
PROVINCETOWN

SPRING 1985

womantide.





FROM THE EDITORS

With this expanded issue of **Womantide** we introduce our "Beyond the Breakwater" section. Editor Randy Turoff has spent the winter of '84-'85 in the City—San Francisco—continuing the work she began in Provincetown and sending back contributions from West Coast lesbians.

We who remained behind have struggled at times in bleak isolation, away from the cultural hubbub of the world, surviving raw winter storms at the tip of Cape Cod. But we have sustained one another through friendship and love, and we have supported the creative work of the artists who live here. The photo collage on pages four and five shows local artists, professionals, workers and business owners, women from different portions of the political spectrum enjoying the common drive for independent lesbian expression. We salute our City sisters who are doing the same, "beyond the breakwater".

This issue of **Womantide** links more than East and West of the United States. All of us in these pages have linked souls and minds to establish firm ground for artistic freedom, spiritual growth and political security against oppression.

But while Provincetown and San Francisco are places where many women can be Out and survive well, the national climate for independent lesbian expression has remained changeable.

Some of us are lucky—comfortable with our choice, sexually alive and working well in or outside the mainstream.

Some still do not find satisfaction. Closeted, too young, too old, ill at ease with the bar scene, working in straight environments or living with family pressures that wreak havoc on the psyche, many gay women remind us that celebration of gayness is not always appropriate.

All of us have gay male friends suffering from the high risk of AIDS while struggling for sexual freedom. We all live with the global shame of being Americans at a time when the U.S. has affirmed itself as racist Reaganamerika.

Our institutions still encourage all women to live in sexual shame. As Kate Millett says in these pages, "it's part of a whole system to keep us in place — and keep our lives a matter of despair and self-hatred."

By publishing strong, articulate, provocative material, **Womantide** seeks to combat that system.

WOMANTIDE, INC.

Womantide, Inc., a non-profit corporation, was formed on October 5, 1984.

The purposes of the corporation are:

To promote attention to, and interest in, lesbian culture today and in the history of the past.

To foster and encourage the study of lesbian culture in our society.

To interest readers, scholars and critics in **Womantide**, the lesbian magazine of Provincetown.

To learn about lesbian culture through meetings, publications and exchange of information.

We have seen that new lesbian-owned businesses are on the increase in Provincetown every season. We are thus even more strongly integrated into the community-at-large, as members of government boards, in government departments, on the local newspaper. Our newly-elected Town Moderator, a key official who controls the flow of legislative business at the annual Town Meeting, is the first elected lesbian official of Provincetown, Roslyn Garfield.

Over the winter of 84-85, Womantide, Inc. held a fund-raiser to defray the costs of this issue, an event which also met our criteria for promoting lesbian culture.

Readings and performances by Olga Broumas, Amy Hoffman, Cindy Patton, Kate Rushin, Valerie Santuccio, Arjyra Stedman, Nancy Swisher, Randy Turoff and Kim Vaeth complemented a musical concert by Alix Dobkin. Dancing with D.J. Jacqui Mac topped off the evening. Thanks to all these, and for help and donations to fundraiser Carol D'Amico, Bartenders Extraordinaires Ann McCord and Marilyn Grove, Decor and Lightsperson Bunny Pearlman, designer Gayle Lovett, Van Driver Mike Wright, Carol P., Edie for everything, Darlene, Jackie, Maryalice, Nini, Louis of the Pilgrim House,

Perry's Liquors, the Red Inn, the Cape Inn, WOMR-FM, Zev Braun Productions, Inc. and the Provincetown Art Association.

We plan to have a benefit concert on May 18 and of course a lesbian whale watch on June 17 this season.

One of our long-range, non-profit goals is to establish a year-round lesbian archive and reading room/meeting space in Provincetown. We welcome your suggestions and await the donation of a heated space...

Meanwhile, we remind our readers that the businesses advertised and listed on the back-page directory of this issue, most of them lesbian-owned, remain the backbone of support for **Womantide**, the lesbian magazine of Provincetown. We urge you to support them whenever you can. □

WOMANTIDE, INC.

A non-profit organization formed to promote interest in lesbian culture.

DIRECTORS

Sherry Dranch / Roslyn Garfield / Susan Harrison / Jackie Lapidus / Edith Pearlman / Randy Turoff, Pres. / Linda Weinstein

WOMANTIDE magazine

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Linda Weinstein

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Jackie Lapidus

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Sherry Dranch / Mike Wright

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WRITE WOMANTIDE

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CONTRIBUTIONS, submissions with stamped return envelope, subscription requests welcome.

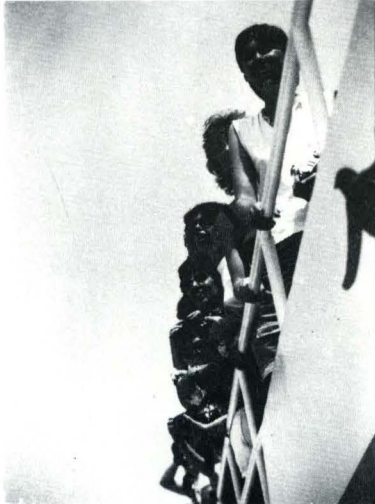
COVER PHOTO: "The Red Shoes," by Dwora.

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MEMBER, Lesbian International Press Service ("You heard it from our LIPS.")

ANNOUNCEMENTS

LESBIAN WHALE WATCH



On Monday, June 17, 1985 at 2:30 p.m. the brand-new Dolphin VI will leave Provincetown harbor in search of Sapphic whales. If you missed the first three lesbian whale watches or would like to sail with us once again, please purchase advance tickets from Womencrafts, 373 Commercial Street, Provincetown, Ma. 02657, (617)487-9854. \$15 for adults, \$10 for children. Depart from MacMillan Wharf.

KALI IN CURRENT WAVE

Artist Jane Kogan and poet Randy Turoff had their **Womantide** centerfold, "Kali," posterized and accepted into the Current Wave Poster Show, an International Exhibition of Women's Posters. Entries were judged by art director/publication designer Louise Kollenbaum. The show opened March 8, 1985, International Women's Day at the Woman's Building Gallery in Los Angeles. It will be travelling to other art-spaces and women's centers in the U.S., Canada and Europe. A limited number of copies of the poster are available for \$10 plus \$3 shipping from Womantide, P.O. Box 963, Provincetown, Ma. 02657.



LESBIAN PHYSICIANS

The 2nd National Lesbian Physicians' Conference was held in Provincetown May3—5, 1985. The program included sessions on financial planning and legal issues for lesbian physicians, lesbian health issues, coming out as lesbian physicians, mental health issues including lesbian battering, substance abuse and psychotherapy with rural lesbians, lesbian parenting and networking to undertake collaborative research on lesbians. Womantide was invited to attend the conference and will report on it, with photographs by conference photographer Joan E. Biren (JEB), in the Summer 1985 issue.

CONGRATULATIONS, GRANDMA MCCORD!

AWARD



The Indo-American Karate School (Barbara Niggel, Head Instructor) has had a very active tournament season. On March 16, 1985, 13 members of the Indo-American Karate School travelled to Toronto, Canada for the weekend to participate in the Canadian Nationals, a **Karate Illustrated** A-rated National Tournament. The Canadian Nationals had well over 1800 competitors including many of the nationally ranked Top 10 from each division. This was the first time that the students competed in a tournament of this caliber.

In Women's Black Belt Soft Style Forms, Michelle Jarusiewicz placed third. (pictured left)



by Carol Pugliese

CONGRATULATIONS, MISS HARRIS, ON YOUR FIRST LITTER!

WOMANTIDE FUNDRAISERS, DECEMBER, 1984 AND FEBRUARY, 1985.

This page (l. to r. clockwise): Jacqui Mac, Linda Norwood, Kate Rushin, Edie Pearlman, Robin Mack, Sherry Dranch & Valerie the Bag Lady Santuccio. Opposite page (l. to r. clockwise): Carol Pugliese, Sherry Dranch & Roslyn Garfield, Randy Turoff & Alexis Shaw, Paula Schuppert, Susan Harrison & Molly Benjamin, Randy Turoff, Olga Broumas, and Olga Broumas, Patty Cantaxis and Maj-Britt Johnson. Olga's poem, "Three for the Cusp of May," reprinted from Sojourner. Not pictured: half a dozen performers, a dozen volunteer staff persons and almost two hundred other people, gay and straight, who came out to support independent lesbian expression.





THREE FOR THE CUSP OF MAY

*When you touched me
taking all that time
I felt like an ancient
and consecrated city that had been
in orbit for centuries
found its dome.*

*She has a big warm face
and I love to
take it in my hands
and smooth the cheeks out
with my thumbs.
The truth makes me excited.
I fill you with it
baby she says.*

*Everywhere the cries of the tortured.
I root my heels into the earth
my native health
and joy a mindless miracle.*

BY OLGA BROUMAS



Leave Me A Rose

In our Spring/Summer 1984 issue, **Womantide** published an interview with Provincetown therapists Alice Foley and Ann McCord, originally conducted by Mimi Joyce over WOMR-FM, listener-supported radio, in March 1984. The subject of the interview was "Lesbian Sado-Masochism and Power & Trust," and it was illustrated with photos by Morgan Gwenwald.

We then printed, in our Fall/Winter 1984 issue, a letter from Emily Rosenberg of San Francisco, objecting that the interview did not address the issue of lesbian S/M from a first-hand perspective. We replied that it seems to be difficult for lesbians involved in S/M practices to come out of the closet in Provincetown, without losing their jobs, their business relationships, etc.

We are therefore printing "Leave Me A Rose" without revealing the name of its author, whom the editors know and respect. She describes her work as "an S/M fantasy," and we are very pleased to publish it in these pages.

Four nights you've been home now and you haven't touched me—in fact three of those four nights you wouldn't even let me sleep with you; I slept on a mat at the foot of the bed chained by my collar to the bedpost. We've spent a considerable part of these last four days together, much more than usual: actually the only time we haven't been together was when I was at work or the gym. I even went to the dentist with you and you made me sit in the office with you. You came to the supermarket with me—something you hate—and took me to work, and picked me up every day...it's been really intense—I don't think you've let me out of your sight since you've been back; and yet you haven't so much as laid a finger on me, you even managed to chain me up at night without touching me.

It almost feels as though for some reason you're frightened—you're holding yourself in check—whatever it is it's making me quite crazy. The four weeks you were gone were quite bearable. I always have a lot to do anyway and tend to enjoy the periods when we're apart, they seem to rejuvenate our relationship, but I can't say that they are not filled with an undercurrent of anticipation for your return. A pleasant time when I titillate myself with fantasies.

Now you're here and I certainly cannot complain about lack of attention—in fact you're paying me so much attention that I hardly know what to do with it—I wish your physical presence didn't turn me on so much—your voice makes my stomach shiver and sometimes I get wet just looking at you; last night when you made me give you a massage I came the closest to rape I've ever been—your body was so nice and hard under my fingers—you have such a cute ass...last night I would have actually welcomed the mat and the bedpost but no, last night you had me sleep in the bed with you, right beside you, but not touching: I didn't sleep much!

Tonight it's the mat again; very early, only eight-thirty, and you're lying on the bed, reading, wearing those leather pants I like so much, and no shirt—God help me if I have to sleep with you in those. All of a sudden you're looking down at me—taking the end of my chain—making me stand up—looking me up and down with those eyes that can look through five layers of clothing and see my body as easily as they see me standing there naked, eyes that can fuck me from the other side of the room if they choose. Those eyes are questioning me

now, you're trying to decide something—I can't take this silent interrogation any longer: "I love you" such a banal thing to say but it was the first thing out of my mouth and after all I really do and why shouldn't I say so?

It seems to help you make up your mind: you slide out of the bed, close enough for me to feel your breath on my face—and walk me backwards by my shoulders, yes you're actually touching me!—and turn me to face the rack—on go the restraints and you strap me, standing spread-eagled, to the wooden slats, feet barely touching the floor, looking at myself full-view in the mirror, a pretty sight—full bondage—I can't move at all. And then you sit down again—you bastard—I'm tempted to say that—but I know better—and you watch me. I can see you in the mirror, watching me—again that question—must I say it again? But finally you're decided: you go to your closet and return with a new whip—a cat with a smooth leather handle—and steel tips—run them across my back—I shiver involuntarily—tickling me with them—your hand on my ass—feeling me—making me feel good—putting off the pain to come. The first two strokes are light: the third one is not! "Aaaah"—I don't think you've ever hit me that hard before—"You get twelve more; count them for me please, and thank me for them too...and I would like you to watch me." You're so polite! The next is on the ass—"Thank you Ma'am" I can barely speak—the third across my shoulders—I scream—and just manage to turn it into a three—I know you'll start the count again if I don't—number four and I feel like I've stepped off the edge of the world—I can see you behind me—see your arm go back—hear my voice a long way away counting. You alternate: two on my shoulders, one on the ass—the pain is incredible—I'm floating in an oblivion of pain—aware only of my counting, the thank yous and your silhouette in the mirror—an archangel in leather...

"Ten": two to go and you stop for a moment—I feel your fingers on my back, and then you're in front of me, a solid figure in my floating vision—fingers extending towards my mouth, dripping red, touching my lips; gently I suck my blood from those fingers, somehow concerned that your hands should be clean—there seems to be a lot of blood. Then you free my arms and legs and I'm lying still in position against the rack. You and I both know we only counted to ten—we have two to go. "Watch me"—the command brings me into a sharp focus—and again I scream, my body jerk-

by Anonymous of Provincetown

photo by barbara mayer



ing against the wood; somehow staying upright without the chains, and again you pause—and I feel your tongue on my shoulders—lips brushing across my back—and you're in front of me, letting me kiss—running my tongue over your lips, tasting my blood on your mouth. Behind me again: "Twelve" somehow rolls off my tongue, as my body slides slowly towards the ground and my ocean of pain is opening up to engulf me—you catch me and hold me gently, pulling me up—kissing my face, arms around my waist—walking me backwards toward the bed—pushing me down, your legs pushing mine apart—rubbing me with the whip handle, fingers exploring—making sure I'm wet—moving it in and out of my cunt—slowly chasing the pain out: following it up with such intense pleasure I'm almost screaming again—taking it out again just before I want to come, making me beg—thrusting my hips off the bed I try to

reach you, begging you: love has no pride! Laughing you push me down, and letting your pants drop, pull my face into your cunt—making me taste you, working my tongue inside you—nibbling, licking, holding your ass—your body twisting, bucking against my mouth, hair wet in my eyes—you come, holding my head with both hands, thrusting yourself on my face—sucking the juice from your cunt, I want to stay right here, safe in this dark wet heaven. At the same time my body is throbbing—desire mixing with the -pain that's sneaking back—I want to touch myself—release myself from the pressure that's building in my crotch; you hold me, standing, looking in my eyes, careful now of touching my back, kissing me hard—fingers running light—waking sensation, what can I say? I want you?

"I love you" again my voice speaks by itself. Your smile says more than you can—fingers playing now, inside me, two? three?

bending me back to the mattress—standing—watching my face while you fuck me—hard—holding my shoulder when I try to rise and touch you. Smiling when I come—no place to hide from your gaze: twisting, convulsions, breath gasping.

Salve on my back feels good, "Sleep on your stomach this week is an order, not a suggestion"—the alcohol that you swabbed with first hurt almost as much (not really) as the whip. No mats or bedposts tonight—you roll me in bed with you—long legs and arms cradling, stroking my head until I sleep.

In the morning when I wake you've already left, risen silently, packed your suitcase and taken off for who knows where or how long. No note—just a rose from the garden in a glass beside the bed, and a small jar of some strange Oriental salve.

Four days later you call me from the coast in the middle of the night to tell me that you love me. □

an interview with Kate Millett

by Meredith Bruskin

*The following was a video interview conducted by Meredith Bruskin and produced by Laura Green for American Cable Systems Network (Channel 8, Provincetown) on September 14, 1984. It has been edited for publication in **Womantide**. The pictures Kate Millett refers to were photographs and silk-screens on exhibit at a local art gallery.*

MEREDITH: Welcome to Provincetown. I understand you've just come from your farm in upstate New York. Can you tell us what living there has been like?

KATE: We're a self-sufficient colony of women artists who support themselves from the land by growing Christmas trees; so we're a working tree farm, and this way we can be completely independent. We've got about 25,000 trees in the ground. Five more years 'til our harvest, but meanwhile, lots of poems and pictures and books and all that being done. And we have a good silk-screen studio shop; that's how we made these pictures.

And the farm idea is very exciting, it's a great source of happiness in my life. You know it's a mad, utopian scheme but it's working!



I wanted to be in a place with other women. I wanted to live in a community at least part of the year, and I wanted to create something that would go on and on, something for us.

I think a lot of it came out of **The Basement**. The death of Sylvia Likens, which **The Basement** describes, is that of a sixteen-year-old girl put to death in the most hideous manner in a basement in Indianapolis. That was a case that haunted me for many years: the whole question of evil, and the brutalization of children...

And when I sold that book I was persuaded I really wanted to make this colony, and so the proceeds of the sale to Simon & Schuster went to buy us 73 more acres of land, so that we could in fact make the women's colony. So out of the tragic end of Sylvia Likens we've made a beginning for generations of women. Because we want it to be something like MacDowell or some of the other art colonies in this country.

MEREDITH: For growth to come out of the basement is truly a dialectic...could you talk about **The Basement** a little bit, did you come to some understanding of Gertrude [Sylvia's murderer] after writing it?

KATE: It's easy enough to identify with Sylvia, the victim, but the perpetrator of this crime, the fact that Omigod, it should be a woman...it's very easy to explain Gertrude by feminist theories and diagrams and all that, but um, the position of a woman who's passing on the stone, and insisting on the degradation of women so that they will accept their position as inferior—this is a

sociological phenomenon, it happens within many an oppressed group. Here the whole thing is so utterly terrible...the fact that Sylvia Likens was held captive and tortured to death and brutalized in every conceivable way, and the whole thing centering around the question of whether she was chaste or not, in other words she was "loose" and all that lingo...

The question is as old as Homer and Shakespeare. The imposition of sexual shame on women is a very important issue, one that we haven't dealt with that much. Certainly I didn't understand how important it was to the oppression of women when I wrote **Sexual Politics**.

So **The Basement** for me was like Part Two of **Sexual Politics**, the harder problem. Because you're dealing with an actual case and not a whole lot of "rational statements", and you're dealing with things that go 'way inside one, like shame. And how big a role that plays in keeping us "in place". We are all sucked into perpetuating this system. How the oppression of women is physical, it's brutal, it's a question of force. And then the question of interiorizing a sense of sexuality imposed from without. And people like Sylvia Likens who have never quite understood what the issue was. And how we are held down and made captive through something as personal as our own sexuality, which in adolescence we don't even understand, and it's part of a whole system to keep us in place and keep our lives a matter of despair and self-hatred.

MEREDITH: How was **The Basement** received?

KATE: Well, sort of a thunderous silence. I wanted a certain cover that Simon & Schuster's Chief Editor didn't want so he got sort of huffy and they virtually didn't advertise it. But the community of women to whom it was addressed were, I think, kind of appalled by the book. A lot of the attitude is "Well, I'm not sure I can, um, read that yet", and "I haven't read that one", and "I'm not sure if I want to put myself through that". A sort of persnickety, self-protecting attitude that seems to take no account of the dreadful death of this child. You're not helping her out much if you're too timid to read this book, or too careful with your own sensibility. Gradually it is getting read, but at this point there isn't a paperback so it's very difficult to obtain. So it's having to percolate slowly, and I knew it would. I spent 14 years on this book and I think of it as my major work, and it is terrible, very unpleasant and horrible to read. And it's intended to be, and that's what it really has to be.

MEREDITH: Personally was it an exorcism for you? Or did you get so lost in focusing on the violence that it depressed you?

KATE: It haunted me for years. In fact I heard of the case before I wrote **Sexual**

Politics. In some ways it was the little engine that got **SP** with all its reasonable academic arguments ever written. But this is like the terror at the bottom of the pit, it's a whole different issue but part of the same thing. Yeah, writing it...it's like doing something about anything, actually you feel better once you're taking action. And writing is a form of doing that. One doesn't automatically run out and save every Sylvia Likens by writing, but it begins to, I hope. I wrote **The Basement** so it would never happen again.

MEREDITH: I would assume that the farm has been very important in sustaining you personally.

KATE: And living with other women. That's the kind of contact that, I think, in the early days of the feminist movement, we had through, say, consciousness-raising groups—the original cells and so forth. We have that. I think that's a thing that is a great spreading out and digging in—all the proliferation of small grass-roots institutions, things like rape-crisis centers, all the action that appeared after the crest of the movement in the '70s. Having that small-group feeling again at the farm is a wonderful thing. We often say we're living a life beyond the revolution. Actually having our own world on those 80 acres. Doing everything ourselves and really doing it—the plumbing and art, growing the trees, fixing all the machinery. And being able to actually live our vision instead of theorizing over it. That's a great step. And a great source of energy.

MEREDITH: What about the silk-screen studio?

KATE: We started off very small and didn't sell many silk-screens, which is how we actually paid off the tractor, however. Took us three years to pay for this little tractor. But things are beginning to snowball now. Art can support agriculture until agriculture has its first harvest and then agriculture can support art. If you're flexible enough, you know, and ingenious enough, you can all still manage to survive.

The farm is already open to young artists. We have about ten volunteers who come every summer. And then when we have our first harvest, we'll have women artists come and write and paint all summer long.

MEREDITH: It's been a treat to speak to you here at Poor Richard's Landing. Is this where you come and work?

KATE: Yeah. I've been coming to Provincetown for about ten years. It's fun to be here. I'm a great fan. Every book I've ever written, I've written a part of in Provincetown.

Kate Millett

expects to be back in Provincetown this September.—Ed.

from **BODY AND NATION** A Text by Nancy Swisher

I know it is the spirit that must be chosen and yet I ask but why must the earth be left behind? The cat hides behind the slipcover, simply a bump. The other day in the laundry. The two I spoke of as enemy. I was made to question this word. My friend said I can't quite see. I asked could the earth have enemies? The wind answered yesterday around four in the afternoon. The electric heater was in the background. Sometimes, the difference between generations is painful. All of the nuclear waste in the East goes to Barnwell, just 30 miles from the Savannah River Plant. It was a struggle to remain present. To move from being present with others to being present with myself. Jesse Jackson spoke for three nights in a row. I am able to take baths before the broadcasts. Once with lavender, once with seasalt. Is it someone's fault when the day is painful? Should the rich not have to wear old clothes? What if the pain comes from the oldness and vibration of the clothing. What if the pain comes from contamination. Three different times I thought the log floating in the bay was a line of black ducks. Sometimes standing upright for many moments can feel like travel. First, it was through the tree to the right that I saw the log and thought it was perhaps the ducks. Contamination and fear go hand in hand. Pain is like an institution in this country. It stands between a person and herself. Or himself. It stands there and is lived without. It is not held. It is not embraced. It is gotten rid of supposedly. I draw pictures. I move the wool rug to the sun. Once the pain is embraced, it is transformed. Breathe. Put the cat outside. Two black ducks, and then a loon. Another remedy at nine careful not to let the sun hit it directly. Black tea. Nausea. Switch to miso, comfrey and red clover. The rice had finished cooking. Turned it off. Where's the cat? Most of the pictures had a sense of peace and beauty. They also displayed the artist's process, that is, it was as if you could look at the way one of the blue lines curved and know what the artist had decided with that line. And still, some of them portrayed a serenity of the oneness of a photograph. Today, each time I got out of the car my left knee collapsed in pain which sent messages of fear and failure to my brain. I have been chanting each night at eight thirty. Smokey quartz in my left hand, clear quartz in my right. Leave my body, leave my body now. Radioactive tritium go back to the whitemen. Leave my body, leave my body now. Go to the center of the earth and burn. There are many fields there. I remember the one with soybeans planted, the abandoned shack, the wallpaper. Private land but I walked there. It was possible to feel history. A falling into oneself, into the memory which reaches back into our life, to what has been most meaningful. I immediately saw in my mind some of the trees which I know. Their bark. My cat carries in her black fur the scent of wood smoke when she comes back in after being out on the roof in the cold winter, black night, with stars. The field is thirty miles from the Savannah River Plant. Once I saw turtles on the stumps of old cypress trees. In the spring time there are more flowers than you can imagine. Old flowers. Flowers that have been allowed to grow in the same place for many generations. I refuse to take aspirin for my pain. It's four years since then. My country inflicted this pain upon me the Friday afternoon in March of '81 when radioactive

tritium leaked from the plant and got into the water and milk. Part of the whole situation is accepting what life offers and being glad it's no worse. I stayed for another six weeks. Finished my contract. Packed. Wondered if I'd ever go back, 'cause I loved the people. We have been led to believe in everything but ourselves. Our nature. How something creates itself through us, the pattern, the color, the time. We say oh the drawing has only two colors so it must be too simple. We say oh that title has too many syllables. How about this one that's a good line. How does it feel? Was it controlled by the mind? Was it coming from the heart? Was the emotion in the throat? The pelvis? The solar plexus? The radium. Do I take it or not. But there are red swollen places on my legs which sometimes itch. Are there really toxins in my body or am I creating this as a way of relying on something to cure me, the way they advertise the way they program. Senator Jesse Helms is buying out CBS because it is biased against the president. 54% of its news is anti-Reagan, he says. He has written letters on this matter to fellow stockholders. Whoever owns the stock chooses the programs. A storm is a natural interruption. A war is not. Interruption is not a bad thing. Pain is an interruption. Pain is necessary to change. It's not that I choose the pain but that I choose the change because I know there is something keeping me from my nature, still. My father said you be careful taking radium. Who's giving it to you? They better be experts. Homeopathy. There must be weeks to something. I open slowly. I close slowly. Part of my nature. Last night the pain changed from the non-healing pain induced by the coffee which antidoted the first dose of radium to the healing pain induced by the second dose of radium. I must pay attention to my knees. No one can tell me if I received too much radiation. My body tells me. My mind says at some point I cannot feel the earth. My neck might itch during the months following the exposure. Eventually, my hips, then my knees become arthritic. The knees connect us to our humility and to our stubbornness. Both of these qualities are necessary ones. Both are affected by contamination. It takes a long time to realize how radioactive poisoning feels. 99% of the visible society tells us only the experts know, only something laboratory tested is safe, only someone else can tell you about you. I am angry about this because it keeps peoples' lives from them. A day may have many triumphs. To really see the color of the sky for instance. It snows again. I apply for foodstamps. The vibration is similar to an operating room. The cat is knocking everything off every flat surface in the room. The drawing has two trees instead of one. I was shaking out my arms like never before, feeling the poisons streaming out my fingers and my father called to say he'd talked to a doctor in downtown Keyser and that radiation like I got down in South Carolina wasn't any more than the sun and that it was bad shoes that causes arthritis. The women who are most casual I love. My friend says anything that pays that much attention to language is poetry. Knowing the right answer about the relationship between health and pain for a multiple choice test is not real knowledge. It's not so much the attention to language as it is to life. What is seen. What is chosen. □

Nancy Swisher lives in Provincetown, where she teaches part-time for Freehand. She has had work published in the recent winter issue of Ikon.

THE LESBIAN BABY SHOWER

By Amy Hoffman

For years, one member of a lesbian couple whom I don't know well, but like immensely, had been trying to get pregnant. We have a close mutual friend, and through my friend I understood that various methods had been tried, always preceded by careful discussion and renewed optimism. However, no matter what method of fertilization, what precautions taken regarding diet and exercise, Nancy could not seem to carry a pregnancy to term. Even though one of the first things I knew for sure about my own life was that I did not want to have children, I became caught up in the stories of Kate and Nancy's persistent efforts and the details of Nancy's miscarriages.

I was happy to hear from my friend late last fall that it looked like Nancy's latest pregnancy would be a success. Then, in April, Gail was born two months prematurely. She weighed two and a half pounds and had to spend the first two months of her life in the hospital. Nancy wasn't feeling too well herself. I had nightmares about a Barbie-sized baby. However, after a few weeks, as Gail developed into a healthy, rambunctious infant, I was surprised and delighted to receive from Kate and Nancy an invitation to a baby shower.

Although, being the oldest of six children, I of course know something about the process of having a baby, I knew much less about the rituals well-meaning straight people have evolved to accompany it. I consulted with friends: I wasn't sure what kind of party I had been invited to. Would there be a potluck supper? Disco dancing? Costumes? An energy circle? I discovered I would be expected to appear with a present.

When I finally found a store that sold baby items, I realized that shopping for the child of feminists was even more of a challenge than I had anticipated. Not only did all the teeny outfits cost big bucks, but they were without exception pink or blue. I settled for a tasteful red sunbonnet, since, in a picture

I'd seen, Gail hadn't had much hair. I expected that during the summer she'd want to be out and about, after spending the spring cooped up in the incubator. My friend lent me some wrapping paper with ducks on it, so I wouldn't use last Sunday's comics.

The first person I saw when I arrived at the baby shower was a woman I hadn't seen in years, an ex-lover of a former neighbor of mine, Janie, whom I'd loved devotedly and unrequitedly when I'd first come out. Janie's ex had come to the party with her current lover, who was invited because she is an ex-lover of Kate's ex-roommate, who is now bisexual and was expected to show up later with her boyfriend. In her exclusively lesbian days, this ex-roommate had also been the woman for whom my adored first lover had left me. It was a painful parting and I had vowed never to reconcile myself to it. Several years ago, however, at another party, I had found myself chatting avidly with my former arch-enemy, conscious only that we both felt cozily related to each other. I'd actually forgotten that what drew us together originally had been our mutual interest in my lover. She, it turned out, was also at the baby shower, flirting in the kitchen with one of Kate's former flames, whose current heart-throb had once taken a course with me at the Women's School. I decided to see whether Kate and Nancy were opening their presents yet.

In the livingroom I was handed a glass of champagne and introduced to Gail's father. In Gail's absence—she had not yet been allowed to leave the special care nursery—he was showing around an album full of pictures of her.

"All these relationships are hard to figure out, for myself, never mind for the hospital personnel. Straight people just assume biology explains everything," he told me. "I want to have a place in Gail's life, and I've been going to visit her every day, but Kate and Nancy are doing the real parenting." I looked at a picture of the three of them with

the baby. "Kate insists that Gail looks like her side of the family. And the hospital's heterosexism infuriates Nancy, so she's been crossing out 'father' on all the forms they give her and writing in 'significant other: Kate'."

"Hi. I'm Kate's sister." I examined her and the snapshots. There was definitely a family likeness, if you knew to look for it. "Who are all these people? I had no idea Kate and Nancy had such a large circle of friends. How on earth do you all know each other?"

I hesitated. It hardly seemed appropriate to inform this friendly, suburban heterosexual at her niece's baby shower that we were all links in one another's sex chains. "Oh, Kate and I met through friends," I said. "Our community here is pretty tightly knit."

"Well, it's very sweet," she said. "The family will be pleased to know they'll have no trouble finding babysitters."

Babysitters. I thought about that. At the front of the room Kate and Nancy's housemate was presenting them with a hand-made baby sweater. "I know she'll grow out of it," she said, "but I'm dying to see how it will look on her, and I loved knitting it." Next, a collection of dykes rolled a very snazzy-looking stroller in from the hallway. These methodical lesbians must have researched baby carriages and organized the gift; I was sure they couldn't have known much about strollers before this. I meditated on the consequences of serial monogamy in the lesbian community. In 1970, I don't think anyone anticipated that in ten years or so it would mean that everyone involved in the ensuing relational chaos would end up knowing everyone else very, very well. Sometimes I think it's this tangle of relationships that binds the lesbian community together. And so effectively that I doubted we would merely become Gail's babysitters. Flaunting the demands of biology and bureaucracy, I hoped our community would become Gail's true family. □ (Reprinted from *Gay Community News*.)



relics of orgasm

by
randy turoff

1.
Am I taking you anywhere you haven't been?
Time.
The temporary road home.
Loneliness she mentioned as we drove
past the palm trees.

The sun and sea disperse the minute details
spraying thoughts right back in your face.
It's a trip, catching up, demanding recognition.
Fall back in step, run over our night together.

Flood my cunt again and again
fluid, riverine Pisces
who couldn't stop overwhelming.

The incredible giving gone
we separate channels,
make quick adjustments.

I try to take the energy of lovers
as forms of wisdom.
She winced: "You carry your fidelities very far...
But I will (you're a beautiful woman)
remember 'Joey'."

2.
riding the planet, another planet with pink and red and purple
and orange skies we fly on updraughts entering an orbit of clouds
clouds changing shapes and textures and colors
we suddenly crash a black curtain into a third dimension of rain
really in the rain traveling on orgasms of water shaking and
slipping and sliding and sailing through the sea that it was
and becomes again,
'til sun flashes on and opens the desert:
her sun baked nipples and steep orange walls and white and
purple like egyptian tombs hieroglyphed with sediment in endless
terrain of sand.
mountains die by fire, erupting into total blackness of night
we're shot into space
monitored by stars
on our way toward the moon.

3.
I rest in the shadow of a cave.
Outside, the stillness of heat
bores holes in the cactus.
I think of her in Juarez,
who tossed and turned my dreams
to knots.
Through heat and sun and thick dust
I sketch a hard outline of her lips.

Taking the wheel
I set my distance,
traveling again in the heart of my mind.

4.
I've lived so many previous lives
I can tell you
anything is a truth
congealed to a personal history
like a wife long after divorce
retaining private devotions:
in those funky diners
serving the same breakfast, anywhere
all day long.
Like writing from loneliness,
all memories become hidden extinctions,
failed suicides.

I'm bored being nice.
Consciousness is an appendage,
anonymous ecstasies
traumatize routine.
Playing it out,
you look smoother on the dancefloor.

photo by marion roth



BEYOND THE



"posers extraordinaire, II" by della disgrace

BEYOND THE BREAKWATER

"Beyond the Breakwater" will be a regular feature of Womantide in this and future issues, taking us beyond our Provincetown base to publish work by women with the Provincetown spirit who may not be living and working here. Editor Randy Turoff has spent the winter of 1984-85 in San Francisco collecting the material in this section. Della Disgrace is a photographer whose "Posers" series, taken in London in the early 1980's, presents the seamy side of Nu-Wave life with great humor and detailed understanding. Her hand-tinted slide of Jess Wells, entitled "Jess in a Dress," is also reproduced here. Jess is a writer, performance artist and professional printer. She recently performed a dramatic reading of her stories at Studio Eremos. We are very pleased to publish her story, "Beca," in Womantide. Finally, Randy has interviewed a wild woman with more tales to tell than we could possibly print: M.T. is a writer, born in 1956, who grew up in Newport, Rhode Island in a Portuguese Catholic family. She now resides in San Francisco.

RAPPING WITH M.T. IN SAN FRANCISCO, JANUARY, 1985

M.T.: I went to my first women's bar in Provincetown in 1978. I was on my way to San Francisco, the week I passed through Provincetown. I was coming from Newport, Rhode Island where I was born and raised. I hadn't lived at home since I was 18. I had fallen in love with this woman, my first woman lover. She was married with two kids. We came out together...but I was in the middle of leaving town, I was going to live in Half Moon Bay, California. A rural town south of San Francisco along the beach.

RANDY: Why?

M.T.: 'Cause I wanted to leave my home town and somebody offered me a job there....I went away with my lover for our last weekend together before I said goodbye. She was staying in Rhode Island.

RANDY: What was Provincetown to you? What did it mean to you?

M.T.: It was the first time I had ever seen other lesbians really. The first time I went to P'town I was 15. I had connected to people who were born and raised in P'town and they showed me the trails through the dunes and all. But I had no idea it was gay.

RANDY: You hadn't heard in Rhode Island that it was a lesbian place?

M.T.: No.

RANDY: So what happened when you hit the streets of Provincetown?

M.T.: We went out to eat. We had never left Newport together. I wanted to look for a gay bar but I didn't know how to look for one. I knew I couldn't ask anybody, I was totally in the closet. When we went into the guesthouse we were trying to pretend we weren't lesbians. We were really nervous about it. We walked around after dinner and

M.T. cont'd.

I was looking for women. We got to this cafe on Commercial Street where this woman was playing guitar. I said this is where we're supposed to be. We went into this place and sat down and I was checking out all the women, you know. She finished the set and it was over and everyone got up to leave. I was fucked out. Everybody split and we had just found them so we followed everybody out of the cafe.

So I said to Anne, let's follow these two women; we were ducking into doorways and storefronts and everything, we were really weird. So they walked down Commercial Street a couple of blocks and took a left down this alley kind of way—this place that didn't have a sign or anything, a big warehouse kind of place, these two doors. We opened the doors and walked into this pulsing fucking disco beat, and all women. We went wild! My mouth was down to the floor and I was staring. But we were both really shy. I'm sure everybody thought we were really straight. We danced and we were really shy, we had never danced together before, but we couldn't stop looking around we were so overstimulated. We were so blown out the door.

We only stayed a little while. Afterwards we were like holy shit! We went back to the guesthouse and fucked our brains out all night....

I did a lot of first things in Provincetown. The first time I hitchhiked was in Provincetown. The first time I went to P'town I sailed into it. We had just come from being out on the water in this wild storm. It was summertime. I was struck by how vast the dunes were, how many miles. I had never seen a dune so big in my life.

I was 18 the next time. I had just graduated from high school and I had this old Dodge Dart stationwagon. There were seven of us, all girls, piled in. We packed up all this shit, a huge tent and all, and we were only going to go overnight. We found this place where they'd let us pitch this tent in the yard, in Wellfleet. These people brought out a pot for us to pee in. They made a mint. They got \$5 a head for us to pitch this tent in their yard. But we had a time! We had a time!

RANDY: Weren't there any dykes in Newport?

M.T.: I didn't know any. I didn't know how to get in touch with them. When I walked into that bar in P'town it just hit me. I walked in and I said "Yow." I mean I found that there were people like me and I hadn't known that before. I didn't know there was anybody but me and my girlfriend. And I was in the closet, though I'd been with this woman for nine months.

RANDY: How did you discover you were a lesbian?

M.T.: I've had crushes on women all my life. I never would have admitted it. I wished I were a man because then I'd be all set. I could be in love with women. I never thought that I could stay the way I was, and be in love with them.

RANDY: What have you heard about Provincetown, since that last time you were there?

M.T.: Anybody who's leaving San Francisco is going to Provincetown.

RANDY: Why?

M.T.: There really is no place else.

★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★

"In Alaska everyone knows each other. You have to. It's a whole different way of life."



RANDY: What happened when you left P'town?

M.T.: I landed in Half Moon Bay. I lived there for a year. When I first got there I met this woman and I found I kept singing the blues about Anne to her. She had been married too. The same story. We fell in love and then we moved to Alaska. Then back to Half Moon Bay where I worked as a janitor. The first woman in that district. But then I moved to San Francisco because in Half Moon Bay I didn't know anybody who was gay. Again, it was just me and my girlfriend. It was boring.

RANDY: What have you found in San Francisco in terms of lesbian community?

M.T.: It's a big community. I expected it to be this warm, loving sisterhood and all that shit, you know. I was slapped pretty hard by reality. But I've had a good time. It's taken me a couple of years to get a group of friends.

RANDY: You say your first women's community was really in Alaska? What were you doing in Alaska? What was the community like?

M.T.: Once you knew one dyke in Alaska, you knew them all.

RANDY: Did everyone live like 100 miles apart?

M.T.: Yeah. There are a lot of connections between Anchorage and Fairbanks. If you leave Alaska, they say you've "gone outside." You're "out."

And there's only one bar in all of Alaska, a mixed gay/lesbian bar. I met all these intense women. Women who'd built these cabins ten miles out in the bush outside of Fairbanks. They'd built them from scratch with no power tools and lived out there all year round, which means 24 hours of darkness and 60 below in the winter. One cabin took years of summers to build, by dragging in trees that they had felled in the woods.

RANDY: Where did these women come from?

M.T.: From all over. None of them were originally from Alaska.

RANDY: Did they have a women's newspaper up there?

M.T.: Not a newspaper, but they have a women's resource center.



RANDY: Are most of the women up there pioneer types or what?

M.T.: Lots of artists, lots of women who went up there to work on the pipeline and worked with heavy machinery. Or women who went up there to homestead, to declare residency.

RANDY: What do you estimate the population of lesbians to be?

M.T.: I have no idea.

RANDY: Well, let's say on a busy Saturday night at the bar, how many lesbians would show up?

M.T.: Maybe about 20. In Alaska everyone knows each other. You have to. It's a whole different way of life. People help each other out, they have to, the elements are so rough....The thing was, I had crabs. I was travelling for a month staying in all the lesbian households and I infested all these households. And I had to call all these women, but the thing was I had to send radio messages out there—I mean we'd have to hike ten miles into the bush to get to a household. There were no phones. So we had to send radio messages out there because they listen to the radio. I ended up having to shave my entire body, at that point I was 50 miles out in the bush, away from any road. And I ended up with a knife, shaving my pubic hair and everything off my body to get rid of them. But I have a reputation all over Alaska now.

RANDY: The new girl in town...What was the actual radio message you sent?

M.T.: We didn't come out and say "M.T. has crabs." It was something like, "Don't sleep in the corner bed in the loft. We'll explain later."

“We didn't come out and say 'M.T. has crabs.' The radio message was something like 'Don't sleep in the corner bed in the loft. We'll explain later'.”

RANDY: You recently graduated with an honors degree in Women's Studies from San Francisco State. Do you want to say anything about that?

M.T.: The thing I loved most about Women's Studies was that I could take a class on lesbian literature and the state would pay for it.

As for San Francisco, I really like the community, now that I'm connected into it.

RANDY: What do you like about it?

M.T.: First, the fact that it exists. And that it's large. You can plug into a lot of different places. And it's varied. I forget until I leave San Francisco what it's like to be in the real world. It's my real world but it's not like that, out there.

RANDY: You say you come from a pretty straight Catholic upbringing. When did you come out to your parents?

M.T.: I came out in '79. We had left Alaska and we were driving 'cross-country to my first Women's Studies Conference in Moscow, Idaho. And then we went to the National Gay Rights March On Washington, and left there and went immediately to my mother's house in Rhode Island, after being with so many gay people in Washington, marching with the Alaska contingent. I wrote her a letter just before I got to Rhode Island, telling her I was going on a march for gay rights. I went home with my girlfriend. She wanted Tracy to sleep in my bed, and wanted me to sleep with her in her bed. And I said, "No, I'll sleep with Tracy." And she said, "No, you'll sleep with me." And I said, " 'Bye, we'll sleep somewhere else.'"

I went back at Christmas and it was awful. My sister, whom I'd been close with, actually said to me, "If it's between you and my kids, I'm going to have to choose my kids." I walked out of the house and didn't speak to her again for years and years.

They've loosened up now about it a lot, but it's still very hard. It's not easy. It's not easy at all.

RANDY: What are your plans for the future?

M.T.: I want to write. Lesbian stories. I want to write a novel about a lesbian household in San Francisco with five roommates and four cats. I've been saving all the messages for the past year where I've been living. I'd love to write a dyke soap opera.

The latest real-life soap opera is about a woman, we'll call her Pam. She has an old lover whom she's still in love with. Pam's recently been lovers with this woman Rachel, for the last four months, and they've been hot and heavy. Well, Pam goes to see her old lover, Suzie, realizing she's still in love with her. And Rachel falls in love with Suzie too. So now they're deciding whether to do a three-way or not. And they were supposed to pick each other up at the airport last night.

That's it, the very latest in *The Gays of Our Lives*. □

BECA

by jess wells



Beca pulled a negative out of the developer with a pair of tongs, the liquid sheeting off it back into the tray. Alex was right—how could anyone do work in such a primitive darkroom when you couldn't see and didn't have a grey scale to work with. She would have to decide on her own when the negatives were fully developed—maybe Ruth would double-check them with her. She dropped the neg into the tray and held another one up to the red light. In the drawing, a woman stood against a wall, her head thrown back, lips parted as she held her labia open, clitoris and vaginal hole exposed. Beca thought her cunt was huge, disproportionate, and she dropped the neg back into the developer. Or was it? She looked around the darkroom as if someone might be watching her and steadied herself on the tray table. She didn't know. Was that an artist's exaggeration or were there women that big? How could she not know?

She had come out six months ago and she had seen oh, maybe two cunts other than her own, ever. She had only just seen her own recently and she was just getting to know where everything was, let alone what one would do to make that woman's head get thrown back like that. It was something that no one ever discussed: you just didn't say "hey I came out six months ago and I don't know how to...well, like, how do you...go down on someone...exactly." All Beca ever heard about was how "a woman knew how to please a woman" and that lesbian sex was so much better because you made someone feel the way you felt and the assumption was always that you were just born with the knowledge. Well, she knew what felt good but she sure didn't know how to make it happen. You couldn't find it in books and it sure wasn't in the literature except a line or two about that great first kiss and then something about coffee in the morning.

The only time she had been seduced, everything had gone haywire. She had arrived at the bar at about ten and sat on a barstool idly chatting with a woman next to her, someone much older, with teased hair and a polyester blouse. Beca nodded and murmured, was polite even when she wasn't quite sure she agreed, wasn't even sure she wanted to talk because otherwise

it felt too much like a carpool, everyone staring straight ahead pretending to be alone. They had been talking for hours when Beca raised a finger for another beer.

"So my name's Maggie," the woman said, putting one hand on her hip and another on Beca's shoulder. "Why don't you come home with me. I make a great Eggs Benedict."

Beca stared at her for a moment, dumbfounded.

"Um, I'm a vegetarian," she said softly.

Maggie's mouth dropped open a little, then she smiled.

"We'll take good care of you. Now where's your coat?" and she clasped the young woman by the elbow and led her out the door.

At Maggie's place, they sat with highballs on tie-dye pillows, aimlessly chatting as before. Maggie sat sideways on the pillow like a mermaid, her feet pointing outward and her breasts pointing up, looking coy. Beca was silent for a moment, as she realized that her desire to be seduced had made her forget that she would also have to do some seducing.

"Um, I can't...stay," she said softly.

Maggie cradled the back of Beca's head in her hand, drew her in, kissed her. Beca unbuttoned Maggie's blouse, then brought her hand up to explore the woman's face, the back of her head. They kissed, slid to the floor and pressed their bodies together. Maggie unbuttoned Beca's pants and pulled them to her knees, dropping her face into her cunt immediately as Beca gasped with surprise. Her need was huge and she came quickly, too quickly, with her shirt on and her shoes on and Maggie looking up at her like the mail had been delivered before it was posted. Maggie brought her hot face to Beca's lips and holding each other, they waited. No one moved. Beca lay frozen, all the pleasure of her orgasm ruined by the fear that immobilized her. The two women lay on their hip bones with arms around backs, faces pointing in opposite directions, the sexual interest draining away like water through fingers that will not close. Finally, Maggie pulled away and reached for a cigarette.



"jess in a dress" by della disgrace

"I can uh...call a cab," Beca said. And when there was no sound from the other woman, who lay breasts exposed, face masked, she pulled herself up and searched the darkness for the phone.

Beca sat in the stuffy cab, angry with herself, her arms limp and useless like a little girl asking mother to put on her mittens. It had always been this way, waiting for mother, for someone else.

In Beca's family, no one did, unless instructed. Each child's laundry would sit in a specified place for her to take to her room and each child would walk by it, not even seeing it, until mother dictated: "Take those things to your room, Rebecca." Suddenly there were socks there: mother's word made them visible.

On family vacations little Rebecca would be dressed in what her mother called "nice, sensible clothes"—a skirt with pleats that needed to be sat on just so, the creases straight beneath her legs, a gauzy white blouse that buttoned in the back where she could not reach. The car whizzed down the freeway with Beca lying on the shelf behind the back seat, staring at the clouds and the sticks of telephone poles flipping by. Life and motion and direction happened around her, like the car speeding along beneath her; she went somewhere, but she was taken. "No dear," her father had said, "I don't need to teach you to change a tire. Just stand by the car looking pretty and someone will take care of it."

Stand there looking nice and someone will do it for you. That was what Beca was taught about her body. Attract, Rebecca, and leave the rest to someone else. But that was training for a straight girl, Beca thought today, sloshing the negatives in their tray. A straight woman attracts and offers herself, secure in knowing that just her presence will guarantee a good time, but a lesbian doesn't have that assurance—everything is dependent on her ability to MAKE sexual excitement, not just BE sexual excitement. And since attraction was all she had known as a straight woman—and she hadn't even known much of that—she decided to stop attracting as well. She closed down her sex vibe, covered her body and hid. It was just too much of a foreign language for her.

"Don't touch yourself, dear," her mother, with intense nervousness, had told the 12 year old girl who sat on the toilet look-

ing at her cunt. The woman put on her mascara before going to the Dance Club. "It's...well, it's not GOOD," she said, and sailed out of the room. Rebecca was a good girl. She always did what she was told. Her mother never mentioned sex again, so she didn't touch herself again. Not for seven years. She would take hot baths, like her mother instructed. She would go out with boys and let them touch her, but that was THEM. That was someone doing it for her, to her; she never again explored herself. When Rebecca had been bleeding for a year and learned about tampons in the locker room, her mother told her crisply, "No. We don't buy those. Only BAD girls put things inside."

Only bad girls, Rebecca had thought. The tampons she insisted on buying wouldn't go in. Her mother wouldn't show her how to put them in. Her girlfriends wouldn't touch her. She was told not to touch herself. Pads weren't cool to a teenager but the tampons wouldn't go in. Only bad girls, she thought, and her cunt closed up and she started to sweat. She told her mother, half-whispering "there was something wrong, she couldn't get it in," but she couldn't say that she hardly knew where it went.

"Well, if it's that important to you, dear," her mother replied, "we can send you to the doctor."

Rebecca sat in the examination room, perspiring into her nice flowered blouse. This was important, but it was horrible. The doctor, Mrs. Bench, tried to talk about "other problems" she might be having with her "body"; both she and Rebecca trying to avoid acknowledging that she was there for something so simple, the doctor irritated that her time should be wasted on a mother's duty. Dr. Bench held the skinny tube of sterile white cardboard, smeared with lubricant.

"You just put it IN" she said, and shoved it into the blushing girl. "Then you pull it by the string," and yanked on the dry plug. She unwrapped another and smeared it up. "Here, now you do it."

Today, in the darkroom, Beca couldn't remember the outcome of that doctor's visit. Had she inserted the tampon in front of Dr. Bench? All she could recall was the terror over hearing the words "now you do it." □

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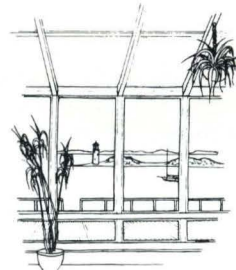


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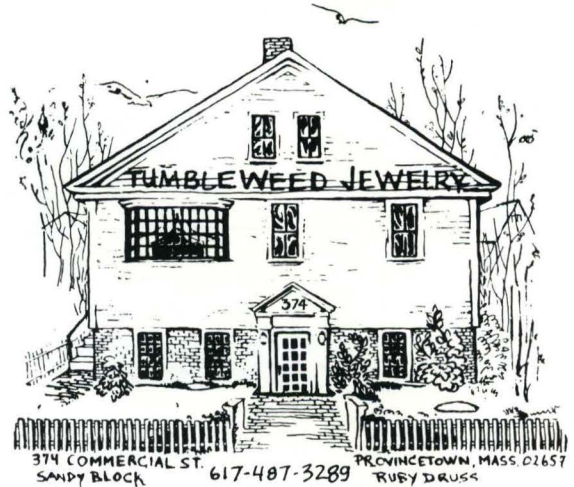
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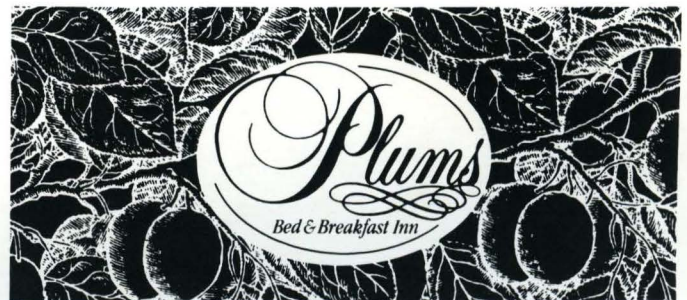
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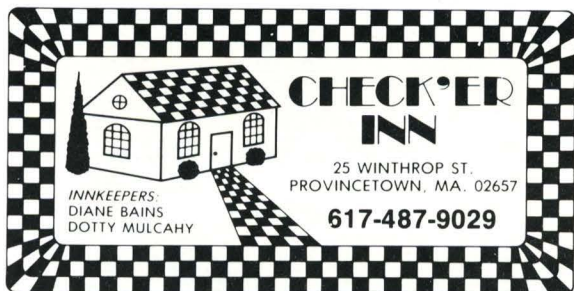
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