spots that characterize the disease with spots I had been incorporating in my paintings ever since a spontaneous painting workshop I had participated in in October. For some reason, I especially enjoyed

Continued on page 10. ▶

From Jail to Where?

SUSAN'S STORY

AS TOLD TO SHAARL MARI

The following is part two of an interview with a young woman who spent a total of seven and one-half years in prison. See WW Vol.1 #4 (Spring '94) for part one.

WW: Was there a single incident that you can remember that may have conditioned you mentally for your criminal actions?

Susan: When you condition people to be a certain thing, once you start hittin' a kid over the head, hittin' em with your fists, hittin' em with extension cords, the kid begins to wonder, is this life? A person, you know, don't think about it, it's just a set of circumstances. A set of circumstances is you got beat, a set of circumstances is you're goin' to prison.

WW: Tell me about daily routines in prison.

Susan: You wake up about 6:30 a.m. and are on the job by 8:00 a.m. You have counts, three times a day, where they have to live count you to make sure that no one has escaped. You have to be awake, up and mobile, eyes open. You also have three counts during the night—these are the counts where they have to see your face and make sure you're still breathin'. Some people go to classes in the morning, such as a GED class. You have job assignments. Some were dorm workers who had to clean the toilets, strip and wax the floors, etc.

We had TV time which was on weekends and we had the choice of bein' outside or watchin' TV. You had assigned days for the TV—if you missed your day then you weren't in control of the TV programs. Some people liked soap operas, some liked westerns. You got into fights about little petty things like who was goin' to watch what. It was very serious and

people got hurt over things like this. I got into a lot of trouble over the TV. I was a white girl in a majority of blacks and there was a lot of trouble.

WW: Are there any classes taught in the prison, art or music classes in addition to GED classes?

Susan: Yes, there are classes. I didn't have a good experience with them. The teacher didn't take the time or she had too many people with learning disabilities that needed extra help to try and help me. There's not enough help or not enough volunteers. I didn't see that the teachers had the gusto or get-up-and-go to really want to help people.

I did take the art class and painted three nice pictures. I saw a picture in a magazine – it was a picture of a scarecrow with a background of trees and little farm house. When I saw the picture I said, "Wow! I'd like to be able to paint that. So the teacher showed me how to paint it. That was cool!

WW: Did the guards show fairness toward all of the inmates or was there favoritism?

Susan: There was a lot of favoritism. There was one girl who knew how to play the system to her advantage. She was in for a lot of years, but she was able to go out to a local college for an education. Me, I was in for six years, and I should have been able to at least go out to a trade school. Not everybody's goin' to want to go to college. But I think if they were able to send one out to college, they should have been able to send some out to trade school too.

One volunteer made a volunteer fire department. He chose three girls doin' a lot of time for this volunteer fire depart-

ment, even the girl goin' out to college. I guess they got picked because the prison didn't have to worry about them goin' anywhere after the prison had invested their time and money in teachin' them CPR, etc.

WW: Was favoritism connected to sex and drugs?

Susan: Well, there were two different prisons. In the one prison, the guards were powerful and good and they were logical. They might have had their favorites, but their favorites were people tryin' to do right with their lives. Their favoritism was toward people who cared about life and cared about the human race as a whole. Then there was the other prison where very few of the guards fit that image. Their favoritism was towards the ones that favoritism bought. You had male guards that controlled your case loads and your paperwork. They controlled seein' if you were goin' to the parole board or if you wasn't. Their favorite thing was, 'Well honey, you want to get on your knees and perform a little sex act here.'

A lot of guards bring in drugs. Some do it to turn a profit. Others want the exchange of sex favors for the drugs. One girl I knew did sex favors for drugs, but she was settin' the guard up to get busted. That's how she got out the door. One girl performed oral sex on a minister. That's what he wanted. She got her freedom too, and the minister probably got time because he got busted. That's what kinds of favoritism goes on.

WW: What sort of bonding occurs between the women inmates and do these friendships sometimes continue after they are released?

Susan: With the black women, I'm not really sure because I was locked up in the

WOMEN IN PRISON PROJECT UPDATE

Shaarl is in the midst of a major healing process and has had to resign her position as WIPP coordinator. We wish her the best and extend to her our deepest gratitude for all her help with the program.

We also wish to thank Charlotte Mears for her extensive and excellent

work in completing the Scientific and Cultural Facilities District grant application in which we requested funds to facilitate writing workshops in the Boulder County Jail.

Thanks also to all the pen pals and women who have paid for gift subscriptions. We have received many letters of

appreciation from inmates.

Woman's Way is now offering businesses and individuals the opportunity to have a 2" x 1" listing in this publication for a \$100 donation to the *Women in Prison Project*, or 3 line listing for \$25. Call us if you're interested.

south and a lot of them came from the Washington DC area. They were a lot of hookers. The main thing I always heard from them was, "Yeh, I beat this white guy and I robbed this white guy, and I did this so I ended up defending my race." So what! They was the same white guys hurtin' me one way or another. And they are the same white guys that hurt me today with job discrimination, with education discrimination and all those things.

So when I started realizing that, it became a common bond and I understood where they was comin' from. The woman's movement was a common thing. Yeh, I made contact with them but not so much as I should have on the outside. They wrote me while I was still in. I didn't keep the contact like I should have and the contacts that I tried to keep with white girls was hookers before they came in and hookers when they went out. They didn't care about changin' their lives even though they said they would. They dried out. When they went out, they went back to the drug scene.

WW: Because of your confinement in a small cell, did you ever feel the need for personal counseling because it became unbearable day-after-day?

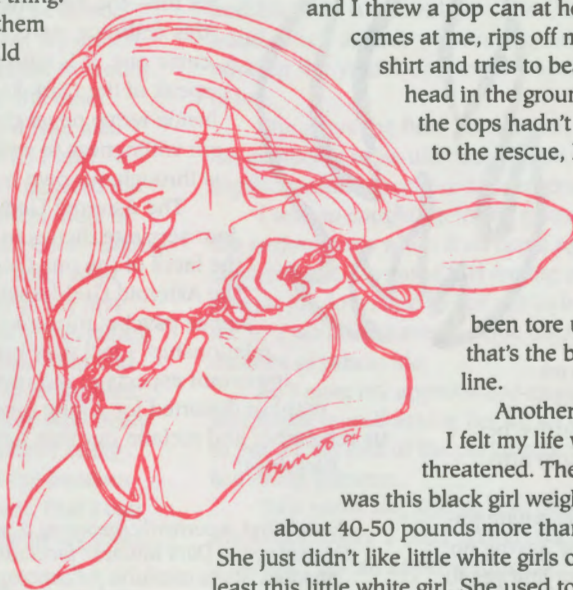
Susan: Yeh, but I didn't get it. This one counselor was so goofy that I don't know how she got the job. She didn't have any of the experiences that I had. She didn't have the gusto or inner strength to be powerful and the most important thing in prison is to have powerful women counselors that have inner strength, inner strength that could tear down a brick wall. You need someone to say, "hey, I believe in these certain values and I will help you to talk about your problems." That's what you need in prison with the counselors, not someone who thinks everything is a joke.

There's nothin' funny in prison and nothin's a joke. Everything is very serious and your life is on the line most of the time because you don't know if that person in that bed next to you is crazy or what they're capable of doing. And if you were like me, one of three white girls among 500 black girls, there was always danger.

WW: What was the most difficult situation you ever faced while in prison?

Susan: Two difficult situations at two different prisons. At the one prison, I was watchin' TV and this big black girl, about four feet taller than me, wants to change the channel. I say, "Whoa, wait a minute, it's my TV night and I'm already watchin' something!" Nobody changes it unless there's a big majority vote to change it. Basically it was me and her in the room and one other person who didn't care. I cared, OK. The black girl changed the channel - I

changed it back. She went off on me and I threw a pop can at her. She comes at me, rips off my shirt and tries to beat my head in the ground. If the cops hadn't come to the rescue, I'd of



been tore up, that's the bottom line.

Another time I felt my life was threatened. There

was this black girl weighed about 40-50 pounds more than me.

She just didn't like little white girls or at least this little white girl. She used to always pick on me and bash my head in. Well, I'm still alive and I've still got my brains. I'm lucky!

WW: Did you ever lose your identity as Susan, the person, and simply become a number among the masses?

Susan: I was goin' to lose it after about three and a half years, but I tried at all times to keep my sanity. I wasn't goin' to let them win, that's the reason why I escaped because I didn't let them win. Maybe they won with their rules and things. But I saved my sanity. They don't care about you, you're just a number, not an individual. They get their pay check and that's all they want.

WW: Where is your life going now? Do you have a goal in mind as to where you really want to be?

Susan: Right now the first thing I want is to have someone care about me and someone for me to care about. I want a caring relationship in a normal household. Second thing I'd like is to make about

\$54,000 a year. That would be pretty comfortable. I want to learn the trades, whether it's painting, carpentry, landscaping, maintenance work, etc.

WW: What advice would you give women who have been in trouble?

Susan: The first thing is that we should all try to help each other to get an education, we'll never win without it. If a woman wants to be a housewife, let her be that. If she chooses to do something else, an office worker, a construction worker—let her, help her. Rich people, poor people have common goals. Bring those common goals together to achieve the purpose that all of us want.

WW: What kind of opportunities or help is available to people such as yourself who have come out of prison and are looking for a job, starting life over once again?

Susan: In some states, it's help with education and job placement. So what we

Continued on next page. ►

WOMEN IN PRISON PROJECT

REQUEST FOR DONATIONS, VOLUNTEERS, AND A NEW COORDINATOR

Donations are being accepted for the Women in Prison Project. The funds collected go toward paying for the production and printing costs of the pages dedicated to the Women in Prison submissions, operating cost of the project - e.g. postage for correspondence, photocopying, long distance phone calls. Money is also being collected to fund writing and art workshops in the prisons.

A fund will be started to offer assistance to women getting out of prison to help them get a new start. Gifts of cash, specific goods, and services are needed.

Volunteers are also needed to assist with correspondence to prisons and inmates around the country to let them know of the Women in Prison Project. If you are interested in assisting with this, have suggestions for the project, or want to volunteer in your area, please write or call Woman's Way, PO Box 19614, Boulder, CO 80308, (303) 530-7617

Asteroid Goddesses

VESTA - THE ETERNAL FLAME

JYOTI WIND

Continuing in our series on the Asteroid Goddesses, we now come to Vesta, indicative of the Vestal Virgins who took men through their sexual initiation in the temples of old. She represents sacred sexual/spiritual devotions and brings the moon energy into daily life for the everyday person.

Historically, Vesta was Goddess of the Hearth and Keeper of the Sacred Flame. Altars, at the center of each household, were dedicated to Her. Public altars, where the sacred fire was tended, symbolized the cohesion of family and state and were dedicated to Her. She embodied the epitome of honesty and faith, sealing oaths and social contracts. Those tending the sacred flame were called vestal virgins, priestesses of Vesta. "The essence of Vesta's original tradition consisted of the sexual rites honoring the fertilizing and generative powers of the Moon Goddess which provided for a divinely blessed rulership" (*Asteroid Goddesses*, by Demetra George).

In an astrology chart, Vesta provides insights into our sexuality and how we express it, how we may sublimate it into a spiritual devotion and/or artistic creative expression. She also speaks to us of focus and commitment. In Pisces, for example, Her energies need to be consciously harnessed, focused, and committed. In Capricorn, the creative energy is organized yet can become rigid if not balanced with self-nourishment. And in Leo, She needs a large arena to create, and Her sexual drive becomes sublimated into Her creative endeavors. Here, only arrogance would be Her downfall.

Vesta is a direct link between our sexuality and our innate purity, our Scorpio and Virgo parts. She reminds us that by saying no to giving away our personal power and attention, and saying yes to

tending that sacred flame in our own hearts, we, as women, move beyond patriarchal modeling and into a new arena of evolution as human beings.



Jyoti's response to a letter in the last issue:

Jean:

I'd like to reply to your letter. My work with the Dark Mother has taken me into my own darker realms, my own shadowlands. In that place I met Her and embraced Her. Her touch and recognition of me opened a new awareness of Her deep love for me—the vigil She kept until our meeting. With this embrace, parts of me long held separate became one. It is with great love and gratitude that I speak of the Dark Mother, who leads us to places inside we've never claimed. She patiently awaits our willingness to embrace Her, and gladly guides us through our own inner labyrinth.

The Asteroid Goddesses, though taken from four separate dieties in Greek mythology, are four of the faces of the one Goddess who lives in each of us. The Asteroid Goddesses represent four aspects of the female psyche: nurturance, intelligence, sexuality and relationship. I feel they bring to light very succinctly important aspects of our own being, which have lain dormant or distorted for a long time. These Goddesses can help us remember and reclaim our true nature.

Blessings,

Jyoti Wind

Jyoti Wind is currently preparing a workshop, "Owning the Dark; The Descent to the Dark Mother," facilitating the embracing of the feminine Shadow. She is available for astrological readings at (303) 541-9106.

Continued from previous page.

need to do as women or as people on the outside for the people on the inside getting ready to get out, is together to find those resources that are available. In some states there might be housing resources available because a lot of times you get out and you've got a hundred bucks, man, and you've got no place to live. What's a hundred bucks goin' to buy?

I know a woman who couldn't get out of prison because she didn't have anybody to put her up for awhile until the prison could find a Salvation Army so she could get on her feet. That's how desperate it is in these situations. It's very serious and it's very real. What are these people goin' to do when they get out? They're goin' to do what they know how to do. If they're hookers, they're goin' back to bein' hookers. If they're robbers, they're goin' back to robbin'. That's what they do for survival. It's very important to help these people.

WW: If you could make a wish for anything in the world, what would it be?

Susan: Well, I'd like to be on some island with a society of people, be it women and men or just women, a society of people where there ain't a lot of restrictions and able to be in the sun, on the beaches and the mountains, where the people are free to do

whatever they choose to do. Everybody can work and do whatever kind of job they want. There's not a racist thing, there's not a sexist thing, an island just beautiful and green and free.

WW: You mentioned losing freedoms when you were in prison. What were the ones you lost?

Susan: When I was a kid I was used to running the streets and the mountain sides and hillsides—just me and God and nature. To be able to get out in the middle of the woods or open space with nobody around and worship God, the individual God that people believe in. In a prison cell, I couldn't be in direct communication with 'em because part of my God is the earth, the trees, the flowers, the water, things that I can feel and touch. Those are real to me. If I can't touch it, feel it, see it or smell it, it's not real.

Losing freedom was important to me because I couldn't touch or smell the grass. I couldn't pick it up and put it in my mouth and taste it – it wasn't there. When I wasn't in Deadlock, and I was able to walk the 100 acres of land it was very important to me because I got to feel the grass—it was real, really there. The dirt was really there. I could pick a flower and chew the end of a grass stem and, yeh, you get a piece of dirt too. It was real!! ♦

The Piano Concerto

D.J. CONAGHAN

Seated in the visiting room in front of the beautiful Baldwin Baby Grand Piano, I long to run my fingers upon its pearly white keys. I wait on the edge of my seat fidgeting, trying to position myself so I will be able to see the piano and the keys perfectly when the concert pianist starts to play.

I have knots in my stomach from anticipation and sheer excitement, wanting her to be ushered in right at that moment so that my need could finally be filled.

As time creeps slowly by, my anticipation and excitement continue to mount. I look at the expressions on the other peoples' faces as they sit and wait also – I wonder if they are excited as I am?

Finally three people are ushered in; I thought to myself one of them must be her. She seats herself on the bench making sure everything is just right. After what seemed to be hours of waiting, the first note is struck – I realize that she is telling the beautiful story of life, love, pain and the passion for my dreams to be fulfilled.

While the pianist's fingers flow freely over the keys, I am continuously being tantalized. I'm reminded of the freedom that I possess within my spirit, that I can soar above all things that are in my path as obstacles.

As she finishes one piece, to go onto another- I hunger for the next song to begin. I realize during those few short moments I've been holding my breath, not knowing what to expect, hoping that each song that is played would not be the last.

I am constantly being swept along the path toward oneness with the music, nature, and myself in a dream-like state, not wanting ever to wake up.

As she plays each piece, I know that everything she is feeling while playing, I am feeling too. My eyes cannot leave the pianist or her fingers, while she is playing – I am captivated – I am held spell-bound.

My ultimate passion is to fulfill my destiny. My destiny is to be a Musician, just like this pianist, to express how I feel through the music I play. I long to feel every note that I play, to put meaning to the notes on the pages.

As she plays softly, and slowly, and gently – love, happiness and inspiration well up within my soul. Upon her finishing the piece I realize I'm crying – not because of sadness, but because of complete joy.

The next piece she plays is rather different. It is being played loudly and possessively – a constant reminder of the way that pain, anger and fear hit my heart, which is like a bolt of lightning hitting its unsuspecting target.

Now as she plays Chopin it reminds me of children frolicking in the sun on a summer's day, with a light breeze blowing through their hair. The piece is being played with so much conviction, feeling and life in it. It reminds me of my childhood, when as kids we would chase each other in the yard for a friendly, fun game of tag.

She plays the final selection by a Polish composer to its ultimate climax, bringing the performance to a sudden end.

I was so caught up in the oneness of the performance when it all came to a crashing end. I wanted this feeling of happiness, joy, love, and peace not to leave me so I wouldn't have to come back to the realities of prison life.

So I gave my appreciative applause, and found myself asking her for an encore to put off the end of the performance for a few more minutes.

To a musician, feeling and playing the music is like a seed taking root and growing. I am an aspiring musician, longing and needing my seed to be fed and nurtured so I can continue to grow.

When I came into prison I asked if I could have my clarinet – my ultimate joy with me as I do my time. But I was told it was not allowed because it was **CONTRA-BAND**.

My clarinet is like my child; without it beside me I am like a woman whose children have been ripped out of her arms. My heart has been shattered into a million pieces. I am breathing my last breath, and my life is being drained from me.

The piano concert has continued to inspire me to fulfill my destiny, my dreams, regardless of the many obstacles in my way.

Days after the concert, while sitting in my cell, I am still savoring the passion and the unforgettable flavor of the music that I was feeling on the day of the concert.

D.J. Conaghan is an aspiring musician, singer, artist and writer serving a 12 to 18 year sentence.

Katherine Power Responds...

Dear WW,

Thank you for sending me the issue of **Woman's Way**. I was excited to hear of your Women In Prison Project, and hope to be gathering writings for you from women here. The place is rich with stories, with women's need to tell their stories so someone will hear, pay attention, perhaps understand. In the course of a week I may speak with:

- a woman with the Virus, whose T-cell count is always less than 200, it has been as low as 0;
- a woman who picked up heroin after six years clean, whose lover of many years is dying from AIDS;
- two women whose children were adopted away from them just that day;
- two women who gave birth in the last two months as inmates, who see their infants perhaps once a week, more likely once a month;
- one woman who is coming to terms with the likelihood that she will serve a sentence of natural life, that is, that she will never live as a free woman again.

I help, as part of my being here, these women to learn to write from their bodies, from their pain, from their vision place, to write with the word 'I'. They try it, they discover their storytelling voice. I encourage them by letting them know that there are outlets for publication, such as **Woman's Way**. Thank you for being there, doing your work.

Katherine Power

*Katherine Power is serving time after recently turning herself in for a politically related crime committed over 20 years ago. A poem by Katherine was featured in the Spring 1994 issue of **Woman's Way**.*

Clarissa Pinkola Estés, in her book, *Women Who Run With The Wolves*, speaks of "The One Who Knows" that is deep within us. A friend of mine says "my Knower knows." The idea is that each of us deep within ourselves has "The One Who Knows" waiting to be heard. I have found in my life that if I don't listen to that Knower She will do a variety of things to make me take notice. I suspect it is true for all of us; it is only a matter of whether or not we have heard this wise inner voice. Some of the things that She does to make us listen are bouts of depression or a sense of malaise, difficulties with relationships, illnesses, and accidents.

For me, She raised Her voice loud and clear in 1988 when I was teaching Mathematics at Metro State College and CCD, career counseling, tutoring, doing graduate work in Mathematics, and helping to raise two teenage boys. I became ill in a way I couldn't help but notice. My thyroid went out and I could no longer think as clearly as I was used to which is a symptom of hypothyroid.

Now just because my Knower raised Her voice in such a manner doesn't mean I listened carefully. I did cut back on teaching at Metro and took time out from the graduate program, but the next semester I was at it again. Finally my body kept upping the ante, and I found myself suffering from a severe backache, chronic sinus infection, weight gain, hives and a thyroid that resisted regulation with the standard medications.

So in 1991 I heard Her, truly heard Her. Something was not right. I dropped out of the Math program at Boulder and cut back some more at work. I began telling everyone when they would ask what I planned on doing, that I was nobody, going nowhere, doing nothing. It left most people speechless. Thank goodness! I did not want to hear how I was making a big mistake giving up a program I was acing and on and on. I had enough trouble fighting that doubting voice within myself.

I spent the next few years descending, stripping myself bare of the multitude of personas I had acquired in the 40 years or so that I had lived on this planet. I slowed down to the point where I didn't have to get sick to hear the voice of my Knower. I followed Her wisdom and experimented with a variety of tools. Many of them helped bring me closer to my center. I began to realize that I was the only expert on my Self.

Continued from page 5.

applying red spots. Innumerable spots of every color imaginable animated my paintings, and me. By acknowledging my writing and painting through her appearance in my dream, my grandmother encouraged my creativity and the fulfillment it generates.

Gramma Rownd had smiled on me in a way that life apparently had never smiled on her; she had smiled on me in a way she had never been able to smile on her own daughter, my mother; she smiled in a way my mother, therefore, had not been able to smile on me. My grandmother had communicated to my mother, and my mother in turn had communicated to me the validity of creative self-expression as a sideline, but never as a sustaining activity.

Although Gramma Rownd's light seemed to have expired long before she took flight from the wheelchair in which she had slumped for several years, her spark had continued to glow internally. Inextinguishable, it shines now in a Wyoming night sky, while word by word, spot by spot, I free the fireflies bottled up in me.

Thordis Simonsen is a writer, visual artist, and storyteller. Thordis is the editor of You May Plow Here: The Narrative of Sara Brooks (W.W. Norton, 1986) and author of Dancing Girl: Themes and Improvisations in a Greek Village Setting (The Fundamental Note, 1991).

It was a radical change after a life-time of looking outward for truth. I had gone to classrooms, therapists, self-help books, friends, looking for the meaning of my life. Now I began an inward search. The deeper I went into the darkness of my being, digging up things about myself, the lighter I felt. I am not saying there weren't times of doubt and fear, for there certainly were, but I began to get a sense of who I was and what I was about. The descent was a long one but I discovered much like in Dante's *Divine Comedy*, the way up was down.

This process included discovering lost memories of physical as well as emotional abuse. As you can imagine I had a lot of work to do. One of the amazing things I did discover on this journey to the center of my Self was that I loved to write and had been doing it since I was a very young child. I began writing poetry and short story after short story, and am presently writing a book on this healing journey.

My intent in writing this column has to do with reminding each of us as well as myself that we do know; it is simply a matter of listening to our inner voice and trusting ourselves. I am so thankful for my life and all that I have learned that I would like to share some of the path that I followed in hopes that maybe some version of that path or the tools that I used would be helpful to you. As Louise Bogan said in *Poet's Alphabet*: "...in a time lacking in truth and certainty and filled with anguish and despair, no woman should be shamefaced in attempting to give back to the world, through her work, a portion of its lost heart."

Through discussion of meditation, mandalas, rituals, myths, journaling, Shamanic journeying and more, I hope this column will help you to find the way to the heart of your Self. For I do believe, as Jung did, that we each have a core Self that needs to be discovered. He spoke of this in *Psychology and Alchemy*: "We can hardly escape the feeling that the unconscious process moves spiral-wise round a center, gradually getting closer, while the characteristics of the centre grow more and more distinct." The most valuable jewel that one can gain possession of is this center. Claiming that center is part of the work of being human.

Helena Mariposa has been teaching mathematics at an inner city college for the past seven years. She is now finishing a book on the journey to the center of the self.

ILLUSTRATIONS, CARTOONS, CARDS

OUT OF LINE



SUZANNE GHIGLIA
(303) 443-6733

STUMBLING THROUGH

BY CARRIE YONN

There are days when the most productive thing I do is to get out of bed in the morning. The making of art and the writing of poetry have been my passions since being a wee one. Somehow this compulsion to communicate rules what paths I walk down and the doors I open.

Being creative is an in and out process, one that swirls us around until dizzy. We are up and down people whose uptime is connected divinely. Downtime is questioning everything that moves. Why am I tied like a tether ball to these cycles? I am noticing a pattern to my madness. Experiencing rotations both large and small. By dating the paintings as to month finished, certain months are emerging as more productive. These periods of waiting to replenish my vessel are necessary but depressing. My energy slugs along not covering much ground. I'm in a holding pattern viewing myself, taking my pulse, checking my breathing. At some point bubbles start to percolate and the energy turns up a degree or two. It is false labor, the ideas are not born yet! Hopefully ideas are growing and being watered once more, and I am not a drying, parched desert. Society says writers' block, past your prime, trying for a comeback, or maybe just all dried up! I tell myself I must learn to love these times of gestation! They are a part of the process too.

When I talk to my friends and they ask "What's new?" I respond with "I'm breathing," or "I'm doing life!" Actually I watch a lot of movies, read and notice every little detail wherever I go. I'm not as easy to get along with, either, which is probably a nice way of putting it! Oh, how I revel in those up times. I am quick to forget the feelings of why bother or who cares anyway. The universe loves me again and my soul expresses itself. I walk with more spring instead of sproing, energy is a rushing spring creek and I am a paper boat carried along. Life is good again and I am once more a juicy August peach!

I am grateful!

AKA Ann Reichner, Nederland, CO

"I shall struggle, perhaps 'til death, to regain the sense of wholeness and rightness, which was ripped from me at birth (and subsequently)."

— Lesley Saunders,
Glancing Fires

INSIDE THE SHAMAN TREE



Suzanne Ghiglia. See her ad on page 10.

SHE WAS THERE ALL THE TIME

For years I didn't see her
Within this heart of mine
For years I overlooked her
Yet she was there all the time!

I'd look at other women
And wish that they were me
I'd look at them in envy
For what I thought I couldn't be.

Life kept me so busy
Running to and fro
That the one I knew the least of all
Was the one I longed to know.

And then a great discovery
(at least it set ME free!)
To find that what I sought in "them"
Was really part of me.

A strong and able woman
Would show up in my dreams
At quiet times I'd see her
In the reflection of a stream.

And as I got to know her
As I looked within to see
I found a special woman
Living deep inside of me.

She had the strength I so desired
The kind that doesn't tire
This fervent woman in me
Could set my world afire!

I thought that she was in their lives
And couldn't be in mine
Ah, the Joy of sweet discovery
That She Was There All The Time!

Ralene Friend ©1992, *Creating Futures: retreats and workshops for and by women.* Escondido, CA. 619-746-5680

DARK NIGHT LONGING

Lately I have found myself, deep in the night,
Floating, Chagall-like above the bed and out the window
Slipping through bare branches, over the city I soar and dip
arms spread, eagle-like.

I travel through hour after insubstantial hour, alone and longing.

Like wisps of fog - longing.
Like smooth, thick cream - longing.
Like saxophone wails - longing.
Like white gardenia petals - longing.
Like wood smoke in winter - longing.

Longing - womb deep finger tingling
mouth watering

Dark night longing

Victress Hitchcock

THE WAY OF THE JOURNAL: An Interview with Kathleen Adams

by Lynn Bijili Marlow

Kathleen Adams MA, LPC is a clinical journal therapist who teaches, writes and consults on the use of reflective writing as a tool for personal growth, spiritual development and emotional healing. Her first book, *Journal to the Self* (1990, Warner Books) is considered a classic in the field. She is also the author of a journal therapy workbook, *The Way of the Journal* (1993, Sidran Press) and the first journal book for men, *Mightier Than the Sword* (1994, Warner Books). She is the founder and director of The Center for Journal Therapy in Denver, Colorado.



WW Why keep a diary or a journal?

KA Journal writing is one of the most reliable and effective ways we have to stay in touch with whatever's going on in the present moment. The journal creates a bridge between the past and the future. It helps clarify angst, objectify drama, and heal trauma. And it helps us know and remember who we are, so we can celebrate the everyday joys and successes as well as the major achievements.

WW Has there been any research on the benefits of journaling?

KA There are tons of individual testimonials to the healing power of writing, but not much hard data. Thank heavens for Dr. James Pennebaker, a research psychologist at Southern Methodist University in Dallas. He's done some landmark work correlating writing with the physiological benefits that come from catharsis. He had research subjects write for 15 minutes at a time over four consecutive days about emotionally difficult material, and their immune system functioning boosted up and stayed up for as long as six weeks. That's a pretty powerful wallop for an hour's worth of writing.

The way he explains it, it's hard physiological work to "inhibit" — to keep things bottled up inside. The release that comes from writing frees up physiological resources that can then be used to fight infection and disease. Pennebaker has replicated this

Journal writing is one of the most reliable and effective ways we have of staying in touch with whatever is going on at the moment

study with various other populations, including people who had been fired or laid off from their jobs. He found that those who wrote about their feelings —fear, frustration, anger, depression — were re-employed at a faster rate than those who kept their feelings inside. And they approached job interviews with more confidence.

WW It's like it helps a person digest the experience, whatever that experience is. What do you say to someone who is just getting started?

KA I say, 'welcome!' And I suggest spending some time developing a relationship with the journal. Making friends with your journal is just like creating any other relationship; it takes time to get acquainted and build trust. Both literally and metaphorically, the journal is an extension of the self.

WW How does a person build a relationship with a journal?

KA One of the first things is to find a journal that you feel comfortable with. Computer, spiral notebook, blank book, wide, narrow, or no lines; ball-point, felt-tip, fountain pen — it's up to you. These seemingly innocuous decisions can go a long way toward building a journal relationship. Then you can start experimenting with different ways to write.

My whole teaching methodology is based on the idea that there may be months between entries. Then, might be weeks or months when you write a lot. But I also don't think it should be left com-

pletely to whim or chance. Sometimes it's helpful to have the structure and accountability of knowing you've got a plan. So pick a game plan you can live with. Can you realistically find three pockets of time every week? Pencil them into your appointment book. Making a date with your journal is a powerful statement about your willingness to devote attention to your own life process. Usually after about six or eight or ten weeks of doing it regularly, the journal habit is established, and you can rely on your internal rhythms and pulses to tell you when it's time to write.

Then, of course, there are times when daily writing is a useful discipline that offers important feedback and continuity, like if you're in a program of spiritual or creative development, or you're working a 12-step program, or you're adjusting to something new. When there's a reason to write daily that makes sense to you, then that's a whole different story.

WW Do you think journaling is good for everyone?

KA Well, it's not a cure-all or panacea, and I've certainly seen plenty of people who used their journals as an avoidance, or a way to beat themselves up, or to justify choices that weren't especially healthy. There are some people that find journal writing frustrating or demoralizing or generally more challenging than helpful. These include people who don't speak or write fluently, who have learning disabilities, who have physical disabilities like cerebral palsy or arthritis, schizophrenics and others with chronic thought disorders. There are ways to help each of these groups express themselves through the written or spoken word, but journal writing as we traditionally think of it isn't necessarily the best route. Also, some people are more oriented toward expression through art, music or movement than writing.

WW What do you say to people who say, "I lack the discipline to journal"?

KA I don't think it has much to do with discipline. When there's a payoff or a benefit that makes sense to you, then the discipline takes care of itself. The key is to have journal experiences that make you want to come back again and again because you like the outcome and it feels good.

WW What makes people resist journaling even though they know it's good for them and even feels good?

KA It feels to me like time is speeding up. We all have to make choices about how we're going to spend our leisure and wellness time. Sometimes journal writing just falls through the cracks.

Sometimes people resist because they figure they'll probably find out stuff about themselves that they might not really want to know. The beauty and curse of journal writing is that it literally lets you read your own mind. It can be scary to find out what's lurking in the darkness of your own shadows.

I spent two years setting up a journal therapy program for women who had been horribly abused as children, and sometimes as adults too. Everyone was dealing with excruciatingly painful memories. These women were often afraid to write about their lives because the story wasn't supposed to be told, or because it was simply too painful. That led me to investigate how to make journal

writing safe for people healing from deep wounds. I found that structure, balance and permission were the keys.

I guess my rule of thumb is that I see the journal as a healing tool, and if it's feeling like a burden or a nightmare, then I work with people to back it off so that it feels manageable and purposeful and safe. Not everybody responds the same way, and that's as it should be. A lot of barriers can be overcome with some basic teaching about how to maintain a journal environment that is inviting and safe and protected.

WW In your own journal do you experience times when it feels like it's not going anywhere?

KA Oh, sure. Sometimes I bore myself silly. Sometimes I just wander around in circles and never come to resolution. Sometimes this is because there's something I don't want to look at, so I just ask myself the journal question, "What am I avoiding?" Sometimes it's because I'm in a gestation period, when I'm not yet word-ripe. I had a meditation teacher who used to say "winter is not a mistake," and sometimes emptiness needs to be honored and respected. Sometimes I'm not supposed to be writing — I'm supposed to be doing my dishes, riding my bike, talking to a friend, or taking action instead of endlessly processing.

But if it seems to me like writing would be helpful, then I look for a fresh approach. I ask myself, what result do I want, and what will help me get there? Sometimes it's a tool from my own toolbox of techniques, like Dialogue or List of 100 or Captured Moments. Sometimes it's borrowing a tool from someone else's toolbox. There are lots of resources out there.

WW What do you have to say about the question of privacy?

KA I think privacy is non-negotiable. Any journal writer has the absolute right to declare her or his writing off limits to anyone else and to take whatever steps are necessary to insure privacy. And I also know that sharing can be a very important part of the process, as long as you're sharing with others who will listen without judgment and sometimes even without comment. There's something about taking the most raw, tender, vulnerable parts of your thoughts, dreams, hopes and fears and hearing them in your own voice in the company of compassionate others that is inherently healing. There's a lot of magic and power in it. But the right to privacy always takes precedence over the invitation to share.

WW What about people who think they can't write?

KA I like to work with people who think they can't write, because of course they can. Most of us carry around some woundedness about our writing. Sometimes it comes from having a journal or diary read without permission, which can feel as intrusive

Continued on next page. ➤

*Winter is
not a
mistake.*



Photos: Carl Wels

and violating as being physically attacked. Sometimes it comes from that stage in seventh or eighth grade when we're learning the mechanics of language, grammar, and internalizing the message that if we don't put commas in the right places or spell words correctly then somehow we're defective as writers and human beings. These experiences affect us deeply and for a long time.

WW What can be done about this?

KA Permission, permission, permission! You heal writing wounds by giving yourself permission to write. This lets you update the old tapes that say "I can't do this" or "this isn't safe." You can reframe your old hurts and reclaim writing as a God-given right. Then the wisdom of the psyche and soul just pops right out. It's right there under the surface, waiting for permission to come through. People who have the experience of writing with permission for the first time have breakthroughs like, "My God! I've been hanging on to these self-judgments all this time and it just really wasn't necessary."

WW Do you see the journal as non-judgmental?

KA Ideally, yes. It's a silent witness that simply accepts and receives. In a way it's a perfect mirror, I suppose, so if there's judgment it must be coming from us.

*Sometimes
emptiness
needs to be
honored
and
respected.*

WW You talk in your first book, *Journal to the Self*, about "the art of knowing" — how the journal helps establish a healthy relationship with self-esteem.

KA At the time I was working with those concepts I was seeing the role of the journal as an adjunct to personal growth and as a gentle way of beginning to connect with all the different layers of the life process. It's interesting to go back and visit my roots in this work because in the past decade it feels like I've learned a lot about deeper and more sophisticated clinical applications of journal therapy. But there's something about beginner mind that I always yearn to come back to. The simplicity and elegance of the journal allows us to know ourselves better, love ourselves more and feel more peaceful on the planet. People who know who they are and who love and accept themselves have no incentive to create or participate in unhealthy behaviors or relationships. People who are peaceful have no incentive to make war. The journal helps us live peacefully within ourselves. ♦

"With every act of speaking or writing, we push the frontiers further, with every honest confronting of experience we cross a boundary, tear back a veil, discover new power."

— Lesley Saunders, *Glancing Fires*

JOURNAL

FACES AND BUTTERFLIES

I am on a journey. Ahead of me is a mountain. All around me is nature's beauty: blue water, greening trees. I find a log castle in beautiful, bright, multi-colored light and completely immersed in green foliage.

And once in the castle, I walk down the cool, quiet hall to my room, decorated completely in white. I soak in the tub, surrounded by luscious green plants and wonderful, fresh, spicy smells. Leaving my room, I feel rested and rejuvenated.

Then, I am offered a gift. I accept a small box covered in beautiful white embossed iridescent paper with a matching bow. This gift is as light as a feather. And, I discover a scroll stamped with gold wax, a "J"— my initial — written in graceful calligraphy.

I am guided outside to the bright light around the castle. And I see a wall; no, it's a dome of tangled, dead vines. I wait patiently... wait... just be... wait.

The vines unravel, untangle. And there are faces: women's faces, beautiful faces. Each is different, all colors, all ages. But these faces show agony, fear, worry, tears. I wait and watch, then, slowly and carefully offer my gift. And soon each FACE becomes a BUTTERFLY — each one is different in shape, color, size. Each one is so beautiful and bright that soon a bright, golden light surrounds us all!

I quietly leave. The guard whispers, "Touch!" and gives me a butterfly kiss, lightly on my cheek. I leave with my gift and scroll in hand, caressing my kissed cheek, feeling calm and serene within. The gift within the beautiful white embossed and iridescent box with matching bow is revealed—MY SELF—ME!

As I open my eyes, out my window, the wind has just started to blow, a wren is singing a storm! And my wind chimes sound!

Joanne Zier, April 1993, written using a technique called "Guided Imagery" for the first time, and at the time deciding to become a teacher of journal writing.

A Life Change is as Close as your Fingertips

- Journal therapy groups
- Workshops
- Individual brief therapy
- Home-study instructor certification
- Hospital/agency consulting
- Clinical trainings
- Faculty appointments
- Residential retreats



Kathleen Adams, MA, LPC,
Founder/Director
Author, *Journal to the Self*
The Way of the Journal
Mightier Than the Sword

The Center for Journal Therapy



The Center for Journal Therapy
Dept W-1 • PO Box 963
Arvada CO 80001

303-421-2298
fax 303-421-1255

Call, write or fax for current schedule and complimentary newsletter.

Domestic violence is a problem that affects women of all ages, races, classes and lifestyles. Research has found that half of all women will experience some form of violence from their partners and that more than one third of all women are battered each year. Recent findings by the Surgeon General reveal that domestic violence is the leading cause of injury to women between the ages of 15 to 44, more common than accidents and mugging combined. For as many as four million women, this battering is so severe, they require medical or police attention. And for 4,000 women each year, this abuse ends in death.

The effects that violence in the family has on children are equally as devastating. Each year, over 3.3 million children in the United States, between the ages of three and seven are at risk of exposure to parental violence. In 1992 over 1,200 children died as a result of physical neglect or abuse. Yllo and Bogard, in their research, estimate that 70% of all men who abuse their partners also abuse their children.

Domestic violence or battering is a pattern of coercive control that one person exercises over another. Battering is behavior that causes physical harm, arouses fear, prevents the other person from doing as they wish, or forces the other person to behave in ways they do not wish to. Patterns of abuse and battering can develop gradually over time and can include verbal, emotional, psychological, physical and economic abuse. It can also include violence towards pets and damage to property. Abuse can be very obvious, but is often very subtle. The following is a list of warning signs to assess whether you are a victim of abuse.

Does your boyfriend, husband or partner do the following?

- Tracks where you go and what you do.
- Frequently accuses you of being unfaithful.
- Discourages your relationships with family and friends.
- Prevents you from working or going to school.
- Criticizes you often for little things.
- Gets angry and loses control easily when drinking or using drugs.
- Controls all finances and asks you to account for every cent you spend.
- Humiliates and criticizes you in front of others.
- Is cruel or hurtful to household pets.
- Destroys personal property or sentimental items.
- Hits, punches, slaps, kicks or bites you or your children.
- Uses or threatens to use a weapon against you.
- Forces you to have sex against your will.

If any of these things are happening in your relationship, now is the time to look at your options and seek assistance. There are over 2,500 programs throughout the country providing services to battered women and their children. NCADV can assist you in getting information about domestic violence and accessing resources in your community that provide safety and support. NCADV serves as a nationwide communication link representing an active, diverse and powerful network of more than 1,300 coalitions, programs and individuals throughout the country.

NCADV's central office is in Denver, CO (303) 839-1852. Membership Services and the Public Policy Program are in Washington, DC (202) 638-6388. A Conference Office is in St. Paul, MN (612) 646-3512. Other NCADV services include:

- National Directory of Domestic Violence Programs
- Domestic Violence Awareness Month Activities
- Information Packet, Information and Referral Services
- Publications, *The Voice*, NCADV's journal and the NCADV Update

Through the support of individuals, corporations and foundations NCADV continues important work in the areas of information and referral, networking, public education and awareness, advocacy, public policy, and training.

Recently, NCADV started a 1-900-STOP ABUSE donation line, a new use of 1-900 technology to raise money for important social concerns. Callers receive statistics about domestic violence, an overview of NCADV services and a contact number for further information. Ten dollars is charged to their phone bill, the proceeds supporting the services of NCADV. This line enables NCADV to reach people in their homes with important information about domestic violence, while providing an easy mechanism for those who want to make a difference by making a minimal donation.

It is the responsibility of each person to take steps to end violence in their home and community. You can do your part by seeking help if violence is a problem in your life. You are not alone and there are numerous avenues for seeking help. Call NCADV for a resource in your community.

If not personally experiencing violence, you can have an impact on the problem by getting involved in assisting others, speaking out on the problem, or supporting services and programs to end violence in the family. There are numerous opportunities to volunteer and get involved at both the local and national level. Call NCADV today to find out how you can help stop the violence. ♦

He beat her 150 times. She only got flowers once.



Every 15 seconds, a woman is beaten in this country. For as many as four million women, this battering is so severe, they require medical or police attention.

But for nearly 4,000 women each year, the abuse ends. They die. Help us end domestic violence. Your donation can make a difference.

CALL 1 900-STOP ABUSE
(1 900-786-7228)
\$10.00 PER CALL

National Coalition Against Domestic Violence
P.O. Box 18749, Denver, CO 80218-0749, (303) 839-1852

THE CAMPFIRE

over us, tree trunks are split by shadow and white firelight
 half-drained into an ocean of night time.
 The spiral music, the circle of faces around the fire,
 the moonsliver between black leaves, these exist
 All that remains of the forest, the world,
 is my belief

the drumbeats are woodsmoke invocations
 We have drawn this circle unconsciously
 and tonight we've eaten the shadows.
 I have night vision. I hear the waves--

dragons swim that ocean
 whispering that they have always been there
 they would reveal more--multitudes--
 I know their watery stare
 I try to remember how to listen

but this is only saltspray and smoke. This circle is riddled
 with the forgotten.

Cynthia Kaufman, Boulder, CO



THE ALCHEMICAL HYPNOTHERAPY INSTITUTE

Colorado's most comprehensive training programs in
 the field of hypnosis and hypnotherapy since 1989

Offering:

- State and nationally approved certification trainings for individuals interested in pursuing a new career
- Six-day accelerated training programs for mental health professionals (Continuing Education courses)
- Programs for individuals interested in becoming state and nationally approved hypnotherapy teachers and instructors

1994 TRAININGS IN BOULDER & DENVER

For information about our
 free introductory lectures
 or to receive a course catalog, call
303-399-8978

WHAT CAN WE DO TO ENHANCE OUR HEALTH

What are some basic things which we need to cultivate in order to maintain a high level of energy, health and enthusiasm in our lives? As women, we often find ourselves in the caretaker role. It is essential that we take very good care of ourselves. Five basic principles come to mind: nutrition, creativity, simplicity, self reliance and balance.

A woman's intuitive knowing/wisdom is of the earth and has a quality of sanity that has nothing to do with the relentless ambition or doingness reflected in our modern culture. Rather it has a quality of timelessness and nurturing. We need to trust and honor our intuitions, even as our culture chooses to ignore this way of knowing. Intuition is needed more than ever in an increasingly out of kilter world.

We should allow ourselves to fully and creatively express our many unique talents in the world. The more that we can joyfully express ourselves, the healthier and more abundant our energy flow. Creative expression feels like play. Our work in the world can feel like play when we love what we are doing.

Keeping it simple has greatly helped me in my life. I try to practice doing just one thing at a time, keeping my schedule and my goals focused on what is most important in my life, what brings me the most happiness. I practice applying this concept to how I spend my time, energy and money. If practiced, this one concept can dramatically reduce the stress in our lives.

Self reliance has traditionally been very important. Ironically, it is more important nowadays in a world where we are surrounded by experts and increasing specialization in a very high tech medical world. How are we to make sense of the unending information and opinions coming at us in this "information age"? We can go to a health practitioner for help, but we are our own best expert. Being self reliant means practicing preventative medicine - eating a simple diet low on the food chain, exercising regularly and listening to our bodies.

Finding balance in today's world is a big challenge. Creating special time for ourselves, the time and space to reflect upon our lives, is difficult with the many commitments in our busy lives.

Global concerns are daily front page news, and we are challenged to transform some of the basic ways in which we live. We are beginning to experience the pressure of a rapidly increasing global population on the carrying capacity of the environment. Nevertheless, our quality of life can be very high when we can feel attuned to the earth, and to others, and can feel grateful for all that we have in our lives.

When I experience intense emotional conflict and high stress for an extended period, I usually get sick or experience physical pain. Most recently I experienced this level of stress when my father died. I spent almost two weeks in Houston taking care of both my parents and being with my father as he died. When I returned home, I was exhausted, had chest pain and palpitations, experienced night sweats and very erratic sleep. In addition, my body had gone back into an old familiar pattern of severe muscle pain especially in my back and legs. My body felt very out of balance.

What brought me the most peace was meditating every morning. After two weeks, I was back to normal. One night the full moon shone very brightly into the bedroom window and I felt profound joy, peace, and awe. My dad's death taught me so much.

In upcoming issues I will cover diverse topics on women's health care including menopause, the prevention and treatment of breast disease (including breast cancer), PMS and other menstrual disorders.

Molly Greacen, Dipl. Ac., Registered Acupuncturist, practices in Boulder and specializes in women's health care. She offers acupuncture, Chinese herbal medicine and dietary counselling. She has been practicing since 1982. She can be reached at (303) 546-0987.

THE CANDIDATE: REFLECTIONS ON CAMPAIGNING

As I began this, I thought I was just going to share with you my recent experience running for elected office but, some other thoughts come to mind as well. I have before me an editorial cartoon that sorta captured the moment. It depicts Ed Rollins as a dog rolling on his backside and Governor Elect Whitman scratching and fleas flying all around. The caption says "(S)he that lies with the dogs, rises with fleas."

Harsh but a semblance of truth. As I think more about it, and my own recent and limited experience in politics, it occurs to me that we must really be about a new way of being political. It was interesting to observe the political rhetoric of male candidates and female candidates during my campaigning activities. Rather consistently when speaking off the cuff, women referenced the building of community while the male candidates spoke of balancing the budget and making things work better. I reference this not to imply one is better or more valid than the other but to suggest the need to be attentive to both perspectives which are critically important to a whole and healthy community.

There were several times when I had an 'opportunity' to decide to do or not to do something which might garner a few more votes but would require some mean-spirited statements, in my opinion. I chose not to associate with such statements and feel now in retrospect, this was the right thing to do. I attribute no lost votes to this decision.

Another 'opportunity' was to face up to a sense of 'self-importance' that sorta creeps in when you're not looking. It was very gratifying to be in the company of female candidates for whom winning was not all-consuming. It was also a very grounding experience

in the company of women where we could at least broach the subject and laugh at our folly!

More than anything, the experience took the edge of fear away. That fear of entering some sacred territory where permission to be there is tentative. Once you break this myth (often of our own creation) it can never have the same grip.

Emily Friedman in an article she wrote for *Health Care Forum Journal* states it much more cogently. She says "...fears block progress, collaboration and justice."

I was not elected by 52 votes. I was encouraged however, by the hundreds who did vote for me and let me know their agreement with my platform and their hope that I would be a candidate again in two years. Running for office was a statement I needed to make for myself which says I have a stake in what happens in my community and I can make a difference.

The clearest and strongest message however, was a restatement of something I have always known which is, change comes from the inside out. In these troubled times we must be willing to listen and to act from our highest self giving up the luxury of being victims or victimized. We can affect positive and meaningful change in our communities, whatever constitutes community for us, through personal clarity and introspection. Campaigning for public office is a piece of cake. Calming inner fears and speaking from the heart in settings that do not yet fully value dissimilar people or perspectives, that was the real challenge. Overall, a very satisfying and growthful experience. I highly recommend it.

Mary Madison, Westminster, CO
Written after a city council election run in
November 1993.

THE FOURTH ANNUAL HOLISTIC AWARENESS CONFERENCE

Holistic Health in the Heartland



November 12 & 13, 1994

Scheman Continuing Education Building
ISU Center, Ames, Iowa

featuring:

Sondra Ray!

Internationally noted author, lecturer, rebirther, and
founder of Loving Relationships Training

Workshops focus on Rebirthing, Bodywork, and
Energy Work (ie., acupressure, meditation, Touch for Health)



For more info or brochure call Julia Davis (515) 232-1674
or Ann Marie Shannon (515) 382-3178

JOURNAL

GARDEN THERAPY

Today I planted carrots and peas in the rain. The mud oozed through my bare toes, warming them. There is a kind of miracle involved in dropping a little, brown, shriveled-up seed in the earth and watching it sprout, grow and then flourish. Sometimes my trees and plants are shelter for a mother bird and her brood, other times they are food for butterflies. Gardening has some similarities to life in general. Through the risks of gardening, I have learned to open up to my own creative process. Sometimes I am not sure if the weather is right for planting, so I call upon my inner knowledge. These are the hazards of gardening:

Crop failure, hail storms, wind damage, drought, seed rot, poor germination, snails, slugs, horned worms, weeds, overcrowding, aphids and many others.

It is not much different than life. In order to live in the world, I subject myself to challenges and risks every day. Sometimes I feel like a shriveled-up brown seed, devoid of creative energy. Other days I bloom and grow. As I try growing something, I observe how the plant needs love, fertilizer, nurturing, water, and sun to thrive. As I dig in the earth, I think of my grandparents who depended on the soil for their own lives. I try something new every day. I remember that I need many things to grow: risking, nurturing, loving and crying. Every spring, the renewal begins and blooms into summer.

Linda Slater is a licensed counselor in private practice
in Westminster, CO. She also facilitates groups for women
facing the challenge of middle-age. 303-429-5020

Thriving

MARILYN HOUGH, M.A. AND CHUCK SCHMITT, M.A.

Chuck and Marilyn: This is the second in a series of articles on exploring the full potential of your relationship. In this article we will examine thriving relationships, what they are and how you can have one. Our definition of thriving is to participate fully in life, both as a person and as a couple. We're excited about this concept because it has changed our reality about what a partnership can be, namely a place where one can thrive as an individual within the relationship AND as a couple. Our personal lives and our relationship have flourished as a result of this new way of being. What we continue to find as we look at successful relationships is the idea of responsibility, taking responsibility for one's life and everything that happens in it.

Most couples tend to relate in one of two ways: they either try to protect their respective positions or learn from them. Protecting is usually done to safeguard ourselves against pain or fear. We protect our position by defending our viewpoint without allowing room for another's ideas. This could include a situation as simple as the correct way to load a dishwasher or as complex as buying the right home. When we choose to relate by defending or protecting, we avoid personal responsibility and become victims. We feel we have no say in the situation and simply react. The result of this form of relating is usually a power struggle, boredom, lack of fun, distance, or fighting.

Learning, on the other hand, has many components. It includes taking responsibility for our feelings, thoughts, and actions; recognizing that others do not always share our viewpoint; and finding out why we react as we do in a given situation. Dr.'s Paul and Margaret Jordan in their book, *Do I Have to Give Up Me to Be Loved by You*, ask two essential questions: "Why is it so important for me to get my way or be right? What fears, expectations, or beliefs lie behind my feeling threatened or irritated?"

Chuck: It is important for me to be right and get my own way because my definition of giving in is losing. I feel good when I win and bad when I lose. If I have to give in all the time then I am in a losing relationship and I have lost my power. As a man, power means everything to me. For example, I have been in relationships where I would always give my power away because I was afraid of dealing with my partner's anger. I would meekly accept whatever my partner said in anger because I didn't want to make waves. As trite as it seems, I had to get in

touch with my own feelings of anger before I could feel safe being with another's anger.

I can trace this back to the age of nine when my father started traveling. I was given the responsibility of being the head of the house with seven younger siblings. I was always taking care of my brothers, sisters, and mom's needs while mine were being ignored. In this way, I learned to accommodate others and swallow what I wanted. This affected all my relationships as I had learned to give in to what my partner wanted without voicing my needs. I felt powerless. As a result of choosing to notice recurring patterns in my life, I learned that I have problems with other's anger. Recognizing this, I can choose to respond differently. If I own what I am feeling I can be there while my partner rages, knowing that it's something she needs. This no longer triggers my feelings of not being heard nor does it give me the feeling that I am losing. By using this method, I have regained my power and I can still meet my partner's needs. We have both won.

Marilyn: I find that I get most irritated with people when they don't live up to my expectations. My expectations about people are that they are trustworthy, they have an innate sense of integrity and fairness, and they are true to their word. When this is not the case, I become irritated and disappointed. I grew up in a family that did not share my beliefs. My mother, having grown up in an environment where she was continually disappointed, held the strong belief that given the opportunity, people will disappoint you every time. I constantly fought this belief and tried to prove her wrong. Apparently I hadn't fully resolved my conflict with these opposing beliefs, as they were manifested further by my ex-husband. He made a habit of making promises that he did not keep. I was so busy reacting and being disappointed, I didn't see that I had choices. I played the victim. All my energy was used up feeling sorry for myself.

Between my mom's beliefs and my experience with my former husband, I've had a difficult time balancing what I want to believe with how I've lived up until now. Presently, my original beliefs are getting stronger. Now, when I choose to relate by learning (instead of reacting), I can see that I have choices in every situation that arises. When I find myself becoming disappointed with my partner, I can ask myself: Is this feeling from the present situation or from the past? What is my part in this misunderstanding? What do I want? In this way I respect both myself and my partner. We both learn about ourselves and one another. We begin to heal old wounds and feel more whole and empowered.

Chuck and Marilyn: As we've seen, learning always includes the other person and accepting the situation in which we find ourselves. Acceptance is the key to taking responsibility for your life. It's all a matter of personal choice. The results of choosing to relate by learning are greater self-esteem, more self-confidence, heightened personal freedom, and greater intimacy in our relationships. This happens because we stop trying to control and blame others. We take full responsibility for what occurs in our lives and attempt to make conscious choices about how we want to fulfill our desires.

When you begin to use your relationship to learn about yourself, you can experience more happiness and the feeling that you are actually creating your life. Your relationship grows because your partner is getting to know you at much deeper levels. This is the true meaning of a thriving relationship and the place where real intimacy begins.

Marilyn Hough, M.A. and Chuck Schmitt, M.A. are psychotherapists with combined experience of 29 years in the human potential movement. They see both individuals and couples, their main focus being relationships. They can be contacted at (303) 441-5993. Please call for information on their upcoming seminar, How to Grow A Relationship.



Ann Reichner
Nederland, CO

A New Life

ELAINE BROWN

My lover lay next to me, her warmth blending into mine. I can hear the tiny whisper of her breathing and know she is fast asleep. My thoughts begin to flow like the curve of her body, one into another, smoothly forming into the next. I let myself drift on the tide of semi-slumber. I recall when my life had taken such a drastic turn.

I was married when I met Jennifer, a co-worker whom I'd admired considerably. I asked her out for coffee one day, thinking she would turn me down flat. I was as startled by her acceptance as she was by my offer. She was always very reserved at work and was seldom outwardly social.

Through the next several months, Jennifer and I found a common bond. We shared our stories of sorrow and heartache. We laughed and we danced. By the time Jennifer came out to me I was already very much in love with her. I teased her unmercifully, watching her beautiful eyes turn from gray to green to blue.

I knew in my soul that this was who I was to spend my life with. My marriage had allowed me to see that society's standard of the American Dream did not always include a man, a woman, two kids and a dog. Even though it was painful and confusing for my husband, he gave me the divorce I requested.

Jennifer and I have been life partners since. The transition has not been difficult per se, though I have felt a little lost sometimes. My hardest lessons seem to be those I inflict upon myself. In some ways, I do not feel gay or lesbian, yet I am no longer "straight." I feel caught in the middle somewhere - a place, I think, where a lot of us end up.

I have gone through a stage where I have been so angry I wanted to scream. I was angry at the straight people for their assumptions and phobias that they put on my life-style. I was angry at the gay people for hiding and making it so difficult to foster any type of link with them.

I was mad at Jennifer for already having been through this and knowing the answers. Most of all, I was mad at myself. Mad because of the confusion and doubt that I had begun to feel.

The anger is fading now as I realize that while I am different, so is everyone else. I was so caught up in stereotyping myself, that I was failing to look beyond the exterior and into the lives of the friends and co-workers surrounding me.

In all actuality, the friendships I have made are very positive, from the married woman with two kids to the religious, right-wing man to the woman who has also shared a same-sex relationship. Instead of judging me on whom I sleep with, they consider the whole person. As I, it seemed, was failing to do for them.

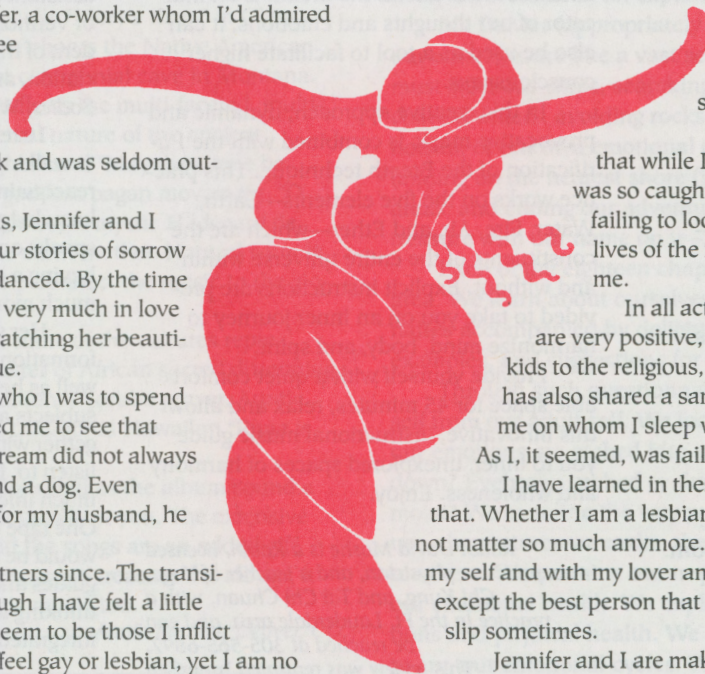
I have learned in these last two years that titles are only that. Whether I am a lesbian or bisexual or "Jennifer-sexual" does not matter so much anymore. I am happy in my relationship with my self and with my lover and I don't feel I need to be anything except the best person that I can be. Even then, I am allowed to slip sometimes.

Jennifer and I are making very positive changes for the future, including the process of attempting to have a child. We both know that this is very controversial in both the straight and gay communities, but the wonder of bringing a child into the world far surpasses the problems that may arise from co-parenting issues. It is something that we both have dreamed of, and while the path is long and tedious, the reward is what we keep reminding ourselves of.

I snuggle a little closer, fitting myself into the lines of my lover's body. It is here that I have found a sense of peace and contentment that has never been known to me before. This is my partner in all phases of my journey. She is wife, lover, friend, and hopefully soon, mother of my child. My breathing matches hers and as with all other things in our lives, we are joined together as one.

Elaine Brown and her lover recently moved to Colorado from Anchorage, AK. She will be attending college here hoping to become a nurse/midwife.

Illustration: Wahaba Nuit-Cat Heartsun, Cottage Grove, OR



Nancy Ann Day, M.A. Creative and Personalized Support For individuals in:

- Career Confusion
- Mid-Life Awakening
- Spiritual Transformation

Free 20 minute telephone consultation
Fully Alive Associates 499-8687

Art Therapy • Sandplay • Hypnotherapy
...psychotherapy based on personal imagery

Gayle Bodine, MA, A.T.R., CHT
Registered Art Therapist • Certified Hypnotherapist

Arts Therapy Associates
901 East 17th Suite 102 Denver, CO 80218
303-388-9474

POETRY

INTENTIONS

It was not my intention
to tell her how much
like a rose she appears.
Pink petals falling
no actually flowing around her
and after rain, heavy with wetness,
she springs back tall opening her tiny perfections to the sun
like offerings.

It was not my intention
but the words filled the pause between us
like laughter. Rising from that same place
within and waiting.

Mary Lou Sanelli, Port Townsend, WA

A MATTER OF CHOICE

Conception occurs
The cells began to multiply.
A potential life starts to form.

"I can not have a child."
"I will not have a child."
"What can you do for me?"

The plea is heard over and over
The days, weeks, run together
The phone keeps ringing;
The women keep coming.

After the arrangements are made--
After the decision is settled--
After the informed woman leaves--
What can I do for me?

I need to return the spirits
Of tiny potentiality to the Goddess.

I must burn a candle
Say a prayer
Give a blessing
Say goodbye.

The ceremony must be performed.
Unwanted children must not be born.
Neither will they depart unrieved
Nor ever thought of again.

The small spirit returns
to the Goddess.
A better time awaits
A time for rebirth.

The time of the child--
Loved and cherished.

Margie Needles Wullschleger

In dealing with the abortion issue, I found myself faced with the dilemma of my own spiritual feelings about the disposition of the spirits of the potential lives which would not be born. This poem was the result of my deep inner searching for the peace I feel in giving women a choice about their reproductive lives, which includes abortion. The poem speaks to me of the continuation of life, whether born now or at a later time.

THE ELEMENTS

HEALING IMAGERY AND MUSIC; DANA HARDEN & LYNN MARLOW, GOLGANOOZA PRODUCTIONS, BOULDER, CO*

"The Elements" is a marvelous tape that includes breathing practices taught by Hazrat Inayat Khan, founder of the Sufi Order of the West. As the breath is an indicator of our thoughts and emotions, it can also be used as a tool to facilitate higher consciousness.

In this creative approach, dynamic and provocative music is combined with the Purification of the Breath technique. This practice works on the five elements—Earth, Water, Fire, Air, and Ether—which are the constituents of the entire universe within and without. Explicit instructions are provided to take you on an inner journey to harmonize mind, body, and spirit.

Provide yourself with a quiet comfortable space for 45 minutes, relax and allow this innovative, instructional music guide you to inner, unexplored spaces of harmony and wholeness. Enjoy.

Rabbi David Moshe is a Rabbi, licensed acupuncture physician, and a teacher of Yoga, Chi Kung, and Tai Chi Chuan, with a practice in the Ft. Lauderdale area, and can be reached at 305-565-6897.

This review was reprinted InnerSelf Magazine, Hollywood, FL, 1-800-923-0730

** See ad inside front cover for order information on this and other tapes.*



**Enjoying Woman's Way?
Subscribe now!
See inside back cover
for details.**

CREATING HEALTH: WOMEN'S BODIES, WOMEN'S HEALTH, CHRIS NORTHRUP, M.D., FIVE CASSETTES, A SOUNDS TRUE RECORDING

Dr. Chris Northrup is a doctor of obstetrics and gynecology whose practice includes non-traditional healing methods. She is the co-founder of an all-female health clinic, an assistant clinical professor at the University of Vermont School of Medicine, former president of the American Holistic Medical Association, and author of the book *Women's Bodies, Women's Wisdom*.

Listening to Dr. Northrup's tapes is akin to walking down a garden path and becoming reacquainted with the familiar fruits of knowledge and new blooms of discovery. She speaks one on one with you as if you were having a chat. These tapes are, however, much more than a chat.

Her style encompasses story telling, information giving and suggestions. This, as well as her ability to intertwine many diffuse subjects at their roots and tie them all together with relish, makes her very easy to listen to. But not all at once. There is too much information here to digest in one gulp. One tape at a time, and then think about it, would be my suggestion. Dr. Northrup gently guides and supports you into a new way of thinking about your body and mind being integrated with responsibility and choices.

Sandy Scull, Boulder, CO

The Catalog You've Been Listening For.



The *Sounds True Catalog* is your direct source for hundreds of inspirational, informative audiotapes of special interest to women, including tapes by Clarissa Pinkola Estés and Marion Woodman. Topics include women's health, women's spirituality, the Goddess, feminine archetypes, relationships PLUS rare sacred music and videos. For your FREE catalog call or write:

Sounds True Catalog
735 Walnut St., Dept W594
Boulder, CO 80302
Call Free 800-333-9185

ABORTION INFORMATION & REFERRAL



AIR

(303) 628-5472

Downtown Denver Location

- The Private Alternative to Clinics
- Reasonable Costs
- Board Certified OB/GYN Physicians

- Confidential Referrals
- Pre-surgical Consultations
- Post-abortion Counselling

Serving women in Colorado, Kansas, Nebraska & Wyoming since 1973

ANCIENT MOTHER

A COLLECTION OF WOMEN'S SPIRITUAL MUSIC FROM AROUND THE WORLD; SPRING HILL MUSIC, BOULDER, CO

If you celebrate the goddess and delight in clear, pure, feminine voices singing sacred songs, the album "Ancient Mother" is for you.

This anthology of goddess/earth-mother songs presented by Robert Gass features the vocal group "On Wings of Song," and a diverse group of soloists recorded at some very unusual locations. Noirin Ni Riain sings the beautiful, gaelic "Mary's Keen" in Glenstad Abbey, Ireland. Brook Medicine Eagle chants the Native American "Nah Bvey Hi-ay" deep in an ancient ceremonial cave in Montana.

A wide range of musical styles reflects the multi-faceted, multi-cultural, but at the same time, universal nature of the ancient mother. Songs such as "Ancient Mother" and "May the Circle be Open" arise from the contemporary goddess/pagan movement. "O Viridissima Virga" by the medieval Christian mystic Hildegard de Bingen evokes the lush fertility of the earth-mother. Natural sounds such as water, ocean and crickets help connect the music to the global ecosystem we all share.

Goddess worship still thrives in some of the cultures represented. Nurudafina Pili Abena, a master of African sacred drumming traditions, performs "Yemaya," a traditional Yoruba prayer. Auntie Edith Kekuhi Kanaka'ole chants the traditional Hawaiian "Puna is Dancing."

While the wide variety of traditions makes the album sound a little disjointed on the first hearing, it grows on you. The extensive cover-notes about the performers and the songs are an added gift. One doesn't need to be a goddess devotee to treasure the album; it will appeal to lovers of folk and ethnic music too.

Annie Prevost, Denver, CO

JOURNEY TO JOY:

A GUIDE TO ENJOYING YOUR EMOTIONS; MADELINE DEMER, VESPER PUBLICATIONS, TAMPA, FL

Emotions affect every area of our lives. In this era of self-help, as we seek to gain greater happiness and fuller control of our lives, Madeline DeMer, a psychology teacher and freelance writer, offers us this fascinating, easy-to-use, spiral-bound workbook that actively involves us in an exploration of our deepest feelings.

Ms DeMer (appropriately named "of the sea") explains that our emotions are like a vast sea upon which we, like Columbus, must steer our ships, searching for our happiness through uncharted waters, avoiding rocks and sandbars, surrounded by the flotsam of our own emotional debris, avoiding the temptation of landing on the nearest shore (security) before fully exploring other areas, and ending our adventure only when we find "that golden treasure with our name on it - joy, happiness, and peace of mind!"

Each of the eighteen chapters deals with another emotional area. We learn about ourselves through carefully worded questionnaires accompanied by delightful, amusing illustrations, numerous examples, and suggestions for follow-up meditations and activities.

Through such questionnaires, we learn to separate our child self from our adult self. We look in the mirror to measure the way our emotions are etched into our features - mouth turned up or down? Eyebrows arched or drawn together? Eyes sparkling or moist? We examine the way we express emotion ... the words we use, the gestures we make, the way we communicate our emotions to others. We examine our need for security and how it can effect our emotional health. We explore the relationship between emotions and physical health. We study our need for alcohol, our need to cry, our emotional cycles. We chart our desires and see what they tell about our state of mind: a new car (freedom, power), a gourmet dinner (wealth), a wonderful relationship (love and acceptance), a healing (feeling relief and order), our desire for sex and fame, and so forth. We learn how our basic attitudes and perceptions shape our emotions and actions - and what is shaping our own destiny right now. Then we measure the extent and depth of our emotions, charting our own course of action, determining our own personal destiny. We even take a look at the effect of past lives on our emotions today.

DeMer's book guides us in transmuting our negative emotions into gold. In the end, the final measure, our own answer to the question, "Am I happy?" tells all!

Bonnie Iris (Silverstein), portrait artist and freelance writer, spent 14 years as an editor of how-to art books. She now lives and works in Boulder, CO.

ON WINGS OF SONG & ROBERT GASS PRESENT

**A N C I E N T
M O T H E R**

A COLLECTION OF WOMEN'S SPIRITUAL MUSIC FROM AROUND THE WORLD

With special guests:

Z. Budapest (Hungarian)

Nurudafina Abena (Yoruba)

Brooke Medicine Eagle (Native American)

Kay Gardner

Noirin Ni Riain (Irish)

Auntie Edith Kekuhi Kanaka'ole (Hawaiian)



These potent and primal songs of Herself so beautifully rendered, stir the heart with memories of who She is and where she may be found.

— Dr. Jean Houston

To order send \$12.00 per cassette or \$ 18.00 per CD (shipping is included) to:

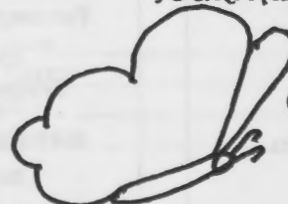


Spring Hill Music

P.O. Box 800, Boulder, CO 80306

Telephone orders accepted at 303.938.1188 Free catalog available

Journal writing workshops & classes based on Kathleen Adams' book - JOURNAL TO THE SELF



Joanne Zieg Certified Instructor 303-465-4958

AFRICAN WOMEN'S WRITING

CHARLOTTE BRUNER, EDITOR
HEINEMANN, 1993

In many anthologies of international women's writing, a common theme emerges: that women the world over are, to varying degrees, under the big thumb of male domination. *African Women's Writing* is no exception. Though a slim and unassuming paperback, this collection of short stories speaks volumes about the lives of African women—usually private and unheralded in their own countries, and even less known to the outside world.

A Western reader encountering for the first time the quotidian realities of being female in Africa may find aspects of the experience disturbing and infuriating. The extent to which many African women continue to participate in their own oppression is particularly incomprehensible to their Western "liberated" sisters.

Not that the searchlight of feminist consciousness doesn't illuminate these women's stories. On the contrary, most are singularly focused on the plight of females — from the very young to the quite old— with regard to gender roles, class and the expectations of family, community and religious or governing authorities. A few authors write joyously of breaking the chains; of professional accomplishment; of gaining self-respect; of their affirming friendships with other women.

Taken together, these stories present a chorus of modern African women's voices, their concert a chronicle of changes — and struggles—across the vast continent.

Taken singly, however, the stories differ as much as do the 14 countries here represented. Editor Charlotte Bruner (a former comparative-literature professor at Iowa State University) divides Africa, for literary convenience, into western, eastern, northern and southern sectors. Between these regions and even within them, the characters vary considerably: a middle-class, professional Kenyan married to a "gentleman" who beats her; a veritable slave-wife in Senegal who uses "magic" to help herself conceive; a desperate-for-love Algerian paralyzed by modesty; a plucky, impoverished South African grandmother determined to save her grandson from the demons of homelessness.

The voices in this chorus differ not only in the myriad realities they express, but in how they express them. In fact, the quality of some of the writing is questionable, at least by Western conventions — although it is impossible to know if the fault lies in the originals or in the translations. For example, in "Mother Was a Great Man," Nigerian writer Catherine Obianuju Acholonu is highly informative about the Orlu and Umuma people, in particular their customs regarding marriage and the acquisition of status. But the writing resembles the straightforward, unsophisticated narrative of, say, a

fairy-tale. Since the same is more or less true of all the West African writing here, it may represent a fashion.

However, Cape Verde writer Orlanda Amarilis breaks with this plodding style in "Disillusion." Told as the inner musings of an unnamed mulatto woman on her way to work one foggy morning, it outlines a predictable, disappointing life of not fitting in, of loneliness and detachment. As bleak as the story is, the writing is enlivened by the injection of incomplete sentences and unexplained secrets.

South African Sheila Fugard (wife of playwright Athol Fugard) contributes the highly imaginative "Lace," written as a memoir of a now-elderly woman who had been a fanciful girl ravished by lace, which to her represents beauty, love and hope. In the course of a few pages the woman's tragic life unfolds—her young son dies, she murders her husband, is confined to a mental institution for 20 years, and is now old, alone and "prepared for great freedom."

Freedom and its opposite form a continuum throughout *African Women's Writing*. Underlying the stories themselves is the implied freedom to be writing them. African women writers, asserts Bruner, are no longer "isolated voices crying from a wilderness." Even in countries where religious strictures are seemingly iron-clad, more women are contributing to the new literature of Africa.

Pamela Polston. Reprinted with permission from *Toward Freedom*

OTHER PUBLICATIONS OF INTEREST

Room of One's Own

PO Box 46160, Station D
Vancouver, B.C., Canada V6J 5G5

Myth, folklore, and fairy tales—the geography of gender—persistent desire—literary criticism. Canada's oldest feminist literary journal offers up some of the best poetry, prose, creative documentary, essays, and book reviews around. Get a little **Room** of your own:

1994 subscription prices:
Canadian individuals
\$20 for 1 year, \$35 for 2 years
Canadian institutions:
\$24 yearly

Individuals outside Canada:
\$30 for 1 year, \$45 for 2 years
Institutions outside Canada:
\$35 yearly

Sample issues available
\$7 in Canada, \$9 outside Canada
Special and double issues
individually priced.

Poetry Contest

**Encore Announces Contest
Celebrating in Poetry:**

**The Spirited Woman of Age
The Ancient Powerful Crone
The Honored Wise Woman
The Loving Grandmother
The Dignified Elder
The Outrageous and
Salty Old Woman**

♀ For Women Over 54.
♀ Cash Prizes & Publication.
♀ Professionally Judged.
♀ Deadline: Sept. 30, 1994.

For complete details send SASE to:

**ENCORE MAGAZINE
Celebrating Return of the Crone
POETRY CONTEST
604 Pringle Ave. #91 • Galt, CA 95632**

Sample of Encore \$5 ppd.
(Please no phone calls on the contest)

Be Part Of Our Web

WOMEN'S ENERGY BANK, INC.

**A Not-For-Profit
Organization For Lesbians And
Womyn Identified Womyn Offering:**

- Programs
- Cultural events
- Resources
- Library
- Bi-weekly Gatherings
- Special interest webs
- Monthly newspaper:
WOMYN'S WORDS

**For more information
and/or to subscribe to
WOMYN'S WORDS (\$15 per year),
write:**

**P.O. Box 15524
St. Petersburg, FL 33733-5524
or call:
(813) 823-5353**

OTHER PUBLICATIONS OF INTEREST



SIXTH ANNUAL
ELDERFLOWER
WOMENSPIRIT FESTIVAL
AUGUST 25-28 1994

The festival site is in the Mendocino Woodlands. Registration includes vegetarian meals, campfires, plant walks, arts and crafts, natural healing, movement, psychic skills, open air market, women's rituals, and relaxation. All programs are led by festival participants. All women and girls, age 11-17, are welcome. Girls younger than 15 must come with an adult. One section of the camp is a Clean and Sober area. Registration fees \$150-\$195 for women and \$80-\$125 for girls. For more information call 916-556-4840 or write Elderflower, P.O. Box 7153, Redwood City, CA 94063.

Just what is **WOMEN'S WORK** all about?
It's ABOUT: education ♦ health ♦ law ♦ family ♦
the environment ♦ economics ♦ spirituality ♦ the creative process ♦

SAMPLE \$4 ▼ ONE YEAR (6 ISSUES) \$12 ▼ INTERNATIONAL \$20 (U.S.\$)
WRITERS/ARTISTS GUIDELINES, ADVERTISING RATES SASE

News, Resources, Commentary, Literary & Visual Arts.
Because It Has Nothing To Do With Good Housekeeping!
WOMEN'S WORK, 606 AVENUE A, SNOHOMISH, WA 98290



Of a Like Mind

the largest newspaper & network
for Goddess ♀

...the best feminist spirituality listings
found anywhere.—Margot Adler,
Drawing Down the Moon

Box 6677
Madison, WI 53716
USA

sample issue/\$4
\$15-35/year/sliding scale
\$20-40/first-class; \$25-45/outside US



Feminist Art, Poetry, Fiction, Hot Topics, Humor and more...
\$15 a year (12 issues) \$2 sample issue
P.O. Box 4525, Portland, OR 97208

The Unforgettable Fire

is a newsletter which publishes poetry, short-short stories, essays, and book reviews, by, for and about women. Submissions should be affirming of women's cultures, and reflect multi-cultural perspectives.

\$5.00 per year
The Unforgettable Fire
P.O. Box 388
Lyndhurst, NJ 07071

Since 1970

WOMYN'S PRESS

news, poetry, stories, reviews P.O. box 562, Eugene, OR 97440

	Sample issue	\$2
	Individual	\$8
	Institutions	\$18
	Sisters	\$13
	Sustainers	\$30 or more
	Women in Prison	FREE
YEARLY SUBS (6) ISSUES		

NAME _____
STREET _____
CITY _____
STATE _____ ZIP _____

Classifieds

RELATIONSHIP SPECIALISTS: Learn how to develop and honor your individual uniqueness to enhance intimacy in your relationships. Marilyn Hough, M.A. and Chuck Schmitt, M.A. (303) 441-5993.

WANT TO FULFILL YOUR CREATIVE POTENTIAL? 12-step support for men and women artists. Northwest Regional Directory A.R.T.S. ANONYMOUS: SASE, A.R.T.S. Spy, Box 889, Lyons, CO 80540.

WOMEN AND EATING. Low-cost therapy group exploring underlying concerns related to food/body image issues. Includes art, writing, guided imagery, group process. Compassionate, experienced therapist. Insurance accepted. DENA GITTERMAN, M.A. (303) 499-1898.

VEILED WATERCOLORS -Visionary Adventures with SUSAN MCCALLUM. Classes daytime, evenings, \$90 includes supplies, 4 wks. 10 hrs. Give color and form to your dreams, visions, and inner child. (303) 772-5268.

THERAPEUTIC MASSAGE. Deep tissue & Swedish combined to relieve stress buildup. Provided in the comfort of your own home. First-time clients - 20% off. CARRIE GRAYBEAL, CMT, (303) 692-3985.

WOMEN'S BIBLIOGRAPHY, an annotated list of books, tapes, films of interest to women, compiled by Lynn Bijili Marlow. \$7.50 including postage. c/o Woman's Way, P.O.B. 19614, Boulder, CO 80308.

AFFORDABLE, SUPPORTIVE, EXPERIENCED COUNSELING. Explore your growth and transitions. Enhance creativity. Reinforce your wisdom. Grieve the necessary losses. Honor your journey in life. Also forming, the Silken Cave, a midlife support group for women. ROSALLIND BARD, M.A. (303) 441-7803.

FLORIDA: MOONCIRCLE MASSAGE CENTER FOR WOMEN - Safe space for abuse survivors. Massage, Reiki, Therapeutic Touch, Ear Coning. St. Petersburg, FL (813) 522-8008. Nurture Yourself!

MAKE A DIFFERENCE in the fate of sacred and wild lands. Concise, informative EARTH SPIRIT CALLS newsletter focuses your efforts on critical issues at decisive times. \$10/yr. Highly useful or money back. P.O.B. 4359, Bellingham, WA 98227, (206) 734-2781.

OPTIONS SELF DEFENSE provides a continuum of self defense and empowerment programs for women in the Boulder/Denver area. Our full-contact courses are ranked among the highest quality self defense courses in the world. Please call (303) 440-4008 for more information.

LIFE PLANNING WORKSHOP - Creating the life you want in career, relationships, health, surroundings. 5 weeks-\$89. Mary Jean Bedard, M.S.S., Life Planning Consultant. (303) 670-8114.

SUNSHINE PRESS PUBLICATIONS helps writers publish quality books that sell. Fiction and nonfiction. 25 years experience. 6 Gardner Court, Longmont, CO 80501 (303) 772-3556 FAX (303) 772-1418.

CHANNELING of your personal SPIRIT GUIDES. These Beings provide loving support for life's journey and soul's unfoldment. Long-distance telephone sessions available. Monthly group meetings in Boulder. Milia Warren, (303) 440-9114.

FREE YOUR NATURAL VOICE and self-expression - experience the joy of singing! Private and group classes available - all ages welcome. Call Sally Adams (303) 444-0514.

OBSTACLES INTO STEPPING STONES - Do you have what you want in life, with health, relationships, and spirit? Are you living your purpose? Create your life as you want it, transforming the obstacles that block you. Short-term, results-oriented therapy. For more information, call Jennifer Shriver (303) 449-8862.

RELATIONSHIP WORKSHOP: LOVING COMMUNICATION SKILLS for a healthy, growing relationship! Learn how to be clear with your partner; create positive solutions; end destructive patterns; dissolve communications barriers; promote trust and intimacy. Ongoing workshops, private sessions. Call Jennifer Shriver (303) 449-8862.

CLASSES, WORKSHOPS AND CEREMONIES: Women's spirituality, moonlodge and initiation, Women's rebirthing, Earth-honoring and healing, seasonal balance, crystals, self-healing, colors, food energetics, and more. Trades considered. Call Lisa Pavati at EARTHSONG. (303) 635-0449.

TOOLS FOR MEDITATION, SPIRIT MEDICINE, AND MAGIC. Enchanted herbal blends, essential oil blends, jewelry, and medicine/meditation pieces (custom welcome), spirit blessings, and much more! Call Lisa Pavati at EARTHSONG. (303) 635-0449. Trades considered.

CELEBRATE THE GODDESS (in yourself and every woman) with SAGE WOMAN, the leading magazine of Goddess spirituality. Winner, 1993 Wiccam/Pagan Press Alliance Gold Award: best magazine and best editor. 72+ pages of affirming prose, poetry and artwork in every issue. Free brochure. Sample \$6, one yr. subs. \$18. SAGE WOMAN, PO Box 641, Point Arena, CA 95468. 707-882-2052. Visa/MC

ADVERTISE IN WOMAN'S WAY. Place your classified ad here. CALL 303-530-7617 for ad rates.

THE INNER JOURNEY OF HEALING with Melissa Clare. Sept. 30 - Oct. 1. Through our quest for self-healing, we receive the power and grace for healing others and ultimately the planet. Using practices of breath, light, and magnetism from the Sufi tradition, Melissa facilitates the journey of healing within each one of us, that we may serve the planet. Melissa is the head of the Sufi healing order in New Zealand. Call for details: 303-784-4753.

EVOLUTIONARY GUIDANCE ASTROLOGY 1 1/2 hr. taped reading, soul lessons and life learnings, \$65. Jyoti Wind (303) 541-9106. 1705 14 St., #371, Boulder, CO 80302.

VOODOO oldest organization, ritual work by request. Largest occult catalog 600 pages plus. \$20.00 TOTS, Suite 310, N. San Fernando Blvd, Burbank, CA 91507

CHIROPRACTIC WELLNESS AND INJURY HEALTH CARE. Humanistic, whole-person approach. Personable, individualized attention to your special needs. Gentle and firm techniques. Dr. Teresa Jean Rich, B.A., D.C., P.C. (303) 850-9322.

REQUEST FOR SUBMISSIONS for a book on Women and Anger. Please send subs and/or queries with a SASE to Maia Gay, RD Box 1316, Moretown, VT 05660.



NIKKI ESREY
CERTIFIED MASSAGE THERAPIST
786-7918

EATING OUR HEARTS OUT:

**PERSONAL ACCOUNTS OF WOMEN'S
RELATIONSHIP TO FOOD; LESLEA
NEWMAN, ED. , CROSSING PRESS, PUB.**

I am so excited about this anthology that I feel compelled to spread the word about it. Newman has compiled a group of poems, letters, and stories that are wonderfully crafted: humorous, evocative, and powerful.

She has placed them in an artistic framework of photographs celebrating women which serves as a visual introduction to each section of the book.

A wide spectrum of women (cutting across sexual, religious, and racial lines) are given an equal forum; their voices are imbued with an honest clarity that challenges me to continue to examine my own inner process.

Topics covered include anorexia, bulimia, and overeating, and the accompanying feelings of isolation, shame, and fear which they often engender. However, the tone of the book is upbeat. I closed the last page with a renewed desire to embrace my life in all its manifestation.

Claudette Mary Moloney, Boulder, CO

**THERE'S A HOLE IN THE
SIDEWALK**

(THE STORY OF MY LIFE IN 5 CHAPTERS)

Chapter One: I walked down the street. There's a hole in the sidewalk. It's a very deep hole. I fall in. I'm helpless. It isn't my fault. It takes forever to find a way out.

Chapter Two: I walk down the same street. There's a hole in the sidewalk. I pretend I don't see it. I fall in....again. I can't believe I'm in the same place...but it isn't my fault. It still takes a long time to get out.

Chapter Three: I walk down the same street. There's a deep hole in the sidewalk. I see it's there. I still fall in...it's a habit. But my eyes are open and I know where I am. It is my fault. I get out immediately.

Chapter Four: I walk down the same street. There's a deep hole in the sidewalk. I walk around it.

Chapter Five: I walk down another street.

To Everyone, From: Elaine Lane, Atlanta, Georgia. Reprinted from Mother To Mother, newsletter of Mothers Without Custody. Thank you, Elaine!

Subscription Rates

Regular Rate

One year (4 issues): \$12
Two years (8 issues): \$22

Sponsoring member:

Buy one subscription for yourself and another for a woman in prison.
One year: \$24

Donor:

Five years (20 issues): \$100
Become a donor and have your name listed as a founding member of **Woman's Way**.

Donors

We gratefully thank our donors
**Taj Inayat Glanz
Florence Goodman**

Ad Rates

Please include your address and add \$3.00 for each issue requested.

Classifieds	1 issue	4 issues
25 words	\$12	\$40
	each additional word 25¢	

Display *	1 issue	4 issues
Full page	\$196	\$666
Half page	112	381
Third page	79	269
Quarter page	69	235
Sixth page	55	187
Business card	49	167
Twelfth page	39	133

* Call for dimensions or send an SASE for rate card.

DIAMOND IN THE ROUGH ?

Even gemstones of exceptional quality are diminished in the wrong setting. Do your personal settings diminish you? Together, we can turn your living and work spaces into settings that encourage your fire.

Helping develop physical spaces that foster you.

NANCY J. UPDIKE

Design Strategist
(303) 893-6500



WHAT IS AN HERBAL BODY WRAP?

- the process is one of being wrapped from head to foot with terry cloth strips that have been soaked in a balanced blend of 23 detoxifying herbs

WHAT DOES IT DO?

- the tight wrap detoxifies the body by flushing the system naturally
- relaxes you while at the same time rejuvenates
- causes the body to lose inches in a healthy, permanent manner (this is not a diuretic wrap)

Special Introductory Offer \$45.00 (\$20.00 off)

1800 30th St., Suite 205-8

4
4
4
-
0
4
2
3

**ALL
WRAPPED
UPI**

**Boulder's
Most
Elegant
Herbal
Body
Wrap
Studio**

Please submit all ads to size. Production changes and/or camera work will be charged \$25 per hour. We accept material on a PC or Mac 3.5" disk, or good quality, single-spaced, hard copy. Be sure to include all pertinent information such as name, address, phone number, services provided, and cost. Make checks payable to **Woman's Way**, P.O. Box 19614, Boulder, Colorado 80308-2614. (303) 530-7617.

Be A Fairy Godmother!

Invest in the
Future of Women.
Invest in Woman's Way.
Call (303) 530-7617

Woman's Way

THE PATH OF EMPOWERMENT

P.O. Box 19614
Boulder, CO 80308-2614

BULK RATE
U.S. Postage
PAID
Boulder, CO 80303
Permit No. 697

Address Correction Requested

Herland Sister Resources Inc.
2312 NW 39th
Oklahoma City, OK 73112



Creative Alternatives

Shamanic and Traditional
Psychotherapy

A Fluid Blend of Mind and Spirit

Elisa Robyn, PhD • Creative Genius
7500 E. Arapahoe #325 • Denver
(303) 694-7484



REDUCE STRESS

Give yourself or friend
a healthy relaxing massage

Special Rates and Gift Certificates

Grace Morgan

N.M.T. ♦ C.M.T.

440-5756

Woman's Way

THE PATH OF EMPOWERMENT

SUBSCRIBE NOW!

BE PART OF THE GROWING
WOMAN'S WAY COMMUNITY

Yes! I want to subscribe to **Woman's Way**.

Enclosed is my check for _____ (see rates p. 27)

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____ Zip _____

I've enclosed \$3 for you to send a copy to my friend:

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____ Zip _____

I've enclosed \$12 for a subscription for a woman in prison.

I've enclosed \$3 for each back-copy of **Woman's Way**:

WW #1, part one of the Linda Leonard interview.

WW #2, part two of the Linda Leonard interview.

WW #3, interview with Christina Grof.

WW #4, interview with David Dellinger & Elizabeth Peterson.

Send check to: **Woman's Way**,
P.O. Box 19614, Boulder, CO 80308



Centre for Women's Awareness

"Women's Heart Centre
for Healing"

Individual Consultation
Support Groups
Classes, Workshops

Women's Classes and Workshops

Women & Self Esteem

Safe and Supportive
Eight-Week Class

Women & Prosperity

Creating Abundance and More . . .
Eight-Week Class

Becoming the Way We Are

Exploring & Discovering Our True Selves
Eight-Week Class

Women, Meditation and Spirituality Workshop

What is the Centre for Women's Awareness?

It is a place where women in our community, from all walks of life,
may gather together for personal, spiritual and professional growth
in an accepting, safe and supportive environment.

Donna Frégeau, M.Ed.

Facilitator for Personal Growth & Professional Development

546-0282

Call now to register, to receive more information, or to be added to our mailing list.

Now accepting book donations for the women's library.