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THE RADICAL LESBIANFEMINIST SATIRE MAG!

NOTE: We dedicate this issue to Valerie Eads... without her help it wouldn't have been printed. TAC Love.




ALBATROSS
THE **LESBIAN FEMINIST SATIRE MAGAZINE** NEWS-VIEWS-REVIEWS-INTERVIEWS-POETRY-FICTION-HUMOR-COMIX!
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REVOLUTION

Editorial View



A SMALL QUESTION IN THE REALM OF TASTE

I sometimes wonder if the ALBATROSS poetry section might be called something other than "MENSTRUAL BLOOD"? Like "OVA" or "LIBE FRAU MILCH" or "THE FLOWERS" (as menstruation was called in the 18th century)-- or anything--what do you think? Gail White.

WHAT WE THINK

Erica Jong wrote in "THE COMMANDMENTS" that "If a woman wants to be a poet...she should not write her poems in menstrual blood..." We think that menstrual blood is the essence of what we are seeking in women's poetry at this juncture of herstory and we feel that by going inward to share our essence with each other we can best learn to understand each other. TAC.

MENSTRUATION: WHY DISCUSS IT?

How many sides are there to each question? Often, as many as there are interested participants in the search for the answer... we, are attempting to explore the question of menstruation--we welcome your viewpoint and will attempt to print everything you send us on the subject. Not, in order to "settle the question once and for all" but rather so that we may all get to know each other better and realize how many different places we are all coming from. Communication with each other is what we (TAC) offer and we hope to hear from you. Our "guest editorial" this issue comes from a relatively new (but valued) member of TAC and we welcome our newest collective member (Margie F. Robertson) to our rank ranks.

Stacey M. Franchild,
Editor - ALBATROSS.

CRAMP STUFF, HUH?

by Margie F. Robertson


You miss one and, sho' nuff, the moon will wax, the tide WILL rise, and (give or take a nervous heterosexual encounter, or two--well, there it is...again...and AGAIN...&

the only thing for it is to go along and BE a capitalist (or something) and buy up all the stock you can in Kimberly-Clark. Since they also make Kleenex, that's covering the leaks at both ends.

Read (somewhere) a couple of days ago that there are still some (very) primitive men, who hack away at the base of their penises once a month so they can be like us. In primitives, it's called Superstition; In civilized (?) society, countries, locker-rooms, country clubs, wherever, it's called ... I have this on Excellent Authority ... rally 'round the flag, boys. This, quite naturally, leads the Envious Species to creating all sorts of flags with all sorts of red blotches on 'em which leads to all sorts of yawps called speeches, which leads (again quite naturally) to BOREDOM, which leads to war--ergo; Envy is a hacked penis; like flags, politics, war, etcetera.

Ever wonder why witches were burned, drowned, hanged, but NEVER was their blood drawn in the killing? 'Cause women's blood was sacred. Blood is the soul's essence (or was). Women, who seemed to lose quite a lot of it regularly, didn't flop over dead the way men would, if as much blood had been drawn from them. They didn't pass out at the sight of it either, which men do all the time -- as any med. school professor, student nurse, etc... And to make matters worse (for men), when a baby was born, often the first sign that tribal increase was at hand was water -- LOTS of it, bursting forth from the same place where the "special" blood came from with every ebb & waning moon. Ever wonder why Churchly Sacraments use BOTH water & wine. I do. The water, by the way, is also a bit salty--like sea water. (continued next page)

FOOT FUNNIES (THANKS TO BARBARA LOVE)



I heard a study was done that proved gay men have bigger genitalia than straight ones...

Well, I can't get off on that.

A Difference Of Opinion - - -

Menses

*Mense
 round
 sacrament
 viviparous
 wheel within
 wheel without
 ocean
 lunar tidal
 depth root of mountains
 great hinge
 of the cavern
 within
 without
 hard weighted winter
 spring thaw flood
 summer ripened
 autumnal harvest
 wheel without
 wheel within
 water
 wine
 one
 wheel
 whole
 one

--by margie robertson
 c- April 1976

*mense: British dial: to do honor to: Grace (Webster's 7th)

You once called me a
 'romantic'
 Because I wouldn't make love
 For the first time
 While the menstrual blood
 Stood between us.
 You even claimed it didn't
 'Fit in'
 With the Virgo image
 That you have of me.
 Perhaps not,
 But I still can't comprehend
 Your idea of a 'sexy' nature
 Enjoying love making during
 Menstrual flow
 And
 Your idea of a 'romantic'
 nature
 As preferring not to.

--by Dorothy Feola

BLOOD-RED BLUES

snarling at the moon
 i stomp up the stairs
 a tidal epoch
 in my menstrual cycle boots
 don't sympathise
 i love it.

--by Gayla Reid
 c- 1976

(continued from page 3)

The Inquisitors, being the sorts they were, decided this was anathema, NOT sacred. They weren't the first with the idea, of course, but they (next, perhaps, to Hitler) were "most effective!" ... and de Lawd knows, they've had lots of followers since!

Ever look at a Right-to-Life picture, poster, handout, billboard? Ever notice how bloody they all are? With damn few exceptions, WHOSE blood IS it? NOT the wee fetus' -- no SIR! That's the foul FEMALE flood--and you'd better believe that ain't nothin' BUT deliberate! Someday, I wanna walk into the Archbishop's office, and just BLEED all over everything. Think of the Apostolic Apoplexy!

When a bunch of us were bobbing across the North Atlantic in a sort-of over-done bath tub full of students bound for Britain, we were all (most solemnly) told never to use the word, "bloody," 'cause (we were told) it was a contraction (Isic) of "By Our Lady," and hence Not Nice. But I dunno. I think it's older'n that ...to "the Blood of THE Lady," The Lady who cast curses and blight as well as bountiful harvests. Maybe it's the intuitive origin of "the curse" --if not the actual, footnotated, anthropologically CERTIFIED one. 'Cause most witches do use menstrual blood--for curing as well as cursing.

Yeah, I know there's lots who favor extr-actin it -- getting done with it -- quick. But ... geeze ... isn't that the Man's thing? Wouldn't the Man PREFER non-bleeding women? Then we'd be more like HIM, wouldn't we? Who needs THAT? And how will our High School Sisters ever wangle their way out of another gym class? Is this FAIR?


To the seashore-- maybe someone ELSE has also noticed that, when pregnant, the acrobat-within rises and falls with the tide?

More so during the full moon, too. At high tide, I couldn't breathe, 'cause my lungs were squished: at low tide ... well ... at low tide the little darling thumped down on my bladder, which means a helluva lot of time in the Throne room... ANYHOW... this lunar/tidal thing is very real. Makes me think Jacques Cousteau is the one male in the world looking in the right place-- the sea, rivers, swamps, bogs, etc., and since human(?) life continues to do so -- where does THAT leave, say, ALLIED CHEMICAL? Women have always had the "sea within".... but men keep dumping as many "ecological time bombs" into the ocean as they have, say, in the wombs of Bangladesh.




Which brings us back to cramps. Pompeii... Vesuvius... that's what I feel like. One bad vein down the back of one leg has GOT to be full of molten lava! Labour's like heaving whole mountain ranges from the ocean floor -- what's this Richter Scale shit, anyhow??

Who was that Senator who quaked at the bloody, menopausal, FEMALE President? After Watergate, what's a hot flash? With what we got AFTER Watergate, maybe what we NEED is a hot flash??!

Better to rake the leaves into piles for jumping and romping than to curse (I) the tree --which'll leaf out again, anyway, in a few months. Why cuss an ebb tide? Flow, Sister, flow! It's cosmic.

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THE ADVENTURES OF PHYLLIS SHITFLY - c- SMF & VEB-

<p>1</p> <p>Abortion is all wrong...</p> 	<p>2</p> <p>and it's evil...</p> 	<p>3</p> <p>yet, sometimes as I see my kids...</p> 	<p>4</p> <p>I wonder... I really wonder...</p> 
--	--	--	--



JUNK MAIL

Dear Friends-

Thanks for sending the sample ALBATROSS. Unfortunately (for you?) I've decided not to subscribe, and so I'm enclosing another \$1 to pay for my sample (far be it from me to deny you your just deserts). Do you welcome "input, feedback, comments, criticisms spelling-corrections, spare change and ideas" from non-subscribers? If so, good. If not, too bad, for you are about to receive the benefit of my expert criticism. Ready? --I really enjoyed your humor (though it's rather crude, so am I at times), so that's not why I'm not subscribing. Your poetry was also excellent, but it was very hard for me to enjoy it in the same issue as some raunchy things, too rapid a mood change was required - one minute your writers are being tender & the next very crude (like I said, that itself isn't bad) and I didn't know how to take it. Your nonfiction, to put it kindly, was uninspired, although I did enjoy your record reviews. Finally, although this is a pick-shit thing that probably won't matter to anyone but me (Peoria Spelling Champ of '72, even!) but NONE OF YOUR WORDS CONTINUED FROM ONE LINE TO THE NEXT WERE HYPHENATED IN THE RIGHT PLACE!!!! Even if your mag. was otherwise perfect, I would be unable to read it 'cuz of this - chalk it up to personal idiosyncrasy. Despite all this, I feel ALBATROSS could amount to something one day. Keep trying, and maybe in a couple years I'll ask for another sample (and send the right amount of \$\$\$ next time) to see if you've improved as I'm sure you will. Thanks again, and keep the faith. Louise Ziegler, Peoria, Illinois

Dear Louise- if u on rd ths u cn gt a gd job wth mor pay, etcetera & then u cn send us a preefreder 'n a typist 'n a lotta \$\$\$ & we'll really be dynamite... luv TAC...

Dear Sisters-

I happened upon the Spring issue of ALBATROSS in the office of the Pittsburgh Gay News. ALBATROSS is great! I laughed myself silly (and I was already silly to begin with). Glad to see two science fiction books reviewed - especially Russ & LeGuin. Please enter my name in your subscribers' list. Here's my check for \$7.00. Thank you. In sisterhood. Priss Sloss
Pittsburgh, Pa.

Dear Stacey-

Thanks for: 1) the Spring edition of the ALBATROSS, 2) the information on your move and 3) the book review on the RIGHTS OF WOMEN ... why don't you do a book report in your next issue on our book, the RIGHTS OF GAY PEOPLE? In your review you might mention our other "rights" books... again, thank you. Sincerely, Barbara Babcock
Membership-Education Director
A.C.L.U. Newark, N.J.

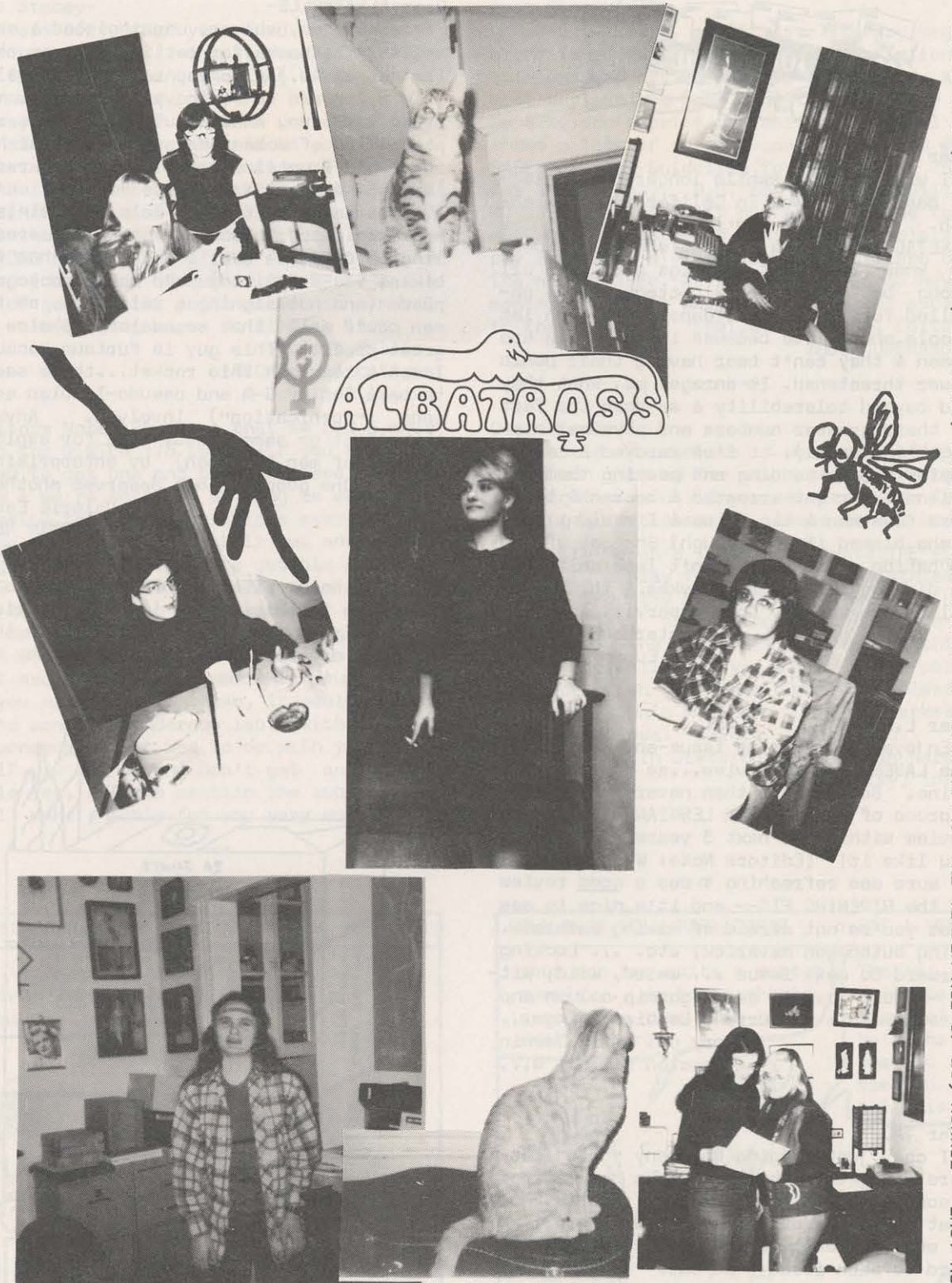
Dear Sisters-

I love your no bullshit paper. Here is a copy of my no bullshit book WOMAN TO WOMAN: european feminists, which I published designed wrote edited and on and on ad nauseum by myself. The ad nauseum refers to the work, not the joy of having control over your own work. I wish you joy, luck, and warm feelings of sisterhood.

Bonnie Bluh
STAROGUBSKI PRESS
PO BOX 46 GPO Brooklyn, NY.
11202

(Editors Note: We plan to review WOMAN TO WOMAN but there's no need to wait for that when you can send for your own copy today. It's available for \$4.50 from STAROGUBSKI PRESS).

THE ALBATROSS COLLECTIVE AT WORK (A PARTIAL PORTRAIT GALLERY) TOP ROW (LEFT TO RIGHT) CAROL, ANN, SPRITE, STACEY.



(LEFT TO RIGHT) LINDA, GINGER, VIRGINIA & STACEY... (MISSING MEMBERS AT THEIR REQUEST) ...



Dear Sisters-

I will be here awhile longer due to legal hassles. I was in California for a month. I'm glad you're sending out those DYKETACTICS p.r.'s. I was shocked-I guess we knew that what the pigs were like all along but their brutal attack was so un-called for. Those creeps won't even let people share love because those people are women & they can't bear having their penis power threatened. It enrages me, what they did beyond tolerability & so does the fact of their greater numbers and physical strength (as usual). I've xeroxed a lot of copies and am sending and posting them. My friend/lover got arrested & beaten & there were five men & two of us & I couldnt help & she blamed it on me! ugh! She got off on probation. The issue wasn't lesbianism but we did look like Amazon Dykes & thier brutality was totally unnecessary...

In sisterhood, Arnica
Eugene, Oregon

Dear L.M & S.M. -

Enjoyed your Spring issue-and especially the LAVENDER JANE review...as you can't imagine. Better late than never! Have sent a promo of LIVING WITH LESBIANS for you to review within the next 3 years. Sure hope you like it! (Editors Note: We LOVE it!!) It sure was refreshing to see a good review of the RIPENING FIG-- and it's nice to see that you're not afraid of making enemies.. being outspoken maverick, etc. ... Looking forward to next issue ... weird, wild, witty - would love to see a gossip column and more comments on current Lesbian doings...

Carry on! Alix Dobkin
Preston Hollow, N.Y.

Dear TAC-

I can just imagine how many "hate" letters you get in the course of a day and how discouraging it is to you. Please know that there are other women out there like me who like what you're doing and look forward to each issue; we care and we think about you warmly and with love. Sisterhood is Beautiful and is blooming everywhere...

With love, Desi Seagull

ALBATROSS-FALL '76

Media, Pa.

Dear ALBATROLLS-

You are low, vulgar, unprincipled & shameless. (Thanks for letting me know that I'm not alone.) Also you're funny as hell! I look forward to seeing you every few months... Do you know about the vicious exploitation of women amateur wrestlers? Neither did I until I got a fruitcake wrestler as a subscriber. These "master" manipulators and "ultimate male chauvinists" have "tricked" innocent women into wrestling in bikinis (No, I don't know how the bikini was disguised) and being photographed (and not signing a release?) so the men could sell the scandalous photos at great profit. This guy is furious because I won't "expose" this racket...there seems to be a lot of S-M and pseudo-lesbian actions ("fornication") involved. Anyway the situation seems ready-made for exploitation (of men by women) by enterprising women. One good exploit deserves another!

Valerie Eads,
FIGHTING WOMAN NEWS
N.Y.C.

(Editors Note: FIGHTING WOMAN NEWS--see ad elsewhere in this issue--is a witty, bright informative & interesting publication that we think deserves your attention-- why not subscribe to it today!)



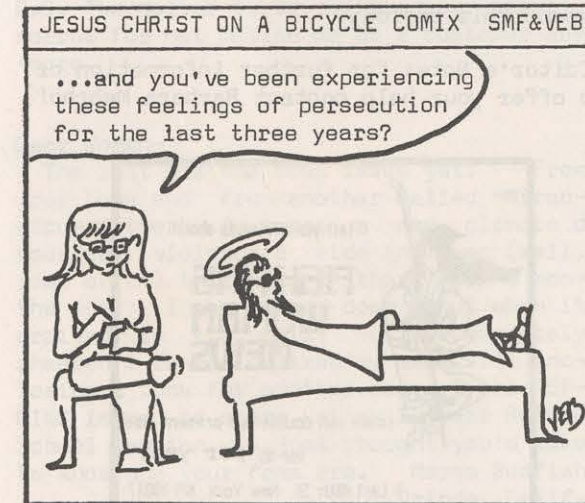
By Linda Gonzales - c-1976 TAC

Dear Stacey-

We are sorry that you ended our exchange of subscriptions...we only dropped ALBATROSS from our Exchange Mailing List when we did not receive any copy for six months... anyway, I said that I'd take your word that our advertisement appeared in your Winter issue. I'm not sure how much more trusting you'd like me to be. YOUR WORD IS GOOD ENOUGH FOR ME. I guess I should also say that the reason we used to like to read ALBATROSS here in the office was that we enjoyed your sense of humor. ALBATROSS had a way of getting its point across in a novel and enlightening way. We'll miss it.

Lewis Bellis,
RECON Publications
Phila, Pa

(Editors Note: It seems that we had a mess with the WINTER '76 issue--if you were supposed to get one and didn't please let us know & we're sorry... as long as we're discussing this we'd appreciate everyone who moved letting us know their new address as we get tired of paying to get old ALBATROSS back from the post office -- also, if you haven't gotten an issue for 4 months let us know that, too. We're going to call them SUMMER-FALL-WINTER-SPRING (in the correct sequence for a while so you'll know if you missed any.) Also, it would help if you'd send your address label with any correspondence that has to do with your sub. (& if you're new and don't get an address label yet, please mention the sub. date & we'll make a label for you very soon.) TAC



ALBATROSS-FALL 1976

Dear Stacey-

MODUS OPERANDI, a monthly, literary magazine is seeking fiction, science fiction, opinions and articles up to 1000 words. Almost any subject goes except pornography & we also don't print profanity as we feel it shows a lack of proper vocabulary. Send #10 SASE for free Guideline for Writers or 75¢ for sample copy. P.O. Box 36, Brookeville, MD 20729. We can't pay at this time for manuscripts, but are hoping to be able to pay at least a small amount to writers by the end of 1976. At the moment, we do have monthly contests which offer cash or subs. to the winners. Sheila R. Jensen, Editor
MODUS OPERANDI

Dear Women-

We would appreciate it very much if you would run this ad for us. We have no money right now, but if you require a fee for running advertisements, please let us know.

Iowa City Woman's Theatre presents THE PERFORMANCE, a play for Lesbians, by Kathleen Hardy. The play portrays a 17 year old Lesbian artist, struggling with her life's decision. The group will be touring this summer and fall. If you would like a performance given in your community, please contact: Bonnie Marzlak, 924 East Market. Iowa City, Iowa. 52240. Thank you.

In Sisterhood, Kathleen Hardy
Iowa City, Iowa



9

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for JANE ALPERT

Dear Sisters-

We want to thank you for your help, encouragement and support. THE CIRCLE OF SUPPORT FOR JANE ALPERT has been in existence for over a year now. During this time we have answered the attacks made upon Jane Alpert & discovered that women all across the country were enthusiastically responsive to our message. However, the best answer to those who unjustly accused Jane Alpert of being an informer came from the Pat Swinton trial itself. At the trial, Jane Alpert refused to testify against Pat Swinton. As a result, the jury found Pat Swinton not guilty; Jane Alpert has been denied parole. Swinton is now free. Alpert is still in jail. Women all over the country have expressed outrage at the unjust slander directed against Alpert but have also expressed enormous respect for her courage. The work of the CIRCLE OF SUPPORT has generated extensive discussion in the feminist press; individuals and organizations have sent money, offered personal sponsorship & have strongly endorsed our cause.

We will continue to honor all requests for literature and are ready to mobilize again to help women who have left male politics, right or left, for feminist politics.

In Sisterhood,
Barbara Mehrhof, Coordinator
CIRCLE OF SUPPORT FOR JANE ALPERT
157 Prince Street
New York, N Y
10012

PS- Jane Alpert, charged with criminal contempt for refusing to testify at the Pat Swinton conspiracy trial in Sept 1975, was arraigned May 27, 1976 in federal court. Members of the CIRCLE OF SUPPORT FOR JANE ALPERT and other active feminists were present in the courtroom when Alpert appeared before Judge Brieant. Alpert declined to testify about Swinton's role in a scheme to blow up government property. Alpert's life has been endangered by the irresponsible accusation that she is an informer.

She was accused of having led the FBI to Pat Swinton.

From the moment Alpert surfaced in Nov. 74 she has been vilified as a betrayer by the male left. Swinton publicly denounced Alpert for her supposed "cooperation" with the government. Threatened by Alpert's conversion to feminism while underground, the left became hysterical and vindictive, and rashly branded her a collaborator.

For example, the MIDNIGHT SPECIAL, a newsletter published by the New York Lawyers Guild and distributed monthly to 1,000 prisoners, charged Alpert (in its March 1975 issue) with divulging the whereabouts of underground radicals in exchange for a lighter sentence. They advised women prisoners that Alpert was "a traitor in their midst." From then on Alpert's life was in grave danger, for in the prison hierarchy informers are held in the greatest contempt. They are most vulnerable to prison violence.

It is ironic that Swinton, found not guilty of the charges against her because Alpert would not talk, has since returned to her Brattleboro, Vermont home while Alpert, subsequently denied parole, is currently serving out a 27-month prison term. It is a strange state of affairs when the free radical revolutionary accuses a political prisoner of being an informer. If Jane Alpert were the informer, she would be free and Pat Swinton, the person supposedly informed upon, would be in jail.

Pat Swinton owes her freedom to Jane Alpert. Pat Swinton owes Jane Alpert an apology. We the CIRCLE OF SUPPORT FOR JANE ALPERT demand this apology.

(Editor's Note: for further information or to offer your help contact Barbara Mehrhof)

Tell your friends about
FIGHTING WOMAN NEWS
so we can double our present size!
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TAC-

I appreciate your willingness to send us the magazine...we are a very new group and the first one in Israel and people find it hard to come out. But one cannot expect all to happen in a day or two... Right now things here are happening quite a lot and especially on the radio and TV about homosexuals in this country. Only what seems to be very sad is that most of the people don't know what Gay people are like and they are very strongly rejected by the society. So our first aim was to get all Gay people together, and opened a club where we can meet, dance, talk, have lectures & movies but what really must be done is to let the society see us as we really are and make them understand that we are just like all the rest. But again, this means that we have to get out of the closet and many people are afraid. But one should keep hoping. I wish you all the best and to keep working hard, so in order to achieve more. In sisterhood, from a "chained" country.

Judy Pushkar
Haifa, Israel

Sisters-

Sorry about not renewing my subscription but after living in a dorm for almost a year and then moving back home I've become more paranoid about my parents NOT knowing that I'm a lesbian... so I'm stopping all publications going to my parent's house for now. When I permanently move out, which will hopefully be soon, you might hear from me again.

MAHALO,
(name withheld by request)
Hawaii

P.S. The dollar is to relieve your great sorrow for not having me as a customer any more.

Dear Women-

The last was the best issue yet. From your book and from another called "Miraculous Mother" I sense a new climate of courage, violence & pride in women (well, some of us) that wasn't there even 6 months ago. I was tired, down & out when it arrived in the mail, but it completely cheered & re-radicalized my ass...I'm enclosing a buck for another copy of this SPRING issue to share at my 20 year Reform School reunion ... just thought you'd like to know who your fans are. Marge Bodfish
Orinda, Calif.



Portrait of RedMountain

Dear Sisters- Re: Rosalie Nichols letter:

WORDS I HATE
Vagina
Vulva
Lesbian

WORDS I LOVE
Cunt
Clit
Dyke

(as for pussy -- you know how I feel about cats) ... and "Love at first lick? ... " Dynamite!!

Pick one
OK?

Love & Kisses
Yours in eternal(?) struggle
Yours in sisterhood
Yours for the Revolution
XXXX

Sue RedMountain
New York City

Dear Sue R.

All our love all of the time... etcetera
TAC (featuring Stacey M. Franchild) ...!!!

TAC-

The interview is great--your style is good and I appreciate the RR going easy on me. I read it & when Lee came home I enjoyed watching her read the article. We are happy with what you did and can't wait for the next issue. We also enjoyed our pen-pal adventures and wish you well... Success & happiness.
Love, Barbara
Augusta, Georgia

Dear Readers-

The letter on the following page came to us while we were in the process of sorting through all the material we had received on menstruation... it was incredible to us that the very women who have given so much of themselves to women would be treated in such a manner by women...

Four years ago, two of us attended a local NOW chapter's speak-out on Rape (put on by the New York Radical Feminists). We were members of the chapter and knew the chapter included one man at that time, but as he felt the topic was not suitable for him and stayed away that night, we were surprised to find men (strangers) at the meeting...

NOW has a policy of not excluding men from anything... (at least it did while we were members...) but since many of their functions are limited to members we felt they would be asked to leave--- we stayed.

The speakers requested that the men be asked to leave & were informed by the chapter president that they would be permitted to stay... (because we don't exclude anyone!) The group as a whole refused to support us when we asked them to leave (later we were called disruptive influences)... (please remember that NOW was for many of us our first contact with the movement and we were 4 years less violent so we stayed)

As the evening progressed and women spoke of actual rape experiences the eyes of the men looked exactly as they look when they rape us--which is what they were doing but our consciousness wasn't sufficiently raised at that point to understand-- I did not speak that night, although I has been waiting for many years to tell my own rape experience to women who would understand &

who could help me understand--watching the faces of the men as another woman told her experience was like re-living my own and it was another 3 years before I could find women with whom I felt free to discuss and examine my rape.

I consider what took place that night rape and what happened to Lolly that night rape and consider that sitting by and letting a sister be raped (in any way) suicidal to all of us...we must become responsible for the safety of each other, and protect each other the way we must learn to protect ourselves. Those of us who can't yet be that brave can learn from (and support) those who can. If we start by throwing them out of our meeting halls it will be good practice for when we have to confront them in the streets.

"... The statistics of the police say that more nice girls are getting raped each day Each day more men can't feel complete without a nice girl to defeat. For it's the nice girls don't like to offend, yes, they hesitate to displease men, who intend them to grin and bear it, girl, cause you're a woman alone in this man's world... to survive, toughen up..."

--by Alix Dobkin from LIVING WITH LESBIANS

Anyway, some of us aren't ready for Lesbian separatism because we fear what will become of our straight sisters without any of us around but if this is a far as we've come in the last 4 years then perhaps it's time for us to understand that the support we give to our male-identified sisters, is ultimately giving strength to men-- and to re-order our priorities.

Stacey M. Franchild for the ALBATROSS collective

Little Nancy Now

LMG



Lolly, Jeanne, Lura, Lisa, Carol Hirsch & Mary Lee Lemke Box 3488, Ridgeway Station Stamford, Connecticut 06905 203-348-8529

Non-profit Foundation



AN OPEN LETTER TO:

WOMEN MAKE MOVIES INC. 257 West 19th Street New York, New York 10011

May 10, 1976

The purpose of the GYNECOLOGICAL SELF HELP presentation as originated by Carol Downer, Lorraine Rothman and the women of the first FEMINIST WOMEN'S HEALTH CENTER in Los Angeles, is to set women free from the misogynous, patriarchal, medical male control of our bodies. Every woman who has been involved in sharing vaginal self-examination with other women, has done so in a FOR WOMEN ONLY audience. The idea has been taken by hundreds of women to thousands of other women throughout the United States, Europe and the South Pacific at great personal, physical, mental, emotional and financial outlay of time and energy.

South America

Whether it was innocence, ignorance or stupidity, whoever invited men, strange men, to view your HEALTHCARING film, personally humiliated me and embarrassed my daughters and did a disservice to the whole concept of GYNECOLOGICAL SELF HELP.

It was an insult to me, an insult to my daughters. It was an insult to the women of the GYNECOLOGICAL SELF HELP CLINICS, to the women of the FEMINIST WOMEN'S HEALTH CENTERS, to the women of the WOMEN'S CHOICE CLINICS to have men in that viewing audience.

For me to sit in that audience where I shared my vaginal self-examination designed for WOMEN ONLY --- to sit in that audience with a big, fat, slobbering, blubbery monstrosity of a male in front of me, a watery-eyed cadaver of a male behind me, bearded jerk-offs to the right and left of me --- males who must have been scrapped up off the Bowery gutters of New York, was disgusting beyond all imagination. WHO OWNED THOSE PRICKS? WHY WERE THEY LET IN? Were they perverts, voyeurs, mental retards or couldn't some poor woman afford to hire a male-sitter to keep the slobberers home watching television where they belonged?

I was told by Denise Bostrom that the film was designed so that, quote: "my mother will understand the health problems of women."

I want it clearly known and clearly understood that vaginal self-examination performed by laywomen is for other laywomen in a WOMEN ONLY audience. If the woman doctors, the woman nurses, the woman psychologists, the woman psychiatrists, the woman anthropologists, the woman historians listed in the credits want to share their vaginas with strange men as they have been encouraging innocent women to do these last seventy-five years, let them!!!! It is precisely this attitude of all professionals that has sold all women into slavery to the misogynous, male medical profession.

I DEMAND WRITTEN AFFIRMATION IMMEDIATELY THAT NO MEN -- NO MEN -- BE ALLOWED TO VIEW ME DOING VAGINAL SELF-EXAMINATION. I share my knowledge and myself for the enlightenment of women only.

Lolly [Signature]

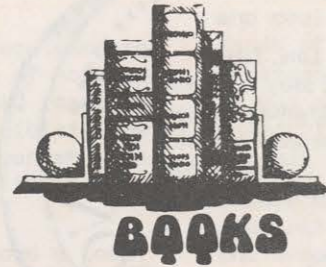
TO THE MAN REPORTER FROM THE DENVER POST...Poems by Chocolate Waters -- \$2.75 + .30¢ postage. Available from: Chocolate Waters c/o Big Mama Rag -- 1724 Gaylord St. Denver, Colorado 80206.

TO THE MAN REPORTER FROM THE DENVER POST (excerpt) ---
 "I knew from the start it was a mistake to talk to you-- Six Radical Feminists and the Man of the Press and his frightened photographer with the evil eye. But you expected us to be reasonable--to defer to you as a man and a Member/ of the Almighty Male Media to explain our position logically, to smile a lot After all we are living in a civilized world: ..."

A penetrating analysis of women's condition in this "civilized" world follows-- explaining why "we don't smile at you." Shocking in its directness and written in a way that leaves no room for excuses like, "I don't read poetry because I don't understand it", -- this, you'll understand! It's all about us!

The book is visually one of the most interesting concepts we've seen -- an ice-blue segment of sanity bound into the never-never-land of newsprint -- an oasis in the confusion --dedicated to all of us--and spectacularly illustrated...(Cover design by Bourge Miller,Cover Photo by Cinda Roth and graphics by Mary Alice Guthrie).

Poetry is subjective; what we like may not "grab" you-- but the variety available in TO THE MAN REPORTER FROM THE DENVER POST assures everyone of the chance to relate deeply to a poem that seems to be directed to her own experience or fantasy. Some (like TO A DELICATE WOMAN IN A DIT-



CH) can't be read casually (or maybe even in public because when the anger inside all of us finally wells up and springs forth, the ensuing explosions will burst buildings)... others are fun and consciousness raising... (A NAME BY ANY OTHER NAME)-- some warm and some icy cold, and some fantastically funny (OH LET'S BE A COUPLE) but you can pick your own favorite...

Chocolate Waters speaks to & of feelings and experiences we have felt and experienced --our feminism, our lesbianism, our lives. We urge you not to miss reading TO THE MAN REPORTER FROM THE DENVER POST.

(Note: to all our readers who tell us they "skip over all poetry because it doesn't make sense to them", this is written in simple, direct & clear language and style and we promise you will understand!). SMF

HOLY MARY HOLY MARY COMIX



Today we shall read from the book of redundancy--chapter 69--verse 69--entitled; THE HOLY GHOST WAS A MOTHER FUCKING RAPIST AND MAKE NO MISTAKE ABOUT THAT...or don't trust 'em no matter how they look, dead or alive...

SISTER GIN

By June Arnold- Published by DAUGHTERS INC., Plainfield, Vermont - \$4.00 (1975) Interior design & composition by June Arnold, Martha Yates & Parke Bowman.

SISTER GIN is a remarkable work. It is primarily about two Lesbians, Su & Bettina, who are of "a certain age". They live at the edges of a genteel society in a mellow, moss draped southern town-- they drink gin--lots of gin! Gin kills off the old useless brain cells, thus clearing the way for new,more dynamic thoughts. Anyway, this is what happens according to Mamie Carter, a central figure in the novel with whom Su falls in love. The concept of aging is an integral part of this fine book. Agism; that important "ism" of which so many of us are not thoroughly aware.

The author's style reminds me of a "pointilist" painting; dots and dabs of words and phrases suggest the larger meaning--

Sister Gin is Su's alter-ego, driving her to be more radical, and to be a feminist. Su is a journalist and reviews books for a newspaper. She is constantly displeased with her mediocrity, but she does take occasional risks, such as reviewing; FEAR OF FLYING by Erica Jong negatively. (This reviewer goes along with Sister Gin on that one.) (Editors Note: This Editor does not!).

The book follows the lives of Bettina & Su, Mamie Carter & their friends, reaching a climax when they all go out trashing in the streets, and attacking rapists. Their method in the latter activity are unique--worth reading the book to discover and I strongly suggest your reading Sister Gin for there

is something of ourselves in it.

--by Ann M. Irikura

Just a Few Easy Questions Grand Jury Comix

"Just because yer not paranoid doesn't mean they're not after you!" Grand Juries: how they began, their present abuse, and what we can do about them. Strong and clever graphics by Kate Jackrabbit. An excellent educational tool.

printed by Jackrabbit Press
 24 pp 4-color cover 7"x8 1/2"

Available from: AMAZON REALITY CO. P. O. BOX 95, Eugene Oregon, 97401 - .75¢ + .25¢ postage (bulk rates available on request).

If you used to do your book-reports be reading Classics-Illustrated back in school, you might consider learning about your rights from this comic. While intended only as a general guide and not a substitute for legal counsel it gives many ways to act in an emergency and may someday come in handy--after all, we never know who'll be at the door when we go to answer it and it never hurts to prepare for unpleasantness.

The book is divided into sections dealing with the various aspects of Grand Juries including how they got started, and what to do when subpoenaed as a witness with fine illustrative examples & simple to understand language. The last section deals with our Constitutional Rights and contains definitions of words with which we should all become familiar. The attractive format makes learning easy, and we recommend this comic. SMF

Amazon Reality Co.
 P O Box 95
 Eugene, OR 97401

I Was Ashamed to Wear a Sleeveless Dress



...but now I can because underarm hair is no problem--not anymore. Now, I use FEMINIST CONSCIOUSNESS!!! Yes, FEMINIST CONSCIOUSNESS in the big pink bottle has cured me of my underarm hair hang ups, and I proudly go around singing the slogan "oh, I'm a Feminist & I like what I see I don't add to or subtract from the person who'se me"

Maybe someday I can slip some of those huge pink pills into the coffee my boss makes for herself & she won't make me wear a dress to the office, but until that day I keep my head together with FEMINIST CONSCIOUSNESS and I hope that you will too.

TRY FEMINIST CONSCIOUSNESS and join the thousands of satisfied users who say,"Take me as I am or twirl on it".

FEMINIST CONSCIOUSNESS is available at your local C.R.

SPEAK OUT MY HEART

By Robin Jordan -- The Naiad Press c/o THE LADDER 7 5025 Washington Sta. Reno, Nevada 89513. \$4.00 + .25¢ postage

Originally entitled "The Courage to Tell" SPEAK OUT MY HEART recounts the events occasioned by the basically simple act of taking one's Lesbian lover home to the family. Coming out on the gut level where the emotional stakes and risks are often the highest possible.

Robin Jordan began life intending to become a minister and writer, in a background not unlike the one presented in SPEAK OUT MY HEART. She has long abandoned her first goal and richly fulfilled her second one in this, her first novel.

The Naiad Press is proud to be able to bring you this novel of young love, sexuality, family reactions and happily "getting it all together". N.P.

THE LATECOMER

By Sarah Aldridge -- Naiad Press \$3.00 + .25¢ Postage.

The story of two women of unlike temperments and different backgrounds who come to recognize their love for each other. A love story set in the political turmoil of here and now, written in the romantic tone of yesterday.

N.P.

LESBIAN CONNECTION

% Ambitious Amazons
 P.O. Box 811
 E. Lansing, Mich.
 48823

Free but donations requested if you can make them.

LIVING WITH LESBIANS

Alix Dobkin -- Featuring The Lesbian Power Authority - on the WOMEN'S WAX WORKS lable (portions were recorded live at the Women's Coffee House, Sept. 19th & 20th, 1975)...& available from PROJECT No. 1 Preston Hollow, N.Y. 12469. \$6.00 including postage and handling.

"THIS MUSIC IS FOR LESBIANS. It should be sold to & shared with women only, and is NOT for public broadcast... Thank you, Alix Dobkin."

... and thank you Alix, for giving us something great for ourselves and for being brave & strong enough to refuse to let your work be used for other than the reason for which it was intended... to inspire & give strength to Lesbian Women...

LIVING WITH LESBIANS is Alix Dobkin's 2nd record--her first was good--this is great--absolutely marvelous...

"LIVING WITH LESBIANS is dedicated to the voodoo queens who invented jazz and to all the other Lesbians who have given me a thrill. With this music I hope to return the favor. Music may transcend gender (although I doubt it) but the boundaries of consciousness are defined by gender. My music has words, therefore, it has consciousness. It is neither artistically nor personally satisfying for me to attempt to reach all potential listeners. Total connection with my music requires a Lesbian

ALBATROSS-FALL 1976



ear, mind, body and everyday Lesbian experience. Of the 15 women directly involved with the production of this album, 12 are Lesbians.



Penny, Alix, Mary, Smokey, Liza and Betsy.....(photo by Janet Meyers)

I had hoped they would all be, but I guess I'll have to wait until next time for that". That's what Alix has to say about her music. The record is an uplifting experience and we hope you won't miss it.

We don't have room here to give credit to all the fine women who worked on this album but when you play it you will understand the quality of the work that went into it, and be glad to be a part of this community of women.

LIVING WITH LESBIANS is the title song and also the fir-

st song on the record and it sets the tone, and will give a view of what could be our present reality if we could only get-it-together. (When we heard this song we were reminded of the AURALEAN SISTERHOOD in THE RIPENING FIG, Tales of Emerging Womanhood, by Martha & Lucy Van Felix-Wilde).

In EXERCISES, Alix tries to de-mystify her singing by showing us how she works out and the sounds are among the ones common in Balkan women's singing. Alix has a strong & powerful (& very beautiful) voice & hearing her in person is always a treat...

... but having LIVING WITH LESBIANS as a part of your record collection is having a living part of our emerging women's culture at your finger-tips to play when you realize how proud & glad you are to be a woman-identified woman.

The AMAZON ABC is a saucy romp through the Lesbo-alphabet and we bet you'll sing along... & love every minute of it.

You'll also draw strength, from THE LESBIAN POWER AUTHORITY... which can exist, if we will it.

This is one of the finest albums we've come across in a very long time both musically, vocally, technically, and without a doubt deserves a much more professional review but around here the reviewer gets to keep the record in payment for reviewing and I wanted this one enough to work for it--you will too and you'll personally become involved with this record, in Alix's music and in our str-

(continued next page)

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engths and our beauty. More power to us all.

PS: If you're still straight skip at once to THOUGHTS FOR PENNY and THEN play the rest of the record. --SMF

HANG IN THERE

HANG IN THERE is Holly Nears first album which was recorded live at the Ash Grove in L.A. in 1973 and includes songs about Vietnam and the anti-war movement. If not available at your local record store the album can be ordered direct from REDWOOD RECORDS, 565 Doolin Canyon Ukiah, Ca. 95482, for \$3.50.

In case you still believe you learned the truth about this country of ours in school this record will help to raise your consciousness about the nature of our imperialism and what it's done to people around the world-- in OH AMERICA, Holly Nears evinces great hope for us all & in GI MOVEMENT makes us realize how it begins. If you don't cry the first time you try to sing NO MORE GENOCIDE You're less emotional than we are (or you've learned to suppress it better?) As for HANG IN THERE, it's an insp-

iration for anyone involved in any struggle and the lyrics can be adapted to your own personal struggle. (if you want music written personally for just us... get LIVING WITH LESBIANS... but, if you see our struggle as one aspect of the society-- try HANG IN THERE...)

With the exception of OH MY BEAUTIFUL FRIENDS written by Ruthie Gorton & TIENG DAN TA LU by Huy Thuc, all the songs are by Holly Near and all are moving and inspiring and who couldn't use some songs of inspiration at this point in herstory...

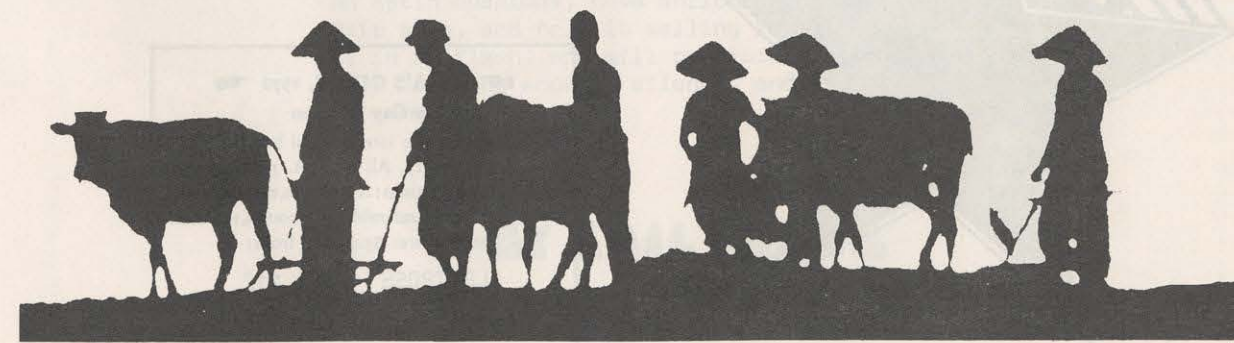
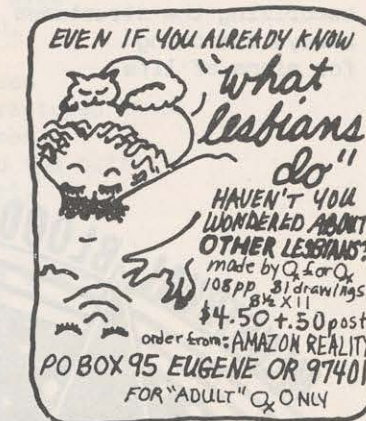
For anyone unfamiliar with Holly Near she is an accomplished performer and while her exquisite voice is best appreciated live, this is a record you'll want to have & to play when things get you down... In addition to the struggles about which Holly sings, IT'S MORE IMPORTANT TO ME, traces the beginning of a (now very well developed) Feminist Consciousness which surfaces fully in her next record (reviewed Winter '76)

If you don't see our struggles tied in with the struggles around the world and are into Lesbian Separatism we won't guarantee you'll find this record relevant but if you want to hear a very fine

singer with a deep understanding of suffering and pain & yet working to give us all hope for the future, get the HANG IN THERE album, and be glad and be STRONG because BETTER DAYS are coming for us all. --LMS

THE CHANGER AND THE CHANGED-- Cris Williamson-- Olivia Records, Inc. PO BOX 70237, LA, Calif. 90070.

The liner notes say Cris "is an Aquarian. She is concerned with spirituality--especially women's spirituality. Her music reflects that..." Well, if you're into non-sequiturs: I'm an Aquarian and I'd give this about a 76 because it's got a good beat & it's good to dance to. SMF PS: I can't say more because I have to empty the garbage which is "filling up & spilling over".



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APPLICATIONS

she files
each day away
in worded covers
watching the want
ads roll
into "no vacancy"
signs
& her name transform
into a social
security number

each night
she automatically
inscribes white bed
sheets with vital detail:
height/weight/clr hair/marital status

"what is your educational experience?"

well i sleep between bookjackets
line my pillow with nonfiction
& cover myself with best sellers
when i'm not reading
i stare into mirrors or windows
memorizing the structures
always searching
for signs of life



ALBATROSS-FALL '76

"have you ever been arrested?"

once, ten years ago
i was hired to service
mr. welfare's illegitimate
babies & i helped them
take him for all he was worth
told them how mr. welfare
planned for them
to self destruct
from overcrowded rage
while he continued screwing
& producing more illegimates
while cutting down individual payments
but old mr. welfare found out
& nabbed me for indecent disclosure
for telling the truth i was typed
& held for nine years
a prisoner in a file cabinet

"but what qualifies you
for this job? can you type?"

can i type?
do i need to?
my mind is a dictionary
my hands are paintbrushes
creating desert scenes
on my toes
my mouth is shaped by poems
& words dangle from my ears
do i need to type?

"sit here miss & we'll check out
your wpm & your legs"

she bit off her fingertips
& stroked her vital details:
height/weight/clr hair/marital status
in blood

across his
stiff white
shirt

BY NANCY BRIZENDINE

GAIA'S GUIDE, 1976
for Gay Women

Annual pocket size international bar guide and
complete directory. All U. S. A. plus 40 other
countries. 2000 listings: restaurants, resorts, book-
stores, mail order and publishing houses, resources
and services. \$5.00 only from:

ALBATROSS - BOX 112
EAST ORANGE, N.J. 07017

18

EROTION



Women and men - I have loved both, and shall
continue to love both until I die.

Love is the key to unlock Art. Indeed,
passion's the root of all fine poetry
as Sappho knows, although she'll not admit
the truth - everyone knows it just the same.
It was her love that taught her first to sing,
the scorn of Anactoria, and the love
returned of others - and her daughter too -
but she denies the sweeping fire to us,
her students, and still cries of "workmanship".

Of workmanship - are not these chalice hands
work of a master craftsman? Is not hair
a miracle of weaving? Is not love
itself a piece of work? Each glance of eyes
to mark first notice and attention drawn,
the words of assignation, every kiss
carved as from olivewood by lips more keen
than the sculptor's blade, the weft of raptured limbs,
the flow of robes, the curves of nakedness,
the flat planes of the man's breast, and the soft
contour of woman's - all of these are art,
and out of these I make my morning-song.

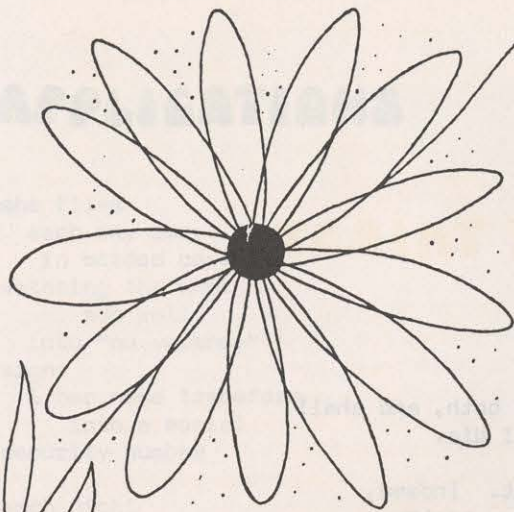
There are those now shall live to see me great,
and Sappho shall acknowledge at the last
I struck the secret she would not reveal:
sexual passion made her song so large
and high, deny and fence it as she will.

And I from every night drenched in perfume
on satin cushions, have enriched the same
fair song, and felt it welling in my throat
as in my flesh, and will proclaim its worth
till all song ends in silence, and all flesh
is ashes...

BY GAIL WHITE

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SARAH

On your eleventh birthday,
 we took the bus downtown,
 Your mother gave us two dollars each
 and kissed us both good-by
 "Hold hands in crowds and don't stay out
 past five o'clock," she warned.
 You pressed your nose against the glass
 and pointed at the stores
 "We're rich!" you laughed, "Let's eat," I
 begged, so our first stop
 was a corner stand to fill
 our mouths with strawberries
 Dutifully, we held hands even after
 some jeering boy hissed
 "Queers!" at our sweated backs.
 We bought baseball caps
 and couldn't think of how
 to spend so large a sum
 Riding home, you counted out the rest
 and found we had a dollar left
 So you handed me two quarters.

Sarah hold my hand again,
 for now I'm twenty-six
 and no one gives me half
 of anything these days
 Sarah, ride the bus with me
 and take me far away
 Share your love and pocket change
 and get me home by dark.

--by Jo Ellen Jones

(Sarah originally appeared in Focus & was re-printed with permission)

CONVICT

you,
 raper,
 as my back alley judge,
 as my jury of one,
 condemn me
 to a life-time of fear,
 imprisoning me even in my own home.

I go unwillingly,
 knowing only
 that I am "guilty"
 by being a woman.

--by Amy Joan Fournier

COSTUMES

I remember you let your hair
 grow
 for camouflage
 playing femme before Halloween
 but
 your spirit still pure butch
 beneath the mini-skirt.
 You wrote porno poetry that you
 never showed to "ladies"
 bringing it out between beers
 and backslaps
 in the gloom of the bar;
 your strength was the only
 light they needed.
 You spun a cocoon when they
 caught Susan,
 laid low till birth-time
 then emerged
 a composite of all you saw in
 "Vogue"
 and read in "Cosmopolitan"
 your jeans lie unworn, lonely
 in your
 bottom drawer while you
 live within the closet
 dying a slow and painful death
 trying to keep
 the lavender smoke from
 crawling out
 between the cracks
 between the tears.

--By Desi Seagull



IN WOMAN

(for Barbara)

the woman
 in me
 stirred
 again tonight
 taking on the
 mind
 of a woman
 electric dynamite
 magnetic
 power like
 those
 captivating stars

--by Liza C. May Chan
(11:08 pm - Oct. 24, 1975)



SELF-PORTRAIT

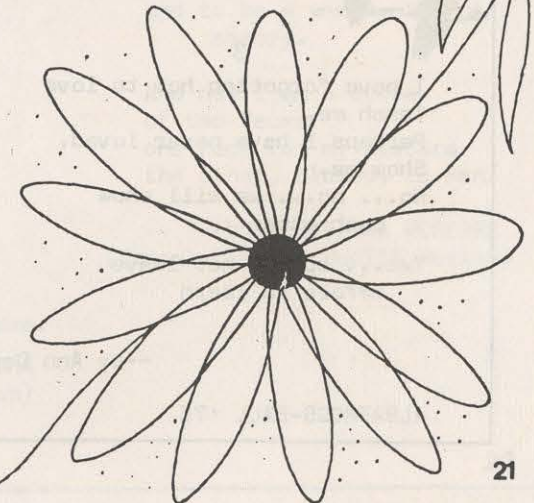
This self-portrait was taken in a bus
 depot photo booth in one of my light-
 hearted moods. Just in case you can't
 tell ... I am a Lesbian. Honey Lee

OF THIRST

THE FRANKNESS

Tenderly I thirst
 longing for lettuceleaves,
 a beaded-wet tomato
 but mostly a devourer of apples
 --mcintoshes dappled & streaked
 saffron especially--
 crisp as a bookkeeper recording
 with crashing teeth
 on fruitstuff
 jaw-gawping munches
 swallowing whole atoms
 in their juice
 snuffling an ode
 to the apple cider bee--
 that nectar swiller!
 As in nibbling on cunt
 I am delicate around
 the core.
 It's the pale slippery nublet
 that pretty almond shell-enclosed
 I thirst for most;
 my jaw is already that shape
 of a bee's for swilling.

--by Meg Brigantine
c-76 Meg Brigantine



ONE DAY

One day you said you hated men as a class
is that like saying you hate bananas as a bunch
but you wouldn't mind eating a few?

--by Chocolate Waters
From her book; TO THE MAN REPORTER
FROM THE DENVER POST--

LIFE FIRES

My soul has traveled
A dusty path
Of consuming love and agony
Wings torn from
Shattered flights
Strew my life-ground
As my heart struggles to maintain
A continuous beat.

Life giving fire sustains
A course ragged with
Broken steps/decisions
Marking challenges accepted
Failures doomed to falter
Loves gained, then lost.

Footsteps echo strength
And weakness
Powerless to control
Yet powerful as
Blood ceaselessly pulsates
Lending fuel to the fire
Boldness to the wings.

--by Marilyn J. Braithwaite

3 POEMS ABOUT LOVING

3

I have forgotten how to love
Teach me.
Perhaps I have never loved.
Show me.
No... no... we will show
each other
Yes... but do not leave
before we learn

--by Ann Dana

ALBATROSS-FALL '76

1
There were so many ways to
feel
about you
Did I imagine I would never
weep?
Sobbing with rage, pain,
frustration and fear
SELF-pity smothers me; and
when I turn
You are not there to kiss my
eyes.

2

When I talk sensibly about how it will
end,
Stop me. Kiss my eyes,
When I declare my strength,
Stop me. Kiss my lips.
When I say I am ready to live alone
Stop me. Carress my breasts, my thighs.
Make me quiet.

TUBA TOOTHPASTE

Discarding the tube of toothpaste
I borrowed from you 3,500 miles ago-
Now the proud owner of flashy new smile
I return the result of your kindness
via water sister express at regular
intervals

--By Naomi Cargill

ON BEING DIFFERENT

it's good that we are different
the difference holds us together

looking at the wheel long enough
the colors seem to come together
a blend of reds and whites
and yellows and blacks

there are many types in the world
would you have them come together?
would you have them keep their differences?
perhaps, perhaps ...
it's something to think about

--by naomi cargill

AND NOW

And now I am a stone
of two faces
and much courage

So much filth had to
enter my body
to find myself with honor
and to be a woman without
memory.

And now I am a stone
of two faces
one face for my sisters
the other, closed, to men.

--by TERESINKA PEREIRA
(Translation by Judith Horton)

SEPARATION

I, in my room, so tired.
Stranger than the lonely moon.
I am owner of my dreamings
and my tomorrows.

You, in the world, lost
like a dog.
Entertwining your fingers
with your illusions,
a fugitive of the past
and of memories full of nothingness.

--by TERESINKA PEREIRA
(Translation by Judith Horton)

ALBATROSS-FALL 1976

TO A VIBRATOR

(Dedicated to any of my sisters who have ever been called "oversexed" or a "nymphomaniac" by any stupid asshole who fancies himself an expert on female sexuality)

Liberator,
Set me free from horniness
And this consuming Ache and Need
to Have a Man
So I can choose to join my soul to others
Out of love and yearning for a real union,
Not for simply getting off.

You scientific masterpiece
Of sweet pulsations,
Cut me loose
And let me have the power
To choose my life.

TO FUCK OR NOT TO FUCK---
(That is the answer).

And exercise a bit of self-control
And not jump on the body
Of the first young thing that comes along,
So eager, unsuspecting, my all too
willing prey.

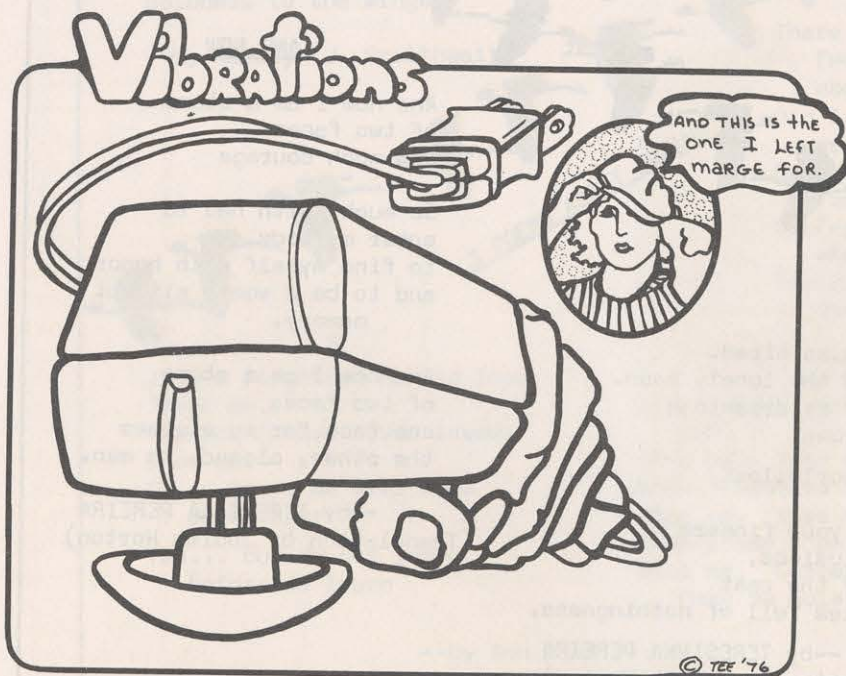
My treasure of technology,
Dependable, reliable always true to me,
You never seem to have a headache
When I need you most.

You're never too tired, never fail
And then complain
Of how my need oppresses you
And how you're just a stud to me.

Dear friend of plastic, phallic-shaped,
I'll keep you handy everywhere I go
And try not to be overcome
By guilt and nagging jealousy
Put on me by lovers or my hand.

Sweet Liberator, you & I
Have far to go together
And many happy hours to share alone.
I shall replace your battery
As needed, take good care of you
And always keep you warmly in my heart.

--by Linda Bisgaard
c-74 Linda Bisgaard



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(The following article (brought to you in the public interest) was reprinted from issue # 19, of the San Diego "FEMINIST COMMUNICATIONS" (with their kind permission). TAC.

1976 PHONE CREDIT CARD CODE

Can you afford not to make phony credit card calls? So asks a filthy little publication called TAKE OVER. We were surprised to hear that these godless hooligans are again advocating the rip-off of that great corporation that has laid off thousands of women this year alone.

Our reporters have been combing the streets to find out how these devious people operate. And we are printing the codes they use in the hopes that every citizen will become familiar with the signs of phone abuse.

1) These sneaky people always use a pay phone when making a call. If they used their home phones, their calls would be traced, and they would get billed for them. Also, they try to call to another pay phone.

2) They do not use the same phone or the same credit card number too often.

3) They try to use the credit card during normal business hours.

4) Operators have been known to listen in on calls, so they try not to mention any names and they save sensitive topics until they have been on for awhile.

5) They try to make sure that the people they're calling know what's happening so they can deal with any calls they might receive asking who they received calls from.

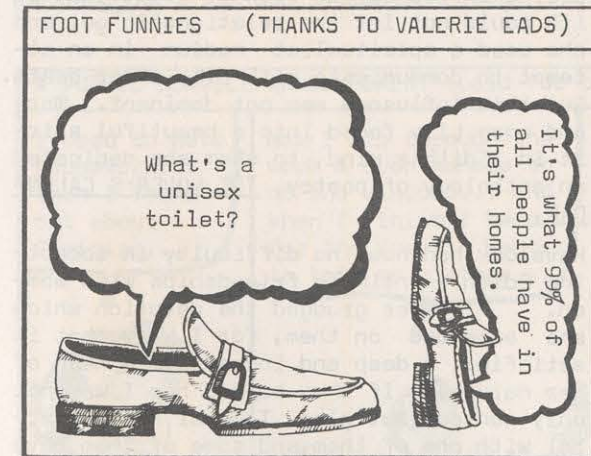
Credit card numbers are composed of ten digits, and a letter at the end that matches the 6th digit. The first seven numbers are the phone number of a large corporation, and the last three digits are gotten from the city code chart & match the city the business is in. To find what letter goes at the end, they take the 6th digit of the business number, and match it to this code: 1-G 2-U 3-A 4-Q 5-R 6-X 7-Z 8-L 9-N 0-E. For example, Jerry Ford Campaign Headquarters in Boston would be 617 (area-code) -489-2505 (phone#) - 001 - E, that is, 489,2505-001-E.

Area Code	City Code	Area Code	City Code
201	072, 074, 091, 094	404	022, 063 Georgia
202	032, 033 Wash D.C.		035 Atlanta
203	020 Hartford	408	293 San Jose
206	163 Seattle	412	030 Pittsburgh
209	254 Stockton	414	088 Milwaukee
	289 Fresno	415	158 San Francisco
212	017, 018, 021, 023, 024, 072, 074, NYC	416	187 Berkeley
213	046, 182, 183, 184, 187, 332 Los Angeles	476	476 Toronto
215	041, 043 Philadelphia	513	185 Dayton
216	050 Akron	601	059 Mississippi
	082 Cleveland	602	065 Arizona
218	126 Duluth	604	493 Vancouver
301	011 Maryland	608	201 Madison
303	153 Colorado	612	126 Twin Cities
305	044 Miami	613	473 Ottawa
306	137 Wyoming	615	187 Memphis
308	237 Nebraska	617	047 Nashville
312	097, 098, 234 Chicago		001 Boston
313	013, 096 Michigan	702	007 Massachusetts
	083 Detroit	713	271 Nevada
	177 St. Louis	813	151 Houston
		815	152 Tampa, St. Pete
		914	141 N.Y. State

These fiendish phone abusers deposit their dime, dial "o" and say "Credit card call, please. My credit card number is 489 (pause) 2505 (pause) 001 (pause) E. On the tip of the caller's forked tongue they have the name of the number's business, and the area code of the number they're using. They have found it best to use a credit card number from the city they are calling to, which they can easily find by calling information for the number of a business, and then adding the necessary codes.

Phone company investigators often call the person who received the call, later, asking for information on the caller. These dishonest friends reply that a lot of people use their phone and that there is no record of calls.

Every individual should feel responsible to do something about this rising phone abuse!



LESBIANS & MARRIAGE:

WHAT POSSIBILITIES?

BY GAIL WHITE

The current emphasis on "coming out" has resulted in an outpouring of contempt on the lesbian who has entered into marriage for the purpose of keeping up a front to the straight world. But is it possible for such a marriage to be more than a front? Can marriage include sufficient independence and tolerance to allow for completely different sexual lifestyles?

Early in this century, two remarkable couples formed unions that would still be considered radical today: Edith and Havelock Ellis, and Harold Nicholson and Vita Sackville-West. The story of the Ellis marriage is related in Havelock's autobiography *MY LIFE* (Houghton-Mifflin, 1939); the Nicholson marriage was covered in Nigel Nicholson's recent best-seller about his parents, *PORTRAIT OF A MARRIAGE*.

1. EDITH & HAVELOCK

When Havelock Ellis married fellow-socialist and writer Edith Lees, whom he had met in the Fellowship of New Life, in 1891, he had some idea of what was involved in the relationship. "I knew", he says, "for she had told me everything, of the sentimental and sometimes passionate attraction which from early school-life...she had experienced for girlfriends."

Edith and Havelock had agreed before marriage to have no children. Since the birth control devices of the time were clumsy and unpleasant, their sexual involvement diminished and in a few years altogether disappeared. Yet this made no difference in Havelock's love and tenderness for her, for "we were destined to work out a larger and deeper conception of love."

Havelock was unprepared for the possessive feelings he experienced when Edith first became involved with a woman (called Calire in the autobiography). He did not want to share Edith, but felt that his jealousy was unreasonable. When in time, he became attracted to another woman (called Amy), Edith also had to struggle for understanding and acceptance. Gradually they both came to acknowledge each other's freedom to form new attachments, and the bond that united them was never broken.

The most important of Edith's lovers was Lily, recognized by Havelock as "an attraction which became of almost supreme importance in Edith's spiritual life." Lily was an artist, a delicate ethereal creature who encouraged Edith's own artistic leanings. They spent many nights together, and one such night became a sacred memory to Edith for their love was not to last--the fragile Lily died in 1903.

Lily's influence had been so great that Edith could not let the relationship go, and she used a spiritualist medium in an attempt to communicate with Lily after death. But this influence was not dominant. More and more Lily faded into a beautiful spirit in Edith's mind, to whom she dedicated an anthology of poetry, *THE LOVER'S CALENDAR*.

Havelock had now no difficulty in accepting Edith's intimate friendships with women. "I never grudged the devotion which she expended on them, for I knew that it satisfied a deep and ineradicable need of her nature... If they suited her I was not only content but glad. I never had a quarrel with one of them, and some of them have been my own dear friends."

Shortly before Edith's death she suffered a nervous collapse and required constant (continued next page)

care. At this time she insisted on a legal separation from Havelock, but it was a formal symbol of independence only, for they continued to live together and Edith continued to wear her wedding ring. The autobiography, written years after her death while Havelock was living with another woman, shows him still devoted to his life with Edith. Now, as then, only a remarkable degree of education, independence, and cultivated feeling allows such an unusual relationship to last. Yet life is continually reminding us that nothing is impossible, and in the Ellis's story is abundant evidence that marriage can indeed be compatible with sexual freedom.

2. THE NICOLSONS

Vita Sackville had known Violet Keppel since the age of twelve; but their friendship was slow to develop, and the great romance of her youth was an attachment to a girl named Rosamund. However, at eighteen Vita met the young diplomat Harold Nicolson. She gradually fell in love with him, and in 1913 they were married. Violet reentered Vita's life in 1918 and they became lovers. They took vacations together, and sometimes on their excursions Vita dressed as a man and called herself Julian. After a time Violet began to urge Vita to leave Harold and elope with her. It must be admitted that Violet emerges from the book as a highly unlikable personality with a vicious possessive streak. At the time of her involvement with Vita she was also encouraging a man who loved her, Denys Tre-

fusis, whom she eventually married on the condition that he make no sexual demands (Denys, who was short on brains, agreed to this).

After a considerable period of emotional turmoil, Vita did leave Harold and went to France with Violet, but Harold and Denys met their wives at Amiens and took them away. Vita later wrote a poem expressing her feelings at this time:

Yes, they were kind exceedingly; most mild
Even in indignation, taking by the hand
One that obeyed them mutely, as a child
Submissive to a law he does not understand...

He listened, and they thought him acquiescent.

Yet (Knowing the while that they were very kind)

Remembrance clamoured in him, "She was wild and free,

Magnificent in giving; she was blind to gain or loss, and loving, loved but me-but me!"

After the devastating experience at Amiens Violet and Vita saw each other less and the relationship faded, but Vita's marriage was basically unaffected, and Harold remained the central figure in her emotional life.

Yet, though the attachment to Violet was too violent to co-exist with her love for Harold, Vita continued, with his understanding, to have milder homosexual affairs (and Harold had some of his own, though the author does not dwell on this). One of her happiest relationships was with Virgin (continued next page)

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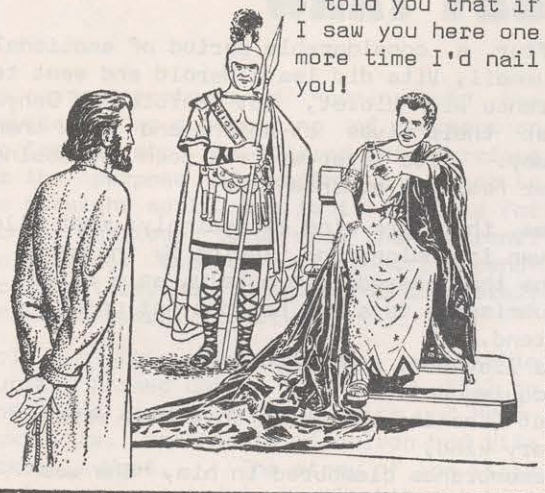
A PUBLIC SERVICE ANNOUNCEMENT (paid for by the women tired of doing shit-work for free)

I used to hate housework... then I found out about Feminism...

Now I zip through the work & even manage to do the windows... and when I finish I head for the Women's Center to tell my sisters...

...about how my life has changed since I got a paying job as a professional cleaning woman.

WHY WORK FOR FREE?? GET PAID FOR THE WORK YOU DO & DON'T WORRY ABOUT BEING APPRECIATED... KNOW YOUR WORTH AND DEMAND IT!



I told you that if I saw you here one more time I'd nail you!

ia Woolf; their tranquil love for each other was a source of great contentment.

Nigel Nicolson says of his mother that "She had no concept of any moral distinction between homosexual and heterosexual love, thinking of them both as 'love' without qualification... she had the romantic notion that it was natural and salutary for 'people' to love each other, and the desire to kiss and touch was simply the physical expression of affection, and it made no difference whether it was affection between people of the same sex or the opposite."

These marriages among exceptional people are hardly patterns that will be widely followed in the future, in spite of Vita's visions of a unisex society. But they show that exceptions do exist in every age (even the stuffiest) and, therefore, they provide us with occasions of joyous hope.

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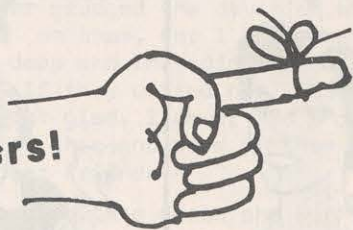
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REACH OUT & TOUCH!

Everywoman,

A letter to you, a reaching out. The matter weighing my heart, churning my guts and seizing my mind is one which can be described inadequately with words. The folly of being human and wanting a mate seems at times a cruel and senseless game. My body has borne two daughters, my treasures, my anchors, my sails. First born daughter is a small lady approaching her ninth birthday, May 25. She was with me during the labor heralding her sister January 12 of this New Year. In the years between two other children were conceived which I, tearfully, sorrowfully, but determinedly, had plucked from the nest. Still I mourn. The simple need for closeness, for intimacy has become complicated. The purity of lying with a loved one has become soiled. So I have had these daughters, contributed to humanity's cause these two gentle persons, one blossoming beautiful, one yet a bud with her secret wisdom unfolding. These two people are, to me, responsibilities, yes, but so much more; friends, companions, incentive, motivation. Yet even as they nourish me, they drain me, and I hunger for sustenance. The toughing of souls, the entwining of fingertips, legs, lives--for this I long and weep and sigh--for this I turn to the intimacies of pen & page.

Who is there for me to touch? Who is there to touch me? My mind, my heart, my body sadly awakened to the turbulent gulf between genders, is now repulsed by that crested human form and drawn with great intensity to my own. At this point my sense of humor wanes. I feel a desperation. Loneliness gnaws at me and I am aware of times' pressures. Am I one of a new breed, a new sex, having had my children and now having not enough need to enable me to tolerate typical male insensitivity, crassness, crudeness?

My joys are in the essentials of survival--food, shelter, expression, companionship. Music carries me through even when the songs are sad.

My need is great. How, how do I find in womankind a potential mate? I am concerned for my baby's well-being in this tense and awkward present situation.

Hurriedly now, as I must ready for work (I groom dogs), I try to draw a quick sket-

ch of myself: born 8/8/47, raised in suburbs, but truly a country lady, some bit of skill at most anything; tangible assets are an old handmade Martin guitar, some good books and paintbrushes and my good health. My present job is one to which I may bring my baby-- this is very important to me. My savings are meagre at this time. I cannot bear the thought of returning to my parents home in Ft. Lauderdale, but the need for transplantation has become strong --overwhelming.

My sisters, my lovers, send me twigs, twine, the makings of a new nest for myself and my young. Life should be to enjoy, not to endure. I have much love to share.

Please

touch me.

Deborah

R.D. 2

Maiden Lane

Red Creek, N.Y.

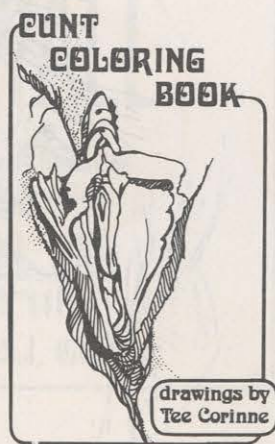
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Rotating Reporter

Tee Corinne kindly consented to be interviewed by our Rotating Reporter and even provided her with drawings with which to illustrate the interview (a much appreciated gesture). Unfortunately, when our RR arrived she was graciously provided with a copy of the CUNT COLORING BOOK (see review in the Spring '76 issue) and she spent the majority of her time coloring-- therefore, what she turned-in was a rather one-sided interview and we thank Tee Corinne for her able assistance in conducting this interview, (and for seeing that our RR got back safely though somewhat ink-stained). TAC

RR- When the review copy of the CUNT COLORING BOOK by Tee Corinne came to the collective headquarters our Beloved Editor grabbed-off the copy for herself and therefore I was relatively unfamiliar with the book, (unless you want to count that rather meager review our Beloved Editor did in order to justify keeping the review copy for herself) and you can imagine how exciting it was when Tee handed me a copy for myself at the start of the interview -- I excused myself immediately and went out to the local 5&10 to get a big pack of felt-markers & began at once to test the quality of the paper. After all, most of us are much too grown-up, to use crayons and the felt-marker is such an adult medium. The paper was just super- no bleed through and no running of colors-it's printed on splendid!!! paper. Unfortunately, I got so wrapped-up in what I was doing that I neglected to ask a few of the questions that TAC prepared for



me (they never think I can do anything on my own--you'd think they'd be a little bit more trusting-- after all, I'm a sister, too!) but it all worked out very well and I really enjoyed the interview and have a lot of very neatly colored cunts for my bedroom wall ...

RR- How did the CUNT COLORING BOOK come to be?

TC- In the Spring of '74 I began a series of drawings from life of women's genitals.

RR- How come? ...would you pass me the red felt-marker please? ... thank you.

TC- I was teaching classes dealing with women's sexuality and most of the existant images of vulva's I thought were ugly. Betty Dodson's book, Liberating Masturbation had not been published at that time & the only good photograph was in Multi-Media's Getting In Touch: Self Sexuality for Women.

RR- How did you go about it? Now could I have the pink one please? ... Thank you.

TC- The first 10 drawings were printed and sold locally as posters. "WomanSpirit" published one in their Winter '74 issue and the response encouraged me to do more. At Christmas '74 I colored in several of the posters as a present for Marsha Seely, a Bay Area Lesbian sex educator. Jokingly we talked of having a "Color-A-Cunt Contest" or a "Cunt Coloring Book". Felicia Daywoman of the Women's Press Collective heard about the coloring book fantasy and encouraged me to complete enough drawings for a book. My introduction was academic and stuffy (would you believe I'm shy?), so I asked Martha Shelly to write one that was warm and loving and she did--she did!

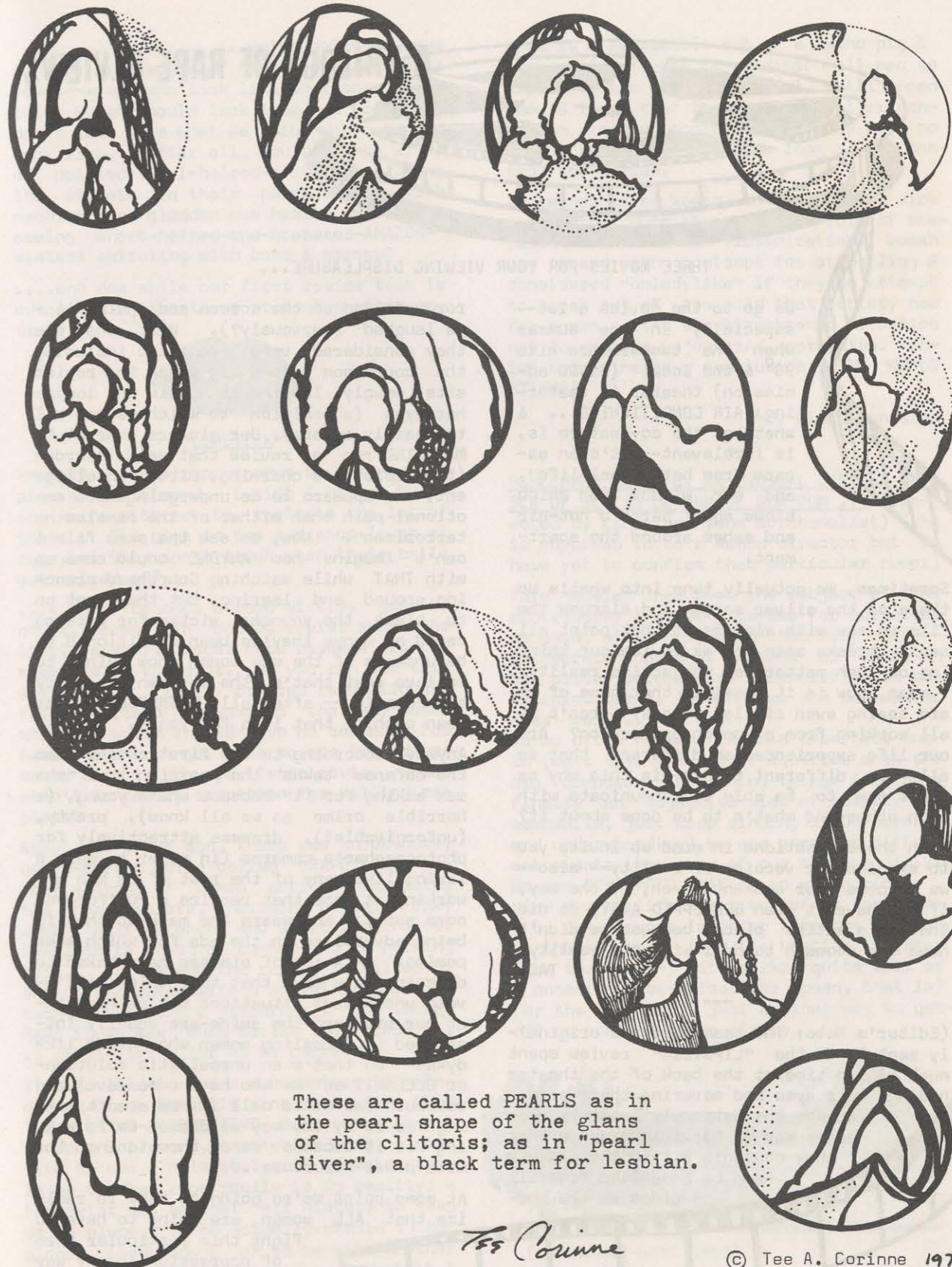
RR- She certainly did ... what's been happening with the book recently?

TC- Now women buy it for their kids, selves and parents. My Aunt Ruth looked at it and said, "You're NOT going to show that to your Grandmother!" My Aunt Kay said, "We'll always love you, dear." All my friends go around pointing out which page they're on. I think they're all wonderful.

RR- We think they're all wonderful too and the book is great. Tell our readers where they can get their own copy.

TC- The CUNT COLORING BOOK is available from; PEARLCHILD PRODUCTIONS, 1800 Market Street, Box 151, San Francisco, California zip 94102 for \$2.00 plus 40¢ for tax, postage and handling per copy. This is a woman-made book.

RR- It certainly is ... would you pass that lavender felt-marker please ...



These are called PEARLS as in the pearl shape of the glans of the clitoris; as in "pearl diver", a black term for lesbian.

Tee Corinne

© Tee A. Corinne 1976

A TRILOGY OF RAPE REVIEWS

THREE MOVIES FOR YOUR VIEWING DISPLEASURE...

We go to the movies a lot-- especially in the summer when the temperature hits 90° & the local (\$1.00 admission) theater is featuring: AIR CONDITIONING... & whatever the co-feature is, is irrelevant-- it's an escape from both "real-life", and our window fan which blows equal parts of hot-air and ashes around the apartment.

Sometimes, we actually tune into what's up there on the silver screen and discuss the film we saw with sisters--at that point all sanity breaks down and we revise our thinking on such matters as "objective reality" I mean, how is it possible that none of us are seeing even similar things? Aren't we all working from a common oppression? Are our life experiences so different that we all see different things--is this why we don't seem to be able to communicate with each other--and what's to be done about it?

With these questions in mind we invite you to examine our version of reality-- also-- we welcome your comments---oh, by the way, if you haven't seen SCHLEPPED AWAY, we did that as a satire piece because we didn't have the stomach to deal with the reality.

TAC.

(Editor's Note: The team that was originally sent to do the "LIPSTICK" review spent much of its time at the back of the theater hiding their eyes and covering their ears-- because the extremely lengthy rape scene was so horribly graphic that they couldn't sit in their seats and be assaulted from all sides as the hor-

ror unfolded on the screen and the audience laughed (nervously?). What they saw they considered very realistic including the courtroom scene in which the rapist sits smugly leering at victim who lowers her eyes (a position to which we can all too easily relate). Our sisters over at MS MAGAZINE ran a review that said, "Gordon (the rapist) is charming, witty, intelligent, and appears to be undergoing more emotional pain than either of the females he terrorizes". Now, we saw the same film & can't imagine how ANYONE could come up with THAT while watching Gourdhead prancing around and leering, but they went on to blame the younger victim for getting raped so manye they've been conditioned to be unaware of the way women show pain & to believe that that's the way men act witty and charming-- after all, COSMOPOLITAN has been pushing that idea for years.

Anyway, according to the first review team the defense takes the position that "she was asking for it" because she's young, (a horrible crime as we all know), pretty, (unforgivable!), dresses attractively for photographer's cameras (in order to earn a living like many of the rest of us who are working at jobs that require a "uniform" of some sort), and wears the make-up that is being advertised in the ads for which shes posing. A lot of sisters have taken to dressing in a way that they think will avoid unpleasant situations but we find that our brethren--the swine--are equally interested in hassling women who "dress like dykes" so that's an unrealistic solution-- or BULLSHIT as we who have underdeveloped vocabularies would call it. We aren't asking for it by the way we dress--we're asking for it because we're threatening the male-power-structure...

At some point we're going to have to realize that ALL women are going to have to fight this particular form of oppression in any way they can...

...we're going to have to work with women of every consciousness level--women who look like what some of us think women should look like and women who don't look like what we think women should look like. After all, wouldn't the sight of painted-vinyl-haired-sisters patrolling the streets in their neighborhoods with machine guns gladden our hearts as much as seeing short-haired-one-breasted-AMAZON-sisters patrolling with bows & arrows?

....and now while our first review team is out learning Karate we present another review:)



"LIPSTICK"

Hooray! More rape scenes to turn-on the pigs at the cinema. I wish I had my hunting knife with me to castrate the lot of them. The pigs in the audience laugh at rape, but they won't laugh when their balls get sliced off...

...A model becomes a rape victim, goes to court, loses in court, rapist rapes the little sister, model gets revenge are the elements of the plot. As you can see this must be a finely crafted revolutionary film, certain to wake up the many women who feel women should have no capacity for hatred and revenge. But we are fooled because this is an unrealistic movie. Women aren't so easily acquitted for killing rapists.

About two years ago, there was an obscure, under-pushed movie called "RAPE SQUAD" about a group of women actively harassing the known rapists, including a pimp. They learn self-defense and start handing out leaflets to women on campus and in parking lots. In the end the rapist is killed by one of the women with a shovel (I would of much rather seen a pitchfork). But though RAPE SQUAD was much better than LIPSTICK, it still left a lot to be desired.

I would like to see a documentary film based on Diana Russells fine book, RAPE FROM THE VICTIMS PERSPECTIVE but we won't get it from Hollywood, that's for sure. I'd like to see a film that will educate people as to what rape really is in reality; a terrorist act against all sisters to keep us in place, to be actually afraid to be alone, independent or to be with another sister. All women should be taught that

ALBATROSS-FALL '76

rape is a despicable act of a macho pig & that society tries to condition all men to aspire to the macho pig ideal. All women should learn that they are virtual prisoners in a sexist society, that they have no chance to be truly free as long as men control the system.

It is now up to women to destroy the sick system that puts them into the role of scapegoat for their own victimization. Women are viewed with contempt for struggling & considered "unladylike" if they do attempt to break out of the mold that society has for women. It's a schizophrenic situation not to mention unjust and oppressive. Which brings me to a conclusion: THE WORLD STINKS!

--by Linda Gonzales

SCHLEPPED AWAY BY AN UNUSUAL DESTINY ON A SEA OF SEXISM DE DUM DE DUM DUM ... (Directed by Lina the Hyena Worthamullet) (who is supposed to be a woman director but we have yet to confirm that particular rumor)

This "movie" has been the subject of some controversy & we went to see for ourselves because, after all, when that many different versions of what happens up there on the silver screen are circulating in the Feminist press, it behooves one to see for ones' self...

As so often happens in this imperfect world (wait till the age of Aquarius when the big computer is running things & we have finally an objective view of reality and meanwhile, just keep singing about harmony and understanding) we saw somewhat different events than many of our sisters did... We saw SCHLEPPED AWAY as an allegorical-view of what life was like before Feminism-- & by the nervous laughter from the females in the audience (and the hostile laughter from the boys--) it works quite well as a consciousness-raiser (for women, that is) for the boys, it's just another way to get-off on someone elses misery...



(continued next page)

..It all begins pleasantly enough aboard a small rented yacht. A group of attractive healthy-looking, upper class rich and beautiful people are sailing aimlessly around the photogenic Mediteranian. As the intelligencia sit sunning themselves & discussing the really "heavy" matters of the day: communism, socialism, capitalism, etc. the servant class scurries about. One hired-hand in particular (and we know we're in for trouble from this boy because of the way he's always ogling and leering at the women as they sun-bathe au natural-- which seems the most perfectly reasonable thing in the world if one wants an even suntan(a thing that most white people seem to prize highly) is constantly bitching and complaining about giving a decent day's work for his wages and this part is appropriately played by a short actor with a serious thyroid condition.

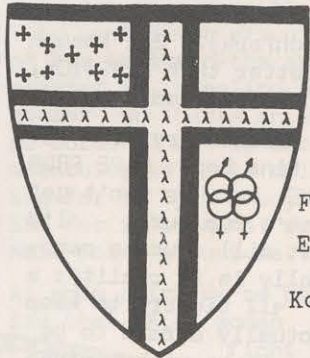
This yutz is requested to ferry our heroine (a beautiful rich woman hereafter referred to as BRW because either they neglected to give her a first name, or we missed it-- a reasonable possibility since we took to paying our reviewers in hemp-script in lieu of coin of the realm) to shore one night. He has quite a bit of hostility towards BRW because he has discovered that the rich smoke dope and indulge in other perversions and he is a communist--we didn't quite understand all that either but it seemed to make sense to him. (If we have any communists among our readers would you please write in and clarify the party's position on dope & sexual perversion & if you don't have any fun why do you call it a party?).

They set out in a small boat across the beautifully photographed water (the photography throughout makes the mind tend to float as if on acid across the beauty of all the colours). On the way across the motor conks out and as usual (we knew he wasn't a good servant because he was always serving warmed-over coffee & mushy spaghetti to his employers onboard the yacht and has often been accused of being incompetent & of failing to perform even the simplest acts of personal hygiene) he is simply not up to the task -- days pass and by a stroke of luck the motor begins and they find a deserted island conveniently nearby.

Luck (and a contrived screen-play enable him to find the only shelter on the island and a bottle so he can start a fire and he happens to carry a knife so when he has

gathered in all the goodies the island has to offer he turns nasty and crude and vile (just as we knew he would if he ever got above his "station") and acts out (on the personage of our heroine)his common little rape & sadism fantasies (which as we know all short men have) and vents his spleen on our brave and attractive heroine--who after several days has just the faintest touch of eye shadow and lipstick and full make-up and a tousled (but basically stylish) hairdo. (Many women are blamed for "asking for it" because they look attractive but we know it wasn't her fault because she didn't direct the picture). As a complicating factor we should add that a friend of Ann's who saw the flick said that, "he didn't really rape her because at the last minute she said yes!" I wonder what she'd do if someone stuck a knife in her neck? I'd probably say yes... I like to live to fight another day... O, is that a cop-out?

Anyway, for such a poorly hung man he has an extremely big mouth and he uses it with vigor--he also hits BRW a lot and is in other ways mean and cruel. She tries to appeal to his sense of fair play and reason but soon discovers he has none. She resists nobly-- until finally when she sees him brutally murder and mutilate a bunny rabbit she realizes that her life is in danger and that he may use his knife on her so she pretends to go along with his madness. He insists on being called Sir and she attempts to pacify him in much the way one would do when confronted with a dangerous lunatic. (The way many young women find is the most simple and safe way to go through life or the way one would do if a mean drunk with a knife was related to you etcetera)...



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...He calls her bad names and she pretends its OK (like you do when your husband is picking a fight and you don't want to get smacked around)... like that. Somewhere along the line all this danger and being trapped alone with this sicko cause her to become deranged and her mind snaps-- after all, she was gently reared and not prepared for the hardship and he is really making an unpleasant situation intolerable-- and she begins to accept his version of reality. (This happens to many of us who have been brutalized by men).

Finally (at last) a boat (a big boat)comes and takes them off the island. In the next scene we see BRW sitting on deck and discussing her ordeal with her contemporaries while shit-head sits below with the crew drinking alcohol & running his mouth about how BRW loves him.

BRW's husband gives a nice-size check to yutzo because he is under the impression that he was a good and faithful servant and due for a reward. Stupid (who has a wife, who is pregnant and several kiddies) takes the check and buys a big, gaudy, tasteless, imperfectly stoned ring (what did you expect from him?) and gives it to BRW asking her to go back to the island with him and she refuses because it's one thing to hang-out with a jerk-off when there's nobody around in the entire world to see him act crude and foolish but it's quite another thing to associate with one in the society of ones' peers where he might embarrass you by using the wrong fork or something.

She does, however, keep the ring because the rich DO know the value of money and she no doubt has a jeweler who will take it in trade on something more appropriate.

--by Stacey M. Franchild
Ann M. Irikura
Virginia E. Bass

BETTY FRYPAN FUNNIES

When I wrote my book it was to get women out of the kitchen



1

I didn't mean it for Lesbians to come out



2

But they're coming out all over the place & I don't mean the kitchen, either...



3

Maybe if I write a nother book telling them to go back in???

Hmmmm...



4

c- VEB & SMF



"A BOY AND HIS DOG"
(o boy, it's a drag)

The world (as we know it) had ended after World War III & what's the position of women in the new society? DOG MEAT! that's what! so what else is new?

The screen play is taken from the novella (a novella is a long short story from all available information) by Harlan Ellison-- I really should stop reading Harlan Ellison stories -- it's like eating fish with a lot of bones(or grapes with a lot of seeds if you will)the bones & seeds in this case being Harlan's hatred of women with a capital H! Ah, well, old loves die hard and there's still a bit of the masochist in many of us -- still, when he writes of the loneliness and alienation of an uncaring & computerized society with that much sensitivity it raises false hopes and lures one into thinking that "someone out there" understands --- FORGET IT! no one does.

In A BOY & HIS DOG, the theme is his usual one; loneliness & alienation in a world we didn't make-- a world slightly in the future (& coming sooner than we think if all this keeps up). The "straight-middle-class has "gone underground" after World-War III & packs of boys roam above ground with their telepathic dogs who have lost the ability to hunt. The boy we focus on is a "solo" with a symbiotic relationship with his dog, Blood.

The novella is available in a collection; THE BEAST THAT CRIED LOVE AT THE HEART OF THE WORLD, published by Avon, and contains a very gory rape scene -- which is changed to a "voluntary" submission in the flick--

If you can believe that a woman who is above ground for the first time in her life and trapped in a boiler with a nasty dog & a boy who has just attempted to rape her & told her that if she moved he'd shoot her and then rape her anyhow--only she'd only have one leg after it was over-- would be offering her body to him because she "wanted to" then you're better at distortion of reality than we are...

..so we still consider that to be rape and in the circumstances it was probably better for her to think she was offering it!

Anyway, she lures him underground (as per her directive from the Committee (who runs things and as an added bit of paranoia we note that one of the bog-shots on the Committee is a woman -- so just remember that when women take power it won't mean that all will be well, etc.) and after saving his ass she tries to enlist his help for a takeover of the underground. As is usual, when women ask help from men, she is betrayed and served to his sick and aging dog (the primary relationship in his life and really, what other ending would you have expected?)

I mean, when it comes to a choice you can always be sure a boy will always pick his dog-- (I never did care much for a relationship with a dog--they're much too subservient and ass-kissing and they go in for a lot of boot-licking--- now a cat? that's a different story-- I think that cats are more like what women will eventually be--- selective, particular about who they pick to hang-out with, fussy about things that are presented to them, affectionate when & if and towards whom they select, respectful of their own dignity and worth, independent, self-sufficient and intelligent & if you anger or offend one you don't find her kissing your hand an hour later like a dog would do)...

I know that Harlan has very high standards for what may (and what may not) be done to & with his work so I was therefore surprised at the quality of the filming (poor) & the quality of the audience (whose tee-shirts proclaimed them to be mainly Treckees -- which many consider the lowest form of life... ah well...

--by Stacey M. Franchild

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How I Spent My Summer Vacation ... which just happened to coincide with Lesbian Pride Week - June, 1976.

We began with Lesbian Films at the NY Women's Center (243 W. 20th St). The attendance was so overwhelming that it was necessary to have a 2nd showing --- waiting on line for 2 hours in the heat didn't put us in a really keen mood but the heat inside was so oppressive that for once we didn't mind the "no smoking" announcement that we seem to run into wherever we go. The films were: COMING OUT- (berkeley Lesbian-Feminist Film Collective) a silent-black & white-rather confused-short which was similar to a peek in someone's diary -- DYKE-TACTICS (Barbara Hammer) a blurry-colored-short with lots of artsy camera angles and probably the first woman-made Lesbian-soft core porn around and MONDAY MORNING PRONOUNS (Micki Dickoff) a full length color production with a non-matching (and very distracting to see people's mouth move and hear different words coming out) sound-track, that takes its title from the closet-Lesbians who feel the need to discuss what they do over the week-end with their co-workers & must therefore change the sex of the person with whom they spent the week-end -- or (horrors!) be revealed as (gasp!) Dykes! The film deals with coming-out and reactions from the "straight" community (o who cares what they think)and was followed by a reception & informal discussion with Micki Dickoff (but we couldn't stand the heat so we left the oven)and if you'd like to arrange a showing of the film in your area (tho we can't imagine why) contact: M Dickoff c/o G. Hoex, 100 Belmont Street, Somerville, Mass. 02143

On to Live Theatre --- HYSTERICAL HYSTORICALS: A Lesbian-Feminist Musical Review, written & Produced by: IV WOMEN PRODUCTIONS- (Doreen DiBiagio, Chris Larkin, Robyn Lutsky & JoAnn Schuman)-- and we wish someone would film this because it was the most incredible performance we've seen in ages...

A Herstory Lesson for the buycentennial--- with Women reshaping & redesigning the way it was--- and what women! some of the most incredibly talented, dynamic, versatile & exciting ever-- bringing us a full length-2 act, wonderfully costumed, beautifully choerographed, musically enchanting series of perfect gems of sketches-- all about what Lesbians were "really" doing for the last 200 years replete with spectacular sets and lighting.

We don't have room to credit everyone who deserves it (& everyone connected with this production certainly deserves it because this was a tight, smooth, well-put-together and flowing production & that doesn't happen unless everyone works very hard) ... but we have to give mention to Robyn Lutsky who worked on the writing -- wrote the music (if they record it they've got a hit on their hands)-- played the piano (all of the musicians were spectacular) and did a reading entitled "Paula Revere" that brought the house down.

All these women deserve a standing ovation & we're on our feet--- (no address was given so we don't know where to contact them for bookings but if ANYONE can let us know we'll be happy to print the address.)

Next Lesbians on TV --- the Tomorrow show NBC featured Karla Jay (noted-feminist writer) & a man who publishes a gay magazine & a man who publishes a gay newspaper & a man who runs a gay disco & a man who runs a gay bath (no pun) & lots & lots of men dancing around in the background and a man moderating the show...

Considering that Women are 53% of the population Karla had a lot to do to represent Lesbians on that panel (what with equal-time for all participants) but she did a fine job anyway, pointing out (among other things) that Women are way below gay men in many things. While we weren't numerically well represented we thank Karla for the great job she did against those odds.

Our last stop (for a rousing finale to the fine week) was to be the LESBIAN CONCERT-- sponsored by LFL at St. Paul's Church-Columbia University. We left home early and sat at the entrance to the tunnel for over two hours and finally arrived in time to see everyone leaving-- according to the women who had arrived on time-- the room was VERY hot! but the music was fine and worth sweating for-- The spirit of woman-identified music was represented by Alix Dobkin, Cassee Culver and Willie Tyson and we were more than sorry to have missed it--

Karla Jay says that she doesn't like the word "Lesbian" because she doesn't consider herself a "citizen of Lesbos" -- Too bad, because if we all were we could have many more than just one week a year to see our sisters creating our culture. SMF

WAILS OF THE PACIFIC

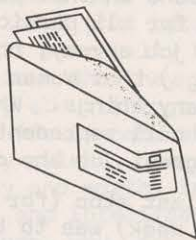
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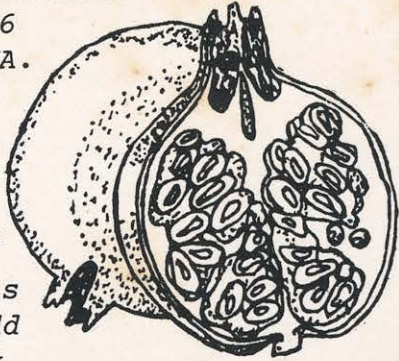
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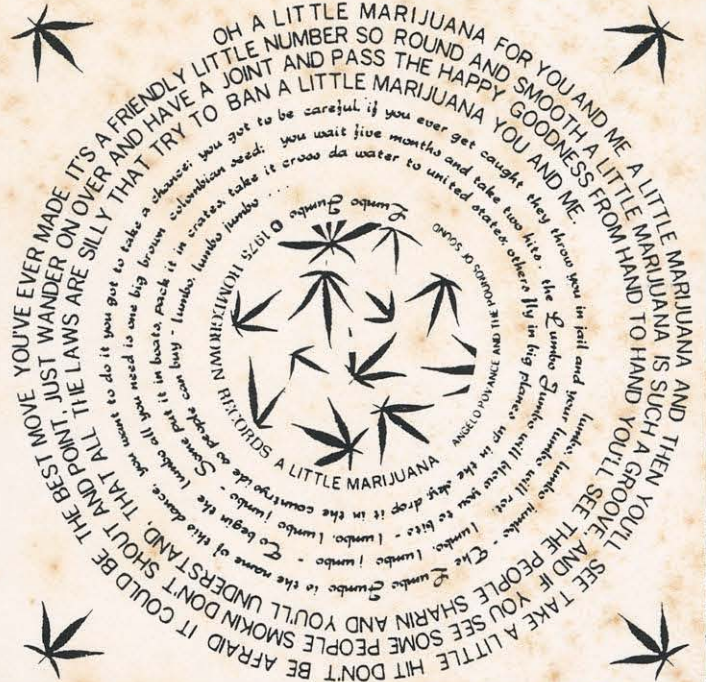
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