

Property of the Center

# LPM

*Good News  
Positive Reminders  
Inspirational Messages*

*Makaw Press  
February 2003*

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# Lesbian Pride Monthly

Good news, positive reminders  
and inspirational messages

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## Love is Funny

by Mel White

Love is a funny thing. For example, I just saw the movie *Far From Heaven* and I fell head over heels for Dennis Haybert, the man who played the gardener. Or rather, since I really don't know the actor, I fell for the character he played.

I'm white and he's black, which might raise some eyebrows even nowadays, as it did in the time period of the story, but that's not what makes it a funny thing for me. The unexplainable part is that I am a lesbian, and it really doesn't matter what his sexual preference is since he's not a woman and therefore not a usual object of my affection. Go figure.

I didn't particularly fall for Julianne Moore, who was in the same movie, and I'm not sure why, though I wouldn't chase her away if she followed me around one day. I often find myself drawn to a variety of characters onscreen, and if I were to admit to other unattainable celluloid people upon whom I've had giant crushes, Sandra Bullock, Holly Hunter and Stockard Channing come to mind (among others...).

Of course real love is different than fun crushes, but no one can really predict much about that either. One of my ex-lovers once had an affair with a man after a difficult break-up with the woman who came after me, and she was embarrassed to tell me about it at first, but then told me about it after she married another woman. Another lesbian friend of mine is always admiring handsome men and then apologizing, like it matters to me.

Love is a funny thing, and it's unpredictable at best. I've said it before and I'll say it again — who cares who you love...as long as you love. ♥

## Words of Love

From the sublime to the ridiculous — and the cynical to the heartfelt — just about everyone from every era and every walk of life has something to say about love. Diane Akerman, a writer (born 1948) noted rightly: "Everyone admits that love is wonderful and necessary, yet no one agrees on just what it is."

Whatever it may be, there is a veritable plethora of ways to describe it. Joan Crawford, the actress, once warned that "Love is fire, but whether it is going to warm your hearth or burn your house down, you can never tell."

"Love is a great beautifier," said author Louisa May Alcott (1832-1888); and Reverend Henry Ward Beecher (an American preacher, 1812-1887) had this wise observation: "Young love is a flame; very pretty, often very hot and fierce, but still only light and flickering. The love of the older and disciplined heart is as coals, deep-burning, unquenchable." I like that.

I also like how Woody Allen once described the initial rush and confusion of new love by claiming, "I was nauseous and tingly all over...I was either in love or I had smallpox." Sometimes it's hard to tell the difference.

H L Menchen, an American journalist born in 1880 (died in 1956), described love in a way that most of us can relate to, at least sometimes, when he said, "Happiness is the china shop; love is the bull," and Amelia E Barr (1831-1919), an English novelist, reminds us "The fate of love is that it always seems too little or too much."

So it goes — up or down, good or bad, hot or cold, overbearing or shallow (Julian Barnes, a contemporary British editor suggests "Love is just a system for getting someone to call you 'darling' after sex") — love is many things, and sometimes it is all these things. Don Byas, an American jazz artist (1912-1972) summed it up by saying "You call it madness, but I call it love."

But no matter how you define it, this quote, by another unknown author, reminds us of how important it is to let the other person know: "A person can be in love with someone forever till the end of time, but if that person doesn't tell or show the feelings of love, it will be just another person living in a dream, lost of true love."

Happy Valentine's Day, and don't be lost. Be sure you let the one you love know just how much you love her (or him) not just this time of year, but every day. ♥

—mkw

## Become a Card-Carrying Lesbian

Deborah Bonsack, Executive Director of An Uncommon Legacy Foundation and the Lesbian Leadership Fund, announced recently that the organization has created a membership program for all grant and scholarship recipients, donors, volunteers and other supporters.

The Foundation, which was incorporated in 1993 has provided grants to more than 150 organizations over the years that benefit and serve the lesbian community, and annually awards a series of Lesbian Leadership Scholarships to "out" graduate and undergraduate lesbian students with leadership potential.

"Legacy has touched so many lives through our grants and our Lesbian Leadership Scholarship Fund," Bonsack said. "This is an attempt to maintain the contact, the commitment and the belief that so many individuals have in Legacy.

She added, "Legacy is all about the power of lesbian philanthropy and it is truly exciting to see the vision of our founders coming to fruition. Our early scholarship recipients are now moving into positions of influence where they can make significant contributions to the Foundation and continue the cycle of giving and helping young lesbians achieve their goals."

Through the membership program the organization plans to strengthen the links between recipients, volunteers and donors both in the past and present, as well as those in the future. The membership program will also help the Foundation in its efforts to raise more funds for distribution to the lesbian community and increase public awareness of the organization.

The Foundation will be working through cooperative relationships with other not-for-profit and for-profit LGBT organizations to build the membership base. "Corporations and sponsors will be surprised to see the volume of individuals who are part of this movement, who have built and believe in Legacy and the Lesbian Leadership Fund," said Bonsack. "Besides, what self-respecting lesbian wouldn't want to have their own membership card — it's fun with a purpose!"

More information on the membership program is available online at the An Uncommon Legacy Foundation website [www.UncommonLegacy.org](http://www.UncommonLegacy.org) or by writing PO Box 33727, Washington, DC 20033; phone 202-265-1926 (fax 202-265-1927)

Witeck Communications

## My life is getting better every day

Today I think of ways in which my sexual orientation has been a gift — the wisdom I have gained, the special people who might not otherwise be part of my life, the solidarity I feel with the oppressed of the world.

The difficult parts are present as well, and sometimes I feel resentful of the injustices. I keep wanting life to get easier. The important lesson, though, is that as I move through struggle after struggle, I am getting stronger and healthier. While life doesn't get easier, it gets better. I can cope with the problems and pain that I face, and I have the energy to actually enjoy life. I have the insight to appreciate its goodness and sometimes even to be grateful for its challenges.



In my moments of clarity, I realize I have an important place in this world because of who I am. My destiny is to find a better life for myself and others. I am glad for my ever-improving life.

— Eleanor Ruth Wagner  
in *Lavender Reflections*

Sometimes  
the best thing to do  
is give yourself  
permission to  
pull the covers  
over your head and  
to feel sorry for yourself  
— just until you are  
good and ready to stop!  
(and you really will be  
ready to stop sometime!)

— Robyn Posin  
Rememberings and  
Celebrations  
[www.forthelittleonesinside.com](http://www.forthelittleonesinside.com)

I need no extra-careful  
"handling" or considera-  
tions because I am a les-  
bian. I only need and  
want the love and respect  
that any good friend  
would give to any other  
good friend.

I expect the same kind  
of love and respect —  
and acceptance —  
from my straight  
friends as I expect  
from my lesbian and  
gay friends.

— Mel White  
based on a passage in  
*The Dyke Daily Companion*

# On the Bright Side



Mel White

## *Lifeline in E—Major*

I was one of those people who was pulled kicking and screaming into the computer age. Some years ago I didn't want to know about computers at all, but then I had to learn for work, and I kinda liked it. Then I learned some more and I loved it. And then I learned still more and I threw out my typewriter and declared I couldn't live without my computer.

I use computers all the time nowadays — all of my writing gets done on computer, and all of my billing and contracts and so on and so forth. I do a lot of crafts business on the computer too. I have giant mailing lists on the computer, and I keep track of everything from inventory to medical updates to shopping-for-fun on my computer.

I also write letters on my computer, although until recently I still used it to write letters that I would actually print out on pretty paper, put in an envelope, stamp and mail. I was slow to get into the Internet and e-mail.

But as with the computer in general, once I got into them, I found them to be great tools to get information and to keep in touch with people. These days especially, I love keeping in touch with people via e-mail.

I am away from home a lot, but the wonder of the e-mail system is that I can be in touch with anyone, anytime, anywhere I can plug in the computer. The e-mail system has become a major lifeline for me to be in touch with people even when I'm far away from them.

I still would love to sit down and write a long letter to my friends, but I find e-mail is easier to use to send little notes and updates, and therefore I do it more often. It's easy since I'm working at the computer anyway, to just jot off a line or two to someone I want to know I'm thinking of them.

I still like to get letters in the mail too, but these days I find I'm just as excited to open my e-mail and see if there is any personal correspondence. Usually there is, and I'm tickled to death

to get it, even if it's short and sweet, or short and to the point, or short and non-sensical. What matters is that someone took the time to post a little message, and I get it much faster than snail mail (that's computer-ese for the regular overland postal system...see how I've adapted?).

I like that I can get e-mails any time of the day or night, too. Once in awhile I'm up late and I check my e-mail to see if anything new has come in, and I'll find a personal note from someone. The note could be from family in Iowa or a friend in another state, or a friend in another part of town. It doesn't matter who it's from — I'm just glad to hear from them.

I also hear from strangers, which is almost as much fun as hearing from friends. Because I write regular newspaper columns and publish this and other newsletters, I get mail from readers from time to time, and it is always nice to know when someone I don't know takes time to comment on my work. E-mail makes that possible, and I greatly appreciate not only the medium itself but also the effort other people put into using it.

Of course I get my share of junk-e-mail too, but I don't seem to mind that as much as the junk mail that comes in my mailbox. It's somehow easier and far more satisfying to just hit the delete button than it is to throw papers away and have to haul them out to the trash.

I still would prefer to sit down in person with someone rather than use e-mail, but I've decided on-line mail has its place and can come in rather handy — I guess you could say that I've become an absolutely enthusiastic convert to the electronic age. It's fun, it's easy, it's helpful, and these days it has, as I mentioned, become a lifeline for me as it is my main form of communication with many far away friends and family.

But you know, the form or medium doesn't really matter. Lifelines can really come in all shapes and sizes. The important thing is to be in touch with people who mean something to you — whether face to face or by e-mail, or phone, or snail mail letters in long-hand.

I'm constantly being reminded how important regular communication is these days, and if you need a reminder too, maybe you should take that first step and contact someone in your life you haven't seen or talked to in awhile. No matter what form you use, you — and they — will be glad you took the time and made the effort. ☺

# On the Amazon Trail

by Lee Lynch

## Home Cooking

On weekends I cook. There's no time to cook during the week — staying afloat in this rich man's economy takes all the rest of my time. I'm not complaining, at least I have a job, at least I can buy food to cook.

My job happens to keep me in touch with all sorts of employers. On any given day I may speak with dozens of people in manufacturing, government, health care, tourism, education and farming; with mechanics, web designers, security guards, traffic engineers, EMTs or call center recruiters.

And these days they are all singing the same song: "We're on layoff;" "We have a hiring freeze;" "We don't have enough work to keep our employees busy;" "We haven't hired in a year;" "We're expecting a budget cutback."

The employees tell me: "This is my last day of work and I don't know what I'm going to do;" "I'm trying to do the work of five people now, and it's only going to get worse;" and, somehow most heart-rending of all; "I'm still here, but all my friends were laid off last week."

As much noise as the folks in the White House are making over war and homeland security, they can't drown out the sound of heartbroken Americans made redundant much longer. We're a proud people who feel hollow without a purpose and without the structure employment gives to our lives. Our self-worth is bound up in accomplishments and pay checks. We are accustomed to buying what we need, even if it means that we have to save up for years for a first car, for the big red tool chest of butch dreams or for our sunset years in a gay retirement village.

Being American means being privileged to one degree or another. If we're spoiled and acquisitive, so be it, that's who we are — from the immigrant expecting gold in the streets to the children of self-made industrialists. And today, our dreams are being taken away from us by the men on top of the heap who so many Americans trusted enough to send to Washington.

I have a friend in Connecticut whose whole state agency

may be eliminated. She provides vocational services to the disabled who will in turn lose the assistance they need to get jobs. My friend the Librarian doesn't know where she'll be in six months if the budget crunch eliminates her job. She may need to join the wandering tribes of highly educated Americans who are the new migrant workers, following the job market away from their established lives — or staying home and taking jobs as pump jockeys.

A year ago, with so many new prisons being built, people who could find nothing else went into the growth industry of corrections. Today those new corrections officers are out on the street alongside prisoners released for lack of money to keep them inside. Large corporations once promised stability, but bonus-fat CEOs find it more important to feed profits to investors than to feed employees. They too are cutting back.

And we have to eat. Personally, I think the discovery of the crock pot is the greatest thing since the wheel. They're easy to find at garage sales and they turn the most economical foods into tasty nutrition, like stew, or rice and beans.

How big a hint does Washington need that its policies are increasing hunger in American? The food banks here in the northwest are emptying or, in rural areas, closing down altogether. Does this administration care? Do they think that all the laid off workers can get jobs with Homeland Security? Not likely — that agency will be the result of shuffling 170,000 already employed workers from 22 existing federal agencies into the Bureau of Big Brother.

Of course, now that 350,000 putatively straight soldiers and sailors have been shipped off to the Mideast, fortuitously making a positive dent in employment statistics, the young people of America shouldn't have any problem getting work with the military. Lucky kids, they can use food stamps to supplement their meager incomes and come home — whole, I hope — unequipped for any job except the road crew, which is laying off too.

It's bleak out there. But it's cozy in here with the crock pot releasing mouth-watering smells. Five or six centuries ago Henry IV is said to have declared, "I want there to be no peasant in my realm so poor that he will not have a chicken in his pot every Sunday." Another compassionate conservative. Get a clue, George II. Δ

## On sacred ground

by Joy Parks



### A Visual Celebration of Lesbian Passion

For decades, the name Tee A. Corinne has been synonymous with a compelling style of erotic imagery. One of the first artists to create feminist-informed works of erotic art, her vision of lesbian bodies and sexuality was for many lesbians, the first authentic look at themselves through lesbian eyes.

In addition to her shows and exhibits, many of them in women's spaces, and her well-known *Yantras of Womanlove*, published in 1982, her photographs and art have graced the covers of countless volumes of lesbian writing. Her way of seeing, her creative command of the solarized technique, her richly textured play of light and dark that make our lesbian bodies appear as the majestic works of art they truly are, is immediately recognizable to anyone with a passing knowledge of lesbian culture.

In addition to her work as a photographer and visual artist, Tee Corinne is also a pioneer in lesbian erotic writings. Long before publishers were lining their pockets by lining bookstore shelves with lesbian erotica in every possible flavor, she was writing and anthologizing brave writings about the reality of our sexuality, our bodies and our desires. From this work came her *Dreams of the Woman Who Loved Sex* and anthologies such as *Riding Desire* and *Courting Pleasure*. Perhaps her best known work is the simple, but simply wonderful, *Cunt Coloring Book*, first self-published in 1975. This collection has been stopped at Customs, labeled obscene and thankfully reprinted many times much to the appreciation of women who "get it," those who understand its value as a visual celebration of that which is often hidden and maligned, a loving look at the source of our female sexual power.

With this in mind, the publication of her most recent work, *Intimacies* is an event worth celebrating. Followers of her work will find their favorite images within the pages; for others, it's a

comprehensive introduction to her imaginative and sensual vision. Her skill at the solarization technique curves and shapes and sculpts the outline and by reversing selected areas of the photo from positive to negative, the audience gets to "see" common forms in a totally new and unique way.

Important too, is her choice of subject: close ups of female genitalia, physically challenged women, large women, common everyday women. In short, all of us. Tee Corinne's work seeks out the unconventionally beautiful and provides an un-airbrushed continuum of female forms. It's breathtaking. And perhaps even more valuable now, when even our own media images seem to be sliding towards mainstream expectations of beauty. *Intimacies* shows too, the development and maturity of Tee Corinne's technique and vision as an artist. It's a phenomenal collection and an inspiring reminder of what is beautiful and majestic and worthy of wonder in us all. (*Intimacies*, by Tee A. Corinne, with essays by Jonathan Katz and Tamsin Wilton Last Gasp of San Francisco, <[www.lastgasp.com](http://www.lastgasp.com)>, Hardcover \$29.95)

### Sacred Classic: *The Price of Salt* by Claire Morgan

Strange how one of the most poignant love stories in lesbian literature manages to avoid using the word *lesbian*. If you haven't read *The Price of Salt* by Clare Morgan, then you're missing something wonderful. First published in 1952, the plot unfolds a wonderfully intense and emotionally charged love affair. Despite the year of publication and the fact that the characters are most certainly influenced by the prejudices and limits imposed upon them, the book deals bravely with issues of leaving a marriage, child custody, age disparity between lovers and why being openly lesbian in the 1950s was a difficult choice that often required great sacrifice. Still readers who come to know and love this book will never be able to read the line "It would be Carol in a thousands cities" without believing, at least briefly, that real love conquers all. (NOTE: *The Price of Salt* has also been published under the alternate title *Carol* and under the author names Clare Morgan and Patricia Highsmith. If that name sounds familiar, it's because she's also the author of the well-known Mr. Ripley mystery series.) *The Price of Salt*, by Claire Morgan, The Naiad Press Inc., Original price \$7.95

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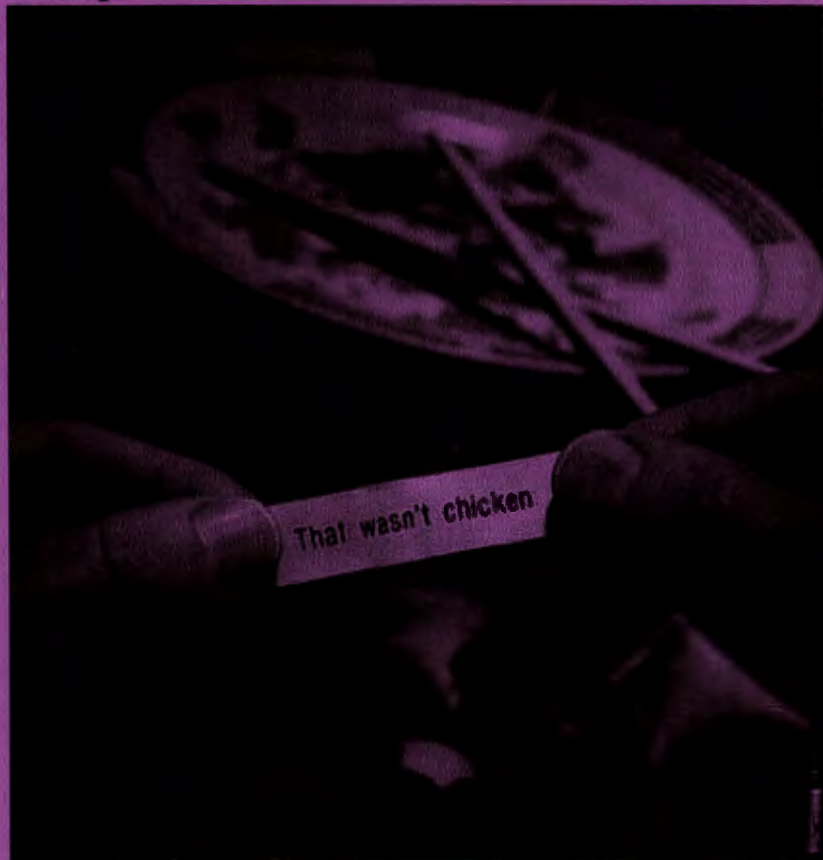
## Jaguar Targeting Gay Consumers

Jaguar North America recently announced that it is launching an integrated marketing and advertising campaign to specifically reach gay, lesbian, bisexual and transgender (GLBT) consumers. The Jaguar campaign is part of a comprehensive strategy developed by Ford Motor Company Global Marketing. The campaign will specifically target GLBT consumers in the New York and Los Angeles metropolitan areas.

This campaign builds upon previous Jaguar marketing initiatives towards the GLBT community, which include past sponsorship of the Gay and Lesbian Against Defamation League. "Ford Motor Company is proud of its commitment to its diverse customer base, which includes gay, lesbian, and bisexual consumers," said Jan Valentic, Vice President of Global Marketing at Ford Motor Company."

— US Newswire

Parting shot....



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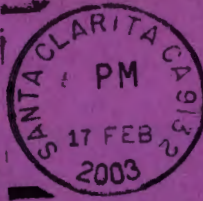
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