

tales  
from  
the  
burbs  
by B. Cumming

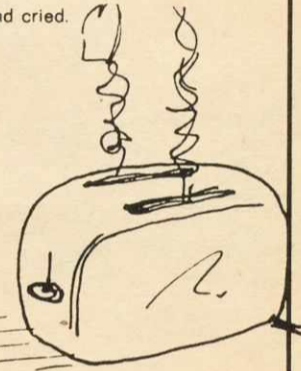
My friend Julie Foster's mother has a hobby making doll houses. She calls it her minis. Every week, she and other women meet and talk about and make minis. Some of the projects that she has worked on are: a Nativity scene, a pioneer cabin with 3 floors, and a reconstruction of her bedroom in the 1950s, before she was married.



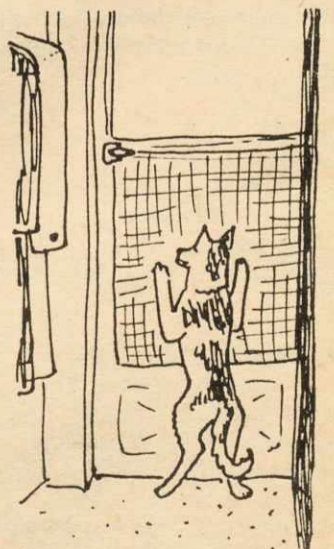
Mrs. Foster is a perfectionist, everything is scaled down in complete detail, even the mini magazines and books and miniature place settings with tiny helpings of food. Every year at the Ex. you could bet that Mrs. Foster would win two or three prizes in handicrafts.



Julie always complained that her mother was driving her crazy. She always wanted to know everything; where she was going, what she was doing, and she would get upset about little things. One time the toaster didn't pop up an Mrs. Foster put her head down on the kitchen table and cried.



She usually brought out her minis when I was visiting. I would try to look interested by really couldn't understand why anyone would want to spend time gluing together little things. One day Mrs. Foster got the idea to make minis of each member of the family. She started with Mr. Foster. He posed in the big chair, wearing his read and black jacket and holding his fishing rod. It was pretty accurate except that he looked younger and thinner. Then she made a mini of Sam the family dog which she said was easy.



My friend Julie, was next. We made jokes about voodoo dolls and about her mother starting a dictatorship. But Julie managed to be too busy to pose.

beth cumming

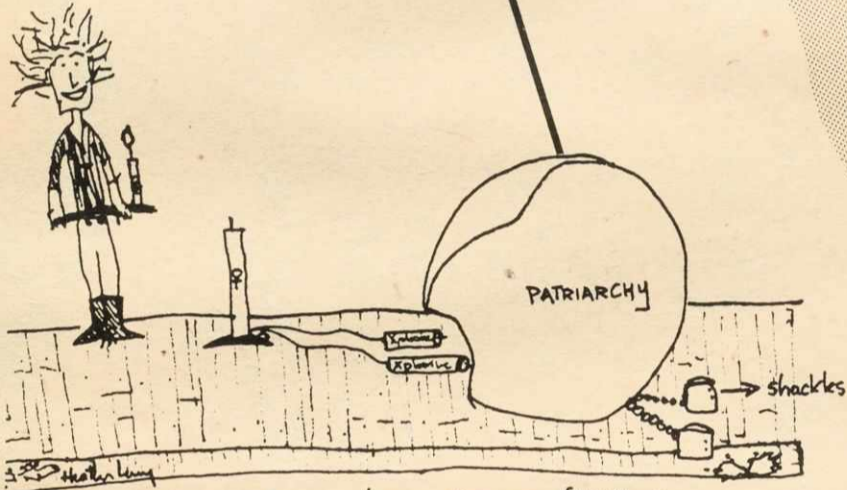
Time Behind Time  
Time stands still  
behind the mask of sanity  
Seconds are hours  
Agonizingly slow.  
Loneliness becomes  
An endless wasteland  
Of lost hours  
Lonely seconds  
And frantic minutes.

But once time passes  
It is not lost  
you live the horrors  
Over and over again.  
The good times never happened  
Is humiliation  
Loneliness  
And painful laughter.

Behind the mask  
nobody knows  
What the time does  
Laughing  
Singing  
horrible dreams  
Lost hours  
Lonely seconds  
And frantic minutes

heather levy

Jennifer Schnarr



KATIE TRAIL AT THE ANNUAL LESBIAN-FEMINIST CHRISTMAS CRAFT SALE AND WORKSHOP DEMONSTRATING THE "IT IS BETTER TO LIGHT ONE SMALL CANDLE" THEORY.

MG 20 vol. 1567

The Associated Canadian Travellers made a flyer hoping to sell their organization  
three searches for talent  
a float with three nurses and a coke  
leaning against a jelly roll  
fighting for T.B. prevention  
with a brick picnic shelter  
three curling teams in top hats and tuxedos  
three women in ten gallons  
sitting on a black buick  
in front of a brick house  
and of course  
the four men dressed in mock breasts and bustles  
black makeup  
smiling gamely  
players please

there are four social photos  
clustered on the right  
corsages, hair pins and folded hands  
white tablecloths diminished by panelling  
and the code of ethics  
in red, white and blue lettering:  
"Remember to pack your grip with human kindness  
hit the trail with a character, play the game  
and check out."

Although the A.C.T.'s socials are the highlight of  
THE COMMUNITY  
there is also a widow's and orphan's benefit fund

not everyone was a member you should know  
the recipients of the widow's and orphan's benefit fund  
were not always grateful.

heather levy