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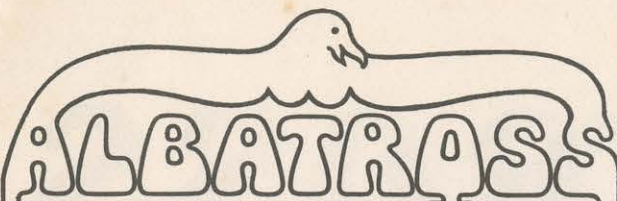
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Photo by Irene Young



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CORRECTION...

In the Fall '76 issue, the review of "THE CHANGER AND THE CHANGED" (Page 17) contained an error. We had intended to give it an 86 rating and regret the typo that gave it a 76. Anyone for a BLT down? SMF.

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ABOUT THIS MONTH'S COVER...

Our coverperson is Trish Williams -- an up-and coming lesbianfeminist singer-composer, whose current release is FANTASIES & FAIRYTALES -- produced by MOVING ON MUSIC (MOM) and featuring her hit single; LESBIAN WOMAN. FANTASIES & FAIRYTALES (a cassette tape) is available from: MOM, 552 W. 114th Street, NYC, NY 10025 for \$5.50 (including postage & handling).

Irene Young is a professional portrait photographer who lives in New York City. Part of her work involves photographing clients for NIGHTBIRD PRODUCTIONS, a company devoted to the promotion of women artists. For information please contact Irene Young, (212) 868-3330.

ALBATROSS is published quarterly (perhaps) by The ALBATROSS collective (TAC) and a sub-costs \$7.00 & runs for 6 issues (if things continue to go well). c-1977 Stacey M. Franchild (editor) & all rights are reserved. All letters received will be considered for publication unless clearly marked: NOT FOR PUBLICATION. We rely on feedback and input and appreciate your taking the time to let us know what you think. TAC.

REVOLUTION

Editorial View



"Is this the real life -- Is this just fantasy -- Caught in a landslide -- No escape from reality..." Queen

TWIST OF FATE DEPARTMENT (or, it sez in our ad that we offer news so here's some) even as Phyllis Schlafly enters law school to learn how best to prevent (circumvent?) the mass exodus of women from the kitchen, Betty Friedan returns to the kitchen to learn how best to add things to canned mushroom soup--or, as sister Betty said in a recent NYTimes interview: "I'm just coming out on the other end of women's liberation. I mean, why should I deprive myself or be ashamed of the sensuous joy I have been secretly snatching, scrambling ambrosial eggs for a man I specially love." Why indeed, Betty, you just snatch away -- and maybe one day you'll find the right mushroom and it'll open your head to something even more exciting...

As a PUBLIC SERVICE ANNOUNCEMENT we'd like you to know that the new "legal lettuce opium" (on sale at your local headshop) is at least as big a hype as the banana peel foolishness of the late 60's -- save your money - or better still, send us some of it cause we need it for "research" --- we also need it for paper and printing and we have no income source besides our subscribers, advertisers and single sales. Speaking of which, we'd like to thank everyone who sent \$\$\$\$ donations in the last year and to you who didn't we hope you'll have a better year this year, and will be able to "remember" us...

which brings us to THE GRASS IS ALWAYS ETC. DEPARTMENT --(and thanks to Barbara who sent us home from R.I. with that happy glow). We also want to take this opportunity to thank all the readers who've been sending us the very fine grass (homegrown & otherwise). We appreciate it as much as \$\$\$\$\$, which, by the way we know is scarce and if you've had to spend all of yours on dope and that's

why you can't renew your sub we'd be willing to take a fair amount in trade...

TRY BARTER -- IT'S SMARTER!

THANKS FOR THE MAMA-RIES (groan) -- If you haven't seen the cover of the October '76 BIG MAMA RAG then this is your chance to see if they have any back issues left (or did we buy them all?). Anyway, thanks to Tea Schook and everyone at BMR connected with the aforementioned cover --- we found it witty and charming... (and one day we'll send you all a picture of us for your bath.) (Thank you, too, Chocolate, for being the first to tell us that the expression on the coverperson's face was laughter).

WE'VE MOVED AGAIN --- evicted for an excess of cats (pity it wasn't for sexual orientation, and then we coulda had the ACLU make a nice case for justice and all like that--like the last time we were evicted)... anyway, we (and all the cats) were in the new place two days when management told us to: "get ridda somma them cats or, etc... so in the meantime(after unbelievable efforts) we were able to secure a post office box at a little-used (well-hidden) and rarely open post office at an alarmingly low rate (at least when compared with what the other P. O.'s wanted moneywise) and we can hardly believe our good fortune --(or maybe it's a trap?) so even if we lose our "happy" home, (not to mention office) you'll still be able to keep those cards and letters commin in... ..not to mention all the other stuff that comes in...

...speaking of which, we appreciate all the REVIEW BOOKS and promise (we really swear & no fingers crossed or anything) that we'll review or mention 'em eventually --- we're really sincere about this.

ATTENTION: ALL THE PUBLICATIONS WE EXCHANGE WITH(with whom we exchange?) PLEASE USE OUR NEW ADDRESS(we really can't afford to send out all those notices and if you dont use our new address we'll know that you don't really read 'Tross and we'll stop sending it to you (so there! nyah nyah) and thanks to the rest of you for cooperating.

Stacey M. Franchild
Editor - ALBATROSS

PS: Thanks to all the women who helped us to move on such short notice -- we couldn't of done it without you.





Dear Stacey and Virginia-

We're glad we have the time, place and energy to respond to Summer '76 ALBATROSS. The format was nicer than ever before. We share Rose Weber's viewpoint. We are also on the path of health.

ALBATROSS, when you use the words of Mao Tse-tung, you use the words of a lesbian killer. Were you not aware that old Mao denied the existence of lesbians in China and refused to allow lesbians to be received along with other feminists when they were to speak to the Chinese women about liberation? We'd say that dude was definately a porker! Please try to find nice quotes from great lesbian sources, like THE RIPENING FIG, if you need to lend weight to what you already know.*

Divine Charity was a charming short story. We hope to see more of Linda Gonzales' work. Keep up the humor in ALBATROSS and don't let the hate creeps get you down. Remember, when women criticize women, somebody gets hurt. When women criticize General Motors, nothing happens at all.

Incidentally, PORPOISE PRESS needs money desperately. If everyone who reads ALBATROSS sends us a dollar we'll have enough money to eat fruits, vegetables and coconuts until our second book is done, and we'll also have a new outlook on sisterhood, which could get realer.

In struggle,
Martha & Lucy Van Felix-Wilde
PORPOISE PRESS, BOX 6541, Surfside, Fla.
33154

*Dear Martha & Lucy-

Thank you for enlightening us--no, we didn't know or we wouldn't have used the quote. We apologize for our ignorance and are planning to have Mao killed. Love, TAC.
PS: We hope that everyone who can afford to send you a dollar and doesn't will be eaten by a big fish.



CUNT CONTROVERSY

May I offer you an Ecologically sound counter comment to the "realesbian" controversy! "Save the mouse -- Eat the Pussy" Love,
Barbara Grier
Bates City, Mo.

Neat magazine! Really enjoyed my sample copy! Did you know that the British slang word for cunt is Quim? I kind of like that one partly because the first 2 letters are those of my name!
Quemby Schulman
Brooklyn, N.Y.

I am not really offended by "cunt" but if you want a substitute word I would suggest "funt" not so much from "fuck" and "cunt" but because it incorporates "fun" and suggests "fount" as of humanity. I like your magazine but am poor as a church mouse and cannot subscribe now. Maybe later.
Betty Turbeville
Mineola, Texas

MORE CONTROVERSY

Dear Sisters-
I can understand why there is controversy about (y)our mag. Personally I fail to be thoroughly offended by it. I am offended by some of the poetry but it is counterbalanced by some excellent poetry. I am more offended by reactionary women who align themselves with one cause and dont look around them. For example, lesbians who put down straight women for loving men.

It is true that your satire is slipping; there is less in each issue and what there is is worse (ie: not funny) so pull up your socks!
"Von
Edmonton, Alberta, Canada

Dear ALBATROSS-

Thanks for the copy of your radical-lesbian-feminist-satire-sarcasm magazine. I enjoyed reading it. I'm enclosing copies of my latest non-sexist children's books for review. I hope you like them. Good Luck. In sisterhood,
Harriet Herman,
OVER THE RAINBOW PRESS, Berkeley, Calif.

Albatross-

Got the sample issue--just had to subscribe! I've never seen anything like it before--and I loved it. So here's the check and keep on going. Love,
Catherine Grogan
Villanova, Pa

Dear Stacey Franchild-

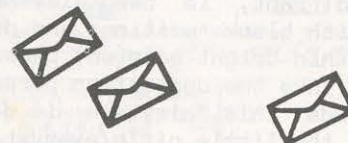
I was laughing my way through ALBATROSS (Spring) in my usual way - rolling on the floor -when I came across the review of our song book! Wow! i said, and Hey! and guess what, and woke my partner out of a sound sleep. Thank you so much. It really helps to get the songbook reviewed. But where are the women going to find it? That's what this note is about. It is on sale in NYC at Labyris and WomanBooks, in Philly at Womens Cultural Trust, Alexandria Books and Giavanni's Room, in DC at Lammas and First Things First, and in Boston at New Words. It costs \$3.00 and if you are not near any of those bookstores, you can get a copy by sending \$3.25 to NEW WOMAN PRESS, BX 56, Wolf Creek Oregon 97497, for the TURNED-ON WOMAN. Lots of good energy for ALBATROSS and the collective.
Ruth Mountaingrove,
Wolf Creek, Oregon

Dear Stacey-

Wanted to let you know that ALBATROSS hit the air waves on today's Women's Show: I talked about the magazine, gave the address and we read from pages 5 & 6 of the Winter '76 issue. I anticipate more readings, and will try to let you know of them, on both the women's show and our regular programs. Thanks again.
Judy Schultz,
CRYSTAL SET FEMINISTS KOPN 89.5 FM
Columbia, Missouri

Dear Collective-

WORDS OF PRAISE WORDS OF PRAISE WORDS OF PRAISE -- Isn't that a great way to start yer day, opening the morning mail and finding words of praise? Love those kinds of letters. They're rare. And needed (almost more than \$\$\$) So here's one from us; a love letter. A words of praise letter. Satire, self satire, pretty rare as well. Humor is serious business, lots of people feel there is no place in the movement for it, glad to see you feel that there is no movement without it. The dialectic of laughter, you betch'a! Thanks.
With love and words of praise;
Gary,
The Body Politic Collective
Toronto, Canada



Dear ALBATROSSES-

Where have you people been? Or, where have I been? Saw the mag. for the first time today. Long internal debate about which one of the two issues they had, I should get (better to get Spring, since Summer less likely to be sold out by next pay check, but Summer more current) ended up getting both. Why haven't I seen you in LA before? At any rate, I chuckled my way through both issues (My Goddess, will you listen to this--read-read chuckle chuckle; snickersnicker--these people are terrible--will you read this...) So, will you please tell me how many back issues you have, or send them or something and bill me? Am sending the \$7 for subscription. Cash it fast before it bounces. The magazine is ab absolute treat. And some really nice poetry, too. I understand the reader who suggested just satire and leave the serious stuff for other publications, but I also really enjoyed the poetry so... Thanks for providing an entertaining afternoon--looking forward to more of your writings. Chucklingly yours,

(name withheld by request)
Venice, California

ALBATROSS-

Enjoyed your Summer '76 issue tremendously; especially (of course) your review of my book of poetry BEHIND THE DOOR, and presentation of my poem, THE APARTMENT. Things I particularly like about ALBATROSS are the comix, humor & satire. In fact, I would like to see more of the satire and your beautiful black sense of humor! May you become ever more & more satirical. Yours in realsisterhood & my own particular version of realesbianism.

Lois Van Houten
Fair Lawn, N.J.

Dear Editor-

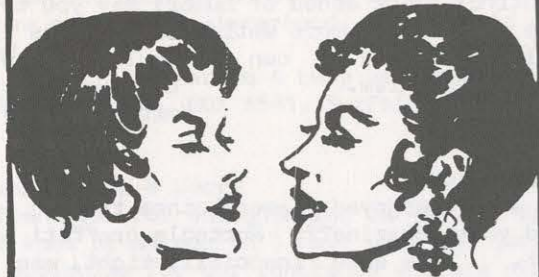
I was overjoyed (among other things) to find your magazine??? Portable graffiti at last. I am also financially tight, etc., but enclosed is a check for one year's sub, due to poor judgement on my part I'm sure.
Sandy Lesbian Ramsey,
Los Angeles, California
PS: I've got the Spring & Summer '76 issues could you please start my sub with the next issue.



CINDERELLA: radical feminist alchemist -by Lea Kavablum - published by KARMIC REVENGE LAUNDRY SHOP PRESS - Box 14 -- Guttenberg, New Jersey, 07093 (\$2.00).

This is one of the most interesting interpretations of a fairy-tale we've come across lately. It thoroughly examines the "Cinderella" myth in light of what Feminism has taught us and is divided into sections like: THE BALL (social participation) THE FAIRY GODMOTHER (instant identity) and THE GLASS SLIPPER (a womb with a view). We recommend this highly and would also suggest you send for the brochure describing the other interesting things published by KARMIC REVENGE LAUNDRY SHOP PRESS. SMF

Lesbian Communications and Contacts



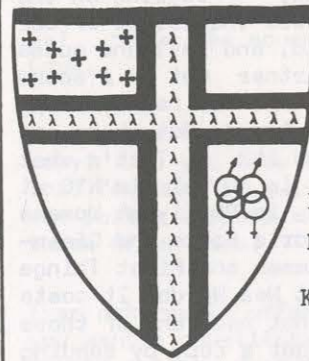
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SLEEPING BEAUTY, A Lesbian Fairy Tale

Pretend you are a child and imagine, if you can, some fairy princess in need of rescuing-- without some goody-two-shoes jock of a prince, on a trusty white steed, doing his thing; rescuing. It's not all that easy, friends. And as the mother of two daughters, eight and six, (and who was once a child myself), I can vouch for that.

When I was asked to review SLEEPING BEAUTY a lesbian fairytale, I had to reread it, since more than a year has elapsed since I read it the first time.

Not because it is a book that is easily forgotten, mind you; more because I am a stickler for details. For, if you are a lesbian mother this is not one of those books that is just read out of curiosity (which is why I sent for it in the first place), then thrown on the shelf and forgotten about. Although the author once told me in a letter that "it was written simply so that children could read it, but primarily it was written for adults," you will be doing your female children (or any one else) an unnecessary injustice if you withhold this book from them.

There are no last names in the list of credits and respecting the author's wishes of a year ago, I will just list them as they are in the book: drawings by gail/ words by vicki/calligraphy by ginny. The cover, back and front, is deep lavender (what else?), with black 'writing' and drawings framed within bright gold(en) pages. Most of us can take the dedication personally, as it reads: this fairytale is dedicated to all the little girls/ everywhere and always/ who want to love and be loved./ and to those of us who have gotten bigger/ (continued next page)

to the little girl still inside of us/wanting to love and be loved.

Some facts concerning the birth of the princess she wasn't conceived easily (from the looks of her father, he was well settled into middle age), the Moon was in Cancer (whatever that means), and she was named Stephen because although her father "was happy enough to have a child, he really wanted a boy to be his heir." (So what else is new?) At the feast in honor of the princess, one of the witches was left off the invitation list because there weren't enough 'golden plates' to go around.

Gertrude the witch was the one elected to be left out-- since she was the single one who looked and/or acted (the most) like a dyke. The way the book explains it: 'cut her hair quite short' 'walked like a man' 'didn't give a damn for what people thought' and was considered fearful and suspicious 'because she was different'. Hooray for Gertrude!!

The witches who were unlucky enough to be invited to this dull gig (and according to the drawing, they all look like a bunch of guys in drag) thought they were doing the princess a big favor by bestowing upon her all the virtues that were needed to land her a red hot prince someday. Then something exciting finally happened (and saved the party from breaking up early): Gertrude crashed the party (literally, since she flew through a window which someone forgot to open) and started all this nonsense about a 'prick'. The princess pricking her finger, that is, and dying at the age of fifteen. But the good (i.e. straight) witch, Kathryn, changed it to 'sleeping for a hundred years' (which helps a lot) and being 'awakened by the kiss of her one true love' (which might possibly make it all worth waiting for).

As the princess grew up, seems she liked to dress like a boy, ride (horses) like a man, etc., etc. (If her father was at all surprised by this, he must not have read THE WELL OF LONELINESS.) But even around those horses and things, Stephen was (still) silly enough to prick her finger on a spinning wheel which just happened to appear in the tower of the castle one midnight-- just when the King and Queen just happened to be away on a trip-- just when the princess just happened to be in the mood for exploring upper castle towers at midnight. (It could happen to any bored kid with nothing to do, right?) So thanks to this kid's curiosity, everyone in the castle fell asleep.


For ninety-nine years God's gifts to women (in the form of princes and other studs) fought the wild, growing foliage to get to the princess. Some of them made it, but their kisses failed to awaken the princess --she didn't even blink an eye. And, boy, were they ever pissed. The male ego and all that. Meantime, another young woman also dressed like a boy, was setting out on the journey which would lead her to the princess. She wasn't sure why, but she felt compelled to do so. (We've all known that feeling, I'm sure.)

Her name was Lilith (the names in this story weren't too original, I'm afraid) and she had no trouble either getting into the castle or waking Stephen with her kiss. Suddenly Gertrude appears, trying to take full credit for bringing the two young women together by perpetrating this hoax. Seems Stephen and Lilith are so delirious in love and adoration for each other (love at first kiss?) that they couldn't care less who deserves the credit. But they give it to her anyway (perhaps it was Be Kind to Older Dykes Week or maybe they were just good natured kids at heart) and the three of them start carrying on, hugging and kissing and laughing and crying-- it was a much better party than the feast Gertrude had missed out on when Stephen was an infant-- almost one hundred years ago. (The kid looked good for her age).

But that's only the anticlimax, for the real climax of this story, you will have to read the book yourself. Haven't I told you enough? I hate to mention this after all the aforementioned, but I'm not positive the book is still available. Nonetheless, the address is: SLEEPING BEAUTY PO BOX 767, Atlanta, Georgia 30301

c-1976 D. Feola --by Dorothy Feola

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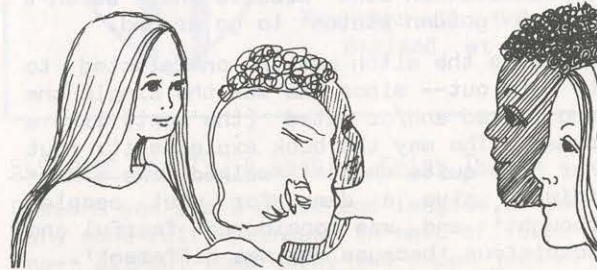


THE FOREST PRINCESS and THE RETURN OF THE FOREST PRINCESS by Harriet Herman --- with illustrations by Carole Petersen Dwinell
Published by OVER THE RAINBOW PRESS - P.O. BOX 7072, Berkeley, Ca 97407 (each \$2.95).



"Once upon a time, in the land of the golden castle, only boys were taught to read books, to ride horses, to do scientific experiments and mathematical equations... and things like that" ... anyway, the Forest Princess "changes" all that and we first meet her in her "tall tower in the woods", where she finds a prince who washes up on the shore of her forest and she takes him home and teaches him a lot of useful stuff and he teaches her stuff and when they get back to his kingdom (where everyone except the king--and the Queen who doesn't appear much--is very young, very thin, very well-(fancy) dressed, very much of one class & very much unaware that it is oppressive to live under an absolute MONARCH -- and when the Forest Princess later shows the king that "girls can be brave, too" and he declares that there will be "equality" for all, they seem to be unaware that they are STILL living in a Monarchy--it kinda makes ya wonder) he teaches her even MORE stuff & if you want your kid to think the world is like that (or could be --- or even should be) where boys & girls learn & work & love together & everything is cutesy poo then by all means get the book ---get both of them for that matter.

If your kid isn't old enough to learn to read you could even get this as a coloring book because the line drawings aren't filled in except for where they tried to pretend that they have some Black People in the kingdom (we knew they were supposed to be Black People because all the other people were left for you to color in and the ones that are supposed to be Black have lines going across their skin parts and squiggles for their hair and other than that they look exactly like the white ones.



I've always felt that lots of damage is done by fucking with children's minds and presenting icky-poo shit about how nice & lovely things are--I'm also against compulsory education and the teaching of lies to protect some dumb-ass "image" we'd like to have of ourselves so if you want to let a child get the idea that equality and justice are easily come by then this is the fairy-tale for you--- for me I'll give the most violent and sexist and ugly books I can find to all the kids who cross my path because I want them to have a good grip on reality when they set out to make their way alone in this cruel and violent world. I consider it a disservice to dish up all this sweetness and light to girls who are going to have to deal with harsh reality--(and by the way since this is a mythical-kingdom & a fairy-tale how come the Black population is about the same percentage-wise as it is in Amerika?)

According to the brochure that accompanied these books, they've had rave reviews from many sources including MS. MAGAZINE & THE N.Y. TIMES ... and Laura X of the Women's History Research Center said, "It cops out nowhere in politics"...

Some of the things we didn't care for were the downgrading of Women who raise and care for children (or Mother's as we call them) by having an "invisible spirit" nurture the F.P. After all, the prince had a regular Mother so why must Women be alienated from their's? We know damn well that we

are being "taught" to hate our Mother's in this society & making them into invisible-spirits goes about as far as we can to remove them from our lives.

The Princess is not in any way in control of her destiny- ("on the morning of her 10th birthday she found a rope outside her window" enabling her to leave the tower for the first time-- who decides when kids are old enough to go their own way? What gives them the right to decide? At various stages of her growth things are presented to her--she takes no steps without "someone" controlling her decision. When she finds the prince she notes his feet & shoulders were "a little bigger" than hers. Why isn't this perpetuating the myth of male superiority --- if they're really all bigger than us we'd better be afraid of them, hadn't we? Well, some of us are a whole lot bigger than them and as we learn that it isn't "wrong" or "unladylike"(yuk) to develop our bodies who knows how big we could be? And...does anyone out there remember that till Jackie O. make it OK to have big feet there was a generation of girls and women lying about their shoe size and stuffing their feet into the next smaller size?

She teaches him how to survive in the forest (certainly a valuable thing to learn) but since it's basically a very friendly & adorable forest it's not a really big deal--(in any case, it's about time we stopped sharing our strength with men and taught our daughters to do the same).

He teaches her how to READ... where was her "invisible spirit"? Why would it provide books & no way to use them? Was it waiting for some man to "awaken" her?

He teaches her "pride" in herself the way she is --- (before the girls in his kingdom dress her like a Barbie Doll)-- and he even tries to help her recover her clothes and some of her dignity (but not very hard because it isn't "easy" to buck "authority" even for boys-- so maybe we should realize they're oppressed, too?) (crap!)

He also tells her what to do and "teaches" her how to eat properly so she will "fit-in" ... we always figured that if you're getting the food into your mouth you're eating properly... or as Grace Slick said, "just shove it in your mouth any way that you can..."

She "organizes" the girls and teaches them things in secret and the king banishes her

and she looks at the prince (for help?) 'n he looks away. (and that's the first realistic point that the book makes--don't trust 'em even if they owe you their lives!)

Book 2 spends the first few pages re-hashing book 1 --- (do you really believe that kids have such poor memories?)-- and goes on to find the Princess playing with the animals (we don't learn if she's a vegetarian, but we certainly hope so because the thought of her eating her forest friends is not appealing and we couldn't make out what she ate from the pictures)

The only foods mentioned are mushrooms and nuts and berries but we've never seen anyone cook them in a huge caldron over an open fire and stir them so it's hard to tell--and in the big dinner scene with her all dressed up "proper" that appears to be dead animal meat on the plate and certainly she would have inquired as to what she was eating... (I KNOW I would have...)

So the kids of the kingdom miss the Forest Princess and take off to find her--- they are followed by the adults (who NEVER trust kids to go off by themselves) and while the first book at least has some story line, the 2nd is mostly like what happens when a book or movie sells big and they do a sequel like "son of earthquake" and like usually happens with the sequel it doesn't say much but gets the same audience again for a second go-round.

(continued next page).

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 Street.....
 City..... State..... Zip.....

The Princess, (by the way, she didn't know she was a Princess, until the prince (who damn sure knew his worth told her she was) saves the king's life and the king rewards her by passing sort of a kingdom ERA and everyone lives happily ever after... so we conclude that the paradox of an ERA in a dictatorship means something valid... & we are left in an interesting position: we can't recommend the book to women who don't want equality and we can't really recommend it to women who do--because equality is going to be one helluva fight & just saving the neck of some dumb king isn't going to do it...

We can't recommend it to Lesbians, because this is a VERY straight book... and nobody even suggests that there is more than one way to relate in the kingdom or forest...

so... ..my guess is that it would have a wide appeal to the type of woman who thinks that by being "sweet" 'n "nice" & working through the established process and really believes that she want's equal-rights (you see, we don't want to be equal we think that would be a step down!) and a nice protective law system that includes a big fat ERA to take care of us when wicked nasty men don't "act" right-- and wants to relate "positively" to men and wants to be in C.R. to be a "better person and have a happier marriage" and wants her hubby to take "his" turn at doing dishes and wants to smile and dress "properly" when lobbying legislators and who wants her children to "behave" and most of all is concerned about the "image" women present to the world.

Now, who would that woman be? why how stupid of me... why didn't I see it before... this is a book written for NOW women and children of NOW women and husbands and sons of NOW women and (lest we be accused of excluding men-- a thing which NOW would NEVER be guilty of--of which NOW would never be guilty?) NOW men ... !!! (?) We don't like to end on a negative note so we can (happily) whole-heartedly! recommend this book ... to NOW members all over the sexist-racist-pig-macho-agist-classist-country!

AMERIKA, AMERIKA, GOD shed HIS grace on THEE!
 (I always knew there was nothing over the rainbow!)

--by Stacey M. Franchild

FOR YOUR BOOKSHELF

While we don't have space to review everything that crosses our desk--we do have an obligation to let you know what's available from Women and Women's Presses. This column (which will appear occasionally) is our attempt to offer that information. TAC

SISTERS AND OTHER SELVES - Poems by Judith McCombs. GLASS BELL PRESS -- 242 Ashland, Detroit, Mich. 48215 (48 pages - \$2.00).

The poems in SISTERS AND OTHER SELVES were selected and published by Margaret Kaminski, currently an editor of MOVING OUT and one of its founders. Five of her poems, from this book, were in a BANTOM anthology of Feminist writing. She also has a poem in MOVING TO ANTARCTICA.

COUNTRY WOMEN'S POETRY a special anthology of 79 poems by 50 Women from all over the U.S. is an effort to publish the writing of Women living in the country and isolated areas. The result is an original collection that reflects the unfolding discovery of Self and natural beauty that each of us have experienced in moving a little closer to the earth. The book is paperback, 128 pages, with calligraphy, illustrations and photographs and is available from: COUNTRY WOMEN'S POETRY, BOX 511, Garberville, Ca. 95440 for \$2.25.

MOVING TO ANTARCTICA is an anthology of Women's Writing from MOVING OUT, edited with an introduction by Margaret Kaminski. Published by DUSTBOOKS, P.O. BOX 1056, Paradise, Calif. 95969 (166 pages, \$3.95).

The title is partly derived from MOVING OUT, a Feminist literary and arts magazine from Detroit which has been in existence for five years. The anthology includes; poetry, short stories, novel excerpts, diary excerpts, plays, reviews and interviews which first appeared in MOVING OUT and includes many writers from the Midwest and some who have acquired national and even international popularity.

3 BOOKS FROM DIANA PRESS - 12 West 25th St Baltimore, Md. 21218. (Each is \$2.25 plus 15% postage and handling).

WOMEN REMEMBERED - by Nancy Myron and Charlotte Bunch, editors. Short biographies of Women ranging from the Trojan Women to Gertrude Stein (89 pages, perfect bound, graphics). Each article discusses the lives of Women, both famous and unknown, who revolted against male supremacy in their day. Written from a Lesbianfeminist perspective it both looks at each Women's life and analyses how Women's history has been suppressed.

CLASS AND FEMINISM ---edited by Charlotte Bunch and Nancy Myron (100 pages, perfect bound, photographs) examines how class differences affect Women in the Women's Movement. Written by members of THE FURIES, each article synthesizes both a political and personal view of how class has functioned in the author's own experience. The book, therefore, brings the personal dynamics of class conflict together with an overall political analysis that is unique in discussions of class in the Women's Movement.

LESBIANISM AND THE WOMEN'S MOVEMENT -- edited by Nancy Myron & Charlotte Bunch, outlines the essence of Lesbian/feminist politics and documents how the Women's Movement has responded to it. In doing so it critiques heterosexuality and shows why Lesbianism is one of the fundamental issues of Feminism today. The articles collected here were written by the FURIES and/or taken from FURIES publications over a two year period.



A BEGINNERS MANUAL TO 18 WAYS OF LESBIAN LOVE



By Sue RedMountain

.....based on an idea of Robbie Robertson

AUTHOR'S NOTE:

For simplification of description we will refer to each woman as "B" or "F". Contrary to what the reader may think, these letters do not represent the terms "Butch" & "Femme" & were arbitrarily chosen by the author... (EDITOR'S NOTE: Bass & Franchild, of TAC have consulted their attorney and she is looking into the "privacy laws" as regards "consenting adults"). This can be observed in the continual reversal of what some might call "roles".

For novice Lesbians, the author suggests positions one through five. Positions six through eighteen, should be attempted only by experienced women who are into meaningful relationships. Sue. R.

POSITION 1 -- B reclines on her right side, facing F who reclines on her left side, affording hands total freedom of motion to stroke, caress & explore each other's bodies.

POSITION 2 -- F reclines on her right side facing B who reclines on her left side, affording hands total freedom of motion... etc. (see, I said there would be reversal)

POSITION 3 -- F lies on back, B lies atop F, facing each other. There is much rubbing & bumping until orgasm is attained... (a/k/a Tribadism a/k/a REALESBIANISM a/k/a huh??)

POSITION 4 -- Reverse above (natch!)

POSITION 5 -- B reclines on back, F atop B, on her stomach, head towards B's feet (aka "sixty-nine" -- or if you're old enough -- "around the world")

POSITION 6 -- F lies on back atop chenille bedspread, with legs raised and extended over both shoulders. Right hand covers eyes, left hand scratches right ear. B tickles backs of F's thighs, slowing approaching F's vulva with a peacock (cunt?) feather until orgasm (or charley horse) is reached.

POSITION 7 -- B lies on stomach with face between F's thighs. F, lying on back, strokes B's head with right hand, while left hand re-sets clock radio for another half hour.

POSITION 8 -- F stands at sink in kitchen washing two days worth of dishes. B approaches from behind, pressing her body to F's back. F, pretends annoyance when B sticks her hands down F's jeans.

POSITION 9 -- F & B lie facing each other, on back seat of station wagon on Garden State Parkway L (who is driving) does not look in rear view mirror & speeds through all toll booths.

POSITION 10 -- B feigns absorption in vacuuming living room, F crawls up behind her madly licking her legs.

POSITION 11 -- B & F sit facing each other (continued next page)

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in full lotus position, except for hands, which caress each other until leg cramps begin.

POSITION 12 -- F hurriedly pushes full supermarket cart down aisle 4 (Pet foods, paper goods, detergents). B, lurking behind cat food display, leaps out & ravishes her with a beautiful bunch of 49¢ celery.

POSITION 13 -- B argues with mother on telephone about validity of B's lifestyle. F, lets her fingers do the walking.

POSITION 14 -- F has self admitted to hospital. B, cleverly disguises herself as a bed pan and is brought to F's room where they engage in position five (or this then is an excellent time for "watersports" if you're into THAT!).

POSITION 15 -- B & F recline on tastefully unmade bed. F absorbs herself in reading; WHAT LESBIANS DO, while F masturbates.

POSITION 16 -- B crawls under door of public bathroom stall and pretends shock when leg she caresses belongs to F.

POSITION 17 -- F willingly puts herself on six day bread & water diet. On 7th day B stuffs all her body orifices with chocolate covered cherries (imported).

POSITION 18 -- B & F lie on bed, side by side facing TV which shows 1964 Jerry Lewis movie. With B's right hand holding F's left hand, B & F fall asleep.



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To the man reporter from the Denver Post



poems by Chocolate Waters

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REPORTER

INTERVIEW WITH THE MOTHER OF A LESBIAN MOTHER --BY DOROTHY FEOLA

ROTATING



When we presented her next assignment to our Rotating Reporter she said that she'd go as soon as she finished coloring in all the pictures in the CUNT COLORING BOOK by Tee Corinne (see Fall '76 issue for her interview with Tee Corinne) and since she is about as swift at coloring as she is at interviewing, that could take some time... We therefore, present an interview conducted by Dorothy Feola and are looking into the possibility of replacing our RR with someone who can relate to words like "deadline" and "responsibility". TAC.

(RR's Note: Wow! they're strict!)

ME- Today I am conducting an interview with the mother of a ...
MOM- (Interrupting) Don't say it.
ME- Say what?
MOM- You know what.
ME- But how can I get this interview off the ground if I don't mention the fact you are the mother of a ...
MOM- (Interrupting) Bite your tongue.
ME- Well, that won't make any difference since I am what I am --- even with half a tongue. --Though, I must admit, it would no doubt take considerable pleasure out of the situation.
MOM- What does that mean?
ME- Never mind, you just wouldn't understand.
MOM- That's nothing new; I never understand anything you say or do.
ME- Or think. Or feel. But, listen, I really do have to mention the fact that you're a ...
MOM IS SHAKING HER HEAD VIGOROUSLY.
ME- Oh, come on, be a good sport and let your hair down -- be adventurous for once in your life. Besides, this interview isn't going to be seen by that many people. ALBATROSS has a very select list of subscribers; just some uncultured or misguided Dykes -- and a bunch of other assorted crazies.

MOM- I wouldn't doubt it for a minute; that's the only kind of magazines that accept the kind of stuff you write.
ME- Listen, what I say about ALBATROSS in jest, or any other publication I might write for, is one thing; when anyone else talks about them they better show some respect. Or else.
MOM- Are you threatening your own mother? You really have reached a new low. Even lower than admitting to being a you-know-what or writing for publications like ALBATROSS.
I DECK MY MOTHER. BUT ONLY IN MY HEAD. AGAIN.
ME- That low, huh? The only thing left is to shoot my kids, right?
MOM- Is that supposed to be funny? -- Is that what they have written in these books you have all over the house? All these books and magazines, enough to fill a room by themselves, and not a decent thing to read among them.
ME- Look, I read and write what interests me; I'm not out to impress anyone.
MOM- How is it you never read or write for publications like FAMILY CIRCLE or BETTER HOMES AND GARDENS?
ME- You forgot CATHOLIC NEWS.
MOM- Now don't you start mocking religion. Your own daughters go to a Catholic School.
ME- Mainly because I am determined to see that they get the best education that I can afford to give them--while I can still afford it and while I still have them-- so they won't grow up hating the fact that being female has held them back in their schooling. --And wishing they had a Jewish mother --- because the Jewish girls seemed to be the only girls who finished their education without any sweat.
MOM- I don't really understand that.
ME- No, you'd have to be growing up in the 50's, in the Bronx, shy and out of place and too damn sensitive, with a real inferiority complex, mixing with all those bright, confident Jewish girls to understand. Then to go on from high school to a fifty dollar a week job--working with those 'far out' Jewish mothers who were out earning extra money to put their daughters through college. A whole different attitude toward girls-- daughters--I never knew mothers like that existed. I would have given (continued next page)

just about anything for a Jewish mother back then. In fact, I'm still not sure I wouldn't.
MOM- Jewish mothers don't like their daughters reading and writing a lot of garbage either -- they're still mothers, no matter what else.
ME- It's not garbage; it's woman identified.
MOM- Well, why can't you just 'identify' with your home and family, and leave the 'women' alone. For instance, when was the last time you gave this house a thorough cleaning?
ME- Sometime in the Spring...
MOM- Of what year?
ME- Oh, somewhere around the turn of the century.
MOM- Always with the smart answers-- You didn't need an education for that, did you, women-identified writer?
I DECK MY MOTHER AGAIN. BUT ONLY IN MY HEAD. AGAIN.
ME- The next time I interview anyone like you-god forbid-it's going to be at a place like FRED'S APPLIANCE CENTER, where you & they would be much more at home than around all these books, magazines, letters and manuscripts, tapes and records and such... Tell me, isn't there anything more important to you than a neat, spotless house?
MOM- Of course. A neat, spotless reputation.
ME- That figures. It also lets me out. Writing for ALBATROSS alone kills that.
MOM- Sure, it wasn't enough that you ran around with all these crazy women libbers-- now your name appears in all this disgusting, obscene literature...
ME- Which you never read--so how the hell can you possibly know if it's disgusting or obscene or anything else?
MOM- I'd even be ashamed to have it in the house, where anyone could come in and see it.
ME- People are the most afraid of what they don't understand or know anything about --- and usually want to destroy those things-- for reasons they aren't even sure of themselves. Furthermore, they find it much easier and much safer to remain ignorant and gullible-- than to take the time & effort to reach out and at least try to understand. And if they were out to elect a president for that kind of group, that breed of humanity, you would have an excellent chance of being elected.
MOM- Well!!! I don't have to stay here and

listen to this...
ME- Of course you don't. I mean, just because I've been forced to listen to your crap for thirty-five years ---- certainly doesn't mean you should have to listen to me for even ten minutes. That's your breed, running true to form, never listening, always telling, ruling with an iron fist. Go, and while you're gone, I'll take the time to make up a complete reading list for you. --And it's a hell of a lot more than I had to help me find myself when I was growing up.
AS MOM LEAVES, I TRIP HER AS SHE IS GOING OUT THE DOOR. BUT ONLY IN MY HEAD. THIS TIME.

(Editor's Note: This article was edited & typed by a "bright Jewish girl" drop-out whose mother thinks she is publishing a lot of trash... gee, Toto, there isn't anything over the rainbow after all. SMF).

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NAVEL GAZING

--by Margie Robertson

Trashing - a lousy thing to experience, but about as new as... as... religious wars... which it actually often seems to be. Thou shalt be Pure: of soul, sisterhood & simplistic theology-of-the-moment... the martyr's pyre for those who might possibly think it fun getting their feet scorched. It is as happenstance as the Inquisition, from which it gets ALL its originality.

Thrashing - like the above, but what happens when the hoped-for "victim" has a few friends & doesn't QUITE get tossed out on her ear. Thrashing is more subtle -- the effects are much the same as trashing, but the "victim" is allowed(?) to remain as long as she can stand it, and only so long as she doesn't start falling apart in public, which would be an EMBARRASSMENT, which would lead to Trashing, promptly

Thrashing also takes longer ... months & months. After three months, I went away on vacation ... after six months I resigned 'cause I'd stopped paying attention by the end of the fourth month... one YEAR later, the group is still trying to "formalize the process!" (no joke!).

Trashing and Thrashing have this in common also: they keep little stuffy minds and mouths busy, freeing Others, including intended "Victims", to THINK. Herein lies difficulty ... for Trashing & Thrashing almost inevitably backfire... as ye sew, so shall ye rip! Sure, EVERYBODY's for PURITY & CORRECT DOCTRINE ... so was Hitler, Stalin ... so IS Pope Paul - and his Vatacan predecessors & would-be successors.

PURITY AND CORRECT FEMINIST DOCTRINE are N-I-C-E... also easy ... eliminating, as they do, all necessity for THINKING & SEEING. Now everybody has really got an endless supply of things to bitch about and prospects for Trashing & Thrashing (which Flo Kennedy appropriately calls "the Crab in the Barrel" syndrome), since no two feminists (?whatever that is/they are) EVER

have the same notion about what is PURE, CORRECT, SISTERLY or FEMINIST ... why we have more of a CONSTIPATION than a MOVEMENT?? ... I mean ... being ever so busy being correct, pure, etc., ad nauseum, leaves little time for dealing with the Oppressor -- who keeps busy in his own way clutching his very REAL power about him like a skittish Victorian pappa, just out of the shower, clutching a (small) bath towel. He should worry -- with the brats so intent on each other, he could drop the towel in the middle of the room & they'd never notice. So we get ourselves one potbellied, stark naked Emperor in all his hideosity-of-bulge, and NO ONE NOTICES.

Never thought I'd fell just like ol' St. Augustine --- remember about St. Augustine from freshman Humanities class?" "Oh, Lord, make me PURE ... but not yet."

PART II: A CONVERSATION WITH AN ORGANIZATIONAL STRUCTURE

QUESTION-OF-THE-MONTH: After a sweet, young thing resigned a very IMPORTANT job, in tears, 'cause she just couldn't take the shit coming down: "What IS it in our (get this) ORGANIZATIONAL STRUCTURE that has so many people resigning, etc.?"

Don't know 'bout you, but I never been bopped in the nose, or stabbed in the derriere by any ol' Org. Struc. Sounds like some of those Science Fiction creepers my kids are always reading about - the Org. Struc. sneaked up behind the defenseless young maiden and -- POW!! Also BULLSHIT!! It's PEOPLE who trash, thrash, etc.!... though how such massive constipation (Org. Struc.) can produce so MUCH bullshit may be the scientific wonder of the centuries.

Conversation with an Org. Struc. (much moaning & groaning as the O.S. lies clutching the edges of the sidewalk):

Muddled: Whassa matter?

Org. Struc. (in agonized tones): There's a TRUCK on my ankle!

Muddled: A Whaat?

Org. St: A Truck! The Oppressor has parked right here on my ankle, and Oooooo! it hurts SO bad!

Muddled: Are you sure that's a truck ... (wiping her glasses)...and not, maybe your own left foot?

Org. St: Sure I'm sure! You some kind of trouble maker?

Muddled: Well, no, but ... how can you be sure it's a truck? You ever actually seen a truck?

Org. St: No. But I've read all the Scientific & Engineering specifications for trucks, and THIS is a TRUCK on my ankle! Muddled: (putting her glasses in her pocket): What you doin' with your ankle out there in the gutter in the first place? Org. St: REVOLUTION! ding-a-ling! We gonna stop ALL traffic on this highway and win the revolution!

Muddled: With your ankle? ... Look, why don't ya find out if maybe it's just an ol' Fiat? I mean ANYONE as tough & strong as you seem to be could just lean that damn thing OFF... 'cause I mean... (puts glasses back on)... it LOOKS like a Fiat to me. I mean... maybe you could get a friend to help ... and flip this thing over into the roadway ... that way the TRUCK'll hit the wreck of this here tin can ... and you can get up and ... and...go soak your ankle in some Epsom Salts or something...

Org. St: How can you talk like that? What'll become of the CAUSE?? Don't you see ... I gotta lie here with this truck on my ankle FOR THE CAUSE!

Muddled: THE CAUSE? What Cause?

Org. St: (exhasperated) THE MOVEMENT! FREEDOM for all of us from the Cursed Oppressor!

Muddled: Oh. Then don't you got to put your whole self out there? I mean, it does look kind-a-silly just puttin' your ankle out there like you was testing some tee-heel private swimming pool, dahling. Don't you got to get ALL the way out there where the trucks ARE?

Org. St: Whaat? And get KILLED? Do you realize you're suggesting that I, an Org. Struc., DESERT the REVOLUTION? ... Where would they be without my input? Who could run my Committee? I know...You're from the CIA, or an FBI informer! Just you wait till my committee gets through with YOU!

Muddled (very muddled now): I don't think you'd get killed... I mean, they got a lot of us locked up 'n' like that ... but I'm

not sure they run any of us down yet. Know why?

Org. St: huh?

Muddled: 'cause The Man's got this thing about all his chrome, that's why. Ever see ANY man deliberately mess up his gorgeous, 100%, Yankee Doodle, Rhodesian CHROME? The way That Man loves chrome plate?... Forget it.

Org. St: It's not in the Book!

Muddled: Whaaaat?

Org. St: The Book ...The Pure Doctrine of Revolutionwhadya mean, what book? That's a serious FALUT, asking a question like that, ya know?

Muddled: Yeah, so I heard.

Org. St: You better be careful of your ass, kid.

Muddled: (looking around, like Eeyore for his tail): Oh, it's OK ... really.

Org. St: Yeah, but just wait till I get this Fiat off my ankle!

Muddled: I thought you were sure it was a truck.

Org. St: That's right ... that's what the Committee Report said it was..... it's a truck. Damn it! You know I almost got out from under here 'cause of what you said? You're an INFILTRATOR! That's what you are! You're trying to DESTROY the REVOLUTION!

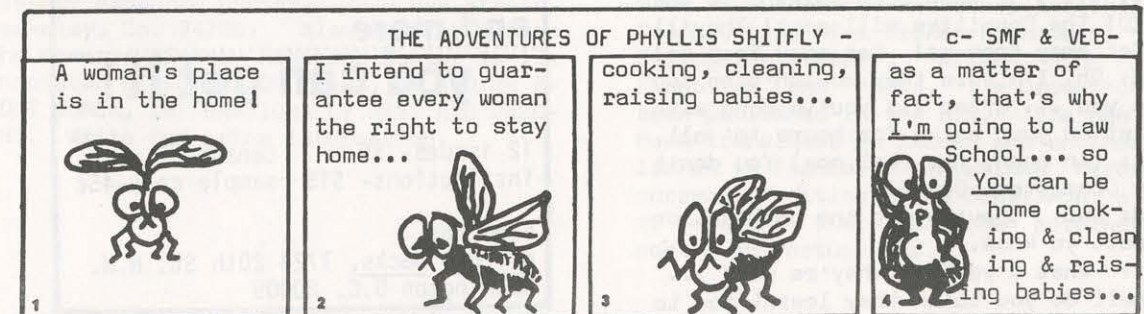
Muddled: Oh no! Not me... I couldn't be ... you see, I was brought up to be a NICE Housewife ... I couldn't possibly be!

Org. St: PROVE IT!

Muddled: Oh, that's easy ...ya see...(and your BOOK sez this too)...ALL little girls are brought up to be NICE Housewives...and you know, NICE Housewives HAVE to have some sense of ORDER like they gotta know where everybody else's socks are 'n' like that...so they've GOT to know where everybody else is apt to drop things, or put things or hide things... like that ... OK?

Org. St: So what?

(continued next page)



Muddled: Well ... after 18 or 20 years of that kind of training, no little NICE house wives are ever gonna be so untidy that they lose the WHOLE RUSSIAN ARMY for two weeks like the CIA did ... I mean, the CIA has got a lot to learn yet ... and it OBVIOUSLY ain't got one woman in it ... not where's she could make any kind of sense out o' things, anyway.

Org. St: But it's not in the Committee Report!

Muddled: Oh yes it is ... that's where I read it.

Org. St: I mean MY Committee Report!

Muddled: (sighs, leans against the lamp-post) Oh... I was thinking of another committee...

Org. St: ANOTHER COMMITTEE??? HOW DARE YOU? Don't you know that NO Committee is as IMPORTANT as MY Committee?

Muddled: Really?

Org. St: Really! Where you from, anyway? I still say you're an infiltrator. And I'm gonna make a REPORT on you to my Committee, too... just as soon as the Revolution comes and gets this FIAT off my ankle. (suddenly remembering ankle) Oooooooo! NO ONE suffers as much as I suffer!

Muddled: I thought you said it was a truck.

Org. St: it IS!

Muddled: but ...

Org. St: Look, just what ARE you, anyway, and how come you won't say where you're from?

Muddled: Me? Oh, I'm just a very small cockroach... live over on that dung heap across the way.

Org. St: you are? You DO?

Muddled: Yup.

Org. St: No! All this time I've been talking to the CONTAMINATED! You've already BEEN trashed!

Muddled: Well ... Thrashed is more like it.

Org. St: What's to become of me? What did I do to deserve this?

Muddled: ????????

Org. St: ... I'VE been SEEN talking to the THRASHED! The Committee will meet! They'll KNOW! Get away from me! Get away from me!

Muddled: Oh, I'm sure they wouldn't be too hard on you ... after all you've done with this Fiat on your ankle for hours 'n' all.

Org. St: (in agony for real now) You don't know my Committee, Oooo!

Muddled: Well, they're not the Vatican, or like that, ya know...

Org. St: What d'ya MEAN they're not? ... Wherenhell do you think they learnt how to BE a Committee?

Muddled: Well, maybe it won't be so bad as all that...

Org. St: Not so BAD?? Look at YOU! Oooo, I'm done for!

Muddled: Not if you don't want to be...

Org. St: What d'ya mean?

Muddled: How long you been with that Committee?

Org. St: 'Bout 7 years -- what's that got to do with it?

Muddled: Well, you might have a year or two more to go, but after that--you should always remember this about cockroaches--you're completely Shit-Resistant... (walks away)

Org. St: Oooooooooooooooooooooooooooooo!



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BY Ruth McClain & Julie Saunders c-1976



Women's History

Collections of the Women's History Library (now dispersed) have been published on microfilm by the Women's History Research Center of Berkeley, Calif. WOMEN & HEALTH/MENTAL HEALTH (14 reels of materials on women's physical & mental health and illness, sex roles, biology and the life cycle, sex and sexuality, birth control, Black and other Third World women) & WOMEN & LAW, (40 reels of materials on Law/General, Politics, Employment, Education, Rape/Prison/Prostitution, Black & other Third World women)--available from: RESEARCH PUBLICATIONS, 12 Lunar Drive, Woodbridge, CT. 06525.

FEMALE ARTISTS PAST AND PRESENT, an annotated directory of women in the field of visual arts features a special section on Soviet and pre-Revolutionary Russian artists, and is available from the Women's History Research Center, 2325 Oak Street, Berkeley, Ca. 94708. Also available from The Women's History Research Center is its annotated DIRECTORY OF FILMS, BY AND/OR ABOUT WOMEN, INTERNATIONALLY PAST AND PRESENT. Write for price information.

A Reply For Uncle...

What more can you sell me?
A fistful of my beloved land
stolen by shift
along with minerals
and the uranium?

The fingers of luxury
that caress my stomach
full of nauseous hamburgers
and rotten lettuce
watered with the blood of Chicanas?

Where will you strike me next?
now that my face is drained of shame
and up my ass have passed your myriad
dollars in phoney tickets
died with kindness and scorn?

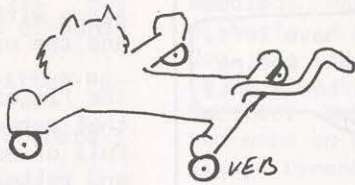
Now it's my turn to spit on your
greedy prick
of ice
I have turned indifferent and deaf
to your trashy merchant's claims.

--by Teresinka Pereira*

*About The Author

Teresinka Pereira is a Brazilian poet and playwright. She resides in the US since 1960. She has a Ph.D. from the University of New Mexico in Spanish and she taught Luso-Brazilian Literature & Portuguese at Stanford University, Tulane & Georgetown University. She is now teaching at the University of Colorado at Boulder. She has published a number of books in Brazil, Portugal, Mexico and Columbia & in 1972 was awarded the Brazilian National Prize for Playwright. Several of her books, "Anti-Poem for Christmas And Other Non-Christmas Poems", "Line of A Broken Alphabet", "While Springtime Sleeps", "Alien", "The Falcons Swoop In" and "Help, I'm Drowning" have been published in the U.S. She has had a book translated in Sweden and another published in France. Teresinka Pereira is currently editing POEMA CONVIDADO, a poetry magazine that publishes international poetry in Portuguese.

Ways To Use Leftover Cats...



CAT WAGON



KATSOUP

GLAZED & MOUNTED, 2 CATS CAN BE MADE INTO ELEGANT BOOKENDS.

50 CATS RUBBED 5000 TIMES IN RAPID SUCCESSION WILL GENERATE ENOUGH ELECTRICITY TO RUN YOUR HAIRDRYER FOR 5 MINUTES.

A CAT PLACED ON THE SITE OF LOW-BACK PAIN SERVES THE PURPOSE OF A HOT-WATER BOTTLE (AND ALSO PURRS).

50 TORTOISE-SHELL CATS SEWN TOGETHER MAKE AN ATTRACTIVE PATCHWORK QUILT.

KEEP A SPARE CAT IN THE CUPBOARD TO USE WHEN YOU RUN OUT OF FLASHLIGHT BATTERIES.

APPLY YOUR CAT'S TONGUE FREQUENTLY TO YOUR HEALS & ANKLES, AND YOU NEED NEVER BUY ANOTHER PUMICE STONE.

FOR A HIGH FASHION TOUCH, WEAR A CAT AROUND YOUR NECK AND FASTEN IT WITH A DIAMOND CLIP.

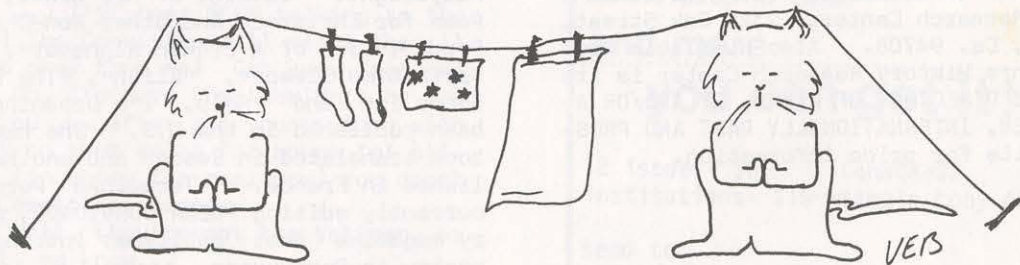
ALWAYS SEND A CAT INTO A CLOSET AHEAD OF YOU, TO SCOUT FOR GHOSTS.

CHROMIUM-PLATE YOUR CAT AND USE IT AS A HOOD ORNAMENT.

TRAIN YOUR CAT TO JUMP OVER YOUR ENEMIES WHILE THEY SLEEP; THUS IMPARTING THE CURSE OF THE CAT PEOPLE.

IF YOU HAVE A STAIRCASE, KEEP A CAT ON EACH NEWEL POST. THEY ARE ORNAMENTAL AND DON'T HAVE TO BE DUSTED.

--by GAIL WHITE

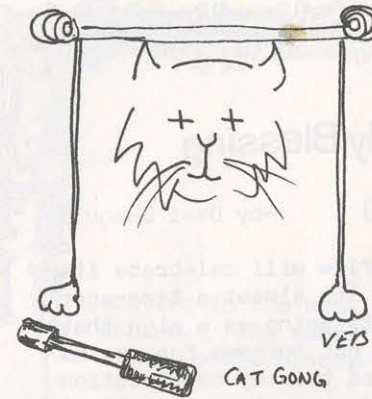


CAT CLOTHES LINE

CAT CRIES (AT 4 AM)

I can't sleep for thoughts of you,
 Memories clinging, hanging on,
 And the cat cries beneath my window,
 Sounding my grief and loneliness,
 Shouting a woman's anger and pain.
 Tossing and turning,
 Trying to avoid (seeing) the photograph
 I have just framed
 During the light of day,
 After hiding from it for almost a year.
 And the cat cries its sorrow,
 As the hands of the clock keep time,
 Searching the night for someone---
 To love.

--by Dorothy Feola
 c-'77 Dorothy Feola



CAT GONG

COME SLEEP WITH ME

Come sleep with me

My cat sits on my chest
 and pats my face with her paw
 as if she knows I need it

Come sleep with me

my roommate walks around
 with her shirt opened
 big pink-nippled breasts exposed

Come sleep with me

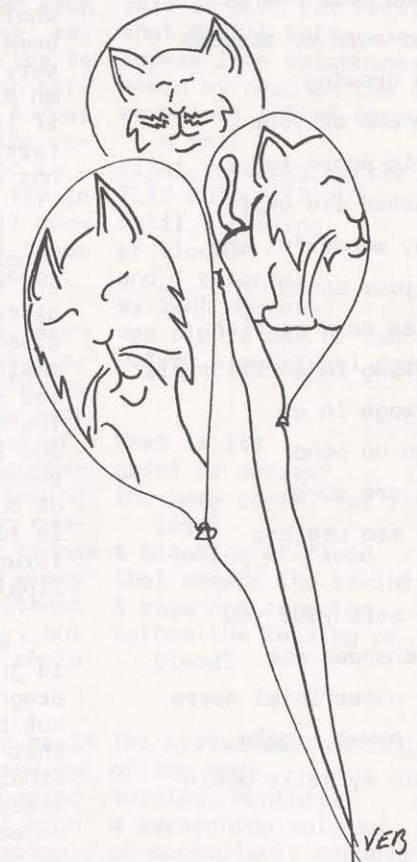
my mother slapped me
 in the face when
 I told her
 I loved women

Come sleep with me

My skin is soft
 my hands are gentle
 my mouth is full of kisses

Come sleep with me

--by Arleen Goldberg



CAT BALLOONS



(untitled)

My blood is flowing
bright, red and beautiful
never have cramps
been so welcome
never has the natural flow
seemed more useful
I was sure my breasts
were growing
sure one of your
stupid sperm had
attached its self
to my wonderful egg
but your sperm
are as dead as fish
floating in an oil spill
polywogs in a
dried up pond
they are dumb
they are useless

I am safe your you
and chances are
your superficial sperm
will never wiggle
within my walls again

--by Linda King

The Monthly Blessing

--by Desi Seagull

My woman-blood-flow will celebrate its 13th birthday soon; its almost a teen-ager now, and I mourn its aging as a sign that someday it will die out forever for me, as I know it is destined to. My menstruation began at age 11, and ever since that first weak brownish-red trickle I have looked forward to each period and considered the whole thing to be not the burden or mess some other women seem to feel it is but very wonderful and magical. For me it is, an experience that is beautiful; and even if it were possible for me to maintain my fertility but not have my periods, I would not want to give them up.

My period is a bond with other women; tangible piece of evidence that my body is the same as theirs inside, no matter how different the outside may appear. I feel close to any sister who passes the information on to me that she too, has her period when I announce the presence of my own. The usual warmth and love are intensified, and I feel that the two of us share a sweet secret, another filament in the web of our sisterhood. Knowing that her vagina is leaking rich, red blood like mine, what luxury staining the pale pink of her nether lips!

When my period begins each month, there is joy. Not because it means the end of a pregnancy scare, as some sisters look at it but because it signals a lot of feelings that are stronger at this time than at any other; maternal, protective feelings toward women I love, a longing to have a child someday (the only way I'd want to give up my periods-- for that beautiful nine-month span) an even-stronger closeness towards the children of friends, and a feeling of being more in touch with myself and my inner rhythms.

(continued next page)

(BLESSING CONTINUED)

I find that I do my best writing in the week before and during each period. The words flow freest then, free as my womb's blood.

My period lasts approximately 5 days. When I was a vegetarian I had a three-day period that was extremely irregular each month, even more so than usual for me. During the present 5 day periods I try to write as much as time and inspiration permit, spend a lot of time with kids, & just generally get closer to myself and the woman I really am. My menstrual blood is a monthly mirror for me, a mirror I try to keep clear and shining in my soul all month long. Sometimes I'm successful & those times are increasing as the months go by.

Actually welcoming and liking my periods makes me, in the eyes of some people, a "real freak". Some women have told me, that I'm crazy and that I must be part vampire, waiting for my monthly "fix" of blood. I like tampon insertion and removal, my heavy flow on the first day, taking calcium lactate tablets and drinking camomile tea to knock out any first day cramps I might have, and changing my tampon every two hours on the first day. The excitement subsides a little by the second day, but the good feelings of it stay the whole time.

Sometimes, when I've been feeling really good about myself, my writing, and my life as a whole, the time before my period has brought with it a kind of natural high --a focusing on the joy I feel as a woman, as a writer and part-time singer, as a someday-mother, and as a woman who loves her sisters with a passion flowing like the monthly blood so special to our kind.

HOW MANY?

The cycle of madness arrives and in my desperation I throw the dog out, not kindly yell at kids for something that didn't bother me before scream into telephones pound my head on the door maybe put a fist through a wall fight, attack, battle FLIP OUT, FLIP OUT until a showing of blood and I remember my last madness was also a day or two before a menstrual period

What is it?
grief or sorrow?
the body crying for its loss?
A bloating of fluid that crowds the brain?
A rage and ravaging before the letting of blood?

The mysterious working of the body turning, monthly a screeching release un-controlable madness blood madness woman madness

I wonder how many?

--by Linda King

A.W.O.L.

There are rumors afoot that you have
 'Gone over the hill',
 (As they used to say in those old war movies.)
 After months of not hearing a word,
 A (female) soldier friend of yours,
 In a fort somewhere in Kansas,
 Has written to me,
 Trying to locate you (also),
 Filling my head with tales of interrogations---
 mail tampering---
 Suggested flights---to countries unknown---
 And the New York police on the 'look out'
 for you.

This is the first time I have come so close
 To this kind of intrigue/espionage
 Since I became actively involved in the
 WOMEN'S MOVEMENT.
 And all for the love of a woman/friend
 whose heart/head has been

A.W.O.L.
 Since I've known/loved her.

--by Dorothy Feola
 c-76 Dorothy Feola



To Die In Georgia

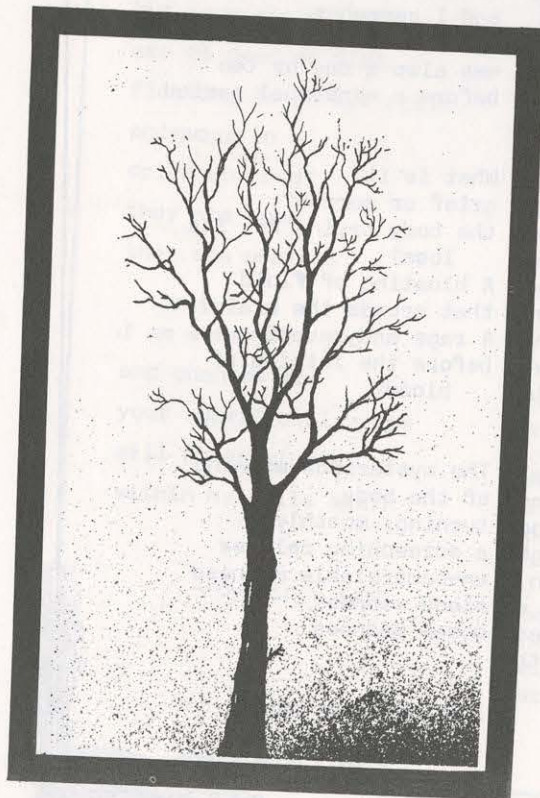
(IN MEMORIAL: For a friend who has been missing,
 presumed dead, since January, '76)

I hear you in my heart;
 Come and get me.
 I have been a victim of foul play,
 My female body asleep and decaying
 In the jungle regions
 of Georgia, USA,
 And there is no one here
 To grieve for me.
 Come, my friend, and find me,
 For I know that you still care for me,
 Even in my lifeless form.
 Come and bury me and mourn for me,
 Remembering me as I was once,
 During those best of times.

Come and get me.
 For your own peace of mind.
 I will tell you in a dream
 -Or some other familiar or not so familiar way-
 Where to find me.
 I helped destroy myself, it's true---
 Left you hurt and angry and scarred---
 Cutting your life in half,
 Filling my half of you with pain and misery---
 (Even as I wait for you now)---
 Yet would you leave me here to rot,
 All alone,
 In the alien jungles of a state
 That I hate?!

My response: Tell me where you are---in any way
 you can---and I will come and find you.

--by Dorothy Feola c-76



ALBATROSS-WINTER 1977

REVIEW



PEN-PAL...

I would like to write to women who are
 involved in the Women's Movement, & can
 help me to learn more about whats going
 on. I am very open-minded & liberated
 in my own way. I am interested in just
 about everything & am not discriminat-
 ory. I am a fanatical Joan Baez fan,
 though! I will answer all letters.

In Sisterhood,
 Holly Moon
 R # 113 - Lot 30
 Coal City, Ill.
 60416



APPEARING

at: PP Coffee House

ALIX DOBKIN

on: June 4 & 5

1976

*THE
 LESBIAN
 POWER
 AUTHORITY
 ©1975

WOMEN'S WAX WORKS A002

LIVING WITH LESBIANS

also LAVENDER JANE
 LOVES WOMEN
 WOMEN'S WAX WORKS A001

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 ALIX DOBKIN & FRIENDS

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We arrived early (for once) and had diffi-
 culty finding a table-- It's good to watch
 a talented performer work for a "full hou-
 se" -- two of our friends who arrived late
 got to sit on our table and while waiting
 for the show to begin we read the material
 Alix provided which explained what percent
 of the admission went to pay her and which
 went to support the Coffee House --- Alix
 has integrated her work and her politics &
 the statement said (in part): "It is impor-
 tant for me to know if enough women value
 my work for me to survive on. If they
 don't, I'll have to do something I like to
 do less. Either way, I need to know. It
 is also important for women to be conscious
 of where their money is being spent. It is
 important to make some distinctions within
 our means, to consciously sustain that wh-
 ich sustains us...Lesbian culture included.
 It is important to control, as much as we
 can, the money we have. We must value our
 (continued next page over)

hard work and the hard work of others, recognize and acknowledge its worth. First with ourselves, and then with other Lesbians. If the minimal charge presents a problem to you, please tell me about it in person. We can probably work it out..."

The other statement was distributed during the announcements (which included the no-smoking announcement that always makes me wonder how I'm going to sit through the whole evening-- and is reproduced in full on the following page because it's important to understand where Alix is coming from in order to appreciate what she does ... that's also why we have incorporated a lot of the remarks and intros Alix uses in her performance ---- so you'll understand where it's all coming from.

"I haven't traveled far & I haven't traveled wide - but I've been a broad for all of my life" ... with the opening lines from THE LESBIAN POWER AUTHORITY - (The Lesbian In Me) we take off for an evening of music (Alix is accompanied by her guitar) and political consciousness. The opening number is on; LIVING WITH LESBIANS, - (Alix's latest record, & if you don't have the opportunity to hear Alix in person having the record is the next best thing). One of the lines goes; "I like to sing my songs to you Lesbian women", and Alix with great integrity won't sing her songs to men or sell them through men because as she said; "we need more women to understand about giving things (strength?) to men and taking it out of the community of women". She told us how a woman in Boston asked her to stop perpetuating the myth that when you meet your one true love all will be OK -- this in introduction to: I ONLY WANT TO BE WITH YOU (You've really got a hold on me), which she dedicated to the audience.

Next, CALDONIA -- a request which was true when it was first sung- no longer "I don't lie on my back in the country anymore like the song says". (this one is on the LAVENDER JANE ALBUM)

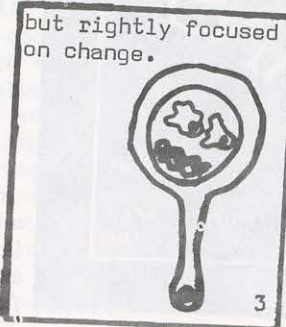
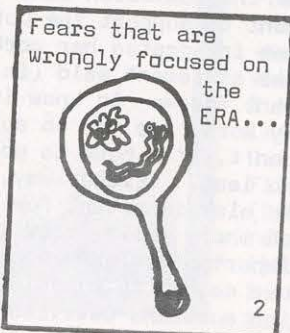
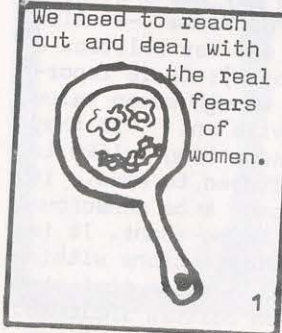
THINKING OF YOU, "a song written very shortly before I came out--to a straight woman I loved--there's nothing more pitiful than one straight woman in love with another... (it's) full of vague meaningless phrases", (not so vague that you won't relate to it, though).

MARY B. "one of the few songs I've written about anyone but myself--it's a hit so maybe I should start directing my talent outward... Mary B. was written for our friend neighbor and riding teacher. She had a tumor and turned for treatment to a cut-and-burn specialist of the patriarchal medical establishment. During the summer of '74 she underwent drastic facial surgery & radiation. We felt helpless angry and afraid she might die. I wanted to reflect her strength back to her and zap her with some Lesbian perceptions besides. Mary B. by the way, is feeling very good now & was glad to know we were all thinking about her."

"Next a song for a woman I admire very much (Emma Peel of the Avengers) a woman who could take care of herself" ... "Tough as leather- strong as steel-better not mess with Emma" ... a really dynamite song - cleverly drawn portrayal of "a woman who rescued TV viewers from the clutches of "those S & M He-men ... it was so nice to turn her on knowing she'd return the favor."

A WOMAN'S LOVE "written for Liza for her birthday...but it isn't about her at all--it's about me" (this one is on Alix's first record, LAVENDER JANE LOVES WOMEN) and (continued page over)

BETTY FRYPAN FUNNIES



c- VEB & SMF

ALBATROSS-WINTER 1977



Thank you for coming to my concert. It is my hope that this experience will be engaging and meaningful for us all. I have put lots of work and thought into this show and these songs. If you've never heard my show, be prepared for something new. If you *have* heard me do a show before, be prepared for something new.

These days I'm trying to work through some problems concerning hostilities from Lesbians, some of whom I know, directed at me and my ideas. Very few have taken the trouble to inform me of their feelings towards me. This has been painful for me. It has also been productive. Even hostile Lesbian energy can be of use to Lesbians. It has made me examine and clarify many of my own feelings and attitudes. This is part of working problems out. Another part is letting each other know how we feel and being responsible for what we say and for working on things ourselves.

I am trying to figure out how to communicate more directly with you. I work with the songs. The personal is political. Every Dyke I know has had similar problems with other Dykes. We seem to be conflict-ridden with shared problems and I hope that these songs will speak to many of you in one way or another, and give you something good to take home and think about. If we are going to connect, then. . .

I would like to know who you are. That is, if you care enough to write to me. How do you feel about all this? About me? My songs? Music? Lyrics? Presentation-show-raps-etc? What did you like? Why? Did anything I say or sang or did offend you or make you feel uncomfortable? Why? Does my music relate to you? How? How not? What would you like to hear more of? Less of? Will you come to hear me sing again? Have you heard/bought either of my albums? Why not???? Do you think of me as a star? Why? Why not? (suggested topics)

As one Lesbian to another, I am interested in your thoughts more than your opinions, and about your feelings more than anything. I speak only for myself. I trust you to do the same. I try to make myself accessible to you. I am not a star unless you star-trip me.

Thanks to Sally Piano for writing something like this and then letting me read it.

Have an uplifting and memorable evening.

xx *Alix Dobkin*

Preston Hollow, New York 12469



now, 4 years later, "I know other things so some of the lines are no longer true...She did, in fact, try to change me. I changed her too. LIZA is a song about how nice Liza is because it was written when every-one way saying bad things about her -- and she's really nice.

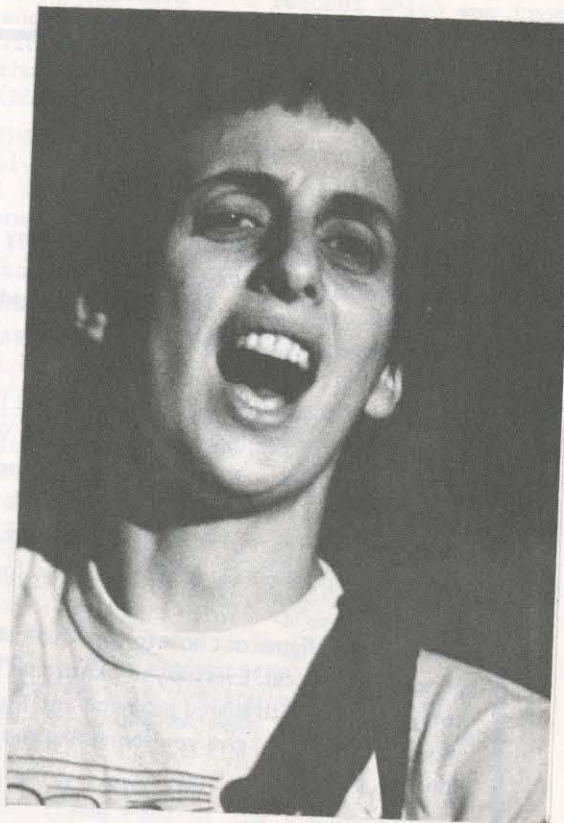
--Liza was in trouble long before it was in style and now she's one of the editor's at DYKE MAGAZINE ----- still in trouble? -- you bet!"

"Written a few weeks ago-- a love song but not a run-of-the mill one -- about a long-term relationship that changes with the years-- easy to identify with if you've ever had a relationship with a woman that left room for improvement...

Maybe time alone will soothe the bones and close the wounds--there's hardly any space these days for Lesbians." --(A very moving song.) This one will be out on the third album and we're looking forward to it.

A medly of familiar songs with women's names (and slight lyric changes to make them meaningful) was introduced as a Bicentennial celebration of 200 years of Lesbianism in Amerika-- this was a very sharp, witty number and we couldn't take notes fast enough to give you all the lines but here's one we caught: "I dream of Jeannie with the light brown hair-- she's aware". Other names used were Louise, Cecelia... ("does your mother know you're out? -- well, does she?").. Sweet Sue, Susie ("If you knew Susie like I know Susie")... speaking of whom we ran into Sue that night and were surprised to find that this number isn't a big favorite of hers -- we know & love Sue R. but there's no accounting for tastes...

HEARTS & STRUGGLES (from the LIVING WITH LESBIANS Album) about "my true life coming out adventures" "do you know most women go to their graves without ever touching another woman's breast? -- This is sick!"



TOUGHEN UP (a particular favorite of ours) this song is "especially for straight women" It's about rape and shows how being polite can get you in trouble." This is a very important song and we'd like to hear it sung where ever groups of women gather as a reminder of what confronts us all the time. Alix said, "one way to avoid being bothered by men is to look ugly and act disgusting; drool, pick your nose, etc." (we don't agree. Rape statistics don't indicate that a "disguise" for our natural woman beauty will help to avoid confrontation so as long as it doesn't matter I intend to keep both my nails and my knife sharp and polished)... Alix also endorses nails and knives, etc.

"A song written a few weeks ago-- a little heavy-- interesting & provocative- a different kind of song for me--I'm also thinking differently about my shows. I've opened myself up to your opinions & feel very close to you-- we're different then we all were 3 or 4 years ago (are we ever!) and it's exciting. I'm trying to evolve something where we get through to each other... (continued next page)

I'm writing about my experiences-- the way I feel about them." The intro was followed by a song about things around the country the way Alix sees them (it's a really penetrating analysis of what's going on in the Lesbian-Feminist community & in order to make the necessary corrections we're first going to have to realize what's happening-- this song says it all)... Included in it are references to the Cris Williamson concert at which men were allowed though the sign said "women welcome" & other "gossip" from around the country gathered on a cross-country tour meeting Lesbians. "Don't Lesbians like women anymore?" "Thousands of Lesbians and no support" ... "Having problems is nothing new--what's new is working them out" This is a very politically astute number and is a kind of road-map of what's wrong. Maybe it will give us a starting point...

Two new songs--theme from GETTING READY, a film now in production-- a song about "how angry I get when I see the mess men make & what they do" The chorus cools-out some of the anger and rage, "Women's love makes the world go round" "Prayers in school to god in heaven, praise the biggest prick of all." The song expresses a lot of our anger at the patriarchy and the chorus is only barely soothing, "everyone's a victim at the hands of men".

All the newest songs are very strong--very powerful.

We close with a song about Lesbians trashing other Lesbians -- an experience we can ALL relate to (from which side, sisters?) & Alix hopes to reach ALL Lesbians on all sides-- choose your own)... Alix also hoped that no woman here tonight would leave and give energy to men--or fuck them-- or anything! (we hoped so, too!).

"We don't have to be friends to work it out together, Lesbians" -- a song just for the Lesbian Community-- a plea to overcome the damage done us by men and get it together. (and may the plea be heard!)

Sharing an evening of music with Alix Dobkin is an experience we wish you all will have soon-- Playing her records at home is the closest you can come to it until she plays your town. When she does, don't miss it--it's an uplifting experience to hear a musically talented, politically conscious-sister and we wish there were more talent of this quality available to the Lesbian Community.

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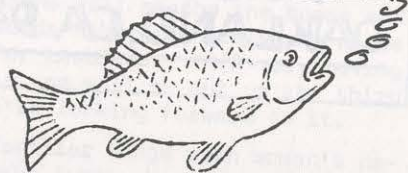
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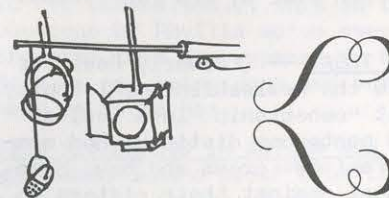
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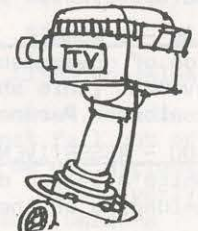
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FRIDAY PM* LISTINGS

8:00 - I LOVE LUCY - Ethyl & Lucy leave Ferd & Pricky & check into a motel together.

8:30 - I LOVE LOOSELY - (a spin-off) In tonites episode Mary & Rhoda meet Ethyl & Lucy at the Motel & make it a foursome.

9:00 - ONE GAY AT A TIME - Annie tells the kids the REAL reason she divorced their daddy & heads for the Shady Nook Motel to join the orgy already in progress.

*There aren't any AM listings because the production staff doesn't get up till very late in the day.

9:30 - ALL IN THE FAMILY WAY - Meatloaf learns that Glorious is a Lesbian & that she & Eatit have been operating a Womans Abortion Clinic during the day.

10:00 - MEDICAL SECTOR - A Gay doctor removes a knife from a rapist--- A Lesbian Nurse replaces it in the patient as he's being wheeled out of surgery.

10:30 - THE DEFENSIVES - A Lesbian Nurse is charged with being overly neat... Her only defense is: a place for everything, and everything in it's proper place, and the proper place for a knife is inside a rapist's gut. Tune in & watch justice triumph --- it only happens on TV.

11:00 MARY HARTBURN, MARY HARTBURN - Mary & her friends go to a Gay bar where she meets her sister & her mother. Mary tells Tomtom that she's a Lesbian and he steals her vibrator out of spite. Dim-wits lobbies for the ERA so he can meet "liberated women".

11:30 - THE JENNIE CARSICK SHOW - Guest Star: Trish Williams sings her new smash hit: LESBIAN WOMAN.

1:00 - MARKET QUOTATIONS - This informative show's highlight will be an analysis of the current crop of Panama Red --Tune in for up-to-the minute information on highs and lows.



ALBATROSS-WINTER 1977

SATURDAY PM LISTINGS

6:00 - THE NEW LASSIE SHOW-Lassie sniffs out a shipment of Cocaine that Tinhead is planning to sell at exorbitant prices and distributes it free.

6:30 - I WONDER, WOMAN! - Panel Discussion of government infiltration into the Movement (this show was produced with a grant from Paranoia Productions).

7:00 - ASSERTIVENESS TRAINING IN ACTION-Tonite's lesson deals with the care and re-loading of the M-1.

8:00 - THE PRICE IS TOO HIGH - panel discussion with "feminist" leaders. Tune in and find out how you can get grants from the PLOWBOY FOUNDATION for laying off the Bunny. As we go to press they were also expecting a special guest visit from Betty Frypan who will discuss how her new book got published.

8:30 - NOW IS THE HOUR - science fiction In tonite's episode the creeping NOW blob takes over Peoria, Ill. and threatens to spread to points west.

9:00 FATHER KNOWS NOTHING -Mother leaves to join the gang over at the Shady Nook Motel while Princess prepares for her Karate Class. Bub has a heart-to-heart talk with Beauty about the dangers of shooting-up with unsterile needles.

9:30 - THE FUSSY & HAIRYNET SHOW -comedy Davis & Pricky discover Hairynet coming out of the Shady Nook Motel and rush to tell Fussy that dinner will be late... Fussy picks lint from his cashmere sox & reads POLO MADE DIFFICULT while waiting for dinner.

10:00 - BEAVER GETS LEFT - hour special- A stirring documentary that takes us to Arlington Cemetary where we watch the moss grow on the Beaver's grave... His Mother, Mrs. Axehandle, discusses how proud she was to contribute something to the war effort. A special guest appearance by Phyllis Shiftfly and her 1000 voice RIGHT TO LIE CHORAL GROUP makes this a rare treat.

11:00 MARY HARTBURN, MARY HARTBURN- Mary comes out! Tomtom joins his gay friends in ripping of the Women's Movement and Dimwits gets run over by the ERA Freedom Train.

11:30 STOCKS TODAY -- (Formerly Beat The Press) Tonite the Newlesbianfeministparty declares that "censorship is a tool of the man" and sentences distinguished members of the feminist press who have been using this tool against their sisters to be locked in the stocks.

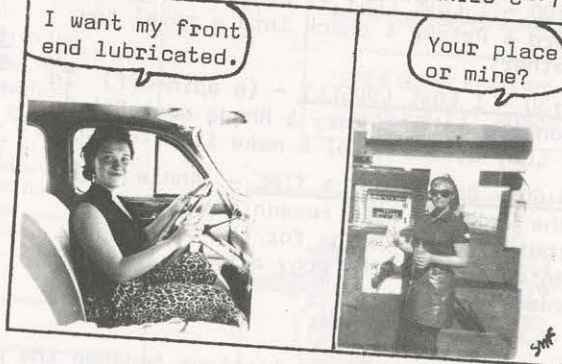
12:00 THE MIDNITE SPECIAL - Tonite's show features Alix Dobkin & The Lesbian Power Authority.

GAYELLOW PAGES

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FILLING UP & SPILLING OVER FUNNIES c-'75



SUNDAY PM LISTINGS

8:00 NEWS & VIEWS - (special) Tonite: coverage of Phyllis Shiftfly at the RIGHT TO LIE CONVENTION... this is the best coverage of Phyllis we've ever done and the next time she appears we hope you'll join us and bring your own tomatoes to help us cover her.

9:30 SISTERHOOD IN ACTION NOW -Watch as NOW women demand proof from their sisters in the prison chapter that they really don't get adequate medical care before consenting to convene a WOMEN & MEDICAL TREATMENT TASK-FORCE. The action becomes complicated when the only form of proof they'll accept is a signed statement from the prison doctor who won't be back for 6 weeks. (this documentary is based on an actual incident)

10:00 SALUTE TO THE VAGINAL EQUINOX-- Watch as wimin paint themselves blue & worship the spirit of trees as they seek a viable alternative to men's religion.

11:00 THE ATHIEST HOUR - Watch women laugh themselves silly as they watch the instant replay tape of blue wimin worshipping trees.

12:00 SERMONESS - Tonite's guest tells how hard it is to get the boys to let her play priest and serve god.

12:05 EQUAL TIME - (a special feature of channel XX to permit responses to their programming) - tonite's guest explains why the correct Lesbian-feminist way to serve god is poached in sauterne (not gallo, of course) with fin herbs.

12:10 - CAN'T MAKE IT WITHOUT YOU, BABE! Otherwise responsible & intelligent women explain why they "need" something to replace the patriarchal god because it gets too scary & lonely out here in the wilderness with only just themselves in charge and responsible.

12:15 - SIGN OFF - Having brought you 3 whole evenings of programming the exhausted staff turns-on for the rest of the week. Won't you drop by the station and join us?

...and if you don't watch channel xx, the following is what you can expect on the other networks:

"THE BERNIE BERGMAN SHOW"

--by Linda Gonzales

Here comes our first contestant, ladies and gentlemen. Whoops, don't fall out of your wheelchair. There we go, alright now what is your name? Mrs. Beverly Abused-- I live at the Crabby Gardens Home & if you visited me there you'd see how it got it's name.

Beverly has already given us a check in the amount of \$500.00. Now for that \$500.00 she will have the opportunity to win the following marvelous prizes:

1. A urine-soaked mattress with a feces-stained cover.
2. An electric stainless steel bedpan, capable of inducing diarrhea in even the stubbornest cases of constipation.
3. A trip to sunny CHILE courtesy of the MILITARY JUNTA.

For those of you who have not seen our show before, Beverly of course has to be able to run to the tassel over there and pull as hard as she is able. Aside! The catch is (chuckle) she hasn't been on her feet in 12 years so I'm sure this ought to be very interesting...

OK Beverly, ready, set, go. (buzzer goes off). Aw, well since you were such a good sport, Beverly, we have a nice consolation prize for you. Tell Beverly what she's won, Johnny. Right, Bernie. We have here for Beverly a handy little magnetic checkerboard with one checker missing.

This show was brought to you by: "THE BOYERTOWN CASKET COMPANY" (we can make cheaper ones, too).

(Editor's Note: Bernie Bergman will return in 2 to 5 years when he's finished doing time for Medicare fraud --but have no fear -- there are plenty others to carry on for him while he's away.)



THE WIZARD OF OS

--by Sandie Garsey

Dorothy and her 300 lb. Saint Bernard, Dodo, were out behind the barn smoking some dried weeds as she'd seen a field hand do.



She hadn't noticed the tornado heading towards her and just as she took a hit the tornado struck, "wow, what a rush," she thought.

She came back to consciousness in a strange land with a bunch of birds making a racket in her ear. Next she discovered that Dodo had landed on a man, crushing the dude to pieces. "Oh, Dodo, what have you done?"

Suddenly she was overcome by the Munchies. This always happened to her when she was high and she was about to eat one when she was startled by all the little Munchies singing a chorus of "the Wicked Prick is dead".

Needless to say, Dorothy was becoming extremely confused. Then out of the sky appeared a helicopter which landed nearby and a wonderful figure disembarked. It was the Good Dyke of the North. She had long blond hair, was dressed in a flamboyant sweatshirt, denim cut-offs, combat boots, and was waving a 59¢ Bic pen in the air.

"Hey, good going, Dor, your dog killed the Wicked Prick. I saw it from 10,000 feet up. What a sight!" And she gave Dorothy a big kiss.

"Yeah," said Dorothy, delighted with the kiss, "Now that I know what we've done I feel pretty good about it. But where am I and how will I get back to Kansas?"

"You're in Munchies Land and if you aren't careful you can gain 10 lbs. in a week here. I've never heard of Kansas but there's a real wizard of a woman up in Os who might be able to help you. First, tho, you'd better grab the earth shoes the dead prick has on. I see your dog has shit all over yours. Besides that, his are magic & even though the Wicked Prick of the East is after those earth shoes, you won't be hurt as long as you've got them on. Let me write the Wizard's address out with my magic Bic, then hop in my bubble & I'll take you over to the Yellow Brick Expressway--

ALBATROSS-WINTER 1977

--You can probably hitch a ride to Os from there."

And so the Good Dyke, Dorothy and Dodo took off in the helicopter with all the little Munchies screaming and waving goodbye. The Good Dyke put Dorothy and Dodo down at the highway and then flew away.

"C'mon, Dodo, we'd better get going." But not too many people want to give a ride to a kidwoman and a 300 lb. Saint Bernard. Dorothy was getting deeply discouraged when a van pulled along side & a woman leaned over from the driver's seat and said, "Hey kid, you'd better hop in. I hear the Wicked Prick of the East has a contract out on you."

"Who are you and how did you know?" Dorothy asked suspiciously. "I'm Hot Tin Roof, the stripper. One of the Munchies heard what the Good Dyke told you about the Wizard and by that time The Wicked Prick had the hit out on you. I used to work the strip joints but wasn't doing so hot because I was too cynical and bitter towards the johns. Then Rose told me that if I wanted to get to the top of the trade I had to have a heart of gold. I thought maybe the Wizard could help me, too, so I want to team up with you, OK?"

But Dorothy asked, "Aren't you afraid of the Wicked Prick?" "Not me," said Hot Tin, "That's the only kind I ever had in the audiences." And so they began their journey to Os. They stopped off at a truck stop to walk Dodo and pick up a go order. There was only one waitress and all the male truckers were teasing and grabbing her, and the male cook kept shouting, "Hey, Leona, ya stupid broad, here's another order."

Hot Tin said to her when she came to wait on them, "Leona, why don't you tell those creeps to shove it?"

"I need my job?" Leona looked at them desperately. "Looks to me, since you're the only waitress, that they need you." "I know," said Leona, "but I've never been very courageous. I get really scared. I hate myself for it. But more than that I hate them and my job. I just wish that I were stronger."

"Leona," said Hot Tin, "Sounds to me like you need to be assertive and I think I know how Dorothy and I can help." And she told Leona everything that had been happening.

Meanwhile the truckers and cook were yelling and moaning. Leona turned around & screamed, "Listen, you punks. The cook

pissed in the coffee and you drank it. Ha, ha, I quit." And she walked out with Hot Tin and Dorothy.

I feel great," said Leona, "but I've got this friend, Carrie Crow, who could use a wizard. She's brilliant but her dad keeps putting her down, telling her that she's dumb, and won't help her out financially so that she can go to college. She's lost all her confidence and keeps saying, "if only I had a brain." She works over at a local head store, the Poppy Shop. Do you think she could go too?"

Why not. We've got room. Let's go get her," said Hot Tin and off they went. Carrie was ecstatic about going along and the group was ready to leave when a long black limo pulled up in front. Carrie cried, "Hide, Dorothy, it's the Wicked Prick."

But before Dorothy could hide one of the Wicked Prick's aides grabbed her. The Wicked Prick, an ugly portly bald man in an expensive business suit, sauntered into the shop. "Allow me to introduce myself. I'm Congressman Dwane Haynes and I want those earth shoes.

Hot Tin said, "They don't look your style. Don't give them to him, Dorothy. He can't do anything to us."

Haynes said, "Oh, yes I can. You're about to be arrested on a trumped up drug charge. And since you'll soon be put away in jail for a long time I can tell you why I want those shoes. Sewn in the toe is an incriminating film of my secretary and myself engaged in some activities that could be damaging to my career if that film got out. The guy crushed by your dog was blackmailing me. I'm getting rid of my secretary, but I need that film."

"Oh, no you don't, Wicked Prick. I've caught onto your act," said his secretary from behind him, "and I've blown the whole story to the press." And as the photographers' bulbs went off in his face, the Wicked Prick crumbled up. The papers had a field day with the film Dorothy gave them from the toe of her shoe.

Now that the Wicked Prick was out of the way the group had smooth traveling. They discovered that Os was a small hole in the road town and the address turned out to be a tiny white house with a sign out front that read, "Reader and Adviser." A woman in her sixties answered their knocking. "A reading will be six bucks," she said.

"Wait a minute," said Dorothy. And she explained why they were there. "Leave it to the Good Dyke to get me involved," said the Wizard, "I'm her mother. Come on in."

"From what you've told me, I think I can be of some assistance. Hot Tin, your head's in the right place but you're in the wrong business. Your cynicism and guts are what's needed in affirmative action. You've a heart for women and the strength to put men in their places. I know of a job that's just right for you in an economic opportunity office."

"And you, Leona, you're very brave to quit your job and take a chance. I'll get you into the local assertiveness workshop and there's an opening down at the Grey Panther Disco that should interest you. You'll be just fine."

"Carrie, you've got brains already but you lack confidence. We need to get you out of that atmosphere of male oppression. There's a Native American Indian Scholarship at Fem U. which I'm sure you can get. And you could probably room with Leona while going to school.

"But, Dorothy, I'm sorry. I've never heard of Kansas and I don't know how you got here. Have you got any of the weed left that you were smoking?"

And Dorothy pulled out half a joint. They all decided to try it and the last thing Dorothy remembered hearing was, "Wow, that's good shit. I think I'll move to Kansas."

This time when she woke up she was back in familiar surroundings. She could hear her Aunt in the other room swearing at Dodo who seemed to be sitting on a broken TV. "What a trip," she thought as she looked out the window at a rainbow in the Kansas sky.

This story appears through the courtesy of DINAH (in which it originally appeared) & we are properly grateful. For sub info & sample copy write: DINAH, 6368 Heitzler, Cinti, Ohio, 45224 (& be sure to send them a donation).

We'll remind you of the "old" Advocate!

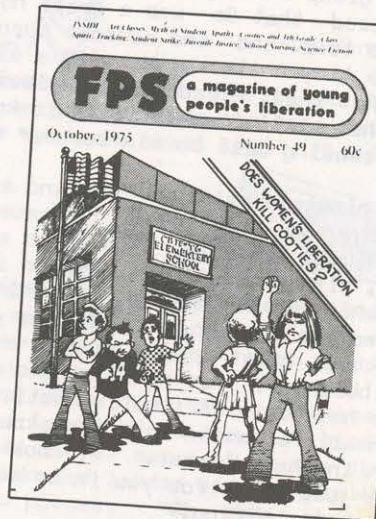
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A Young People's Magazine

FPS: a magazine of young people's liberation, published irregularly by Youth Liberation. Average issue 36-48 pages. Illus., pg-size 7x10. Subscriptions: \$10 for 12 issues, \$18 for 24 issues; \$24 for 36 issues. Rate for people under age 18: \$6 for 12 issues. (See note below regarding subscriptions.)

FPS covers all aspects of youth liberation. Regular features include: FPScope, a collection of short news items about kids; the CHIPS pages, with reprints from high school underground papers; legal information; and book reviews. Each issue also provides in-depth coverage of problems, strategies and ideas about youth liberation.

In December, 1975, FPS changed from a monthly schedule to an irregular one so we would have time to publish new pamphlets. Subscribers to FPS will get these pamphlets as they come out, as a part of their subscription. Thus, a 12-issue subscription to FPS means you'll get our next 12 publications — some of them being issues of FPS, others being pamphlets.

Make checks payable to **Youth Liberation**, 2007 Washtenaw Ave., Ann Arbor, MI 48104, phone (313) 995-4575. Bulk rates available on request.



ALBATROSS-WINTER '77



how the public schools got the way they are

WHAT IS SCHOOL FOR?

to keep an eye on you
to keep you in line
to keep you off the streets
to keep you in the right track
to train you to be obedient
to teach you to behave...

HIGH SCHOOL WOMEN'S LIBERATION (a pamphlet published as a double issue of FPS; a magazine of young people's liberation) brings together under one cover; articles, comix, poems & illustrations relating to the High School Woman's experience. I wish I had a copy of this when I was in school-- not to explain how I was oppressed--I already was aware of that-- but to offer positive support and methods of dealing with that oppression.

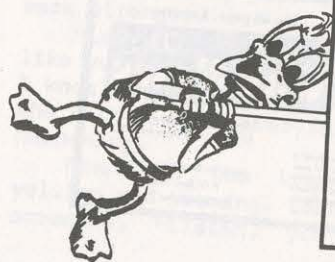
As far as I can see, no area is left uncovered, & each piece is done in a sincere & clear style (which I appreciate because I never actually finished High School and get tired of trying to read feminist theory that contains so much bullshitgobblede-gook that I keep missing what's offered).

Articles range from: Sexism in Sports, Women in History Books (where are they?) C.R. Growing Up Gay (it's good!) Black Women: A Never Ending Song of Struggle, Ageism in the Women's Movement and Health Care to reviews of books, advertisements that employ sexism to sell products and a very fine analysis of Women's music and how it's going to be different when Women are in control of what's produced.

The Myth of Sexual Delinquency by Florence Rush explores the unequal treatment for girls & boys under the law (guess who has it better?) Growing Up Sexist explains why we can't trust men or count on their help, & Poetry By/For Young Women contains 6 of the most honest poems around.

HIGH SCHOOL WOMEN'S LIBERATION offers constructive ideas throughout for changing & Understanding the oppression of young Women and we recommend this highly to everyone.

--SMF



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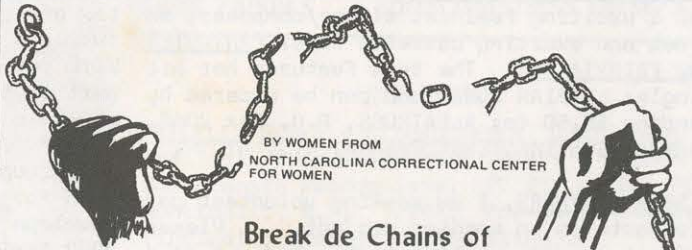
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GAMBITS & PLEASENTRIES

THE CUNT COLORING BOOK - drawings by Tee A. Corinne is available from PEARLCHILD PRODUCTIONS, 1800 Market St. Box 151, San Francisco, Calif 94102 for \$2.40 (incl postage) This is a womanmade book & everyone should have a copy.

MOVING ON MUSIC PRESENTS: Trish Williams, a new & exciting feminist singer/composer, on a new and exciting cassette tape: FANTASIES AND FAIRYTALES. The tape features her hit single: LESBIAN WOMAN and can be ordered by sending \$5.50 to: ALBATROSS, P.O. Box 2046, Central Station, East Orange, N.J. 07019.

LESBIAN MOTHERS, I am seeking volunteer participants in an ongoing project. Please contact me if you live in the Midwest area and would like to help. Jane Barclay Mandel c/o State University of New York at Stony Brook, Dept of Psychiatry & Behavioral Science, Health Sciences Center.

THE GAY ALTERNATIVE, a gay liberation journal published quarterly out of Phila. since 1972, announces that it is ceasing publication. Assets & files are being turned over to MOUTH OF THE DRAGON which will publish an article reflecting on the reasons for closing the magazine. Subscribers have the option of completing their subs with copies of MOUTH OF THE DRAGON, BOX 107, Cooper Sta New York, N.Y. 10003.

CONDITIONS is a new magazine of women's writing with emphasis on writing by lesbians, which will appear three times yearly. Send manuscripts (with SASE) to: CONDITIONS 610 Sixth Avenue, Brooklyn, N.Y. 11215.

AN ANTHOLOGY OF FEMINIST HUMOR is being compiled by Gloria Kaufman, Indiana University South Bend, Ind. 46615. Send jokes, stories, etc. Contributors will be acknowledged in print and material will be edited.

THE PERFORMANCE, an original Lesbian/Feminist play, deals with a 17 year old Lesbian and her decision about what she wants to do with her life. It is an optimistic play, combining comedy and tragedy (3 acts 1 hour total time). For more details please contact: Bonnie Marzlak, 924 E. Market, Iowa City, Iowa 52240.

ALBATROSS-WINTER 1977



GAY GREETING CARDS - These cards depict same sex affection, but are taken from 19th century children's books, ironically enough! With your purchase, you contribute in small part to the liberation of gay people. Write me as to details concerning buying quantities of cards for fundraising for your own gay group. These cards are blank inside. Send for brochure in self addressed/stamped envelope of legal size to: J.R.M. Cooper, 3002 Marietta Avenue, Lancaster, Pa. 17601

PORPOISE PRESS is revving up for a projected deadline of Feb. '77 for THE AURALEANS. It's going to be one beautiful book, full of artwork, and full of Love. We'd like to enlist your aid in announcing that we are collecting photographs, graphics and every or any other form of visual art for THE AURALEANS. It's a novel, but more. It's got recipes, and remedies too, and they're welcome. We're not saying we can pay anybody for their work now. All work that appears in THE AURALEANS will be credited. We're going for a million. A million copies even if we have to publish them ourselves. Thank you. We love you. Martha & Lucy. P. S. Contributions should be sent to: PORPOISE PRESS, Box 6541, Surfside, Fla. 33154.

A COLLECTION OF SHORT PERSONAL NARRATIVES by Lesbians showing our diversity is being put together by Margaret Cruikshank, 4040 Minnesota Ave., Duluth, Minn. 55802 Her idea is to get material from a cross section of people, writers and those who are writing for the first time. If you have suggestions or can write a piece for the collection, contact her. Some of the topics to be covered: childhood experiences, marriage, fears and uncertainties, relationships and coming out.

TELL OUR ADVERTISERS WHERE YOU HEARD OF 'em or they won't wanna spend money with us 'n we won't be able to send you 6 issues of 'Tross for only \$7.00. TAC.

INNER FEELINGS: FIRST POEMS FROM THE WOMENS CORRECTIONAL INSTITUTE are available from: The Women's Correctional Institute Arts Workshop c/o Brabner, 271 Thorn Lane, Apt 6 Newark, Delaware, 19711 at \$1.00 per copy. All profits go to the workshop, which is hoping to produce other inmate-created writing and art projects on a regular basis.

GAIA'S GUIDE 1977 - Annual pocket size international bar guide and complete directory. Don't leave home without it or you'll be sure to miss something. GAIA'S GUIDE '77 includes all of the U. S. S. plus 40 other countries and has over 2000 listings including: restaurants, resorts, bookstores and mail order houses, publishers, resources, and services. GAIA'S GUIDE is now available from ALBATROSS at our new address: PO Box 2046, Central Station, E.O. N.J. 07019 for \$5.00 including postage and handling.

CLOSETS ARE FOR CLOTHES is what is says on a button now available from: BEAHEIVE ENTERPRISES 2 for \$1.00. The address is BEAHEIVE ENTERPRISES, POB 87, Williamsbridge Station Bronx, NY 10467 and a free catalog is included with every order. Send for yours now!!

WE MOVED (again). No, that isn't the title of a new book--it's in case you didn't see the we moved notice before this. T.A.C. and 'Tross would appreciate if you would use our new address: ALBATROSS PO BOX 2046, Central Station, East Orange, New Jersey 07019 for all correspondence. Thank you.



Bea Baron, prop.

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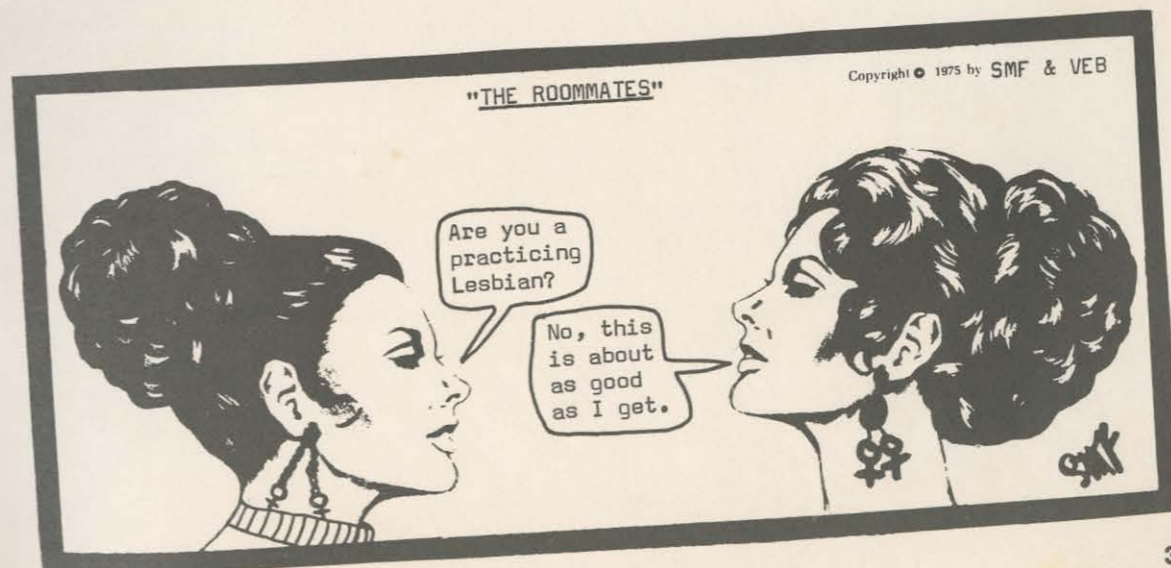
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NEW COMIX

PRICELLA PUMPS - STARBUCKWHEAT COMIC BOOK is available from PERSEPHONE PRESS: A Branch of Pomegranate Productions, RFD #1 -- Box 98A, Monticello, N.Y. 12701, for \$1.25 per copy (including postage and handling). The comic book by Barba Kutzner, (guitarist, songwriter, performer, graphic artist, writer and ex-hooker) evolved from a therapeutic adventure into a single story comic. While personifying two distinct aspects of the typical dyke, Barba utilizes her experiences with a blending of clarity, satire and amazon strength that leaves Wonder Woman in the dust.

DYNAMITE DAMSELS by Roberta Gregory is a new Lesbian comic book. It's one you can really relate to (we're planning to review it next issue). Available for \$1.35 (incl. postage) from: Roberta Gregory, PO Box 4192, Long Beach, Calif. 90804. (Send for it today!)




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ALBATROSS-WINTER 1977

THE KARMIC REVENGE LAUNDRY SHOP PRESS

CATALOG 1977



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Kathleen Cornus Sage of the ESTROGEN Monthly
says: "Ms. DelosAnhelis' work is 'dragonfood'!"

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