

# GAY BLACK FEMALE™

January 1998

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in Los Angeles

**GBF**



## Why Black Women Must Speak Out

by Gale Edeawo

## Who Are The GBF's?

by Dakara Wynne

## What Sistah's Can Do To Stop Racism

by Ta'Shia Asanti

## For The Love Of Bessie's Girls

by Amanda Love

Since 1990

Gay Black Female Magazine

("GBF")

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FROM THE PUBLISHER

Stephanie "Dakara" Wynne



Hey hey everybody. It's a new year and we all got another opportunity to make some personal and business changes. As I continue to walk this planet I've noticed that the Black Woman doesn't have any real identity, and I'm not talking about all black women so let me make that clear. It's just that when I watch films I see black women as students, hair dressers, social workers, secretaries, welfare recipients, some sports figures, some politicians, some actresses etc., and that's fine, but it just seems like were invisible. I don't mean totally, but it's like were not being taking serious and I have a problem with that. I know there are plenty of hard working straight and gay black women that are taking care of business. No doubt. It just seems like nobody wants to listen to us, especially some Gay Black Females. Sometimes I'm embarrassed that I'm even caught up in this gay lifestyle, and next month I'll be talking about "Once A Lesbian Always A Lesbian?" For some I'm sure the answer is yes, and for some hell no! I was one of the ones that said hell no I won't be a lesbian forever. It ain't about a man, it's about a choice. In November 97 issue a woman wrote in about the "Three Month Lesbian" and she made a few interesting points. It made me think about a few things I'll be talking about next month. Anyway I was talking about visibility. A lot of people didn't know until last year that I was the publisher of GBF Magazine. When I first started GBF I used several names. One, I didn't want anybody to find the magazine who knew me and two, GBF wasn't meant to last. But now that it's been close to eight years I'm starting see how GBF can be a vehicle for me and a lot of other people who like to write and express themselves. Our website has been up for seven months and I haven't done anything to it. But now it's ready to go and believe me when anybody in the word types in the words "gay" or "lesbian" they will find GBF, and if you don't know anything about computers you will be left behind with the new technology. Actually computers are quite easy to use due to the new technology. So in 1998 and into the new millennium GBF Publishing will be ready. Will you?

Also I want to say good bye to JoJo who wrote for GBF Magazine for over a year. JoJo is pursuing a career in comedy in Philadelphia. I really liked JoJo's brassy writing style and I'll miss it. ■

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# Why Black Women Must Speak Out

by Gale Edeawo

**A**IDS has become the third leading cause of death among black women between the ages of 25 and 44. The total number of young black teen-age girls with the virus is also climbing. At the rate it's going, by the year 2000 there will be more black women and black babies dying from the virus than any other group on the planet. As black women, what can we do to make our sisters aware of this serious disease and how can we prevent becoming infected with it? How can we educate communities of black women across the nation who have already tested positive, on how they can live together, healthier lives even with the virus?

## Education helps everyone

We can begin by realizing that we are our sisters keepers. We must start talking about this situation. Whether HIV negative or positive, we can all benefit from educating ourselves about this rapidly spreading disease. Men suffering with the virus have long been writing their stories. Many white women are beginning to share their stories. Now it is time for we black sisters to hear, share, read and write our stories.

I am compiling a literary anthology of short stories written by black women who have contracted HIV or who are closely connected to a woman with the virus. The anthology will be comprised of biographical short stories written from the heart, by or about black women who have tested positive. I am in search of stories written by the innocent and the not-so-innocent women who have used drugs or worked as prostitutes.

I am especially interested in stories written by women who loved and trusted the wrong person; women who thought it was safe to say "yes" to unprotected sex; women unknowingly infected by their husbands, boyfriends or lovers; women who thought it would never happen to them. I am seeking stories about black women from all walks of life.

Writers may feel free to use aliases and change their locales. Other than that, your story should remain completely true and factual.

## Sisters, start talking

Sisters, we must start talking, not only inwardly, but to one another. We must communicate with black sisters throughout the world. Our long silence is increasing our rate of death. The deadline for submissions is April, 1998. Please send 30 pages or less, doubled-spaced on white bonded, letter-size paper to:

Intimate Ebony  
PO Box 451866  
Los Angeles, CA 90045

## INTIMATE EBONY CALL FOR SUBMISSION (PRESS RELEASE)

I am compiling a literary anthology of short stories written by Black women who have contracted the AIDS virus, or are closely connected to a woman with the Virus. I'm looking for biographical short stories written from the heart, by or about Black women who have tested positive. I am in search of stories written by the innocent and the not so innocent. Women who have abused drugs or worked as prostitutes. Especially interested in stories written by women who loved and trusted the wrong person. Women who thought it was safe to say "Yes" to unprotected sex. Women unknowingly infected by their husbands, boyfriends or lovers. Women who thought it would never happen to them. Seeking stories about Black women from all walks of life. There is no cast system, or specific geographical location, when it comes to the Virus.

AIDS has become the third leading cause of death among Black women between ages 25 and 44. The total count of young Black teen-age girls with the Virus is also climbing. At the rate it is going, by the year 2000 there will be more Black women and Black babies dying from the Virus than any other group on the



planet. What can we do as Black women, to make our sisters aware of this serious disease and how we can prevent becoming infected with it? How may we educate communities of Black women across the nation, who have already been tested positive, on how they can live longer healthier lives even with the Virus?

We can begin by realizing that "We Are Our Sister's Keeper." We must start talking about this situation. Whether HIV negative or positive, we can all benefit from educating ourselves about this rapidly spreading disease. Men suffering with the virus have long been writing their stories. Many White women are beginning to share their stories. Now it is time for "We" Black Sisters, to hear, share, read and write, OUR STORY.....

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INTIMATE EBONY  
P.O. BOX 451866  
Los Angeles, CA. 90045

## ANTHOLOGY (BLACK WOMEN AND THE VIRUS)

It is time for Black women to hear, share, read and write "Our Story." In regards to the AIDS virus. Let's talk.

# Building a Positive Self-Concept

By Traci Bryant - NYU

**F**or those of you that read part one of my series I sure you might of found it some what limiting. That was only because of space reader. I hope this month I can clarify a bit more of where I'm coming from and going with my column.

Questions:

1. Am I usually optimistic, and do I usually expect things to work out well?
2. Do I understand the importance of my self concept in determining my behavior?
3. Who is the person I would most like to be - what is my self-ideal?
4. Do I usually expect the best of other people?
5. Do I like myself?
6. Do I understand the difference between self-liking and arrogance?

The law of expectations is a powerful concept that says that whatever we expect with confidence becomes our own self-fulfilling prophecy. People who enjoy high levels of accomplishment are continually talking to and about themselves as though they expect things to work out well. Expectations have a powerful impact on our relationships with others, and they have a powerful impact on what we become.

There are three key types of expectations that affect our lives: first, the expectations our parents had of us - these expectations have a dramatic impact on how we perform today; second, the expectations we have of our children, our spouses, our subordinates and the people who look up to us - people who look up to us always try to fulfill our expectations of them, whether they are positive or negative; third, and perhaps most important of all, the expectations we have of ourselves - which may be high or low, positive or negative.

The law of attraction says that each human being is a living magnet, that we radiate thought energy and that we invariably attract into our lives the people and circumstances that harmonize with our dominant thoughts. If we wish to attract different people, different circumstances and different events, we have to change the content of our conscious minds. We can dramatically improve the quality of our lives by taking control of our minds and manufacturing beliefs and expectations consistent with what we want to happen in the future. Remember, what you think, you are. A positive mental attitude is an absolutely, indispensable prerequisite for success. The only factors that determine how well a person does or how far he goes are attitudinal. Attitudes come from our expectations about outcome. If we expect things to turn out well, we have positive attitudes. If we expect things to turn out poorly, we have negative attitudes. Winners make a habit of manufacturing their own positive expectations well in advance of the event. If we make a habit of always expecting the best out of everything we do, we have one of the keys to a successful life.

Where do our expectations come from? They come from our fundamental beliefs about ourselves and the world around us. Our beliefs are based on our self-concept. Everyone of us has a self-concept, which is the controlling factor in our performance. Our self-concept is a combination of all the ideas, thoughts and experiences that have happened to us over the course of our lives that come together to form a composite image of the person we believe ourselves to be. We always perform in a manner consistent with our self-concept. The self-concept is made up of three fundamental ingredients. Understanding of the self-concept is a key to understanding and unlocking human performance. The first element of the self-concept is what we call the self-ideal, or the ideal self. Every one of us has numerous pictures feelings and thoughts of the ideal person we would most like to be. It's usually a composite of all the people we have admired. We are continually adjusting our behaviors, actions and words to try to be more like that ideal person.

The second part of the self-concept is the self-image. It is the way we see and think about ourselves; it's our "inner mirror." We tend to walk, talk, sit, act, think, and relate to other people in a manner consistent with this self image, or inner mirror. If we wish to change our external performance, we have to change this inner picture.

The third element of the self-concept is self-esteem. It is the root of self-concept and the core of human personality. Self-esteem is the most important element in human performance. The person with healthy self esteem likes herself. People who genuinely like and accept themselves as valuable human beings perform at higher levels of effectiveness. Say, "I like myself, I like myself," over and over, until it is driven deeply into your subconscious.

People who genuinely like themselves and accept themselves as valuable persons like and accept other people to the same degree. It is impossible to like or to love anybody else more than we like or love ourselves. At the same time, it is impossible to expect anyone else to like and respect us more than we like and respect ourselves. Saying "I like myself" is a positive affirmation that causes us to perform in a more effective manner. The root of all personality problems, all behavioral problems and all difficulties in interactions with other people low self-esteem.

*Can you answer the following questions? If not you might want to re-read this article and really try to understand where I'm coming from. We as black women straight or gay must truly feel good about ourselves before we can truly feel good about someone else. Sometimes we have very high expectations of other people and we don't know why.*

1. List three expectations you have of yourself.
2. What is the most important statement you can make about yourself?
3. What is your understanding of the statement "What you think, you are?"

**Next month - Accepting Responsibility and Taking Charge**

## For The Love Of Bessie's Girls

by Amanda Love

During my last year in college, I was introduced to the incredible world of the Harlem Renaissance of the 1920's. It was so interesting and surprising, and it brought up emotions in me that range from joy and fascination, to pride and a deep respect for who I am. I felt blessed to be able to share my knowledge with my friends and colleagues, and hoped to be able to do it in the future at some point.

Last year at Sistahfest I was helping Queen set up the Sacred Space and we slipped into a conversation about sistahs of the past. When I started rambling on about the different sisters that came before us, she suggested that I do a workshop next year and bring some of this knowledge to the womyn in attendance that weekend. I had gotten so much of everything that could be gotten from my times at Sistahfest that I was more than eager to give back. This only helped to fuel my enthusiasm to share this precious information about the Harlem during the 1920's.

I knew I needed to have a booklet that ladies could read later, and have something to use to go off and do their own research on particulars that interested them the most. It was a bit thought provoking because I wanted to include so much information, I wanted it to read easy, unlike a research book, and I wanted it to be fun. I chose the title *For the Love of Bessie's Girls* because I relate and identify with Bessie Smith. She was a woman who would not be kept down. Her spirits were up throughout her life where she could never be called pitiful or pathetic. That is an ideal we all need to live up to as same gender loving womyn, not only for ourselves but for those who are learning about who they are as womyn. Well, I did my best and while I know that I will be doing other workshops where this

booklet will be revised, I hope that it can bring the same *emotions* that were brought to me during the gathering of the material. So sit back, relax, and enjoy the lovely ladies of the Harlem Renaissance.

Imagine a sweet almond colored woman, full lips and hips, a long string of pearls falling down and around her neck. Carefree, drinking lemonade with her hand on her hip in her flowered flapper dress. Livin', laughin', lovin' the woman she's with and havin' a swell time. The twenties were so special. There wasn't TV, but there was radio. There were movies, but theater was the rage. There was no Hip-Hop or even Be-Bop, but there was the Blues and this new thing called Jazz. It was the Roaring 20's and people felt fortunate, free, and ready to live. People of African descent were striving for all the jewels of life. They were the "New Negroes" discovering and developing who they were as a people. Race pride was of utmost importance. Almost everything that was written addressed the race issue in some way. But believe me, at that time we truly talked the talk and walked the walk. We had independent film makers like Oscar Micheaux and Alice B. Russell, aviators like Bessie Coleman, activists and journalists like Alice Dunbar-Nelson, millionaires and philanthropists like A'leila Walker, and acclaimed artists like writer Zora Neale Hurston, singer and Bessie Smith.

Now segregation was the norm and Negroes had their own community that was even more tightly knit than today. Within the Negro community there were two main racial thoughts: One, the Booker T. Washington, "Pull yourself up by your own bootstraps and learn a trade" Working Woman and Man thought; And two, the W.E.B DuBois, "There is the Talented Tenth that

will raise the conscience and social standing of everyone" thought. Obviously the upper class Northern Negroes had the W.E.B. way of thinking and the laboring Southern Negroes had the Booker T. way of thinking.

The "Working Woman and Man" worked in factories, barber shops, as domestics, and many other 9 to 5's. And on the weekends they might go see the revue, "My Magnolia" at the Lincoln Theater or go strolling down Strivers' Row if they didn't go home sitting on the stoop watching the kids play or listening to Duke Ellington on the radio or Ma Rainey on the phonograph. The elite were professors, artists of various mediums, Realtors and various other professions. On their weekends they might go to a salon to hear Countee Cullen read some poetry or go to one of A'leila Walker's well known soirees if they didn't go home and listen to Duke Ellington on the radio or Ma Rainey on the phonograph. People were different yet always remained the same in some ways.

Extensive and multifaceted was what could be said today of the community of same gender loving folks of the Harlem Renaissance. But first let me explain that at that time, there were no politically correct terms used for folks who were "like that". They just went with their feelings and the energy of the friends which they surrounded themselves with, and that's wonderful, but really different from today. From today's viewpoint, it was really different being same gender loving back then. There was no political movement, which meant the vocabulary we know today didn't exist; no lesbian, gay, bi or any of those terms. There also were no community centers or gay book-

## COMMUNITY NEWS

December ended another year of GBF's being visible and present on the planet. We who are here for the wrap up of 1997 need to count our blessings because many of us didn't make it. As GBF magazine moves into 1998 we hope to continue bringing you stories, news and writing which reflects our diverse lifestyles, thoughts and talents. We also hope to expand to new levels and dimensions in publishing, take the magazine to the international forefront and reach sistahs across the globe. Ms. Wynne, our publisher, took a leap of faith eight years ago and decided to put something out there in writing to confirm and affirm our existence. The universe has supported this publication but you know, the rent is late and baby needs a new pair of shoes. We.....am requesting the support of the whole GBF community to do this: subscribe to GBF Magazine. When you support this publication, you support Black woman owned business. So all you sistah loving women show us some love. Now on the biz tip.....December took us home with some special events including Kwanzaa. The practice of Nguzo Saba, The Seven Principles. For more information on how to practice Kwanzaa, the African-American Holiday, call the African Cultural Center on 54th Street in Los Angeles. They host a large Kwanzaa event every year. The principles of Kwanzaa can and should be practiced by everyone, especially African-Americans all year long. I want to celebrate and honor Linda "Queen" Hollins who is sistah to so many of us. Her rebirth day was in December. The way is open sis, the way is open, we love you much. For those of you who have seen the film Train Station written by yours truly Ta'shia Asanti and directed by your very own publisher of GBF, we would like to share some very good news with you faithful readers! Train Station, a film about Black lesbians in the 1950's, has been accepted into the 1998 Pan African Film Festival, the very first lesbian film to be accepted in the international festival, held at Magic Johnson Theatres. Please support us by showing up in numbers. They need to know we have been, are and always will be apart of the African community. In 1998, lets learn how to practice the Kwanzaa principle Umoja or Unity. No disrespecting relationships, tearing each other down, judging each other and lying to one another. Lets reach out to sistahs in need, support each other

## GBF's in the Biz

by Ta'Shia Asanti



in our parenting process. Let's make an effort stay in committed relationships and work through our problems together. Lets turn back to the spiritual practices of our ancestors and feel the richness and power of their experiences. Lets know that who we are as Black women who love women is perfect and natural and in divine order. Lets let go of shame and embrace our love for one another, for in God's/Goddess world, there are no mistakes. Ache' ■

### Books, Flicks & Sounds

Reviews by Ta'Shia Asanti

#### Books

Soul Kiss, By Shay Youngblood

A soulfully written novel about the journey of a young girl's near romantic affair with her mother and her mother's survival of serious heartbreak through racist, sexist times. This is a must read but a seasoned writer who has mastered the use of words. Youngblood tells this story from a spiritual place, takes you on a walk down memory lane though the writing is purely fiction, we think.....Enjoy this one over some cappuccino, soft jazz and a rainy winter afternoon. Sure to do ya just right.

#### Films

AMISTAD, Steven Spielberg, Debbie Allen

If this film doesn't receive every single award available to man, we are going to march and I mean march! This film is the mother and father of Roots and Sankofa. Debbie shared the personal story of the making of this film with millions of viewers on the Oprah Winfrey show. She has been trying to get this story to the big screen for ten years. She was faced by incredible opposition, understandably so, AMISTAD is a true story about the deadly, scandalous nature of the slave trade. However, it is not just another story

about slavery, it is THE story. It is powerful, rich and moving beyond anything human. It is spiritual in its nature by its mere presence. Folks (you know what folks) are terrified at the release of this significant part of our story and the truth about how this nation was built and the backs of who it was actually built upon. But we must see this movie, if we never go to another movie in life. Take your kids, your families, your friends, at least twice.....thanks be to Steven and Debbie.

#### Music

Erykah Badu, Live

Someone described her to me as the "Billie Holiday reincarnated." I tend to agree. Ms. Thing really shows us her vocal ability on the "Live" CD. No electronics, just voice. By now everyone has heard the infamous "Tyrone" which many of sistah has made their personal anthem both gay and straight. The story behind the song is that she wrote it on the spur of the moment during a sound check. Tyrone has become one of her biggest hits. Every GBF has at least one sistah she can dedicate the song Tyrone to. I have a couple. But the rest of the album is just as hot. The live recordings bring a new energy to the songs from her first album that touch you inside. The five new songs are awesome, especially the remake of Chaka's "Stay." These here sounds are for everyone's ears. I feel you Ms. Badd-Du, you all dat girl, on and on.....

#### Queens of African Music, Various Artists

This is a wonderful combination of traditional African sounds, all female. From Angelique Kidjo to the Mohatella Queens, ballads and carnival music this CD takes you home to the motherland through the vocal chords of beautiful Black sistahs. This collection is called the Soul Kitchen of African music. No wonder, these women are cooking, steaming hot and damn you would wanna taste their stew. Every tune is a meal, every note is dessert, so so good. Pick it up in the world music section of your favorite record store. ■



## For The Love Of Bessie's Girls continued

stores were the books actually have gay themes. Also, there were no pride rings or pink triangles. So what did they have? What was it like to be a Negro woman who was "in the life" during the 20's. Well if you were in Harlem, you could hang out at *Gumby's Bookstore* or go to the *Clam House* to party. Or you might even go to a friend's rent party. Mabel Hampton said, "Private parties were the best place for Black lesbian and gay men to socialize. We used to go to parties every other night ... The girls all had the parties." It was a socializing getting to know who you are as this woman who loves women and other folks like you kind of vibe.

If you found someone you wanted to be girlfriends with, rent parties or get-togethers at salons along with the Drag Balls at the *Savoy* were places you both could go. "Underground vibe" best describes the atmosphere during that time. Blues songs like "Prove it On Me" and "B.D. Woman's Blues" had lyrics that talked about how folks were livin'. Some written work had slight references if you were in that literary crowd. The butch/femme look was definitely going full throttle. Gladys Bentley really demonstrated that wearing her full tuxedo in her cabaret acts. Some butch/femme women at that time married their female fiances and some even had elaborate weddings, bridesmaids and all. Some married men as fronts or either just had a husband and a girlfriend. Being that men didn't take sex or love between women as "real" sex or "legitimate" love, having a girlfriend wasn't too difficult or if your husband was also same gender loving it was even more so convenient. Again, hanging with your group and the one you were lovin' was the main source of role models, and a refuge from mean society.

Now straight Negroes were somewhat accepting and in a lot of respects more accepting than whites. A lot of Negro leaders and role models were "known" [in a not openly talked about but "everybody" knew to love folks of the same gender. Bruce Nugent once said about the time period, "You didn't get on the rooftop and shout, 'I fucked my wife last night.' So why would you get on the roof and say 'I loved prick'. You didn't. You just did what you wanted to do. Nobody was in the closet. There wasn't any closet."

Also same gender loving white folks found refuge in Harlem. They found a place where people were like them and they could be open. Blair Niles's 1931 novel *Strange Brother* speaks of this when one of the characters says about Harlem, "In Harlem I found courage and joy and tolerance. I can be myself there .... they know all about me and I don't have to lie."

From going to rent parties, to hanging out with your friends, to listening to Ma or Bessie, or just reading *Passina* or *Home to Harlem* for the first time, there was a place for us during the 1920's Harlem, the Harlem Renaissance. Yes, it was far from what it's like today but it's our herstory. And it's ours to stand upon in order to lift those that will come after us. And I don't think that's too bad. In one of Angelina Weld Grimke's unpublished poems she writes about a woman and says,

Thou are to me a lone white star,  
That I may gaze on from afar;  
But I may never press  
My lips on thine in mute caress,  
E'en touch the hem of thy pure dress,  
Thou art so far, so far....

Our white star is right in front of us. Just reach out and it's yours. It's really yours, Angelina told me so.

### The Women of the Time

#### Bessie Smith

Bessie was and is the Empress of the Blues. She was the rage of the decade. She went from traveling shows, to making records, to even starring in movie short. Bessie married but she loved her women. Lillian Simpson was one of Bessie's main loves during her touring days in the mid-twenties.

#### Ethel Waters

Ethel was an acclaimed singer and actress during and after the Harlem Renaissance. She performed in famed movies like *Cabin in the Sky* and was well known for her Blues style even during the period of Bessie Smith's reign. Ethel had a long time girlfriend named Ethel Williams and was fairly open about her love of women.

#### Mabel Hampton

Mabel was a well known theater performer during the Harlem Renaissance. She was also well known later in life for her gay and lesbian activism, like being a founding member of the Lesbian Herstory Archives. Mabel spent most of her life, 1938-1979 with her life partner Lillian Foster.

#### Gladys Bentley

Gladys was a blues singer and pianist during the 1920's. She was known

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## Prisoner Of Love

By Stephanie "Dakara" Wynne

Due to numerous requests from readers for the full version of 'Prisoner of Love' has prompted me to re-run the story. I tried to put the whole story in this issue, but it wouldn't fit. So it will be divided into two issues. This story is not true and totally exaggerated. It doesn't represent how GBF's live and have sex. So if you're a visual person and don't like profanity then don't read this story.

A friend? Toitoi (Toy-Toy) shouted into the prison phone. "Oh so now you wanna be my muthafuckin' friend? Fuck you!" Toitoi slammed down the prison phone and stood her 5'9 inch frame up from the cement stool. Tieger watched Toitoi being escorted behind the cell bars, probably for the last time. Tieger hung up the chewed up phone and got the hell out of Bronco State Prison.

Toitoi aka "Da Big Cheese" or Cheesy for short is what she was called around Bronco State Prison. It was rumored that Cheesy and few other people pulled off a heist that grossed them eight million dollars and that the money was never found. Although nobody really knows what happened, everybody thinks Cheesy has the money. Cheesy lets them think what they want. She knew the truth.

Cheesy walked into her three woman cell and closed the door. Her roommates were out in the yard so she could cry alone. Knock, knock, knock. "Ay Cheesy are you in there?" Asked Lil Bit through the door. Cheesy quickly cleared her throat and dried her eyes. "Yeah I'll be out in a minute" said Cheesy. Cheesy had an image to stand up to and that meant no crying. She wiped her face and grabbed her pack of Newports and opened the door.

"So how was it?" Asked Cheri. "What do you mean how was it? It's a fuckin' funky ass prison" said Tieger sarcastically as she started up her Lexus. "What's wrong with you? I just asked you a little question" said Cheri offended. "I told Toitoi that I wanted to be friends" said Tieger apologetically as she pulled out the prison parking lot. "You told Toitoi that you wanted to be friends?" Asked Cheri shocked. "What? You gonna bail out on my cuz because she's locked down?" Said Cheri getting a little irritated because Toitoi was her cousin and she had her back. "I ain't bailing out on her" said Tieger. Cheri didn't reply but stared at the dry hillside area they were driving through. How Tieger gonna leave my cousin after all she did for this woman Cheri thought. Cheri frowned and lit a Newport.

"Yo Cheesy" yelled Tiny one of Cheesy's groupies as she waddled over to Cheesy and Lil Bit. "Ay yo did you here about what happened in the laundry room?" Asked Tiny out of breath as she sat next to Cheesy making the wooden bench moan. "Stella threw some bleach in this white girls eyes. Then she had a few homies hold the white girls arms, and they put a sock in the her mouth while the girl's eyes burned out. They put Stella in the hole. Can you believe that shit? It's getting crazy round here" said Tiny reaching into her shirt pocket and grabbing a melted Snickers bar. "Yeah that is crazy" said Cheesy looking away not really into the she gossip like she normally was. At that moment they heard a loud horn sound. The boat had come in. The boat is a load of new women being brought into the prison. Cheesy shook off her hurt as she sat comfortably on the benches waiting for the fresh flesh to walk by. Up to this point she had been true to Tieger, but shit's about to change. Cheesy watched closely as the women got off the bus. Each



were hand cuffed to a partner. "Damn she fine!" Said Tiny looking at a woman about a third of Tiny's size. Tiny was attracted to little petite women. Usually under 5'1 so that it would make her 5'7 289 pound frame look intimidating and Tiny loved to intimidate women. She smiled to herself and licked the chocolate off her fingers and lit a cigarette. "Fuuck!" Said Lil Bit pointing at a fine dark skinned woman. "Where in the hell is she from? She is fine!" Said Lil Bit as the women passed by. The dark woman looked over in their direction. "She's lookin' over here" said Lil Bit excitedly as she nudged Cheesy. I know thought Cheesy, because she's looking at me. Cheesy looked directly into the woman's dark exotic eyes. "She's looking at me man!" Yelled Lil Bit. "Shut up, she ain't looking at you" said Tiny in a jealous tone as she thumped Lil Bit in the back of the head. The dark woman cracked a grin and looked away. I'm a get that Cheesy thought licking her bottom lip.

Tieger knew deep down that she wouldn't leave Toitoi. She reached into her ashtray and pulled out half a joint that she stubbed out before going into the prison. She was happy to get rid of Cheri's ass. She's a problem Tieger thought. Maybe I should have her rubbed out. She chuckled to herself about the idea. She pulled up into her driveway of her and Toitoi's three bedroom triplex located somewhere in Los Angeles. She parked and got out the Lex. "Ching, ching. Ching, ching" it was her

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# Prisoner Of Love continued

cell phone. Her ringer on her cell phone is set to the cash register sound. Tieger quickly reached into her purse for her cell phone. "Hello" said Tieger as she walked towards her front door. "Hi baby" said the raspy voice. Tieger smiled as she put the key into the lock and open her front door.

It was lunch time and Cheesy hated waiting in line. So she decided to flex her reputation. "I'm hungry then a muthafuck. Lil Bit how many people are in front of us?" Said Cheesy. Lil Bit immediately began to count. "It's thirty-four people including me" said Lil Bit proudly. "What cha gonna do Cheesy, what cha gonna do?" Asked Tiny in a goofy excited kinda way. Cheesy looked at Tiny as if to say, shut up you fat stupid oaf. Tiny was totally unaware that her life was about to change. "Tiny listen up, this is what I want you do. Go crowd that white girl with the cheap blue jacket and red scarf, and then call us up there. On your way up there bump into a few girls on purpose and don't say excuse me. It will make them feel like you don't give a fuck" said Cheesy confident that Tiny could do it. Tiny quickly scanned the women in front of them. Can't none of them kick my ass she thought as she proceeded to walk to the front of the dinner line. Tiny looked back as she waddled towards the front of the line bumping into a woman here and there. When she almost reached the front of the line. Someone from behind her said "Where do you think you're going fat girl?" But when tiny turned around nobody said anything.

Tiny keeps walking and then steps in front of the white girl that Cheesy told her to stand in front of, who was having a conversation with another white girl. Tiny smirks and beckons Cheesy & Lil Bit to come up front. "Excuse me" said the white girl with the cheap blue jacket and two missing front teeth. Tiny didn't pay her any attention. "Excuse me!" Said the white girl

again, but with a more funkier tone. "Excuse me, but you just crowed me" said the white girl standing with her arms crossed. Cheesy & Lil Bit walked. The line instantly got quiet. All eyes were focused on the fat black girl, the short black girl and the tall black girl. "So what's up? Is everything cool Tiny?" Asked Cheesy stepping in front of Tiny. "Yeah is everything cool?" Said Lil Bit stepping in front of Cheesy. Everything is cool" said Tiny while glaring into the white girls eyes. Tiny turned around and started bullshitting with Cheesy and Lil Bit. "I'm so sick of this shit" mumbled the white girl to her friend. Tiny heard her, but chose not to get ill on her. As they got closer to the food area the white girl was still bitchin'. Tiny quickly turned around. "So what's up ho? Nobody's complaining but you. It's best you chill or be laid out chilling" said Tiny and turned back around. The white girl took a final drag from her friends cigarette before they entered the food area. Her face was clearly getting redder and redder. Tiny grabbed a tray and began loading up on a large helping of potatoes on her plate she suddenly felt something hot on top of her jheri curl. Tiny screamed as she felt the hot gravy on her head. She quickly turned around to see an empty gravy pot in the white girls hand. Tiny lunged for the white girls throat just as the white girl swung the pot and hit Tiny directly between the eyes and nose. Everything went black.

Tieger relaxed on the couch with her cell phone in hand. "We've been talking for hours aren't you worried about your phone?" Asked T-Bone. "Are you kidding? Shit, I don't even have a bill" laughed Tieger as she kicked off her ho pumps. "Oh yeah I forgot, you roll large like that" sighed T-Bone sarcastically. "What's wrong baby?" Asked Tieger. "You know what's wrong Tieger. Did you drop Toitoi?" Said T-Bone with her deep raspy voice. "Damn the girl ain't been gone but three months, let me

do this my way okay, but I did tell her that I wanted to be friends. Why don't you come over and let me give you a full body massage?" Said Tieger seductively as she slid her hands between her closed legs. "Is it safe?" Asked T-Bone wanting to be assured that everything was going to be cool, because if she drove all the way across town she wasn't going home. "Everything is cool baby. I'll be waiting for you" said Tieger as she gave T-Bone dial tone. T-Bone picked up her keys and toothbrush and was out the door.

Why she wanna trip when I'm locked down? Toitoi aka Cheesy thought to herself. Cheesy thought about her conversation with Tieger earlier. Thirty-three more months. Cheesy sighed at the thought as she turned over in her bunk. She hated being locked up, but it's worth it she thought. Eight million dollars is definitely worth it. What if Tieger finds the money and runs Cheesy thought. The bunk squeaked as Cheesy turned over. Her last thought before she went to sleep was of Tieger. She couldn't help it she loved her.

"That's it baby! Right there, right there, don't move T-Bone" panted Tieger as they grinded each other. They were straddled across Tieger & Toitoi's king size bed in a 'scissor position' (Tieger straddled her legs and T-Bone straddled her legs and their coochies met in the middle), and T-Bone was working it out. T-Bone licked on Tieger's toes as she gyrated her hips against Tieger's coochie. T-Bone flipped Tieger over on her back and pulled her to the edge of the bed and began sucking her clit. Tieger licked her lips with delight and moaned loudly with pleasure. Tieger grabbed T-Bones hair as she climaxed for the fifth time that night. "Alright my

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# EMPLOYMENT OPPORTUNITIES

## Project Angel Food Job Announcement

Route/Dispatch Assistant

The Route/Dispatch Assistant is responsible for routing all client meal deliveries, maintaining routes and assisting the dispatch system of Project Angel Food.

### Responsibilities

1. Primarily responsible for the routing of all new clients and implementing change of addresses into the route system.
2. Responsible for maintaining the route system database.
3. Responsible for the production, accuracy and daily printing of all routes.
4. Maintain constant communication with paid and volunteer drivers regarding accuracy and changes to route sheets.
5. Assist in the handling of driver calls pertaining to directions or routes.
6. Interact with staff from the departments in the ensuring the expediting of meals for delivery.
7. Assist in the scheduling of both paid and volunteer delivery personnel.
8. Assist in performing the duties of other dispatch assistant(s) when necessary.
9. Work on special projects as assigned by the Dispatch Manager.

### Qualifications

1. Ability to work under pressure in a fast paced environment.
2. Ability to handle detail oriented work.
3. Strong interpersonal and communication skills.
4. Extensive familiarity with Los Angeles County.
5. Good computer skills (OEM, dBase and Windows based.)
6. Excellent organizational skills, including the ability to prioritize tasks.
7. Valid California drivers license and current liability insurance.
8. Bilingual (Spanish/English) a plus.

Salary Range \$17,550 - \$22,050.  
Grade Level Two  
Grade Level Program II

Terms and Benefits Non-Exempt position. 90 day assessment upon hiring. Semi-annual evaluation by supervisor (Dispatch Manager). Adherence to PAF personnel policies and procedures.

Employer provided: health, dental, vision, chiropractic, long term disability, life insurance. Free meal program. Optional: Credit Union, 403(b) plan.

Reports to: Dispatch Manager PAF is an Equal Opportunity Employer and encourages applications from all sectors of the community.

Please fax or mail to resume to:

Project Angel Food  
7574 Sunset Blvd.  
Los Angeles, CA 90046  
Fax # (213) 845-1818

## Project Angel Food Job Announcement

### Part time Driver

The part time Driver is responsible for delivering meals to clients homebound with AIDS.

### Responsibilities

1. Delivering meals to all routes remaining after volunteers have been assigned.
2. Reporting any problems with routes and reporting client concerns.
3. Keeping accurate records of mileage and hours, in conjunction with Dispatch Manager.

### Qualifications

1. Valid California driver's license and clean driving record.
2. Current California liability insurance.
3. Reliable transportation.
4. HIV/AIDS sensitivity.
5. Good knowledge of Los Angeles County.

Starting Salary \$8.00 hour plus \$50.00 a week mileage reimbursement.

Terms and benefits include Non-Exempt position, 90 day probation upon hiring. Semi-annual evaluation by supervisor Dispatch Manager, Adherence to PAF personnel policies and procedures. Employer provided: Free meal program.

PAF is an Equal Opportunity Employer and encourages applications from all sectors of the community.

Please fax or send resume to

Project Angel Food  
7574 Sunset Blvd., Los Angeles, CA 90046  
Fax 213-845-1818

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## Prisoner Of Love continued

turn" said T-Bone as she layed on her back and opened her thick hairy legs.

Toitoi aka Cheesy woke up in a bad mood. She had a dream that Tieger was cheating on her. After breakfast Cheesy called her cousin Cheri. "Will you accept a collect call from Toitoi" the operator asked Cheri who picked up the phone. Cheri accepted the call. She could tell by how fast her cousin spoke that she was upset. "The dream was so real" said Cheesy feeling a loss of control of her life, woman, and money. "What's crazy about the dream is that she was sleeping with T-Bone" said Cheesy calming down. "T-Bone? Yeah I guess *that* was a dream" said Cheri knowing that Tieger and T-Bone fell out years ago and don't even speak to each other. "Well I doubt that will ever happen" said Cheri confidently. "Cheri I need for you to watch my shit on the outside. You know I'll hook you up. Just keep an eye on Tieger for me. As a matter of fact on Saturday night could you drive by at about three in the morning to see if you see anybody's car in the driveway other than the Lex" said Cheesy. Cheri agreed, mainly because she knew her cuz would take care of her. Cheesy will tell Tieger to break her off a little something, so she was down to do what ever her cousin Toitoi wanted. Toitoi told Cheri that she was still pissed off that Tieger told her she wanted to be friends. Cheri agreed that it was fucked up that after being together four years that Tieger wanted to be friends with Toitoi just because she's locked down for three years. After another ten minutes they hung up. Cheesy stood there thinking for a moment. What would she do if Tieger finds the money and bails? Damn I was a fool for taking this fuckin' rap Cheesy thought as she walked downstairs to the game room.

Cheri hung up. Damn she thought, I sure wish I knew where that money is. Cheri thought about following Tieger everywhere,

but she knew that was hopeless. Cheri sighed. Her cousin got eight million dollars stashed somewhere and I ain't got enough for my car note. Fuck this broke shit! I gots to get paid. I love my cousin and all, but I gots to get PAID NOW. Cheri grabbed the keys to her old Hyundai and bailed out the door.

"Damn you were good last night" Tieger said to T-Bone as she leaned over and kissed her on the lips. T-Bone opened her eyes, focused and then remembered that she was with Tieger and not Jinjer. "Hey baby" said T-Bone with a groggy voice. Tieger ate the fuck out of her coochie last night and now she was feeling proper. She's not as good as Jinjer, but that's okay. "So what time do you have to be at work?" Tieger asked T-Bone as she slid out of the bed. "Nine o'clock" said T-Bone irritated that she had to get up and go to work when she knew that Tieger had a grip of money somewhere and she should be hooking her up "I got to do some running around, but if you feel like coming by later I'll cook you dinner" said Tieger as she walked into the bathroom. T-Bone watched Tieger go into the bathroom. Damn she's fine and she does have a nice ass, but that won't mean I won't rub her ass out if it comes down to it T-Bone thought as she sat up. I'm getting me some fuckin' money one way or another T-Bone grinned to herself.

Hey Lil Bit have you heard any news about Tiny?" Asked Cheesy when she got to work. Her and Lil Bit worked in the wood shop. "Dana said that she was taken to the hospital last night" said Lil Bit. "Really?" Said Cheesy feeling slightly guilty. "What happened with the white girl?" Asked Cheesy "I think she went to the hole" said Lil Bit as she put on her goggles.

Later on that afternoon, the wood shop supervisor brought in three new women.

"Check out what just walked through the door" said Lil Bit excited. Cheesy looked. It was the dark skinned woman she saw yesterday come in off the boat. Cheesy couldn't believe it. "Oh yeah I'm a get that" said Lil Bit nodding her head. Cheesy didn't say anything, because Lil Bit ain't getting shit. The dark woman boldly came over to them. "Hey ya'll what are we supposed to be doing?" She said in a Jamaican accent while looking Cheesy in the eye. Lil Bit quickly introduced herself. "I'm Lil Bit and this is my homie Cheesy" said Lil Bit extending her hand. The dark woman shook Lil Bit's hand lightly and then quickly extended her hand to Cheesy. "My name is Katrina, but everybody calls me Kitten" said Kitten. Lil Bit noticed that Cheesy hadn't released Kitten's hand. Lil Bit quickly picked up a pair of goggles to break up the chemistry of Cheesy and Kitten. "Hey Kitten you might need these" said Lil Bit handing a pair of goggles to Kitten. Cheesy released Kitten's hand as Kitten reached for the goggles. They walked over to a large wood table with various names carved into it. "So Kitten what you down for?" Asked Cheesy. "Some stupid credit card drama, but I'm out in eighteen months" said Kitten. "Why do they call you Cheesy, or is that your real name?" Asked Kitten. Lil Bit was getting jealous because Cheesy was getting all the attention. "Well actually my real name is Toitoi, but people call me Cheesy because everybody thinks I have some money from a big drug bust gone bad with some cops and gangsters. There was a big shoot out and I was in the right place at the right time, and now everybody thinks I got the cheese, but I was actually charged with conspiracy" said Cheesy looking over at Lil Bit. Lil Bit rolls her eyes. "Oh really?" Said Kitten smiling at Cheesy oblivious to Lil Bit stand-

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## Prisoner Of Love continued

ing there. Lil Bit sucked her teeth and walked away. "What's wrong with her" said Kitten. "She's alright. So what room are you in?" Asked Cheesy displaying all thirty-two teeth.

I hate getting up early in the morning Cheri thought as she turned onto her cousin's street. Cheri wanted to get the money that Toitoi had promised her as soon as possible. She could see someone coming out of her cousins house. Cheri slowed her car down. "Hell naw! I know that ain't T-Bone coming out of Toitoi's house" Cheri said outloud to herself. Cheri quickly pulled up behind a white van. She couldn't believe her eyes. What the fuck was T-Bone doing coming out of Toitoi's house? What the hell is going on? What if Toitoi's dream was true? Damn! What if Tieger is messin' with T-Bone? But they hate each other Cheri thought. Cheri could see Tieger waving to T-Bone from her window. Oh hell yeah I'm about to get paid Cheri thought and started humming *Were In The Money* as she sunk into her bucket seat and watched in her mirror T-Bone drive by with a smug smile on her face.

"Hello" said Tieger answering the phone. Would you accept a collect call from Toitoi Johnson. Tieger sighed. She felt like saying no and hanging up the phone. "Yeah" said Tieger in a I don't give a fuck kind of tone. "Hi Baby" said Cheesy. Don't call me baby is what Tieger wanted to say but she didn't. "Good morning baby" said Tieger trying to sound happy. "I'm sorry about yesterday morning, I was felt like I was losing control or something" said Tieger. "So why do you want to be friends all of a sudden. You got somebody else already?" Asked Cheesy getting to the point. "It ain't even like that. I just feel like were really not together because you there and I'm here. At first it was hard for

me to be away from you and now I'm just unsure about us" said Tieger actually sounding convincing. "Why you wanna leave me when I'm locked down Tieger? You gave me your word that you would stick by me" said Cheesy dead serious. "I'm sticking to my word, but as far as our relationship, it can't work like this" said Tieger. Cheesy felt a emptiness come over her. "I really need you to be here for me Tieger. We've been together too long to let my being away break us up. When I get out we will go everywhere and do everything we've always wanted to do" said Cheesy. That's the problem thought Tieger, I have to wait three years before I can enjoy myself. "I don't know Toitoi. Can I have some time to think?" Said Tieger sincerely. "Just write to me okay, and I apologize for saying fuck you yesterday. I didn't mean it" lied Toitoi as they said their good byes. Damn, Tieger thought I can't take this much longer.

Cheri felt excited. She would blackmail Tieger. She could get at least a few thousand. But how was she going to do it. Fuck a friendship. Tieger don't mean shit to me she thought. This would really fuck up Toitoi if she knew. But I gots to get paid Cheri thought as she pulled up to her cousin's house.

T-Bone stood at the counter day-dreaming about taking Jinger to a nice romantic hotel were they would sit in a jacuzzi and drink Alize like Puff Daddy. T-Bone smiled at the thought. The smile faded when she thought about how broke she was. I gots to get paid she thought as she put the tickets from the customers into the register.

Tiny stood looking at herself in the mirror. She felt the swelling around her two purple and black eyes. Her nose was broke and she was gonna have a permanent scar across the bridge of her nose. Tiny's eyes

lit up red with fire as she replayed in slow motion the white girl swinging the metal gravy pot and hitting her between the eyes. Her face hurt when she frowned. And what about all those people who probably laughed at her? Tiny slammed her large fist onto the metal counter and climbed back into the prison hospital bed. I'm a get that ho she thought as she pulled the white sheet over her thick shoulders.

"So you have a woman huh?" Said Kitten repeating Cheesy's words. Toitoi aka Cheesy shifted in the metal chair. "Well you see baby" said Cheesy scooting her chair closer to Kitten. "Its like this, I'm here and she's out there. I'm gonna be here for a while and I don't see anything wrong with a lil' bump and grind" said Cheesy smiling. Kitten smiled and leaned back in her chair. Her reddish brown locks fell into place against her dark coco skin. "So you want a woman on the inside and on the outside huh?" Said Kitten somewhat sarcastically. Cheesy tugged the sleeve of Kitten's gray sweat shirt. "Come on, don't be like that. When you think about it how long does the average relationship last? Not long. All I'm saying is that I'd like to get to know you better than just a friend so that we both can pass time and keep each other company ya see" said Cheesy pinching Kitten's cheek. "I think you're so beautiful and erotic looking" said Cheesy. "That's true" said Kitten looking dead into Cheesy's eyes. Cheesy looked back into Kitten's eyes and for the first time in her life she felt butterflies in her stomach. "Hey folks" said Lil Bit walking up to the table knowingly breaking up their chemistry. Cheesy looked at Lil Bit and then back at Kitten. Cheesy thought about downing Lil Bit in front of Kitten, but since Lil Bit was a good flunky she decided against it. Instead Cheesy stood up and pulled Kitten by the hand and walked away without saying

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# Prisoner Of Love continued

"Yeah baby I'll be there" said T-Bone as they said their good-byes. Tieger had been laying around the house all day worried about Cheri and the money, but if T-Bone said she would take care of it then everything would be okay. Tieger reached under her bed and pulled out a glass mirror. She grabbed the rolled up hundred dollar bill on top of the mirror and inhaled five fat lines of cocaine.

I should of said ten thousand Cheri thought as she got off the freeway. She smiled to herself when she thought about the large sack of Chronic she would be getting from the dope man. Oh yeah I'm a get fucked up. She chuckled to herself as she reached into her ashtray searching for at least a roach. Nothing. Hell yeah I'm a tell Tieger to give me ten thousand dollars and then I'm skipping town. Cheri looked into her mirror for the third time at a green Chevy that appeared to be following her, especially when she got off the freeway. Cheri slowed down as the car passed swiftly by. It was just an old white man. Damn I must be paranoid she thought as she picked up speed and turned up her antenna-less radio.

Tiny was getting anxious to get back to the prison compound. Laying around in the hospital was not happenin'. She got out of the bed for the forth time that day to look at her swollen face. She grimaced with pain when she touched her broken nose. It looked like an old Jewish white man's nose, but black and fat. Tiny examined her face closely. This shit is crazy she thought. She has never had a broken nose before nor two black eyes. Her head was already round, but now it was lopsided. Her eye lids hung over her eyes as she closed what was left of her them and thought, REVENGE.

Later that night Cheesy tapped lightly on Kittens door. Cheesy knew that if she got

caught sneaking into Kitten's room she would go to the hole plus lose commissary for a month. But it didn't matter. Kitten quickly opened the door, and when Cheesy entered Kitten quickly covered up the small rectangular window on the steel door. For a moment they stood looking at each other and then Kitten began to strip. When Kitten dropped her prison gown Cheesy's eyes went directly to Kitten's mound of reddish brown pubic hair which looked erotic against her dark coco brown skin. Kittens cell was small because there were two sets up bunk beds. Cheesy quickly peeled off her cloths as Kitten watched. Cheesy was tall and semi-lean. She had thick black hair that she wore in a ponytail and large breast. Cheesy's thick eyebrows and light brown eyes turned Kitten on as she continued to watch Cheesy undress. When Cheesy finished they stood there looking into each others eyes. Cheesy couldn't believe that she was actually nervous and feeling butterflies in her stomach. Kitten felt confident that she could pussy whip Cheesy easily as she walked over to Cheesy seductively and planted a wet kiss on her. "Wait baby" said Cheesy after about a minute of them kissing each other. "Come over to the bed" said Cheesy as she sat on Kittens lower bunk bed. Kitten came over and stood between Cheesy legs. Cheesy pulled Kittens body to her. Kittens lower body was directly positioned at the same height as Cheesy's mouth. Cheesy didn't give Tieger any thought as she put both her hands on Kitten's butt and pulled her body towards her mouth. Kitten held on to the bunk rails as Cheesy hands moved from her butt to her breasts. Kitten swayed from left to right as Cheesy sucked hungrily on her breasts. Kitten stopped Cheesy and kneeled down to her knees. "Tie my pillowcase around my neck Kitten whispered into Cheesy's ear. Cheesy paused for a second. Ah she's one of those freaky deaky kind of womyn she thought as she reached

over and pulled the pillow out of the pillowcase. Kitten turned her body around like a person does when they need help zipping a dress. Cheesy tied the pillowcase around Kitten's neck. "Harder!" Kitten whispered. Cheesy frowned a little and tightened the pillowcase. "Damn doesn't that hurt" said Cheesy. "Shhshh" hissed Kitten as she got up and laid on the bunk. "Suck my nipples" whispered Kitten into Cheesy's ear. Cheesy began sucking Kittens nipples. "Harder!" Kitten practically yelled. Cheesy sucked harder on Kitten nipples. Kitten began moaning loudly. "Shhshh! You're gonna get us in trouble" Cheesy whispered between sucks. Just as Cheesy was about to make her way downsouth they heard a key in the lock. They both scrambled under the two wool blankets as Kitten untied the pillowcase. It was Carol one of Kitten's cell mate's. Carol came in the cell and used the bathroom. Kitten sighed with relief as she pulled the blanket down from her face. "She's gone" said Kitten sitting up and reaching for her prison gown. "I know she noticed your cloths" said Kitten. "Do you think she'll say anything?" Said Cheesy anxious to get the hell out before a guard came in. "I doubt it, Carol's pretty is cool" said Kitten. She removed the piece of paper from the window and looked outside her door. Nobody was in sight as Cheesy quickly got dress. "I want you" said Kitten. "I know" said Cheesy smiling as she gave Kitten a quick kiss and got back to her cell without being noticed. Don't flatter yourself Kitten thought as she closed her cell door and climbed back into her bunk frustrated.

Tieger opened a fresh bottle of Vodka and took a long swig without a frown. She had problems. Toitoi aka Cheesy her girlfriend was in prison for three years for conspiracy, she couldn't get to

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# SUBMISSIONS

Do you have a story, poem, comic strip, article or column you would like published? If so then please submit the following:

- Short Stories.....2,500 words max
- Poetry.....25 lines max
- Articles/Features.....625 words max
- Columns.....300 words max

All submissions must be written and on DISK. Wordperfect, MSWord, or ASCII text is acceptable. No Mac disks at this time will be accepted. Writers will be notified if work is to be published. If you want your copies returned, enclose a self-addressed enveloped. Send submissions to:

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Hollywood, CA 90028  
Attn: Submissions

## GBF POETRY

Submit 25 lines or less  
Double spaced 8.5 x 11 paper  
PC disk formatted WP or MS WORD  
All submissions must include contact information

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Attn: Editor



## Prisoner Of Love continued

the eight million that's stashed somewhere; her girlfriends cousin was blackmailing her for sleeping with someone else; she couldn't be seen with her lover, and she wanted her pussy sucked. She took another large gulp of Vodka and stumbled back into the living room with the bottle. She was feeling hot so she called T-Bone again at work. "I told you not to call me at work so much Tieger" T-Bone nearly shouted into the phone. "I'm, sorry baby" Tieger whined into the phone. "Has Cheri called you?" Asked T-Bone because she wanted to follow Cheri's every move. "No" said Tieger. "Do you know her address?" Asked T-Bone. "No, but she lives in a hole on Douglas & Main and she drives an old ugly four door Hyundai you can't miss it" said Tieger. "Are you still coming over?" Asked Tieger in a slurred voice. T-Bone sighed, she could tell Tieger was drunk and it made her sick to think about Tieger trying to kiss on her with funky breath "Yes Tieger I'm coming by after work" said T-Bone lying through her teeth, because Cheri's whereabouts come first. Tieger laid on the couch, opened her robe and began touching herself. "I'll be waiting for you" Tieger moaned as she put her right hand between her thighs and squeezed wishing it was T-Bone's fingers massaging her clit. When they got off the phone Tieger took another swig of the Vodka and masturbated herself to sleep.

The next morning Lil Bit saw Tiny coming out the prison hospital. "Dammmn she fucked you up" said Lil Bit looking at Tiny's purple and black eyes. "I know muthafucka" said Tiny angrily as she and Lil Bit walked into the unit. "That bitch is gonna pay. Can you believe that shit? A white ho gonna hit me in the face with a fuckin' gravy pot. Where is that bitch anyway?" Said Tiny opening her bedroom door. "I think she's still in the hole. Everybody's talking about what happened, some people are even

saying you deserved it" said Lil Bit leaning into Tiny's two woman cell. "Where's your roommate?" Asked Lil Bit. "Shit I don't know" said Tiny sitting her large body on the small box springless bed. "Where's Cheesy?" Asked Tiny. "She's with Kitten" said Lil Bit. "So what's up? They fuckin'?" Asked Tiny as she leaned over and reached under her roommates bed and pulled out some Dorritos. "I don't know" said Lil Bit irritated because she kind of liked Kitten and she didn't want to think about Cheesy licking her pussy. "I'm just asking, do you want some?" Asked Tiny extending the chip bag to Lil Bit. Lil Bit sighed and grabbed the bag of Dorritos.

T-Bone looked at her clock. Damn! Tieger's gonna be tripping because I didn't go by there last night she thought as her girlfriend turned over and put her arm around T-Bone's waist. I can't keep going on like this T-Bone thought as she gently removed her girlfriend's arm from around her and got up from their king size bed. She walked into the bathroom and looked at herself in the mirror. I can't continue to cheat on my girl because I'm trying to get at Toitoi's money she thought as she splashed cold water on her smooth face. I need to think of a way to get the 5'g and bail away from Tieger's crazy ass. She ran her fingers through her short soft hair and leaned on the counter. I could let Cheri get the money from Tieger and then I'll get the money from Cheri. I just hope I don't have to rub her ass out in the process T-Bone thought as she washed her hands and exited the bathroom.

"Hey homey how you feeling?" Asked Cheesy walking over to Tiny and giving her a hug. Since Cheesy was a tall and a semi large woman herself, Tiny felt warm when Cheesy hugged her. "I'm hangin' and shit" said Tiny as she twisted in her chair. It sounded like a fart to Lil Bit and she looks

at Tiny crazy. "Hey that wasn't me that was the chair" said Tiny defensively. "Yeah right" said Lil Bit scooting her chair away from Tiny. Cheesy pulled up a chair next to Tiny's. "Dammmn your face is fucked up!" Said Cheesy. "Thanks for reminding me" said Tiny starting to get mad. "Come on, I was just messin' with you. What's this shit on TV?" Cheesy asked. "Some bullshit" said Lil Bit noticing four white girls walking into the room. They sat behind Cheesy and Tiny. These particular white girls were skin heads and didn't take any shit from anybody. Lil Bit looked over her shoulder at one who had crossbones tattooed on her forehead. She turned back around. "Yo Cheese look what just came in" whispered Lil Bit. Tiny and Cheesy turned around at the same time. Tiny recognized one of the women that was talking to the white girl that hit her in the face. Tiny instantly felt her temper rise. It seemed like her mouth had a mind of it's own when she started talking shit to the white girls, but before Tiny could get out 'you fuckin' white bitches' one of the women straight busted Tiny in her already broke nose. It sounded like a slab of meat being hit. Tiny fell back as Cheesy and Lil Bit jumped out the way, after all this was Tiny's battle. Tiny felt blood trickle into her mouth and went off. Tiny rushed into the white girl and punched her in the side of the face. The white girls buddies backed off just as Cheesy and Lil Bit had. Tiny was trying to scratch the girls eyes out when the guards came in. "Everybody get to your cells now!" Yelled one of the guards. Nobody moved and before the guards had a chance to detain Tiny she kicked the white girl dead in the face with her steel toe work boots and everybody watched in slow motion as two of the white girls teeth went sailing across the room. The guards struggled for five minutes trying to

## Prisoner Of Love continued

shackle a screaming and swollen face Tiny. One of the guards gave the white girl a kleenex as the white girl watched Tiny being triple shackled. Both Cheesy and Lil Bit shook their heads as their friend was being roughly escorted away. "Damn" said Lil Bit as she picked up her chair. Cheesy and the other girls in the room picked up their chairs and sat back down to watch the movie. Nobody said anything.

Fuck this broke shit thought Cheri as the hunger pains kicked in. I need for Tieger to give me some money today. Cheri did a quick u-turn and headed towards her cousins house. As she turned the corner she saw T-Bone pulling into her cousins drive way. I wonder if I should talk shit to both of them she thought. Fuck it! Cheri waited a few minutes and then pulled up behind T-Bone's car and got out.

Tiny fell to the floor hard as the prison guards pushed her into the small 5x10 cell. They call it the hole. One of the officers put her knee into Tiny's back as he uncuffed her. Tiny squirmed, but didn't say nothing. She was so mad that she could kill somebody, but she held it in. One of the guards threw a white sheet and an army blanket in her face and laughed as she locked the cell door. Tiny got up mad than a muthafuck. She paced the floor feeling out of control. She was mad about being in prison, being fat, having two black eyes and a broke nose. She was mad because she couldn't do a damn thing about being in the hole. "I hate all you mutha fuckas!" Tiny yelled at the top of her lungs" as she beat on the steel cell door with her large fists. "Shit!" Tiny screamed as she felt pain spring up her arm when she hit the door. A voice came over the intercom. "Lonnie Williams if you con-

tinue to scream and beat on the door, we will kick your fat, black, ass do you understand?" The white male sounding voice said calmly. Tiny froze in her tracks. "Do you understand?" the voice said again more firmly. Tiny thought for a second and replied. "Yeah, I understand" Tiny said holding her tongue knowing they could and would kick her ass. Who would know? She's already fucked up. Tiny looked at herself in the metal mirror. Her face was fucked up. She didn't look like herself anymore. People will probably call her names. Probably monster she thought as she picked up the sheet and blanket. "Pssst what they got you in here for?" Whispered a voice from somewhere. "Who in the fuck are you?" Snarled Tiny noticing that the voice was coming from the wall which divided the cell. "I'm Sahari I've been in here 2 days. I know it's gonna sound crazy, but I'm in here for kicking my roommates ass for eating my snickers bar. I'm serious. I came back to the room hungry and my candy bar was gone, I was ready to kick ass so I did" the voice said practically bragging. "I don't feel like talking right now" Tiny said as she laid the blanket on top of the sheet. "Yeah alright maybe later" said Sahari. Tiny laid her fullsize body on the lumpy mattress and started to cry. She cried because she was a black woman who was fat, broke, beatup, in a prison hole and no one to love her. Sahari listened to Tiny cry, and for once in her life actually felt sorry for someone else.

Cheesy walked into the game room. She contorted her face into a serious frown when she saw Kitten flirting with another inmate. "Hey Cheesy you know Big Toni right?" Asked Kitten when she saw Cheesy's fucked up expression. "Yeah yeah yeah" said Cheesy giving Big Toni a fake handshake. Big Toni noticed, but decided not to trip, but then again why not. "Hey Kitten, how's about you and me get-

tin' together sometime" said Big Toni in her smooth womanly voice. "Yeah we can do that sometime" said Kitten acting as if Cheesy was not even there. Cheesy could feel her face get hot. Big Toni stood her six one frame up and walked off without another word. Cheesy reached in her pocket and pulled out a tooth pick and stuck it into her mouth. "Oh it's like that now?" Asked Cheesy feeling jealous and wondering why. She had known Kitten less than a week and she was already getting feelings for her. "Don't even step to me like that" said Kitten giving Cheesy the palm as she got up, basically still pissed off because Cheesy didn't finish the job last night. "You got a woman and you gonna act funky just because I'm talking to someone else, shit, I ain't even seeing you about now" said Kitten as she walked out the game room. Cheesy almost followed Kitten, but then again that's probably what Kitten wants. Cheesy looked for an available pay phone to call Tieger.

Tieger and T-Bone were arguing when Cheri knocked on the front door. Tieger ran to the living room mini blinds and peaked out. Cheri was looking right at her. Cheri knocked again, but this time louder. She saw Tieger peek out so she knows she's home and T-Bone is with her. "It's Cheri!" whispered Tieger to T-Bone. "Calm down I'll handle this" said T-Bone thinking about the 5'g she'll be getting in a couple of days. T-Bone opened the door and stood towering over Cheri. "What's up?" T-Bone asked Cheri when she opened the door. Cheri was thrown off guard because although she knew T-Bone was there she didn't expect her to open the door" I need to speak to Tieger" said Cheri trying not to feel intimidated by T-Bone who was obviously bigger and tougher looking than Cheri. "She ain't here" T-Bone lied. "So why is the Lex in the driveway?" Cheri asked knowing that they were playing games. T-Bone tried to be cool, but she knew she had to step to



# What Sistah's Can Do To Stop Racism

By Ta'Shia Asanti

## How It Happens-

Most of us have grown so accustomed to living with racism, we don't even know when it's happening. Part of the system of racism is to deaden our resistance and response to the daily assaults we encounter. It is the same way in which the whip was used to break us down and get us to the point where we believed we deserved to be called nigger and to be beaten. Now their whips are the jobs we are slaves to. The slave owners are our new cars and lavish homes. Who are the car and mortgage companies owned by? White folks. The other part of the modern day slavery system happens when white folks zoom in on a powerful, intelligent Black person. They give us the job, the title, a secretary and a fat salary. They remind us in sometimes subtle ways that "they" gave this to us. So when we hear racist comments or see another brother or sister getting treated unfairly due to racism, we say nothing. Why? Because the mastah, oops I mean the bills-for that stuff, you know stuff like the Range Rover, cell phone, the house on the hill, Tommy Hilfiger clothes which make us feel like we all dat' (yeah I used ebonics) are due. Stuff that the white world says shows that we are successful. So, just like the old days, we do what the master tells us and shut up to secure our imagined place in this world. But, just like old times, sooner or later the master after the mastah has let us get rid of all the other Blacks, he sends his boys for "us." Somehow we're layed off or fired. When we get to the unemployment office, who are we standing next to in line, the sister we didn't speak up for. Checkmate.

## How we can stop it-

Number one, we can learn to understand what racism really is. Many people mistake it with hate or hate crimes. There is a huge difference. See I can hate my sistah or brother, but that hate is just words, it really doesn't have any power. When I or the person who I hate pulls out a dollar bill, what race is the face that is on it? Racism is about power. Hate doesn't

have the power to determine the outcome of someone's life. You can hate me all day and night but you can't stop me from getting a job or getting in a school. You can hate me but you can't determine where I will live and the quality of my health care. People of color, even though we are nine-tenths of the people on the planet, donot have power on this planet and we never will until we understand the system of racism and how it works. In order to master anything, you must first understand it. So here it is in a nutshell. Racism is about the power equation of white over non-white. It is about genetic survival. I used to think it was about money but money is not the cause of racism it is a tool to keep it in place. As I stated before, people of color are nine-tenths of the people on the planet. One tenth of the people on the planet are holding nine-tenths of the people hostage. I'd say they are winning at this chess game. What do you think would happen if crack, AIDS, apartheid, meat-warfare, war in third world countries and gang violence was eliminated? People of color would take over the planet! Don't think for one minute, I and now you, are the only people who know that fact. Why do you think the above was created? That's right I said created! Let me break it down further; Racism is implemented through the following channels: Economics, Education, Entertainment, Labor, Law, Politics, Religion, Sex, War. Three things put it in motion: Thought, Speech and Action because first you think it, then you say it, then you do it. Economically whites maintain control through keeping the wealth in their communities, banks and institutions. Through eliminating African culture in the educational system they keep the generations of Black children ignorant to their powerful history and their ancestral gifts. Whites manipulate the entertainment industry

to encourage Blacks to make movies and music which depict us as animals, then they collect the majority of the check. They use sports entertainment the same way. Slave labor still exist in many third world countries as well as in the United States. The same legal system that was created by slave owners is the one we use today. Members of the Klu Klux Klan

sit in high places politically and that is why racism is allowed all over the globe. Religion is used to cover up all kinds of racist activities and many Blacks still believe Jesus was and is a white man. And sex? What better tool to use to kill Blacks than sex. We are oppressed and depressed and we are an easy target for a man-made virus called AIDS because we use sex to feel better about ourselves and are compulsive with it. And finally, WAR. War is a way to divert us from the truth coming out about racism. When you throw a group of people into complete crisis survival mode, they don't have time to think about racism. They're too busy trying to survive. It has worked for centuries.

Now that we have somewhat of an understanding of racism, what can we do to stop it? We can speak up in numbers about racist behavior on our jobs and institute policies to protect ourselves. We can lend our time and energy to organizations and causes which fight racism. We can refuse to tolerate racist comments, remarks and treatment in our personal life. Our silence will not protect us! We can teach our children about racism and the past challenges and victories our forefathers and mothers achieved so they won't forget where we came from and lest return. We can support the sistahs in our community who are doing this work and this has to be the primary work because all forms of discrimination stem from racism. The gay and lesbian community is not going to fight racism for us people of color because the majority of the gay and lesbian community with any political power are white and racism is not an issue of them.

Nobody knows what its like to be on the frontlines of this abomination called racism except another activist. It takes everything we have to stand up against it. We can do this sistahs, we must do this and we will, ACHE'. Will you do your part?

Peace and Blessing in 1998. We will live to see the dawn, Ta'Shia Asanti. ■

## Who Are The Gay Black Females?

Recently I saw a couple of women walking down the street and it was obvious by the way they walked, dressed and acted that they were gay. But were they? People always want to stereotype what gay people look and act like in their heads. I even think that some people think that most gay women are these hardcore stud women that look they'll kick your ass. While I'm sure those types are definitely out there, I believe the average gay woman you can not tell is gay. I wrote this article so that if a straight homophobic person were to read the article she would understand that gay women look just like her.

### I think the gay women out there are:

Women who were once curious, and now live this life. Some satisfy their curiosity an go back to the brothers.

Women who have been treated so badly by men that they think a woman will treat them better.

Women who have never been with a man.

Women who didn't get love as a child from their mother and now seek it out in another woman.

Women who comfortable in the arms of another woman.

Women who feel they can't get a man.

Women that were sexually or emotionally abused as children.

Women who act like guys, but in the bedroom fem up.

Women who wear men's cloths so that when she goes out in public with her woman people will think they are a couple.

Women who are divorced, but always fantasizes about being with a woman.

Women that said it would never happen to them.

Women who are married, but always fantasizes about being with a woman. Made it happen.

Women who were at first paranoid about lesbians.

Women who feel they are a man trapped in a woman's body.

Women who are married.

Women who have watched their brothers grow up and vow to be like them.

Women who were raped by men.

Women in the music/film industry, politics, mothers and your co-workers.

Women who just want to have a sexual contact.

Women who are feminine (they don't "look" gay).

Women who are handicapped.

Women who dress like men, looks like a woman, but acts like men by having more than one woman.

Women who like to seduce other women.

Women who feel they can't trust men.

Women who want the sensitivity and touch of a woman.

Women who have kids, but now that the kids are grown seeks to fulfill her secret desires.

Women who are afraid of men.

Teenagers who are the daughters of lesbians and now have become lesbians (by choice).

Teenagers that have crushes on other same gender teenagers.

Women who feel emotionally, spiritually and physically free with other women.

Women that look like you.

I truly believe that every woman that chooses to be with another woman is doing it because something has happened in her life. It could stem from simple curiosity to being born a man in a woman's body. This is only my opinion, but I bet at least one of these scenarios fit you. ■

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# Press Release

The 6th annual Pan African Film Festival & Arts Show Returns to Celebrate the Diaspora, Offering Movies, Fine Art, Music and Dance for All. Thursday February 5th through Monday February 16, 1998 at the Magic Johnson Theatres. Celebrity guest host include Blair Underwood and Alfre Woodard.

**Train Station** is a sixteen minute film short written and starring Ta'Shia Asanti, and Directed by Stephanie Wynne. It's about a lesbian who in the 1950's searches for love in a train station. Tain Station will be shown in the five hundred seat theatre along with some other entertaining films. Train Station is the first gay film to be picked up by the Pan African Film Festival. The turn out is expected to very large for all the entertainment. Don't miss out! For more information contact Ta'Shia Asanti direct at 310.841.7583.

**Train Station & Gay Black Female** will screen at the San Francisco International Lesbian & Gay Film Festival The New York Lesbian & Gay Film Festival next summer.



# For The Love Of Bessie's Girls

for her tuxedo attire along with her clever and risque lyrics. She was very open about her sexuality during her hey day, flaunting her girlfriends proudly.

## Jackie "Moms" Mabley

Moms was a comedienne who was well known in the Cotton Club and Connie's Inn during the 1920's. She was the star of the Apollo Theater for 30 years and did television and recording work. Ladies were always a part of Mom's life even into her late years.

And the list goes on ...

Alberta Hunter  
A'leila Walker  
Angelina Weld Grimke  
Josephine Baker  
Alice Ruth Dunbar-Nelson  
Clara Smith  
Gertrude "Ma" Rainey  
and  
Maud Russell

## The "I Just Know" Women

At this time I cannot find any information to substantiate that these women loved women. Looking at their lives I believed women were an important part of these ladies' hearts. I thought they should be mentioned.

## Zora Neale Hurston

Zora was one of the main Harlem Renaissance writers for which her work is still loved today. Zora was not only a prolific writer, but an involved anthropologist and a (to say the least) delightful folklorist.

## Nella Larson

Nella was another significant writer of the Harlem Renaissance. Her novels *Quicksand* and *Passing* spoke of the time: the Negro movement, women's issues and biracial distress. *Passing* is considered one of the first African American Lesbian-esque novels. It was put into play form in the last few years by Sheri Bailey.

## Bessie Coleman

Bessie was an aviator and stunt pilot during the early 1920's. She was the first African American woman aviator and received her pilot license in France two years before Amelia Earhart.

## Book List

**Odd Girls and Twilight Lovers**  
by Lillian Faderman

**Josephine Baker "The Hungry Heart"**  
by Jean-Claude Baker and Chris Chase

**This Was Harlem: A Cultural Portrait, 1900-1950** by Jervis Anderson

**When Harlem was in Vogue**  
by David Levering Lewis

**Quicksand and Passing**  
by Nella Larson

**Bessie**  
by Chris Albertson

**Hidden from Herstory Reclaiming the Gay and Lesbian Past**  
edited by Martin Duberman, Martha Vicinus and George Chauncy, Jr.

**Alberta Hunter: A Celebration in Blues**  
by Frank C. Taylor

**Color, Sex and Race: Three writers women from the Harlem Renaissance**  
by Gloria T. Hull

**Infants of Spring**  
by Wallace Thurman

**Dust Tracks On a Road**  
by Zora Neale

**Hurston Sisters of the Harlem Renaissance Photographic Postcard Series**  
Edited by Gail Cohee and Leslie Lewis Coordinated by Sona L. Chambers

**The Harlem Renaissance: Hub of African American Culture 1920 - 1930**  
by Steven Watson

**Queen Bess: Daredevil Aviator**  
by Doris L. Rich

## SISTER PAIRS NEEDED FOR STUDY OF ADULT SISTERS

University professor is looking for volunteers to complete a survey about how the lives of adult sisters are similar or different. To participate, please contact: Esther Rothblum, Box 110, John Dewey Hall, University of Vermont, Burlington, VT 05405, tel. 802-656-4156 and request either two surveys (one for you and the other for one sister) or else give both addresses and you and your sister will receive identical surveys.



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## PERSONALS ADS

To place a **Personal Ad** fax or send the personal ad form on page 14. To respond to a **Personal Ad** just pick up your telephone and dial.

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#### Funky Attractive

Fem couple ages 27 and 29 seeks a soft afrocentric stud age 27-35 for a little added pleasure and intellectual stimulation. We enjoy horseback riding, snorkeling, and afros and incense. Non-smoker, light drinker, must have jjob. Cooking a plus. Page Jazz & Sidney @ 213.212.7637.

#### HELP!!

I need friends, I'm a 28yr old "soft stud" living in the Inland Empire. I'm just getting out of a two year relationship so I'm NOT looking for a relationship, nor am I looking to get into some "kinky" fun, just want friends I can talk to and kick it with. If you can help page me at 909.517.0256 no need to enter a code.

#### Booty Call Only!

Bi-BM, 6', 270lbs of lust seeks women for safe-sex pleasure. No commitments! Your place or mine? (213) 389-4236. Mid-Wilshire area. 11/97

G.B.F. 36, in search of single female lesbian who likes dancing, book reading, computers, bike riding, walks on the beach, knows who she is, non smoker, no drugs or alcohol (310) 371-6998

#### Chocolate

GBF, 23yrs., softstud 5'7 1/2. Seeks attractive, sensual, affectionate fem/softstud. Between ages 22-28 yrs, to spend time with, movies, dinner, picnics, walking on the beach, cuddling while listening to music of Erykah Badu, Me'shell Ndefeocello & Maxwell etc., with candlelight & burning incense. Just kickin' it, enjoying the time of being together. Looking for long term relationship. One-child o.k. Page me @ voicemail (213) 208-2226

GBF, Attractive, 28 yrs, 5'8 1/2 and 180 pounds. In search of single lesbian female who enjoys going out dancing, movies, etc. Just having fun! (Maybe more) I prefer a non-smoker. No drugs or alcohol. Thanks. Page me at (909) 459-0198. I will call you back.

Down to earth, funny, attractive black female. I'm 5'7, short black hair, with honey brown eyes. Seeking women I can spend quality time with. Prefer women with common sense, independence as well as substance. Call Nikki after 8pm (818) 296-6869

SBF, Virgin (to the life), sensual, very affectionate, and full figured. I'm Feminine, 5'8, 28 yrs old, 235lbs, w/two kids. I'm seeking feminine/stud who loves a full figured woman with whom she can spend quality time with, going to movies, dancing or just cuddling at home I'm seeking a long term relationship and I don't drink alcohol or do drugs. Call me if you know what you want. Margaret (213) 296-6531

Sensual blk\puerto rican stud 5'7", 150lbs, seeking attractive erotic fem between the ages of 30-35, must be spontaneous. Walks on beach, Las Vegas trips, all day Sunday cuddling with music by Jesse Powell, Ann Nesby, Maxwell. Call Me 702 585-1998 Anytime.

Dear GBF:

You've been running my personal ad for approximately four months now. Thank you, but could please discontinue the ad. I've already had to change my #. GBF really worked for me, I met the woman of my dreams!

Ambitious GBF, 34, seeks attractive and mature go-getter. I'm seeking a classy executive type. Should be self sufficient and preferably no kids. Should be between 28-40 and know what you want. No crack/cigarette smokers, alcoholics or ex-alcoholics. Other specs: H't: 5'3-5'9, wt: 125-175, hair: straight or dreads. I'm into incense, candles and back rubs, what about you? No home bodies and you should have energy.. No times for games. 213.466.3475

#### ROOMMATE WANTED

**GBF is seeking GBM roommate for house in Perris. Your own room & bath. Laundry on site. \$325 month + 1/2 utilities. Call Dionne at 909 940-1827.**

Editor Wynne:

When I first found your magazine on a bookstore shelf recently, I was immediately excited. I bought a copy right away, without regard for content, because I am anxious to meet and read about like-minded people. Reading issue #65 left me with countless questions, and above all else a desire for more.

Can a woman in Texas contribute to a magazine based in California? I don't know, I'd like to think so. But that's a question for you to answer. Most notable about "GBF Magazine" is that it seems to be an avenue for Gay Black Females to find each other, and that significant space is devoted to local happenings and erotic short stories. Will the magazine devote more attention to national news issues in the future? Or to state and national political topics with a particular relevance to black communities?

I've been officially out to my immediate family since February of this year. Coming out to my friends is an on-going process. The face of the Gay community is so often white and male that I long to hear & see stories about Gay and Lesbian blacks. Is our Black community any more homophobic than others? Who were /are some prominent Gay/Lesbian Black People? What are their struggles? How do our coming out At the same stories differ from those of "mainstream" white families...and how are they the same?

At the same time that I ponder these questions, I know that mine is a unique perspective for yet another reason. My girlfriend of more than a year is white. How do whites and blacks in the gay community view interracial relationships? Thus far I've read many books and magazines seeking answers and trying to orientate myself so that

I know where I stand as a black lesbian in Texas, in America, in the worlds. (The most enlightening has been a book called One More River To Cross: Being Black & Gay In America - By Keith Boykin.)

I want answers and I want to understand. I want to contribute to something substantial, to make a change that will be felt. My problem is finding a place to begin. I would like to send editorials and art to be considered for publication in your magazine. I wish you & the others on your staff much success.

Sincerely, Dionne deVille. Texas

Ms. deVille:

I have been asking for years for writers to send in material, but I guess maybe they're aren't too many out there because I see that other magazines are looking for female writers as well. I tried to answer your questions to the best of my ability.

1. Yes a woman in Texas or in any part of the world can write for GBF Magazine. The only requisite is that she must be African. And she must have something to say.

2. You mentioned that the magazine seemed to lean towards local happenings and short stories, and will more attention be paid toward national news. When I started GBF Magazine it was to meet women. Now eight years later I'm a publisher and I'm still learning. One thing that's for sure, is that there's plenty of GBF's out there, but they don't support the magazines that come and go. Whatever the reason I don't know. But if you look into any black magazine male or female, you won't find too much by way of a lot of good writers. I welcome all types of writers and subjects. I'm totally open. As far as content. I'm a

fiction writer myself and I write a lot of crazy stuff. I also ask myself questions I think other women might ask themselves and then I try to elaborate on the topic in GBF it.

I'm a busy person and GBF is only one of my businesses so I don't have time to run all over the nation for some GBF's that don't seem to really care anyway. I'm very interested in political views with a particular relevance to the black community, but I can only hope with the help of my magazine distributors and the Internet, that I may soon find some serious writers that want to take GBF to the next level.

3. Is our Black community any more homophobic than others? Who were /are some prominent Gay/Lesbian Black People? What are their struggles? How do our 'coming out' stories differ from those of "mainstream" white families...and how are they the same? How do whites and blacks in the gay community view interracial relationships?

The answer to those questions I don't know, but I'm sure that Tai'Shia Asanti - Executive Editor can help you out with all those questions. I will forward the info to her.

In conclusion, what I see in the GBF community is that some black women don't have no identity. They just go to their jobs, raise their kids and stay quiet. I'm sure that there are plenty of GBF's out there with stories, words, and contributions, but either they haven't found us or they don't have time to be down. If you got something to say then let's us hear it. Check out our submission specs on page 17. ■

Thanks for writing Dionne

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## Prisoner Of Love continued

Cheri and quick. T-Bone stepped on to the porch and closed the door behind her. T-Bone then snatched Cheri by her cheap jacket collar. "I know the game you playing" T-Bone hissed into Cheri's face. "And I'm only going to say this one time. If you ever come over here again threatening to black mail Tieger I will look you in that raggedy Hyundai and set fire to it" T-Bone pushed Cheri into the wall and released her hold. For a second Cheri froze with terror. Then reality stepped in. "Fuck you!" Cheri yelled at T-Bone as she ran towards her car. "You don't scare me bitch! Don't you know who you're talking to bitch?!" Cheri screamed at T-Bone as she tried to start her car. T-Bone ran towards Cheri's car and kicked a dent in the door. Cheri continued to try to start her car as Bone kept kicking dents into it. Several neighbors had began to notice the ruckus. Cheri finally got her car started just as T-Bone picked up a brick and threw it at Cheri's windshield. T-Bone missed by an inch as Cheri backed out the driveway and sped off.

"Why did you do that T-Bone?" Yelled Tieger when T-Bone walked back into the house. "What if she tells Toitoi?" "Don't worry she won't. I had to scare her a little bit" said T-Bone walking into the kitchen and getting a Corona out the fridge. "You know if she tells Toitoi we're dead right?" Said Tieger all in the back of T-Bone's neck. "I said don't worry about it she ain't gonna say shit. Just give her the fuckin' money" T-Bone said easing the last line into the paragraph. "Give her the money? Why? Why should I give her the money when she's probably gonna tell Toitoi anyway!" Yelled Tieger all in the back of T-Bone's neck again. T-

Bone turned around so quickly that Tieger bumped into her causing T-Bone to drop her Corona. "Look at this shit! I'm trying to help you and you trippin'. I'm outta here" said T-Bone just as the phone rang. Tieger stepped over the spilled beer and answered the phone as T-Bone grabbed another beer out the fridge and walked into the living room.

"Will you accept a collect call from, caller say your name" said the operator. "Toitoi" said Cheesy. If Tieger had known that it was Toitoi she wouldn't have picked up the phone. "Yes" said Tieger trying to sound happy about hearing from her woman who was locked down for three years. "Hey baby" said Toitoi aka Cheesy. "Hi baby" said Tieger lighting up a cigarette. "I'm just checking in with you baby" said Cheesy actually feeling good about talking to Tieger. She had been so tied up with Kitten that she almost forgot about her woman Tieger. "I'm just thinking about you and how crazy I've been acting" said Cheesy. I'm sorry for saying I want to be friends. It's just that I miss you baby" Tieger lied. "I miss you too" Cheesy lied. "Hey baby you coming to visit me this weekend?" Asked Cheesy because she wanted to make Kitten jealous. Kitten was fine with her reddish brown dreadlocks and dark brown coco skin, but Tieger was fine too. She looked like a healthier version of Toni Braxton. "Yeah I'll be out there" Tieger sighed. "Come looking fine baby" said Cheesy smiling into the phone. "I will" said Tieger as T-Bone walked into the kitchen. Tieger puts her index finger to her lips tell T-Bone to be quiet. "Baby I want you to give Cheri five hundred dollars she's doing little job for me" said Cheesy. "You want me to give Cheri five hundred

dollars for what kind of job?" Asked Tieger looking at T-Bone. "Don't worry baby we can afford five hundred dollars" said Cheesy. Tieger pointed to the beer on the floor and then looked at T-Bone. T-Bone rolled her eyes and walked back into the living room. "So you taking care of business baby? Any problems? Anybody coming around asking questions?" Asked Toitoi. "No to all your questions. As a matter of fact it's quiet" said Tieger. "Anything happenin' in there?" Asked Tieger not really concerned, but she better act like it. "It's a trip. A friend of mine got into a fight with this white girl a few days ago in the food line and she got two black eyes, a broken nose and ended up in the hospital. Then she got out and got into another fight with some of the white girl's skin head friends. So now she's in the hole. This other girl I know threw some bleach in this white girl's face because the girl took too long washing her clothes, but other than that it's all right. I mean I don't think I could ever get used to it, but under the circumstances I can live with it" said Cheesy. "Sounds exciting" sighed Tieger. Something fell in the background. "What was that?" Cheesy asked wondering if it was someone else over there. "I got a cat" lied Tieger. "You got a cat? I thought you didn't like cats?" Said Cheesy suspiciously. "Well since you ain't here the cat keeps me company" Tieger lied as she walked into the living room with her cordless phone. T-Bone looked at Tieger and shrugged her shoulders. Tieger rolled her eyes, sat on the couch, and lit a Newport.

"So what's up Tieger? You still down with me or what? Said Cheesy getting irritated. The last time you came to visit you was talking about being my friend and now you telling me you were just feeling crazy. I'm hearing noises and shit in the background and now you telling me you

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## Prisoner Of Love continued

got a cat, what kind of shit is that?" Said Cheesy swinging her pony tail into the pay phone. The Cherokee side of her was starting to come out. Tieger wanted to scream NO!!!! I want out!!!, but Toitoi had money she couldn't get to. At least not yet anyway. Tieger stubbed out her cigarette and laid back on the leather couch and opened her legs. T-Bone looked at Tieger with eyebrows up as Tieger spoke. "I do feel like three years is a long time to tell you that ain't nothing is ever gonna happen" said Tieger as she slid her hand across her breast, down her stomach to her thick black bush. She arched her back as she squeezed her pussy. T-Bone continued to look at her crazy. "But right now I'm about to enroll in some classes and get my life together and stop wasting my time" lied Tieger as she beckoned T-Bone with her index finger to come over. T-Bone followed Tieger's finger that lead her directly to T-Bone's bush. T-Bone planted her head deep. "I'm not thinking about dating anybody else because I love you. All I'm saying is that we both have to keep an open mind. You're the one surrounded by women" said Tieger lying about going to school, doing better and loving Toitoi. All she planned on doing was getting high and fucked since all the bills were paid for three years, she didn't have to do shit. But she knew if Toitoi found out that she was sleeping with T-Bone she would have Cheri or somebody kick her out the triplex with no money, and no Lexus. The only reason she was hanging around is because Toitoi got money. Even though she has access to a little bit of the money it wasn't enough to bail out. "Anyway I have to go" said Cheesy. "I'll be up there to see you this weekend" Tieger said. "Good, I'll be looking forward to seeing you" Toitoi said. I love you Tieger" Toitoi lied. "I love you too" Tieger lied. They both hung up and sighed at the same time. T-Bone raised her head up and looked at Tieger. "That 'I love you' sure sounded real" said T-Bone sarcastically. "Maybe it was" said Tieger boldly. T-Bone rolled her eyes.

There were a lot of rumors of what happened, but the truth to the story is that Toitoi was in the right place at the right time when a drug deal went bad, and after the gun fight she went in to the apartment and grabbed a doubled trash bag full of money. Nobody even knew it was money, they thought it was trash she was about to throw out, and that's what she did. She through the money into the trash dump. The only reason Toitoi is in jail is because her footprints were found in some coke powder and matched to a pair of shoes she wore a lot. So Toitoi's foot prints led the Feds to Toitoi. They couldn't pin anything on her, but gave her three years because she had to know something, but they couldn't prove it. Eventually the Feds were convinced that Toitoi was buying some crack. Toitoi didn't argue. So the law got her for conspiracy and now she was in a federal prison for three years. The Feds don't even know about the money or have gave up looking.

Cheri was mad. "You wanna play games bitches" she yelled out loud to herself. When Cheri got home she decided to write her cousin Toitoi aka Cheesy a letter. She would tell her that Tieger is fuckin' around with T-Bone, and that she should trust a family member with her money arrangements. Cheri smiled at the thought of catching T-Bone and Tieger in the act and kicking their ass out and then she would run shit. She could move in and smoke chronic all day. Her mouth watered at the thought. As a matter of fact Cheri liked her new idea better than black mailing Tieger and T-Bone, plus she could live rent free for three years. Cheri's couch sunk in when she sat down to write Toitoi a three page letter. She wanted Toitoi to get this letter as soon as possible. Cheri smiled to her-

self as she called the dope man to get a twenty sack of chronic on credit. The dope man said yes. Cheri picked up her keys and bailed. Fuck those ho's she thought as she started humming "We're In The Money."

"Hey Tiny can you hear me? Tiny!" Lil bit whispered loudly. Although Tiny was in the hole, if someone spoke through the airvent the inmates could hear them. Unfortunately all the inmates in the hole could hear each other. Lil Bit called for Tiny again. "If she came in here last night screaming and yelling, I think she's sleep" a voice said to Lil Bit. "Who's there?" Whispered Lil Bit to the voice. "Sahari" said Sahari. "I'm Lil Bit, tell Tiny I came by okay" said Lil Bit as she scurried away. "Okay" said Sahari. Hmmh Tiny Sahari thought, they must call her that because she must be petite. Sounds like my kind of woman Sahari thought as she picked up another magazine and began to read since that's all you can do when your in the hole and she would be in there at least another three days.

It felt good mailing the letter. Cheri thought as she cracked her knuckles. Oh yeah I'll fix their asses. Her cousin Toitoi aka Cheesy as she's known around the prison would get the letter by this weekend. And if Tieger goes to see her all hell will break loose. Cheri stopped by the mini-mart and got herself an Old English 900 juicer, and then rolled a fat chronic joint. All she had to do was kick back and wait for her cousin Toitoi to call her. She would go to see her in person, but she has warrants. Cheri prayed for her Hyundai to start on the first try. It did.

Cheesy had a dream that night. She dreamt that she had gotten out of prison. All the way to her house she was smiling and feeling good. Nobody knew she had gotten out and she was gonna surprise Tieger, but when she got to her house it had turned

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# Prisoner Of Love

continued

into a to a old dumpy trailer home. She had the right address, but this wasn't her large triplex. She turned to get back into the cab, but the cab was gone and her cousin Cheri was parked there in her old gold Hyundai. Where's my house she could heard herself scream as she ran over to Cheri's car as if in slow motion. Cheri started laughing, and when Cheesy turned around to see what she was laughing at, Cheesy saw T-Bone and Tieger digging up her money. How did they know where to dig was Cheesy's thought as she ran over to them in slow motion. All of a sudden Cheesy felt herself being grabbed by someone and then she felt hand cuffs go tightly around her wrist. She screamed at Tieger and T-Bone for them to leave her money alone and all they did was laugh. Cheesy watched Cheri join them as she struggled to get away from the cops. "I'm a get all you bitches!" Cheesy screamed at them. "That's my money buried in the pit, let me go you muthafucka's" Cheesy yelled. "Hey Cheesy wake up" said Maria one of Cheesy's roommates. "Hey girl you're yelling in your sleep and you're waking us up" said Maria as she climbed back into her bunk. Cheesy wiped her eyes and looked at her clock. It was 4am. "Sorry Maria" said Cheesy fluffing her pillow and getting comfortable. That dream was so real she thought. One thing for sure is that she's the only one that knows where the money is.

The pit? Where and what the hell was the pit? Thought Gigi, another cellmate. Gigi had heard Cheesy talking in her sleep and was more than willing to stay up and listen because everybody knew that Cheesy was always smiling because she had some money hid somewhere. Could it be the pit? Gigi thought as she yawned and turned over.

The next morning Lil Bit found out that there was going to be a shake down, which meant that if any contraband was found you lose privileges, commissary or if you had drugs, you get put in the hole. Lil Bit warned Cheesy and a few others. "Yeah I heard that Slick was doing that shake down" said Lil Bit as she watched Cheesy tie up her tennis shoes. Slick was a guard that was once a federal prisoner. Nobody knows if it's true. Slick and Cheesy actually favored each other. They were the same height and build and they both wore their hair in pony tails. "Damn I don't feel like going to work today" Cheesy said as she stood up and grabbed her brush. Her roommates had already gone to work so it was just her and Lil Bit. "I don't have anything so I really ain't worried" said Cheesy as she began to brush her hair. "So what's happenin' with you and Kitten?" Asked Lil Bit since she saw Big Toni hanging out with Kitten. "She tried to play me in front of Big Toni" said Cheesy as she picked her tooth brush. "It's alright though, I just don't have time to trip. Let's go" said Cheesy as she grabbed her work goggles and just as she did, Officer Slick and her two sidekicks burst into the cell. "Well Johnson what you hidin' in here today as Slick told the other two officers to frisk Cheesy and Lil Bit and shake down the room. Cheesy hated when the officers would frisk her. It seemed like they always squeezed her breast. "Come on Slick, you know I ain't the one to have any contraband" said Cheesy as the officer continued to frisk her. Slick who was also known to have slept with a few inmates laughed. "You're funny Johnson, but you're not innocent. That's why they call you Cheesy huh? Cuz you supposed to be 'Da Big Cheese' right?" Said Slick smiling at Cheesy. "Whatever Slick" said Cheesy. She hated it when officers made her feel like a criminal even though she was one. "Can we go to work now?" Lil Bit asked officer Slick after the frisk. "Yeah get on" said

Slick waving them both off. If Cheesy didn't know any better she thought that Slick winked at her. And if, so why? Cheesy didn't pay it any mind and her and Lil Bit went to work.

"Psst hey over there" Sahari whispered to Tiny. Tiny heard her but don't feel like talking so she pretended not to hear Sahari although she did like Sahari's name. "One of your friends was over here looking for you earlier. Lil Bit I think she said her name was?" Tiny sat up. "When?" Asked Tiny anxiously. "A little after lunch" said Sahari. "Damn I must of been knocked out" said Tiny as she tried to get up but her body ached all over. "Ohhhh moaned Tiny deeply as she tried to get up from the mattress. "Damn you sound like you in pain" said Sahari. "I am" winced Tiny as she barely stood up. Sahari visualized what Tiny looked like. She figured Tiny was probably approached by some rough neck and had to defend her poor little self against some amazon. It made Sahari mad to think that her baby Tiny whom she had not met yet was being bullied. "You alright over there?" Asked Sahari. "Yeah" replied Tiny. "Thanks for asking" said Tiny wondering what Sahari looked liked.

At work Kitten noticed that Cheesy wasn't giving her any energy. So she decided to bow down and approach her. "So what's up you mad at me?" Asked Kitten. "Nah I'm alright" said Cheesy continuing to sand the wooden shelf. Actually Kitten did make her jealous, but she was so fine that Cheesy couldn't help but forgive her. "I'm sorry about the other night, I just didn't want to get caught" said Cheesy looking into Kitten's sexy brown eyes. "Meet me in the gym bathroom after dinner and I'll make it up to you" Cheesy whispered into her ear. Kitten smiled and walked back over to her work area.

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# Prisoner Of Love continued

Everything is getting crazy T-Bone thought as she handed the customer the receipt. She needed to figure out a way to convince Tieger to give her the money to pay Cheri before she goes to see Toitoi on visiting day. I guess the only way to convince her is to tell her I love her. T-Bone sighed at the thought as the next customer drove up.

Tieger slipped on her ho boots and grabbed the keys to the Lex. She decided that it would be smarter for her to go to the bank to get the money and pay Cheri, then Cheri telling Toitoi what's going on between her and T-Bone. When Tieger reached the front door she realized that she had forgot her purse canister and went into the kitchen to fill up the mini purse canister full of vodka.

Kitten looked at her watch for the third time that hour. She couldn't wait until dinner was over. Her pussy was itching to get sucked. She smiled to herself and licked her lips at the thought. "What are you looking at?" Asked Big Toni breaking Kittens thoughts. "Hey Toni what's up?" Said Kitten looking up into Toni's nostrils. "Just chillin'. What are you doing after dinner?" Asked Big Toni sifting next to Kitten without Kitten's permission. Getting my pussy sucked is what Kitten wanted to say. "I'm going to play volleyball in the gym" said Kitten wishing Big Toni would go away because she's truly not interested. I only needed you to make Cheesy jealous Kitten thought. "Too bad, I thought maybe you would be interested in something a little bit more intimate" said Big Toni seductively in her womanly voice. Kitten thought for a moment about getting her clit sucked twice in one night by two different women. The thought made her pussy throb. "How about I look for you after the volleyball game" said Kitten as she got up to empty her dinner tray. "You do that" said Big Toni as she watched Kitten walk away.

It was seven o'clock when Cheri received the call from Tieger. Cheri was shocked to hear that Tieger had the money and all she had to do was pick it up. After what happened earlier with T-Bone the last thing she expected was for Tieger to take her serious. Cheri immediately grabbed her keys and fled out her apartment. She was gonna have five thousand dollars. Cheri froze when she remembered that she had mailed the letter and that there was a good chance that Tieger was going to see her cousin Toitoi at Bronco State Prison this weekend. It didn't matter to Cheri as she picked up her pace. The only thing that mattered was getting the money and paying back the dopeman.

Tieger smiled to herself when she hung up the phone. T-Bone would be proud of her for giving Cheri the money. Maybe now they could be happier. Tieger picked up the phone to call T-Bone, but remembered how mad T-Bone got the last time she called her on the job. She would surprise her later. If Toitoi finds out about the five thousand she'll tell her she had a car accident or something and she settled with the person. Tieger felt so good that she would celebrate by having a vodka on the rocks. She happily strolled into the kitchen popped the top from the vodka and took a long swig without a frown. Ahhhh she said as she carried the bottle into the living and turned on Maxwell. As she grooved to the music the door bell rang.

"Hmmm suck it baby, suck it!" Panted Kitten as Cheesy licked and sucked on Kitten's clit. Kitten was sifting on the sink with her legs straddled open while Cheesy feasted. Cheesy only stopped when someone knocked on the door to use the bathroom. At that point she would just tell them that she's shiting and they should find another bathroom. Cheesy had to warn Kitten several times for moaning to loud, but Kitten

continued anyway. "Chee ... sy ... !" Kitten yelled. "I'm coming baby!" Kitten panted very loudly. Sssshhhh said Cheesy getting excited right along with Kitten. "I'm coming baby! I'm coming!" said Kitten raising up off the sink, but Cheesy held her firmly in place as she continued to suck harder. "Lay me on the floor panted Kitten. "It's cold" said Cheesy kissing Kitten with pussy breath. I don't care lay me on the floor!" Said Kitten feeling hotter than a furnace' Cheesy helped Kitten to the floor. "Put your fingers inside me" moaned Kitten as she gyrated her hips. "Put your fingers inside me" moaned Kitten as she gyrated her hips to accommodate Cheesy's long fingers. Cheesy took three of her fingers and pushed them inside Kittens wet vagina. "Cheesy. Cheesy.!" Kitten panted. "Suck my pussy!" Kitten hissed. Cheesy repositioned Kittens body on the cold concrete bathroom floor. Kitten bumped her head on the wall in the process. "Ouch! Shit I hit my head!" Kitten yelled becoming irritated with the whole situation. Why should I have to fuck on the prison gym bathroom floor? Especially when there's another woman on the prison compound who's waiting for me in a nice warm bed Kitten thought as Cheesy's hand pounded into her flesh. "Stop! Cheesy stop!" Kitten yelled pushing Cheesy's head away from her clit. Cheesy snatched her fingers out of Kittens vagina. "Damn! What you trying to do break my neck or something?" Snapped Cheesy rubbing her neck. "I'm sorry this wasn't a good idea. I don't feel right fucking on the floor like this" said Kitten. Cheesy stood up and turned on the light. They both looked around the bathroom at the same time. "I see what you mean" said Cheesy. Kitten stood up and looked at herself in the mirror and thought never again. She washed her faced and picked

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# Prisoner Of Love continued

up her bra. The lust was no longer there. Just as instantly as it had come, it had gone. Both Kitten and Cheesy felt it. "Well I guess I'll see you later" Cheesy said as she gave Kitten a peck on the cheek and left the bathroom. Kitten looked at herself in the metal mirror. I don't belong here she thought as she bowed her head.

What just happened in there? Cheesy thought as she waked in the prison gym.

Cheri almost had three car accidents trying to get to her cousins house. When she reached her cousins street she creped around the corner. It could be a set up for all she knows. She didn't see T-Bone's car so she pulled up next to Tieger's Lexus. She hated blackmailing her cousin's girlfriend like this, but she had to get paid. Since they ain't sharing the wealth, something had to be done. Cheri could hear Maxwell playing when she walked up to the front door. She took a deep breath and knocked. Tieger opened the door and welcomed Cheri in as if nothing had happened. Cheri knew Tieger had to be drunk. "Damn you got here quick" said Tieger turning away from Cheri and walking back into the living room. Cheri's eyes scanned the livingroom area then decided not to go inside. "I'll just wait right here until you get the money" said Cheri feeling paranoid. When Tieger came back to the door she had a small brown bag and tape recorder. "Come on in here so we can get this shit over with. Either we do this now or forget it" said Tieger bluffing because she knew she wanted to end the drama. Cheri relaxed and walked inside the townhouse.

T-Bone thought about how rough she was on Cheri earlier, but this ain't no game and neither is that five thousand

dollars. T-Bone took off her work uniform and tossed it in the back seat of her car. I guess I better go tell Tieger I love her to get on her good side T-Bone thought as she popped an Erykah Badu tape into the deck and headed over to Tieger's house.

Tiny was feeling better. Talking with Sahari really helped time to go by. I wonder if she likes women Tiny thought as she rolled her large body over. Her mattress laid on top of a piece of hard cement so there wasn't any cushion. All the shit that happened ain't worth getting locked in this hole. Tiny got up and looked at herself in the mirror. She was hideous. Her face was still swollen, her nose was broke and both her eyes were still black. Her top lip had swollen and it had a big black blister. Tiny closed her eyes and when she did she saw the gravy pot coming towards her face in slow motion. Tiny quickly opened her eyes and shook her head. "Hey Tiny" whispered Sahari. Tiny smiled and stood on top of her bunk. "What's up Sahari?" Asked Tiny. "I get out of this shit hole tomorrow, when are you getting out?" Asked Sahari. "I don't know. I could be in here three or four more days" said Tiny. "I'm in H Unit so when you get out look me up alright?" Said Sahari excited about getting out the hole. It's one thing to be locked in a prison, but it's even worse being locked in the prison hole. Tiny felt a little jealous that Sahari was leaving because she was starting to feel closer to her. Sahari would listen to her for hours. Sahari doesn't know I'm a big fat slob Tiny thought as she laid back down on the mattress. Sahari smiled to herself. She smiled because she was getting out the hole and because she was finally going to meet her soon to be sweet little pretty baby, Tiny. Sahari closed her eyes anxious to get the night over.

Cheri smiled as she walked out of her cousin's house. She had just gotten five

thousand dollars for blackmailing her cousin's girlfriend Tieger. Tieger made her promise not to tell Toitoi by recording her voice on the tape recorder and Cheri agreed, but she knew that it was too late for she had already sent a letter to her cousin Toitoi who's in prison. Cheri headed for the dopeman's house in a hurry. She paid Duggie the dopeman the money she owed him and Duggie was so happy that he smoked a big fat blunt with her. Cheri felt good when she left Duggie's apartment. She still had forty-eight hundred dollars cash in her pocket. A crackhead watched Cheri come out of Duggie's apartment smiling. He then followed Cheri to her car. Cheri was so fucked up that she didn't notice the crackhead's shadow whisk by and then hide behind the back of her car. Just as Cheri opened her door the crackhead pulled out a switch blade and ran up behind her. He grabbed Cheri by her hair and put the knife to her throat. Cheri was instantly sober. She couldn't lose the money. "Give me your fuckin' money bitch! The crackhead hissed into Cheri's ear, but Cheri was frozen stiff. This couldn't be happening to her. Cheri remembered a movie she saw where the lady stepped on the guys foot and elbowed him the stomach. "I said give me yo..." Cheri stepped on his foot and elbowed him in the dick. The crackhead dropped the knife. Cheri turned around and hit him in the mouth. Cheri picked up the knife and grabbed the crackhead by his shirt collar. "You ever try that shit again and I'll kill you fool!" Yelled Cheri as she kicked him and got into her car and drove away. "I won't forget you bitch" the crackhead mumbled as he got up and staggered away.

When Kitten walked into Big Toni's cell it was like walking into a small apartment. She had drapes, a fullsize bed and incense burning. Where in the hell did she get incense in a prison? "Wow your room is the

continued on page 37



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## Prisoner Of Love continued

shit! How did you get your own room?" Kitten asked Big Toni. "Well when you've been here as long as I have, you eventually get your own cell" said Big Toni. "Well damn how long have you been in here?" Asked Kitten sitting on the edge of Big Toni's bed. "I been in here seven years and all I got is three more" said Big Toni taking a joint out of her toilet paper roll. "I know that's not what I think it is? Damn how did you get that in here?" Asked Kitten standing up and walking over to Big Toni. "I got my connections" said Big Toni putting a white towel at the bottom of the cell door so the smoke wouldn't seep out. Big Toni lit a cigarette and then lit the joint. She turned off the light and sat on the bed. "So you wanna join me?" Asked Big Toni taking a long hit. Kitten sat next to Big Toni as Big Toni positioned herself to give Kitten a charge. Kitten inhaled deeply and then laid back on Big Toni's bed. "That's good. I feel it already" said Kitten kicking off her shoes. Being in Big Toni's room was like being back home. They finished the skinny joint and got naked. Big Toni climbed into bed behind Kitten and put her arms around her. Kitten felt warm and secure with Big Toni. She felt like Big Toni cared unlike Cheesy aka Toittoi who didn't care where she did the wild thing. Big Toni would be easy to pussy whip and plus Big Toni makes Cheesy jealous. Kitten smiled at the thought and turned over and kissed Big Toni on the lips. It wasn't that Big Toni was all that bad she was just broke. Cheesy was the one with the money, and of course that's more important than a warm body. For the next hour Big Toni made passionate love to Kitten.

When T-Bone arrived at Tieger's house Tieger was happily drunk. "Hi baby I didn't know you were coming over soon. I could have cooked you dinner or some-

thing" said Tieger trying to kiss T-Bone with her liquor breath. "I missed you" lied T-Bone as she took off her jacket and laid it over a nearby chair. "Tieger there's something I've been wanting to tell you" said T-Bone. "What is it baby?" Asked Tieger sitting on the couch. T-Bone sat next her. "Actually there's something I want to tell you too" said Tieger leaning to the left then right. "I love you Tieger and I want to be with you. I know Toittoi is your woman, but I can't help myself I just want to be with you" lied T-Bone. Tieger looked as if she wanted to cry. She reached over and hugged T-Bone tightly. T-Bone could smell her stale breath. "Well I finally got that off my chest" said T-Bone getting up and walking into the kitchen after Tieger released her hold. T-Bone walked back into the living room with a Corona in her hand. Tieger was silent. "What's wrong?" I haven't seen you so quiet before" said T-Bone. "I'm sorry. I've waited so long to hear you say that you love me" said Tieger. T-Bone sat next to Tieger. "I love you too" said Tieger looking into T-Bone's eyes. "So what now?" Asked T-Bone. "Well I'm going to see Toittoi this weekend and I'll tell her how I feel" said Tieger taking a sip of T-Bone's beer. "What if she threatens to kick you out the house and cut off your cash flow?" Asked T-Bone because if Toittoi was going to cancel out Tieger and leave her broke then she ain't got time to be tripping with her. "I ain't worried about Toittoi, shit I'm runnin' thangs. Toittoi needs me just as much as I need her" said Tieger talking shit like drunks do. "As far as I'm concerned you can move in with me if you want. Cheri ain't gonna say shit cause I gave her the five thousand to keep her big mouth shut" said Tieger practically boasting. "What?! You paid Cheri five thousand dollars? You stupid bitch! Why did you pay her the money?" T-Bone yelled. Tieger started crying. "You told me to pay her" shouted Tieger hurt that T-Bone called her a stupid bitch. "I told you I was going to

take care of it. Cheri will probably tell Toittoi anyway. Why didn't you call me?" Said T-Bone. "You told me not to call you at work" said Tieger with tears pouring down her face. T-Bone got up and grabbed her jacket. "Where are you going?" Cried Tieger not wanting T-Bone to leave her alone. "I'm going to get that money from Cheri. Fuck her! She ain't getting away with blackmailing us!" Said T-Bone as she stormed toward the door. Tieger ran into the bedroom and grabbed her trench coat. She ran outside and hopped into T-Bone's car. "What are you doing" asked T-Bone when Tieger got into the car. "I'm going with you. I know exactly where she lives" whined Tieger as she sat in the far corner of the seat. "You tucked up Tieger" said T-Bone as she started the car. That's my muthafuckin money Cheri got T-Bone thought as she skidded out the drive way.

This story will conclude next month.



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Club Her-She is RED HOT! It's full of classy ambiance, lights and fine women. They have several sections including a VIP room for celebrities, and a love lounge (I think that's what it's called). Annie McKnight hosts the stripper show and has the crowd rolling with laughter. I've never been to a club in Los Angeles that has the clientele that Her-She has. I swear all the women look good! It's the type of club where you can actually speak to a woman and you don't have to yell over the music. The crowd is a nice mix ranging from 21 to 40. Mostly everybody dresses nice and are friendly. Her-She's is a nice club to take your woman or to meet one. I don't go out much, but when I do I know I'm headed! ■

Where's the party at?

That's what everybody wants to know when they come to Los Angeles from out of town. I person-ally can only say, I don't know. But then when you go out of town and ask where's the party? Nobody knows. There must be something happenin' right? We all know that plenty of us exist and like to party. A party representing socializing, exchanging ideas, dancing, getting fucked up or all of the above for some people. I guess that some would prefer to read about what happens in the community than make something happen. And for the ones that are making things happen let us know. There are plenty of women in all parts of this nation reading GBF and they want to know what's going on in your city, state or wherever. So be a voice in this community. Let the women know what's up by faxing or mailing a flyer about your event or function.

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