A stylized line drawing of an albatross with its wings spread, forming a frame for the title. The bird's head is on the right, and its tail is on the left. The word "ALBATROSS" is written in a bubbly, outlined font across the wings. The letter 'Q' in "ALBATROSS" is replaced by a raised fist.

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The illustrations on pages 2, 11 & 12 of the Spring 1976 issue are from the book: **WHAT LESBIANS DO...** (see ad elsewhere in this issue). TAC.

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IT HAS COME TO OUR ATTENTION THAT WE IN SOME WAY MESSED-UP THE WINTER '76 MAILING, SO IF YOU ARE SUPPOSE TO GET A WINTER '76 ISSUE AND DIDN'T, LET US KNOW & WE'LL SEND YOU ONE... TAC.



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# REVOLUTION

Editorial View

# NOW

I have always thought of men(woman)struation as a joyous and glorious festival. Back in the Bisexual days (Aha! now we have her--- we always knew she isn't a REALESBIAN!!!) when romance rather than responsibility was stressed in sexual experience (I hesitate to call that terrible quest lovemaking) menstruation signaled "safe for another month" and was a cause for rejoicing... (sex in the 50's was a game with dire penalties and beating the system, ie: getting one's period after "doing it" was much like finding an empty chamber at your turn at russian roulette).


The onset of the menses was much looked forward to in pre-puberty days--one told ones best friend and shared the secrets of being "mature". Also, one didn't have to "take gym" (and if one is as lazy as I, that was a distinct advantage) and I learned to fake all the symptoms of pain and distress and therefore avoided gym for most of my school life. The teacher didn't want to discuss it either (no, I didn't have one of those dyke gym teachers everyone hears so much about-- she was a very sweet, and kindly woman who didn't like to pry into what she called "our personal affairs" so a simple, "I can't take gym today was sufficient... & there was always a long line of bench-sitters laughing about how we had "put it over" and this would account for our present sluggish condition, I suppose.

While we sat out gym we fantasized about "our future lives" when we as women would get "all the goodies" that society promised to "good" girls. Well, none of that came true for any of us but we never thought our period was to blame-- on the contrary we still looked forward to it & "bragged" to each other when it came.

We now skip ahead several years (after all this is a piece on menstruation, not

my autobiography)... to the years of the Movement, and C.R. and new attitudes and discovering that Bisexuality is a copout and re-examining all of ones previously held ideas and attitudes in the hope of understanding oppression and joining the revolution and we discover that our old friend (or the "curse" if you used to be really experiencing and not faking those cramps) is under scrutiny.  
 (continued next page...)

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NOW, DUCK DOWN PRODUCTS PUTS AN END TO THIS HIGHWAY ROBBERY... THAT'S RIGHT! SEND FOR YOUR VERY OWN DUCK, AND EACH MONTH PLUCK ENOUGH DOWN OFF YOUR DUCK TO SHOVE UP YOUR CUNT AND WHILE YOU'RE GOING ABOUT YOUR BUSINESS AND ENJOYING ALL THE NEW FREEDOM THAT DUCK DOWN PRODUCTS IS CAPITALIZING ON, YOUR VERY OWN DUCK WILL BE GROWING NEW DOWN IN TIME FOR NEXT TIME YOU NEED IT...

ENJOY FEATHERBED COMFORT DURING THOSE DIFFICULT DAYS... BE COMFY & PROTECTED INEXPENSIVELY. REMEMBER DUCK DOWN REPLACES ITSELF SO YOU SELDOM HAVE TO REPLACE YOUR ORIGINAL DUCK!! (AND, DUCK DOWN REPELS FLUIDS RATHER THEN ABSORBS THEM, AS SO MANY INFERIOR PRODUCTS DO, SO ONE MONTHLY APPLICATION SHOULD SUFFICE.) ...

IDUCK DOWN FOR THOSE DIFFICULT DAYS!  
 (patent pending & also law suit pending with the A.S.P.C.A.)



# BLOODLUST

I love  
 the smell  
 the taste  
 Of my menstrual blood.  
 I love  
 to put a speculum  
 inside my cunt  
 when I menstruate  
 I love to see  
 my blood  
 drip from my opened os  
 and form a pool  
 on my vaginal floor.  
 I love to bring blood  
 with my hands  
 From my cunt  
 To my mouth-  
 I drink  
 My own juices.  
 Men told us we were ugly,  
 Said we were unclean,  
 They proclaimed that a menstruating  
 Women should hide,  
 She could kill the crops,  
 they said.  
 There is  
 Power  
 In this woundless  
 Bleeding  
 And Bleeding  
 And bleeding

And the smell  
 The smell is of  
 Woman,  
 Strong, prime,  
 Revelling in blood  
 without injury.  
 Men fear  
 And seek to control  
 That which is beyond them.  
 But I am the woman  
 who drinks menstrual blood,  
 Who smears it  
 Everywhere,  
 And makes a mess  
 Of everything.  
 Men, you are right to fear me,  
 For I am the wild  
 Witchy-woman  
 Who has tasted blood.  
 And I have turned feral  
 And remembered  
 The Power  
 The Power  
 The Power.  
 Yes, I am the woman  
 Who has tasted blood,  
 And I promise you  
 I will be back  
 For more.

by Barbara Lipschutz

(continued from page 3...)

My "friend" did not start to bring me cramps, bloating, and other interesting syndra until very recently -- about the time I started to re-examine my attitude towards it, I would estimate. Of course in all those years I was scoffing at my sisters who really bellived they were suffering my bad karma was building and now, in the light of new evidence (my own suffering) I can relate like crazy to all cyclic suffering... or perhaps I am just paying the "dues" of a non-believer.

In any case, I still think of menstruation as a joyous celebration (and while in a lesbian life-style one doesn't need to worry about invasion by uncalled for foeta, it is still comforting to know my body is functioning flawlessly. (the only time I missed my period was from poor health, ovarian cysts and the like).

My "friend" (and yes, I still really do think of it as that) reaffirms that the miracle of recreating myself (O, ego) is still available to me should I want to avail myself of it. (Note: to those involved in my life: (in case I decide to by-line this article) it is the knowledge rather than the intention that brings me comfort.) And, when I finally enter the next phase of growth and reach menopause (our ship moves towards the horizon and we bid a fond farewell to the islands of etc.....) I know I shall be saying goodbye to a true and trusted friend.

--Stacey M. Franchild

We shall now open this forum to our readers and hope you will feel free to express yourselves on this subject. TAC.

---

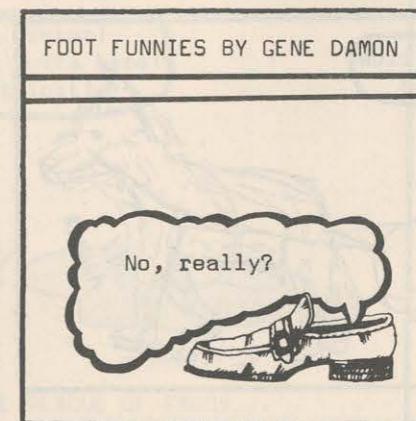
## VIEWPOINT

-- By Rose Weber

I have a terribly unpopular point of view (unpopular in light of the current glorification of menstruation as a natural body function) which I feel an overpowering need to share with you.

It is becoming increasingly clear that menstruation as we know it (flow of blood for several days) does not occur in women whose bodies are truly healthy; women who don't eat meat, fish, dairy products, etc., and who don't drink or smoke. These women ovulate and have regular cycles but rather than bleeding, they have only a light discharge, a few hours in duration. I have watched my own periods get lighter and briefer as I've cleaned up my health act.

It really does seem that bloody menstruation is the way our bodies eliminate toxins, and as such is not a natural process. When the toxins are not present, the flow of blood is unnecessary. Incidentally, menstrual blood is not like other sorts of blood: it is full of poisons your body needs to excrete. In light of this, the assumption that menstruation taboos are a result of nothing but sexism is called into question. Menstrual blood really is dirty. (Gasp! Hiss! Did she really say that? What chutzpal!). S-o-o-o, while I agree that our bodies & their natural functions are just fine, I don't think that we should be glorifying the fact that we're in such rotten shape that we need bloody menstruation. The best way to celebrate your body is to keep it healthy & happy and not pour poisons into it.



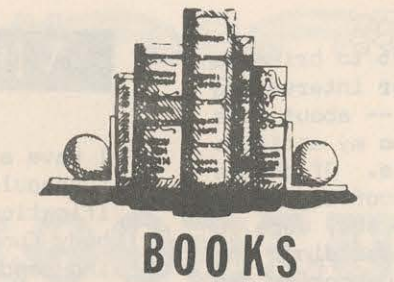


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participate in its growth by sending new information to be included in future editions. (you never know what will open in your area-- for instance it was through the GUIDE that we learned we had a gay bar right up the block from us.) Remember, help us and help yourselves by ordering GAIA'S GUIDE from ALBATROSS (and if you put things off the way we do you'll be pleased to know that as soon as the '77 GUIDE is available we'll be filling the orders you send with that so send your '77 orders in advance and get ready for excitement and new ventures.

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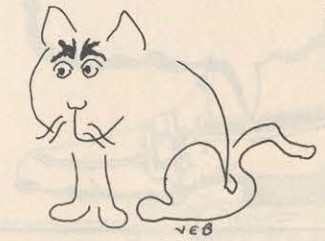
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The introduction by Martha Shelly explains: "In the beginning we come from the cunt, not from some man's side; and we are washed in the water and blood of birth, not the spear-pierced side of some dying god. In the beginning women made pots and jars shaped like wombs and breasts, and decorated them with triangles, which were symbols of the cunt. So the first art was Cunt Art." The drawings in this book are of real women's cunts and we urge you to get your copy (and one for a friend or loved one) today because this is a book that you'll love. TAC

(Editors Note: For a different view of CUNT ART, we refer you to the response to our review of WHAT LESBIANS DO, elsewhere in this issue.)



# BEHIND THE DOOR

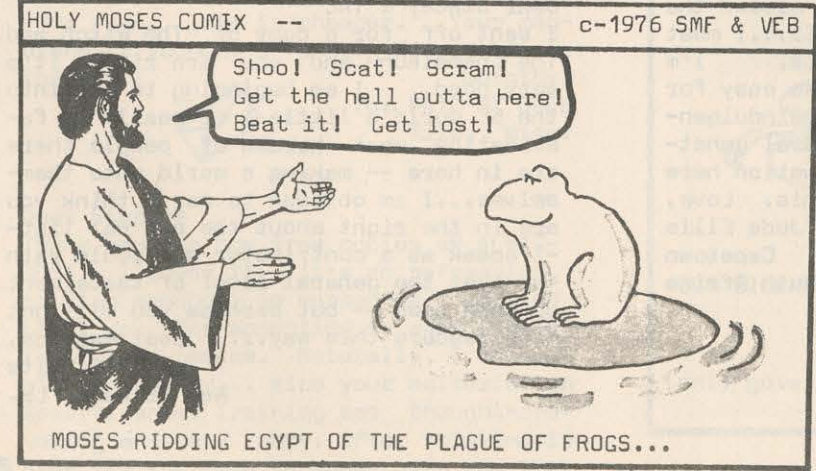
A new collection of poems by Lois Van Houten published by STONE COUNTRY PRESS & available from the author for \$2. from 16 Harlow Crescent, Fairlawn, N.J. 07401 (40 pgs.)

Readers of ALBATROSS will be familiar with the poetry of Lois Van Houten who says of herself: "I see myself as a professional poet, have been writing for at least half my life. I have changed my style, philosophy of living & writing many times, and expect I will continue to do so."

Ms. Van Houten has had poetry published in many "littles", newsletters, pacifist & feminist magazines, and has a previous collection of poems titled NORTH JERSEY BLUES. She dedicates BEHIND THE DOOR to "sisters, lovers friends everywhere" and the book is nicely illustrated.

"When we kissed we went right through each other's skins; there are still little pieces of you in me I never want to come loose"

from IN THE ATTIC



"TURNED-ON WOMAN SONGBOOK" New Woman Press, Box 56 Wolf Creek, Oregon, 97497. Single copy \$3.00 (write for bulk-rates) (40 pages).

When we reviewed TURNED-ON WOMAN SONGBOOK last issue we (in our usual thorough way), neglected to give you an address for ordering in case it was unavailable in your local area. We apologize.



mariah

illustration from TURNED-ON WOMAN SONGBOOK

INSPIRATIONAL POSTERS

EA  
 THOUGH  
 I WALK  
 THROUGH THE  
 VALLEY OF THE  
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 I WILL FEAR NO  
 EVIL FOR I AM  
 THE MEANEST  
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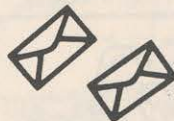
## JUNK MAIL

Once started, a journal must be run conscientiously and well. This is the responsibility of the readers as well as the staff. It is very important for the readers to send in suggestions and write letters and articles indicating what they like and what they dislike, for this is the only way to make the journal a success. -- Mao Tse-tung

---

Dear Stacey-  
Well, I received my first ALBATROSS several weeks ago. I felt as if much of the "satire-sarcasm" was beyond me, both due to my spatio-temporal removal from your specific situation and the fact that this is my first tune-in to ALBATROSS. So I missed the overall feeling of what you are all into, or rather, I felt my tendency for rejecting something that doesn't fit my perspective coming on strong! So I suppose I focused on the poetry and enjoyed some of it...I have a strong interest in Women's Liberation from a socialist-feminist standpoint. Something that many militant lesbians despise is a sexual ambivalence and I, at present, fall into the wishy-washy "bi-sexual" category and have hesitated defining myself either way for some time... I missed the presence of theory in ALBATROSS...I must sound like some dour Trotskyite. I'm certainly not... it would be so easy for me to lapse into complete self-indulgence. It is perhaps only the moral constraint of the political situation here that doesn't allow me to do this. Love,  
Jude Ellis  
Capetown  
South Africa

---



Dear Mary-  
I received my sample copy of ALBATROSS & I'd like to subscribe to the rag, but can't afford the exorbitant price at the moment. Can I offer a few bits of criticism, though, even though I'm not going to join your happy family of readers? If ALBATROSS is hyped as a L/F satire mag. then confine its copy to satire and sarcasm, and omit the higher quality literary material, like poetry, essays, reviews, since there are a great number of magazines, newsletters, and newspapers that publish that kind of material, where as there is a dearth of truly satirical material and a dearth of strictly satirical rags... I did like the graphics and the cartoons, and thought some of the more humorous material was found in the ads for ALBATROSS. Paulette J. Balough, Homestead, Pa.

---

(Editors Note: In appreciation for her interesting comments TAC has presented Paulette with a sub. and she is now part of our happy (for the most part) family of ALBATROSS subscribers.) (few escape!)

---

Dear Stacey & TAC  
I sent off for a copy of "The Witch and The Chameleon" and you are right, it's very good. I am beginning to get into the SF world a little & it really is fascinating what hordes of people there are in here -- making a world unto themselves...I am obliged to say I think you are in the right about the pen pal list- I speak as a contributor who would rather that the general level of taste went up than down -- but perhaps you will get more readers this way... Best Regards,  
Gail White  
New Orleans, La.

---

Sisters-  
That you might be interested that this woman -- whoever she is -- has sent us a letter saying how could we support "Your brand" of feminism with your ad etc etc etc. The enclosed is what we replied. By her address (Name Liz Fraenkel) I see that she's a neighbor of yours. Better luck next time.  
Jackie,  
of LONG TIME COMING  
Montreal, Canada

Dear Liz:  
In reply to your letter-and sorry it's taken so long to reply - we were flooded out and are just now answering all our mail-: First, we do not pay to have our ad printed in the ALBATROSS. We exchange ads with many feminist and lesbian and gay male newspapers, and ALBATROSS is one of them. Second, we believe that our sisters have the right to print what they want - if the majority of women agree with you, then obviously ALBATROSS will have few readers. And vice versa.

Sincerely,  
Jackie Manthorne - LONG TIME COMING

---

(Editors Note: Liz Fraenkel used to write for ALBATROSS under the name Julie Lee & indeed, was part of the original ALBATROSS collective which was at that time called "Mid-East Jersey Radical Feminists". The split was over censorship and other related issues and we'd like to take this opportunity to thank everyone who has supported our right to express our own viewpoint. TAC).

---

Hi-  
Heard you moved. Can't afford to return your form. This is cheaper. Your magazine is raunchy & funny. Keep publishing.  
Dorothy,  
for PAID MY DUES  
Milw., Wisc.



---

Dear Stacey-  
Thank you for the free copies of ALBATROSS. I loved it. It's so refreshing, to find somebody as warped as I am. And thank you for accepting my work (poems) for future issues. Naturally, I enjoyed all the poetry... also your editorial on Assertiveness Training was thought-provoking and very funny. After thinking it over I'm inclined to agree with you that

AT is just whitewashing our rage-making it socially acceptable... ALBATROSS is a fine satire magazine-- and that involves parody, exposure, comedy and laughing at our own mirrors. Feminists do not live on rhetoric alone! (sounds like a "quotable quotes" from Readers Digest) and as you pointed out, with raised consciousness it is hard to relax with MAD & we needed something to fill that spot for women. I would not expect to agree with everything you say but I would expect your viewpoint to give me something to consider--a new angle--and they do in an entertaining format. (Closetta's Hetero Lib, was great and a good example of a sharp and thought provoking article.). I look forward to the next issue and I hope you will not be inundated by bullshit letters and complaints. A good rule of thumb: if something is too sacred to laugh at, it is mentally ill--like Nixon for instance. Peace & Sisterhood,  
Nancy Brizendine  
Kansas City, Mo.



---

(continued on the next page--- )

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(only governm't approved additives added)



# Junk Mail...

Dear Stacey-

This is to thank you and TAC for accepting my poetry... the magazine is so refreshing! As an active "member" of the womens/lesbian/anarchist/whatever Revolution, I find humor very lacking in the "movement"...as if everything is so very serious and we must not laugh at anyone, including ourselves (most of all ourselves!)...since your magazine is so enjoyable, I wish to be an ardent subscriber, once my funds in this fine city stabilize somewhat. I alas, have chosen the rocky road of a welfare recipient & my "funds" are a bit meager at this point.

in strength,  
Amy Joan Fournier  
San Francisco, Calif.

---

Dear Editor-

Dr. Louie Crew was kind enough to send me a copy of ALBATROSS--I found your magazine fantastic -- I only wish I could afford a subscription, but am on limited funds. My best to you and your staff--hang in there and keep 'em laughing.

Barbara Wheeler  
Augusta, Georgia

---

(Editors Note: few can escape!)

---

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Dear Friends-

A brief note to let you know what's going on here in Jamestown. Due to lack of gay community support we're closing up our bookstore. There's just not enough business or interest here to sustain us. Thanks for the opportunity to do business with you. You've got a good mag going. Keep up the good work. Sincerely,  
Rick Maecker  
The Green & Yellow Bookworm  
Jamestown, New York

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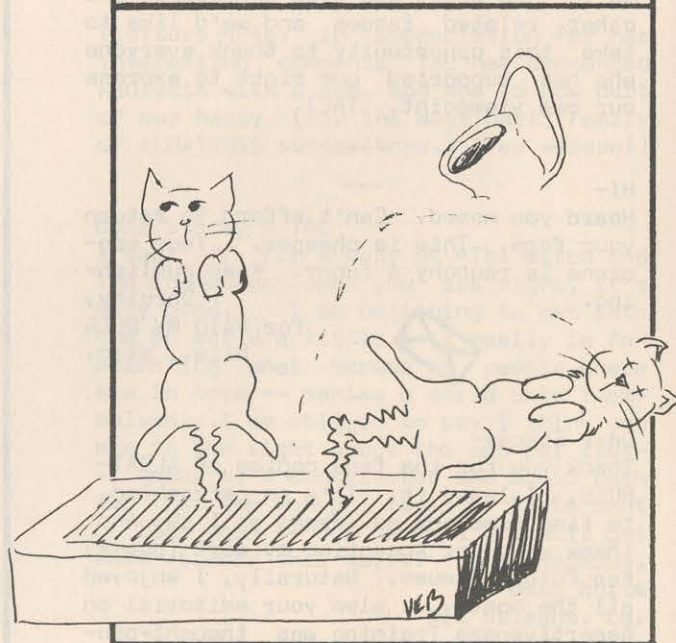
Dear Sisters:

We have received the Winter '76 issue of ALBATROSS, and appreciating it as much as some of us did, I would like to request an exchange sub. between QUEST: A FEMINIST QUARTERLY and ALBATROSS... Your journal meets a need not easily found in many of the feminist publications--humor with political tact. Really glad to see it... Good luck, and we are looking forward to future issues of ALBATROSS.

Sincerely,  
Karen Kollias  
for QUEST  
Washington, D.C.

---

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JOIN WITH US IN CELEBRATING THIS SPECIAL YEAR... IN THIS SPECIAL WAY! BUY A CLOCK THAT SHOWS WHAT YOU THINK OF OUR GREAT COUNTRY, HOUR AFTER ENDLESS HOUR.

(& watch amerika's time tick away)



by SMF & VEB c-1976

with everything you say (in or out of the magazine)--but I sure as hell admire and respect the way you stand up for your right to say/print it. You're one hell of a dyke!!!!

Love,  
Dorothy Feola  
Bronx, New York

---

Dear Sisters-

I want to tell you that your review of my book, "FLIGHT IN BLUE" was very beautiful and made me very, very happy... it made me feel so good to know that you understood what I was saying in the book and what the poems meant to me. I appreciate your love, interest, and sisterly support. That all means so much to me. Your review made me feel like I am reaching my sisters, and that there are others on the same wave-length as I am. Also, in the Winter issue, I loved the poem "Morning Glow" by Dorothy Feola. That poem was very real to me and hit home very hard the day I read it. Her poems continue to bring me much joy and inspiration...

In sisterhood,  
DESI SEAGULL

---

Dear Sisters-

I am renewing my sub for another 3 years (people are going to think I've gone bananas). Kidding aside, I think the Winter issue is the best yet-the poetry, as usual is great-- but I really like the idea of printing extra letters in the JUNK MAIL section--and I especially like all the reviews & ads for books of poetry...my writing is really in full flight lately...with the poem in ALBATROSS that makes 4 poems I've had published in less than 3 months--I have recently been accepted into the BRONX POETS ALLIANCE which will have me reading my poetry in front of audiences for the first time & I'm working on putting out a newsletter for my NOW chapter... Lastly, I want to say that I admire your guts! I once told an editor of mine (who shall remain nameless) that you had an 'acid tongue' and a 'razor sharp wit' but you were (also) 'down to earth, open, and honest' and (I thought) 'very capable of putting out a serious, legitimate magazine' (if you wanted to). You just keep giving 'em hell!--and fight back, standing up for what you believe in! I may not agree

Dear Stacey, Virginia & TAC-

Surprise, it's me the Kid... as you see within (Ed. Note: we saw!) this other letter which has on it my last column that I would like to do for the magazine. In a way it seems sad, but not really... I felt the readers did not want the message and that this is not what you had in mind to publish in this magazine. Thank you for letting me be a part of it anyway. I thought it would only be fitting to do a "concludes column". So that should solve that. (Ed. Note: see WHITE & CREAMY SERVED TO YOU UPON A HOND in this issue of ALBATROSS for Kid's last column)

Now that that's out of the way, ...I'm back to work in the candy store munching my way through the day on carmel, nougat chocolate covered cherries, and creamies and nuts (Ed. Note: nuts?) There is a machine at work that cuts carmel down to smaller pieces to be covered later by chocolate. Anyway I got my middle finger caught in the machine and cut the tip of my finger a little over half way off.

My reaction was about the same as when I calmly came upstairs and said "I know why they moved the bar in the other room (continued next page)



**WHITE & CREAMY SERVED TO YOU UPON A HOND**

By Pat (the "Kid") Lawrence

(CONCLUDES) This shall be my last column to this magazine. Why? My Lord and Savior Jesus, I believe, is calling me in a new direction.

As the word of truth tells us, my sheep know my voice and shall follow me... So obedience to him who saved me from eternal death, I shall follow.

My thanks and love to the fine people at the Feminists United Collective (now the ALBATROSS collective) my friends forever and especially Stacey who put up with my column thus far.

To those who read this, and don't understand, that's OK. For those who do, that's OK, too. For those who really want an explanation, ask Jesus. Yea, if you don't know it there is a God, if not ask Jesus if He exists or not, to reveal to you THE TRUTH, then receive. All who seek shall find, and He shall receive all who come to Him.

(Ed. Note: see Kid's letter in JunkMail)

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## the gay alternative

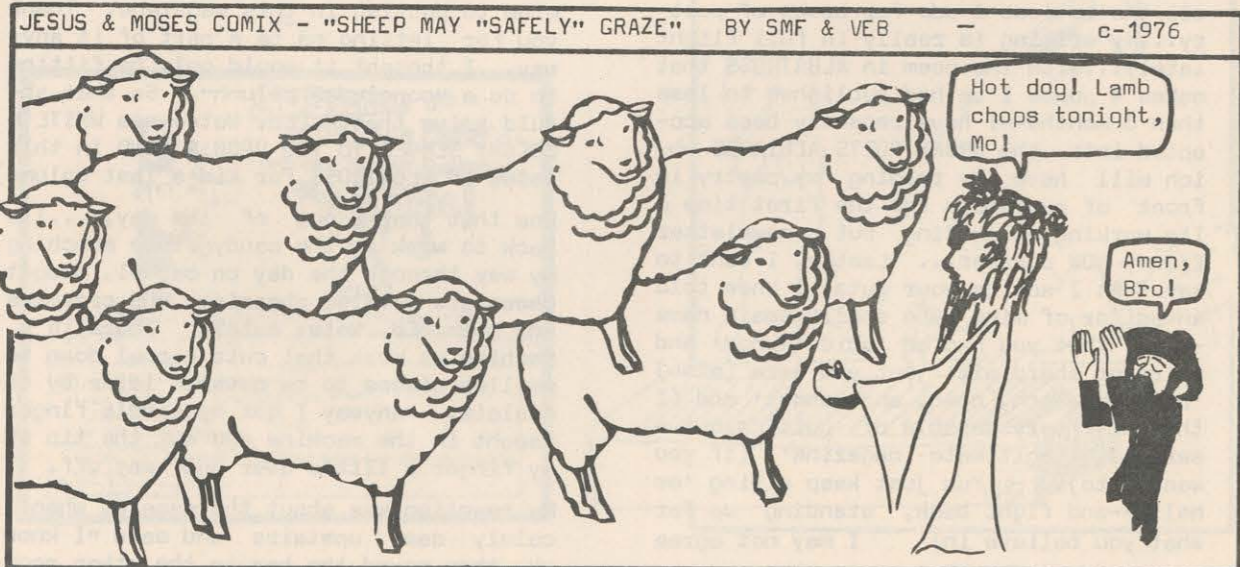
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(continued from previous page)

... because it wouldn't get damaged when the basement floods." (Ed. Note: I also remember that you waited until the flood was very deep before you even thought of coming upstairs for help!), well, going back to the finger. When it happened, I looked at it calmly and said as I turned the machine off, to the one who was my helper, "excuse me, I think I cut my finger." Then I walked calmly away...

...After the good people at the hospital sewed the tip back on with 6 stitches I got up, still calm, got to the office to check out, walked to the door and started to pass out. I said to my boss, "excuse me, but I think I'm about to faint". I'm OK now. Hope you weren't high because I'm sure you would be really down by now. Sorry. I'm making chocolate bunnies for easter. You may be down but are you hungry--really hungry? Well, I'm going to get something to eat. Love,  
The Kid.



(Junk Mail continues on page )

CHRIST ON A BICYCLE COMIX --VEB & SMF

Has it ever occurred to you that if all "this" happened after the discovery of electricity we'd see a whole lot of Catholics wearing tiny electric chairs around their necks?



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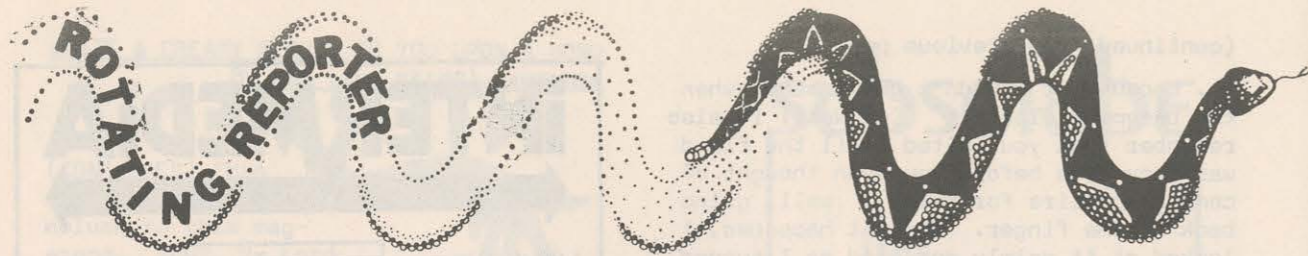
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Our Rotating Reporter (having recovered from the exhaustion she suffered while interviewing -- and washing the dog of-- the ever-popular Irish Williams) has recently left the SUNNYVALE HOME FOR THE DERANGED and sent us this interview from the lovely state of Georgia (which is located near the state of confusion in which we usually find our Rotating Reporter).

RR - I met with Barbara Wheeler to find out more about her interesting and peculiar profession. Barbara very kindly answered my questions even after she found out my views on the desecration of dead animal bodies -- she also presented me with a beautiful hand tooled leather key fob and belt and when I return to my home base (Editors Note: THE SUNNYVALE HOME FOR THE DERANGED!!!!) I will invite all my friends (Editors Note: from recent mail we don't think our R.R. has any friends left) to a proper burial ceremony for these items at which a simple (but delicious) vegetarian meal will be served.

RR - Tell me, Barbara, how did you get involved in all this...

BW - I got interested in leather crafting in order to keep my sanity. Living in a small, stuffy southern town is not easy especially if you grew up in the rich culture of the East.

RR - Where did you learn to do this work?

BW - I taught myself to do western style tooling and I design and cut my own patterns for belts, purses, visors, sandals and key fobs. I was requested to do, & did, a leather stole for a priest. It turned out beautifully and I was pleased that it was blessed by the Bishop of Ga. The leather was paid for by a friend of the Priest and the work I did was my donation to the church.

RR - How interesting.

BW - U have also had showings of my work and have won awards.

RR - Oh.

BW - I sell my items at local craft fairs

and I'd like to expand and sell mail order.

RR - What are your prices like?

BW - My belts sell for \$10, my buckles for \$4 to \$5, visors \$6.50, purses from \$25 and up, key fobs \$1.50 and key chains are .50¢. I have to be paid in advance and I will ship free.

RR - What kinds of designs are available?

BW - I do names, flowers, women's symbols, cats and dogs. I will also try to work from any designs that people send me so if someone sends a design I'll try to do it for them.

RR - Do you do other kinds of things with leather?

BW - I've made leather boxes to hold 8 track tapes for \$20 if your readers want something like that, they could send the design they want and I could try to do it for them. (continued on page )

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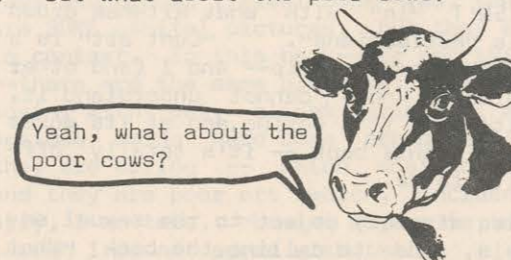
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ROTATING REPORTER CONTINUED---

RR - Don't you feel terrible about using the skin of dead cow bodies for the material on which you do the pretty work?

BW - Working with tanned tooling cow hides doesn't bother me.

RR - But what about the poor cows?



BW - I have no attachment for cows. I find them quite dumb.

RR - That's because you don't know any of them personally...

BW - I was a ranch hand one summer and was on a first name basis with a cow.

RR - Did you take off her hide when the summer ended?

BW - The skins I use are a by-product of domesticated cows used for food, so in a sense it is recycled for human garments, like shoes, coats, belts, hats, etc...

RR - It sounds like you like what you do.

BW - I love being a leather craftswoman and it keeps me off the street and out of trouble!

RR - ALBATROSS readers can reach Barbara through the ALBATROSS at BOX 112 - 111 So. Harrison St. E. O. N. J. 07017.



JUNK MAIL CONTINUED---

Dear Albatrosses, Your magazine is in such bad taste that I read it faithfully -- but only behind closed doors. I find your comics to be perfectly despicable (and no self respecting dyke feminist would ever defend you), but I howl over them for hours. I was, however, appalled at your Realesbian counselor article & almost stopped reading you as I thought you'd gone too far with that one. Nevertheless, I found myself wondering what "the Roommates" were up to. Please don't dare to print my name as I wouldn't want our "respectable" feminist community to disown me (you can disregard that since I realize you have no scruples anyhow). Chocolate, Denver, Colorado

P.S. Please send a year's sub & all your back issues & bill me at an exorbitant rate.

P.P.S. I never pay and I don't have any scruples either.

---  
(Editor's Note: Chocolate Waters has written an excellent book of poems with the title: TO THE MAN REPORTER FROM THE DENVER POST, which we will be reviewing next issue --- positively or negatively depending on how fast we get her check-- and we suggest you order her book now & you can do that by sending \$2.75 + .30¢ postage to: Chocolate Waters c/o Big Mama Rag, 1724 Gaylord St. Denver, Colo. 80206.)

BETTY FRYPAN MEETS PHYLLIS SHITFLY COMIX c-1976 SMF & VEB

<p>I'm a feminist &amp; I'm for abortion and women's rights!</p>	<p>I'm not a feminist &amp; I'm against abortion &amp; women's rights!</p>	<p>I don't like dykes!!!</p>	<p>I don't like dykes!!!</p>	<p>Sister?</p>	<p>Sister!</p>
--	--	------------------------------	------------------------------	----------------	----------------



## Response to "WHAT LESBIANS DO" or ... eating pussy is counter-

In the last issue, we reviewed the book: WHAT LESBIANS DO in a very favorable way (which was no more than fitting as it is a very favorable book) and in the interest of presenting all sides of the story we pass on to you the following with one word of advice: send for your own copy & make your own decision. TAC

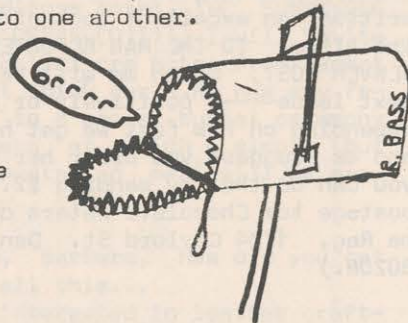
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Dear ALBATROSS:

This letter was passed on to us as a response to our book, WHAT LESBIANS DO, by a friend who said she had received it from a friend of hers named Julie Lee. We wonder if it is the same Julie Lee you have been mentioning.

We were struck by the remarkable similarity in style and thought patterns. You have our whole-hearted support in your brave efforts to combat secretiveness and divisiveness and to keep us all out front and exposed to one another.

Love,  
admiration  
and  
sisterhood,  
Marilyn Gayle  
& Barbary



S---- -- I have left what I think of the book for last. Let me say this before I comment: I have said and done things before that you were SURE were all wrong, ridiculous, bad, e.t.c. and in the end you have found that I was right, or at last (sic) not totally off the track. So, what I am going to say now is going to make you fucking mad, I am sure -- but PLEASE, hear me out and at least consider that I MIGHT just be right -- at least in part.

I don't know whether the book is supposed to be something like "Loving Women", or whether your friends did it totally separately. I love "Loving Women" (with reservations). I totally dislike "WHAT LESBIANS DO".

First of all, it's "cunt art" which is very "in". But let me tell you, S----, it ISN'T "in" with what RitaMae Brown calls "Realesbians". "Cunt art" is a straight women's trip-- and I (and other Lesbians I know) cannot understand it. At its best it's boring, and at its worst -- as in this book -- it's totally offensive to me.

I also strongly object to the sexual emphasis, and to calling the book "What Lesbians Do". Because what is depicted in that book is NOT what exclusive Lesbians do at all, it is precisely what otherwise straight women do when they suddenly "decide" that they want to screw women -- for whatever reason. In years past Lesbians were called "tribadists" & for good reason, because the lovemaking preferred by exclusive Lesbians IS tribadism. I never knew this until fairly recently-- I thought I was unusual. Then I started to have opportunity to talk to exclusively Lesbian women about how they have sex -- and I was a very surprised person.

I don't know anything about your friends but I am unhappy about the fact that--in their book--all that Lesbians "do" is to have sex, and especially have the type of sex most REALESBIANS don't practice. This is the male-oriented porno idea of what Lesbians do, you know, which we in the movement have been trying to fight for a thousand years (as J--- says). The book is sexist in the extreme-- it plays right into male fantasies, and will be grabbed up by males -- it should have fantastic sale in male porno shops.

Is Jill Johnston really Emma Bovary in drag? Is Stanley Kowalski funded by Betty Friedan? Was Herman Hesse a Hasid? Did a Kennedy "do" Janis too? Does Haratio Alger pimp for Mrs. Robinson? Is Mein Yiddische Momma a hold-over from the Age of Pisces? Is Dus allis vert an oisbebluzenner ei? (Is all of this worth a blown-out egg?).

None of These, nor other apocalypse-type questions get answered in CINDERELLA: Radical/Feminist/Alchemist by Lea Kavablum. But try it on anyway. \$2 ppd. Box 14, Guttenberg, N.J.

## revolutionary, subversive and "straight" sez jewel elitist!!!!

The difference between that book and "Loving Women" is that the latter is a serious and almost lyrical book--yes, there are SOME genital pictures, but they are in context. In this book--for one thing --there are the same pictures, again and again, with only slight variation, and besides being hard core pronographic, they are boring -- which most porno is and they are poor art (which, incidentally, I am told, "Loving Women" is, although I do not agree with that).

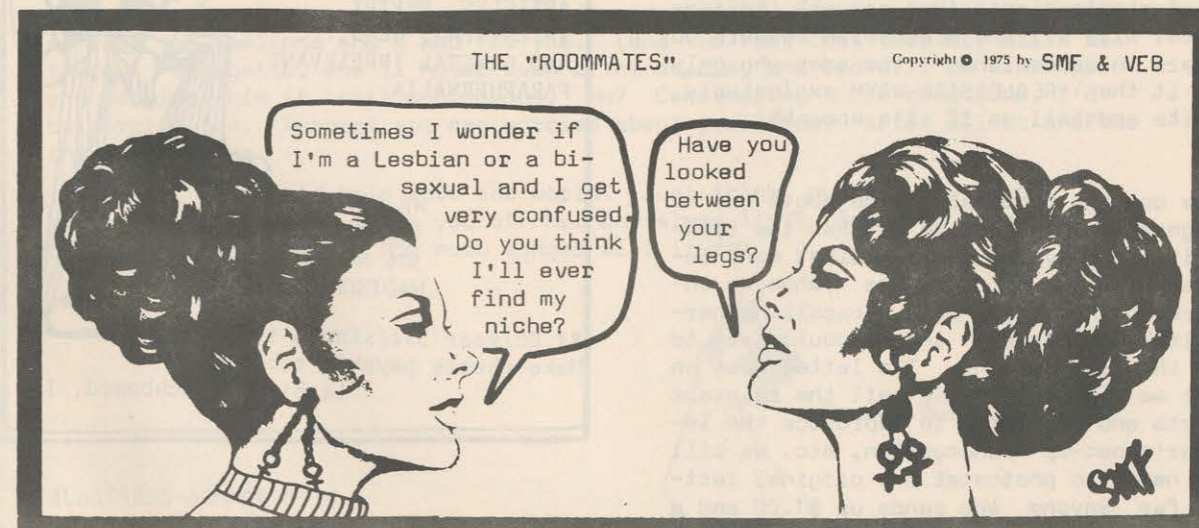
I have no idea what your friends were after, but for LESBIANS to write such a book is a puzzle to me. WHY? There is nothing tender, beautiful, or even stimulating about it. It panders to the worst type of sexuality--sexual exploitation, and OF WOMEN.

Yes indeed "why so many cunts"? Genitalia are not faces. Which is one reason why exclusive Lesbians dislike oral sex --it makes the sex partner into a "cunt" which is, it makes her into a sex object. We like to HOLD each other FEEL each other, when we make love--when we reach climax. What does it do to me when I am "down there" while my lover has a climax --I don't love her legs particularly. I want to feel the entire body of my lover -- her breasts, her belly, her legs around mine, e.t.c.--which is the reason we here are fussy about what kind of body

we are holding (except J---- with her pearshaped friend!). There is a vast difference between a "cunt" (incidentally I HATE this word, it's a male chauvinist term--MUCH WORSE than "girl") and a face. Our faces are the mirror of much of what is inside us-- eyes express, mouths express, facial expression has meaning in many areas--including the sexual. Genitalia do not possess what faces do --and the sentence, frankly is bullshit, as is the whole book. I would also ask "why so many arms" or why so many legs", or why so many hands" -- or whatever, if a book kept showing legs, arms, hands, e.t.c. over and over again, as this book shows "cunts".

I know that in the feminist (straight) movement women are trying to overcome their feeling of ugliness in the genital area. This is good. But having a drawing of it on every page isn't going to accomplish this. I even dislike Betty Dodson's show, which certainly has quite a bit of artistic value. Dodson is straight, and I consider her "show" exploitative of women, especially since she allows men in when she shows it.

(Editors Note: In the interest of fairness, we didn't interrupt this review to tell the author that it's sort of silly to say that a cunt isn't a face or to point out that (continued next page)---





(continued---) everyone can tell the difference between their clitoris and their nose or that unless one has extremely short arms, one can eat and hug and all at the same time and so on and so forth, but I must really interrupt to say that we have seen Betty Dodson's show & we consider it most excellent-- a real consciousness raiser and a not-to-be-missed-event, should you have the opportunity we urge you to attend).

So -- I am sorry to say that while I recommend "Loving Women" -- I cannot in good conscience recommend "What Lesbians Do" -- for every conceivable reason in the world. And I am sorry such a book was published-- was it PRINTED by women? I sure hope so. (Editors Note: Yes.)

G---- H----- from San Pedro just wrote to me a couple of days ago. She is a printer, and she mentioned the so-called feminist art in her area, and said it consisted of cunts in phosphorescent colors. She thought it was disgusting--and she's been married and has 4 kids! (Editors Note: so what?) She felt it was a straight trip and that Lesbians don't go for it--her friends apparently feel as I do.

Anyway--tell me,--why this extreme emphasis on sex? What's so all consuming about sex? Why make a fetish AND a full-time occupation out of sex? I never understood this--especially of Lesbians who can have such fulfilling sex--why do they need to spend so much time thinking, writing, fantasizing about it? Lesbian sex is so natural, so good, so easy and so comfortable--isn't that enough? (Editors Note: Will all the REALESBIAN readers out there in readerland -- the ones who only do it the "REALESBIAN WAY" exclusively, write and tell us if it's enough?).

---

The copy we received of the above had no signature--however, we matched the typewriter and typing style against many letters written by Julie Lee )whom we understand has gone back to calling herself Liz Fraenkel-- and it would seem to be the same person. The letter goes on but we have extracted all the relevant parts and attempted to reproduce the letter's set-up--punctuation, etc. We will be happy to photostat the original letter for anyone who sends us \$1.00 and a stamped-self-addressed envelope. TAC

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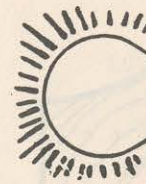
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## A LIGHT IN THE CLOSET ---

BY TRISH WILLAMS

AN OPEN LETTER TO:  
Ms. Mary Richards  
c/o TV News Room  
Minneapolis, Minn.

Dear Mary,

For three years now I have followed your antics on the Mary Tyler Moore show. I've been waiting and hoping that one day, Mary Richards, you'd open your closet door and finally step out and join your sisters as they try to change the world. But no, you just go along with the tide, trying to fluff off Mr. Grant's attempts to fix you up; understanding but being unable to accept Murray's love, and being alone. You don't even have a cat - oh Mary!

Just think of Rhoda, perhaps she wouldn't have left for New York and settled for "what's his name" if you could have been more honest with your feelings.

You've changed apartments, hairstyles, perhaps analysts, but still you aren't happy. You won't be until you take that very important step.

We are all here Mary, waiting for you with open arms. You can't run forever. Perhaps you are worried about your job or your friends. Let's take a serious look at those problems.

Now, just what would Mr. Grant say if you told him you were gay? He'd give you some fatherly advice (don't get arrested) a pat on the ass, and continue to try to set you up. And Murray, he'd probably be even more attracted to you at first but eventually you'd become pals - maybe do "girl watching" together in front of Daytons. And Sue Ann, the tops in "feminity" - she'd continue to give you autographed cookbooks and be distasteful - asking questions like: "Tell me Mary, do you find ME attractive?" (good grief Sue Ann!) Phyllis and Rhoda? Well Phyllis, she'll be upset initially, but would end up understanding and accepting it all quite well which would give Beth a better chance to be honest with her. Now Rhoda, she'll be confused and terribly upset. She'll be forced to face the feelings she's had for you. (and the fact that they may still be there). Georgette, she'll never even blink an eye, and Ted will be fine once you convince him it isn't contagious. Hm? Considering those reactions, I'd be worried too. Perhaps you are worried about your fans? After all it's after the family hour.

Mary, you could help move the world. Just think, our own T.V. show. So what if Betty Friedan takes you off her Christmas list? Remember we are all cheering for you Mary. How much longer will it be?



In sisterhood,

Brenda Morgenstern



## UNDERSTAND

I'm not lost,  
I know where I want to go,  
so  
understand;  
Sometimes I wander about  
as though  
I'm not sure of  
where I'm going.  
Too bad, you not knowing,  
that I do.  
You,  
not really caring,  
not really sharing  
or seeing  
my thirsty destiny  
before me.  
Understand  
that I try to  
understand you.

-- by Sondra L. Dean



## UNTITLED

This is a poem for the lady  
who said I was "fragile beyond words"  
told me I could play the part of a  
skeleton and not need a costume  
looked me up and down and saw through my  
gauze shirt and my facade  
at the same time  
then showed with her smile that she  
was pleased with all she saw.

This is a poem for the lady  
who fed me cream in a wine glass  
saying it would heal my ulcer  
and my heart too  
who called me "pussycat"  
stroked my fur  
then wrapped me even warmer  
in her tenderness  
when her fingers got caught in my scars.

-- by DESI SEAGULL



this is going to be  
exceptional  
with exquisite view in  
place  
of the exquisite taste

social recluse I am  
quietly observing  
ripples  
mildly disturbing

my women floating  
breathing deeply  
sailing into that vast  
Sea of Mystery

mildly disturbed  
I observed the  
sinking and  
the drowning

tiny ripples kissing  
swallowing  
those bold nipples

-- by LIZA

## LOVE POEM FROM A DAUGHTER OF SAPPHO

I'm a grower of seeds-  
tiny kisses matted  
in your untamed hair  
& closing over your  
worried eyes  
I'm a flower-singer  
asking street-ladies  
if they'd like a gift  
of flowers  
asking you  
I plant gardens-  
when I get the chance  
I'd like to plant a rose  
on each sweet breast- I'd like  
to make tulips bloom  
between your thighs  
Violets would swarm about your hair  
Dandelions would creep about your feet  
And I'd plant daisies  
at all points  
in between

If you'd let me.



**Margaret Sloan**  
Founding Member, National  
Black Feminist  
Organization

-- by Lisa Fenton

## SHORT NOTE TO MARGARET SLOAN FROM A YOUNG DETROIT DYKE...

Thank you, Margaret:

I want to die on my feet, too;  
not cowed by the misogynists  
or misled by spiritless puppets  
but on my feet, ageless, angry  
and intent on making this a  
Womens Revolution. Your words  
come in a sparse time yet I  
feel stronger already  
having heard them.

fondly,  
Amy

-- by Amy Joan Fournier



## THE APARTMENT

looks across the river  
shakes/to the chattering  
of jackhammers:  
is crucified on glass  
in the last rays of the  
sun.

Shrouded in cloth/to the velvet night  
it has a narrow closet of tile, called  
a kitchen gold-plated plumbing in  
the bath the seat of the water-closet  
cushions the hips.

When the foyer opens  
geraniums signal fire:  
her footsteps singe holes  
in the carpeting/ her fingers  
pry open the mail to MS. who or  
what or how.

She dances at the ballet Roma  
sings at Ching's China Town;  
plays piano at the Danube Spa  
studies five languages at Berlitz  
while sleeping with men of five nations:  
but wonders, lately, if maybe a  
woman wouldn't be better.

-- by Lois Van Houten

## MENSTRUAL BLOOD



# MOTHER BEDLAM'S GARDEN OF GRASS ROOTS

**1**  
As I was going to St. Ives  
I met a man with a case of hives  
it seems that he'd lost seven fights  
with seven sisters for custody rights  
after which he'd seven fits  
and seven times had lost his wits  
which got him into seven spats  
with seven too-familiar cats  
fights, rights  
fits, wits  
spats, cats -  
so much for patriarchy.



hickory dickory dock  
to hell with mouse & clock  
what I'd like to see  
Saturday on TV  
is a good deal less  
of jock.

**7**  
the three wise men from washington  
went to sea in a bowl  
which might explain anything.



**8**  
this is the woman  
sowing the corn  
who strangled the cock  
that crowed in the morn  
and cursed the priest  
all shaken & shorn  
and married NO man  
all tattered & torn  
but kissed the maiden  
all forlorn  
and milked the cow  
with crumpled horn  
& fed the dog & stroked the cat  
that killed the child  
that played in the house  
jane re-built.



BY MARGIE ROBERTSON

**2**  
dickory dickory dare  
the pig flew up in the air  
the women below  
laughed to see him go  
he looked just as absurd  
up there.



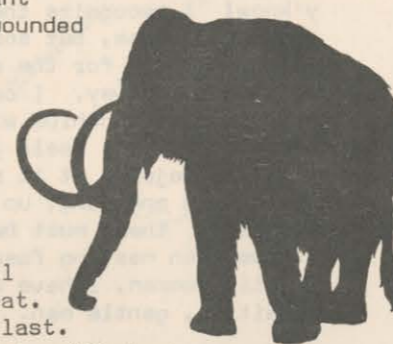
**3**  
little boy blue, you've blown your horn  
just once too often, hear?  
now take your jock strap & your porn  
and get the hell out of here!

**4**  
there was a crooked woman  
and she walked a crooked mile  
'cause that's the only way she could get  
anywhere at all.



# BIOLOGICAL NOTES

**1**  
Elephants  
are among the few  
animals  
that are reluctant  
to leave their wounded  
to die.



Their society  
is a matriarchy.

**2**  
Female lions kill  
and male lions eat.  
Young lions eat last.  
If the food is not sufficient  
the young starve.

A lion family  
is a pride.

**3**  
The female mantis  
mates with the male  
and bites off his head.  
Each generation of males  
seems to think it won't happen  
this time.

-- by Gail White



# I CONFESS

i was the one  
shooting toast at the kids  
this morning at breakfast

i've spent my last morning  
with their little  
cerealized minds  
& boxtops bodies

if i can locate  
their proof of purchase seals  
i'm going to return them  
to the factory  
for refinement  
& repackaging



perhaps a russian  
wolfhound  
would be nice

-- by nancy brizendine

# FOR JEANNE

Mother guppies  
eat their young  
and mother dogs  
eat the afterbirth  
whereas human mothers  
are content to wait  
for the development  
of the soul.



-- by Gail White



# ABOUT THE AUTHOR ---

Dear ALBATROSS-

I will be glad to take a minute to tell you where or how I heard of ALBATROSS & to reply to your letter. A magazine entitled THE WRITER suggested that literary efforts were desired. Upon receiving an issue of ALBATROSS, I did register some surprise and disappointment at the unavailability of payment -- as I am also in dire need of some form of sustenance. Nevertheless, I am intrigued and undaunted and motivated to communicate with you. I do not believe I qualify as a "radical lesbian feminist." I am a mind and a spirit in a body. This body is capable of conception and has borne one child, a very dear friend and inspiration to me. This body does not engage in sexual parlour games, but finds lofty attainments in sexual expression, in touching, in sharing.

Gender is not a vital factor in my choice of companions. My social conditioning has limited my physical experiences, but now after twenty-seven years I am fully awakened to and proud of this blossoming of womanliness within me, without me, about me. I have met in these past few years women who merit my respect and affection.

For so long I was stifled and disillusioned by females who seemed interested in little more than males, self-adornment, and material possessions. I try to be patient. I try serenely to wait for my mental meanderings to materialize. I am not at all certain how to announce to the world that I seek an intimate woman friend-lover-mate. The entire concept seems to intricate a matter to be discussed lightly. It is not a type I desire but an individual, a person with whom to more fully share living and loving. I must live in a rural setting. I do live in a decidedly rural setting! I am only learning how to relate to this soil, to this weather, to these magnificent, but often inclement seasons. And I am learning, too, that this male creature with whom I dwell is hardly my idea of a mate or friend or lover or partner. But we are here, making this act possible, gro-

ALBATROSS-SUMMER 1976

wing, changing. I am sometimes very lonely, but it is sweet as I know I am not feeding on impossible fantasies, but simply passing through, reaping and sowing.

What will be will be and all that, y'know! I recognize the need for labels and definitions, but sometimes words are flimsy vessels for the weight of feeling we wish to convey. I cannot confine myself to relationships with any neutering effect. If it feels good, if it feels right, I rejoice at it regardless of gender. Yin and yang, up and down, male & female... there must be balance. While I have been meeting fascinating and stimulating women, I have also been meeting sensitive, gentle men.

In my own opinion, the goal for which to strive is a consciousness which allows people to cherish and celebrate both feminine and masculine aspects of their individuality. Yes, that sums it up quite neatly. I could have just said that!

Now after all this rambling, I am beckoned outdoors by the sunshine on my garden site. I must remark that I appreciated the candid comment concerning your literary standards (April '75, p.10)!



I conclude, fondly,  
with warm wishes,

*Deborah Weinischke Kuklinski*

Deborah Weinischke Kuklinski

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requested if you  
can make them.

*Deborah Weinischke Kuklinski*



*Other flowers sisters lovers*

*Wilting dying*

*and reviving*

*We touch in many muted ways*

*In the night's echoing ecstasies*

*In the idealistic pursuit of days*

*Touching without drawing near*

*Intimacy without closeness*

*And we have so many reasons*

*for embracing*

*Come feel the life within my belly*

*Let me love you in the kitchen*

*We may sing laughter's song together*

*Or share the good salt of tears*

*The folly of humankind in this society*

*Cutting into our dance*

*Prodded by pure primitivity*

*We flow onward*

*Crested or cloven each in place*

*The continuum*

*Calabages in a row piqued and pursued*

*But we who would lie together*

*For nourishment,*

*how do we know one another?*

# LESBIAN


not enough parental display of affection  
childhood trauma  
fear of penis penetration  
and the biological facts  
arrested development  
due to too much  
peanut butter

We all know about starving armenians but are there lesbian armenians are there armenian lesbians swallow one whole forced down your throat until there are no more left you think you belong to the clean plate club if you swallow a watermelon seed without chewing a watermelon will grow in your stomach

signed  
sincerely a  
statistical  
symptom of  
societal  
stress

PS  
You are assumed  
straight  
until presumed  
guilty

-by Rosemary Rasmussen



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**V.K. McCarty**

V K McCarty, redhead  
 tried various careers  
 embraced the arts  
 started writing  
 got married  
 stopped writing  
 aborted spouse  
 started writing again  
 and is now seeking fame  
 and fortune  
 on the Broadway stage  
 with burgeoning  
 cynicism.

how well I remember  
 discovering the Times in college  
 devouring it  
 with endless Sunday breakfasts  
 and Sunday sex  
 thinking somehow  
 by just studying the texts  
 I could absorb culture  
 osmos success

---

oh gracious, yes  
 I was pedestalled in my marriage  
 It's just that we dug a trench  
 in the kitchen  
 so that from my pedestal  
 I could reach the sink

---

O.....yes

O, yes, to take a woman  
 into the saddle of my passion  
 to the point where I have  
 that gristle of sex right in my teeth  
 and deciding

yes now  
 and knowing  
 yes now  
 and watching the bite  
 now yes  
 and her release  
 and mine  
 digesting that moment

-by V K McCarty

WHERE IN THE RENAISSANCE HOUSE, 1007 JAVELIN STATION, NEW YORK, N.Y. 10014

REFLECTIONS OF AN INTERNATIONAL FEMINIST

Obsessed, it seems, with Robert's Rules of Order,  
 Preoccupied with by-laws all the while,  
 Can this be happening to the women's movement  
 I joined fanatically just four short years ago?

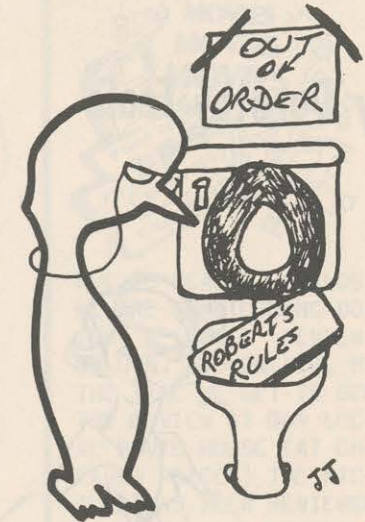
But that was in the early days, in Dayton.  
 We weren't organized and didn't try.  
 We all would take our turns and keep it simple-  
 Revolving leadership, effectively, we chose.

But then I went away to Copenhagen--  
 An English-speaking foreigner, I joined  
 The Danish militants who call themselves Redstockings  
 Of taking over houses, seizing microphones.

Then I came back again to my "home" country,  
 With "Women's Lib" on everybody's lips,  
 A movement too predominantly of superstars,  
 Too many who had first been journalists.

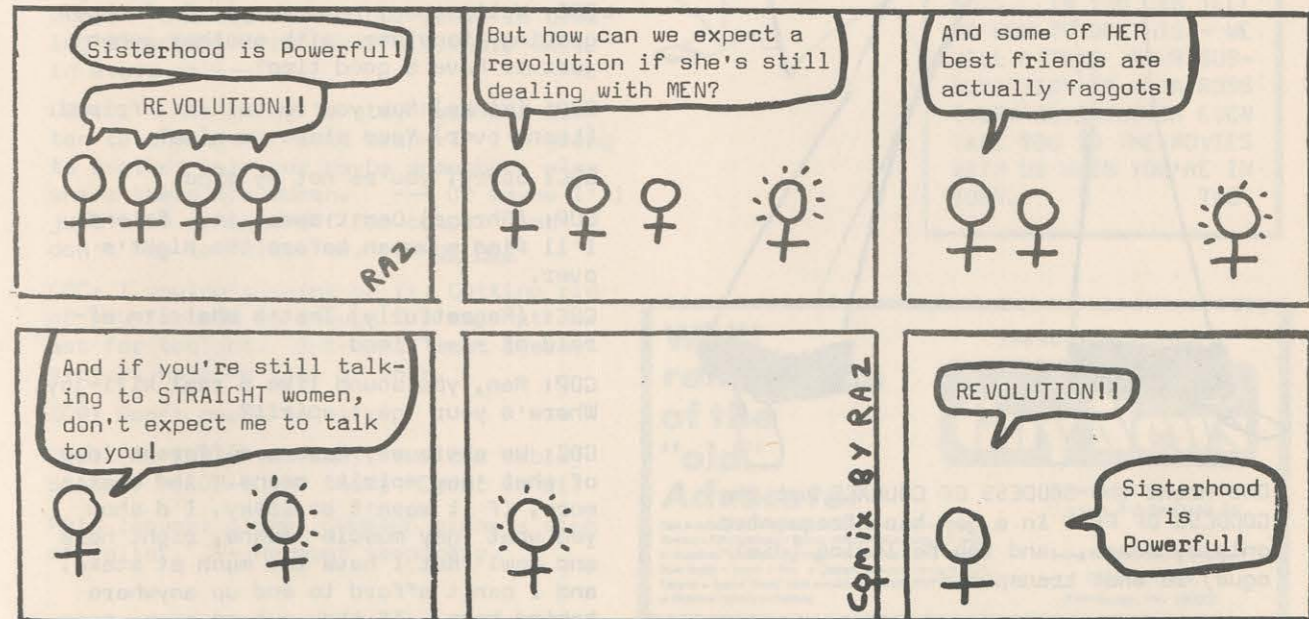
And has success killed women's liberation  
 With all its new respectability?  
 Yet heartsick as I am, I need this movement  
 There's no way I'll give up my sisters now.

I need their strength, support, and their compassion.  
 I have to know that I am not alone.  
 Our womanpower combined, we'll strive toward freedom--  
No one of us can make it on her own.



(Dedicated to all the beautiful sisters everywhere, especially Dayton Women's Liberation, London Women's Liberation Workshop (U.K.), Rødstromperne (Denmark), Johnstown, Pa. NOW, N. Y. NOW, and in N.J. AWE & even here & there, NOW.)

-by Linda Bisgaard  
 c-1975 L. Bisgaard





# COURAGE MEETS PAIN

by Dorothy Feola



One night the GODDESS OF COURAGE met the GODDESS OF PAIN in a gay bar, frequented only by women, and the following (dialogue) is what transpired---

GOC: (standing at table) May I join you?

GOP: (Sitting; shrugs) Suit yourself. (GOC sits across from her) You seem familiar --- do we know each other?

GOC: Not personally---but many of my sisters have run into a number of yours. Too many, in fact.

GOP: Are you a lesbian?

GOC: Not necessarily; but I've lived with innumerable lesbians in my lifetime. (Slight pause) Are you a lesbian?

GOP: Well --- I usually try to stay away from men---I prefer women---They're more of a challenge, of course---but the results can be far more devastating.

GOC: I see. ---And just how do you feel about fidelity in a love relationship with another woman?

GOP: Fidelity--? What's that?

GOC: Fidelity is the act of being faithful and ---

GOP: (Interrupting) I don't really care anyway. ---I'm not really into meaningful love relationships; unrequited love is more my style. Ya know what I mean?

GOC: Well, what about loyalty in a friendship with another woman?

GOP: (Thoughtfully) Loyalty--- That word has a familiar ring to it. ---But what's it got to do with friendship?

GOC: Well, then, how do you feel about getting together with another woman just to have a good time?

GOP: (Winks) Now you're talkin', friend. (Leans over) Your place or mine?

GOC: Sorry, you're not my type.

GOP: (Shrugs) Don't sweat it, friend; I'll find a woman before the night's over.

GOC: (Regretfully) That's what I'm afraid of --- friend.

GOP: Man, you sound like a real kill-joy. Where's your 'gay' spirit?

GOC: We obviously have a different idea of what 'gay spirit' means. And what's more, if it wasn't so risky, I'd show you what 'gay muscle' means, right here and now. But I have too much at stake, and I can't afford to end up anywhere behind bars. If they put me away, even

for a little while, who would watch over my sisters?

GOP: (Almost abstractly) They'd manage.

GOC: (Nodding, thoughtfully) Yes, I think they would--- Women are the most amazing creatures --- aren't they?

GOP: (Looking past her) Speaking of amazing creatures---look at what just walked in--- That's for me, friend.

GOC: I'd stay away from her if I were you, sister: she's a bit out of your league.

GOP: Oh, really---? Well, how would you know?

GOC: Because she's a relative of mine. Her name is Strength---and she's meeting me here --- to keep an eye on you --- and yours.

GOP: Me? What the hell for?

GOC: Because, sister, even if we can't eliminate you all together, we can at least do all in our power to cut you down to size.

GOP: (Jumping to her feet; angry) Shit! -- I'm calling for reinforcements. I have some powerful relatives too, you know.

GOC: Yes, I know. And as much as I hate to admit it, I sometimes think your army is more powerful than ours--- But we're learning new tactics all the time, finding them on our own as well as with each other---and our women, our army, is growing stronger, more powerful, every day, in every way---

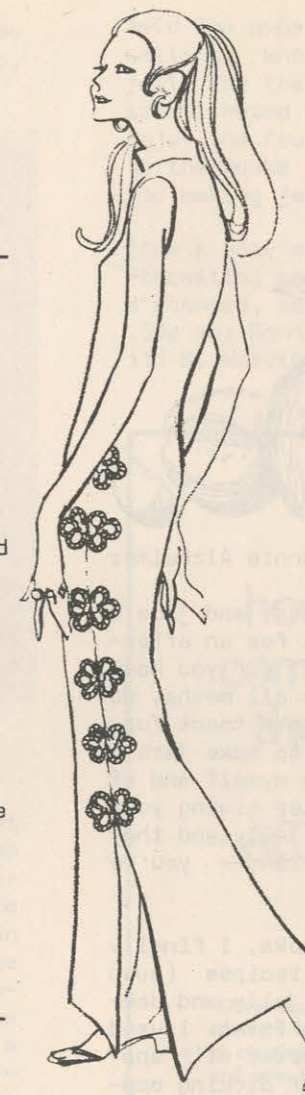
GOP: I'm not going to stay here and listen to anymore of this crap--! I'm going to another bar---or maybe somewhere else where there are women. --- Or maybe I'll just take a night off for once. And don't try to follow me, you or her-

GOC: I wouldn't think of it. Getting rid of you for now is enough for me. At least for tonight. But we'll meet again, sister, have no fear of that.

GOP: Don't count on it.

GOC: (As GOP moves away from the table) Sister- (GOP turns back) Count on it.

PAIN leaves: alone, COURAGE sighs a sigh of relief. ---However temporary.



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## The Pleasures of Preserving



--By Ronnie Alzheimer

I have found making jellies and jams a very interesting project for an afternoon with nothing to do. (If you have something better to do, by all means, do it!). After the initial investment for equipment, I was all set to make jars & jars of jelly and jam for myself and of course for friends (after giving your friends a jar of homemade jelly, and they still call themselves a friend-- you're in business!).

After pouring over many books, I finally came up with several easy recipes (even for a Lesbian) for making jelly and decided to try apple-cinnamon first. I used a cheaters' method and started with apple juice as the thought of picking apples, cutting them up, cooking them, and then squeezing them turned me off (besides, REALESBIANS don't do things like that!). For all that work, I could have been robbing a bank--it pays off better.

I bought apple juice, (unsweetened), sugar (sweetened), pectin (a substance to cause jelling-- for fun some time put it into your lovers' bath-- it will make for an interesting evening), canning jars (made of glass), and cinamon (for flavoring) and was ready to begin.

(continued next page)



### WOMEN BEHIND BARS

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Making jelly goes a lot easier if you have 4 hands, but since I only have two, it was a bit hectic.

photo by Franchild



(Ronnie at work)

Now for the actual making of jelly; first I boiled the canning jars and lids so that little nasty bacteria and fungi wouldn't grow in my jelly (these little varments spoil jelly and make it very unpleasant to eat). After boiling the jars, I placed the apple juice, cinnamon, pectin, water and sugar in a large pot to boil. (I felt very much like a witch; eye of snake, toe of a turtle -- --hair of a realesbian, wart from a cow, etc.) After it had boiled for several minutes, I checked for the jelling point (this was tricky, and I'm still not sure it was at the proper point).

Once the jelling point had been reached I quickly filled the jars with the liquid. There was only one small problem, the jelly started solidifying slightly before I could get it into the jars. I finally had to jam the jelly through the funnel into the jars. Finally I accomplished that fun task and put the lids on the jars. The jelly is sterilized in boiling water just in case some of those varments did get in the jars. After boiling, the jars were placed on the counter to cool and the lids to seal.

Amid the pops of the sealing lids, I sat smiling, knowing I had actually made jelly for the first time. Then I realized, I hated cinnamon so I couldn't even enjoy the fruits of my labor. Alas, back to the books for more easy, fun recipes for making jellies and jams.

(for a copy of Ronnie's Recipe for an interesting and tasty jelly or jam, send a stamped, self-addressed envelope and .50¢ to: Ronnie c/o ALBATROSS - Box 112 111 S. Harrison St. E. O., N.J. 07017.)

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## NAVEL GAZING

-- by Margie Robertson

The morning after I'd resigned from NOW, (the polite reason being ulcers -actually, found NOW more constipated than the mainstream into which it wants to flow), I spent the morning staggering about between rounds of holding first one child's head then the other's over the appropriate plumbing receptacle and thinking they were real candidates for this year's poster kids for ZPG and feeling the way most cabin-bound mommies tend to feel.

It's a relief being away from cultivated illiteracy and a collective fantasy that nothing and no one else exists...convent mentality stuff. Bullshit always sounds so reasonable -- damnit. Ever have moments when you'd like to march the whole bunch of them through the nearest nursing "home"? or the nearest public school kindergarten?

Did the VERY good mommie bit and spent the better part of the week at the zoo with a class of 5th graders. Did you know that neither jungle nor plains animals ever live in the middle of their

natural habitat? Always on the edges, or fringes. In fact, humans seem to be one of the few species to crowd themselves into the middles-of-things. So, you see, this lunatic fringe some of us live on is probably really far healthier -- for those of us who live here. How's that for Kultural Enrichment?

I'm now wondering what "feminism" really IS. The majority of us are so whiningly hung up on our own navels and what's a navel, but a rudimentary tail we can't even wag? What we got to do is SINK that bar of Ivory Soap at Procter & Gamble, seize the speculum and use it on the ever-so-paternal Obstetrician (aim, please) bury Gerry Ford in the same cold oatmeal he'd smother us in and liberate Henry Kissinger from the responsibility (& possibility) of cancelling EVERYBODY'S fire & flood insurance... don't we?

Upon further reflection I really think we should turn the whole government over to NOW -- yeah, N.O.W. -- that way, you see, they'd have everso much more reason to "have at" each other, and while they were thus occupied, the rest of us could get on with... whatever it was we were going to get on with anyway.

Of course, other organized groups would get their share too -- the Junior League could run HEW (on a volunteer basis, as usual), and the League of Women Voters could have all sorts of committees to EXPLAIN things, "Radical Feminists" could take over the CIA - with WILPF - and the FBI could go to... could go to... got to go to... OF COURSE! the National Gay T. F. baby sitting bunch, what d'ya think? Got to stop this and DO SOMETHING about hungry people circling the refridgerator.

LITTLE NANCY NOW

BY LOIS GRZENDA



## HELPS & ADVICES



photo by franchild

Dear Helps & Advices-

We had these 2 women visit our house and one was a very tough butch and she introduced the other woman as her lover and we were friendly and polite and talked to both of them and later on in the evening the tough one said we were paying too much attention to her lover and trying to interfere in their relationship & then she smashed up our whole house...

Well, she visited us again last week with her lover and this time (aha) we were all very polite and careful and didn't even glance at the other woman and never spoke to her once and when they were getting ready to go the tough one said; we have never been treated so rudely-- why you never even spoke to my lover once in the entire evening! and then she smashed up the whole house...

Now, she says they will be visiting us again on Wednesday so what should we do & could you please rush your answer?

T.T.O.C.P.C.

Dear Turn the other cheek pacifist commune: MOVE! Love, H & A.

Dear Helps & Advices-

How come the grass has been so terrible, lately. What are they "cutting" it with? D.D.

Dear Disappointed Doper-

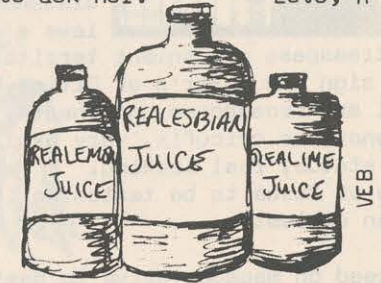
Parsley, sage, rosemary and thyme. H&A

Dear H & A-

Having heard all this talk about REALESBIANS, we've been wondering where we can actually find one? S.F.T.P.O.F.L.

Dear Society for the Prevention of Fake Lesbians-

Next time you're in the supermarket check it out alphabetically between the realemon and the realime. If you find one let us know because we have some questions to ask her. Love, H & A.



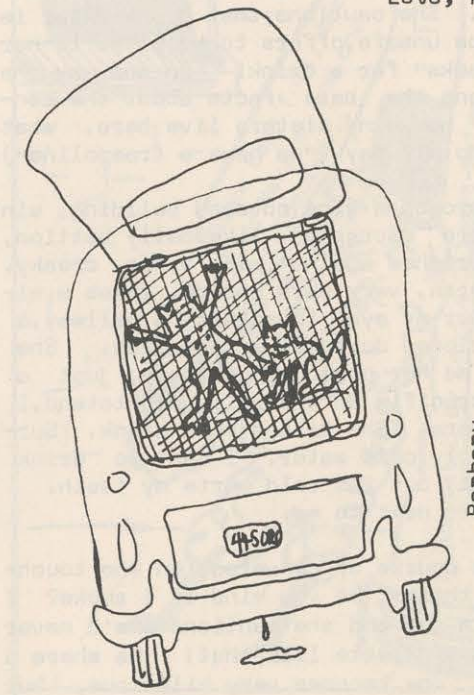
Dear Helps & Advices-

We want to go to a Lesbian Conference in a far away state and we can't find anyone to take care of our cats when we are gone. Any advices? C.L.

Dear Cat Lovers-

Here's Barbary's drawing of the solution to the traveling with the cats problem.

Love, H & A.



Barbary



## "DIVINE CHARITY"



Bike riding, very warm, crisp, clear spring day. Stop on road, babbling brook cool inviting water in the distance. To achieve a drink need to trespass on convent territory. Ominous sign "Daughter's of Divine Charity". Skul and crossbones underneath. There's an enormous cricufix, very explicit, bloody statue, real looking. Perceive the eyes of Jesus to be twitching in pain. (I am an athiest).

Proceed on macadam drive to destination. Spy a sister in full regalia (robes, rosaries, headdress) looking my way. I'm tempted to turn back but thirst is foremost in my mind. Sister gives distinct impression of being highly surprised at ne. I'm reminded of a pet quail I had once doing a dance, diving and strutting at my feet.

She approaches, I form mental image of me explaining that I "merely want a drink from the brook", but afraid I might stutter. She cautions that brook water is perhaps unsafe, offers to bring me to her "barracks" for a drink. On the way she mentions the bare facts about the convent, how many sisters live here, what they do all day ("we have a trampoline").

We approach a vine covered building, windows are depressed like belly button, dour brushes against wiry vines, creaky. Of course, very dark inside, takes a minute for my eyes to adjust, a hallway, & many closed doors on either side. She shows me her personal quarters; just a bed, crucifix on the wall, nightstand, I wait here. She brings me a drink. Surprisingly cold water. I want to drink it fast, but its cold hurts my teeth. She sits next to me.

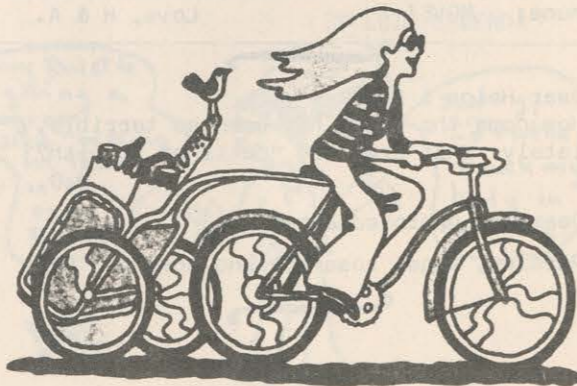
In the course of conversation she touches my thigh. Do you mind if I smoke? I light a jay and she mentions she'd never seen a cigarette like that! We share a joint, she becomes very hilarious, but not raucus. Remember, this is a convent!

She grasps my hand and says she would've smoked years ago if she had known it was this good. There's an incredibly good rapport between us, as if we had been friends for many years.

She gets up and asks if I would mind if she took off the uniform. I nod, smile of course I don't mind, "you devil you!" (I think). Seems like infinite layers of cloth are dismantled, she is quite thin, ribs are visible. Don't they feed you well here? (I'm thinking). It's apparant she's enjoying this immensely and so am I. She helps me slide my jeans off and my tee shirt pulled up over my head. She's a maternal figure now; she's in control. Seems to be an expert seducer, I don't mind at all!

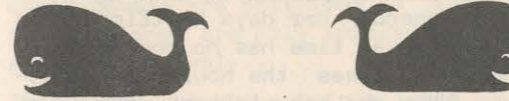
We become entangled, a happy entanglement, with kisses, caresses, jubilant abandon, electric; this is pure joy! Things become more intimate by degrees, we fondle intimately. I go down on her, at which she seems surprised but shortly takes it in stride. She quickly becomes an orgiastic being, I can't count the climaxes she has passed, and when she lay back exhausted, I straddle her and come gloriously, it is a fine feeling and I hug her. Such a good sister. We sleep many hours. It is night when I awaken. I dress, kiss her, smuggle myself out and hop on the bike and go. I'm on my way home!

by Linda Gonzales



34

## WAILS OF THE PACIFIC

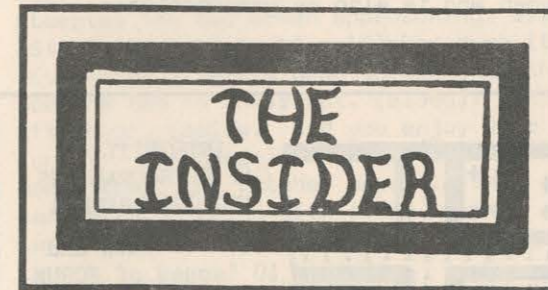


### PRIMAVERA

PRIMAVERA is a womens literary magazine. It publishes short stories, poetry, and black-and-white graphics. PRIMAVERA is on sale in Chicago for \$2 (90 pages, 8½ by-11-inch format). It can also be ordered from PRIMAVERA c/o Ida Noyes Hall, University of Chicago, Chicago, IL 60637 We welcome work by new women writers and artists. All submissions must be accompanied by a stamped and self-addressed return envelope.

### CHALLENGE

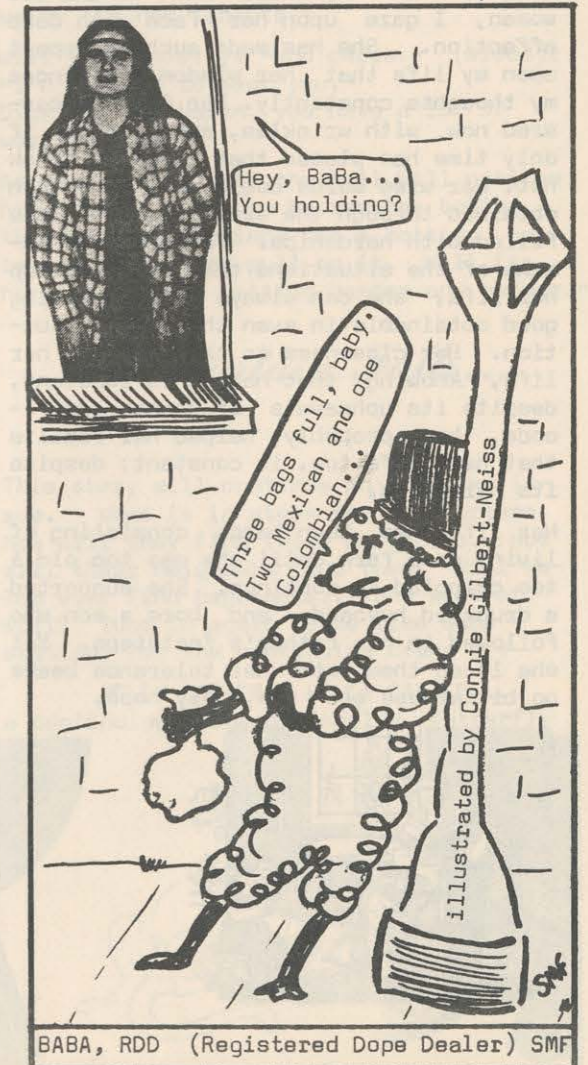
CHALLENGE is the newsletter of the Gay Activist Alliance in Morris County, N.J. (36 beautifully printed pages---magazine format). CHALLENGE includes poetry, news reviews, articles, and has recently introduced an advice column. CHALLENGE is well worth reading and we suggest you contact CHALLENGE for subscription rates at: P. O. Box 137, Convent Station, N.J.



THE INSIDER is the inmate newsletter of the Clinton Correctional Institution for Women -- a 20 page magazine format that includes poetry, photos, superb comix, & dynamite editorials. The first issue also contained a Cross-word puzzle contest in which "ordinary ground rules for crossword puzzles do not apply to this puzzle, as it contains slang words used in street, prison, and drug circles", an

advice column and an astrology column... THE INSIDER does not reflect the views of the administration unless specifically indicated--- Support our Sisters! Send for THE INSIDER (\$8.00 for 8 issues):

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## A Woman In My Life by Marilyn J. Braithwaite

The day drifts slowly to a close. Twilight has melted the sun behind the mountains, creeping upon the land without a murmur. The porch glider gently creaks as the old woman dozes over the evening paper. The dog curls up beside her, content after its day of chasing rabbits in the fields. The kitten is in the bushes beside the porch, batting at fireflies that light the dusk with their twinkling little lights. An oncoming mist pervades the deepest shadows of the approaching night with a pale translucence and the surrounding hills echo a serenity not often found in our bustling lives.

As I sit in the chair next to the old woman, I gaze upon her face with deep affection. She has made such an impact upon my life that her wisdom influences my thoughts constantly. Her face is covered now with wrinkles, and I wonder if only time has placed them there; I think not. Her wise words could only have been obtained through the experience of a life filled with hardships. Yet when she speaks of the situations that have made up her life, she can always find something good obtainable in even the worst situation. Her closeness to the land all her life, knowing that nature is constant, despite its upheavals of storms and floods, has probably helped her realize that her life too, is constant, despite its hardships.

Her life has been hard, consisting of living on a farm until she was too old & too crippled to continue. She supported a drunkard husband, and bore a son who followed in his father's footsteps. Yet she loved them both. Her tolerance bears no bitterness even now, only hope.



Now she spends her days knitting gifts for others. Her time has no commitments, and yet she passes the hours constructively. When she has visitors, she loves to reminisce, and her tales unfold with wise simplicity, weaving a verbal tapestry of her life. Some events have deeply affected her, and she finds it difficult to talk of them even after the passage of many years. The death of her sister at an early age has left its mark, and I imagine, helped to place a few of the wrinkles in the old woman's face.

She does not have many years left herself, and whenever I am with her, I try to glean all I can from her. I would like to one day have only a small portion of her wisdom, her tolerance, her love of life. I want to be able to appreciate as she does the things in life that are good--the flowers and the birds the satisfaction of making your own bread, the beauty of a sunset, the smell of the earth after it has rained.

As darkness envelopes the land, she rises from the glider, reaching out for my hand to help steady her on her crippled legs. She smiles at me, and I smile back knowing her love for me is as constant as nature itself. My love for her is still growing, as is my appreciation of her. She is a rare human being, and I am grateful to have known her, the old woman who is also my grandmother.

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## The Curtain Rises

This story starts out in a large city where people are oblivious to their neighbors and are only interested in their own survival...

This scene starts out in a large apartment house which in years gone by was the hub of splendor and grandeur. All that is left from that era are the memories and the doorman's uniform...

Two elderly ladies are approaching this building where they live. They are still caught up in the memories from the past as they discuss the afternoon lunch they just finished...

Mrs. Highhorse: "I thought the fish was very good today."

Mrs. Meddler: "I thought that was liver you were eating!"

Mrs. Highhorse: "I will admit it was a bit well done but Mr. Dreamer is having difficulty finding and keeping cooks."

Mrs. Meddler: "Well, no matter. I just love going out to lunch."

Mrs. Highhorse: "What I used to tell Harry, God rest his soul, was that one could not have a proper day without a proper lunch!"

Mrs. Meddler: "How true."

As they approach the building, Will, the doorman, is sitting on the couch in the lobby watching "Hollywood Squares".

Will: (Thinking to himself), "Hollywood Squares will never be the same now that Wally Cox is no longer on the show." He observes the two women approaching. Will: (Still thinking to himself) "God damn it!" "Everytime I settle down to see this show someone has to interrupt. (aloud): "Good Afternoon, Ladies. Did you enjoy your lunch?" (to himself): "with all the money these two bitches have all they can think of doing with it is having lunch."

Mrs. Highhorse: "Yes, we did, Will, it was a lovely lunch. I wish you would think about getting that uniform cleaned once in a while."

Will nods at her and smiles. Will: (to himself): "One of these days that one is going to choke on a fish bone." As Will settles down once again to watch the Hollywood Squares, he notices a moving Van parking in front of the building.

Will (to himself): "I suppose these are the new tenants. I guess they think that they're going to move in here through the front door. Personally I don't care, but the management gets uptight about it."

Will: "Get that truck out of here! You have to move in through the back entrance."

As the truck pulls away he notices a couple in their early thirties approaching. The man is dressed in a suit and tie, the woman is wearing a dress. The man turns to the woman and says: "Helen! Don't you have any class? Why didn't you tell the delivery men to park in the rear?"

Helen: "but Dick, you were the one..."  
Dick: Not now, Helen! Must I do every-thing!"

As they approach the door Dick shakes hands with Will. Dick: "Hello there, my name is Dick Carter. This is my wife. We're the new tenants."

Will (to himself): "Who cares." (Aloud): "I'm pleased to meet you."

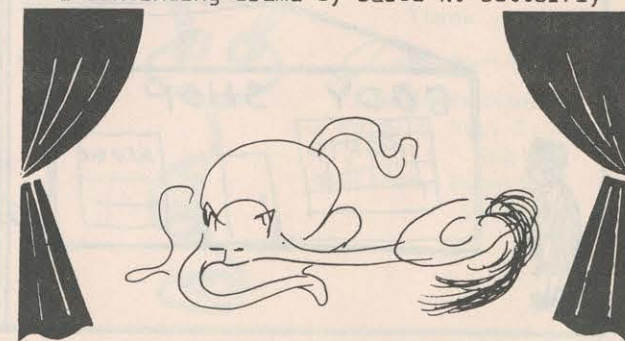
Dick: "C'mon Helen, you have a lot of work to do."

As they depart into the hall Will notices his show is over, so he reaches behind the drapes and brings out a bottle. He takes a long hard pull on it. Will (to himself): "It's getting harder and harder."

## The Curtain Falls...

This story will continue in the next issue. What is in store for the Carters. How will they find their neighbors. How will their neighbors find them? Will Helen ever find happiness... and what of Will? Tune in again (same time same station) for the continuing drama of:

HELEN CARTER - HELEN CARTER...  
a continuing drama by Carol N. Butterfly





## Reach Out And Touch by Gloria McKean



I am a closet Lesbian. I don't know, and have never known, anyone who admits to being a Lesbian--(no! that isn't true. I did know one person once many years ago but she was in and out of mental hospitals all the time). All my life, except for the few early years of growing, I have considered myself to be someone who is not acceptable in society and have alternated in my feelings between despair and a terrible hatred. Many years ago the revelation hit me that my life was not to include love. This revelation came in the form of a feeling of shock that produced a visual image: I seemed to stand in water that stretched around me and as far as I could see in front of me; and I watched the waves of shock form ripples that stretched out to the horizon.

When women's liberation touched me, I couldn't believe it. My whole being seemed to reverberate with te-deums--it was like being in a church with an organ thundering joyous halleluhahs. And then the awareness began. This experience cannot be understood except by relating it to nature. You see a frozen, barren waste; snow swirling, winds howling and all is grey and closed in. Then, the greyness lifts, the winds die, a silence takes over, and suddenly the sun in a burst of radiance fills the landscape, & it's all in glorious Hollywood technicolor, isn't it?

Women's liberation has been the greatest experience in my life, and therefore I see it as the great hope of the human race. But, oh what a long road lies ahead. That frozen, barren waste won't change and blossom into a garden over-

night. The love that lies sleeping under the ice won't awaken and begin to grow until all the preparations have been made. The sun of liberation must shine eternally--must reach out and touch every area of the human spirit. There cannot be one spot left chained in cold. Even our language must change.

Of course, all this sounds very romantic and can only bring forth jeers and gales of laughter from this present generation but even that harsh laughter as it shatters the waiting silence can crack the ice and help to release the world. When I re-read this, I sound to myself like a mad woman, and maybe I am. Perhaps I must accept my madness but fear and madness go together and I tremble at the knowledge of my madness.

What are my choices, then? To live in a barren waste and seem to be sane, or to reach for the sun of liberation and seem to be mad. So my choice lies between 2 madnesses for how could it be called sane, this life that we now live in this barren waste that humanity (and this time I use the "old" spelling) has created?

Man worships himself, he builds statues to himself, and oh arrogance of arrogance! he even creates god in his own image. What is the answer? Are we doomed to extinction? I don't think there's time to change but I want to be on the side of change, anyway. Is there time to bring the female element back into society?

Let's try, even in the face of overwhelming odds.

But I need help before I can give any. I am sunk in my slavery. I strive to get



it out of my bones--out of my blood, but it has been ingrained in me. I need abrasives to wear it out and I fear the abrasives--I fear the agony of having my skin ground down to the bone and the bone ground down to the marrow. As I am I am comfortable and secure--on the outside. I am a whited sepulchre because inside I rot with hatred and bitterness--and still I fear the abrasive belts that must grind off the white exterior so the sun can reach the rot and start to heal it. I know I'm not alone in this feeling but where do I find the courage that I need?

Readers who wish to continue this exchange are invited to write to Gloria McKean at 2 Oneida Ave., Algonquin Island, Toronto Canada.



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Is.

This is  
a superior creature  
because he  
has an extra  
5" of tissue  
dangling  
in front of him.

Is this  
some kind of joke?

It is  
an atrocity  
laid on women.

End



by Meg Brigantine  
c- Jan. 1976

### THE WITCH AND THE CHAMELEON

Dear subscribers, contributors, correspondants and other friends:

Due to influenza, the post office, deaths in the family and other circumstances mostly beyond control, I'm very tardy in production of issues and answering of mail at the moment. But I shall PREVAIL.

My apologies for all inconveniences, and thanks for your patience and support.

Issues 5 and 6 will be combined, thereby somewhat catching up, and will be out by April or early May. I would appreciate yet more material about the works of Joanna Russ, and The Female Man in particular, in any way or length that appeals: artwork would be especially appreciated.



Thank you.

*Amanda*  
Amanda Bankier  
2 Paisley Ave. S.  
Apt 6  
Hamilton, Ontario  
Canada



