



Ten Forty Matrix Newsletter

May 2020

www.olderdykes.org

COVID Times

In Australia we have been queueing up for toilet paper, while in the United States they have been queueing up for guns. But what impact has this Covid-19 virus had on our Older Lesbian Community here in NSW?

Many, many years ago 10/40 came up with an idea for a small group of older lesbians, entitled The Flying Squad, to be on hand to assist any in our community who needed help. To my knowledge it was rarely used, so in this newsletter we aim to bring back The Flying Squad aptly renamed the Viral Kindness Flying Squad. (VKFS)

As part of this VKFS venture our 10/40 newsletter will appear monthly whilst this crisis lasts and we hope that it will be a voice for our community. If you need something,

get in touch and we'll do our best to help out. But what we most want to emphasise is the need for solidarity and communication between us all.

Please let us know what you think.
Diann and Pearlie

Discussion via Zoom

Sat 16 May Online, Time: 3 PM til 5PM

Books, a discussion – What has been one of your favourite Covid times books? Contact us if you want to attend and we will send out the link to the Zoom meeting. Email: maude_au@yahoo.com

Playing Cards online

Here is a site that you can use to set up card games with friends online.

www.trickstercards.com

It works well if you use zoom or Google Meet as well to talk to your friends.

Information that might be useful during these COVID-19 times

This was sent in by one of our members. Mutual aid sites are being set up on the internet. Many of them are accessed via Facebook. The following example is for Inner West Sydney people, but there are other council areas that

have set them up too. Go onto Facebook. Put in “Covid-19 Innerwest SYDNEY mutual aid”

It’s a site for exchanging information, eg where you can buy things like toilet paper, hand sanitisers.

You can ask for help, eg how to fill out social security forms, where to get or give food, where to find products. If you have anything to give away, If you need anything, eg washing machine.

Rozelle neighbourhood centre also uses this site to connect people who need help, eg picking up scripts etc. Many local pharmacies are now delivering at no extra cost.

If you have any other helpful information, send us an email.

contact@olderdykes.org

Pair Walking or Bike Riding in this time of Covid-19

Just the Two of Us

You may have friends who live nearby and want to set up walks or rides with them but are wondering where to walk. Walking the almost empty urban streets is possible but after a few times can be boring.

Some of us don’t have many friends who live nearby or who want to walk. If you are willing to send me your, name, phone number and/or email address and suburb, I can match you with someone near enough to set up a walk or two. You also need to indicate how long you would like to walk. Confidentially is one of my main concerns with lists of women’s contacts. I ask those who join to respect the privacy of the contacts sent to you and only use it for yourself and not pass details of others on to anyone else.

Some information about walking

Currently (11 April) distances to drive from home are being limited to around 30 mins or less. This is not a regulation but if travelling about an hour you are likely to be stopped and asked why.

National Parks and walks such as Bondi to Coogee walk have been closed as people visiting have not been obeying social distancing rules. Check with National Parks for updates: www.nationalparks.nsw.gov.au/npws-covid-19

Some information for bike riding

The advice, to date, is to ride solo, train indoors or restrict riding companions to family members in your household. Or ride with one friend, but not a group. If you need to get to a safe place to ride, a short trip is OK, but the key point is NOT FAR. While riding observe the 1.5m distance and remember to clean cycle gloves and helmets on the return home. Check the various websites for information on availability of places to ride. www.bicyclensw.org.au/covid-19 and www.nationalparks.nsw.gov.au/npws-covid-19

Walks and Rides – the beginnings of a list.

Wangal Park is very quiet

Henley Park less so but not too bad. It has a cycle track too.

Cooks River cycle and walking track. This track links with cycle tracks leading from Strathfield to Cronulla, 42km.

Bi-Centennial Park in the Olympic Park area has a network of cycle and walking tracks that include wetlands, mangroves, Parramatta River views, and general park views. It is accessible by train.

Canada Bay has a new track around the water of various bays. There are a few detours around streets, but this track goes all the way to Concord, circling Dame Edith Walker Hospital, Concord Hospital and Rivendell Child and Adolescent and Family Unit.

I can provide information about walks and email you links to suitable walks or scan a map and instructions. If you know of places to explore in a suburb near you, let

me know. I will send the list to those who register interest. Contact me for more information.

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Stories

Views from a new world

Three Letters Changed it all

Wendy – Waverton

I don't like surprises. Last minute changes of plan and having to think on my feet do not sit well with me.

I work for a specialist medical college which offers training, assessment and continuing professional development for pathologists around Australasia. We work to strictly defined standards and mostly predictable timelines. I had it all worked out. My projects and deadlines were planned for the whole of next year. We had worked hard to prepare for our big

international conference in March. The CEO announced two weeks beforehand, 'Don't panic. Business as usual'. After the conference it would be cruisy for a while with some time off to enjoy walking and kayaking with friends in the beautiful autumn weather.

Three letters changed it all. The EPIdemic became a PANdemic. The conference was cancelled, the exams were postponed, and the restriction dominos began to fall. I found myself in a world with two types of people. There were those who suddenly had little or nothing to do, and those like me who were rushing and scrambling to pick up the pieces and find new solutions to all sorts of unforeseen problems. It felt weird and uncomfortable. It was hard to concentrate, and I got lost in the most familiar territory.

I am lucky to have a secure job that I can readily do from home. No chance of getting bored or running out of pay, so for that I am grateful. But all the sudden change is challenging. I am trying to support those whose lives have been turned on their heads when I don't quite know which way my own head is facing.

The uncertainty is getting to me. I know it is part of life, but I don't like it. When will it end? Where will it take us?

So what keeps me sane so far? It is keeping in touch with friends and family, having taught my nonagenarian parents to use Zoom. It is the afternoon walks around my pleasant neighbourhood and the fresh vegetables in my garden. The produce swaps with my permaculture buddies. And it is the hope that just maybe we are headed for a better world. One where lifestyles are less dependent on carbon emissions, and with an economy that is less dependent on global consumption. That would be a surprise worth having.

During the time of the Pandemic

Daphne – Sydney

Truffle and I have always enjoyed a routine. She knows that Monday and Wednesday are gym days, with a very early start, a bit later on Tuesday for tennis. Thursday and Friday fairly early then a sleep in on Saturday which is washing day.

Of course we have to face the biannual shock of daylight saving and I quite understand Truffle's upset response to breakfast being 60 minutes late. But nothing prepared us for the massive changes the Virus has caused for us.

My reaction on waking early on the first morning was one of joyful delight. "I don't have to do anything!" I snuggled into the bedclothes.

By mid-morning my feelings had rapidly morphed into "I don't have ANYTHING to do!"

I am missing plays, art, movies, Gleebooks talks, Players in the Pub, coffee after gym, visits, lunches, dinners out, travel planning and all the other delightful diversions of retirement. I feel sorry for myself which leads to guilt as I remember all the people with real losses to bear.

The media has had an obsessional focus on age. There is more attention to old age than I can remember. They pair together 'elderly and 'vulnerable' like a couple of

ugly twins, and force me to contemplate my own Mortality in a way that leads to few positive thoughts.

Two weeks ago I was reflecting miserably on all this when Caryl called suggesting a walk next Wednesday. Soon afterwards Sue suggested Friday for a walk and Chris said Saturday was good for her for exercise.

"So let's get this straight" I said to Truffle who was dozing on my lap at the time" Wednesday, Friday, Saturday plus my usual time with my best friend, Jean, on Sunday and Thursday. We have a ROUTINE!"

That is how it came about that Truffle and I actually discovered the secret of beating the Covid Blues. It all resides in friendship and regular contact with warm, caring, feminist lesbians.

Rossie's story

Rossie- Deniliquin

Our story begins January this year. Rossie had flown down to Tasmania to attend a funeral. Whilst there and talking to other friends, an ex-lover's, lover, told Rossi about the great place where she was now living; aged care, independent-living style villa, four or five in a row. And it had been a reasonable price. Interested immediately, Rossi asked if there were any more for sale. Would you believe it, there was one, right next door.

Mmm... How would that be? What might happen, Rossi wondered, if they fell out?

"What if we have an argument," she asked?

"Well, we just won't speak to one another," came the reply.

Rossie wanted to be sure.

"You're happy with that?"

"Of course."

Rossie really liked the place and the location at Mobray. It was just what she wanted. She put down a holding deposit, determined to sell her Sydney unit as soon as.

Arriving back home 22nd January, Rossi got started. She sold her unit in just three weeks. Life seemed to speed up even faster after that. Her furniture was shipped to Mobray on 27th March, the financial settlement took place on 30th. That night she stayed over with a friend. Her car was already packed for a quick departure in the morning.

Rossi's plan was to drive down to Victoria and catch the ferry to Davenport. She arrived in Deniliquin on 31st March around 8pm. The local caravan park manager was reluctant to offer any cabin accommodation because of the Corona Virus. Rossi rang the police station and talked to a helpful woman. As a result, she was allowed to book a cabin for three nights.

Next day she learned that her holding deposit did not prove or qualify her as a Tasmanian returning home so she could

not get a ticket for the ferry, so there was no point her continuing on to Melbourne.

Rossi is still in Deniliquin and the good news is that the documentation arrived late April. Once she gets a couple of local people to witness her signature, she can board a ferry to get to her new home, probably, in about two weeks. She will have to take her own food onto the ferry and will be expected to stay in her cabin for the whole trip. Her furniture is already in the garage at the new unit but can't be moved until the money is paid over.

Once she arrives Rossi will have to go into voluntary isolation for two weeks. She has already been in a lesser form of isolation for the past three weeks.

But she's happy enough. She purchases what she needs at the local Coles supermarket at 7am some mornings. She has temporarily adopted a family of magpies and feeds them daily.

She often walks by the river and talks to the kangaroos and watches as black cockatoos and lorikeets fly past. And she's reading her first Radclyffe Hall novel, that she picked up at a Berry camp, **The Unlit Lamp**. Sounds fitting don't you think?



Instructions to Stay Home

Cate – St. Leonards

Wow! Instructions to **Stay Home!**

So now I can be lazy and not feel guilty!!

Of course, I do miss the companionship of fellow committee members of the many meetings I usually have to attend.

But oh, the joy of putting my feet up and indulging in TV viewing now that I have a smart TV and can watch NETFLIX.

I have been vegging out watching "The CROWN". Extremely well produced. And as it is all history that I lived through, that makes it so much more fascinating. What astonishes me is that the Queen must have given her approval?

Want to watch an American documentary which will help you understand why Trump was elected??? Don't miss **Tiger King**

Books are also a wonderful time spinner. I am reading a book entitled **Self Made Man**. It is written by a woman who, with the help of special make-up, posed as a man. She infiltrated a group of tradies, a group of Monks, a group of men undergoing regular counselling and visited strip clubs with a male companion, all in the cause of trying to understand the male psyche. She managed to fool the blokes she associated with but always confessed at the end of the stint. I can't say I agree with all her observations, but it is interesting enough. This all took place in England.

Then I shall tackle a 1000-page book by Paul Auster, one of my favourite authors.

Now I am looking at getting back to finishing a very difficult jigsaw I started a while ago. It will require a good hunk of my isolation. I also intend to get my watercolours out; nothing makes time pass more quickly. Who cares if it is not terribly good, it is the enjoyment of doing it that counts? And then of course there are all those wretched emails to attend to. They do not seem to be diminishing. I enjoy the ones from friends and the many jokes circulating. I also enjoy many phone conversations with friends but most of all I enjoy that extra time under the blankets in the morning. Again, extra snoozes without feeling guilty!!

Exercises and a walk in the sunshine to stir the system are a must. As is a glass of red wine with dinner!

Isolation?? Boredom! No. Time out to enjoy and follow my favourite activities.



My London Lockdown

Marie – London

Strange times, an unfamiliar landscape.

Where am I? Not sure as it changes day by day. It feels so hard to get some grip on reality and to work out where we need and want to be.

Always the sense of when and how did it happen? When did the extraordinary become normal? And each day another country (or the same one, or maybe it's ours) takes more and more extraordinary measures - restrictions on movement, on borders, and lockdowns. Large and terrifying realities – a million plus deaths from an incurable disease, collapse of the world economy, sundering intimacy, having no idea what next. A dystopian novel – not sure how many pages left. A film set – but what part am I playing and where is the director? We adapt.

Week 1

Lockdown - feels like the inevitable has happened. Allowed to go out to shop and to have one walk preferably around the block. Not to see anyone apart from my household. Why didn't I get my hair cut

before this? Being over 70 advised to isolate – of course I am elderly. Outrage. I recognise that the virus is serious and people are dying and feel that we all need to take measures to keep as healthy as we can. My world, just me and Laura – the rest by the computer and the phone. Find myself locked onto the computer. With the enforced isolation I feel a real need for my friends and network to get some context. To feel we are in this together.

Writing to my friends – thinking of you, how are you? Problem solving - the new necessarily honed skill.

Week 2

Finished all those emails – now awaiting replies. Blank space. Reading a challenge – well written books languish on my bedside table. A feeling of no structure and blank spaces. Write a list, marking off each item as I achieve one more thing. Beginning to realise that small tasks get me through the enormity of the changes and individual powerlessness. Learn Zoom to talk to friends, do my online yoga, do the book group. Determine not to be a deskilled elderly person.

Sleeping badly. Anxious dreams. Can't remember what 'WhatsApp' is for – self diagnose dementia in my dream. Please not now. Mostly I think the virus won't come and if we are very careful we can dodge it. I begin to know people who have it (mostly mildly). I hear of people I know distantly dying. Waiting for the virus to come one step closer to a space nearer me - or not. Waiting for the next measure the government will take. Will the government ever get it together to get protective equipment and testing kits for front line staff? So far their record is criminal.

Week 3

More blank space. Lack of structure leaves me with a feeling of spinning and not being able to find a handhold. Second week of clapping the NHS – stand on the doorstep, banging a saucepan with a large spoon. See my neighbours on their doorsteps and see my dear friend three doors down in the flesh and want to burst into tears. In general, I feel increasingly concerned about going out. We did a major shop during the vulnerable person time (8.00 to 9.00am) and that was well managed. Not sure when and if we will do it again - and we are well stocked now.

We are allowed to do the allotment, so we set off to get our walk (15 mins each way) and then to dig, weed, whatever. Only 3 other allotment plots where we are so feels safe at present. We have now planted the potatoes. Fifteen years ago we did it in an afternoon. Now takes 2 to 3 days. Ageing! The plot never looked so free of weeds and tidy.

Manage to meet up with friends for virtual online dinners, brunches, a cup of coffee. *normal* social interactions keep us sane.

Each day in the UK now nearly 1000 die from corona virus – how do I make sense of that? Yesterday the 9th bus driver, so many NHS workers, men and women in care homes – both staff and residents. Watching the news helps me see the individual behind the numbers. I need to understand the life lived and the life lost behind the de-humanising of statistics. I need to hold the smaller as well as bigger picture to accept the enormity of the changes and my powerlessness. Perhaps it will give me a part of the map.



Sitting comfortably in my sunroom

Gail - Kendall

I am sitting comfortably in my sunroom. From my window I see my horses gently grazing, strolling, flicking tails.

The news of America and Europe is bad. The personal stories of heroes and ordinary people lost, singers on balconies, cheering in the street, saying final goodbyes through windows. Tears come to my eyes. I realize I have not, maybe cannot, really cry since I had to take myself in hand 6 months ago, (loving friend on ventilator and life support before COVID), but that's another story.

And yes, she did survive.

This plague has devastated millions. I do not personally know a single person, even friend of a friend of a friend who has it.

Super crashed, shops a challenge, friends and family a step removed, on a screen.

No games, no rides, no beach, no trip to Yosemite this year.

I do not complain, do not wish to tempt fate. As an older person, like my friends, we are all vulnerable.

Know I am lucky. Sitting comfortably in my sunroom. I pray for us all.

I can just stay home

Carol - Kendall

After all those years of ceaseless motion, I finally get to be still.

Even the last of my “out of the house commitments”, taking my harp to Wauchope Palliative Care Unit, is now, no longer possible.

The blessed peace of knowing that mostly, I can just stay at home.

How wonderful to be able to attend even doctors’ appointments by phone.

Of course, there are a few things left that have to take me out, but not many. I’m grateful. I start my day, as always for many years with meditation, stretches and a couple of cups of tea. Now they are no longer rushed.

There are countless things that claim my attention: painting bookshelves for my home office space, gardening, writing, riding my bike on the country lanes, walking the bush tracks that pass our farm. There is beauty just outside the door and sweet companionship inside. Home is comfortable and warm. We have all we need (apart from the fact we may soon have to consider alternatives for toilet paper).

Connection with others, is by phone, zoom, Facetime, email, text and Facebook. Yes, it does feel a little hollow not to be there in person or to hug.

I feel a little embarrassed to feel so comfortable and happy when others are so unsafe and in such challenging, difficult circumstances.

Waiting for new Aussie slang to be born in the next few months. Early guesses:

Sanny- hand sanitiser

In iso – self isolation/lockdown

The Rona – self explanatory

Magpie – supermarket hoarder

In a sentence:

Me boss tested pozzi for the rona, so now I’m in iso.

Popped down to woollies for some sanny

but it’s been bloody magpie’d.

From: Meanwhile in Australia

FRUGAL

Pam
Miss McDermott, that was her name
I was eight and she was my teacher
She didn't like me
And I didn't like her
And I sure didn't like homework
Words for tonight, she chirped
Create a story using your word
Show you understand its meaning
My word was "**frugal**"
Well I ask you
As if I knew what that meant
Not exactly one I heard bouncing around
the playground
Daaad
Yeh Tige
What does frugal mean?
I'm reading the paper Tige
Dad it's homework, what's it mean?
To save, that's what it means Tige, to save
Got it. Thanks Dad
Wrote my sentence
Second lesson next day
There she was
Like a fat kid on a cup cake
Choosing me, first up
Pamela, have you done your homework?
I got her this time
Yes Miss, I said
Then let's hear it

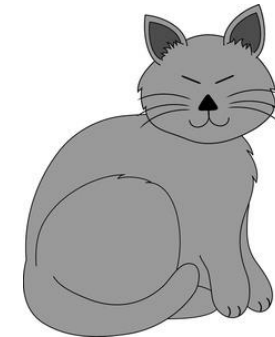
Up I went

FRUGAL is my word and it means, **TO**
SAVE

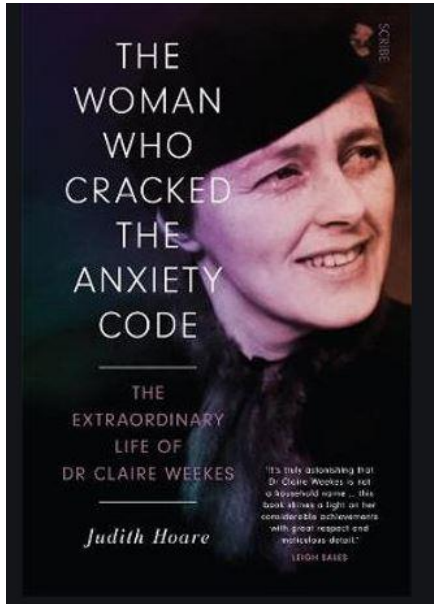
The princess was lost in the forest
She was sitting on a log crying
Then she saw a knight in shining armour on his
horse
She called out FRUGAL ME, FRUGAL ME
AND HE FRUGALLED HER
What a cool story, I was happy
Miss McDermott didn't get it
Too bad. The kids did.
Years later and finished school
Running under Roseville bridge
Heard a noise like a kitten's meow
Ran up the hill and through the bush
There it was
A hessian bag
Chucked off the bridge
Bastards
Opened it up
Six dead little fluff balls
And one cheeky little boy squawking his
head off
Didn't think twice
A girls gotta do what a girls gotta do
Had to FRUGAL him
Took him home to my house
He grew into a big, proud, handsome cat
FRUGAL was his name

I knew all that education would be handy
one day
A girl never knows when she might have to
do a bit of FRUGALLING

Thanks Miss McDermott
That was a great word.



Book Review



The Woman Who Broke the Anxiety Code

Subtitled: The extraordinary life of Dr Claire Weekes. 1903 - 1990

A biography by Judith Hoare

Published by Scribe 2019

Diverting from the usual book review style, I have written a character study of Dr Claire Weekes. It barely touches the surface of this woman's life.

I first became aware of this remarkable woman in the late 1960s, when, in a state of breakdown, I asked my psychiatrist if I

would benefit from reading something about depression. He was stern. No, that was not a good idea at all. Then, a few months later, in a self-help group, someone mentioned a book entitled 'Self Help for Nerves' by this female doctor.

Claire Weekes' book opened my mind in unexpected ways. Here was a woman, who seemed to know exactly what was happening to me. The symptoms she described were uncannily similar to what I was experiencing. What's more, this doctor spoke about the bravery of sufferers who fought their way through each day with symptoms that were so distressing, like battling a tidal wave for example, just moving from the bedroom to the kitchen.

What I didn't know then but have learned since from reading Judith Hoare's biography, was that this young woman, already an accomplished post grad student, a scientist studying zoology, was wrongly diagnosed with Tuberculosis after suffering a sore throat, followed by a botched operation on her septic tonsils that resulted in a haemorrhage. Claire was promptly moved to the sanatorium at

Waterfall, near Helensburgh, south of Sydney.

This was 1928, Claire was 25 years old, and the fear and panic about TB was a shameful admission, and rumours circulated about the sort of person' who contracted the disease. (My mother warned it was girls who stayed out all night with bad men.) This pandemonium was a forerunner of what it would be like decades later with the HIV/AIDS epidemic. (And what about now?) When patients at Waterfall were in the active phases of TB they were housed, alone, in fibro cottages the size of a garden shed. They either recovered or ended up in the cemetery close by. There was a death every three to six days between 1909 and 1939, a tally of about 100 deaths a year.

As Janet Hoare writes "The sanatorium was the perfect Petri dish for a fear that would grip and never let go."

Claire left Waterfall after six months, advised she'd been wrongly diagnosed but still bothered by her racing heart and worried that she was prone to a heart attack at any moment. Instead of feeling relieved that she was being discharged she felt

overwhelmed by the thought of what lay ahead.

Avoiding a return to her studies right away, Claire went to stay with a female friend. The friend was married to a doctor. Claire hoped for some comfort and medical advice but when her heart beat wildly and she called for help, thinking each breath was her last, this man claimed he could not attend her because she would erroneously believe she was worse than she actually was.

Of course, it was fear that was pushing this 25-year-old's heartbeat and it would be some time before she released herself from the vicious cycle her fears had created.

Just three years before this unfortunate diagnosis, Claire had been studying at Sydney University. In 1925, she had been accepted into the honours stream in zoology, and was one of three female graduate scientists who, in a group of 22, accompanied the avowed Darwinist, Launcelot Harrison, a liberal-minded man, to Barrington Tops for a research expedition.

Harrison, unusual for the time, saw women as equals, in life and work. His wife, Amy Mack, a writer, had built up a national reputation, writing about the Australian bush. She was an explicit feminist, a good friend to Claire, and was included in the expedition.

Claire Weekes' project whilst at Barrington Tops, was to study lizards. Their reproduction was not yet well understood, and these reptiles were thought to be egg layers. Claire was able to extend that understanding because she noted, from her examination of captured, dissected, described, and mounted pregnant lizards, that they could also give birth. What was even more remarkable was that the development of a placenta appeared to be related to the lizards' environment in high altitudes. Harrison and Weekes wrote a lengthy paper on her findings and whilst they offered no explanation as to why this development of a placenta took place, the importance of the environment seemed undeniable. This study made zoological history.

The lizards also provided a valuable insight for Claire. They showed fear, they froze,

they ran away, and they fought. Humans did the same. Harrison had taught Claire to observe, to learn by observing, and she did. She had been taught to study intently the evidence she saw before her. As Judith Hoare puts it, Claire came to "understand that evolutionary science could extend from animal instinct to illuminate the workings of the human mind and human behaviour."

Then unexpectedly, Harrison suffered a heart attack and died. It was February 1928. That same summer that Claire fell ill and was wrongly diagnosed. It was a male friend who pointed out that her symptoms were similar to 'shell shock' suffered by many war-damaged veterans. This offhand comment was to have a profound effect on her thinking. She came to understand the role fear played in her daily life.

By June 1930 Claire had regained her mental and physical strength. Despite her success as a zoologist, she shifted her academic focus to the human brain.

Years later she changed her focus again, studying to become a GP.

Then, in 1952, at the age of 52, she sat another exam for membership to the Royal Australasian College of Physicians.

She passed easily and was now entitled to call herself a 'physician'. She soon became famous for her diagnostic skills.

December 1962 her first book 'Self Help for Nerves' was published.

Claire had a friend, a close friend, Elizabeth Colman. Were they friends, companions or lesbians living a concealed bedroom life? Does it matter? More important probably, is the knowledge that these two women were sustained and nurtured by the love they shared.

Elizabeth Coleman was an acclaimed pianist. She and Claire met when Claire became Elizabeth's pupil at the Conservatorium of Music. Elizabeth's task was to help Claire, a budding singer, with her breathing technique.

The two women became friends almost immediately. They planned a trip to Europe, the first of many. They lived happily together for more than forty years, until Elizabeth's death in October 1977, at

the age of 77, in Los Angeles, at the very end of yet another trip. Claire at this point, was a healthy, active, 74 year old.

But Claire's family did wonder how she would cope now without her 'soul mate'.

Claire wrote a dedication to Elizabeth in her next book ...

to the memory of Elizabeth Coleman, who always put obligation before inclination and love and loyalty before all else.

Judith Hoare has written this biography with great skill and extensive researched knowledge of the complexities and issues faced by female scientists of this era. I found the life story of Claire Weekes and the challenges she worked through, deeply reassuring in terms of understanding my own experience of anxiety.

Pearlie McNeill

About Ten Forty and Older Dykes

The first national conference of Ten Forty in the mid-eighties attracted politically active feminists of all hues and sexualities. However, over time it became obvious that a huge majority of women attending follow-up meetings and activities in Sydney were lesbian feminists. Today Ten Forty and Older Dykes refer to the same group of women. We enjoy discussion on the issues we face in work, life and at home, and hold regular fun events to keep us in touch with the lighter side of life. Our website <http://www.olderdykes.org> encourages national and international connections between older lesbians. Ten Forty is not an organisation you have to join, though members do get some discounts. If you want to receive regular information about our activities and our bi-monthly newsletter, visit our website and put yourself on our email list.

Newsletter

The newsletter comes out on our email list. If you do not receive it, email us at contact@olderdykes.org The web edition and back copies of the newsletter are available for download from our website.

Who currently does what?

Events planning: Sylvia Kinder, Diann Payne, Wendy Freeman

Contact email list: Diann Payne,

listing in LOTL: Jan Aitkin

Hospitality boxes: Sylvia Kinder

Archives: Sylvia Kinder and Pearlie McNeill

Money Management: Loretta Kelly

Websters: Jan Aitkin, Ruth Butler, Diann Payne, Pearlie McNeill, Barbara Fleming

Newsletter: editing and layout Pearlie McNeill and Diann Payne