

Spring/Summer 1977

ALBATROSS

THE LESBIANFEMINIST SATIRE MAGAZINE

NEW FOR
SPRING
NOT A
RE-RUN



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SPRING
NOT A
RE-RUN

Robert
Gregory

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REVOLUTION

Editorial View



SHORT PROCEDURE UNIT PATIENT INSTRUCTIONS

DO NOT EAT OR DRINK anything, not even a sip of water, the morning of your admission.

Leave all valuables at home.

Do not wear any make up and remove dentures.

Abandon all hope, ye who enter here.

--by Marion Cohen

(A few weeks ago my friend Squeaky (Judy Ardito) wrote a song called: "KILL THE DOCTORS" (they've been, after all, killing us for years), and is making plans to organize "disabled" women for sane health care-- We dedicate this issue of 'tross to all the women who are fighting (for our lives) against the patriarchal medical establishment... and most particularly to Virginia E. Bass -- her loving care has enabled our beloved editor to continue with the struggle... TAC)

Dear Sisters-

I was in the middle of typing Chocolate's interview when the first wave of pain hit. Laughing through tears (it's a funny interview) and compulsive-obsessive to the end, (besides, around here you don't leave paper in the typewriter for the cats to eat), I finished typing (slowly and in a bent-over position) put the pages neatly away & checked into the local emergency room. As Virginia wasn't home from school yet, (she usually accompanies me on these late-nite jaunts to hospital land --) I went with my mother. The doctor decided on the basis of the available facts - (a single girl of 37 who lives with her mother must be neurotic) that there wasn't any thing wrong with me-

"oh, she's just hysterical." But my mother assured him that I'd been on my own since age 14 so he deigned to do a few tests...

That was 9PM and the tests came up clean-- the pain in my side (& the grapefruit size lump -- presumably not of the florida variety -- protruding from same) being merely figments of my "girlish" imagination. By 2AM I was deranged enough to take the doctor into my confidence, "I have SLE," I said, "do you know what that is?" (I never tell this interesting fact to the medical establishment unless desperate, as the "treatment" for lupus is generally much more devastating than the disease -- once upon a time when "they" knew I had it and didn't bother to tell me, they were able to bring my weight to a back-breaking 300 lbs as an interesting side-effect of steroid therapy... Having finally reached 133 in my everdownward descent to "normalforme" weight I am unusually secretive with drs.)

"Oh, I know all about that -- we have someone right now in this emergency room with the same thing" "Why's she here," I said, feeling sure it was she since 85% of lupus cases are women of child bearing age...

"She took an overdose of pills and tried to kill herself oh, well, lets just do a blood test to make you happy -- but really there isn't anything wrong with you..."

My white count was sky high-- they gave me some "medicine" (which we here in 'trossland usually call dope) and a long list of doctors who might see me in the morning as the emergency room had fulfilled its function. (the bill came to \$80.00 for that).

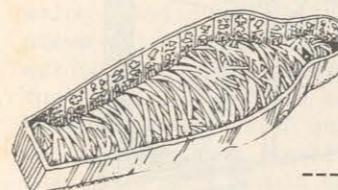
The 11th doctor on the list finally saw me and had me admitted to the hospital -- the 17 or so doctors who saw me subsequently all agreed that the lump (after proper and even some improper testing -- but that's another story) hadda come out. The dr. in "charge" of the case complained that I was calling in so many consultants but I figured that before he'd let them cut him up he'd have at least that many opinions...

After spending 2 weeks in hospital and 4 weeks confined to bed (with bathroom privileges) (and if nobody mentions it I'll admit that I got up outta bed twice -- one time to hear Alix Dobkin and the other to hear Trish Williams at the Women's Coffee House cause my mind was about to rot) -- I found a doctor who said I could be awake (continued next page)

during the surgery (yeah, I'm finally convinced I need it cause the lump is now pressing on nerves in my leg and I'm tired of staying in bed) and since the complications of having surgery with lupus come from the anesthesia (mostly) and since she's the first doctor who speaks ENGLISH rather than doctorese I'm gonna take the chance... (oh, shit, whatamIsaying?) ...

So this issue is finally being slammed together so the printer will have it while I attend to more (ahem) pressing business & if anything was left out or screwed-up... well, what did you expect?

My sincere thanks to all the women who have been sending me love and good woman energy- (there are too many to thank individually & you all know who you are and so do I and I love all of you...).

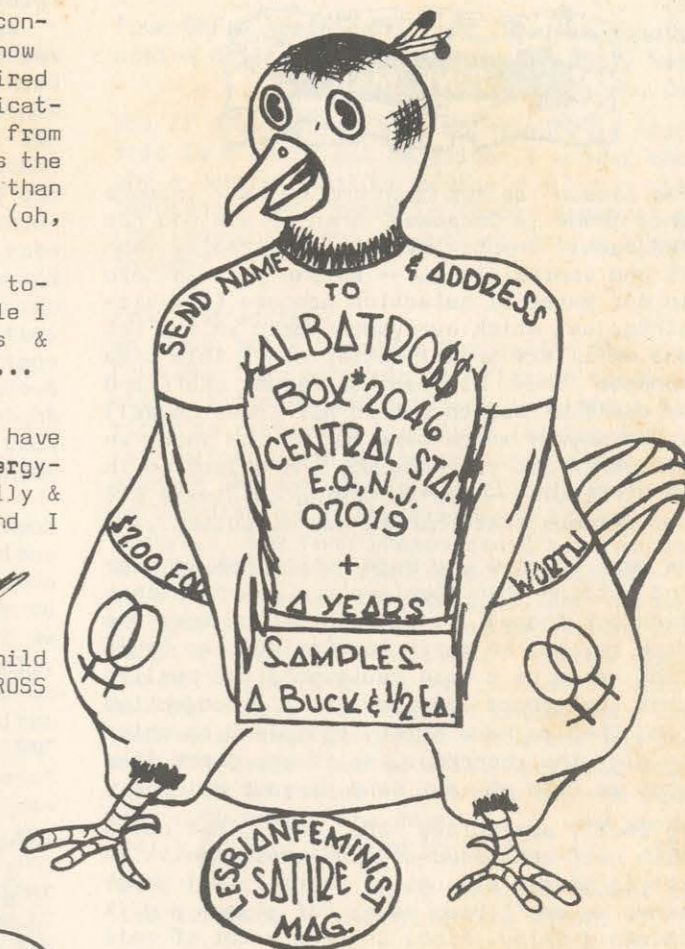


Stacey M. Franchild
Stacey M. Franchild
Editor -- ALBATROSS

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ALBATROSS is published quarterly by the ALBATROSS collective (TAC) and a sub is \$7 & runs 6 issues (this is a double issue). Samples are \$1.50. We welcome material/drawings/comix etc. but can't pay yet. All letters received will be considered for publication unless clearly marked NOT FOR PUBLICATION... speaking of which all material is copyrighted (c-1977 TAC editor Stacey M. Franchild & permission to reprint must be requested in writing). We rely on feedback and input and thank you for taking the time to let us know what you think of 'tross.

TAC



JUNK MAIL

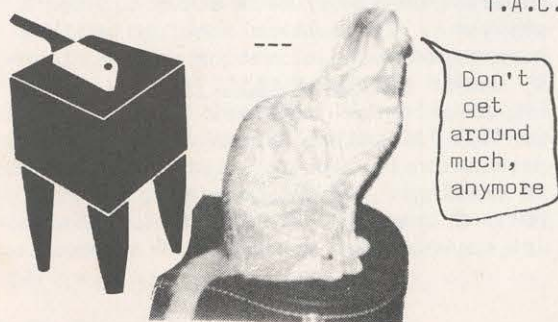
The reason we are printing so many letters this issue is because: when we ask you for feedback, input, etcetera, we really mean it and appreciate it -- we use your letters in our material selection process (OK, Virginia, just stick everything back in the hat and we'll try to pull better stuff this time because they all want different stuff and we can't afford to put in all these pages!) ...so anyway where were we? oh yeah, we wanted to let you know why the selection is so difficult --- we're trying to please all our readers (fat chance) and ourselves...

We want to give you more satire but we aren't getting that much (are you paying attention out there) ... enough of you want the book reviews so we're continuing them (anybody wanna be a book reviewer?) We realize that the record reviews are all subjective (and that we have shitty equipment on which to play the records)...so if you don't like what we said why not send us your opinion.

We really appreciate the mail that comes with self-addressed-stamped-envelopes... we try to answer all mail promptly but sometimes we don't have money for stamps and it causes a delay. Also, there's a lot of mail and the cost of stamps cuts into what we need to get 'tross to the printers. This is not a business -- we do it for all of us who enjoy it (we never planned to make any money on 'tross but just once we'd like to break even so we could buy some dope and maybe even get the typewriter fixed). End of poor-mouth pitch! ... (for now)

So anyway, keep them cards & letter coming in --- in the final analysis you out there in readerland are why we put up with all the aggravation -- without you we don't exist!

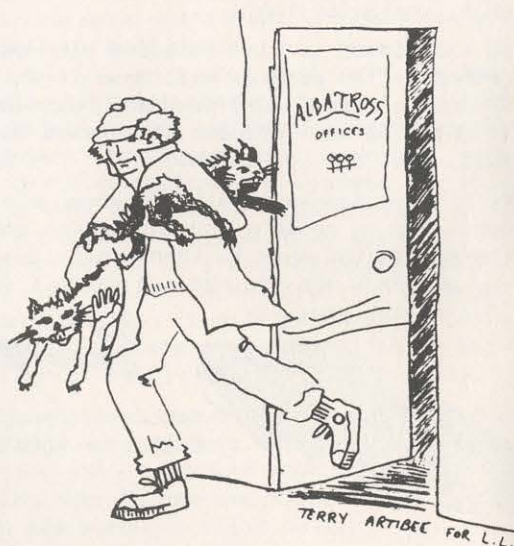
T.A.C.



Dear ALBATROSS Sisters-

We are very sorry about the cats we lifted from your magazine and forgot to give you credit for. Look for a public apology on the editorial page of our July issue. We'll try to be good from now on.

Nancy Silver-rod
for the LEAPING LESBIAN



Dear TAC-

I am writing to tell you all how thrilled I am with my ALBATROSS jiffy, portable homophobe detector. No sooner do I hand a copy of FIGHTING WOMAN NEWS to a homophobe than the ALBATROSS ad jumps out and smack 'em in the eye leaving the wretched bigot jumping up and down and crying in pain, "Dyke! Queer! Commie!" and so forth. You are all truly wonderful and I thank you for performing this service to the feminist press.

Valerie Eads
FIGHTING WOMAN NEWS

Dear Women of the ALBATROSS collection (Whoops, collective) we feel strongly (as up front dykes) that allowing one of your members, Ginger, to remain closeted is counterrevolutionary and suspicious behavior...

Barbara Grier and Donna McBride
Bates City, Mo.

Dear (very dear!) Sisters-

It's not that Ginger is in the closet... it's just that she used to be a male before we had it chopped off and she doesn't show her face much anymore. If OLIVIA can hire transsexuals, so can we.

Love, TAC

Dear SMF and The ALBATROSS Collective-

What kind of women write useless blurbs like the one SMF wrote (and The ALBATROSS editors printed) about Cris Williamson's album The Changer and The Changed. SMF speaks of "garbage". Is that because she spends so much energy on trashing? How can women bond together if they treat each other in such a vicious fashion? As an artist, I count on constructive criticism and disciplined disagreement. But SMF's words represent the very thing that could destroy the women's movement at this tender stage of its development. Any woman artist about to commit herself to women's culture might quickly change her mind after reading that "review" for fear she too would be treated so badly.

When women trash each other or take each other into men's courts or sue each other using patriarchal capitalist values we face grave danger as a movement. It is harder to act as conscious lesbian feminists but we must demand it of our selves and especially we must demand it of any woman who takes advantage of the small joys and victories that come as a result of women's work. SMF said in her review of "Living With Lesbians" that you realize how proud and glad you are to be a woman-identified woman and you say "...more power to us all". That is an impossible dream if women trash each other like SMF trashed Cris. SMF said she has to "empty the garbage which is 'filling up and spilling over'". In a time when privileged wasteful people throw away a lot of good food, I suggest women retrieve Cris's album

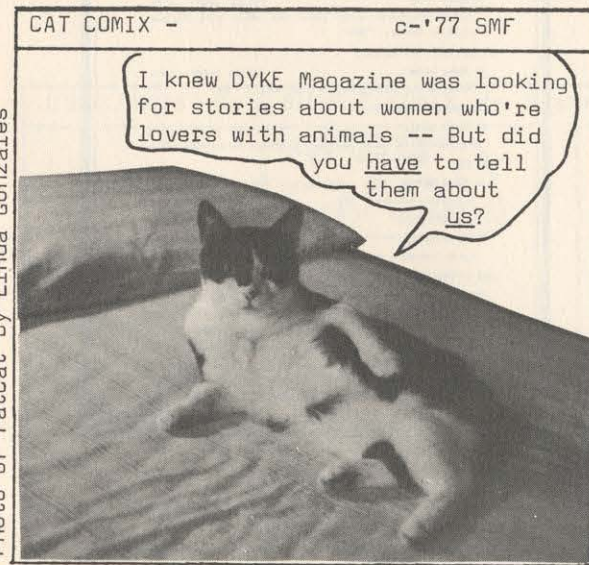


Photo of FatCat by Linda Gonzales

from SMF's trash and treat it with constructive criticism and with care. Holly Near Ukiah, Ca.

PS: If your response by any chance is "Well this is a satirical magazine", I wonder then why a caring, serious review of "Living With Lesbians" and "Hang In There" appeared on the same page. And is putting down a sister satire?

From the editor-

We thank Holly Near&far for taking the time from her busy schedule to offer us constructive criticism and analysis -- without the right to criticize & analyse lesbian-feminist culture we'd all be in sorry shape- and y'know? she was absolutely right! we fished the disc outta the trash and it was very tasty... the food stamps don't pay for the little extras and even some necessities -- like toilet paper for instance, and the cover came in handy, too, for separating the twigs & seeds from the rest. Thanks again for "straightening" us out and we're sorry we didn't have the space to review your con- (and we do mean con) cert --the one you did with Meg Jewish but we still have your nice new album to review -- y'know, the one with that cute boy on the cover... and we're really looking forward to that... SMF

PS: I'd estimate I spend an equal amount of time trashing & taking out the trash.

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The winner of the Meg Jewish lookalike contest is..... John Colorado!

Dear Ms. Franchild:

A young woman of my acquaintance has sent along a copy of your review (if you'll pardon my calling your sermon a review) with a note that, on sum, says I should go "tsk tsk" at you. No, I think not. What you have written I'm sure was written because that was the way you saw the film A Boy and His Dog, and was the way you read the story from which it was made. To suggest you should have seen and read as I intended would be asking too much. Like members of the American Nazi Party (or whatever euphemisms it hides behind these days) who truly believe six million Jews did not go to the ovens and shallow graves despite all evidence to the contrary, you choose to believe I hate women and have written a story that proclaims the psychosis broadly. Forgive the unintentional (sic) use of the word.

To suggest that I was writing a story of two extremes, neither of which serves the human heart, would be--I suspect--only further cause for you to become agitated. Nonetheless, such was the case.

My treatment of women in "A Boy and His Dog" is based on historical precedent, and is a precedent I find distasteful. I tried very hard to make it distasteful in the work. The boy is a metaphor for the amoral life of great cities, the girl is metaphor for love purposely corrupted to serve the ends of the uncaring and self-serving middle-class, and only the dog embodies those qualities of humanity I find priceless and filled with grace: honor, ethic, wit, friendship and bravery. These are qualities I admire in female and male alike...and they are qualities I see in rare frequency these days.

Like many people imbued with a final but forgivable fervor for a cause or viewpoint --Hoffer called them "true believers" --you choose to see everything in terms of that cause; and sadly, every once in a while, it blinds you to the nature of the true enemy. Perhaps the sequel to this story, from the viewpoint of a woman solo in Vic and Blood's world, will soften your consideration of me and my work. But probably not. I'm a man, and though I try to do my best as one who respects his craft, I'm not a woman, and I'll no doubt do something wrong. But at least I'll try.

Sincerely,
HARLAN ELLISON
Sherman Oaks, Ca.

EVERY BOY SHOULD HAVE A DOGMA

Even though it often turns out to be a sonofabitch.

Because it gives him a sense of security to have something smaller than himself to play with.

And even when he grows up and leaves it behind he'll be sorry to hear it died.

And sooner or later he'll be finding one of his own and dragging it in saying,
"Can I keep him, Ma?"

--by Gail White
from PANDORA'S BOX



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Dear Sisters-

... I think the Winter 1977 is (as usual) great! I loved Sue RedMountain's article, and thought "The Wizard Of Os" was lots of fun. I also thought "Ways to Use Leftover Cats" was great (-not that I have anything against cats, of course...). Concerning the controversy spoken of in the letters to the editor, some words I love are: cunt, dyke, and Lesbian. Keep up the good work on the magazine!

In Sisterhood,
name withheld by request
West Lafayette, Indiana

Dear ALBATROSS Women-

...Enjoyed your last issue real much - you're getting better & better - I appreciate what you're doing although it's a bit much at times.
Katie for AMAZON
Milw, Wisc.

Dear Sisters-

Just writing to say how pleased I am with my sub. to ALBATROSS. Enclosed is a very humble sum of money, but then every little bit helps eh? I cannot thank you enough for making a magazine such as yours available to Lesbian/Feminists. Your efforts don't go unappreciated. The comix are simply outrageous - love 'em! I especially liked "Lesbian TV Guide" in Winter '77 issue. You're all fantastic .. kisses to all of you. Best wishes from -
Kathe Blackburn
Scottsdale, Pa.

(junk mail continues elsewhere in this issue - look for it)

Dear Stacey-

...I am delighted to learn that another of my poems is to be published in the ALBATROSS. Honestly, nothing pleases me more: there's almost nothing published I can take seriously, much less trust, anymore. These days virtually any other publication is so damn slick it practically slides right out of my fingers. Especially the allegedly feminist and/or woman-oriented rags. Now I don't know why you've never sold out-- maybe no-one ever make you a decent offer. That's not my business, but I do know you are pushing nothing more than your own raunchy kind of feminism and giving women a chance to share their writings and selves in a society that treats unknown, unpublished, noncelebrity living women poets as its lowest stratum of lepers. Anyhow, it means much more to me to get my poetry published in the ALBATROSS than to make it into print again in that scummy-slick NEW YORK magazine and get ripped off for my uniqueness. At least I know your readers are with me. Shalom,
Linda Bisgaard
Clark, N.J.

Dear Sisters-

...After reading the last issue I am compelled to ask - How many cats do you have, anyway? Wow- it must be a lot!! (We have 1 and it feels like, 5 already!). My lover & I especially enjoyed "18 Ways of Lesbian Love" and "Ways to Use Leftover Cats".

In Sisterhood,
Priss Sloss
Pitts, Pa.

JESUS CHRIST ON A BICYCLE COMIX -by Stacey M. Franchild & Virginia E. Bass c-1977 TAC



LESBIANA: BOOK REVIEWS FROM THE LADDER, 1966-1972 :The Naiad Press, Inc. PO Box 5025, Washington Station, Reno, Nevada 89513 (\$4.00).

This is wonderful stuff to have all together in one place all at once. (Yeah, forgot to put :by Barbara Grier, also known as Gene Damon, but who else do y'know who writes by Plant Lite??). I don't know about all the rest of you, but I never did get around to subscribing to the LADDER, so I could only read those issues I managed to snatch from various friends - when I got the chance. And never, never did I ever get a chance to read so much as a fraction of the reviews Barbara Grier/Gene Damon wrote. After the demise of TL, I was left as lost about who was writing what, and what was both new and good, new and awful, or just There, as...well, never mind. Here are all of the reviews, in that same sane voice - from the beginnings, when any book that so much as mentioned lesbians might serve for some interesting reading, to June/July of '72, when Lesbians were not only mentioned by all sorts of authors (& film makers), but were exploding with their own writings about their own sensibilities (if that's the word), and all shades of discoveries and excitements & disasters in between. It's fascinating to read and re-read these things -- Grier/Damon has a way of putting things without going on & on &



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on forever & ever and so on: a talent this dribble-wit admires with a certain awe. She is so absorbingly GOOD, it's a pleasure just to turn off the rest of the world and read what she has to say. There's something about the way she expresses herself, the clear sanity with which she sees and writes, that makes you realize you've been in the company of an incredibly decent, civilized woman. Get this collection if you possibly can (it's less than an 8 ounce jar of instant coffee, after all, and will sustain you much longer), not only for all I've said above, but also because, through these reviews lies an enormous part of our own her-story -- unrecorded anywhere else - and a vital source book for just about everyone interested in our selves, our sources, our sights & insights.

--by margie f. robertson



YOU CAN HAVE IT WHEN I'M DONE WITH IT: by Betty Webb Mace -- Published by Daughters, Inc. Plainfield, Vermont 05667 \$4.

This is one of the MOST delightful, free-flying TRIPS ever! Set yourself a little time apart, 'cause this is NOT a book you can read and put down to come back to once you've started it! Any- (continued next page)

one who can take off from openers like..."Outside, the skies had opened like flushed toilets..." (describing Los Angeles) and make it work, sustain it through to the very end, has got to be the happy victim of the pixilated muse! Haven't laughed so hard so long, over a BOOK, for...ages.

The story revolves & evolves around Jenny, a young woman artist, for whom only the daily and trite never happens. The pace of the book never slackens, never palls, hardly ever lets you catch your breath, but spins on - in its very own, delightfully unique way- through paint brushes, rain, laundry, weather, lovers, floods, friends bars & barmaids, to an almost triumphant high: when our struggling artist finally gets a show of her own, plus raving reviews, only to be spun 'round completely by the "freak factor." Jenny herself may be a classic of many "rap group" women - the one who's almost as compulsively heterosexual as--you've all met her, I'm sure!

But with this difference; Jenny has more durned FUN, throughout, than anything we ever heard in any durned "rap group" and her conversation and reaction to a lesbian co-worker is so beautifully, perfectly done it,nope: ain't going one syllable further: GET THIS BOOK if you do nothing else for the next several years! Then you-

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'll know everything said here is gross injustice & understatement. It's really and truly a gem of a rainbow of a great, grinning, gurgling, marvelous book, written with a style & verve unmatched ANYwhere. And here's hoping for lots more.

--mfr

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

So there I was at the Waldorf getting an award...

when a man hit me in the face with

an apple pie. He said, 'all the way for ERA'. Women paid him to do it.

That's a switch-- women paying men to do their dirty-work...

So far there's been no statement from WOMEN AGAINST VIOLENCE AGAINST WOMEN.

BETTY FRYPAN FUNNIES c- VEB & SMF

Lately lots of housewives have come out of their kitchens and into the

1

mainstream in full participation with men...

2

There's Phyllis & Anita & Maribel & even Dale Evans. Why, even the new president of N.O.W. is a housewife...

3

See what can be accomplished by working with men?

I think I'll take cooking lessons.

4



COUNTRY WOMEN: A HANDBOOK FOR THE NEW FARMER

By Jeanne Tetrault & Sherry Thomas - Anchor Press/Doubleday, New York.

For anyone interested in returning to the land & wanting any helpful information this book must be read. The authors have covered everything a new farmer needs to know from how to buy the land to playing veterinarian to farm animals. There is also an outstanding resource section following the text. This is certainly an extremely helpful book to have. The only thing I wondered about was why didn't the feminist press publish it? Certainly Doubleday couldn't be interested in feminist material or maybe it is...

--by Ronnie Alzheimer

HOLY MARY HOLY MARY COMIX



However good the shepherd may be, eventually he leads the sheep to the slaughter.

By Gail White
c-1977 TAC

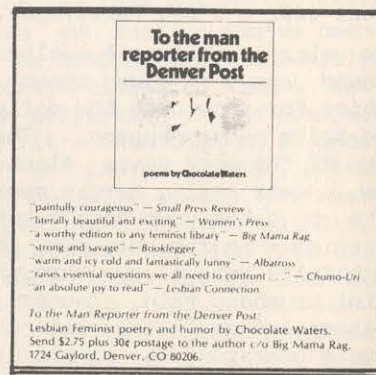
INNER FEELINGS -- are a delight! From inside the walls of the Women's Correctional Institute come so many voices so full of life and warm, good earth, they make me feel pretty silly grumbling about "cabin fever" being snowed in - they really do. Thirteen voices --all ages here -- from inside prison walls, tell us uniquely just what it's like (for those of us who haven't been there), the boredom, the longing to be out and free again, thoughts of their children on the Other Side, their faith, their understandings. One that caught me up short right away was "I am not a peanut/ but I am in a shell / is it heaven or am I in hell?" by Cookie And "Torn from my roots/ a stranger in a new land/a bridge between where I am going/yet belonging to neither" by V.L.S. And again,"I wish I had a truly wishing well near/I wish myself out of Here..." by D.A.

There are longer, graceful poems here too, that I wish I had room to quote. In the front of the book is this PS which I think too important to leave out, so: P.S. "we voted and decided to give a lot of copies away for free to the people in the community who we really want to listen: if you are a judge, social worker, government official, citizen or friend who got a free copy, we wouldn't mind a donation not one little bit, to help keep the project going"

I suggest you send a donation and order TWO copies at least - one for yourself to keep and enjoy, and one to pass along to people such as judges, social workers, etc. that you may know; and if you are working at similar Prison Workshops, order several from: WOMEN'S CORREC-

TIONAL INSTITUTE ARTS WORKSHOP, c/o Brabner -- 271 Thorne Lane #6, Newark, Del. 19711. This little book is a gold mine, really, and is worth every cent you can spare.

--by margie f. robertson



THE JAKOBA POEMS by Judith Kernan \$1.50 -- White Pine Press, 15 Mt. Vernon Avenue Buffalo, NY 14215.

These poems are rich & deep and have a kind of eloquent QUIET about them that's really beautiful. I keep picking the book up and -- though these are hardly what you might call "pretty things" (they aren't at all pretty actually), there is such a depth and... grace? ...there. My first impression was, 'here is a woman who KNOWS,' with the kind of deep Real Knowing that only the best of women poets seem to have. Some of her topics are excruciatingly painful, and yet, when she speaks as she does, with that rich, spare, quiet, she actually somehow SHARES some of that Knowing, so the reader also feels richer, with a calm depth she may not have felt before. That gift or art, or both, of calm, quiet depth is a really rare and exquisite thing-- especially as she has used it here, in spare lines & tones. You can put these poems (continued next page)

down, but (at least I) can't walk away from them. I hope Kernan keeps on writing and becomes even more widely published--hers is a unique and lovely voice I'd dearly love to hear more of.

--mfr



THE CUNT COLORING BOOK Pearlchild Productions 1800 Market St. Box 151 San Francisco, Calif. 94102 -- \$2.40.

WOMAN TO WOMAN, EUROPEAN FEMINISTS by Bonnie Charles Bluh --- STAROGUBSKI PRESS PO BOX 46 GPO Brooklyn, NY 11202 (\$4.50).

WOMAN TO WOMAN's focus is on International feminism. It is composed of Ms. Bluh's interviews with feminists in the following countries: Ireland, England, Holland, France, Spain; and, yes, Brooklyn. Believe it or not, American women seem in better shape liberation-wise than any of our European sisters (yes, we can still use that word without flinching.)

Ms. Bluh intersperses her interviews with personal anecdotes, which give an added dimension to her work, and are well worth the price of the book alone. Hurrah for Ms Bluh for leaving husband

and children to go abroad & bring us back such incisive interviews! We recommend **WOMAN TO WOMAN** for all of us, and especially for those of us who may be having a hard time realizing the concept of sisterhood in the jungle of American feminism.

--by A. Ann Dana

INSPIRATIONAL POSTERS

EA
THOUGH
I WALK
THROUGH THE
VALLEY OF THE
SHADOW OF DEATH
I WILL FEAR NO
EVIL FOR I AM
THE MEANEST
BITCH IN THE
⊕ VALLEY ⊕

\$2 each from
Fighting Woman News
9 E. 48th St., NYC 10017

Fighting Woman News

THE FEMINIST BOOK OF LIGHTS AND SHADOWS by Z. Budapest-\$5 from The Feminist Wicca, 442 Lincoln Blvd, Venice, Ca 90291.

Not-so-wicked witchcraft laid out in detail with a very positive feminist background that dispels all the old myths of devil worship & toothless old hags. This book describes the feminist aspect of witchcraft and is a complete guide to becoming a practicing Dianic witch. Tools, Esbats, Tarot reading and coven organization are all described fully and clearly, accessible to any interested sisters. If you're not a believer when you begin the book, you might well be by the end.

This reviewer was convinced and is fast becoming more involved in it day by day. The chapters on spells and herbs touched me deepest, & further convinced me that we can and will regain the powers known by the wise ones who faced the flames at the burning stakes so long ago.

--by Desi Seagull

A FEMINIST ANALYSIS OF CHILD ABUSE by M.E.S.S. \$2. from Suzy Seeker Press, P.O. Box 160181 - Sacramento, Calif. 95816.

A fine collection of theories that lay out the real reasons for the anger that flares when the kids have gotten you to the point of wanting to climb a wall. In other words, scream at the representatives of the patriarchy who keep women (in this case, mothers) in their place; not the children.

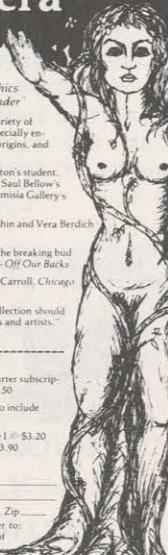
These women, some lesbian mothers among them, state that in most cases a mother's anger is misplaced-- aimed at her children because she feels she stands to lose too much if it's unleashed on those who actually deserve it; husband, employer, etc. It is written to put women back in touch with their righteous anger and help them to be the ones to break the ages-old chain of oppression--husbands over wives and wives over children. Mothers will learn that they aren't alone in their anger & frustration & the final chapter gives concrete ways to eliminate child abuse that could be implemented almost immediately. This book is a must for mothers and others who have children in their lives and is highly recommended.

"1977 A YEAR AND A DAY CAL-
ENDAR" By Carol Clement and
Z. Budapest (\$4. from DIANA
PRESS, INC.)

When I first heard about
this calendar, I had a flash-
back to a scene which is the
usual for me come the first
week of January: standing
in the local bookstore per-
using their selection of
calendars whose themes al-
ways seem to exclude me and
all my sisters; for there
was, until now, no calendar
which covered my interests
or religion. The selection
included a fine array of Jew-
ish calendars, Middle Earth
datebooks for Tolkien fans,
calendars picturing scenes
from that Richard Adams Epic
"Watership Down", calendars
for gardeners bursting with
flowers and sunny skies, &
appointment books billed as
"for liberated women" (I
view it as condescending &
mocking), and the ever-pop-
ular "Playboy" calendar for
all the good ole' boys. So
somehow I as a feminist wic-
ca and woman-identified-woman
always felt left out in
the New Year's cold.

But now in 1977 I am hap-
pily basking in a woman glow
so warm savoring the rit-
uals of the Goddess as laid
out in the pages of this Wic-
can calendar. The months
are not the traditional "30
days hath Septemner" as set
up by the patriarchy, but
rather this calendar is giv-
en in 13 28-day periods,
which represent the lunar
rhythms of women and the
moon in Goddess culture; the
first such calendar of it's
sort, I'm sure. The phase
of the moon for each day is
given along with festival
dates and the exact time of
season changes. It is meant
to be an aid in helping wit-
ches correlate their spells
with the proper phases of


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student, author Shouri Daniels, and Artemisia Gallery's
Nancy Redmond.
Future issues will offer works by Lyn Lishin and Vera Berdich
of the Art Institute of Chicago
— a magazine that wishes to capture the breaking bud
urgency of creating a woman's culture. — Off Our Backs
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— "Vital, haunting, beautiful." — Paul Carroll, Chicago
Magazine
— the library with a good feminist collection should
not miss this anthology of women writers and artists.
— Library Journal

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the moon (very important
this) and I think many wicca
women will be glad for it. I
have found it to be a good
idea and very useful.
My favorite part of the cal-
endar is the spells which
are given in each period
along with the previously-
mentioned material on the
moon phases. Spells, devo-
tions, notes on which spells
are appropriate to which
time, dedications to the
Goddess, and ideas for her
festivals are all given, and
I liked the parts on spells
the best because it takes
what was given in Z. Budap-
est's Dianic witchcraft
handbook, "The Feminist Book
of Lights and Shadows" even
further and provides spells
for even more situations. I
am currently finding it
helpful for some situations
I am wrestling with, and I
would not have been aware
of these spells if I had not
read through the calendar.
It contains a wealth of in-
formation on so many facets
of the Craft.

Reading the calendar is a
beautiful experience which
made me feel all the more in
touch with my woman-instincts
and close to all other
Dianic witches in Amerika;
it made me happy and that
warm glow of being part of
something (finding my niche
so to speak) makes up for
all the times the themes of
patriarchal calendars left
me out in the cold. I recom-
mend this calendar to all
women; after all, it is the
first of it's kind ever and
made by women, and we should
all keep our hearts open to
the ways of the ancient ones
whose trials and joys can
do so much to help our jour-
neys on the hard roads of
today.

--by Desi Seagull

12



WHERE WOULD I BE WITHOUT YOU
The poetry of Pat Parker and
Judy Grahn. OLIVIA RECORDS-
Box 70237, L.A. Ca. 90070
(\$5.50 + .55¢ mailing costs)

Where poets Judy Grahn and
Pat Parker are concerned, I
always felt like I was miss-
ing something that a lot of
other lesbians/feminists
seemed to be really hip to.
In the case of Judy Grahn, I
felt she was good, but, more
often than not, terribly
overrated; while Pat Park-
er's poetry left me depres-
sed and uncomfortable. I
could never seem to get be-
yond this, where either poet
was concerned, though I
usually appreciate/admire
strong, articulate women, no
matter what direction they
are coming from. But after
listening to these two poets
reading their own work(s)
on this record, my ears may
possibly have come to some
kind of terms with the con-
flicts that my eyes may not
have even been aware of.

After all, at the rate I
consume books of modern/con-
temporary women's poetry, I
am bound to slip up on the
true value of someone's
'written' words. But how
the hell can you miss it
when you're in a quiet room
all by yourself, with the
lights turned down low, re-
clining on a soft, comfort-
able sofa, 'listening' to
the words rushing across

ALBATROSS SPRING/SUMMER '77

the room at you? Answer:
you can't.
Therefore, I would like to
go on record (no pun inten-
ded) saying that if your
head is so full of other
things (such as mine usually
is), you must definitely
'hear' the words of Judy
Grahn & Pat Parker in order
to grasp the full signific-
ance of what (these) two
strong, enticingly command-
ing women/lesbians/poets
have to say. And to enhance
it all, both women have a
natural, down-to-earth sound
to their voices, devoid of
any affectation, demanding
that you listen. And listen.
And listen. And... Well,
you get the idea.

--by Dorothy Feola



WOMEN BEHIND BARS
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... an important new booklet which provides
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political support and services, such as legal ed-
ucation projects, bail funds and prisoner unions.
Articles detail the problems of female prisoners,
analyse the role of prisons in society, suggest
organizing tactics, and outline the legal system
of the People's Republic of China. There are
also sketches of six U.S. women political pris-
oners and interviews with three ex-cons. An-
notated listings describe print and audio-visual
resources. 56pp., \$1.75, free to prisoners.
Resources for Community Change, PO Box
21066, Washington, DC 20009

FULL COUNT

By Willie Tyson - Available
for \$5.95 from LIMA BEAN
RECORDS, INC. 217 12th St.
S.E. Washington, D.C. 20003

The voice of a strong woman
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once again as Willie Tyson
writes and sings her proud-
woman songs; songs that ring
with self-assurance & pure

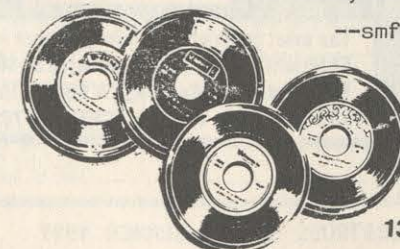
joyous spirit! Willie is a
lesbian/feminist singer-
songwriter from Florida who
is now based in D.C. & her
voice is very strong & beau-
tiful, & although her songs
aren't really obviously les-
bian-oriented, they do show
a strong woman's conscious-
ness and Willie's firm be-
lief in herself. Her songs
tell of loving women, of our
strength when confronted
with obstacles, fighting the
traditional sex role stereo-
types held by society & mov-
ing on to be free. The
songs also sketch out Wil-
lie's feelings on life and
coping with loneliness and
pain. Willie's imagery at
times reminds me of Dylans'
yet it is all her own and
stunningly female. The rich-
ness of her songs and voice
combine with the images to
make an album that touches
me deeper each time I play
it, and brings me closer to
matching the honesty laid
out in each track. Willie
is, to use the title of one
of her songs, "Beautiful."

--by Desi Seagull

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(by an overwhelmingly biased
collective member) next is-
sue -- send for it today...

--smf



13



DYNAMITE DAMSELS by Roberta Gregory, P. O. Box 4192, Long Beach, Calif. 90804 (\$1.35)

PRICELLA PUMPS, STAR BUCKWHEAT - by Barba Kutzner - PERSEPHONE PRESS RFD #1, Box 98A Monticello, NY 12701 (\$1.25).

The difference between reading Roberta Gregory's comic book, **DYNAMITE DAMSELS** and Barba Kutzner's comic book, **PRICELLA PUMPS, STAR BUCKWHEAT**, is like the difference between reading a novelette propagating 'Love and Sisterhood' - or 'finding your own way to the Revolution' - and a long prose poem depicting a personal slice of one dyke's (every dyke's?) bittersweet struggle just to exist---even for one day. Gregory is a fine illustrator and crams a lot into one small frame; her dialogue is natural and most of the incidents in the book, taken from her own life, are down to earth and identifiable. Kutzner, on the other hand, seems to be a 'caricaturist' in the truest sense of the word; her drawings are sketchy, exaggerated, out of proportion, with the dialogue flippant, obviously written more for effect than posterity. Yet, I feel that both books have something to offer. And both, in their own way, will sort of tug at your sleeve, drawing you back into a world of reality. Especially if, like myself, you have a tendency to keep escaping into a fantasy world/life of your own.

--by Dorothy Feola

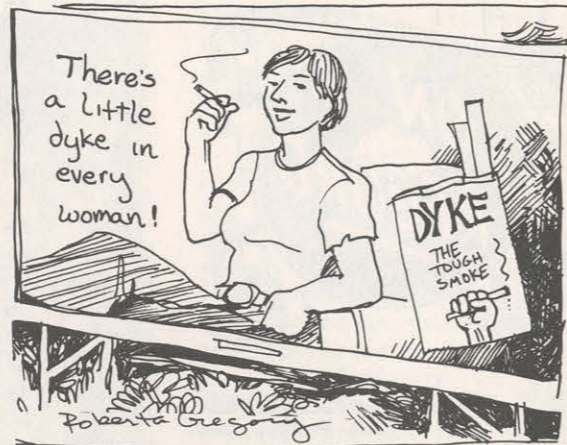
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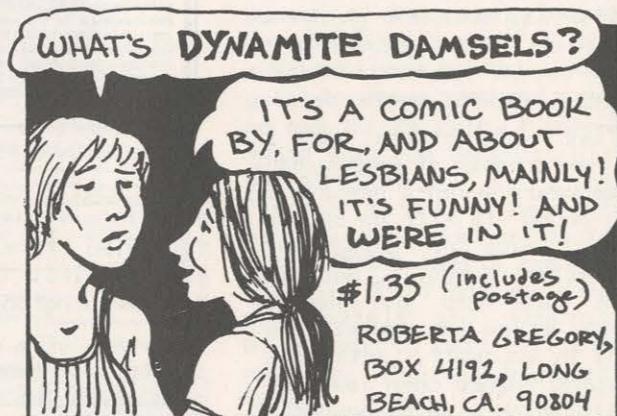
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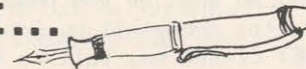


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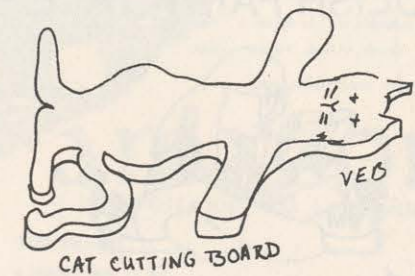


WOMAN WORDS: A referral service for Lesbian writers. Send a brief description of your written work or graphic (any kind) & \$2.00 to Nan Hawthorne, P.O. Box 35, Norway, Mi. 49870, and you will receive at least 3 different recommendations of publications or presses to send your work to for publication plus relevant info to aid you in your choice!

THE DIRECTORY OF WOMEN WRITING, edited by Polly Joan and Andrea Chesman, is available for \$3.85 from Women Writing Press, R.D. 3, Newfield, N.Y. 14867. This directory is a meeting place for women writers: 300 women share their lives, thoughts and poetry and are all interested in contacting other women writers. The goal of the directory is communication & includes the Women Writing mailing list of 600 subscribers and publications.

WRITE ON, WOMAN! A Writer's Guide to U.S. Women's /Feminist /Lesbian Alternate Press Periodicals, compiled & Edited by Lynne D. Shapiro, 1977 edition. The guide sells for \$3.50 and can be ordered from the author at 92 Horatio St. 4S, NYC, NY 10014. This is a guide to periodicals for women poets, playwrights, journalists, novelists, shortstory writers, reviewers, theorists, - indeed all women writing any kind of work about any subject within the realm of women and/or the women's movem't. It makes available the most up-to-date information on 45 currently publishing periodicals put out by women who expressed a definite interest in unsolicited manuscripts. These 45 periodicals represent about 80% of the women's/feminist/lesbian periodicals known by the editor to be currently publishing in the U.S. and the material comes from questionnaires responded to by the publications.

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A POLISH FAIRY TALE



... Or, Another Interview With the Mother of a Lesbian Mother

by Rita Karman

ME: (eager to publish) Ma. Tell me something about your life so I can get it published.

MA: So what's to tell? Why don't you ask me about being the mother of a.....

ME: MA! Don't say it!

MA: Why not? What are you ashamed of? You dummy. Don't I always tell you, never be ashamed of how you are or how you feel. As long as you don't hurt anyone. You should walk with your head high. Be proud. Be SOMETHING ALREADY!

ME: I'm trying. I'm trying. You're always pushing me.

MA: Stop whining. Did I ever tell you when I came over on the boat I was so seasick, in steerage you know, it's terrible....

ME: Your syntax is terrible.

MA:....You should know what terrible is! There was this nice Polish lady doctor. And we became really friendly and she got me to stay with her and.....

ME: Ma! I don't want to hear it! Just please tell me something ORDINARY about yourself so I can write it up for this magazine. Something funny for god's sake.

MA: Funny? Funny, you say. Always running away into funny. EVERYTHING'S funny and NOTHING'S funny! What's funny when you're so ashamed I can't even call you a.....

ME: OK! OK Ma, a what?

MA: I know. I knew right away.

ME: OK Ma, what?

MA: (Trying to break it to me gently) So you're a little bit, what do they call it here? a fairy?

ME: Yes, ma, I'm a fairy--at least a little bit.

MA: As long as you're not alone. Even fairies have somebody. Why are you always alone? Why don't you have a fairy-friend?

ME: (bitterly) Maybe because I don't know any nice Polish lady doctors

MA: So what do you need me to be funny. You're funny all by yourself.

ME: Listen ma, tall me something about yourself. I can't stand this much longer.

MA: What can't you stand? You should see other mothers. How they torture their children if they're even different by a hair how the mother wants them to be.

Especially here in America! My God, but me, I let you do everything you want.

ME: (impudently) HERE SHMERE.

MA: You want to go to school, you go.

You don't want to go, you don't go. You should hear the stories I make up to tell people about a grown girl at home reading day and night, night and day.

ME: SHMERE HERE!

MA: (Laughing, but feeling it is her doody to continue) Why don't you socialize more? Soon nobody will be good enough for you, I'm warning you.

ME: You'll always be good enough for me, Ma.

MA: I know. But you should have your own friends. Besides, I'm not going to live forever, you know.

ME: Why not?

MA: (sighing deeply) See what I mean? I'm telling you, learn how to get along with people. Nobody can talk to you. I see how you are. Throw your books away.

(Disgustedly) And join the world. How do you live? Fairy or not, you have to live with people, don't forget that.

ME: (whining) But you don't know how terrible they act to fairies here.

MA: (aside--Fairy-shmairy, at least she won't come home pregnant) What's the big deal?

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If your local bookstore doesn't carry Gayellow Pages, you can order from: Renaissance House, Box 292AL, Village Sta., New York, NY 10014.

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Paid display advertising is also available. Howard Smith at (212) 744-2785 can give you rates and any other details.

ME: (a higher octave of whine joined with a note of self-justification) SEE! You just don't know!

MA: Oh please. Stop already. You make it worse than how they act. Look better at how YOU ACT. You use it as a bubba meisa* to excuse yourself from THEM. You have a really terrible "fabissena"*** strain in you. Besides it's how you act that counts. not them.

ME: But you just said I should get along in the world with people.

MA: What has one thing got to do with another? I talk lions and you talk fish.

ME: (accusingly) Because you're a lion and I'm a fish. So what do you want from me.

MA: (laughing) So how does a lion beget a fish?

ME: (perky now) God knows. After that lady doctor, who knows who you ran around with?

MA: Listen, my "bossichidah"****, What kind of magazine would print this nonsense, I don't know. But let's go have some coffee and good buttercake I made this morning, and forget the rest. Everything's a dream, it's all a dream, believe me.

ME: I believe you. I believe you, but where does THAT get me?

MA: Who knows? Let me get the coffee.

Can't you smell it perking? What a tasty smell!

ME: Yes.

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* story (Grandmother's tale)

**utterly untranslatable, but means along the lines of: unfriendly, reclusive, nasty in an introverted and wrinkled way.

***one and only sweet daughter implying guarantee of mother's sexual imortality (root concept of Jewish-American Princess, probably)

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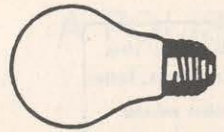
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A LIGHT IN THE CLOSET

BY TRISH WILLAMS

AN ORANGE A DAY KEEPS YOU STRAIGHT!



SAVE OUR CHILDREN (S.O.C.) HEADQUARTERS
DADE COUNTY, FLORIDA
U.S.A.

My Dear Old "Roomie",

How nice it was to hear from you again after all these years. It was such an interesting experience to re-read all those letters I had sent you during our school vacations. The photostated copies were very appreciated. And the pictures of us together -- my, so much I had forgotten.

You are correct that they could be mis-interpreted and, though I don't agree with your "insurance" plan I must admit it has its valid points. I'm sure that all my followers would understand and realize how innocent relationships can be twisted to resemble such sick ones but at this stage of political development you are correct to assume I won't take such a risk.

As a token of our old and dear friendship I will be sending an anonymous gift to the organization you have mentioned -- NGTF? and I will match that with a gift to you in the Swiss account you mentioned in your letter.

Trust in Jesus,

Anita B.

P.S. No, I don't think it would be best that we meet at the Glitter Palace for dancing.



SONGS OF THE SOOTH*

1

here's to the voters of florida
whose god is so puny, so small
that a would-be miss america
had to get him on the ball!

if you were god of florida
tell me, do you reckon
of all the queens in america
would you choose one who came in second?

2

anita bryant freely lives
as parasite on Others' lives -
something Straights would not forgive
if attempted on Others' wives!

3

anita bryant's going National!
victory she'd be cementing
and on t.v. she's as rational
as the Spook of San Clemente!



--by margie robertson
c-77 margie robertson

*Sooth is on purpose - thought of it first as pun on south - then looked it up & (heh) 'tis an archaic word for Truth! Inspiration! m.r.

JESUS CHRIST ON A BICYCLE COMIX c-77 TAC



Hi, Adam,
Hi, Bruce,
How's it going?

TAKE THAT AND SHOVE IT
UP YOUR BIBLE, ANITA!

Anita Bryant met an orange
dangling from a frozen limb
but Anita couldn't figger
was it a her? was it a him?

Good Anita peddles juices
from hermaphroditic trees
calls on Heav'n to save the
children
which (of course) it always has.

Good Anita's own TV show
trickled down th' asexual drain -
arts & crafts & juicy juices
shouldn't get near sewing machines!

c-77 margie robertson
--by margie robertson

CITRIC ACID by PEN

c-1977 T.A.C.

When the act of homo-
sexuality is no longer
illegal it might even
get to the point

where it would be
normal and straight
heterosexual life,
as god instituted it

would be abnormal.
That's a very fear-
ful thing!

I mean, after all,
if god had wanted
to condone homo-
sexuals he'd have
created Adam and
Bruce!



BACK TO THE KITCHEN

written especially for ALBATROSS
by Martha & Lucy Van Felix-Wilde



illustration by Carrie Melody Lear c-1977

Preparing food is holy work. We do it every day for each other with great love & happiness. That's why we must answer Betty Friedan's question "Why should I deprive myself of ...ambrosial eggs?"

Now that we're beginning to find out what eggs are, we don't think it's showing love to serve them, and we'd never again put one before a friend.

EGGS: the matter with them

What is an egg? A baby chicken? Sperm and ovum? Yucch. There are unfertilized and fertilized eggs. What does that mean?

Everybody who eats an egg is a thief. Better leave them in the nest! Egg industries enforce copulation, overstimulate reproduction through the use of synthetic untested hormones.

What do the chickens that you eat eat? One thing we've heard is yellow coal tar dyes to make the yolks yellower. These dyes permeate the skin of the chicken, making it more acceptable to shoppers than the pathetic nude raped and massacred body that it is. Till all chickens peck free, away from the chicken wire and infra-red light, giving their eggs as offerings to the world, how can Porpoise Press rest when our motto is "None In Captivity"?

Back in the kitchen with Betty Friedan

Ten to one the "ambrosial eggs" she's serving have been cooked with rancid and be-chemicaled substances known to cause cancer, heart disease, hardening of the arteries, arthritis and sciatica.

Hey, give Betty the Poison-a-Person Award of the Morning. But please, dear ones out there, leave off eating products of a rapist society which wimmin-bodies don't need and cannot utilize.

c- Porpoise Press, April 1977

WOMAN WORDS

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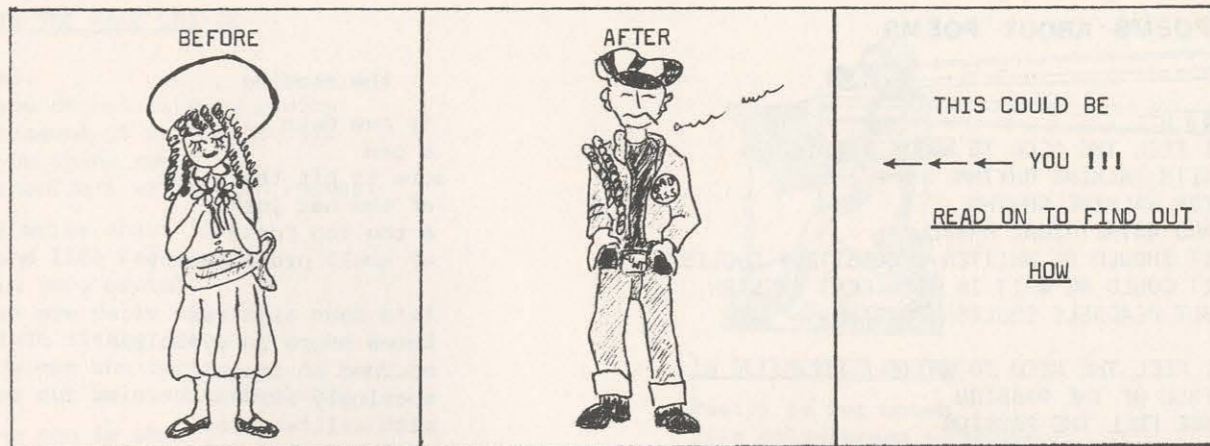
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is a small press monthly literary magazine. Current needs are editorials on how to write, fiction and true life stories. No profanity. Manuscripts should be 500 - 1,000 words in length. Send #10 S.A.S.E. for free Writer's Guidelines. Send \$1. for sample copy.

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← c-1977 Laura Colford →

POEMS ABOUT POEMS



I FEEL THE NEED TO WRITE A POEM
WITH TALKING RHYTHM
FOR WALKING RHYTHM
AND ASYMETRICAL RHYME.
IT SHOULD BE WRITTEN EXQUISITELY ENGLISH
IT COULD BE WRIT IN TELLIGENT ENGLISH
BUT READABLE ENGLISH IS FINE.

I FEEL THE NEED TO WRITE A POEM
FULL OF THE PASSION
AWE FULL THE PASSION
THAT IS IN ME IS MINE MY DESIRES
ARE OVERWHELMING ME SO GIVE ME GRANT ME
HOLD ME HELP MY HEART HURTS.
AND IT'S NOT THE FASHION
TO FEEL THE NEED TO WRITE AN ODE
TO MEADOWLARKS OR HIRED HANDS,
QUIXOTIC LICE OR SOMEONE'S GRAND
PIANO PLAYING ORCHESTRATED "EROICA".
PUBLISHED POETS BARE THEIR BEDS AND BORED ARE
RHYMING "I'M EROTIC" WITH "YOUR NEUROSIS".

I FEEL THE NEED TO WRITE ONE MORE
"HELP ME - I'M A NEEDING POET,
HUNGRY & FORLORN" POEM.
I'LL SPARE YOU THE OBSCENITIES SHOUTED
AT THE MOBS
BY SELF-RIGHTEOUS UNDERTRODDEN POET-TYPE
POOR SLOBS
I WROTE THAT POEM LAST NIGHT.

--by CLAIRE GRADY



--by nancy brizendine

It's not the pen that's mightier than the sword; it's the printing press

i tell myself it's not me the antique store is rejecting, but the quilts
i tried to sell them,
and that the letter from the real estate's is not rejecting me, but the
offer on the house,
and that it's not that the baby-sitter is rejecting me, but that she
already has a job for friday night.
i tell myself it's not me the editors are rejecting, but my poems.

--by Marion Cohen

the reading

my new poem
a gem
sure to hit the pages
of the new yorker
& the top forty
of small press poetry

it's been simmered
three hours in symbolism
adorned in imagery
sparingly seasoned
with alliteration
a richly stewed
wordsalad
a light gleaming
from the tower of babel

in a small circle
of friends
i began the reading
unveiling the gem--
three rushed to the bathroom
mid sentence
one slipped inside a martini
& my dog raised his leg
relieving himself
in a flood melting
my finely honed poetics
into yellow pools
of readers digest prose

TO THE MALE CRITIC

so.
you do not like my poetry
because it is too brutal.
you think women
shouldn't write with knives.

i write about life,
and life for women
is very brutal.
we are daily sliced
into little pieces
by men who parade
as our beloved protectors.

my pen is sharp,
but no sharper than
the knives men wielded
long before i was a poet.

you want my poetry
to be gentle to your ears,
to soothe you into bliss,
you want me to write about
trees and noble men.

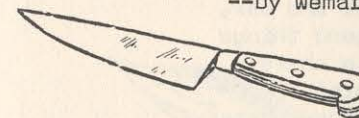
i know of no noble men,
only of noble women
and voracious men
who live only to win.

as for trees,
there are no trees
reaching higher
and rooted more deeply
than are women.

so.
i don't like
your measure of poetry.
you want an unreal pretense,
a facade to salve your ego.

if my pen cuts deep,
i offer no bandaids.
i am glad my poems
have made you bleed.

--by Wemara



FROM HER SOON TO BE PUBLISHED
BOOK: DAISIES IN DECEMBER --
c-1977 Wemara



IN DEFENSE OF POETRY

Poetry is for women
like gold-thread embroidery,
it takes the smallest stitches
to make the work invisible,
and all to clothe the hero,
to make the shirt he wears.

The hero rides a fire horse
up the Glass Mountain
and carries off the princess
imprisoned at the top.

The hero kills enchanters
and dragons and monsters
and huge entire armies
before he goes to bed.

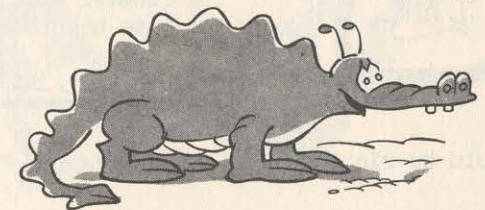
One day the princess
takes the magic shirt off,
undoes the small embroidery
and sews some buttons on.

Next Saturday the hero
goes off to fight a dragon,
and no one ever finds him
(except a heap of ashes
which they suppose he was).

Now there are no more women
to do such small embroidery
and there are no more heros
to wear the shirts they sew.

And only one princess
upon the Glass Mountain
and one old enchanter
to hold her in his snare.

--by Gail White



Night Life In Necropolis

this is going to be a long
slinky skinny poem
because i got myself some
mighty long
slinky
skinny
friends
who dart
about
feeling they belong
to the
Zorro league
of slinkers
and skinniers.
At night
when every
slinkle
lone
one
of
them
is
out
and about
they
s
l
i
d
e
past the
coffee joint
so
f
a
s
t
you might think
it
was
a
mighty
damn
slinky
shadow
that
just
s
l
i
n
k
e
d
past
and you would be right.



VEB

THOUGHTS AFTER READING POETRY PERIODICALS
IN THE NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY

When I read other people's poetry,
The modern, published stuff of little magazines,
I'm struck by just how gentle it all seems,
The lovely streams of interlocking images,
The metaphors with meanings on no less than fourteen levels,
The delicate self-consciousness,
The shimmering obscurity that I
With just my Mensa head can't hope to understand.
Like sacrifices pouring over their own entrails,
These poets can't go far enough to find material
To use in painting pictures out of pretty sounding words,

When I read modern poetry, the published stuff,
(Though I like Plath and Sexton and adore Ms. Giovanni)
I'm always made to feel inadequate:
Not only can't I understand,
I know I never could begin to write like that.
And so I don't. Forget the polished precociousness!
And I could never say that life's a "teeter-totter"
Or anything pretentious or high-sounding
Because I only know to write myself.

So most of what I write comes out of feelings
Because I need to get it out for me.
And what the hell have I to do with literature?
I'm writing me as anyone can see
And know and feel with and to share
A human, real connection, soul to soul.
That in the sharing changes both of us
And who we are and what we can become.

Then as a poet I'm an exhibitionist
Just hanging up my private feelings
For the world to see ...
And laugh at, but I'll take that chance,
So strong am I to get these feelings out
To where, instead of lurking hidden, deep in me,
I see them crisply typed and independent
To play with, reexamine as I will,
A bit of verbal-mental masturbation
Done publicly for all of my voyeurs.

And so I don't write "pretty", but I just don't have the
time
Or energy or head that is required;
And I'll just gladly be a propagandist
For people, life, and freedom, love and sex,
Equality and friendship, all the good things
That I believe in -- that I want to share,
So women's liberationist or anarchist,
Whichever way I'm writing -- sometimes rhymed,
I have no choice about it: I must write!

--by Linda Bisgaard
c- 1975 L. Bisgaard



DANCE OF THE ROTATING POETS

Pity the publication that informed me they couldn't use my poems
Because they don't usually handle poetry
That deals with 'personal love or social politics'.
My god, what else is there?
Pity them because the only politics I have time to sweat over,
In verse,
Are the Politics of Life.
And the love I feel inside can be spread pretty thin,
It's true,
As I am finding much and more to love
As each day passing outs my life
Shorter and shorter.

Pity the publication because they lied to me.
I see love and politics of all kinds spread all over their pages.
Pity them because I smell the stench/feel the danger(s) of
LITERARY ELITISM/FAVORITISM/SEPARATISM
Creeping into women's small press publications
All over this country.
And it makes me want to vomit,
Throwing up all the personal/secret words
I have ever sliced myself open to reach---
Bleeding them, drop by drop, into the keys
Of my typewriter.

Pity the publication because it is free and female,
And falling into the same habitual trap
That has led us to forming our own woman-identified publications
In the first place.
And pity them (and all the rest) because the fine, talented work
Of sensitive female poets may be falling by the wayside,
Depriving us/depriving them/depriving everyone
From reading what the eye should read,
Hearing what the heart should feel,
Knowing what the mind should know.

Yes, it's a pity---
But poets have taken their own lives because of injustices
Such as these.

--by Dorothy Feola
c-1976 D. Feola



On Tour With: TRISH!

Photo of Trish by Dorothy Feola



TRISH WILLIAMS: LIVE AT THE WOMEN'S COFFEE HOUSE - NYC

--by Dorothy Feola

The evening of February 12th marked several firsts for me, only a few of which I intend to go into in this review. For one thing, strange as it may seem, I had never been to The Women's Coffee House before that. I had also never seen Trish Williams perform before. Then, there's the fact that I've never covered a 'live performance' for a magazine before. (No one told me when I agreed to write this review that I would also be volunteering to chase this gifted singer-composer-musician all around a crowded room, camera in tow, trying to get her to sit still for a halfway decent photo to use in said magazine. But that's okay because once I got her to stop serenading me with little ditties, as well as making funny faces into the camera, she was a real pleasure to photograph).

In a room that first impressed me as someone's idea of a last minute party thrown together in someone else's storeroom basement, it didn't take me long to strike up a conversation with two out-of-town women when I had never set eyes on before. Soon we were exchanging addresses and I was committing myself to sending a bunch of Lesbian publications for the Women's Center in Atlanta. And that's the kind of cosy, casual atmosphere that Trish Williams carried into her performance, embraced the hell out of, and, eventually, left her audience with.

ALBATROSS SPRING/SUMMER 1977

THE LESBIAN TIDE

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Take the way she starts off many of her songs: soft and easy, gathering more & more force and energy as she gets deeper in to the song. Either that or she fluffs the beginning entirely. But since she's a natural at indulging in friendly banter with her audience, blowing lines seemed to have an endearing effect on the women engrossed in her performance.

But the obvious talent, of course, is in the sound of her voice, the lyrics of the songs she writes, and the music she composes for them. This is a multi-talented artist/performer, combining the sound of old world folk with 'new world revolution', who has to be witnessed and/or listened to in order to get the real quality across. I cannot explain to you how fine a performer she is, I can only go on with this review, saying things like: except for a new song that she has written, entitled THE WORKING WOMEN'S SONG, the songs that came across the strongest were those from her first tape, FANTASIES & FAIRYTALES. The title song, along with RHINESTONE LADY, THE DEBUT and SUMMER '75, each touching in it's own way, seemed to hold the women in the audience spellbound. My own personal favorite is WINTER SONG, but RHINESTONE LADY seemed to be the runaway general favorite. Some background on that song is necessary since it was written when Trish was at the beginning of her feminist consciousness and was not yet aware of the 'language of feminism'. RHINESTONE LADY was dedicated to and inspired by a young woman wearing bib overalls &

26

a huge rhinestone women's symbol who shared a seat on a cross country bus with Trish & left behind a lasting impression. Some of the lyrics are:

"Bold and free and happy woman-child
Living all of what she can be
Singing songs of joy to the world
Calling all her sisters to be free.
Rhinestone Lady of the morning
Bright and blazing, like the sun
Singing songs of Revolution
Calling all her sisters to be one."

And, when Trish sings "LESBIAN WOMAN" you also want to thank her "Rhinestone Lady" for the inspiration. So there you have it -- it's not half of what I would like you to find out for yourself -- Trish is just plain terrific. Listen to her. You won't be disappointed -- I can almost guarantee it.

photo by Alice Opferkuch



TRISH WILLIAMS & THE ALBATROSS COLLECTIVE
AT THE WOMEN'S COFFEE HOUSE (from left to right: Ann M. Irikura, Virginia E. Bass Lt.E Trish Williams, Ronnie Alzheimer & Dorothy Feola. Seated: (naturally) Stacey M. Franchild (OBE).)

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ALBATROSS-SPRING/SUMMER 1977

LAVENDER VISIONS: Can We Create a Community? April 23-24 SUNY at Old Westbury

Caught Trish in Long Island at Lavender Visions, Long Island's first Lesbian Conference. She's really developing & becoming stronger and more politically aware every time I hear her. She previewed 2 new songs to be released soon by Moving On Music (M.O.M.) on a 45rpm, "I NEED A REVOLUTION" & "MOMMA".

"I NEED A REVOLUTION" is too much of a song to cover now (we plan to publish the words at a later date) and all I can say is that it's a political turning point for all of us if we care to listen.

Trish's style, politics and direction can best be expressed by a section of her song "MOMMA" (soon to be released--are you paying attention?).

"And you ask me when my music's going to start making money
Or am I still limiting myself to the women
Ah but Momma - you know my songs are only for them
Won't you ever understand
That your baby's a Lesbian - nothing else -- nothing simple -- not this kid..."

How true - her music is entertaining, yes, but even more it's thought provoking -- listen to her. She deserved every bit of the standing ovation she received. Well done, Trish -- keep moving on...

--by Virginia E. Bass, Lt.E.



27

TRISH WILLIAMS AT THE LESBIAN FEMINIST LIBERATION LESBIAN PRIDE WEEK FUNDRAISER LOFT PARTY: April 30th in Brooklyn, USA (huh?)

I haven't been to Brooklyn since the Dodgers left there but Trish is worth traveling to hear so that's where we traveled--- my loved-one and me. The flier said ♀'s music/Trish Williams/disco-dancing. It also said: donation \$5.00 --- well, it's for a good cause...

The wimmin's music part was first and what that was was that records and tapes were played while women ate a whole lot of food that was attractively arranged on a very long table. The records and tapes were of women's music and the food was of suburbia --I mean really! I was amazed because I've been out of touch with things for a while (editing a magazine is a lonely job) and I couldn't imagine who would stuff the celery so very neatly -- the last time I went to anything organized by lesbian-feminists it was pretzles in the bag and beer in the can and why waste napkins when you've got on perfectly good jeans...

Well, we came to listen to Trish not to eat food (both my loved-one and I are attempting to contract anorexia nervosa as a viable alternative to sensible eating). We couldn't help notice, tho, that everyone was using a glass or a plate and that the coffee was freshly brewed (not instant!) & that nobody was wolfing their food... what a long way from what we used to do when confronted with food (are there no more starving Lesbians except for the women of Porpoise Press?)...

Trish went on at 9:30 & many women stayed with the food rather than coming to listen to the songs -- they talked loud and someone closed the door but we still could hear them -- Trish sang various songs from different parts of her consciousness... she's been composing since the start of her feminist awareness and it's interesting to trace her path through her music. Usually, during the course of an evening she'll do one that seems designed just for you - tho that one will be different from the one a woman sitting beside you will relate to.

Anyway, that's what usually happens when she sings -- but, then, women usually listen and get involved with what she's saying (not tonight, Josephine).

She did get a rise from some women on her newest (soon to be out on 45) "Momma" in

which she describes her interesting relationship with her mother -- the reaction would best be described as fear (but, then that's at least a reaction). Trish did a song that says: "now I sing the songs of women" that explains how she used to do men's songs but now understands why we don't do that --- well, nobody paid attention cause the final part of the evening featured a bunch of "lesbian-feminists" dancing their asses off to "Don't Rock the Boat, Baby" and other assorted shit of the patriarchy...

As a matter of fact when I saw all the energy that went into dancing I wondered if these were the same women who could only clap feebly for the closing number: I NEED A REVOLUTION.

As a feminist I realize that criticism is necessary but it would be nasty of me not to mention that the evening wasn't all bad --no, indeed! why we got to see some of the most "ladylike" clothes we'd seen in a long time-not to mention pretty hair do's, and attractively done (nothing garish) make-up (am I dreaming or am I really saying all this-- and why were we the only women with really large breasts that weren't wearing push-up bras? - nah, we don't count it if they don't hang to your waist -- you never wore one anyway!).

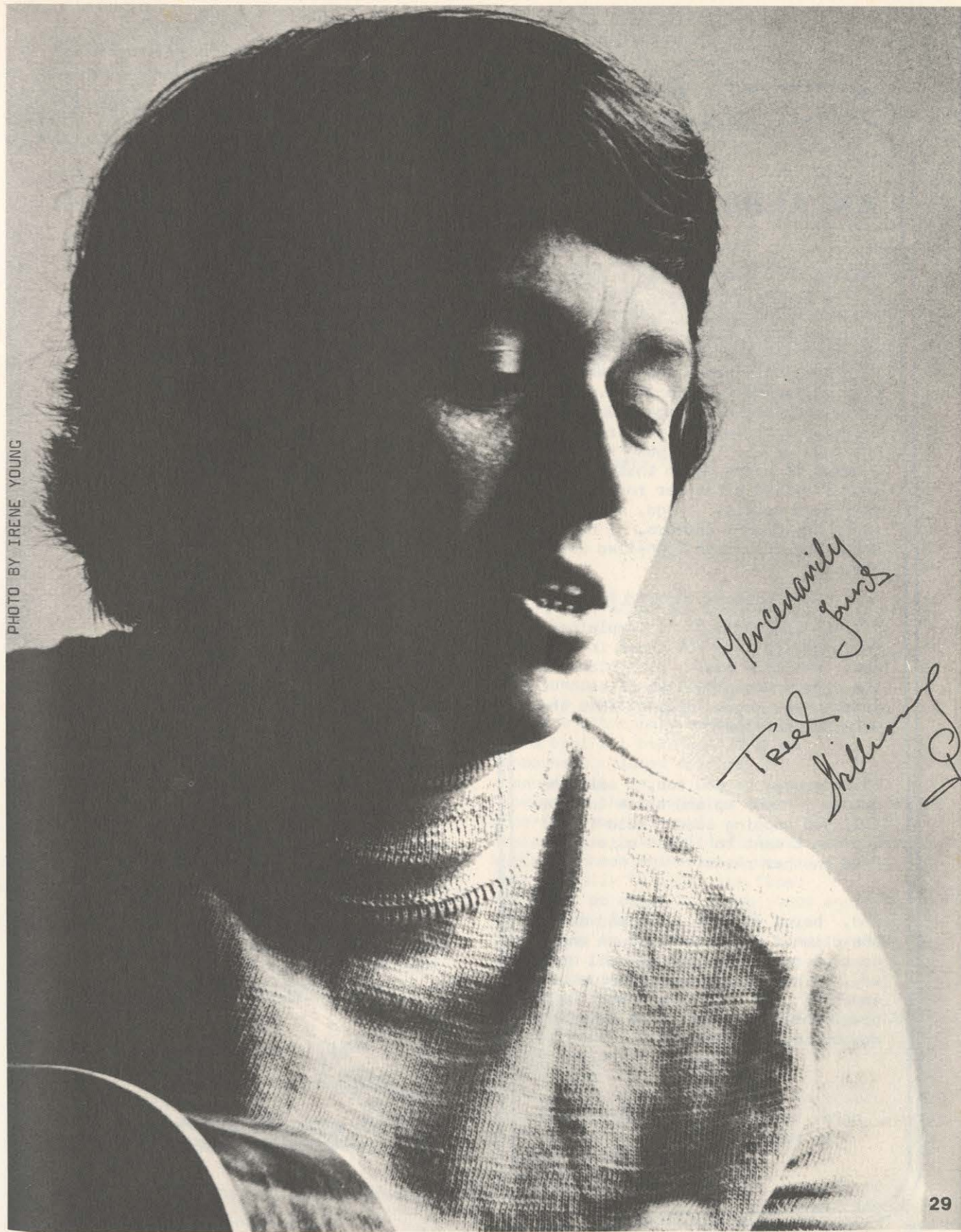
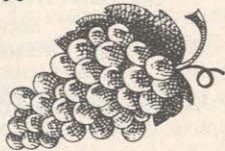
That was the kick-off to Lesbian Pride Week and we're looking forward to the rest of it cause we notice that almost every event includes "refreshments" and since somebody took the trouble to actually build a castle out of cheddar cheese and some other kind of yellow cheese for the kick-off we are fully expecting carved ice swans and chopped liver pineapples replete with olives and real pineapple tops...

So that's how it goes and Jo I know you're getting anxious to close...

We stopped on the way home to ride the Staten Island Ferry and breathe in the polluted air... the next day Trish recorded I NEED A REVOLUTION - maybe it's too late.

--by Stacey M. Franchild

...so thanks for the beer & hope you didn't mind me bending your ear...





AN ALBATROCITY

Feeling more ancient than a mariner
I albu'tossed my toast when I saw
the wheedling guest. "Can't we let
flailing birds fly?" I said, hoping
to avoid the inedible. But all she
said was, "Alb'cross the street any
time yo' wanna tell yo' tail." Oh,
irresistible insultation and I felt
a familyliar twitch and tremor at
the base of it. "It wasn't death,
I swear it wasn't death that I fear-
ed," I yelled after her in a salty,
weathered rattle. And, of course,
since she didn't answer, I had to
dress the issue and tunnelled after
her.

"It was like this," I complained:
"no wind, no food out there in mid-
air, really a bust, blah blah and
the others dropping like flies. I
tried, you know, diving into the
deck, honest I did."

"Blunderbuss to you too," said the
quest. "Shut up and stick to your
roll you popping seed," said I. "If
you don't want to listen quietly go
find another rhyme."

And, being just as strapped as I,
she clammed up with a slouch and I
continued, eatingcetera all the
way. When I got to the past abutt
shooting the you know what, the
broom and grime came by to say, "Oh,
no, we'll alb'lost!"

by sulo

anticipating

sleek-built
seaworthy
dipping fine on watersglint

my love
a dory
in the blue cove of my bed;

you lie
in fatigue
intent on delving your dreams

while I
on nightwatch
feeling high tide approaching

will then
come aboard
as you slip from anchorage

rested
receptive
of the turbulence we'll share.

--by Meg Brigantine
c-January, 1976 Meg Brigantine

IN SEARCH OF SELF

Jagged pinnacles not reached in time
Still beckon in futility,
Topped with lost friends/lovers
Discarded along a stony path
Of dusty trials.
Forgotten dreams lie dormant
In ancient rock formations,
Covered with seasonal longings
Passed by in search of
Momentary pleasures.
The climb continues,
Mocking angry hardships
With relentless pursuit,
Striving to discover . . .
Myself.

--by Marilyn J. Braithwaite



3 Ways A ♀ Can Be!

WOMYN ARISE !

Has manipulation been messing up your mind?
Are you tired of being classified a member of mankind?
Have you been maneuvered into doing what you do?
Have you been manhandled into something that's not you?
Has your life been managed by those who "know what's best?"
Have maniacal misfits forced you to meet their test?
Is your image manufactured? Are your manners always "right?"
Are you manacled by fate to insure that you don't fight?
Then, Womyn, you know well now the techniques of submission
Womyn now arise--it's time for manumission!*

--by Marty Shideler
(with thanks to Alix Dobkin for the idea)

*MANUMISSION (according to Webster's New Collegiate)
-- "the act or process of manumitting; esp: formal
emancipation from slavery..."

RACHEL CORY

Whenever Rachel Cory came to town,
She women on the sidewalk looked at her:
She was a paragon from sole to crown,
Relaxed and gracious, elegant and sure.
She drove her children - four - around
all day,
She marketed; she sewed; her house was
neat.
She never missed a night of PTA.
Her life - she said - was rich,
fulfilled, complete.
She looked just like the woman in
the ad-
The happy housewife, blessed with
every grace:
In fine, we envied all the joys she had
To make us wish that we were in her
place.

So on we worked and waited for the
light,
And waxed our floors and served our
homemade bread:
And Rachel Cory, one hot summer night
Went home and put a bullet through
her head.

--by Lillian E. Carlton

WOMAN'S HANDS

(For Susan Saxe)

Your woman's hands hold
a pen to sketch out anger
in words with sharp unbroken lines,
poems that hit hard spilling a
tenderness colored by pure
woman-spirit
flowing in the bloodlines of a
once-free woman's soul.
Their chains have not left their mark there
their coldness shimmers as we
wait silently to light the fuse;
our hands so eager to grasp yours again
to feel the freedom you've
kept alive in your heart all these months
rising up in struggle every time.
Woman's hands, Susan
yours and ours
woman's hands move in the Chilean sunlight,
scarred from repeated torture sessions
clutch babies in tenements and
try to fend off rats
sign welfare checks yet refuse to crawl.
They scrawl out poems in darkened cells
knowing that someday their hands will
shatter the bars and
move on to remake the world.

--by Desi Seagull



Give up a can of tuna for a porpoise!

During the last 15 years over two million porpoise-friendly, air-breathing mammals of the sea, have been killed by the purse seine nets now used by the tuna industry to catch tuna.

The fishermen use the porpoises to locate yellowfin tuna—the kind called light meat in the cans—and then set their nets around both the tuna and the porpoise in order to catch the tuna.

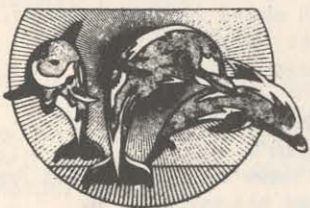
In 1972, the Marine Mammal Protection Act was passed to stop the killing of porpoises and other marine mammals. But the act has never been adequately enforced, and during last year's fishing season an estimated 130 thousand porpoises were killed in the nets.

Make a resolution for a porpoise. Read the label. Boycott light meat tuna and save a life.

Write your Congressman, c/o House Office Building, Washington, D. C. 20515, and ask that he help too—by demanding that the Marine Mammal Protection Act be enforced. Thank you.

Project Jonah

Post Office Box 467, Bolinas California 94924



c-77 Claire Grady

LESBIAN & GAY MALE SEXUALITY AND LIFESTYLES SURVEY. Summit Books has contracted for a book by Karla Jay & Allen Young which will be the first comprehensive "grass roots" survey of lesbian & gay male sexuality and lifestyles. Jay & Young plan to distribute as many as 500,000 questionnaires to the gay and lesbian communities. Different questionnaires have been prepared for men and women, and no attempt will be made to falsely correlate the two. The report will consist largely of the words of thousands of gay men and lesbians speaking about their experiences and the result will not be a sexual manual or a pseudo-scientific laboratory approach to "deviants," but rather a warm, humanistic forum for gays to express themselves honestly and openly. Jay & Young have previously collaborated on several anthologies of writings of lesbians & gay men including OUT OF THE CLOSETS and AFTER YOU'RE OUT. For further information and your copy of the questionnaire, write to: SURVEY BOX 98 Orange, Mass 01364

(editor's note: We here in 'trossland are less than trusting of people doing surveys and generally don't urge you to participate but we've done the survey and it looks fine --except for the place where they tell you for the second time what your ass is called in grown-up peoples' language--and we feel that if we can trust anyone to avoid slanted results we can trust Karla Jay so we're asking you to send for your copy and to answer truthfully. Another reason for taking the time to do this is that if we don't participate the survey won't include 'trossreaders and from the letters we get we know you get into some of the "less examined" aspects of sexuality (or why are you writing us all that stuff if you really don't do it that way?). And another reason is that if Karla doesn't get good results than somebody else is gonna do it and then we'll be sorry and besides, if you don't know what to call yr ass you'll learn something. TAC).

(ps- apologies for all the times the word man/men was used on this page...sorry!)

*you should be!

LUNAR ESSIONS



BY JAN DICKSON

PART I

The moon changed from half to whole in a single night. Astronomers could not believe their telescopes. The tide became paralyzed with confusion. Every woman on the earth began menstruating at the same moment. The stores had sold out of tampons within the hour. Old rags, diapers, and rolls of toilet paper became common substitutions. Many women simply gave up and bled openly. They bled on busses and subway seats. They bled on sidewalks. They bled on the streets. Men began to stay home locked in closets, rather than face a world turning slowly but steadily clotted and red and the women laughed and bragged to each other as to who could bleed the most, who could bleed the fastest and they bled on each other in the process. "We are blood sisters," they proclaimed. And indeed, they were.



PART II

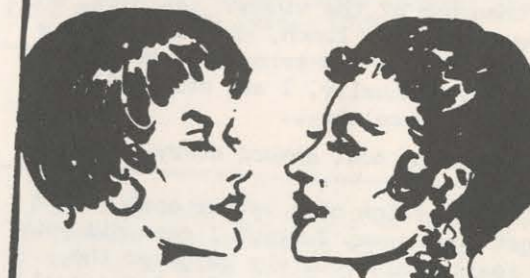
My lover and I lay in bed, pleased that the moon had been full for a month. We watched it through the window like voyeurs enjoying another woman's breast. Our own blood and sweat covered the sheet as though we each had given birth to the other. I cried into her hair, afraid that she would leave, and afraid that she would stay. "This pain is nothing new," she whispered. "Do you love me?" "I love you," I answered, "the moon as my witness I love you," I paused, "but I need to be alone." She smiled, embracing liberation---her new lover, and left me like a dream leaves those who waken.

ALBATROSS-SPRING/SUMMER 1977

PART III

I walked through the streets of the city breaking rules. I picked my nose in public and spat on the sidewalk (like a woman never should) and shared a fire hydrant with a dog who growled at me but was too shocked to bite. I stopped at a pay phone and called my mother. "Mother", I blurted, "Mother, I love women." "I know dear, I love you too," she said so sweetly. I became desperate. "You don't understand. I love them like lovers. I kiss them, I hold them, I touch them Mother, I have sex with women." "Your three minutes are up," the operators mechanical voice broke in. I hung up the phone. Saved by Ma Bell. My mother, quite shaken, prayed to her god to save my soul from the fires of hell. Those who break rules shall be punished. I checked the coin return with my index finger, ignoring damnation.

Lesbian Communications and Contacts



discreet introductions between Sisters

THE LEAGUE

Box 2143GAI

Darien, Conn. 06820

Tel: 203-359-3141 (10-4)



Today we are interviewing the infamous dyke poet, Chocolate Waters, the author of the best-selling lesbian book, TO THE MAN REPORTER FROM THE DENVER POST. This interview takes place in Chocolate's plush \$80. a month apartment (utilities included which overlooks the scenic Rocky Mountains of Denver, Colorado (except that the view is not quite so scenic as we would wish because of the scenic tree which is growing in front of Chocolate's window).

RR: Let's start with your basic simple question, Chocolate. Like how in the name of Jesus Christ on a bicycle did you get such a ridiculous name?

CW: Of course Jesus had very little to do with it, but the true story is that I got the name when I was in junior high school. A couple of us had nothing better to do one day so we ripped off the cafeteria's supply of whipped cream and started shooting it at each other. As a joke a friend of mine also poured syrup over my head. Just then one of the student teachers, who was on her way to lunch, mistook me for a hot fudge sundae and tried to take a bite out of me. Actually, I was originally called Hot Chocolate...

RR: That's the most absurd story I've ever heard.

CW: Can you think of a better one? How'd you get your name, Turkey? I mean did your mama really call your our daughter the Revolving Reporter? Or is Revolving just your middle name and your last name's really Door? HaHaHa. (Chocolate laughs at her own joke, which we notice she does a lot).

RR: I just want the real story behind your name. Millions of your devoted fans are dying to know.

CW: To be quite truthful the real story is so boring that I never tell it.

RR: All right, since you won't answer that question, are there any questions that you will answer?

CW: No... But I might be persuaded... What are you doing later tonight?

RR: Ahem, so it is true that your reputation as a lecherous lesbian as well as a pornographic poet is not totally unfounded?

CW: Actually, I'm a pornographic lesbian... What's your sign?

RR: (exasperatedly) can we get on with this?

CW: Yes, I'd love to. Why do you think I invited you to my apartment in the first place? You wanna see my buttons?

RR: (Jubilant at the chance to change the subject) You do have quite a collection!

CW: Two thousand one hundred and forty-three to be exact. And they're all labeled and numbered and dated. Right now I'm concentrating on lesbian and feminist buttons so you might tell your readers to send me all they've got (Eat your heart out Jo Freeman).

RR: This isn't the place to plug your button collection! Now can we get back to the interview?... I'd like to know why you wrote TO THE MAN REPORTER?

CW: I like to see my name in print. Why don't you ask me something interesting like what color Volkswagen I drive or what I like to eat for breakfast?

the second wave

a magazine of the new feminism

features
fiction
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RR: I hear that the Denver Post was going to sue you because you used actual pieces of their newspaper in the binding of your book.

CW: Yes, they claimed that every one of my books violated at least 15 different copyrights.

RR: Are you pulling my leg again?

CW: Yes thanks, I'd love to. Seriously though, the Post was going to sue me. Probably they heard rumors of the local Dyke vigilantes and lost their nerve.

RR: Aside from the fact that some people think the title poem "To the Man Reporter from the Denver Post" is one of the most powerful poems they've ever read, there are also many humorous poems in the book. Just how do you go about writing your poetry?

CW: First I copy down various words and sentences that I've seen or read somewhere else and then I toss them all up in the air and throw darts at them. Voila, out of the bullseyes a poem is born.

RR: Isn't this a rather laborious method of composition?

CW: Yeah, but it sure beats the hell out of using a typewriter.

RR: I recently read a review of your book claiming that your anger is destructive, your craft non-existent, and your humor nauseating. How did you respond to these criticisms?

CW: I sent the reviewer a year's subscription to ALBATROSS and told her she hadn't seen anything yet. I also explained that the book had really been written by my pet goldfish.

RR: To be fair, most of the reviews I've read have been quite favorable. Have you gained much fame and success since the publication of TO THE MAN?

CW: Well, a woman from ALBATROSS keeps following me around trying to interview me and last month my landlord threatened to evict both me and my lesbian goldfish. People still refuse to pay me for my writing, though, and right now my financial situation is the pits.

RR: How do you make a living then, if not from your writing?

CW: I'm a used car dealer.

RR: One last question (exasperatedly again) -Are you coming or going?

CW: Well, I'm certainly not doing the first right now so I must be going. But if you want to order a couple of copies of my new book (which is almost out of print), send

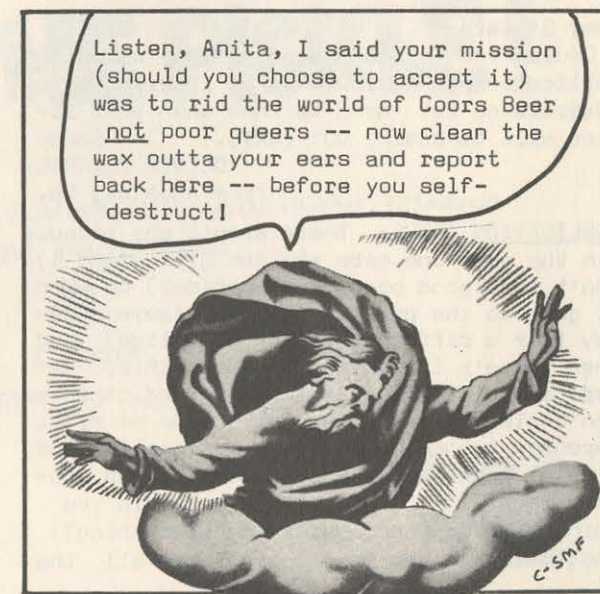
three bucks and a nickel (for each one) to me in care of BIG MAMA RAG, 1724 Gaylord Street, Denver, CO. 80206. Oh, and please be sure to include your sign and telephone number.



Fantasies
&
Fairytals

TRISH WILLIAMS

MOVING ON MUSIC PRESENTS: TRISH WILLIAMS, a new & exciting Lesbian-feminist-singer-composer, on a new and exciting cassette tape: FANTASIES & FAIRYTALES. The tape features her hit single: -- LESBIAN WOMAN and can be ordered by sending \$5.50 to: ALBATROSS, P. O. BOX 2046, Central Sta. East Orange, New Jersey 07019.





Dear Pris-
We'd like to tell you (how many) but the Bored of Health would like to know, too, & we're never sure who reads this. love, TAC

Dear Stacey-
Thanks for all the information about our subscription dates - 1978 and 79 is really far off - it does make one feel quite secure and stable -

I just checked our issues against your inventory listing. We have a complete set of ALBATROSS minus one issue October 1974. Is there some way you could complete the set for us. Perhaps you have a slightly worn issue around - or know someone who can donate a copy that they no longer need or are moving or something - Thanks - and keep up the good work - I enjoy it In Sisterhood, Debby for LESBIAN HERSTORY ARCHIVES NY, NY

Dear Readers-
We have only one file copy of the Oct '74 (our very first) issue. If anyone can send us their copy (or photostat their copy?) we would be very appreciative and probably do something pleasant in return like extend their sun... or whatever. love, TAC

Dear Sisters-
Could you please send us your upcoming publication schedule. We're interested in advertising but need to know when your issues will be coming out (HA!). Sandy OLIVIA RECORDS Los Angeles, Ca.

PUBLICATION DATES: There aren't any because I'm the only one here who can type -(and I don't type good or did you notice?) so when it goes to the printer there's always a delay (for a different reason each time) and then there's the paying of the printer before the picking up of the mag. and then we don't always have money for stamps or misc. expenses connected with the mailing (oh and then we fucked-up the label system and nobody is willing to fix it -- why did you think we were hand addressing everything?) and while we more than appreciate all the

ALBATROSS SPRING/SUMMER 1977

helps & advices and donations and support & think we have the best bunch of writers around, that doesn't help much with the licking of stamps/envelopes, answering of mail, processing subs. sending out samples, finding bookstores to carry 'tross, picking up mail, lifting boxes, laying out pages, doing publicity and so on... and for that part of the production there's only 2 of us -- and the other one can't type -- SMF

Dear Stacey-
I just received the Winter issue of ALBATROSS and enjoyed it immensely. If you haven't hired anyone yet on the hit contract out on Mao Tse Tung I'd like to apply. I'm sure I can do it for a minimum price which includes a round trip ticket to China. The layout of ALBATROSS is attractive and you certainly put a lot of work into it. The magazine gets better and better all the time. I'm glad to see more humor and satire in this issue. I've never cared much for a lot of the poetry written by lesbians. Wimmin submit poetry to DINAH and I keep promising that sometime we'll have a poetry issue. I'm lying, of course. I always add on the suggestion that these wimmin submit poetry to other publications such as yours. It was also a nice treat to have you reprint one of my stories... fondly, sandie garsey THE LESBIAN ACTIVIST BUREAU, INC. Cincinnati, Ohio

Dear Sandie-
1- Just as we were buying your ticket we got the news... we'll keep you in mind for future hits.
2- DINAH is one of the few publications that we enjoy as much as 'tross and it's always a treat to ~~reprint~~ reprint your material.
3- We are trying to get Dorothy Feola to publish a first-rate poetry magazine so we (and you) don't have to feel guilty about not using all the fine poetry that we both know deserves space but for some obscure reason doesn't get accepted by the publications that deal with serious material.

Respectfully yours,
TAC

(Junk Mail continues -- again! -- after this special bonus comic book which we very proudly present...)

THE OUR HEROINE GROUP PRESENTS

1/77

TEA COMIX

NOT TO BE SOLD TO MINORS

FINE FAMILY ENTERTAINMENT!



As you remember last time, dear readers, Our Heroine, Tea Smock, had just rid herself from the clutches of the GRASPING MOTHER FIGURE and was setting out to start a New Life Far Away From It All. Her next adventure promises to be JUST AS EXCITING in the episode entitled

"DENVER DILLY DALLIES"

OR

"HOLD THE PICKLE!"

Storyline, dialogue, illustrations, general layout, research and macho image

by

©theresa schook, 1977

PUBLISHED BY TAC & FREE TO ALBATROSS READERS

\$1.00
CHEAP!

AUGUST



WOW! DENVER! I NEVER DREAMED I WOULD EVER LEAVE MY HOMETOWN! AH, DENVER! AH THE MOUNTAINS! AH THE SUN! SWINGING SINGLES! GATEWAY TO THE ROCKIES! 'TIS A PRIVILEGE TO LIVE IN COLORADO! THE BIG CITY LIFE! COLORADO ROCKY MOUNTAIN HIGH! JOHN DENVER! THE BRONCOS! HOME OF THE ERA! PAT SCHROEDER! WOW! DENVER! JUST LIKE I PICTURED IT!

TWO WEEKS LATER....

BOY! DENVER IS A DRAG! I HAVEN'T MET ANYONE! I HAVE NO FRIENDS AND I'M LONELY AS ALL HELL. NO JOB, EITHER. MY SAVINGS ARE STARTING TO LOOK PRETTY FLAT. NO ONE WANTS TO HIRE ME FOR THE JOBS I'M QUALIFIED FOR. SHEE IT. YOU'D THINK THEY WOULD JUMP TO HIRE ME WHEN I PHONE THEM. SHEE IT.

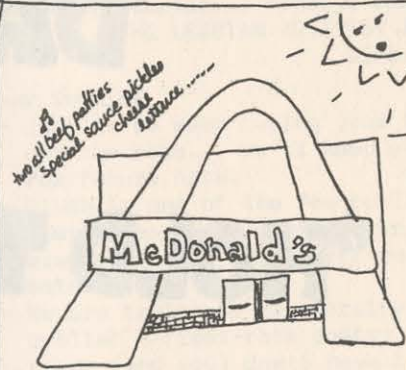


FOUR WEEKS IN FAIR DENVER.....



DAMMIT I'M HUNGRY! MY STOMACH HOWLS CONSTANTLY! AW RIGHT! SHUT UP DOWN THERE! NO ONE WANTS ME. I'VE TRIED EVERYWHERE. THERE ARE NO JOBS IN DENVER. THERE ARE NO FRIENDS EITHER. I'M STARVING AND LONELY. JUST LIKE HOME. LOOKS LIKE I'M GOING TO HAVE TO BREAK DOWN AND APPLY AT ALL THOSE PLACES BENEATH ME. I HEAR WOOL-WORTH'S NEEDS A CASHIER.

AND SO, NEXT DAY, OUR COURAGEOUS HEROINE SALLIES FORTH. —



there must be a better way



WELL AT LEAST ITS MONEY IN THE BANK. I START ON SHAKES TONIGHT. IT SOUNDS LIKE IT MIGHT BE INTERESTING.



McDonald's is our kind of place!



ONE MINUTE LATER....



HOLY SHIT!



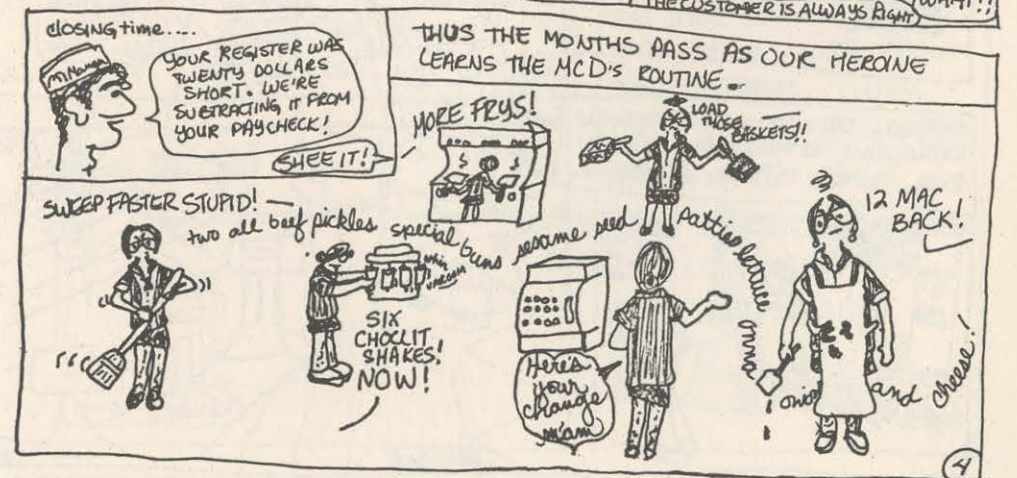
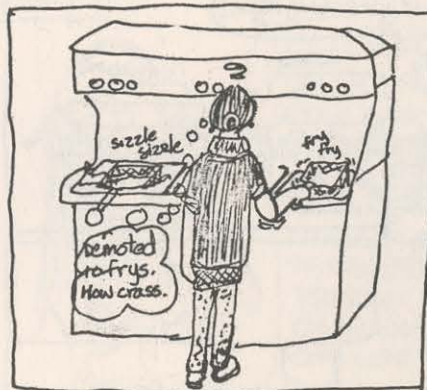
WELL NOW, WHAT SEEMS TO BE THE TROUBLE HERE LITTLE LADY

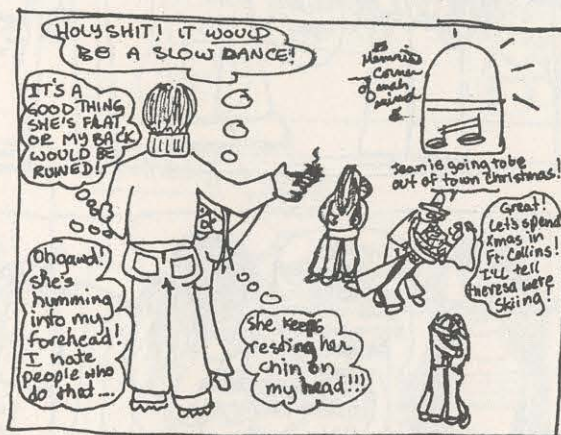
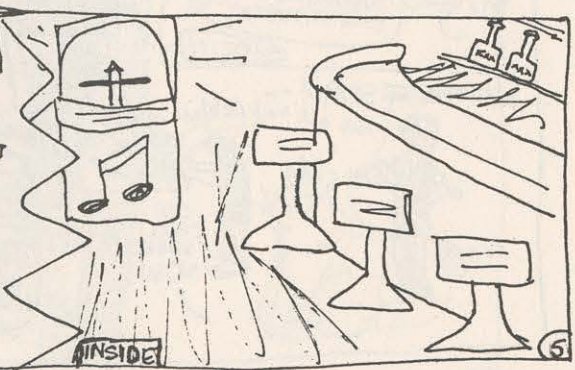
YER GAUDDAMM SHAKE MASCHINE BACKED UP! %*#@!@*!!!!

OH YEAH? WELL YOU GIVE YOURSELF A VANILLA COATING

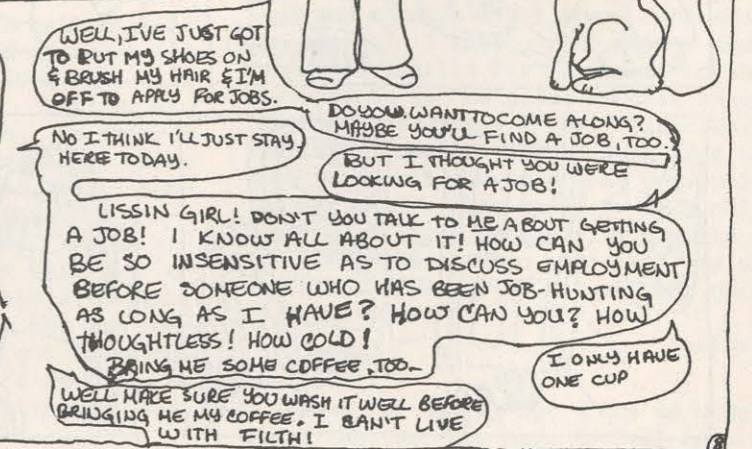
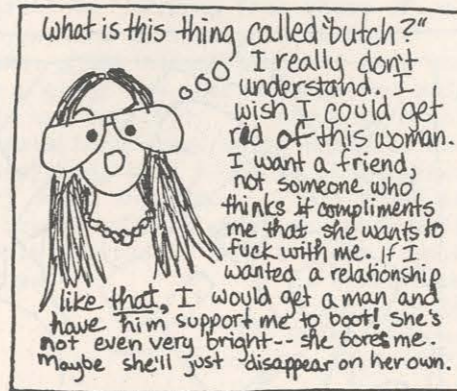
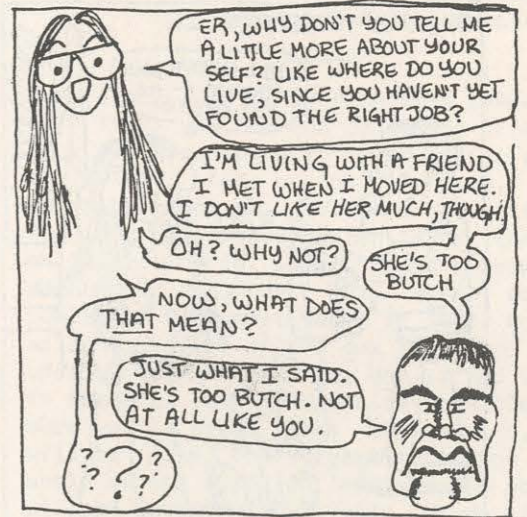
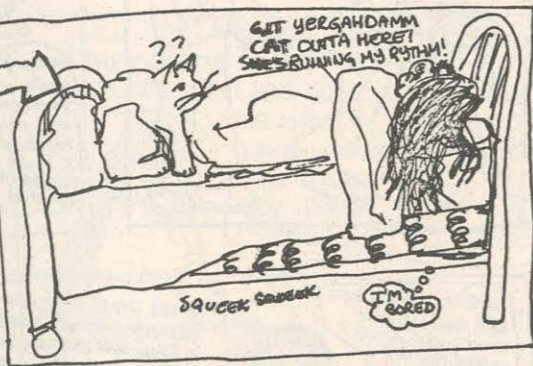
WARN YOUR LANGUAGE WE AT McDONALD'S ARE PURE

AND TELL IF YOU SAY TOO!





THE CONVERSATION CONTINUES IN MUCH THE SAME WAY AS THE TWO WOMEN TALK AND LEARN MORE ABOUT EACH OTHER. THEY DANCE A FEW MORE TIMES AND HAVE A FEW DRINKS TOGETHER IT IS GETTING A LITTLE LATE **WHEN...**





This comic book will be continued in the next issue of ALBATROSS 46

Dear ALBATROSS Readers-

After being editor of a somewhat unorthodox NOW newsletter for a year and a half (unorthodox because I am a 'creative' writer and not a journalist), I have decided to take over complete control of the newsletter and finance it myself. (When it seemed necessary to cut corners and take the 'color' out of the newsletter, I felt, since I was just about putting the whole thing together myself, that they were 'bleeding my baby'.) To start with, I will continue with just a few pages, and limit the issues to four times a year, and although it will definately be from a feminist perspective, it will not be a NOW newsletter anymore. A sample copy will be free to anyone who writes; after that I would appreciate a two dollar a year subscription. It's scary starting something like this (although I have been wirting for women's small press magazines for two and a half years), and I would appreciate hearing from those of you who feel you know me through ALBATROSS:

Short poems: short descriptions of what you and/or your group are into; (what you and/or your group are out of): comments/complaints/observations/views/moral support, etc. In short, anything that might be of interest to (other) women anywhere. All I ask is that you try to keep it short, as space will be extremely limited. Hope to hear from a number of you---

In Sisterhood
Dorothy Feola
2137 Quimby Avenue
Bronx, New York 10473

Dear Stacey-

Like what can I say! You're getting bigger and better with each passing issue. But one complaint, it's an awful long wait till you turn out the next issue. Hey! Have a heart for us ALBATROSS addicts, we deserve a break today and not at Muckdonalds, either! All kidding aside, I loved it!! I took a subscription to FIGHTING WOMAN NEWS and told them where I saw their ad. Really enjoyed looking at the "portrait Gallery" of course -- Sprite and Ginger stole the whole show. All the poetry was great and the comics were terrific -I split my gut laughing. Take it easy. Love,
Linda Gonzales
Hackettstown, N.J.

Thank you for the sample copies. I'm afraid the material is not to my particular taste- however, that's just one viewpoint and I am happy to note from your letters column that

ALBATROSS SPRING/SUMMER 1977

most don't share it. Please send me the 1977 GAIA'S GUIDE - \$5 enclosed. Love,
Sim Wenner
Kailua-Kona, Hawaii

Dear Stacey and other ALBATROSS women-
Thank you for the copies of ALBATROSS. Your magazine seems to be improving with every issue. Keep up the fine work. Your magazine might be interested in participating in a new project Allen Young and I are collaborating in. We are doing a book called WHAT DO YOU PEOPLE DO?, which will be published by Summit Books in 1978. Our book will be a study of the sex lives and attitudes of lesbians and gay men... and we hope to reach as many lesbians as possible...I'm sure you'll agree that the results, which will be like the largest anthology in the world of the words of lesbians and gay men, will be enormously valuable for us all...

In Sisterhood,
Karla Jay
NYC, NY

Dear Karla-
We agree!

Love, TAC

Dear Stacey-

I asked at the SISTERHOOD BOOKSTORE the other day about 'Trossed, & the woman there said that maybe you were too small, and didn't distribute to them or somesuch??? She also mentioned that she usually goes 'oh how gross' when she reads you, rather than 'oh, how gross chuckle chuckle as I do, so, well. A friend of mine was going to call them and agonize about where she could get the 'Tross. I really wish they'd carry it. My mother visited for 3 weeks and she also appeared to go how gross chuckle chuckle. She did however say that I I had anything published, maybe I should just send her the page in question rather than the whole mag- for the sake of the mailman. The cultural climate of Oslo, Norway isn't quite ready for ALBATROSS. When you print any of my stuff could you do me a favor and only list my first name??
Bodil
Venice, Ca.

Dear Bodil -

Thanks for trying but since we understand that men are made to feel more welcome than women at good ol SISTERHOOD we don't wanna go there, anyway... we can be found in LA at FEMINIST HORIZONS-- however, sisterhood IS powerful. love TAC



Dear Stacey & TAC-

Just got my two sample copies of ALBATROSS in the mail this morning. Love 'em! Have been saying for ages that humor is the medium of this half of the century & the best medium we have for expression and change.

Sorry to hear the irreverence in some of your humor is turning some women off, but guess that's a hazard whatever stand you take. Specifically, I enjoyed the letters and the reviews as well as the strictly humorous material. Don't agree with the woman who said to keep reviews out. I'm inclined to suggest you cut down on the amount of serious poetry, although I realize that it is probably the largest part of your submissions. Would like to see the interviews carried on but longer. Great comic - love "Roommat4s" and the Frypan/Shitfly strip - hope to see more! Great graphics and very well-set up rag altogether. Nan Hawthorne, Vulcan, Mi.

Dear Stacey-

I got my Summer issue of ALBATROSS on Sat. and I was really happily freaked out when I saw the ad for "Duck Down. I thought that was the funniest thing I had ever seen! Really clever! I was just getting over my period, and I started thinking how funny it would be to see women all over Amerika pulling the feathers off their own private duck every month and putting it in instead of a tampon. It was so funny! I could hear the squaks of both the ducks and the ASPCA. I also liked the ad for the Grandmother Bicentennial Clock. Really funny and I enjoyed the whole issue very, very much as usual.

Your editorial on menstruation was very good, and it mirrored a lot of my own feelings about it. Rose Weber is right in her article about your period getting lighter & shorter when you clean up your diet. The 10 months I was a vegetarian, my period went from 5 to 7 days to 3 days and it was very light. I didn't like that; I like a heavy flow, for some reason. But she is right about that... About the woman I told you about that doesn't like ALBATROSS or my having my writing in it; I don't think she'd write a letter to the editor because she wouldn't even want to become associated with ALBATROSS to that slight degree. I'll sug-

ALBATROSS SPRING/SUMMER 1977

gest it to her, but I don't think she'll follow through on it. Much love and joy,

Desi Seagull
Media, Pa.

Dear Stacey & TAC-

Thanks for my copy of ALBATROSS. It's really a good issue. I didn't like the last issue too well; it was too heavy on the book-reviews. Some of your ads are really a scream. I agree with JL that you use the word "cunt" too much. I think it's a very sexist word. I don't agree with your views on menstruation. I think it's a big pain in the ass. I don't have cramps but I hate blood dripping down my legs when I don't make it to the bathroom on time. It's enough to make one consider becoming a vegetarian. I wonder if what Rose Weber says is really true. I'm enclosing \$5 for a copy of GAIA'S GUIDE...
Lois,
N.J.

Dear Franci M. Stanchild, (huh?)

... I just read your latest issue and enjoyed it. Did not, however, know that you (or anyone) actually 'enjoyed' our monthly visitor (the menses). But, if you say it's a good thing, I'll go along with you. I mean I might as well take pleasure in it, instead of dreading it... in fact, the next time my new friend arrives, I'll take a sample of her and send it along to you. We could perhaps become true blood sisters... deal?

Anyway, yes, you will be getting yet another address change from me. Sorry for the work I am giving you (and ME). It's inevitable, I guess. I just can NOT live here... The reason I am sending you the 3 year sub. is 'cause this MAY be the only time I can do it for the next 3 years! (Actually, I enjoy being broke. I seem to function much better and seem to think BEST when I'm not surrounded with luxuries... consequently, I am a genius most of the time.) Keep up the good work and all that. Will send my friend along in about 2 weeks. Love
Penise M. Doulin (oops) Denise M. Poulin
somewhere in the USA

(Editor's note: Denise M. Poulin has moved again and we think we figured out why she's been moving so much -- it's our fault. When we first began selling GAIA'S GUIDE through 'Tross (what! you don't have one yet? you're kidding, how do you know where the action is?) Denise sent for one and we only had one left and the cat had peed on it and we told her that and she said she was moving cross country and really needed it and wouldn't mind -- so we sprayed it with dis-

infectant and sent it along (for full price in case you were wondering). Meanwhile, if she keeps the GUIDE with her stuff then eventually where ever she lives smells of cat piss (a really depressing thing)& she hasta move. We're going to solve this problem by sending her (at our own expense -- guilt can move mountains) the current GUIDE (send for yours, too, we keep 'em in the closet now so the cats can't get at them) & for those of you who want to know exactly how many cats we have... tough! so would the board of health and the rental agent.
TAC

Dear Stacey-

Loved your warm & caring review of the Cunt Coloring Book. Saw it first while visiting Barbary & Marilyn Gayle & enjoyed the cross referencing. I like the way you throw everything (letters) into ALBATROSS - makes a rich stew. Enclosed is a new comic by Roberta Gregory called "Dynamite Damsels". I love it!!! Have you seen "Pricilla Pumps" yet? Don't have my copy here now & can't remember who did it but it is beautifully drawn & delightful.
Tee Corinne
San Francisco, Ca.

Dear Stacey & the rest of the birds-

Got 2 samples today! Quite frankly, I've never seen anything quite like it! On the pro side, I found much of it very informative, such as the reviews. I found the comic strips really funny, especially Betty Frypan, Phyllis Shitfly & Holy Moses. I usually don't like poetry, but found the ones in these 2 issues, pretty readable. On the con side, some of the humor seemed to miss it's point at times. But I like it's virtues more than I dislike it's flaws, so some of the check enclosed is for a sub. I think you're a lot funnier than National Lampoon - at least you're in good taste! (yum) I really like seeing some sisters who don't take themselves so danged seriously. I really like the spirit of your magazine; I'm so damned tired of hearing nothing but rhetoric in all these other (unnamed) women's and lesbian publications I subscribe to. You all have a nice balance of funny & serious that others lack - it's more than enough to make me over look some of the technical mistakes you make (some of the pages are laid out rather awkwardly, etc. & such.) (Don't mind me - I'm a born critic!) So anyway, I've got an ad for you to run... Try to surround it with other legitimate ads. I want it to be taken seriously and

ALBATROSS SPRING/SUMMER 1977

that's one of the dangers in being in a humorous magazine!!

Love,
Roberta Gregory
Long Beach, Calif.

(Editor's note: Roberta Gregory did our incredible cover this issue in appreciation of which we urge you to take her ad seriously!)

Dear Stacey-

I must send a note about the latest ALBATROSS...I see in the letters column several nice remarks about your poetry section - I hope that includes me -- Dorothy Feola's book review wracks me up. When it came to "Be Kind to Older Dykes Week" I burst out laughing... I loved your review too, though it fills me with a perverse desire to get hold of "The Forest Princess" & read it...I too hope that she was never driven to eating her forest friends!! I love the illustrations for the cat poem. "The Roommates" is the best ever. Also, the whole TV section was hilarious. "Salute to the Vaginal Equinox" broke me up. In short, I think this is the best ALBATROSS yet... So the great limerick contest is under way! I am delighted. If I can do anything in the way of helping judge the entries, let me know.

Love, Gail White
New Orleans, La.

ATTENTION: Gail White (whose idea it was in the first place) will be judging the Limerick contest -- all ~~hints~~ suggestions can be sent to her c/o 'Tross. (after all, how can we tell who has integrity unless we test them?).

Dear Stacey-

ALBATROSS finally arrived... the first thing I loved about this issue was the cover. Either Trish Williams is one beautiful dyke--or Irene Young is one hell of a good photographer--or maybe both are true. Anyway, if Trish sounds as good as she looks, then I can't wait to get her tape. Everything about this issue seems improved--even the typing. Dividing words at the end of the line where convention and dictionaries (i.e. male pigs) say they should be divided does not add to the quality of what is written but does make reading a little easier for those of us who are accustomed to reading traditional English... You had more satire in the issue this time-- and it was all good-- Sue RedMountain's piece, the Dorothy Feola interview, the tv listings, "The Wizard of Os," the cartoons and ads. -- and I can relate to Margie Robertson's wonder at why we have more of a constipation than a movement! Your review of Harriet Herman's

books seemed incisive, though I haven't read the books. Ms. Herman will probably not be very happy with the reviews, but what does she expect if she got rave reviews from MS. and the NY Times? And perhaps your review will raise her consciousness a little

Hopefully you will have more satire from Dorothy Feola and more poems by Teresinka Periera! The juxtaposition of the two versions of menstrual blood was interesting - I like the exploration of both (several) sides of an issue.

But you had to do it, didn't you? you had to go and have a limerick contest. Here I am trying to be a serious writer, and you have to pray on my one weakness--reading & writing limericks-- sorta like offering chocolates to a diabetic. Unfair! However, enclosed are my first entries--more to come. Love, Marty Shideler, Flagstaff, Ariz.

Racey Stacey-

The Corinne-Cattrell cover of the new Alby is perhaps your best cover to date. Tee Corinne's art is always outstanding... Margie F. Robertson makes some thought provoking statements in the editorial column which you turned over to her. I wonder sometimes why people don't complain about the curse of other natural functions--like eating, which invariably gives me a stomach ache if I do it well; or breathing, which causes cancer in smoky rooms and polluted cities; or sleeping, which uses up more time than most of us can spare. You can look at the worst side of everything, but there are obviously good sides as well, to the eating, breathing, sleeping and menstruating. I once suffered from the misbegotten notion that sex must be forgone during menstruation, that it was dirty, but now I know this isn't so and it is hard for me to recall what it was and why it was that made me once think otherwise. This issue contained more genuine humor than some previous issues; the movie reviews were particularly humorous-while-pertinent. The material from and about Lolly wasn't, of course, very funny at all, but an important matter... Love, Jessica Amanda Salmonson Zenith, Wash.

Dear Dorothy-

I do remember you. This will just be a short note on recycled Sleeping Beauty stationery. It is no longer available and has not been for some time. There was some possibility that a women's press in Austin was going to re-print it, but I haven't heard from them in some time. If you know

of any press that would be interested in reprinting it, I would be interested to get in contact with them. I just didn't want to hassle the distribution myself anymore. I'd be interested to see the winter issue of ALBATROSS with the review. Could you send me a copy? In sisterhood,

Vicki Gabriner
Atlanta, Ga.

Dear Holly Nearandfar-
PS- Well, it IS a satire magazine! TAC

Dear Carla Cole-
Hi! & stay just as sweet as you are. TAC

dear albatross-
i liked the sample copies you sent so much that I am now subscribing to your looney magazine. your humor is rare. how about doing something more on hairy pits? i grew mine out two years ago and am still coming out of the closet about it. keep up the good work. i'm enclosing a check for nine dollars. keep the spare change. love and kisses, Janet Meyer, Western Springs, Il.

Dear Janet-
see next page and thanks for the idea. TAC

(send letters, \$\$\$\$\$, & helpful suggestions to JUNKMAIL c/o 'tross and get to see your very own name in print-- no talent required)

ALBATROSS
P. O. BOX 2046 CENTRAL STATION, EAST ORANGE, NEW JERSEY (Zip) 07019

FOR IMMEDIATE RELEASE
PLEASE POST PROMINENTLY
FOR YOUR INFORMATION
OTHER

ALBATROSS--the radical-lesbian-feminist-satire magazine) annoyingly announces:
||||| THE FIRST ANNUAL ALBATROSS LESBIAN-FEMINIST LIMERICK CONTEST |||||

YOU COULD WIN

Send your entry today to: **ALBATROSS LIMERICK CONTEST** - PO BOX 2046 CENTRAL STATION EAST ORANGE, NEW JERSEY 07019

(All entries become our property and the decision of our judges is final-- we will publish as many as possible -- 3 final winners to be announced 2/7/78)

FIRST PRIZE: A one year subscription to ALBATROSS
2nd PRIZE: A 2 year sub. to ALBATROSS or \$7.77 in cash money
3rd PRIZE: A lifetime (ours, not yours) sub. to 'Tross and a 3 minute phone call from a member of TAC (not collect, either!)

ENTER AS MANY TIMES AS YOU WISH -- (please enclose SASE if you wish a reply)

ON BODY HAIR



photo by Linda Gonzales

I am a feminist - I am natural - I believe that a woman's body is entirely acceptable in its natural state - that we are oppressed by being required to do things to our bodies in order to conform to a rigid, unnatural standard of socially determined so-called feminine beauty. I do not shave. I will not denigrate myself by removing my normal hair to conform to this rigid unnatural notion of feminine beauty. My body is pleasing to me so I neither add to nor subtract from it.

--Ann M. Irikura

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'What Lesbians do'**
HAVEN'T YOU WONDERED ABOUT
OTHER LESBIANS? A BOOK BY OF FORO
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POEM TO MY ARMS

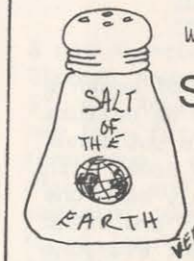
They look
Stronger than they are,
They're the one part of me
That has never

Been "overweight".
They look good
Especially
In short-sleeve t-shirts.
My arms.
I like them.

--by Barbara Ruth

TOO DOWN-TO-EARTH FOR COMMERCIAL
DEODORANTS ???

BUT NOT "NATURAL" ENOUGH TO TAKE THE
WONDROUS GODDESS-GIVEN ODOR DEAR
OLD MOTHER NATURE MEANT FOR YOU ???



WHY NOT TRY:

SALT OF THE EARTH

A FEMINIST BLEND OF VARIOUS
SPICES AND HERBS! YOU'LL
STILL SMELL...

BUT NOW YOU'LL REMIND
YOUR FRIENDS OF THE
GREAT SOUPS THAT GRANDMA USED TO MAKE!

advertisement by Nan Hawthorne c-77 TAC



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NEW MAGS!

LEAPING LESBIAN - The LEAPING LESBIAN leapt into existence to promote unity in the Ann Arbor lesbian community and to give local lesbians a place to make their writings available to the lesbian community. The title was launched by the song, "Here come The Lesbians" (written by Joelyn Grippo & Sue Fink and currently performed by Meg Christian). The collective hopes to provide on a monthly basis a variety of articles reflecting and coming from all aspects of life in our lesbian community. Regular articles will include a spirituality column, A Woman's Bookstore feature, coverage of cultural events and letters to the editor as well as news, ads and a calendar. The few issues we've seen run about twenty pages, are nicely put together and illustrated and we've been enjoying it a lot and wish LEAPING LESBIAN lots of success. It's free to all lesbians (but have the decency to send money when you order it) from: Hibben and Silver-rod, 1003 Packard #5, Ann Arbor, Michigan 48104.

CHRYSALIS -- The new magazine of women's culture (& I think that should be culture with a capital C). CHRYSALIS is published quarterly and is a huge, fancy book with a stiff glossy cover. We've only seen one issue (it ran nearly 150 pages) and tried to get someone to review it but everyone was kinda intimidated by it. (There was, tho, an easy to read article by Florence Rush on how Freud/fraud covered up what he knew about the abuse of children that you should read). Anyway, you can get this from CHRYSALIS c/o The Woman's Building, 1727 N. Spring Street, Dept A, L.A. Calif. 90012 and it's \$10 a year or \$3 for a single issue.

RUBYFRUIT READER - A Lesbian Communique... Subs to Ruby are 3 bucks for six issues or 25¢ a copy or free if you don't have it... tho they need the \$\$\$\$\$ so if you have it send it to: Box 949, Felton, Calif, 97018. We've only seen 2 issues but they run 35 pages (aprox.) and have illustrations and poetry and comix and reviews and ads and news & we wish them the best of luck - send for it and watch it grow.

ALBATROSS SPRING/SUMMER 1977

DINAH - Monthly publication of the Lesbian Activist Bureau, Inc. Sandie Garsey, Editor. DINAH isn't a new publication but it didn't used to be the monthly publication of the Lesbian Activist Bureau etcetera so that's why it's under new publications and also we didn't know where else to list it and also if you aren't getting DINAH it's your loss so why aren't you getting it? Send \$\$\$\$\$ (it doesn't ever say how much it wants so make up a nice amount) to: DINAH - PO BOX 24257, Cinti, Ohio, 45224.

Pearl Diver



(on the other hand) IS new...it's also fabulous! PEARL DIVER (it says) is a public meeting place for open discussion -- a blank page for the Lesbian community to share the interests & issues, communication, analysis and news of our Lesbian lives. PEARL DIVER is dedicated to questioning that any one line can be politically correct and discovering that politics is the process of questioning and living those questions. And laughing.

What's the meaning behind the name?(it goes on to say in the first beautiful issue). PEARL DIVER is black slang for lesbian; an owning of our heritage and beautiful imagery. "ALBATROSS, a lesbian humor magazine recently had an article on Tee Corinne and her "Cunt Coloring Book", and mentioned the phrase there. Thanks Tee." Anyway, they welcome all contributions: articles, reviews, short stories, poetry, & drawings, and response to the magazine itself. It's nicely put together, quality paper & bound, and the illustrations have us gnashing our teeth in envy. This one is gonna be a shot in the arm to your library. Get it from: P O BOX 14532, Portland, Oregon, 97214 for \$9 per year.

GAIA'S GUIDE 1977 FOR GAY WOMEN...

No, of course it isn't a new publication & by the time you read this the '78 GUIDE'll be out but we want you to know you can order your GUIDE from 'Tross (\$5.00 incl postage & handling) ...and in case you never heard of it it's a thoroughly detailed discreet pocket size international bar/club guide and complete directory.

52

GAIA'S GUIDE (continued)... All U.S.A. listings plus 40 other countries. 3000 listings, centers, switchboards, organizations, publications, reviews, etc. etc. We never go anywhere without ours & you shouldn't either. Send \$5 to "Tross, P. O. Box 2046 Central Station, E.O. N.J., 07019 (you won't be sorry).

WINDHAVEN, a matriarchal fanzine "toward a feminist & humanitarian fantasy & science fiction" is published approx. quarterly by ATLANTA PRESS, Box 5688 University Sta. Seattle, Wash, 98105. Single copy \$1.50 & subs. 4/\$4 (subs can be extended indefinitely via contributions of art, essay, letters for publication and other participating interest; but please do have a sub. to extend or you'll risk missing issues. Remember: all truth is a paradox, therefore no truth is a paradox; you're never too old to learn, and you can't teach an old dog new tricks. WINDHAVEN is edited by Jessica Amanda Salmonson and we plan to review it in a future issue.

POETRY BOOKS WE PLAN TO REVIEW EVENTUALLY.

FRESH ROASTED PEANUTS by Vicki Hudspith is available for \$1.50 from the author at: 226 Thompson Street, #20, N.Y. N.Y. 10012 (32 pages, interestingly illustrated).

THE WOMAN WHO WARPED WITH DOORS by Lois Van Houten (author of BEHIND THE DOOR) 50 pages illustrated -- available from the author at 16 Harlow Crescent, Fair Lawn, N.J. 07410, \$2.50.

PANDORA'S BOX by Gail White is distributed by CARYATID PRESS, 7724 Cohn St., New Orleans, La. 70118. (\$1.25) If you're a regular (or even irregular) 'tross reader, you don't need us to tell you about the joy of reading Gail's poems... if not, well why not see for yourself.

FOR THOSE WHO CANNOT SLEEP by Ruth Ikeler/Mountaingrove - an unusual document of the inner journey called the dark night of the soul, this poem is set in an illuminating format. 88 pages with 13 full page drawings. Available from NEW WOMAN PRESS, Box 56, Wolf Creek, Oregon, 97497. (\$3.50).

DYKE TRACEY AND OTHERS by Anna May Xerox is available from KARMIC REVENGE LAUNDRY SHOP PRESS, PO BOX 14, Guttenberg, N.J. 07093 & is \$1.75. It isn't really just a poetry book but it's got poems and a gorgeous full cover cover by Kathy Madden and Rita Karman and really you should have a copy so you can understand the review when we review it... TAC

MISC. ANNOUNCEMENT!

A new sub-committee of the American Medical Student Association (AMSA), formerly the Student American Medical Association (SAMA) has been formed to deal with the needs of homosexual pre-medical students, medical students and physicians. The Gay people in medicine committee is meant to alleviate, or at least ameliorate, the frustrations inherent in medical school and professional surroundings which are peculiar to the gay professional. Contact them at: AMSA 1171 Tower Road, Schaumburg, Ill. 61095. *Is This in English?



ALBATROSS SPRING/SUMMER 1977

53

ENCOUNTER

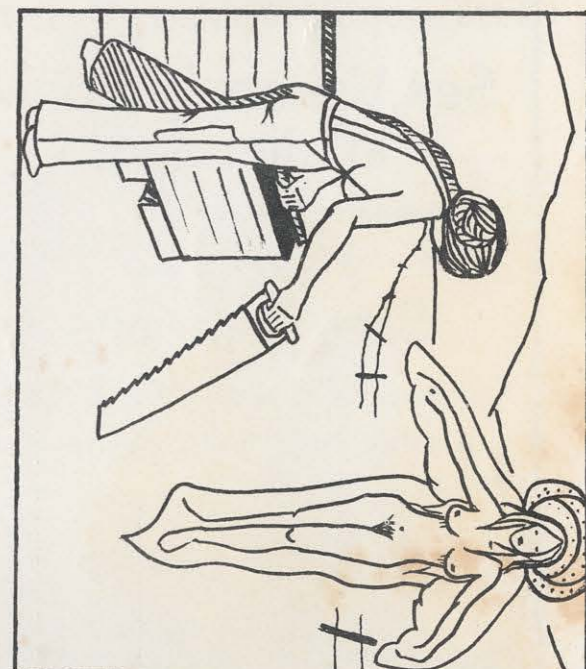
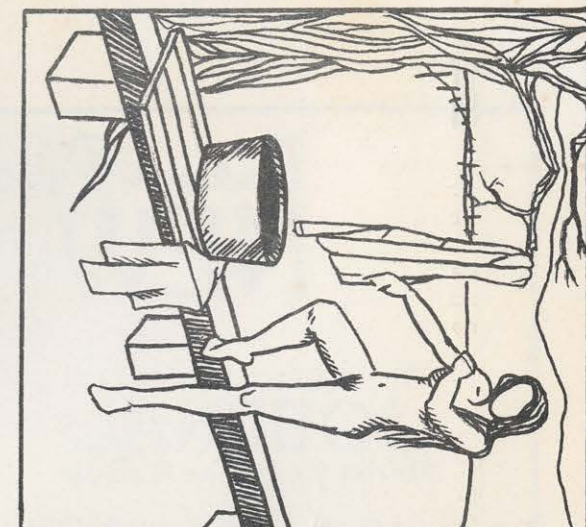
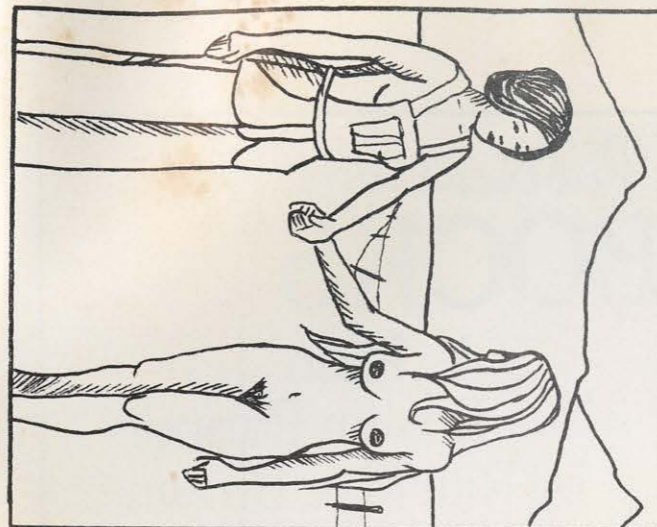
I move across the ice age of my own approaching winter digging, scratching with cracked & bleeding fingers at the cold, hard, muddled frozenness, searching - as once on hands & knees in the cemetery I searched with bare & freezing fingers through the snow to find the marker for my daughter's grave - and found instead the cold, iron, numbered marker of the infant son of an old, dear friend, who had, a little to one side, found the marker I sought, looking for her own. We stood. And looked at one another with that long looking women so often exchange that will bear no words, nor needs none. Then, passing, once again on our knees in the snow, there by the far wall where the trucks of commerce roared past filling the thin, cold air with their noxious fumes; there each unto herself & her own, on her knees with her own tears before we rose again, clasped each other & wept as if we were again children weeping as children do, over the loss of a small kitten: except these were not, this time, our pets, but our selves, in large part then, beneath that snow by that brick wall which, alone held back the snarling engines accustomed to the open space of the interstate.

What angels led us to each other to the same place, the same time, the identical-yet-different pain; or was it some unsensed sensibility that drew us, mirrors to ourselves, each bereft of our middle children, leaving her the middle child mother of daughters and me the middle child mother of sons? I don't know. We were each as acceptant of the other as if we'd been some ten or fifteen years behind this moment, passing to one of innumerable shared classrooms in which neither of us excelled so much as Students, but did rather too well in returning to our teachers torment for underhanded torment. It was a draw. We each graduated to the sighed relief of parents & faculty and, having now, once more, met in exquisite torment, we (each) washed our faces with the aching snow, stepped into our separate cars & joined again in a small, dark stinking bar of the sort that always seem to border cemeteries, and got smashing, howling, burning drunk. Together:



exchanging our war stories like other veterans who have met death and lost. I met her again yesterday, each of us checking out the grey in the other's hair like the two small kids we once were playing at Cooties, and all the while tale after tale passed between us of this one & that one - our classmates - dead, drunk, destroyed, delirious, dumb; until it seemed of the sixteen who had lived so much (to much?) together only we two were left, standing by the counter there, buying mittens on sale.

--margie f. robertson
c-77 m. f. robertson



BETH
17
55

Diana Press Publications NEW BOOKS

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Barbara Grier and Coletta Reid, eds.
326 pp., paper, drawings \$5.75

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by Jeannette Foster
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Sapphic Songs

Seventeen to Seventy by Elsa Gidlow
A collection of lesbian love poems.
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A Women's Songbook
Joyce Cheney, Marcia Deihl, &
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Lesbian Essays from The Ladder
Barbara Grier and Coletta Reid, eds.
Thirty-seven essays by long-time
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357 pp., paper, photos \$5.75

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LOLENG

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LESBIAN LIVES

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Biographies of over 60 women
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