



WOMONSPACE NEWS

our voice in the lesbian community



FEBRUARY 1995

Womonspace News is published by the Womonspace Social and Recreational Society of Edmonton. We are a nonprofit organization. The newsletter is produced by, for, and about lesbians in Edmonton and the surrounding areas. Our purpose is to inform and entertain our members and any other interested lesbians. The opinions expressed in any issue of *Womonspace News* do not necessarily reflect the opinion of the Directors or the Newsletter Committee. The events, organizations and establishments publicized are not necessarily supported by Womonspace. *Womonspace News* is produced on a volunteer basis by the Newsletter Committee. We welcome submissions. Material submitted becomes the property of Womonspace. We reserve the right to edit for length and content, and to refuse publication. Articles or letters to the editor may be sent to: Womonspace, basement, 9930-106 Street, Edmonton AB T5K 1C7. *Womonspace News* seeks advertising that is lesbian-positive to help defer publication costs. Womonspace does not necessarily endorse products or services offered. We reserve the right to refuse ads. For rate information, and to place an ad, please leave a message on the Lesbian Life Line: 425-0511.

From the Editor

TEACHER'S PET

Lindy Pratch

I wasn't my 10th grade teacher's pet, but I sure wanted to be! Miss Druin* taught me phys ed—what a cliché! I really wished I could impress her with my athletic abilities, but I had none. Luckily, I had her for two other classes, and I did well in both of them: English, and social studies taught in French.

It's difficult to say why I had such a crush on Miss Druin. She wasn't conventionally attractive and yet every movement and mannerism fascinated me. Her New Brunswick French accent was sexy. She used some expressions that were unfamiliar to me, and this added an exotic appeal. I remember keeping a tally of the number of times she used the phrase '*moment donné*' (which she said frequently, and translates roughly as 'and then').

In other classes, I was often bored, and so I amused myself by taking notes in a made-up alphabet. But never in Miss Druin's class. Instead, I used the time to study her at the front of the classroom, and sketched pictures of her.

We sat two students to a table, instead of having individual desks. My desk partner, Lise Ann, swiped one of the sketches that I had drawn. She took it home and made a sort of rectangular valentine out of it, with black lace all around it, and then showed it to me. She taunted me about giving it to Miss Druin. I couldn't get it away from her, but I didn't really believe she would carry out her threat.

I should have made a greater effort to either get it from her or destroy it, because Lise Ann did indeed drop it on our teacher's desk, when Miss Druin wasn't looking. And my grades were never quite as good in Miss Druin's class after that, because I didn't want to draw further attention to myself.

Miss Druin only taught in St. Paul during that one year. She left amid some kind of a scandal; it was rumoured that pregnancy was the reason for her dismissal. No one seemed to know what became of her.

In 1981, I thought that I recognized her in the group photo of a friend's broomball team in Edmonton. Marlene couldn't remember Miss Druin's last name, but she did know her first name, which was an unusual one, and this eliminated any doubt about her identity. Marlene could only tell me that the woman was no longer living in Edmonton, and I felt a pang of regret that I would never run into her at the club. (I probably would have been too tongue-tied to speak to her even if I had!)

During my high school years, I spent a lot of time wondering if I might be a lesbian. There wasn't a single gay or lesbian role model in my life. (I only found out about my queer classmates, teachers, 4-H leader, and parents of school friends much later.) In the end, I concluded that I couldn't be one, because lesbians seemed to be so very rare. I thought it was unlikely that I was anything that special, and that I was just *wishing* that I could be a lesbian. As soon as I met an out lesbian when I moved to Edmonton, I rejoiced. I knew then that I was one too.

*not her real name

CLAIRE KENT

Rosa

It was Power R.A.N.G.E.R. time. That meant that it was "Power Reading And No Gabbing with Everyone Right-now" time. I admit that I *was* scraping the bottom of the motivational barrel when I thought of that acronym but primary kids seem to love acronyms or maybe they *pretend* to like them just to humour their teachers. Had I known that the Power Rangers were a combative gang of crime fighting figures, I would have picked something else. I thought they were a cut little gang of chipmunks. I really should try watching *some* TV for it would explain things like the "Sewer Alert" that all teachers were put on a few years ago. Students were apparently trying to remove manhole covers to see if they could spot Donatello or one of the other Ninja Turtles in the sewers below.

Whatever happened to the Super heroes and Super heroines that I grew up with like Superman or Wonder Woman?? I stared blankly at the book that I was trying to read. My mind wandered . . .

It was Monday morning and Superdyke was off to work. Over her Superdyke costume she donned her casual Eddie Bauer pants and a crisply pressed button-down shirt. Superdyke rarely wore dresses or skirts to work as they were too confining. She couldn't possibly teach phys ed wearing a

tight skirt nor could she sit on the carpet with the students. In fact the last time that she wore a skirt, Superdyke had kept pushing it down around her knees to go to the bathroom, forgetting that she could just hoist it up and accomplish the same thing.

On the way to work, Superdyke relived her weekend. For the past month she had been dating a leather dyke named Lois Pane. The attraction between them was very strong and they had been seeing a lot of each other. On Friday they had gone to a movie and they sat in the back of the theatre where they could hold hands and exchange passionate kisses between mouthfuls of popcorn. Saturday night they had started to watch

videos at Superdyke's house but the cuddling soon turned into sexual ardor and they spent all night making love. Sunday morning they made love in the shower. Later, over breakfast, they made love on the dining room table. Superdyke made a mental note to buy

some fine sandpaper to sand down that one section of her old wood table. Having a sliver in a finger is painful enough, but this was worse she thought as she rubbed her backside. Later on in the afternoon, they had both grabbed their cameras and went driving through the country-side looking for photographic gems. They ended up finding a quaint old abandoned church. They had gone in, made love amongst the pews, on the altar and in the old confessional.



Superdyke walked into the school staff room. She grabbed a mug of coffee and sat down at a table to socialize a bit with everyone before heading off to the confines of her classroom. Now of course no one in the school knew her as Superdyke. She was known simply as Claire Kent.

The talk naturally shifted to the weekend and the principal turned to Claire, "So Claire, how did you spend *your* weekend?" Claire was used to this; the editing that was necessary to protect her alter ego Superdyke and to protect her job. After all, even Superheroines need some kind of financial independence. "Well, I had a fairly quiet weekend. I went to see a movie on Friday. Saturday night I stayed home and watched a video and went to bed early and on Sunday I went to church with a friend, was in a confessional for the first time since the third grade, and then" What a pack of lies Claire thought to herself. These people must think I'm some goody goody Bible thumper. This isn't the type of altar ego that I want.

"Teacher? Teacher?" (As if I don't have a name!) My mind stopped wandering. "Yes, student?" Claire and Lois disappeared with finality into the mists of my imaginary world. "May I go to the bathroom please? I *really* have to go!" I looked up at the clock. It was almost recess time. I quickly studied the little boy. Something was amiss. Oh yes, of course. He had used a complete sentence. When it's a *real* emergency I often get "Teacher, (gulp) I have to—" then comes the clutch-crotch dance and SLAM, they're out the door. This little guy didn't really have to go; he was just bored with the silent reading. I looked again at the clock. Where had the time gone? I went to put away the book that I

had been trying to read and noticed that it was a Superman comic book. I opened it up. Someone had planted a bomb in the offices of The Daily Planet and everyone was in grave danger. In the meantime, mild mannered reporter Clark Kent was in the middle of the newsroom and he was trying desperately to get out to go to the nearest phone booth to transform himself into **Supermannnnnn!**

Poor Clark, it must tough to not be "out" at work and to have to hide your true identity!

VOLUN

Would you like to get into the *Womonspace Dances* for half price or FREE and have the opportunity to meet hundreds of gorgeous womyn? Call the volunteer coordinator at 455-1573 to volunteer for the next *Womonspace dance*.

TEER

TWO SPIRITED

Anger

Charity Laboucan

Sometimes I hide from my own anger. I try not to focus on anger and hopelessness because that is the pervasive tone that I grew up with. I learned loud yelling voices, and people who take brazenly out of blinding pain and desperation.

I journeyed into myself. Fought to tear down the walls I had built to protect myself. My rage had entombed me—I was hollow, empty, and it echoed until it was all I could hear.

I never shouted. Anger wasn't allowed. Aloud. The hand he put over my mouth wasn't one I could cut off. It was never that simple. I live in a world where men protect men, including the man who stole years of my childhood. And the men who raped my people of identity and belief. I learned how to fight silently, but honestly. My pen scrawling on paper to those who would never heed my words was the only way I could fight back. It was my anchor to sanity.

I was afraid of who I would be with anger burning through every fibre of my being. I was afraid of who I couldn't be if I didn't release the anger. I thought part of growing was when I released it and chiseled the chips from my shoulders. I thought it meant embracing the knowledge of this world and finding my own space somewhere. I wanted a different future than the one that had been mapped out for me.

It was harder that I thought it would be. Everything of who I was seemed to be

wrong. There were barriers. I was Native. Or I was young. Or I was female. Or I was homosexual. There was nowhere I fit and I was just looking for a place to belong. And I began to get angry again. Still, I only wrote my anger quietly at night when the lights were off.

I am no longer held down by man, although it happened many times when I wasn't able to fight back. I survived. I wrote for sanity. Then I wrote through the anger. Then I wrote to heal. I wrote to find truth through all the lies. And then I discovered beauty and poetry. I found my voice. And in a world of twisted words, and his/story, I am learning my story and I am not afraid to write it anymore. I will no longer be silent.

Each Native language has a word for gay people. Each translates roughly into English as two-spirited. It means we as gay people hold both the male and female essences within us.



My ninth grade teacher in geometry
How I wished my love would reach her
I'd bear squared Pi-R's endlessly, but she was
Living with my Phys Ed teacher
And I never thought I'd stand a chance
then I was my
High school English teacher's pet
What wouldn't I do to impress her
Around her house I'd drive to let
My starry eyes caress her
But she never came out to see

from "Crushes" by Alix Dobkin, on her live album Yahoo Australia, 1990.

ORLANDO BOOKS

Orlando Books invites you to sit and read in front of Barb Hartmann's fireplace. Browse through some books, magazines, or the pamphlets supplied by various groups. The coffee and water are free, but if you have some spare change in your pocket, do drop it in the coconut urn. All money collected goes to the Charity of the Month, and in February, that charity is the Edmonton Vocal Minority.

MICHIGAN BOUND

Any women interested in travelling together as a group to Michigan for the 1995 Women's Music Festival in August, call Linda at 447-4776. Please call as soon as possible in order to arrange cheaper rates.



Submissions Welcome

Letters to the editor and other submissions are always welcome.

Topics in upcoming issues:

March—Partner Abuse

April—Singles

May—Lesbians and the Law

June—Womonspace Dances

GAY AND LESBIAN TEACHERS GROUP

John

At Teachers Convention in 1993, a discussion involving three gay teachers turned to the fact that Edmonton needed a semi-formal organization for gay, lesbian and bi-sexual educators. Thus was born the gay and lesbian teacher group. No name has been officially adopted but word has spread far and wide and the group has met several times in the past year and a half.

The group of teachers who came to the initial meeting of the organization decided our agenda was to be mainly a social outlet. We have met in members' homes and in their backyards.

There are approximately 40 educators on our current membership roster including teachers from as far away as Edson. We are always accepting new members and enjoy meeting our colleagues.

If you are an educator, instructor or student and wish to join our lesbigay educators group, please call John at 488-7691.

TEACHERS' STORIES

One Teacher in 10: Gay and Lesbian Educators Tell Their Stories. Kevin Jennings, ed. Alyson Publications. Contact one of the better bookstores in town, or Woman to Woman Books or if you'd like to order a copy.

CALENDAR OF EVENTS

Weekly Events

- ▼ **GLCCE** (Gay and Lesbian Community Centre), 104, 11745 Jasper Avenue is open Monday to Friday from 7–10 pm and Wednesday from 1–4 pm. Peer counselling, drop-in and library. Phone 488-3234.
- ▼ **Les/Bi/Gay** (formerly GALOC) Social and political student group at the University of Alberta. Mondays, 6–7 pm in Heritage Lounge, Athabasca Hall. Phone 988-4166.
- ▼ **Adamant Eve** Feminist radio program broadcast on CJSR, FM 88.5, at the University of Alberta. Thursdays from 5–6 pm.
- ▼ **Gaywire** A lesbian and gay radio show from CJSR, FM 88.5. Thursdays from 6–7 pm.
- ▼ **Lesbian and Gay Badminton** Thursdays, 7–9 pm, Oliver School, 10210–117 Street. \$1.00.
- ▼ **Northern Titans** (bowling for lesbians and gays) Saturdays, 5:15 pm at Lynnwood Bowl, 16127–118 Avenue.
- ▼ **Pink Triangle Youth Group** meets every Saturday, 7:30–10 pm at GLCCE. For lesbians and gays 16 to 21 years old.
- ▼ **Metropolitan Community Church** Weekly worship, Sundays at 7:15 pm. Address is 10086 MacDonald Drive.
- ▼ **SOLO (Singles Only Lesbian Organization)** Social Club for lesbians and bisexual women (over 18) meets every week for a variety of social functions. Call 447-4776, and ask for Linda.

Groups

- ▼ **The Gay and Lesbian Infoline:** 988-4018.
- ▼ **Lesbian Life Line:** 425-0511.

February Events

Wednesday, February 1

- ▼ **Svend Robinson** will be speaking after a screening of *Just for Fun*, a film which confronts the issue of gay bashing. It takes place at the Garneau Theatre, 9 pm. Tickets are \$8 at the door. This event is part of the Global Visions Film Festival.

Thursday, February 2

- ▼ **Womonspace Drop-In** Lesbians and bisexual women are invited for refreshments and talk, 9930–106 Street, 7:30–9 pm.

Friday, February 3

- ▼ **Skating** at Hawrelak Park. Organized by the Liatri Society outdoor group. Wear a pink triangle if you have one, so we can find each other. Warm up at Boystown afterwards. 7–9 pm.

Saturday, February 4

- ▼ **Country Jamboree** Hosted by SOLO the first Saturday of every month beginning February 4. Tickets in advance only. Open to all women. Contact SOLO members or call Linda at 447-4776

Sunday, February 5

- ▼ **Womonspace News Newsletter Meeting** at Boystown, 10116–124 Street, at noon.

Friday, February 10

- ▼ **Sacred Circle Dancing** Open to any woman who wants to dance. Riverdale Hall, 9231-100 Avenue, 7-9 pm. Again on March 3. Phone Mair at 433-1661 for more information.

Sunday, February 12

- ▼ **Womonspace General Meeting**
Basement, 9930-106 Street, 7:30 pm.

Saturday, February 18

- ▼ **Cross Country Skiing** organized by the Liatri Society outdoor group. Meet at 10743-125 Street (Wayne's) at noon and drive to Chickakoo together. Everyone is welcome.

Saturday, February 18

- ▼ **Womonspace Valentine's Dance** Bonnie Doon Hall, 9240-93 Street, 8 pm-1 am.

Saturday, February 18

- ▼ **Visions Potluck** (Les/Bi/Gay and Friends group, Unitarian Church of Edmonton) Potluck dinner, cash bar. Bring food to share. 12530-110 Avenue, 6 pm. Call Anita at 454-1992 for information.

Saturday, February 25

- ▼ **Edmonton Vocal Minority** Love Is In the Air Concert at Convocation Hall, 8 pm. Tickets at Boystown, Front Page, Orlando Books and The Bagel Tree (\$8/\$10 in advance, \$12 door).

March Events

Thursday, March 2

- ▼ **Womonspace Drop-In** Lesbians and bisexual women are invited for refreshments and talk, 9930-106 Street, 7:30-9 pm.

Saturday, March 4

- ▼ **SOLO Country Jamboree**

Sunday, March 5

- ▼ **Womonspace News Newsletter Meeting** at Boystown at noon. Deadline for submissions for April issue on the topic Singles.

Sunday, March 5

- ▼ **Edmonton Vocal Minority** practice at the University of Alberta, 1-23 Fine Arts Building, 2-4:30 pm. New singing members are welcome during the month of March.

Saturday, March 11

- ▼ **Magnolias at the Muttart** Tour the conservatory with the Liatri Society and get into a springtime frame of mind! 9626-96A Street, 11 am. Admission is \$4.

Is THIS your favourite page?

The *Womanspace News* newsletter is looking for someone to do the monthly calendar of events. Basically, this involves gathering information. You will be the contact person for the calendar and will also do some phoning around to various groups. Does it sound like something you'd enjoy? If so, leave us a message on the Lesbian Life Line, 425-0511.

TO MY STUDENTS

Past, Present and Future . . .

Heather .

Some of you were young, eager children (putting up, as I did, with the heartache of having untrained, overly needy brats as peers). More of you have been proud, strong adults—with backgrounds rich, human, and often more painful than my relatively sheltered upbringing could allow me to imagine.

What I have shared with all of you is one classroom or another filled with activities either painfully mustered or easily flowing to meet the learning situation at hand. Every classroom has held intense emotion of one form or another, or all forms in their own time—sorrow, anger, hilarity, hatred, hard-earned trust, love . . . I count it as a huge privilege in my life to have shared in precious moments of your lives.

I also have a precious life, and in our sharing I always hit up against a sad barrier of someone/something else's making. There is a limit to the degree that I am allowed to share the daily, seemingly inconsequential little events of my life—daily events and relationships without which the fabric of my life would have no form. I am silenced beyond the confines of so-called "appropriate professional distance." I must not divulge the precious secret of my precious love.

I so wish that it were not so. At times I cry out loud at the seeming absurdity of keeping such a wonderful reality a secret. Yet my current context and "reality" dictate

that this must be so. There is much more than just myself that I protect with my silence. To risk only myself would not seem such an obstacle. Like one of many dreams of perfection in this often harsh world, this is one dream that I must accept as not ready to be realized.

I live fully, to the best of my ability, and know that really, in the classroom, you do know my essential self, the self beyond the labels, the self that manifests in the way I am. The silence is saddening, yet it is secondary to the real sharing that happens.

And I can rejoice with every story of a sister who has moved through the silence to speak up AND be received with love.



They wanted me to teach them to dance,
find joy in moving
So I gave them my time and my care,
I took a chance
Now you say you don't need me anymore,
I can't stay here anymore
'Cause I don't live like you do,
and I don't love like you do
I'm an outcast, a stranger,
the children would be in danger
If there were teachers like me
In the school

from "Teacher's Song", written by Deborah Romeyn in 1983, and performed by Jennifer Berezan on her album In the Eye of the Storm.

BETWEEN THE COVERS

At the Edmonton Public Library

Lindy Pratch

Imperfect Moments is a most appropriate title for Candis Graham's 1993 collection of short stories. Each of the eleven narratives captures an essence of truth, like a distillation of life. I was delighted and invigorated by this book because of the insights so clearly presented. It's that recognition, that feeling of "Yes, I know *exactly* what you mean" which is so rewarding.

The title narrative explores the dynamics of a lesbian's close friendship with a straight woman: "I never expected to feel safe with a woman who lives with a man. There is something about a man that strains a woman. But not Fiona. She is not strained. Fiona is not like other women."

In our society of hidden sexuality, we find ourselves demeaning our love for each other and betraying our lives to varying extents. This is expressed in 'Scots Pine and Cranberry Chains', which first appeared in the anthology *Tide Lines* (Gynergy Books, 1991). Rosa doesn't know how to tell her lover that she wants them to spend Christmas together instead of with their respective families. She and Maude have argued about this in previous years and Rosa wants to avoid another fight, but her despair over the situation is too intense. When the inevitable confrontation erupts, Rosa tries to explain: "It's the pretending. We pretend we're a couple. We pretend we're not a couple. It

depends on the situation. We send a Christmas card to Helen and Nawal and sign both our names. I send one to my mother and sign only my name." It's a situation that almost every dyke can relate to.

Spousal abuse, menstruation, masturbation, urban life, and lesbian parenting are some of the other subjects observed with a gentle clarity. Most of them are only a few pages long, but the last one in the book is longer. 'Little Scraps of Nothingness' is a heartening story of a woman's new awakening after a painful, long depression. The title is taken from a quotation from Emily Carr: "It was these tiny things that, collectively, taught me how to live. Too insignificant to have been considered individually . . . the little scraps and nothingness of my life have made a definite pattern."

Imperfect Moments was nominated in 1994 for the American Library Association Gay and Lesbian Book Award. A previous collection, *Tea For Thirteen* (1990), is also available at the Edmonton Public Library. Candis Graham is currently working on a novel, due to be published in the spring.

LESBIAN TEACHERS' NETWORK

For information about receiving this quality newsletter, send a self-addressed envelope with an International Reply Coupon to LTN, PO Box 301, East Lansing MI, US 48826.

THE LESBIAN TEACHER

Amy Lee Cardufian

Lesbian teachers That's a laugh. We all know there's no such thing, right? I mean, heaven forbid—the world would simply come to an end if any of those butchy, man-hating, anti-family, femi-nazi amazon types were allowed in front of the classroom, bent on warping the minds of our young, impressionable children with all that perverse stuff from their homosexualist agenda, seducing, corrupting and recruiting our NORMAL daughters into their ABNORMAL lifestyle.

Good thing you can spot them a mile away. (It's too late Roseanne, we are everywhere. If you only knew!)

But seriously, folks. Let's tackle the stereotype right now. Because if there's anything that bugs me more than stupid, self-righteous, terminally short MPs, it's stereotypes.

Admit it, you hear the word "teacher" preceded by the word "lesbian" and the image that flashes through your mind is of kindly Miss Thunkdorffer, that handsome, unmarried, thirty-something gym teacher who coached your high school field hockey team.

She could toss a football better than most of the guys, gapped her own sparkplugs, and never wore makeup (except on parent-teacher nights).

She also smelled reeeeeeally good. Especially after basketball practice, when she'd amble over to you, her referee's whistle dangling comfortably between breasts hidden by a thick layer of cotton sweatshirt and cruelly bound by a jog bra, a trace of Love's Fresh

Lemon cologne still lingering on her lovely, perspiration-soaked neck, throw her (wonderfully strong, yet gentle) arm around your (sweaty, unworthy) shoulder, look deep into your eyes, smile sweetly and whisper, "Your layups are coming along nicely. A little more practice and you'll be ready for first-string." Sigh.

But, I digress. My mission is to stand up for all those lesbian educators who AREN'T phys ed teachers. There are a few, you know. I can personally verify the existence of at least six, no, make that seven dykes who make their living teaching something besides athletics—subjects like English literature, science, fine arts and drama. (I'm not making this up.)

Besides, if I were a female teacher who happened to be gay, I think I would come to resent people automatically assuming phys ed was my one and only specialty. That I wasn't qualified to instruct anything but butterfly strokes and backhands, sit ups and squats, flankers and fastball, zone defence and dodgeball.

There's much more to lesbian teachers, you know, than jock talk and hanging around the hallowed halls of learning in Reeboks.

Although . . . it must be marvellous to never have to panic over what you're going to wear to work the next day. If you're a phys ed type you merely grab another multi-coloured, high tech, designer sweatsuit out of the closet, your biggest dilemma being whether the Converse footwear goes with the Ruccinor windbreaker.

And you don't have to explain to grandma why your trunk is always full of sports equipment—as opposed to her domestic paraphernalia of choice, diaper bags and Tupperware.

Some lesbian teachers end up with the best of both worlds: they're able to combine their athletic obsessions with more cerebral pursuits. For example, a university grad I used to live with majored in phys ed with a minor in mathematics. Unwilling to succumb to any form of "dumb jock" label, she ended up teaching both math AND phys ed . . . as unlikely a combo as that seems. But, truth be told (we are here to crush debilitating stereotypes, remember), you'd be hard pressed to find a more perfect mesh of body and mind. Turns out, math skills come in quite handy to gym teachers who need to be able to count the number of players on the rugby field, the number of yards necessary to gain a first down, the number of seconds left on the shot clock, and the number of strokes they have to "forget" to count on the back nine in order to finish the round with a respectable score.

Remember this the next time you are introduced to a "lesbian teacher." Try to look past the stereotype. Resist the urge to label. See her as more than a gum-chewing, iron-pumping, fitness-crazed cliché in sneakers.

If nothing else, you'll do Miss Thunkdorffer proud.

~~~~~

She was a big tough woman;  
The first to come along  
That showed me being female  
Meant you still could be strong,  
And though graduation  
Meant that we had to part,  
She'll always be a player  
On the ballfield of my heart.

from 'Ode to a Gym Teacher' on Meg Christian's  
I Know You Know album, 1974.



## GAY GARDENING

Lindy Pratch

The Liatris Society is a new queer-positive social group of gardening and outdoor enthusiasts in Edmonton. The name is taken from a perennial plant, *Liatris spicata*, which is commonly called Gayfeather. (Another common name is Blazing Star.) The Liatris Society was formed last year by a small group of horticulturally-minded men and women. The structure was very informal, with only word-of-mouth advertising, and yet the events were well-attended.

Thirty people attended the first annual general meeting at the Gay and Lesbian Community Centre in January, 1995. The structure remains informal, but advance planning will mean that more people can hear about the Society, and participate. Activities have been organized for every month of the coming year, and include skating, cross country skiing, trips to the Muttart Conservatory, camping, garden tours, and nature walks. The events will be open to everyone. Anyone who wishes to

host an open garden for the Society in July or August is invited to do so.

If you'd like more information, call Brent at 497-7059. To have your name added to the newsletter mailing list, which provides details of upcoming activities, send a \$5 cheque to The Liatris Society, c/o GLCCE, PO Box 1852, Edmonton AB T5J 2P2.

IT ALL STARTED WHEN MS. JONES BECAME BOTH MY HOME ROOM TEACHER AND MY GYM TEACHER...



I ALWAYS  
LEFTHER TOKENS  
OF MY  
APPRECIATION.

IF SHE WAS  
ONLY 10  
YRS OLDER



SHE HAD INSPIRED ME TO WEAR RUNNERS AND TO NOT BE AFRAID OF TAMPONS...

MY FRIENDS TRIED TO WARN  
ME BUT I DIDN'T NOTICE...



WHILE I SAW AN ANGEL  
IN REEBOKS, EVERYONE  
JUST SAW A  
TEACHER...

EVERYONE  
ELSE'S VIEW



IT WASN'T UNTIL YEARS LATER  
THAT I REALISED....



# WOMON SPACE DANCE

Saturday, February 18

8:00 pm-1 am

Bonnie Doon Hall

9240-93 Street

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## WOMONSPACE 1995 MEMBERSHIP FORM

Basement, 9930-106 Street Edmonton AB T5K 1C7 Phone: 425-0511

Confidentiality Assured

NAME(S) \_\_\_\_\_

ADDRESS \_\_\_\_\_ CITY/PROV \_\_\_\_\_

POSTAL CODE \_\_\_\_\_ PHONE \_\_\_\_\_

**Membership Fee: \$15.00 single, \$25 couple (with one newsletter)**

Cheque or Money Order payable to Womonspace (low income available)

New Member ☐ Renewal ☐ I would like to be a volunteer ☐ Yes ☐ No

Please mail my newsletter to my home ☐

I will pick up the newsletter at dances/events ☐ Total enclosed \$ \_\_\_\_\_