

Cheap, cheap!

# ALBATROSS

summer -- 1978

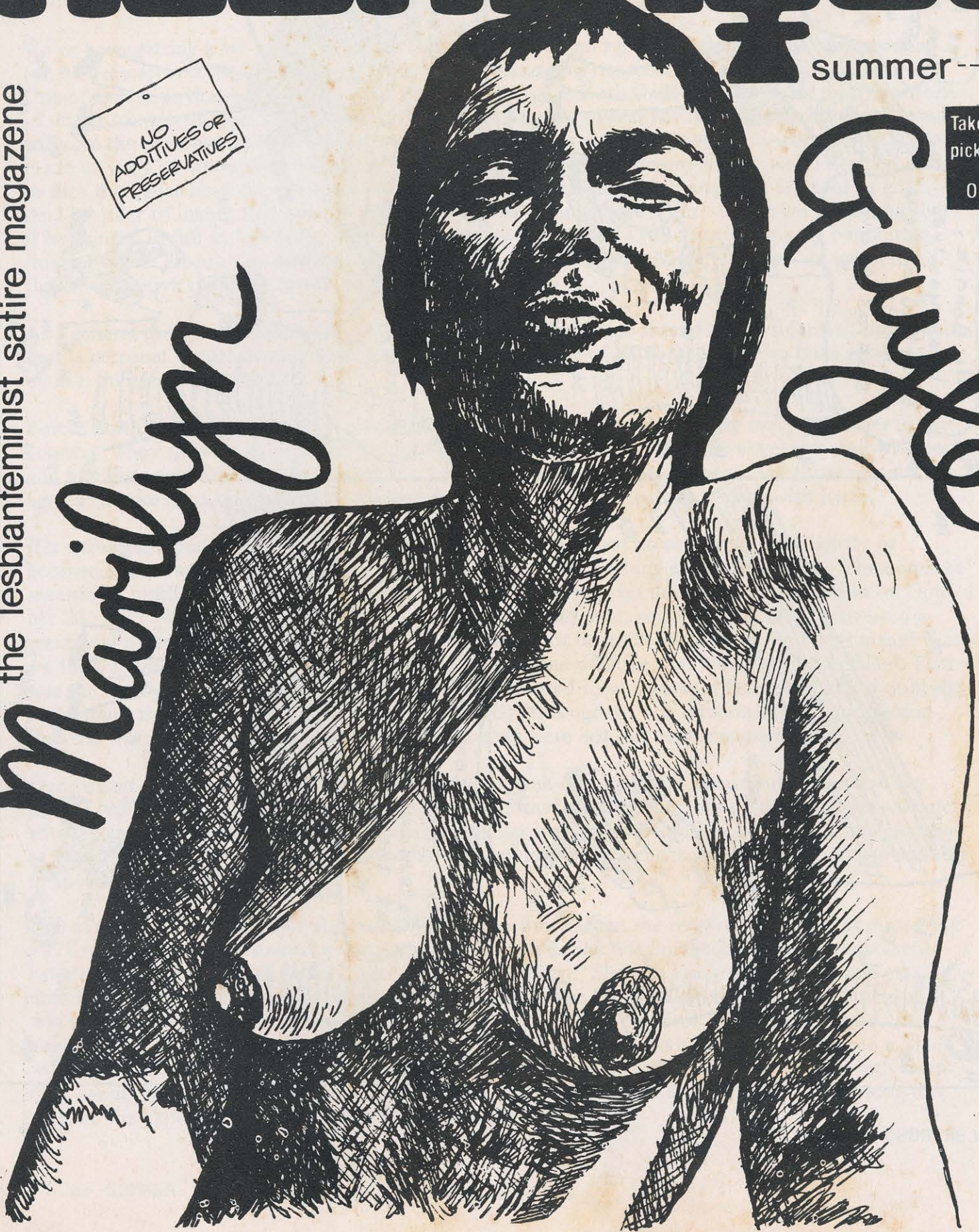
the lesbianfeminist satire magazine

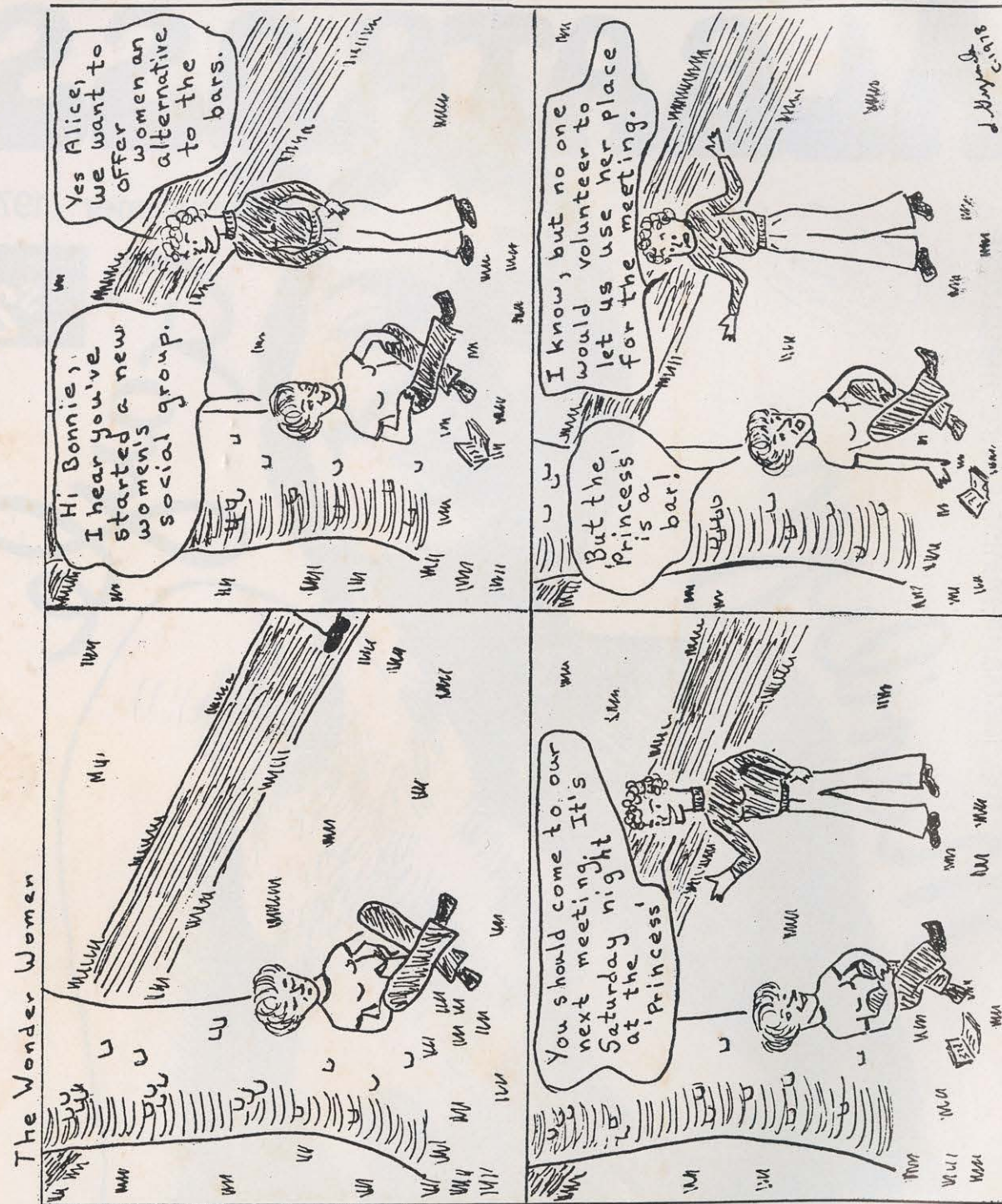
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Diana Press statement re Ruth Geller

The women of Diana Press extend a warm greeting to all the women who read our books, as well as to those who have only read about us.

We've been getting a lot of bad publicity lately in the women's press, in the form of unresearched (or half-researched, or "researched" without understanding) accusations and unfounded rumors. One of the items that has gotten a great deal of coverage is Ruth Geller's letter, with its accusations of unfair treatment from Diana Press. We have hesitated to answer her for two reasons. We wanted to avoid the personal issues such as answer entails, and our previous experience with the press has made us wary of attempting to get our position fully or fairly represented. But we've decided now to face the issues head on, since our failure to provide a statement is being used as proof of guilt. And in order to insure that our full statement appear somewhere for the record, we are asking that it be printed in full in Albatross. Other publications can receive a full reprint copy by contacting this magazine. We are also sending our statement to Lesbian Connection, although we understand that they reserve the right to edit all material.

As a general policy we believe that author-publisher relationships should be confidential, since much that is personal occurs in such relationships. But in the case of Ruth Geller, we've been given no choice. So here's the story.

Before Ruth Geller submitted her manuscript to us, she sent it to practically every publisher in the country. They rejected it. Diana Press, on the other hand, believed that the novel was well-written and had historical value in terms of the evolution of the women's movement. For those reasons, we agreed to take it on, and we meant to publish it, despite the difficulties we had with Ruth.

Her accusation that we broke the contract is true, but it was not an action we took lightly or because Ruth was too much trouble. At the time, there was nothing else we could do. The contract specified a publication date of December 31, 1977. The book was destroyed by vandalism on October 25, 1977. We could not meet the terms of the contract, and, since we had already invested a great deal of time and money and energy in her book, our inability to fulfill those terms meant that we took a considerable loss. Ruth's contract was only one of three that could not be fulfilled. That was the reality of the situation, a reality that Ruth refused to understand. But then, why should she understand that reality when she failed, consistently, throughout our relationship, to understand that she was not our only author and that her wishes were not our only responsibility?

Our earliest problems with Ruth stemmed from her lack of knowledge about publishing and her lack of willingness to learn. She incorrectly assumed that she had control no other publisher would allow over every phase of our operation regarding her book. She refused to believe our explanations of standard methods of book production and placed herself in an adversary position that no amount of special treatment changed.

One example of Ruth's major arguments with us occurred when she received her copy of our spring 1977 catalog, which contained a description of her book. She was enraged because we mistakenly listed the author as "Ruth Geller" instead of "R.S. Geller." She was also upset because the catalog described the novel as "the unfolding of one woman's sense of oppression," whereas, Ruth said, it was actually the story of two women. Of course, Ruth did call the book *Seed of A Woman*, not *Seed of Two Women*... Finally, she was distressed because the photo in the catalog showed a Black woman in the crowd. As Ruth said, there were no Black women in her book. To be perfectly accurate, we did not have this argument with Ruth herself, but with her attorney, who called long-distance, at our expense, to relay Ruth's complaints--for two hours.

This is just one example of the kind of harassment and expense that Ruth subjected us to. Another publisher might have dropped her contract immediately. But we kept on going, accepting the many collect calls, putting more labor and money into her book, because we believed it was worth publishing. We had it almost to publication when we were vandalized. We're a little tired of talking about the vandalism, and maybe some of you are a little tired of hearing about it, but the fact is that we are still, after a year, struggling to make up for that financial and emotional disaster.

So we were vandalized. And there we were, cleaning up the mess, wondering whether we'd survive, fearing we wouldn't, when a burglary sergeant at the Oakland police department informed us that Ruth had called them and asked if we really had been vandalized. She didn't call us until she'd checked with them. In her public statement, she said she called the police because she assumed our phones had been destroyed.

One of the areas where the vandalism hit hardest was in the pasteup room. The typesetting and pasteup for three books that were to be published were destroyed. We had to drop all three and postpone several more. Those that were merely postponed had not yet made it to the pasteup stage, and we still had the typesetting--a major and time-consuming part of the production process. Although contract-breaking is not uncommon practice in publishing, it is not something we, as a feminist publisher, commonly do. We feel that we have obligations to our authors that other publishers do not have (we also do not abandon a book after the first few months on the market if it doesn't sell well--another common publishing practice. We do everything we can to keep it in print and to sell it, because we do not accept books we don't believe in). But following the vandalism there was no way we could fulfill our contractual obligations, no way we could commit ourselves to a new publication date. We had to concentrate on survival, and, we hoped, our eventual recovery.

Another major accusation Ruth has made is that we failed to communicate with her adequately, even about our move from Baltimore to Oakland. The impression Ruth gives is that we avoided all contact with her. This is simply not true. In going through our files, we retrieved the carbons of seven letters written to her between December 1976 and October 1977--an eleven-month period. These were just the letters, and there were, of course, many phone calls. Included in the letters was one from Coletta Reid, dated March 31, saying that our move from Baltimore was a hassle and "thank you for your patience..." It included our new address. We moved in late February.

As far as communication went, Ruth was far from perfect herself. She seemed to feel that the best way to communicate with us was to threaten legal action at the drop of an initial, to call us collect whenever she felt we weren't tending to business, and to view us, generally, as a hindrance to the publication of her book. Now she's wasting her own time and energy, and the time and energy of those who have joined her in her campaign against Diana. It would be more productive, certainly, to put it all into publishing the book herself.

We do not intend this statement to be part of another argument with Ruth Geller. We will not answer her answer to our answer to her...etc. We are all working double time right now to make up for last year, and we have no more energy to give to anything but producing books for ourselves and our readers.

*Karen Sjoholm*  
*Sharon Isabell*  
*Ardaine Gordon*  
*Ann Bernard*  
*Coletta Reid*  
*Shelley Soy*

*Kathy Tompkins*  
*Elizabeth D'Allesand*  
*Judy Mahn*  
*Wendy...*  
*Rebecca Et...*  
*Laurie Friedman*


# REVOLUTION

Editorial View



As you can clearly see this issue is dated Summer '78 --- a time that has long since gone (as you've noticed unless you live in Miami or LA) and while we agree that it's foolish to call it the summer issue we have to have some kind of way to know the issues apart and that seems as good a way as any & the pages were mostly done when a series of ugly mishaps befell us and... excuses are really so boring -- so if any of you really feel you need to know why the delay send us a SASE and about a dollar to cover the aggravation to us to even discuss it.

Anyway, welcome to our summer issue -- it's our first attempt at doing a literary issue (illiterary issue?) and we'd love feedback, comments, money and a nickle bag (tho not necessarily in that order).



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We thank everyone who participated in this issue and would like to take this opportunity to let you know that our next issue is on the topic of FAT: as a lesbianfeminist issue. We welcome whatever you want to send (not cookies!). We regret to add that the volume of mail we get (and the new postal rates! sheesh!) make it impossible to answer mail that doesn't include SASE.

*Stacey*  
 Stacey M. Franchild  
 Editor - ALBATROSS  
 for T.A.C.

ALBATROSS is published twice a year by the ALBATROSS collective (T.A.C.) and edited by Stacey M. Franchild. A sub. is 4 issues & all material is copyrighted (c-1978 TAC all rights reserved) Please WRITE for re-print permission. All mail will be considered for publication unless clearly marked: NOT FOR PUBLICATION. We welcome feedback, input, articles, comix and art work (limited to black & white). We pay in ads, contributor's copies, subs and empty promises of fame and fortune.



### FEEDBACK

Dear Stacey-

The new ALBATROSS (Winter '78) is a bit dull, not really one of your better efforts. Too many photographs of you, Virginia, et al for starters. Your first two pages look like a society supplement. The next seven are all letters to the editor, most of which say exactly the same things. Very few have any bite or wit, & as free advertising for 'Tross, they're unnecessary. I suggest orinting only those letters that actually contain news & information. Everybody who reads your letters is turned on to 'Tross already, & attempting a supercharge is over-kill....

R.M.C.

### BITE & WIT

Dear TAC-

Just want you to know that I am pleased to discover that there are organized lesbian feminists with a collective sense of humor. Too long have I kept mine closeted. Listen, nobody is more serious about revolution than I am; nobody wants a lesbian nation more than I do; but in the meantime I have to deal with the petty daily frustrations of life, and to do this successfully I have to do a lot of chortling and chuckling (even when it hurts). Do our funny bones have to become totally politicized too? I would hate to see lesbian feminism end up becoming Sacred Cowism, which it is in danger of becoming if it continues to take everything about itself so Goddessalmighty serious.

Listen, can't you see it now: a future Utopia, the culmination of the lesbian feminist dream, only something has gotten screwed up along the way. DYKE MAGAZINE is the state publication in this society. Huge posters plastered on every surface proclaim "SISTERHOOD IS POWERFUL" and "BIG SISTER'S WATCHING YOU" beneath a nameless, hypnotic face. Everyone is required to participate in daily Two Minutes of Hate Programs, wherein they are assaulted by images of construction workers leering and hooting at us on the street, battered wives, Anita Bryant mouthing senseless syllables amid a shower of orange pulp, etc. Goddess worship is the state religion and its practice is enforced while male children are summarily executed at birth. Dissidents are banished into

faceless heterosexuality. Heterosexuals would, of course, be the proletariat. wow! In Love, Laughter, Sisterhood & Struggle,  
Mary Burns  
Marlton, NJ

Dear Mary-

Sounds good to me! Do you think if DYKE gets to be the state publication they'll let TAC be the 'nameless hypnotic' faces on the state posters? love Stacey & TAC

### INFORMATION

We are soliciting manuscripts for a true-confessions style anthology. It will include short stories of a humorous sarsitive and/or risque approach to womens sexual experiences. We ask that each story be true and written in the first person. Anonymity will be guaranteed if desired. Inquiries welcome. Typed, double-spaced manuscripts with SASE should be mailed by Feb. 1st, '79 to:  
Ellen Cooney  
2618 Buchanan St.  
San Francisco, Ca. 94115

I am blown away by the review of CLARA & CONCHA IN A NURSING HOME ROMANCE -- really, it's as good or better than the comic itself (and only I can say that). Judy brings up all the right issues & points of interest. Please watch however, some of the implications of violence against women, as in a couple of the limericks. I have a hard time laughing at it. Anyway, keep the faith,  
Jan Dixon  
1604-17th St., N.W.  
Washington, D.C. 20009

NOTE: Jan's comic is available for \$1 from Jan at the above address. TAC

Thank you for your wonderful review of FROM THE BELLY OF THE BEAST. The original edition was sold out. A lesbian who works at a liberal printshop tried to do a second edition last fall. She was able to do 125 before the male head of the shop read it & refused to do any more. I have been unable to find a press to reprint it or to amass the capitol to have it done commercially & would appreciate suggestions on where to go from here -- I have no problem selling the book, only getting the copies to sell. The few remaining copies may be ordered directly from me for \$4. Love and sedition,  
Barbara Ruth  
1029 W. Colonial Pk. Dr.  
Grand Ledge, Mi. 48837

### MORE FEEDBACK

The cockroach bit is fresh out of a sophomore college humor mag... Your reviewing section, on the other hand, is quite strong & worthwhile. It could be improved by adopting a two-column page.

'Van Dyke'--good idea - poor execution... The author needs an artist to collaborate--the background, foreground & dialogue all have the same tonal quality... Is the ad on page 24 real? 'Anita's Diary' --not bad, but you did almost the same thing the last time around. R.M.C.

### ANITA'S DIARY

... I apologize for not contacting... ALBATROSS before reprinting "Anita's Diary" in the LESBIAN TIDE... I forgot that ALBATROSS required prior permission before reprinting...Your letter...served to remind us to be more careful in the future about reprint permission. I am sorry if the appearance of "Anita's Diary" in the LESBIAN TIDE caused you any problems. It was not intended as a rip off...we got feedback from readers who enjoyed the piece... Sincerely,  
Sharon McDonald  
for the LESBIAN TIDE  
L. A. Calif

### BACK TO THE FEEDBACK

...couldn't get through Nan Hawthorne's story. 'Tea Comix' skips in a vital place, the acquisition of the modeling job. The drawing is amateurish but more effective than that in 'Van Dykes'...

I think Gail blew the limerick contest. Her selections are all so prudish, so political, & yet she chastises us for printing 'political' poetry! Your own selections beat piss out of those Gail liked. Mine? I'm embarrassed. You won't believe that, will you? I've written things like that in bathrooms all my life, but I never signed them before... R.M.C.

### LIMERICK CONTEST

The new 'Tross is ever BETTER! Am knocked out that one of the limericks is "thanks to ..!" Really blows me away. Shakes me that anything I write even came in at all, much less 2nd too ----- hope that doesn't leave me like Anita Bryant ..."just another runner up!" Actually, I'm so honored I'm sorta wandering around here, 'cause... well, when someone as superbly skilled as Gail does the judging &... you'll just have to wait till the swelling of the head subsides...

margie f. robertson  
ALBATROSS-SUMMER '78 Terrace Park, Ohio

### MORE LIMERICK CONTEST

...The limerick about the little Dutch maid had me laughing all day. Reminded me of that old joke on how to tell the temperature of the ocean: Stick your finger in a WAVE!  
Cheers!  
Lee Kinard  
Orlando, Fla.

### FEEDBACK AGAIN

...The best part of the poetry is the pictures. I love the monkeys. I like 'Our Lady of Polish Bowling Leagues' & look forward to a series of similar virgins...Dorothy Feola does nothing for me. Pretty good crossword puzzle...just realized you guys write Shiftly & Frypan, two old favorites of mine. Congrats. R.M.C.

### VIOLENCE AGAINST PHYLLIS?

TAC-

I enjoyed reading ALBATROSS but I wish you didn't focus so much satirical energy on "Phyllis Shit-fly" & Anita Bryant. You know these poor women are just brainwashed puppets of the patriarchy. You know our real enemies are the people who really have power - excuse me, I mean men, so why don't we attack the real oppressors instead of their spokeswomen - slaves? OK? In sisterhood,  
Jan Hardy  
Pittsburgh, Pa.

### FEEDETCETERA

Overall, what's really wrong with this issue is labored humor. It's too restrained, insufficiently bitchy & spontaneous. Past issues amuse everyone here, even despite themselves...we normally read you cover-to-cover... not this time. Seems to me someone told you you're a leader, and now you feel the weight of it. Relax. Be Stacey. Stacey is amusing. Sympathetic. Easy to identify with. Movement editors are dull & commonplace...

And how come your pictures make you all look so uncomfortably self-conscious? They make me feel self-conscious looking at them. Only the cats on the cover look casual about it all... R.M.C.

### WATCH THE BIRDIE!

Stacey, in most of the pictures in this issue, everyone else is looking at or near the camera, but you are looking in other directions. Are you seeing things they can't see? Glad you're Flying High! Love,  
Lee Kinard  
Orlando, Fla.

MORE BIRDIE WATCHING!

The pictures of the collective are really great. I'm cutting them out and tacking them up on my wall! ...I've gotta pass this along to you: Last week my father got a fund-raising letter from Anita Bryant's protect America's children groups and gave it to me unopened. I read it, and along with it was a copy of their newsletter & a post paid envelope that you're supposed to use to send a contribution. Well, I used it to send a free message to dear Anita! It didn't cost me a cent! I told her I was a radical feminist woman-identified woman and that I'm interested in knowing about what her group is doing so I and my sisters can be alert and ready to fight her all the way down the line. I ended with "Anita, we are your children" and "A Day Without Human Rights is Like a Day without Sunshine!" I bet that freaker her out! I'm glad I got to do it for free, too; it didn't even cost me a stamp!

In sisterhood,  
Desi Seagull  
Media, Pa.

END OF FEEDBACK

This seems like quite a rip, but you asked (for feedback) really you did. I'm still in your corner. Maybe that's why I am ripping. Keep it coming, take care.

Robin Michelle Clifton  
Vicious, Vermont

Dear Robin Michelle-  
Well... nobody's perfect. Much love from Stacey & TAC --  
P.S. Do keep in touch. S.

NOTICE OF OUR INTERNATIONAL STATUS

Please send a sample copy & please try not to make it too obvious - the Irish Post Office tends to confiscate such things.

Thanks,  
Maura Lynch  
Dublin, Republic of Ireland

I liked all the other issues of 'Tross but you really did a terrific job on the last one. I was expecting a lot, but it's even better... will try to find you new subscribers.

love,  
Andree Gougeon  
Quebec, Canada

I am an organiser of a new gay group, GEMMA -catering for the needs of the handicapped/ isolated/older age group of gay women.

There is a great need in this country for ALBATROSS-SUMMER 1978

a group to cater for the needs of this category of woman. I understand that a lot has been done in your country, and I am wondering if you are able to help us by obtaining pen-friends for the group, giving ideas on the running of it, and the exchange of magazines and newsletters.

In sisterhood,  
Kath O'Driscoll  
16, Earlsmede, Greenmeadow  
CWMBRAN, Gwent, NP. 4. 4.SR.  
South Wales. U.K.

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OFFENDED

Dear TAC-  
Since my musical tastes run to satire and oldies-but-badies, I've followed the whole Alix-Meg-Holly schtick with near-total lack of comprehension. However: I'm offended (finally, after reading 'TROSS since she was called something trite- SISTERHOOD?) by the "Meg Witch" suggestion (winter '78), which blasphemes the one matriarchal faith in the whole bag. Shame! and B.C.S. take note.

Love,  
Connie Gilbert-Neiss  
South Orange, N.J.



--by Martie Andrews

It's been a long time since we've been surprised by any of the mail that comes to 'Trossland, but we were more than a little curious about a letter we received from a "B. Crocker for the Gingerbread Warriors Collective" announcing that ALBATROSS had been selected to "publicize an announcement of great social and political importance" & inviting us for an interview. So we sent our Revolving Recorder to check it out.

Recorder's Notes: The collective is housed in a modest structure at Number One Poppin' Fresh Lane. I was greeted by a Ms. Crocker, a pleasant, motherly-looking woman with her hair in a "honkey Afro" who was wearing jeans and a sweatshirt saying death to the Patriarchal Insect." She offered me coffee, and we settled down to talk.

RR: Now, Ms. Crocker...  
BC: Just call me Betty.  
RR: All right, Betty. Does anyone ever confuse you with the Betty Crocker? By the way could I have some sugar for my coffee?  
BC: I am the Betty Crocker. And we never use sugar. It's the worst poison you can put in your body.  
RR: (nearly dropping my cut) But if you're the Betty Crocker, with the cakes and icings and all that, how can you say you don't use sugar when it's made you rich?  
BC: That's exactly what I asked you here to talk about. You see, one day my friend Sara Lee and I were inadvertently locked in a bake shop with Gloria Swanson, the silent movie star. You know, Gloria hates sugar.  
RR: Yes, she says that not eating sugar has kept her looking so young.  
BC: Well, after forty-eight hours in the store, Gloria convinced Sara and me that we were killing America with our products. And what with spending all that time together in such cramped quarters and going through the psychological trauma of being shown the

error of our ways, Sara and I became very close.  
RR: You don't mean...  
BC: Yes I do.  
RR: But what about Mr. Crocker and Mr. Lee?  
BC: Mr. Crocker died of obesity and diabetes years ago, & Sara's never been married. Anyway, Sara and I got Gloria to talk to Ann Pillsbury and Jane Parker and we all decided to form this collective to help women conquer the world.

RR: Wow! How are you going to do it?  
BC: Instead of killing everyone with our stuff, we're just going to get rid of the men. We're asking housewives everywhere to make cakes and pies and cookies for their oppressor-husbands, who, if they manage to stay alive, will be so weakened that women, after giving up sugar, will be able to take over.

RR: But what about the women who don't want to take over?  
BC: We're going to give them a little push towards liberation. We hope that when they serve their families our convenience foods Like Hamburger Hurter and Instant Smashed-Potatoes, their husbands will leave them. Then they'll be ready to join the fight.

RR: What got you interested in women's liberation?  
BC: Oh, I've been liberated all my life--running a giant corporation, taking care of myself. But it wasn't until Sara and I became such good friends that I realized that not all women were as lucky as I was. And frankly, I finally got sick of all the crap I had to take from men, even those who worked for me.  
RR: Well, ALBATROSS will certainly spread the word. And we'll start getting in training for the takeover. I'm going to go home and throw out the brownies.





FROM THE CORPORATE FILES

--by Martie Andrews

Gizmo Development of New York is currently marketing a "Gay Bob" doll. Bob, who is described as "a cross between Paul Newman and Robert Redford" is packaged in a closet, wearing one earring, a cowboy shirt, jeans, and boots. He comes complete with a wardrobe, clothes catalogue, and songbook.

Philadelphia Inquirer, August 4, 1978

Gizmo Development-  
Gentlemen:

First, let me congratulate you on your fine Gay Bob doll. My nephew loved the one I gave him for his birthday. However, I have to say that you are remiss in your campaign to bring honesty and liberation to the toy world in that you have no female counterpart to Gay Bob. You may think that there is no demand for such a product because all lesbians are tomboys as children and never look at dolls. This is simply untrue. You'd be amazed at how many Barbie Dolls left Ken when the Midge dolls came out (on the market, I mean).

I'm sure that as a forward-looking firm, you will take this advice in the spirit in which it is offered. I know that you would not want to be branded as male chauvinists and possibly picketed or boycotted.

Yours for equality,  
Lori Lavender

Dear Ms. Lavender:

Thank you for your letter. We have been working on a lesbian doll, but frankly, we just aren't sure how to package her. What we really need is some expert advice. Would you be willing to work as a paid consultant on Sapphic Sandy?

George G. Gizmo,  
for Gizmo Development

Dear Mr. Gizmo:

I'll be glad to help. First, I'd prefer a more upfront name like Dyke Debbie. Although lesbians come in a mind-boggling variety, I suppose you want Sandy (or Debbie) to represent the quintessence of gay womanhood. Do not put her in a closet like Gay Bob; she has long ago come out and doesn't want to waste energy on concealment. I suggest that you package her next to an empty pedestal, which she refuses to be put on. Dress her in jeans and a T-shirt. Useful accessories might be feminist and lesbian buttons and picket signs. Please let me know if I can be of any more assistance.

Lori Lavender

Dear Lori:

Enclosed is a check in payment for your suggestions. What about other clothes? She can't wear jeans and T-shirts all the time. I'm enclosing some sketches for your comments.

George Gizmo

P.S. We feel that "Dyke Debbie" is a little too upfront for the general public and are sticking with "Sapphic Sandy".

Dear George:

I know that you mean well, but you're all wrong! I couldn't tell whether the sketches were of Sandy or The Incredible Hulk. I'm sending some pictures of myself and my friends so that you can get an idea of what real lesbians look like. Also, while it was a good idea to put a slogan on the T-shirt, I think you could find something more catchy than "Men Make Me Sick". How about "A woman without a man is like a fish without a bicycle" or the one I'm wearing in the picture, "Anita, we're in heaven already"?

It's hard to make suggestions about other clothes, since so many lesbians can't afford large wardrobes. I strongly suggest that you do not include bras or girdles, however,

Lori

Page 8

Dear Lori:

I don't know why an attractive girl like you is settling for second best in bed. I'll bet if you met the right guy, you'd straighten yourself out. Why don't we get together for a drink? My wife will be out of town next week.

George

Dear Mr. Gizmo:

Thanks but no thanks. I've discussed your ideas with my friends, and we've decided to form a collective and manufacture Dyke Debbie ourselves. We know what we want and you obviously don't.

More in sadness than in anger,  
Ms. Lavender

P.S. I would return your check, but I blew it all on a Big Muck and fries. Sorry.

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SAPPHIC SANDY OR DEBBIE DYKE

graphic by Laura Colford

for Gay Women:

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CITRIC ACID by PEN

DIALOGUE by MARTIE ANDREWS

c-1978 T.A.C.

Those Dykes at ALBATROSS thought they could make a fool of me with their poems and comix and satires...

But I outsmarted them.

I started giving interviews that proved I could do a better job of making a fool of myself.

I see that didn't stop them, though...





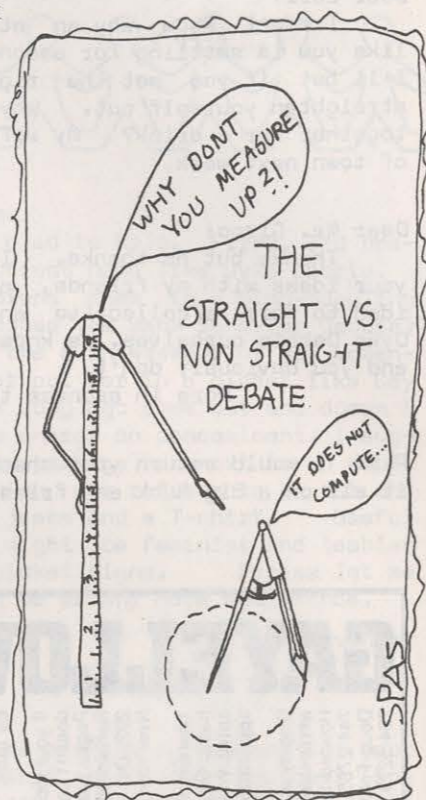
**SINISTER WISDOM, SPECIAL ISSUE: LESBIAN WRITING & PUBLISHING** (\$2.50) send: c/o: C. Nicholson - 3116 Country Club Drive, Charlotte, N.C. 28205

For those of us who are involved in lesbian/feminist writing/editing/publishing to any important degree, this issue won't offer much that we haven't read/heard/discussed many times before but for those of us just beginning, or with a strong, healthy curiosity and/or interest, the contents are informative to say the least & valuable to say the most. Then, of course, there's the fact that the book is just plain interesting.

I enjoyed getting the point of view of these talented/intelligent women of words, a number of whom I admire. Even the few (women in literature) I wasn't too familiar with managed to spark my interest, and, for the most part, hold my attention without much effort on my part. The sections I found myself the most engrossed in were **AESTHETIC'S: LESBIANS & LITERATURE** (especially the dialogue by publisher/novelist June Arnold) and **THE POLITICS OF PUBLISHING AND THE LESBIAN COMMUNITY**, by poet/editor Jan Clausen.

--by Jean Sirius

--by Dorothy Feola



**GROWING UP FEMALE IN AMERICA: TEN LIVES** --- Edited and introduced by Eve Merriam.

"Growing up Female in America: Ten Lives", concerns itself with the lives of ten women from the 18th century up to the 20th century. Eve Merriam gathered letters, journals, diaries, etc. and edited them so each woman's story is told in her own words. The book does give a rather interesting insight into the era each woman grew up in. Another interesting fact I noted was not one of the ten women depicted was a Lesbian. If one out of every ten women is a Lesbian, then why wasn't one out of the ten stories about a Lesbian? I imagine only Eve Merriam can tell us why.

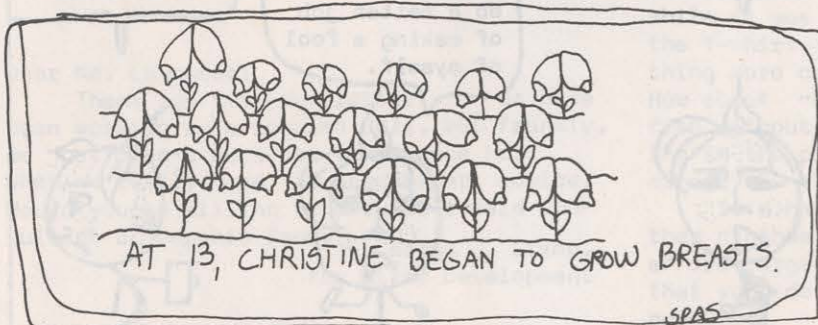
--by Ronnie Alzheimer

**ANGEL DANCE: a thriller** By M.F. Beal - Daughters, Inc. 22 Charles St, NY, NY 10014 \$5.00 paperback.

This is a warning. Do not start reading this book at eight at night if you have to work in the morning.

You'll only get about two hours of sleep, and you'll look like hell. I hate to say it, and I felt pretty silly, but I couldn't Put It Down. But literally. I kept putting off going to the bathroom, waiting for the book to slow down. It doesn't.

**ANGEL DANCE** is very topical, and ricochets from coast to coast. It has philosophy & intrigue, chases, fights, rescues, betrayals, mysterious deaths. The detective is a Chicana and a Dyke. I'm in love with her, and if any of the six people I'm loaning my copy don't return it, I will personally punch them out.



**LESBIAN LIVES** -(Biographies of Women from THE LADDER); edited by Barbara Grier and Coletta Reid; Diana Press, 4400 Market St, Oakland, Ca 94608 (\$5.75 softcover).

It is a bit unusual to review a book consisting of reviews but in this case it was a highly informative pleasure. **THE LADDER** is the magazine offshoot of the Daughters of Bilitis and **LESBIAN LIVES** collects some of its best reviews and sketches. Under headings of **FAMOUS COUPLES, ADVENTURERS, NOVELISTS, QUEENS AND THEIR CONSORTS** (better believe it!), **POETS, ARTISTS, WRITERS** and **PATHBREAKERS**, the herstory of some eminent Lesbians is mapped out.

There is a short Bibliography at the end of each article, but best of all, for this reviewer were the plates which must have been a labor of love for the editors to dig up. Most of the pictures illustrate the women in drag indicating the heavy role-playing our fore-mothers were into, or had to be in many cases in order to lead any kind of active life in the 18th and 19th century.

I did miss the selection of more recent Lesbian Lives, & the closest chronologically the editors dare

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go seemed to be with Collette. I also would have wished more substantial information quoted from the book reviewed, giving me a heartier taste of the original, such as more stuff like, "Oh my dear Sir, if you knew how little I care for your sex, you wouldn't get any ideas in your head. The fact is, in the way of males, I like only the bulls I paint." This, from the section on Rosa Bonheur, & entirely delightful.

There is a certain charm this book exerts, in its monotone like an antique of the psyche, to those of us long out of the closet. But it is also a very valuable book for younger readers avid for a sense of roots & groping for certainty.

--by Rita Karman



**I MUST NOT ROCK** -- By Linda Marie, Daughters, Inc. \$5. paperback.

**THE OPOPONAX** By Monique Wittig, Daughters, Inc. \$4.50, paperback.

These are both about being a girl child, and that's about as far as the resemblance goes. Linda Marie's book is a harrowing account of the way this society punishes the abused child, one for whom the beatings were the least of it. She tells her story honestly, with frequent flashes of irony to make it (just) bearable to the reader. Her stay at the Convent of the Holy Terror would be hilarious, if

you could forget for a minute that these are real people being warped into the bizarre shape of the perfect victim, because they have been victimized. She tells you every step of the process that makes her the person she is at the end of the book; a married radical lesbian mother of two, leaving her husband and taking her daughter to find out how and if she can finally become whole. This book is real.

Monique Wittig, on the other hand, is just fooling around. Her book is supposedly told entirely from the inside of a girl's mind. But there are no emotions in this mind, and the little girl is apparently as self-indulgent as the author. There are no paragraphs, and precious few commas. A small complaint, perhaps, but I found that if I was having trouble getting to sleep, **THE OPOPONAX** would put me out in no time.

**I MUST NOT ROCK** is everything you need for an analysis of the system. **THE OPOPONAX** is everything you need for insomnia.

--by Jean Sirius

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**YOU'VE GOT TO RIDE THE SUBWAY!** - (A Sort Of "Feminism") by Madge Reinhardt --- Back Row Press; PO BOX 12845; St. Paul, Minn. 55112. \$8.95, cloth; \$6.95, soft cover - postpaid. 278 pages.

The most important difference between many of us and the heroine of this book is this: we got up and walked out of the churches -- this poor dear cannot.

This is a troublesome book.

This is also - often - a hilariously funny book. It is, most of the time, also a dead serious book. It is, perhaps, a classic Mid-West book. Where else but the Mid-West could a kid grow up with history just busting, booming, popping off, all around her-- and miss most of it? I'm not sure it's a wholly honest book- but it is honestly done.

It is about a young girl who - at age 12 - decided to become a Christian Scientist. Everything after depends on that.

There is a brief affair with another woman one summer at college. (Our heroine, on her way to a degree in Philosophy, seems to have missed Kant's bit about belief in God -- if you really do believe, then all you can say is, "God IS." Period. Apparently, Christian Scientists, like too many others, just can't shut up about it.) After college, there's the usual period of the job hunt and the job -- with the usual hassles. Then marriage, two children and settling down into a Minnesota suburb (which is not Mid-West, but closer to the North Pole!). and then..... and then..... And then comes a most rapturously poignant, painful, exasperating affair with a young actress, a play or two, several paintings, and - ever and ever - non-stop head hassles with being a Christian Scientist.

And it's important. It's important because here - for once - is a humanly told tale of the whizzings and whirring inside a "religious" head, inside a woman-to-woman relationship. The head here is Christian Scientist (and makes much of it), but it could be almost any brand of Christology-- as we have all come to know and understand it too well. We have, each of us, met and known this woman -- especially if we are over 30. More especially if we are over 40 and also in some suburb somewhere. (I not only know this woman, I also know too many of her probable neighbors!)

I know of no other book that so clearly shows how being "healed" by such "faith" leaves one so permanently dependent upon THE Crutch. (Surgeons get sued for mal-

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practise for less. But religion is more than just tax-exempt.) Just when this reader was sure she could really relate to the "heroine", she found the "heroine" becoming more and more disturbingly remote. Human connection, again and again, thwarted and blocked ny the veritable wall that is dogma, theology, "true thought." The mind so often seeks a prison. She writes, paints, travels, but... The book begins in a bar, just across the street from a cemetery, and ends..... nowhere at all.

The blurb from the publisher says that the Board of Directors of the Christian Science Church has put a "hold" on all of the author's other writings for their religious periodicals, because they feel this book is "sensuous" and "emotional". It is, in fact, neither of these-- the dead, after all, are dead. If this story is anything (and it is) it is a book of mourning -- of a woman once full of life, unable to live it. Feminist this book is not, but of the world in which we live it most certainly is.

And it is a generous warning -- especially to those who have searched earnestly for the original Mother Goddess: be careful, lest you do unto yourself and others what has been done here. The Walking Dead are legion.

--by margie f. robertson

REPRINTS from AGAINST THE WALL	<p><b>Leary as Libertarian</b></p> <p>ROBERT ANTON WILSON</p> <p>AGAINST THE WALL Reprint Price: 50¢</p>	<p>THE CASE THAT</p> <p>WILL NOT DIE</p> <p>AGAINST THE WALL Reprint Price: 75¢</p>
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**DYKE MUSIC** (a lesbian life in songs & drawings and narrative...) By Marilyn Gayle-- Available from: AMAZON REALITY -- PO BOX 95 Eugene, Oregon, 97401 (\$3.95 + postage).

Marilyn Gayle has come out with a song-book called: DYKE MUSIC. This takes guts because products bearing the word "Dyke" or "Lesbian" in the title have been known to terrify women, and most artists are not willing to lay themselves on the line like that. But Marilyn is uncompromising. Making herself vulnerable is part of the act.

Her cover is one of 11 self portraits included in the book, and like the book it is unabashed, bold, sturdy and undoubtedly Marilyn Gayle! It is also in the nude. This is a perfect clue to her work: revealing, courageous, unique and very much a whole. Conviction, insight and honesty redeem her art from awkward and heavy handed tendencies. Her sense of humor saves it from being melodramatic or maudlin. Marilyn lets us in on intensely personal material. In fact she even seems to be giving us the come-on, inviting us, lips pursed, to take a closer, deeper look at this study of Marilyn Gayle and her relentless search for ecstasy.

Turn the first page and there is Marilyn singing and playing her Dyke music. The next page shows Marilyn nine years younger. The Foreward is a good, brief biography and characteristically well written, snappy and informative. The twenty three songs are arranged chronologically and reflect eleven well documented years in her life. I wish she had included a table of contents or an index so that it wouldn't be necessary to flip through the whole book in order to locate a particular song.

Marilyn's subject matter is inevitably herself. With energy and conscious intent she succeeds in breaking old taboos and new ground. I can't remember ever hearing such sexual explicitness before:

"I had a dream  
you were going down on me  
it made me scream  
you did it perfectly  
you took your time  
you really knew your stuff  
and then I came  
oh how I had to laugh!

but then into the room  
walked my grandmother  
who said, 'mercy dear, but  
who is your lover?'

she surely disapproved,  
because she looked so stern  
and that's the reason you  
didn't get your turn, sorry  
but do you think that it means  
that I'm a queer?"



This verse, from AM I GAY? is one of my favorites, although unlike Marilyn I am not particularly interested in the topic of sexuality or sexual activity. But if her frequent focus on sex does not engage me, her humor and her relentless honesty do.

"let's come clean  
and all for the sake/of good hygiene  
make no fuss  
we'll do it because it's good for us"  
(from WHAT LESBIANS DO)

or: "I'll think about your naked body  
mentally undress your naked body  
kiss and caress your naked body  
touch to the quick your naked body  
all the while I seem so innocent  
suffering a speech impediment"

is from the song "NAKED BODIES. It tells us: "I was raised a woman, I'm good at playing dead", and contains some of the most incisive & graphic commentary on personal pain

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and frustration I've read or heard. The subject matter may be touchy but Marilyn is not intimidated. In *NAKED BODIES* she examines familiar Lesbian/straight communication difficulties:

"your conflicting signals confuse my timid will  
would you like me close, are you looking for a thrill?  
or do you prefer it from someone hard to get,  
powerful attractions that keep you deep in debt"

Marilyn likes to go all the way and she'd like us to go with her from rapture to despair, analyzing her feelings and relationships along the way. She's a thinker. Her lyrics are a refreshing change from the conventional sisterhood rhetoric common in women's music. Happily she writes about her own life and she has taken pains to present it intelligibly & intelligently. Her songbook resembles a journal. It is peopled with stories and drawings of the women who have been important in Marilyn's life, but the focus remains sharply on Marilyn. Her friends, lovers and foes serve Marilyn's purpose of searching self-expression. Sometimes her points of view seem confused, but in fact it is always Marilyn's point of view. We are each capable of experiencing many points of view, often simultaneously. We are familiar with contradictions & self doubt when it comes to relationships with women. We can appreciate many details in her landscape. We all know how she feels:

"in this situation I can't say what I feel  
causing my emotion to curdle and congeal  
to form a little hard clot that gathers in my chest  
ties me in a tight knot and never lets me rest..."

Her later songs are particularly clear in describing conflicting feelings and complex entanglements. In *THREE WAY* she writes:

"I know you're jealous of her and me she looks at us rather jealously and I'm suspicious about you two if I were elsewhere, what would you do?"

Ain't it the truth! She is outraged and amused by her own demanding nature, her insecurities, her wild expectations and inevitable disappointments. She has learned wariness and recognizes it in others:

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"yes, I could eat my heart out every day for lunch  
with that knife you use to butter me up you could stab me in the gut...  
but obviously if you butter me you expect to take a bite"

Marilyn's songs improve with age. From an early song, *KILL*:

"batten down the inner, insulate the outer let the wind grown shriller shut another door  
soon the floors sit stiller while the carpets roar  
I know I have died before".

This is strong stuff, but I don't know what she had in mind. As she has matured, though so have her songs. She becomes less & less ambiguous even when describing mixed feelings. Neither is she coy when examining game-playing flirtations. Her honesty keeps her out of trouble. From *CHAMELEON*: "...who believes the agony / of a woman who's dying to please?" I believe it! In *LET'S BE FRIENDS* she writes:

"idolize my foot, my dear  
adore my nose, revere the rose I pin behind my ear  
I accept your deep devotion and your slavish ways  
you have such charming traits, you really are a card  
you have a way with words  
so speak of me, eloquently,  
bow down your tongue in praise"

I just love that last line!

My favorites in the collection are: *AM I GAY?*, *WHEN I LOVE*, *NAKED BODIES* and *BUTTER*. They are painfully honest, always interesting and originally put. "...I don't want to lose control, don't want to compromise my pride, I don't want to care if you don't love me..."

I love that Marilyn's book is so open & personal, and especially that she included so many drawings and informative introductions to the songs. In her Foreward she confesses: "I'm afraid my songs reveal me to be a restless soul, a little sarcastic and hot-headed, often frustrated, extremely preoccupied with sex and obsessed with certain women." It takes nerve to bear full responsibility for herself as Marilyn does especially after putting her most tender parts on the line for our sisterly scrutiny. I'm impressed. In my own work I attempt to do

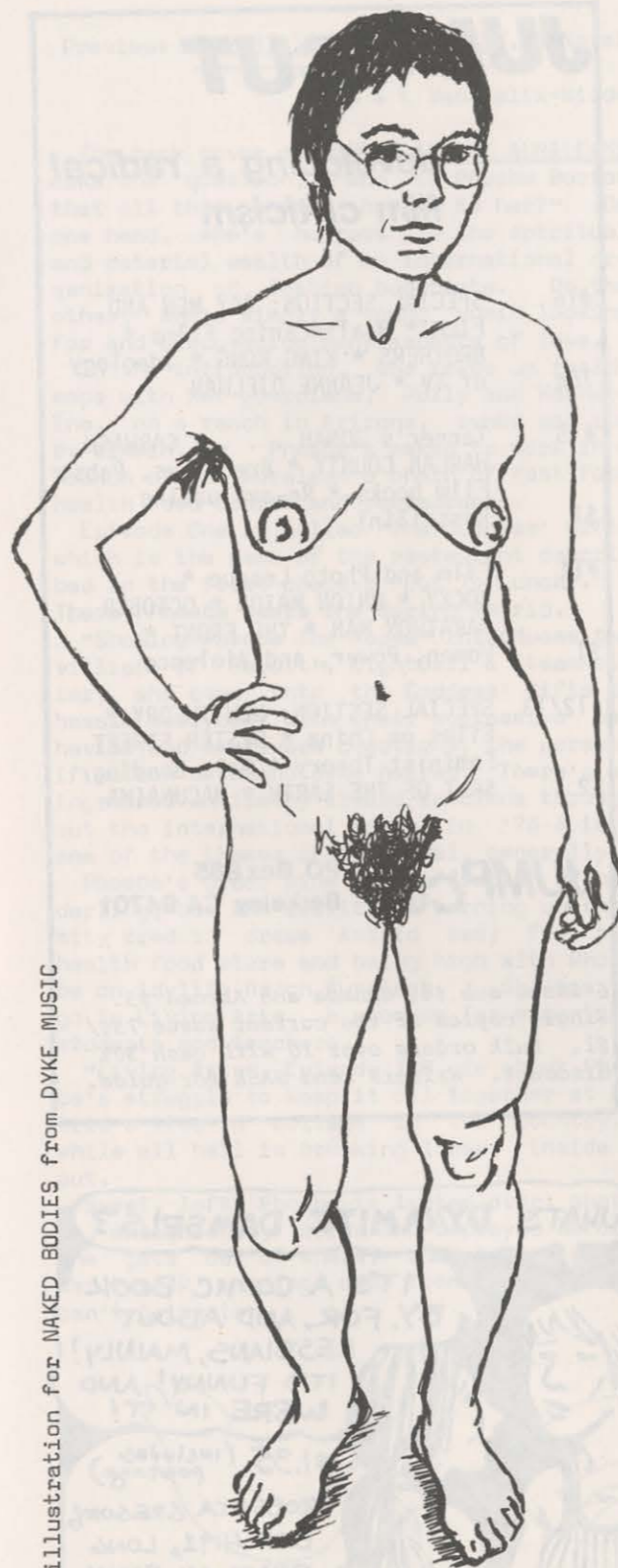


illustration for *NAKED BODIES* from *DYKE MUSIC*

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what Marilyn has done, except that I don't share her preoccupation and obsessions. I am waiting for her to re-focus her mighty spotlight on other aspects of inter-Lesbian affairs more dear to my heart and mind.

--by Alix Dobkin  
c-78 Alix Dobkin

*SINGERS & SWEETHEARTS* by Joen Dew - Doubleday & Co., Inc. NYC 1977.

This is the stories of the women of country music, the queens of country; Loretta Lynn, Tammy Wynette, June Carter, Dolly Parton & Tanya Tucker. They all started off poor & have become millionaires in an industry that has, until the last two decades, not considered women even worth recording. The book goes into each woman's life hoping to show us that even though they are big stars and have created their own lives, they still cling to the traditional values of home and family & would be just as exciting as housewives or "girl singers" soing vocals for men.

But I tried to scan the pages as a lesbian/feminist rather than a closet country music fan. And I found these women to be quite fascinating: "Any woman who don't stick up for other women is stupid (Loretta Lynn) "I absolutely will not let anyone make me feel guilty about being a working mother. It's a fact of life that I have to work, or none of us would eat... I won't raise my daughters to think boys can get away with things girls cant... I'm glad my daughters are growing up in times when girls are taught not to be so dependant on men. I want them to be as independant as I liked to be." (Tammy Wynette) "I've gotten more pleasure out of John's career than I ever did from my own." (June Carter Cash) (oh well, there's always one in the bunch. "I have this driving urge to be different, it's been with me all my life. I was the outsider at school, but I liked it (she dropped out in 9th grade because there was nothing they could teach her about the career she had chosen). I've always been on another level from kids my own age. I knew things about life and how to get what you want." (Tanya Tucker). "I have other friends who are very dear to me and very close, but none so close as Judy. She knows as much about me as it's possible to know about another person. She believes in my dreams as much as I do. Now why am I not suppose to have this friendship with Judy? What is wrong with it? Why do people insinuate there's something sick about it when it is really something beaut-

iful? They say true friendship is a gift of God(ess) and that's the way Judy and I accept it. I feel sorry for people who look at it any other way." (Dolly Parton speaking about her life long friend Judy). "I came to Nashville the day after graduation as I'd always planned to do, and as soon as I had a place for Judy, she came too, and she's been here with me ever since." My my, even in the hallowed halls of country music. What would Anita say?

**ALL OUR LIVES: A WOMEN'S SONGBOOK** -editors: Joyce Cheny, Marcia Deihl & Deborah Silverstein. DIANA PRESS, 4400 Market St. Oakland, Ca. 94608 (\$6.50 + 15% to cover mailing costs.)

A song book of women. Women of the past, present and future. The songs presented by the editors are both positive and negative reflections of the transition of our own lives and the struggle of the women who were before us. They raise our consciousness and our spirits. Simple notation and chords for the guitar help to make women's music accessible to us. It's a strong book with love songs, suffragette songs, songs of anger and protest and modern woman heras (i.e. Ballad of Joan Little). It's politics are fresh and good. Even to the point of changing the title of one of Bev Grant's songs, "I'm Tired of all The Bastards Fucking Over Me" to "I'm Tired of all The Fuckers Fucking Over Me" because "the word bastards means a woman must be legitimized by a man, and a man is insulted by an insult to his mother".

Before each section is a brief explanation of the topic area and why ALL OUR LIVES selected the songs to follow. There are lots of good photographs, many quite old. This is definitely a book for any woman who enjoys woman's music and a real blessing for the feminist musician. Thank you, Diana Press for making such a book a reality.

--by Trish Williams  
c-78 Trish Williams



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## Preview: REPORT TO THE AURALEANS, A Novel

By M & L Van Felix-Wilde

The back cover of REPORT TO THE AURALEANS asks the question, "Who is Phoebe Burton that all this should happen to her?" On one hand, she's heiress to the spiritual and material wealth of an international organization of lesbian buddhists. On the other, she's simply a young woman looking for and discovering many aspects of love.

In the introduction, she takes up residence with her guardians, Polly and Katherine, on a ranch in Arizona, owned and run by wimmin. Phoebe's asked to work in a branch of the Auralean's chain of fast food health food stores and restaurants.

Episode One is called "The Goddess' Gifts" which is the name of the restaurant described in the first chapter "Out To Lunch". There, Phoebe meets the daring Astrid.

"Showing Phoebe The Ropes" introduces the villains of 'Report', EightBall & SteamRoller, who come into the Goddess' Gifts to hassle everybody with their aggressive behavior and smart-ass questions, the personification of macho dyke hatred. There's an ingrained antipathy toward lesbians throughout the international scene in '76 & it's one of the themes of the novel, generally.

Phoebe's ardor wins the affection of her darling, but the reality of earning university credits draws Astrid away from the health food store and being high with Phoebe on idyllic Ranch Auraleah. She has to go to Living Arts, a program for eccentric students and teachers.

"Living Arts", Episode TWO, is about Phoebe's struggle to keep it all together at Astrid's live-in college in the country, while all hell is breaking loose, inside & out.

Sweet, lofty Phoebe is lusted over, shot at, enlightened, bored and betrayed before she gets out of there, and almost into a car wreck running away from a world she can't tolerate.

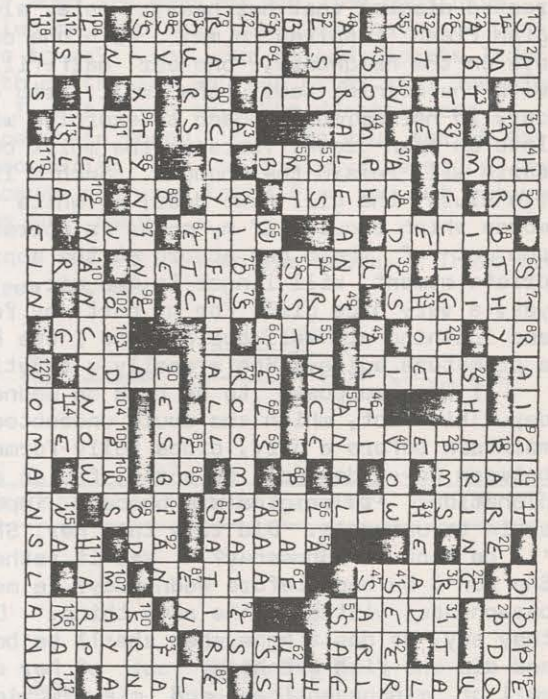
Immortality is the final substance of REPORT TO THE AURALEANS, its secret revealed through the grace of Uvacanandi, the Auralean who became a saint.

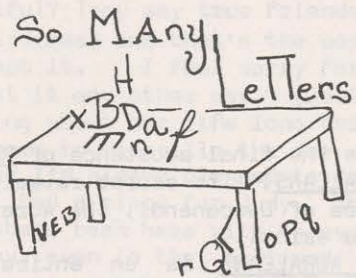
REPORT TO THE AURALEANS is an entirely fictional work. First edition, numbered and signed copies can be reserved by sending \$5 to PORPOISE PRESS c/o ALBATROSS P. O. Box 2046 Central Station, E. Orange, N.J. 07019

## SOLUTION TO LAST ISSUE'S XX-WORD PUZZLE

### XX-WORD PUZZLE

--by MARTY SHIDLER





--by Jane Carson

I have on my old people's smile. Taut and cheery, it conveys nothing more than un-directed good will, all I can muster and paint on my face at once. It's intended to persuade her, despite all the evidence to the contrary, that I'm a nice girl. I shall ask after her health & her husband's operation. For the few moments of agreeableness required of me, I attempt to suspend, behind a broad feigned sympathy, the deep-rooted disgust that her heavy, pale, sluggish flesh inspires in me. With one dull eye on the neighbors, one ear half-filled with the morning news, she will trip one day, in her amiable unused to exercise way, into an open grave. There in the moist cool earth will remain the thought (Such a little slut, the girl next door!) while the words which should, if my smile is correct, pop out of their own accord at the appropriate moment, will linger in the air. Oh yes, a very nice girl. For my part, my fear and loathing are well-buried, and I owe her a premature eulogy! She's really a sweetie.

I was supposed to be back on Wednesday. This fact, which she would undoubtedly maintain before a jury, drops fully-formed between us--a demand, of sorts, for an explanation. Its origins are obscure, impossible to untangle. Did they tell her, She'll be back on Wednesday? Was it rather, She won't be back before Wednesday? a mere paraphrase, virtually the same thing. Did they say, We don't know when she'll be back and did she fish Wednesday out of her own well of misconceptions and mis-memories? You let it slip by, nothing erases your smile, not even the puzzled nuance that twitches, Is she crazy or am I? Thanks a lot Mrs. Sweetie, you're very kind. That's OK, Girl, any time.

Then I went into the apartment. They left it very clean, the coleus is wilted, where did they put the mail? The bathroom window is open, dead flies over all the glass, where did they put the mail? Every letter, everyone ever received or antici-

pated, digested or extrapolated, humps, spirals into a glaring white streak--There must be letters, I am thinking, when you come back there always are. There are letters from your family and letters from former friends. You call them former because they are gone. Letters from Kathy, or rather the substance of her letters--fragments labeled Kathy dodge about, present her case.

A real letter from Kathy, more or less:

Dear Liz,

I am visiting my parents, which is awful as usual. Bob was wise enough not to come this time. What you say about John is true, but I like men anyway. Julie just bought a house, Why don't you come to see us some time?

Love,  
Kathy

A potential letter from Kathy:

Dear Liz,

I can't remember if I wrote you from Vancouver. I was raped yesterday. I hate it here, I wish I were home. My sister is getting a divorce.

Love,  
Kathy

A letter Kathy meant to send, but never got around to writing:

Dear Liz,

Nothing much is happening.

Love,  
Kathy

My letters are tender, concerned. They say, You're OK, I love you, I'm OK, Liz. But she knows that the love is all apparent, she senses the accusation beneath every Love, Liz. Her letters ooze guilt. I reply in fond, reassuring phrases with just a flicker of self-satisfied niceness. Somewhere I was once wounded, something still pulses in pain in Kathy's direction. But I would never tell her so.

I never told her my dream. One night, my face turned to the wall, Neil's chest against my back (but when I remember it it is I alone in my little bed, face to the wall, the dream is real, but Neil, having no part in it, has vanished) I climbed a mountain. I know it was a mountain because it was a dream, the steep path I climb may or may not be a mountain, but I knew. The fat girl in front of me bulged around her zipper; she wore a pink dress, and as we climbed the mountain the fat girl offered to carry me on her shoulders. I rode on her shoulders, but soon she set me down. And then I knew that I in turn must carry her on my shoulders.

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She rode on my shoulders, and she was very heavy; I bent under her weight, I thought how heavy she was, and had I known that I would carry her, I might never have set out to climb the mountain.

Kathy wasn't fat, but she was hard to carry. I watched for her at the window, I waited by the door. When I said, Where's Kathy? with a lover's anxiety, they were kind, they thought that to love Kathy was a small thing, they didn't know we were climbing a mountain. No one saw me fall from the sudden non-existence of Neil to a frantic imitation of the calm Kathy-centered world where young men were wrung out and tossed back with an effortless, placid indifference. They at least knew it was no small thing.

But in my world you don't brush aside someone who has carried you, even for a moment. One day my friend died, and I wept for her, or rather I pretended to rejoice, for when she says to you, The gods have called me, you say, gods, why have you done this to me? and your friend departs laden with gifts, and you can never say, She died and I wept, you say, She departed and I hope she's happy, but in your search for immortality you will always be alone, not because she was taken from you but because she went away.

The mail is on the table. There are three letters.



JESUS CHRIST ON A BICYCLE COMIX - by Stacey M. Franchild & Virginia E. Bass c-1978 TAC



by MARION COHEN

It was over two years ago that I first discovered my special power, and I haven't yet begun to tire of it. In fact, I find that I'm appreciating it more and more. It comes in handy at cocktail parties, for example, or during those times when the kids say "Look, Ma, no hands" for the tenth time that hour. Best of all, it's great for job interviews; it really puts everything into perspective.

Aw, come on! Now, what power could I be talking about? What is it that drowns out all boredom and all pain? What is it that is bigger than life? Why sex, of course--or to put it more bluntly, orgasms. And I have the power of the orgasm.

Yep, I have the power to have an orgasm any time I want, just by thinking about it. Just as I can move my arms, my legs, etc., so I have gained control of whatever those muscles are called that give women orgasms. I can simply move those muscles whenever I please. I don't need a man; I don't need a woman; I don't even need to masturbate. Best of all, I don't need to waste time on foreplay -- or after play. I get my orgasms on demand, instantaneously, exactly when I want them. And I can make them last as long as I desire--one second (if the 'phone suddenly rings, for example) or two hours on a rainy day. Sure, I might exhaust myself; not only might I do. And true, I've discovered that ten seconds is equivalent to a five-mile walk over rough country, but so what? who cares?

I first discovered this fabulous talent of mine quite on purpose. It was in the middle of a train ride, of all things-- the BMT between 42nd and 49th streets. It was during rush hour and I was balancing desperately on my right big toe, besides being supported on all four sides, respectively, by two middle-aged women in pink hats, a young crew-cut with bobbing Adam's apple & sagging chin who probably graduated from Harvard, and a rather unsavory ungentleman who kept accidentally on purpose bumping his briefcase into me. Why I should suddenly get horny at that particular instant, I'll never know. Maybe I'd just started to ovulate. Or perhaps it was the vibration of the train. Whatever: There I was, in the middle of an engine failure and half of New York City, and Clit was reaching out like the tongue of a rattlesnake. I laughed to myself, repositioning my legs in the expectation that the absence of stimulation would make Clit recede. But no! The cool air around it freed it all the more, and it fluttered like a little humming bird. I laughed to myself again, but was getting more and more restless.

Yes, when I placed my legs together again, things began to perk up (literally). And yes, when I crossed my legs, things began to perk even up-per. But try as I might I couldn't under those circumstances achieve Nirvana. If it weren't for that slobbermouth from General Motors on my left I'd've just slipped my free hand into my Levi's and jerked Clit off. But Nosyhead would've noticed for sure.

So I was in a pretty bad way. I tried closing my eyes and imagining that I was lying on a board resembling a hospital stretcher, and that people had me all tied up. Clit wriggled momentarily, but then settled down in disappointment. The people were standing over me, I told myself and one of them was bending down, holding poised in one hand some sort of instrument, a cross between a hypodermic needle, a dentist's drill, an electric wire, and a torch. Still, no dice! Clit would not go the limit.

Hey, I thought in a flash, what about a wet dream? A wet day-dream, that is. I mean, it was possible to simulate an orgasm; it is possible. So how about simply having an orgasm? Why not? "The biology of the orgasm..." I recalled, in dubious fragments from various sex books, "the blood rushes... the walls of the vagina undulate...the nipples stand erect..."

Well, I made the blood rush, I undulated Vag's muscles, I erected my nipples, I experimentally added a few other ingredients, and lo and behold! there it was, to perfection! The pure, unadulterated, big-as-life, supercalafragilisticexpialidocious, vaginal, clitoral, total orgasm. Standing as stationary as a broken record, wanting only for me to stop it, the orgasm was mine and mine alone. Mine, to have and to hold. Mine, to love and to cherish. Love for love's sake, say the philosophers. Friendship for friendship's sake. Justice for justice's sake. And orgasm for orgasm's sake. No strings attached, of even the most casual variety. No love, no commitment, no black nighties, no stolen kisses, no fantasies--nothing, nothing, except the orgasm in the raw.

I didn't choose to stop it until the big poles saying Lexington Avenue loomed at me from out the window. And when I realized what a treasure I'd discovered, I ran full speed ahead up the stairs, soomed like a machine gun into Bloomingdales, and bought ten pair of panty-hose on sale from \$5.00 to .50¢.

And I haven't stopped zooming yet. I zoom in and out of stores, books, and more orgasms. I zoom my way in and out of all life's little problems and believe me, I use the slightest inconvenience as an excuse to zoom straight into the comforting arms of another orgasm. As I said, I can now zoom my way through cocktail parties, job interviews, and long afternoons with the kids.

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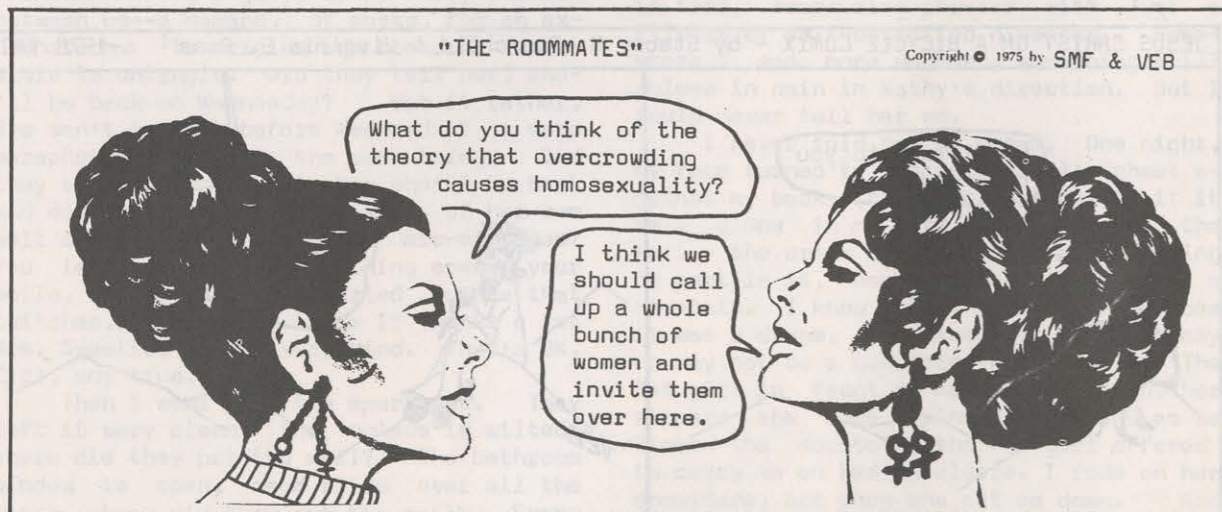
And the other day at the gynecologist's my little trick (or rather treat) sure helped me to relax. And when I'm sick in bed, I simply resort to the textbook formula (i.e., rushing blood, undulating vagina, erect nipples). Not only is it great sick-a-bed activity, but it helps me sleep, and sleep is good for colds. Best of all was the last time I had a baby; you might call it super-natural childbirth. Every time I felt a contraction coming on I'd just rush-undulate-erect, and even the transitional contractions were completely lost to me in the intensity of the orgasms I gave myself. As I told the nurses, I can't wait 'til the next baby.

And I save so much time on fantasizing. I no longer have to pretend that all those mean people have buried Clit in a bucket of quicksand. I have merely to stretch Clit via its own muscles, as one stretches one's arms and legs just after getting up in the morning. Nor must I imagine that people have inserted a balloon into Vag and that one of them is blowing it up. I have only to open it up myself, as I open my ear passages when I yawn.

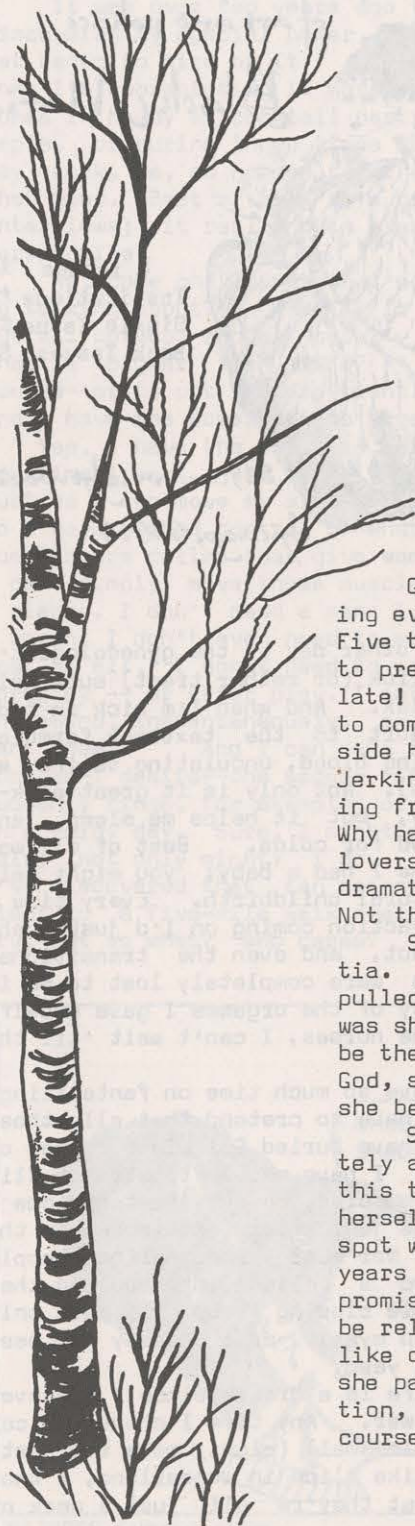
Yes, life is a breeze since I discovered Orgasm Power. Any time I choose, I can make the world small (plus, make the earth turn), and like Alice in Wonderland, I know in my gut that they're all just a deck of cards.

"THE ROOMMATES"

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# DO YOU HIDE INSIDE YOUR DRESS?

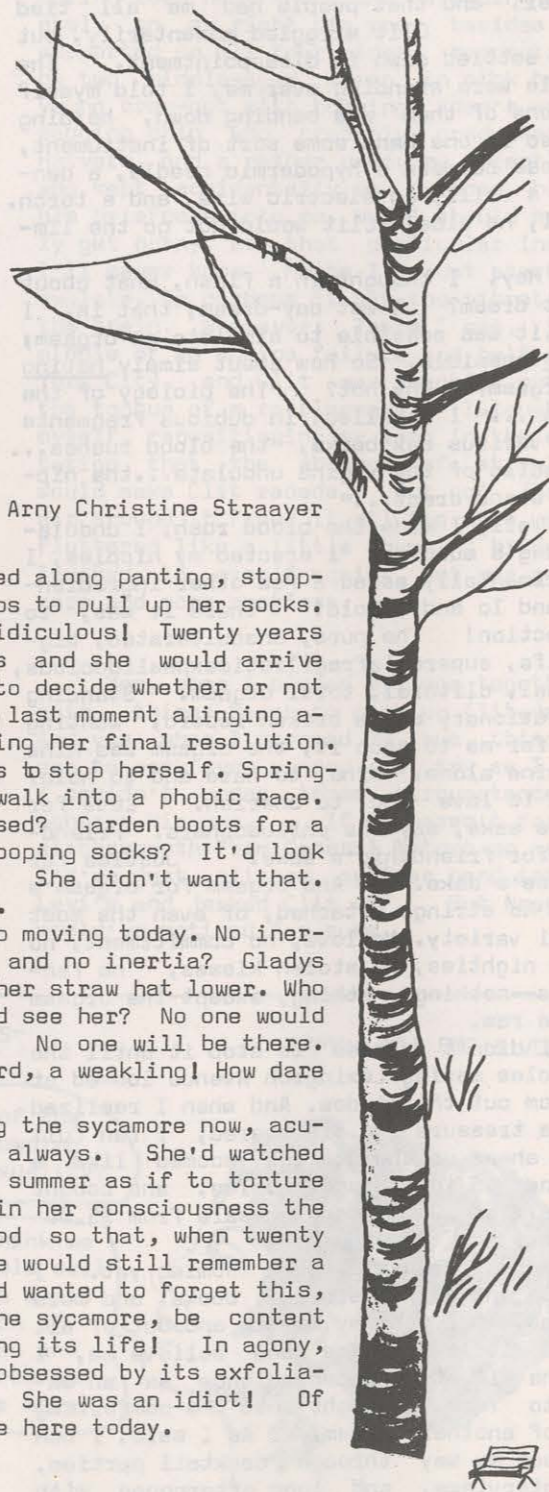


By Arny Christine Straayer

Gladys scrambled along panting, stooping every few steps to pull up her socks. Five til two. How ridiculous! Twenty years to prepare for this and she would arrive late! Twenty years to decide whether or not to come, and at the last moment alinging aside her hoe, negating her final resolution. Jerking at her socks to stop herself. Springing from the sidewalk into a phobic race. Why hadn't she dressed? Garden boots for a lovers' reunion? Drooping socks? It'd look dramatic. No, no. She didn't want that. Not that visibility.

So hard to keep moving today. No inertia. Twenty years and no inertia? Gladys pulled the brim of her straw hat lower. Who was she afraid would see her? No one would be there! Relax. No one will be there. God, she was a coward, a weakling! How dare she be relieved!

She was passing the sycamore now, acutely aware of it as always. She'd watched this tree peel each summer as if to torture herself; preserved in her consciousness the spot where it stood so that, when twenty years were over, she would still remember a promise. How she had wanted to forget this, be released from the sycamore, be content like others ignoring its life! In agony, she passed it now, obsessed by its exfoliation, remembering. She was an idiot! Of course she must come here today.



So many people! The park was full. She'd sit on a bench calmly, let Mary find her. No, she couldn't wait. One could be overlooked among all these people. Better search. What if she couldn't recognize Mary? Strange that the image seemed so inadequate now. Mary's older. Surely she's grown wrinkles and regrets, fly away hair. Gladys slipped into a nearly preoccupied seat to testify, her small leather hands twisting together like cannibals over vegetarian legs. Is her voice still earnest and sturdy, her hands provoked by its enthusiasms? Oh, her hands! Her bones. Her cheeks and jaw would be the same! Her bones would not have changed. Distinctive.

"You've got good bones."

"You're pretty boney yourself, you know."

Gladys watched a cheek resting leisurely upon her stomach. "My mother ate oatmeal." She reached to touch the neck that came sliding up into her own. So easy.

"We'll only say it this once. The pledge. No need to keep promising."

"Where shall we meet?"

"In the park. By the sycamore."

"You liked it then?"

"I liked standing there knowing we'd come here. It brings out the logic in you, Gladys."

Gladys giggled down Mary's side to a navel, up between her breasts, laughing into her hair. "Raise this a little. Let some breeze through." Mary arched.

They'd made love freely all afternoon, July second, nineteen fifty-five. Casually, Gladys had written vows in the evaporating sweat on Mary's stomach.

"Mary, remember when we were kids?"

"Remember right now, Gladys."

"Remember the time my mom tucked us in goodnight and called us 'her little doves', never knowing that under those covers, we were naked!" Mary laughed. "But Mary, it's hard being kids. Cruel sort of."

"How is that?"

"If I'd only known that everybody else was doing it too. But no. Because it was our secret, it was kept secret from us. It seems unfair that I had to feel so guilty as a little kid, over something we'd later chuckle at and call 'playing doctor'."

"We weren't playing doctor, Gladys."

"I pretended you were my boyfriend."

"And I said that I liked us being two girls. Are you astounded at my foresight?"

"Well, two girls can't go to a dance together!"

"You're going with Graham?"

"Yes."

"You'll go to bed with him?"

"That's none of your business."

"None of my business? Gladys, I love you!"

"I know. I know you do, Mary. But we've got to grow up sometime and besides, Graham's neat."

"And what am I? A substitute?"

"Try to understand, Mary. I'm twenty-one. I can't just play around with you forever. I want a home and family. Sometimes I think you're crazy, thinking you can just wander the earth by yourself. All your grand ideas! What I want is right here. A man who loves me. Someone to take me to the stupid dance! Don't you see? I think his corny white shoes are neat. They go places. They open doors for me. They walk on the outside of the sidewalks."

"Men shouldn't be allowed on sidewalks!" Mary shouted. Gladys could still see that jaw, angry, quivering, jutting out in front to complete the straight line of her nose. Beautiful bones. Hollow cheeks. Would her cheeks still be hollow?

And then it was before her. Far across the park. Gladys gasped at this profile, unable to stop the tears as it turned to face her. What? What! That is not Mary! Deception. She'd been here but gone, unable to bear the sadness but for a moment as Gladys tarried in her garden. Deception as Gladys cried. Pitiful fool. She'd had her chance. Mary had begged her with that jaw. But she'd been young. Age was against her then. Pressed to make decisions for a lifetime. How could she be so responsible at twenty-one? Think.

"Men shouldn't be allowed on sidewalks. Gladys had already screamed those same words at Graham only five years later, five years being abundant time for a carefree marriage to become drudgery and for a child to make it all worth enduring. He had looked at her as if she were insane, and her tears a confession. She cried because she understood. Of course. At last she understood. Of course. Of course.

"For God's sake, Gladys, don't let that child touch your breast!"

"Shhh. She's learning," Gladys said rushed. "Listen a minute. Your daughter's a genius! Do you want to say it again, Tina? The whole thing for Daddy?" "What do I see....?"

And with hands on hips the girl proudly began to recite.

"What do I see inside your eyes?  
A smile bigger than your mouth is wide.  
What do....What?"

"Inside your mouth..."

"Inside your mouth what do I hear?  
A word so little, just for my ear.

And... Do you hide inside your dress?  
My mommy showed me both her breasts."

At this Gladys flung wide open her  
blouse and her daughter's happy cheeks hug-  
ged against her.

"You're going to make that child into a  
pervert!"

"Daddy, someday I'll have breasts too.  
Just like eyes and nose."

"The way you're acting, she'll think  
her own body's dirty. Stop grimacing! I'm  
open with her. I'm close to her. She loves  
me."

"So what do you want, a fixation?"

"Very cute, but big words don't always  
mean that you know what you're talking a-  
bout."

"And I suppose you know all about  
queers?"

"Look Graham! She loves me. That was  
reason enough for you to feel my tits!"

"So?"

"So!"

"So!"

"So men shouldn't be allowed on side-  
walks!" Of course.

July second, nineteen fifty-five, nine-  
teen seventy-five, fifty-five, seventy-five  
Had she forgiven Gladys? Did she understand?  
Perhaps now, Mary was looking at her from a  
bus window, accepting the break after twenty  
years, deciding not to jeopardize a "home  
and family." How ironic! A reversal. A  
hopeless dance! And what if Mary would get  
off the bus? It was too late. Gladys was  
old. These thoughts were obscene for a wo-  
man her age. Was she really willing to em-  
barrass her daughter. Tina could never ac-  
cept this. She, who preached individualism  
and self searching, who was devoted to keep-  
ing her mother youthful, would never allow  
this. She'd trusted her mother to be real,  
not some secret.

Well, Mary wouldn't show anyway. Mary  
had become a dream, someone that you day-  
dreamed of meeting in a park. The real Mary  
had long forgotten the pledge. It had been  
erased by a desertion. Mary had not been  
fantasizing about a rendezvous for twenty  
years.

Gladys faced the sun and closed her  
eyes. She knew children were playing in the  
bushes around her, old men taking naps, a  
young woman reading the Star. She heard  
their commotion and calm intermingling nat-  
urally. But she was a mistake hiding here.  
She felt old. Twenty years just wasted.  
Nineteen years ago she could have called  
Mary. Twelve years ago she could have writ-  
ten. Only a month ago she could have in-  
quired about an address. Wasted. She had  
thought she'd been keeping a love alive.  
Hadn't she been true to Mary? She'd allow-  
ed herself to love no other woman. Stop  
dreaming! How easy. True to some girl  
she'd shown a sycamore to. Was she still  
so ashamed, that Mary had to carry the bur-  
den of her love for women? Think. Think.  
Could she still call Mary? Not to plead  
love but just to talk, just for some help,  
or just for action's sake alone. Was it too  
late to change? Change what? The secrecy.  
She's forty-one years old. So is Mary. So  
are lots of women. Some aren't.

Is this an omen, two young women walk-  
ing through the park holding hands? Is the  
one her daughter? Just looks like her?  
Holding hands these days doesn't mean you-  
re homosexual. One kissed the other's hair.  
Boys heckle. Others don't notice. Boys  
heckle. Gladys will sit still no longer.  
She'll defend them, chase the boys away,  
show her support, understanding. The two  
pass unharmed. Gladys watches. Perhaps  
she'll follow. She doesn't move. They ob-

viously don't need her. If she spoke, she'd  
only be intruding, awkward. They're strong.  
Stop dreaming! Stop dreaming, Gladys.  
Think.

c-1978 C. Straayer

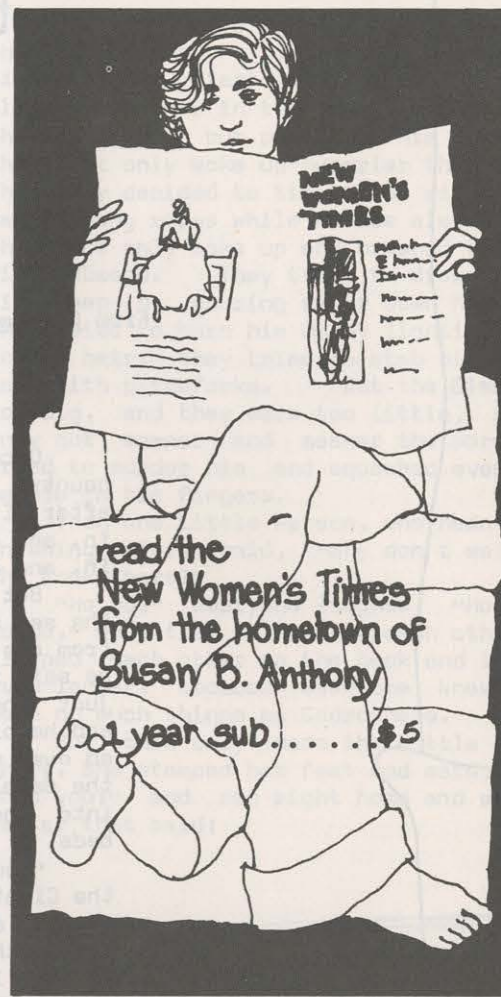
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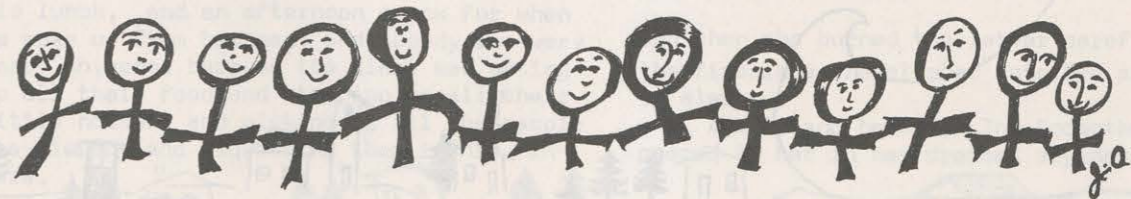
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# the GODMOTHERS\*

--by Anne Silleck

c-78 Anne Silleck

illustrated by Virginia E. Bass

\*From Of Time and A Turtle, a work in progress.

Once upon a time there was a beautiful country where everyone lived happily ever after. Everyone had a garden to grow things in, and everyone had a little house to live in, and everyone had someone to love.

But one day a Giant came wading across the sea and saw all the gardens stretching from one end of the land to the other and he said in his Giant way, "Oho! This looks just the right sort of place for a Giant!" and he picked up a couple of trees and turned over a couple of barns to see where all the people had gotten to, but they'd all run into their houses and hidden under their beds.

"Come out, come out, wherever you are" the Giant roared. But the Little People were so afraid they just trembled and stuffed up their ears.

"I'll huff and I'll puff and I'll blow you all to smithereens!" So the Little People crept out of their houses and lined up on the Great Meadow so the Giant could see them in all their numbers. And the Giant was well pleased.

"I'm your king and you're my people," he said kindly. "You don't have to be afraid anymore, because I can protect you from Giants, being one myself."



And all the Little People cheered and tossed their caps in the air and danced in the meadow because they didn't have to be afraid anymore. "I don't know what you're all dancing for," one Little Person said. "Nobody was afraid until he came. And who's going to protect us from him?" But she didn't say it very loud, because she was only as big as his toe.

"And now I think I'll have some lunch," the Giant said. So the Little People baked him a loaf of bread as big as a house, and roasted him two whole oxen, and picked him three of their biggest watermelons, and brought them to him on six wooden carts drawn by twelve white horses.

The Giant picked up the bread and looked at it and said, "Biscuits, hey?" and popped it into his mouth and smacked his lips and said, "Very nice. I'll have a dozen with dinner." And he picked up the two whole oxen and looked at them and said, "Grasshoppers, hey?" and popped them into his mouth and smacked his lips and said, "Very good. I'll have two dozen for dinner." And then he picked up the watermelons and looked at them and said, "Grapes, hey?" and popped them into his mouth and smacked his lips and said, "Very tasty. I'll have three dozen for dessert."

And the Little Person said, "I don't think we can afford to keep a Giant."

"What's that? What's that?" The Giant roared, and picked her up, and squashed her in his fingers. And that, as everyone saw at once, was that.

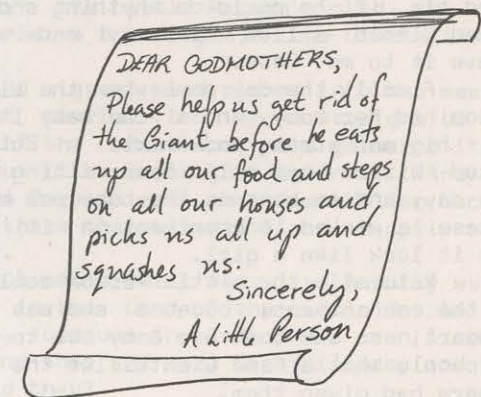
So the Little People went home to fix the Giant's dinner, and his breakfast, and his lunch, and an afternoon snack for when he woke up from his nap, and nobody was very happy anymore, because the Giant was eating up all their food, and stepping on all their little houses, and picking up all the people they loved and squashing them in his fingers.

So the Little People decided they had to do something. They crept out late at night so the Giant wouldn't see them and all met together in the Great Meadow. First they decided to put poison in his bread, but the Giant only woke up hungrier than before. Then they decided to tie him up with a thousand strong ropes while he was sleeping, but the Giant only woke up and brushed them off like cobwebs. They tried to drown him in his sleep by pouring water down his nose; they tried to burn him up by lighting fires in his hair; they tried to stab him in the ears with pitchforks. But the Giant was too big, and they were too little, and he only got meaner and meaner the more they tried to murder him and squashed even more people in his fingers.

Then one Little Person, who hadn't said anything before, said, "Why don't we tell the Godmothers?"

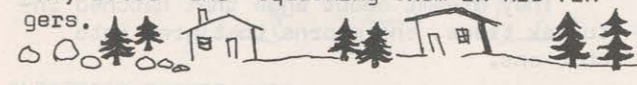
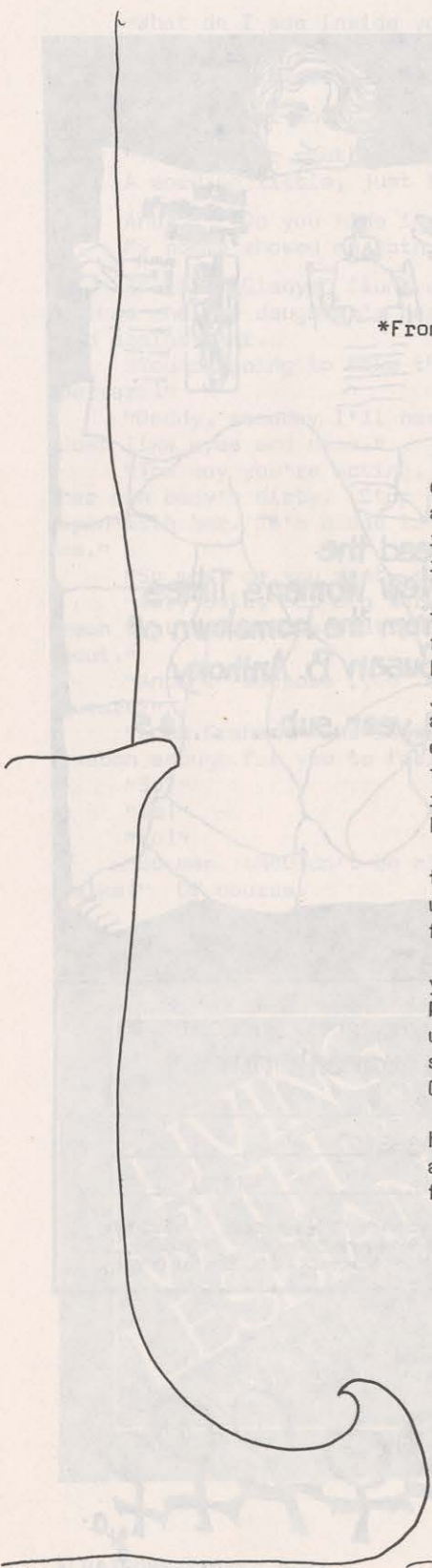
"Ho ho," everyone laughed. "Ho ho ho ho ho," and they winked at each other and slapped each other on the back and laughed even louder, because everyone knew there were no such things as Godmothers.

But this only made the Little Person angry. She stamped her feet and said, "I'll show you!" and ran right home and wrote a letter that said:



And then she burned the letter carefully in the fireplace and climbed into bed and went to sleep.

And lo and behold! The Godmothers appeared to her in her dreams, saying:



Dear Little Person:

In reply to yours of the 4th inst., we enclose one Giant-killer to kill your Giant.

Sincerely,  
The Godmothers

And they did, too, because the very next month the Little Person found she was going to have a baby.

"Well..." she said, "Okay, if that's how they want to handle it," but even she wondered a bit how she could have a baby that would grow up into a Giantkiller because, after all, she wasn't even a very big Little Person herself.

Then when the people met her in the street, they'd ask, "How's your Giantkiller coming along?" and she'd smile and say, "Fine, thanks," and they'd laugh and shake their heads and twirl their fingers around their ears to show how crazy she was.

But when the Giant saw this, he didn't think it was so crazy, because he'd run into the Godmothers before and knew they weren't anything to fool around with. So he went to see his friend the Wicked Wizard & asked him if he could do anything and the Wicked Wizard smiled wickedly and said, "Leave it to me, Boss."

Finally the day came when the Little Person had her baby, and a fine baby it was too, big and strong and smart. But the Wicked Wizard had only been waiting for this day, and as soon as the baby was born, he cast a wicked enchantment on it that made it look like a girl.

Naturally the Little Person couldn't see the enchantment, because she was Pure Of Heart, so she took her baby out to show the people what a fine Giantkiller the Godmothers had given them.

"That's your Giantkiller?" they jeered when they saw it. "You ninny, it's just a girl!" and they all laughed so loud they fell down and rolled around on the ground.

"It is NOT just a girl!" the Little Person cried angrily, "It's a person!" But that only made them laugh so hard they all wet their pants and had to go home to change.

So the Little Person took her baby home and kept it to herself after that.

When people came to call, she slammed the door in their faces and wouldn't talk to them. She got sadder and sadder, and didn't laugh anymore, or sing or anything.

One day, when the Giantkiller was growing up, she said to the Little Person, "You must give me a slingshot now, Mother, so I can start practising to kill the Giant."

The Little Person cried, and told her, she couldn't have a slingshot, & she couldn't kill the Giant, and to forget all about that nonsense because nobody believed it anyway, and just to stay home like a good girl and help her mother.

But that only made the Giantkiller angry. She stamped her foot and said, "I'll show you!" & ran out to make her own slingshot. When the other children saw her practising with her slingshot, they laughed and called her names and threw stones at her. So she picked up the stones and fired them back with her slingshot & then they didn't laugh anymore -- they all ran home to tell their fathers. And their fathers came and took the Giantkiller's slingshot away and broke it. Then they spanked her and sent her home to her mother.

This made the Giantkiller so angry she sat right down and wrote a long letter to the Godmothers telling them all about it. She burned it carefully in the fireplace & the wind blew the smoke straight to the Land of the Godmothers, where they read it and frowned.



"That's the Wicked Wizard's work," they said. "Those Little People must be really dumb to fall for a trick like that."

And they sat right down to weave their own spells.

And then the Little People began having the strangest dreams. They dreamt they planted corn in their gardens and all that came up were nettles. They dreamt they went out berrypicking and when they got home their berries were all stones. They dreamt they went walking in the Great Meadow and the grass turned to snakes and bit them.

They dreamt about eggs that hatched into oak trees, and acorns that grew into chickens.



They dreamt about mice that had kittens and pigs that had puppies. They dreamt their hands turned into feet & their heads into turnips.

And pretty soon they were all looking at everything twice to make sure that what they were looking at was really what it looked like. But nobody thought of looking at the Giantkiller twice, because everyone already knew what she was.

So then the strangest things began to happen. One day the grasshoppers all turned into locusts and ate up the gardens. Then it started to rain, and it rained and it rained and it rained until they thought it would never stop. And no sooner had it stopped raining and they'd all come out to see the sunshine again when a horrible black blotch came and swallowed up the sun. That scared them so much they all ran home and hid under their beds.

Even the Giant got scared, because he knew it was the Godmothers getting even. So he ran off to the Wicked Wizard and said, "Do you know what they're doing? They're ruining everything!"

And the Wicked Wizard chuckled wickedly and said, "Leave it to me, Boss."

He disguised himself as a prosperous merchant and went about among the Little People selling charms to ward off magic spells. When he heard about all the troubles they'd had, he said, "Sounds like witch's work to me. Sure you haven't got a witch around here somewhere?"



And then all the Little People began whispering among themselves and pointing their fingers at the Little Person hiding in her house.

"Why don't you have a trial?" the Wicked Wizard suggested wickedly. "Tie the witch to a stake and burn her up. If she doesn't burn, then she's a witch for sure."

"But if she isn't a witch, she's all burnt up," a Little Person said. But she didn't say it very loud because then they'd think she was a witch herself.

So they all met in the Great Meadow to hold a trial. They tied the Little Person and the Giantkiller to a stake and piled faggots at their feet. Then they read them their rights.

"You have the right to remain silent," they said, and lit the fire.

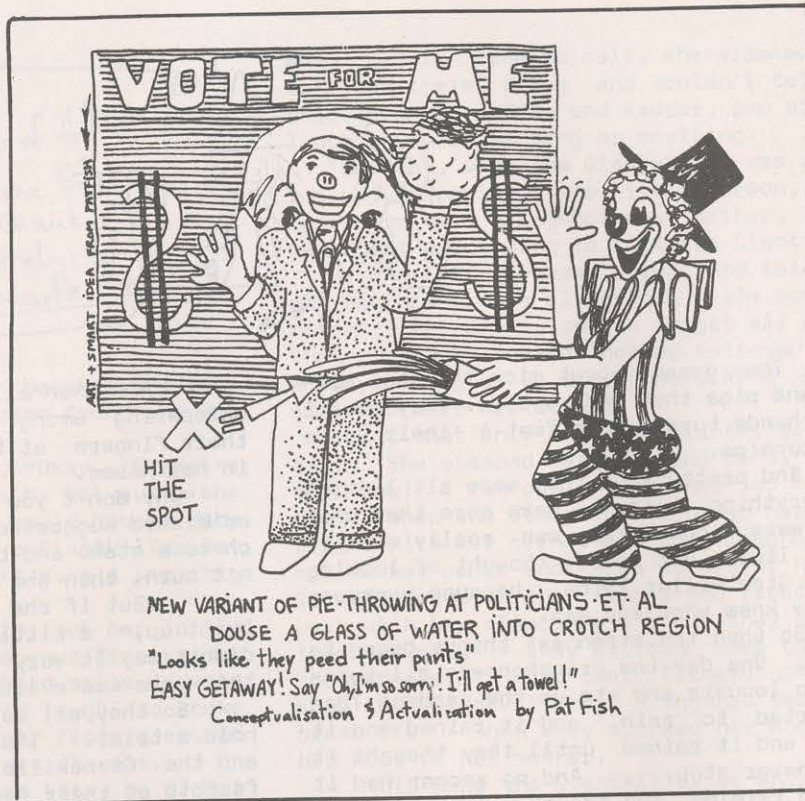
"Now they'll never get rid of their Giant," the Little Person sighed.

"Serve them right," the Giantkiller said.

And a great wind rished into the meadow and carried the smoke straight to the Land of the Godmothers, who gathered it up and put it back together again. And the Little Person and the Giantkiller became Godmothers themselves & lived happily ever after.

But nobody will ever live happily ever after in the Land of the Little People again, because the Godmothers aren't about to send them any more Giantkillers, and why should they?





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## A PECULIAR LITTLE WOMAN

by margie f. robertson

Once upon a time there was a little grey haired woman who lived in a very small town just beyond the Big City. She was a most peculiar little woman. People agreed about that. Most peculiar.

The peculiar little woman had a couple of children, a little red car and a sort of average looking house (for the neighborhood) and one husband and one cat. That was not peculiar.

What was peculiar about this little woman was that no one could SEE her. Everybody (almost) in the small town knew her. Some of the people in the Big City knew her. But no one could SEE her. They could see the two children. They could certainly see the little red car. And they would point out the sort of ordinary house and the husband and the cat, so obviously they could see THEM. But no one could see the peculiar little woman. This annoyed the little woman at times. At other times, she thought it was all very funny. You can see why people just knew she was peculiar.

One day the peculiar little woman went out in her little red car to buy groceries for the family. Nothing peculiar in that. Nothing at all. She pushed her cart through the supermarket, just like all the other women, collecting very ordinary edibles that were on her very ordinary market list. Not at all peculiar. Up one aisle she went and down another, until everything she wanted and needed (plus an extra tube of toothpaste and the shampoo she'd forgot last week) was in her cart. Then the peculiar little woman went to find a not-too-long line at the check-out counter, so that she could pay for her groceries and take them home with her and put them away and let the cat out: just like her not so peculiar neighbors. That was when it happened.

As she was waiting in the not-so-long line at the check-out counter, another woman with a cart full of groceries tried to stand in the very same place that the peculiar little woman was standing in. "Excuse me," said the peculiar little woman, most politely. The other woman with the cartfull of groceries didn't move. Didn't turn a hair. Didn't hear a thing. Didn't SEE the peculiar little grey haired woman at all. Instead, the woman with the cart just pushed a little HARDER. And a little harder, And a little HARDER. "Ouch!" yelped

the peculiar little woman. Still the woman with the grocery cartfull didn't hear, didn't see and, worst of all, didn't budge. Still the other woman pushed. "Please," said the peculiar little woman, "that really hurts." The other woman with the cart didn't notice. Instead, she pulled her cart back a bit, then shoved it right smack into the peculiar little woman. Now the peculiar little woman was not at all surprised. People had been bumping into her and whirling her through revolving doors for as long as she could remember.

Gently, but quite firmly, the peculiar little woman began to push back. She brushed aside the thoughts of broken bones and plaster casts. Rapidly she concluded that if she were really crippled this time, the weather was chilly enough to keep most of the groceries from spoiling in her little red car, until her two children and one husband came home and helped her to put them away - just so long as she remembered to roll up the windows high enough to keep the cat out of the car, of course. She thought all this very fast. Then, she began to push back at the cartfull of groceries just a little. Then a little harder. After a moment or two, the woman with the cartfull began to notice that her cart was going in the wrong direction. Back came the cart: right into the peculiar little woman. It skinned her heel and snared a hole in her jeans and smacked her one, right where... well, you know where.

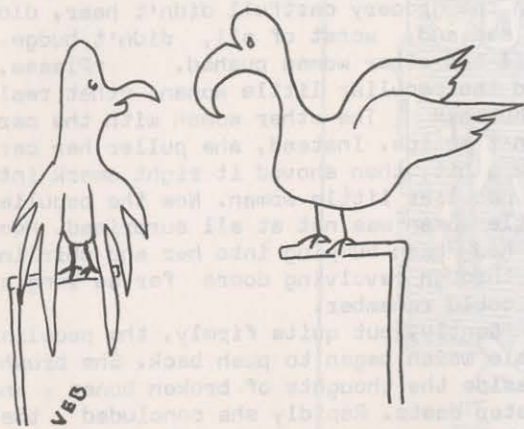
That did it. The peculiar little woman gave a mighty shove, and slammed the other woman's cartfull back again; catching her hard, but neatly, square amidships. The other woman with the cart full of groceries just glared at the peculiar little woman. The peculiar little woman grinned. A big, cheerful grin. SOMEONE HAD FINALLY SEEN HER. It was wonderful. She passed her groceries along the moving beltway to the cashier, paid for them, and almost danced out of the supermarket to her little red car. All the way home she sang and sang and grinned and grinned.

When she got home, still grinning still singing, she parked her little red car in the driveway & fairly waltzed into the house with her groceries -through the FRONT door.

All her neighbors noticed something was very different in the average house where the peculiar little woman lived. Some of the people in the Big City noticed too. She WAS a peculiar little woman.

MORAL: Ya gotta start somewhere!

MY DAUGHTER IS A...WHAT????????



--by Julie Wind

Chinook faced us defiantly, her face quivering in that nether region between tears and anger with its sculptured chin jutted out and large brown eyes flashing light. "I'm nineteen, you can't stop me! It may not be right for you-- you don't understand--but...but...it is right for me. Please try, try to understand, can't you try? I'm in love and it makes me happy-- that should be important to you-- my happiness...please Mom?", the tears were coming freely now. Cedar, her mother, an older version of the same beauty, hugged and held her tightly while I sat staring-trying to accept, forced to accept as reality that which I had suppressed for years.

Chinook was only three when Cedar and I decided to make a home together, each of us with two children. She was a wispy, lispng little thing --- full of a natural sweetness that seemed to win love for her from all quarters. She quickly grew into a wild,tanned little dervish who freely threw herself at life; dancing to wind storms, crying for dead sowbugs, climbing every tree on our land, and giving as freely as she took. In the fall she would skip off to school hand-in-hand with the neighbor girl followed by her three brothers. I also remember that she was almost always late getting home from track practice. "Too many things to play with" she would tell me. "What things today Chinny?", I would ask. And then she would share with me her private world; snow angels, glacier lillies coming up, cookies from old Fanny Parker, a new vine across the creek, or whatever the current interest was. She was very special to my heart.

ALBATROSS-SUMMER 1978

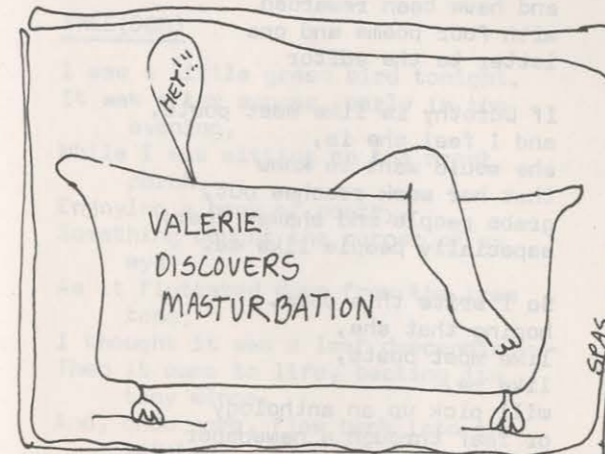
When Chinook turned twelve she attended her first dance at school (I bet it was that fucking school that started the whole thing?. I was so proud of her in her newly acquired dignity. Then at age sixteen,just as Cedar and I believed that Chinook was grown and that our child was now in her own care, the trouble started. Of course I was shocked, but not overly concerned at first. I honestly believed it was a stage she would grow out of---I only wish I could still believe that. However, things seemed to go from bad to worse. We tried everything; I researched volumes on sexuality, spent enormous sums on counseling, the whole family participated in group therapy--it was fruitless. Chinook and Cedar and I had awful scenes...continuously. All family harmony flew out the window and was replaced by a desperate feeling of frustration and hurt. Poor kid, she was so mixed up. Her senior year was pure hell-for all of us. One of us was in tears at least once daily. I knew I was in the right, she was too young to know the consequences of her own actions. After all, I had a responsibility to guide and direct her life, what else could I have done? After graduation life smoothed out a bit. She worked as a camp counselor that summer and then left in the fall for Smith College --- a very good school I might add. Cedar and I breathed a sigh of relief that Chinook had finally grown through a very difficult time.

During the next two years we recieved many letters (with no indication of anything amiss) and one brief visit when she flew home for her youngest brother's graduation. She came home a self-assured young woman and in our conversations I realized that I admired her thinking process and her mature judgements. We didn't talk about it at all, but, I wondered and worried just a little. Now she was home for two weeks before starting her junior year. We had recieved her letter last week saying "---have two weeks to come home on for your birthdays-wouldn't miss them for the world. I am bringing home a special somebody for you to meet!" We cleaned house, baked up lots of her favorite goodies, and planned a joint birthday/surprise party for tomorrow night. One hour ago Chinook and her friend arrived. Great Goddess, I still can hardly believe it. Her friend is a boy, named of all things--Robert--and my lovely, lovely daughter is asking--no, not asking, but demanding my approval. You know, I used to have nightmares of my sons all dressed in suits,

wearing crew cuts and marching off to church in military formations---but,this is worse than I have ever imagined. Face it! Chinook is straight -- a het... I wonder if she?? if they... what a sick thought...she wouldn't let him put that in her...how disgusting!! ...got to put that thought out of my mind. Well, it could be worse ---she could be monogamous on top of everything else. Will this give her a good life? Who am I to say what will bring happiness to another-even my own daughter. I have failed. failed!! What a cop-out!! I'm not a het--she is the one who has failed. But, oh mother.. how I love her---if only she would find the right womon.....maybe there is a poor selection of real womyn at Smith and this is the best she could do?? BULLSHIT I don't really care about the embarrassment from friends and family --- but Chinook, my lovely Chinook--I want her to be happy. How can she be happy as a het? Men and womyn are just two different species--the oppressor and the oppressed---in a love relationship-hah! Statistics prove me right:more divorces than marriages, role-playing built into the structure, wife-beating, incest, alcoholic wives, blah, blah,blah.....

Oh, I am so good at evading--even what I can no longer afford to evade. Chinook is straight--I used to cry when I said that---but, but it is her life--and most of all... above everything else...I love her!!!

I look up to see Cedar still holding Chinook and I rise to join them, whispering softly to my lovely daughter "I love you, darling... I always will..no matter who you are with...you are my love." .....(who knows? our neighbor, Sky and her tall daughter, Rain are coming to the party.....I wonder if Chinook has met Rain.....).



ALBATROSS-SUMMER 1978



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EDITORIAL REPLY

(to be read during attacks of rejection anxiety)

Dear contributor:

After reading your "poems," we rolled on the floor, Clutching Our sides and howling with glee, Pausing only to wipe Our eyes and ask, "Is this for real?" unable to believe An attempt at poetry could be so abysmal.

You've the subtlety of a ten-ton truck And no idea of rhythm. Verse may be free, but anarchy Is chaos, not serendipity.

We thought of using your offering to wrap A tuna fish sandwich Or to line the canary's cage, But since you enclosed an envelope and stamp, We decided to write, and as a kindness, Inform you that you have no talent. You had better wait tables or drive a cab Or teach courses in Freshman Composition But please do not take up Our valuable time With diarrhetic drivel such as this.

Most sincerely,  
The Editors

Comparatively, what the future may bring Has little power to hurt or sting. And whatever rejections one may find Will seem forgiving, or even kind.

--by Martie Andrews

TRIBUTE TO A POET

Like most poets, I pick up poetry anthologies, and turn them in my hands, feeling their weight and texture as a preliminary to opening the volume, to digesting the weight and texture of the poems themselves

Like most poets, I turn immediately to the poetry sections of my favorite magazines and monthlies, running my eyes over the title, the author, the typeset and spacial setting before giving myself the exquisite pleasure of reading the poems themselves

And like some poets, I like most poets, but one who has recently meant more to me than many Is Dorothy Feola

When I first ran across her work, her poem leapt up from the page and poked itself in my face, speaking directly to me.

Since then, I have looked for her, have watched for her, and have been rewarded with four poems and one letter to the editor

If Dorothy is like most poets, and I feel she is, she would want to know that her work reaches out, grabs people and shakes them; especially people like me.

So I write this poem, hoping that she, like most poets, like me, will pick up an anthology or leaf through a newspaper

or open up a quarterly and thrill to see my tribute to her, to know that she does not toil in vain.

I want her to know I am in her audience and I am clapping.

--by Catherine Kemmering



#1 in the series called "The Broken City"

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FREE (DOM)

I saw a little green bird tonight. It was after supper, early in the evening, While I was sitting on the front porch, Enjoying a book of poetry. Something caught the corner of my eye As it fluttered down from the tree tops; I thought it was a leaf descending--- Then it came to life, beating its tiny wings, And, once more, flew back into the safety Of the branches.

Interested, I waited, watching attentively--- Until it took flight against the darkening skyline--- And was quickly out of sight. It was like no little bird I have ever seen out-of-doors; It must have gotten free from its cozy, but limiting cage. I wish it would show me how to get free from mine.

--by Dorothy Feola  
c-78 Dorothy Feola

INVOLVED

i didn't  
see nothin'  
i didn't  
do nothin'  
i wasn't even there  
when it happened  
how could i have  
been involved  
i wasn't  
i didn't  
i couldn't  
uh-uh  
not me  
'cause  
i didn't  
do nothin'  
never  
no way  
not me  
un-uh

--by Christine Crider

THE FORGOTTEN STUDENT

Sometimes on Sundays  
& other days like that  
i go out & look at  
the world. It  
hasn't changed.

--by Beverly Silva

GO AWAY

I beg your  
pardon  
but  
you're using  
up  
my air

--by Chocolate Waters

MS. DICKINSON

Emily was a woman,  
although she never married,  
never left her father's home,  
& according to the finest  
biographers, never lost  
her virginity.

--by Beverly Silva

P.S.

And you - I love you for  
the way you can  
lick my clit.  
"Is that all?"  
Isn't that enough?

--by Chocolate Waters  
c-77 Chocolate Waters

\*DON'T DIE WONDERING

LESBIAN. (bet you are one)  
LEZZY. (bet you've been called  
one)  
GAY. (bet your'e not really)  
QUEER. (bet you don't like that  
one)  
BULLDAGGER. (bet you've never  
heard that one)  
DYKE. (bet your ass)

\*A button slogan by Ferne

--by Chocolate Waters

EXPLANATION

I tell you this only  
that I loved you  
and was afraid  
that I wanted you  
and was afraid  
that I was clumsy  
cowardly and blind  
that I should have  
searched for you harder

--by Bodil

BALLET EVENING REVIEW

After the months of drudgery  
Comes time to taste the wine--  
In spite of the choreography,  
The dancing was just fine.

--by Linda Bisgaard  
December 10th, 1977

ONE MORE SHATTERED ILLUSION

When I was a child  
I truly believed in god  
in fact  
santa claus, the tooth fairy,  
the boogie man  
and god  
all occupied the same corner  
of my consciousness.  
In retrospect  
I see the tooth fairy  
for what she really was:  
the token woman  
in the all star cast  
of Blind Faith  
(a patriarchal production)

--by jan dickson

SISTER DEATH

Don't trust no man  
to let you in  
heaven

--by Melissa Cannon

FOR GENEVIEVE  
AND WHEREVER IT APPLIES

Little lady  
On your toes,  
Did you ever once suppose  
That with all your  
Grace and talent  
You'd be dancing  
Your poor heart out  
In a dump like this?

--by Linda Bisgaard

paen

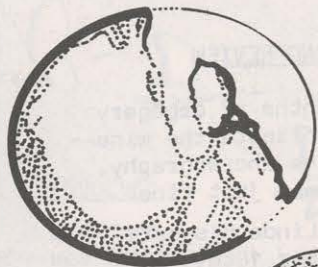
long after the ache and ambition  
of these flighty NY days has died away  
surely my heart will flutter restless again  
to recall flashing pigeon-spirals  
shot with sun-setting opulence  
against the dim storybook Ansonia

--by V. K. McCarty

SISTER FLY'S LANGUAGE

outrageous  
like a wet lavender T-shirt  
over puckered nipples  
unsettling to many  
as my speaking of the feel  
of her breasts  
with such authority

--by Melissa Cannon



drawings by  
Tee Corinne

## TO MY CUNT

--inspired by Judy Chicago

Dear Cunt,  
Precious cunt,  
i was only thirteen  
when i discovered you.  
A crowd of kids would go  
to the Saturday night movies  
in downtown Portland  
& then hang around  
the Greyhound Bus Depot  
drinking coke  
& playing pin ball machines  
while we waited for a ride home.

Early one Sunday morning  
i awoke  
with my mother shaking me  
demanding  
"Where did you get this?"  
her trembling rage  
jarring my sleep filled innocence  
as she held out  
a metal disc  
the size of a fifty cent piece.

"Read!" she said  
& shoved it in my hand.  
i looked at the disc & saw  
four engraved letters.  
c-u-n-t  
"Where did you get this?"  
i didn't know.  
She shook me.  
i still didn't know.  
She found it in my coat pocket.  
i still didn't know.  
One swift slap & she strode away  
with her anger & my  
metal cunt.

Later, when my tears had dried  
& my innocence had firmed  
i searched for a meaning of cunt.  
it wasn't in the dictionary.  
it wasn't in the library.  
i couldn't ask my teacher.  
the snickers from the street  
told me nothing.  
a dirty word,  
that's all.

Like Communism,  
a word i was caught with  
when i was fifteen.  
it was in the dictionary.  
& the library.  
& adults were outraged.  
but the streets didn't snicker.  
& the funny thing about it all was  
i later found defenders of communism.

But there were no defenders of cunt.

Poor Cunt,  
Neglected cunt,  
How long must you wait  
to be respectable?

--by Beverly Silva



c. Tee  
Corinne

## "CONSTELLATIONS"

"Each star in the sky is a  
person on earth..."

Gypsy saying

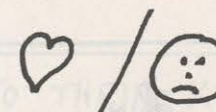
There are women all around me  
twinkling brightly as they  
blaze their paths,  
lighting my own along the way.  
They out-glow me at times  
but are quick to share it all in a smile.  
All around me, women  
women who touch my shoulder and  
hold me when I cry;  
not flinching from a sister's sorrow.  
Women who brought children into the world,  
women who can't wait till they themselves  
leave;  
so stark in honesty, baring their  
souls unafraid.  
By my side, women  
the still-unknown warriors with their  
sweet virgin courage spilling down.  
How glad I am to see the sky so full!

--By Desi Seagull

## LOVEBITE

My mother often told me  
when I was about sixteen  
a hickey on your neck child  
is really quite obscene  
so I vowed to keep my honor  
my reputation pure  
no teenage hot rod romeo  
on fire with hot white light  
would ever on my neck leave  
a red hot love bite  
they tried but I would stop them  
my protest strong and sure  
I remembered the words of my mother  
keep your honor pure  
well now I'm so much older  
and lovebites cause no shame  
so if you happen to mark my neck  
I wont say your to blame  
i wont fret or holler  
or beat you black and blue  
but just remember baby  
I can bite you too

--by Arleen Goldberg



I wrote a little story,  
Full of love and admiration;  
And mailed it to my friend  
As a cause for celebration.

She wrote: This tale is nothing.  
It's tripe, is what she said.  
You see, I wrote it with my heart  
And she read it with her head.

--by LEE KINARD

## THE SEAWEED SONG

Down by the seashore  
Underneath the sand  
Sits a great green seaweed  
With a great gold hand  
Fiddling on the water,  
Fiddling on the tide,  
Fiddling up the holes  
Where the fiddler crabs bide.  
It doesn't wear shoes  
And it doesn't wear socks.  
It curls its loving toes around  
The big black rocks.  
And it fiddles up the ocean,  
It fiddles up the sea,  
It fiddles up the you-know-what  
Of the fishes' oh-dear-me.  
So bring your picnic lunches  
And bathe among the bays,  
But you'd better not sit  
Where the seaweed plays,  
For it fiddles thru the wavelets,  
It fiddles thru the wind,  
And you just might get fiddled--  
Violated? Violinned!

--by Lisa Yount

## poem for deborah

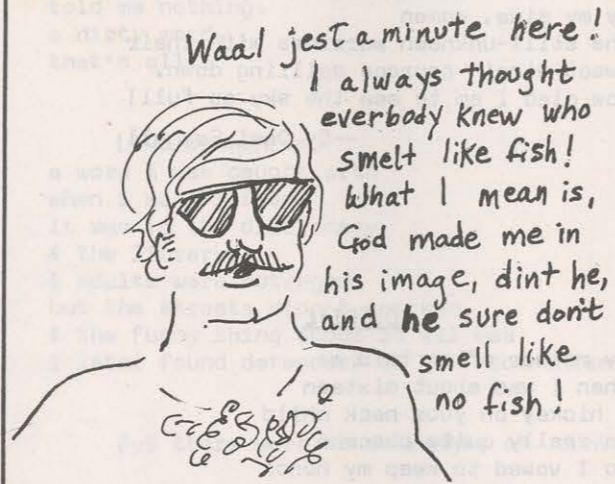
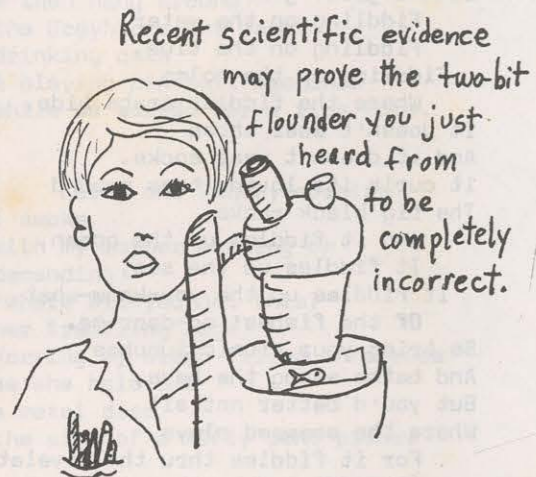
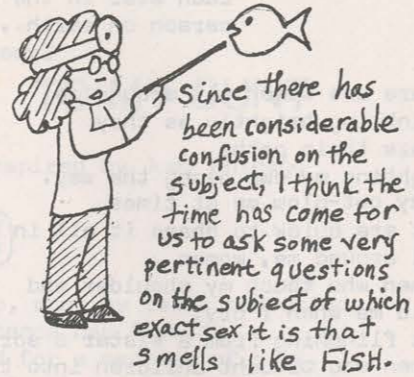
tomorrow is my sister's birthday  
& i don't have a card to send  
it's three thousand miles  
from here to san francisco  
where she's learning cable routes  
& what it means to be twelve  
almost a teen-ager  
flat-chested & not yet 5 feet tall  
tanned & thin  
she's a california kid now  
blond hair & gold earrings & all

--by dinah wernick

OF SEX  
and  
FISH

by Carol Toomey-Siegel  
and Marilyn Woodsea

C-1978



INTO THEIR BEDROOMS...

If you don't smell like a fish, how come I smell good until after we fuck?



INTO THEIR KITCHENS...

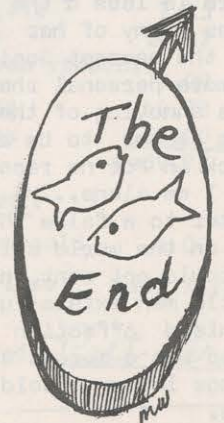
Here kitty kitty  
Kitty kitty, here  
kitty kitty  
here  
Kitty



AND TO THEIR PLACES OF RECREATION.



From now on...



By Gail White

The poet has at least three problems: (1) writing enough decent poems to fill a book, (2) finding a publisher, and (3) finding readers. The readers should be no problem. In an age when the novel is growing shorter and shorter to accommodate the reader whose only reading time is on the bus to and from work, the most intense and concentrated form of literature, poetry, should be in great demand. However, we all know this is not the case. I have some theories about the reason why, but as they are not complimentary to the modern poet, I will keep them to myself. The point is that, for whatever reason, poets have to go crawling after readers on their hands and knees. In the crawling process a reviewer tries to be of some assistance. Many poets, good and bad, do get published at last (usually in the small press world) and the reviewer then appears on the threshing floor and attempts to help writers and readers by separating the wheat from the chaff. Herewith are accounts of 4 books that were recently sent to be reviewed, taken in the reverse of the order in which I liked them.



HELP I'M DROWNING By Teresinka Pereira -- Palos Heights Press, Chicago (no further address, no price.) Written in Spanish, translated by Angela de Hoyos.

This collection of short prose pieces & one poem is the best presented and best written work of T.P.'s that I have encountered. This, unfortunately, is not saying much. There is less of the political rhetoric that makes many of her poems read like posters for the nearest Socialist rally, but there is more personal rhetoric, which may be the more annoying of the two. One of the passages seems to be a personal letter, just stuck in for no reason ("Today is Christmas and I am alone...") The final piece is a letter to a false lover, in which she takes out on the world all the spite she apparently could not vent on him in person ("...a little man exists upon earth, a coward who promised affection when the most he could offer was a moment of curiosity...") Such things leave me cold to the point of frostbite.

SAPPHIC SONGS, Seventeen to Seventy -- By Elsa Gidlow. Diana Press (no price given).

Someone (I suspect my friend Stacey) has written "Maudlin" across the cover of my review copy, but I suspect that "Romantic" would be a better word. Many of the poems in the book were written in the 20's and the author in her introduction allows as how "they would be unlikely...to appeal to readers steeped in sophisticated writings reflecting all the new role and identity struggles." Still, in our increasingly clinical age, a little breath of romance can be refreshing. The author is not strikingly original nor terribly profound, but gives one an entertaining glimpse of what a sincere though minor lyrical poet could write in an age that was, after all, dominated by Edna St. Vincent Millay. Here is one of her better efforts:

ON THE EVE OF GOD'S 40th YES -- By Ziporah Delos Anhelis. Karmic Revenge Laundry Shop Press, P. O. Box 14, Guttenberg, N.J. 09093. (And once again, no price!)

Since we must soon be fed  
As honey and new bread  
To ever Hungry Death;  
O, love me very sweet \*\*  
And kiss me very long \*\*  
And let us use our breath  
For Song.  
Nothing else endures  
Overlong. \*

ZDA has that rarest of qualities, a sense of humor, and that second rarest, a knowledge of literary tradition. The best thing in the book to me is the long poem in drama form "She Walks in Doody!" which begins as a parody of Byron, picks up T.S. Eliot and James Joyce along the way, and satirizes Greek thought into the bargain. There are probably some things I've missed, but I did catch that many. I also identified strongly with the cheerful despair expressed by the following:

I lack a working illusion--  
That Atlantis will  
Rise in Weehawken

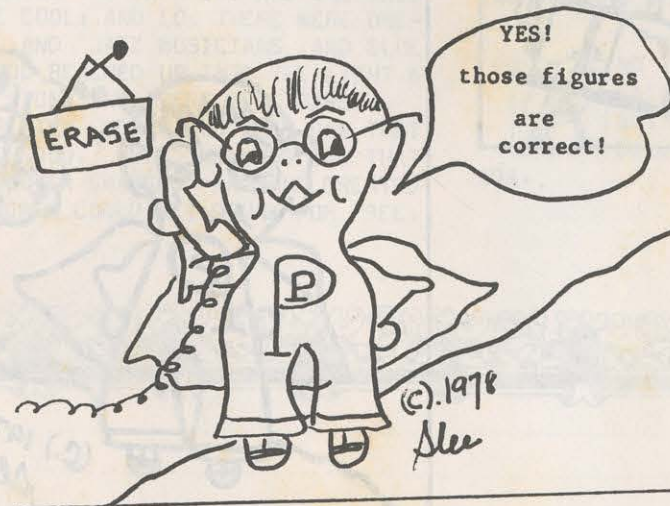
for me  
will not do  
though there are possibilities  
(a developer might throw up  
a high-rise.)

The book is illustrated with photographs of the author through the years, including a nice one of her with her Siamese cat.

And there is a fine poem inspired by Vivien Leigh's performance in "A Streetcar Named Desire." Some of it is a little like what your best friend used to write for the college humor magazine, but after all, when have you seen the same thing done better?

\*\* (an old message, but I always like it.)  
\* (admittedly these 2 lines are dreadful)

Poet Person - by s.lee (Confrontation - IRS)



EXPENSE PAYABLES:

stamps	240.07
envelopes	24.31
erasers	2.29
pencils	7.15
pens	14.82
carbon ribbons	75.00
paper	64.28
xerox	32.00
	<u>\$459.72</u>

INCOME:

poems sold	4.00
(loss)	<u>\$455.72</u>

signed: Poet Person

PARACHUTES by Shirley Powell - Mouth of the Dragon Press, Box 107 Cooper Sta. NY, NY. 10013. (Price \$2.50!!)

Shirley Powell has the gift of using simple language in a striking way. Someone has written "Wonderful Poem!" above the first entry, "There is a Box", and I am in agreement. The poem describes what is obviously a box of Morton's salt (with the girl carrying a box showing a girl carrying a box...) and continues:

"poems are like that  
they keep being themselves  
forever  
they keep wrapping  
and unwrapping...  
until the last shred of skin  
is peeled away."

The somewhat incoherent introduction states that "Animals run through many of the poems" and so they do, from "legions of bats... stiff draperies of wings/hung on the walls" to "lakes where ferns clutch at swans" to dead dogs by the roadside. Trees come in for a few kind words too -- (That tree was what I thought the world would be / mysterious and important and friendly.)

The book creates a pleasant universe with a few moments of crisis to vary the emotional tone (I think the walls are getting thicker / I don't hear people making love of mornings anymore.) It ends with some very short stories which are neither better nor worse than the average.



SOME CLOSING THOUGHTS -- I've been reading some "big" press poetry books lately (I thought if I checked them out of the library it might at least encourage them to buy more poetry books..the poetry section of the library is usually barren of readers.) Anyway, of the ones I've read this week, the one I liked best was Anne Sexton's THE AW-FUL ROWING TOWARD GOD. I don't usually like poets of the so-called "confessional" school (let me tell you all about my last abortion and how it broke up my 4th marriage) and in fact I didn't care much for the early Sexton, but I thought this book was great. Of course I tend to like search-for-God books anyway. It's serious without being anguished and ends on a very nice upbeat note which makes it all the more depressing to think that she killed herself shortly after writing it (what does this century do to us?)

The LA. legislature turned down the ERA for the 6th time on the same day that Miami overthrew the gay rights law. The Pankhursts must be spinning in their graves.

G.W.

POET PERSON

by \$. lee

I've had many poems published,  
but I've only been paid for two.

Now I know what

FREE VERSE

really means...



## GENESIS REBORN

BY

CAROL TOOMEY-SIEGEL & MARILYNN WOODSEA

### THE CREATION

**I**N THE BEGINNING GOD CREATED OKLAHOMA AND NEW JERSEY SO THAT PEOPLE WOULD HAVE SOME PLACE TO BE FROM AND SAN FRANCISCO SO THEY WOULD HAVE SOME PLACE TO GO AND OREGON SO THEY WOULD HAVE SOMEWHERE TO GO FROM THERE AND L.A. FOR PHONIES.

**N**OW GOD WAS AN ACTIVIST AND SHE SAID "LET THERE BE LIGHT" AND SHE FLICKED HER BIC. AND GOD SEGREGATED LIGHT FROM DARK AND CREATED DAY SO PEOPLE COULD GET SOME REST.

**A**ND GOD SAID "LET THERE BE WATERS AND LET THEM SEPARATE INTO WHITE AND RED WINE, AND LET THERE BE VODKA SOURS AND BEER AND TEQUILLA BUT ABOVE ALL THINGS WILD TURKEY. AND FROM THE EARTH GOD CAUSED GRASS TO SPRING FORTH AND GOD SAW THAT YOU COULD GET OFF ON IT AND SHE CAUSED IT TO BE PLENTIFUL. AND GOD SAID "LET THERE BE TAPIRS" AND THEY WERE CUTE.

**A**ND THEN GOD WAS BORED SO SHE LOOKED AT THE LIGHT UPON ONE SIDE AND SAID "LET THERE BE HOT" AND LO, THERE WAS TIFFANY GLASS AND GLITTER EYESHADOW AND LEWD T-SHIRTS. AND GOD THEN CONTEMPLATED THE DARKNESS AND SHE SAID "LET THERE BE COOL: AND LO, THERE WERE ONE-PAPER JOINTS AND JAZZ MUSICIANS AND BLUE JEANS. AND GOD REACHED UP INTO THE LIGHT & CREATED NEON SIGNS AND THERE WERE BARS... THEN GOD CREATED WOMEN AND THEY SAW THAT THE BARS WERE GOOD. BUT THEN GOD SAW THAT THERE WERE COVER CHARGES AND SHE CREATED MEN SO THAT WOMEN COULD GET DRUNK FOR FREE.

## THE FALL

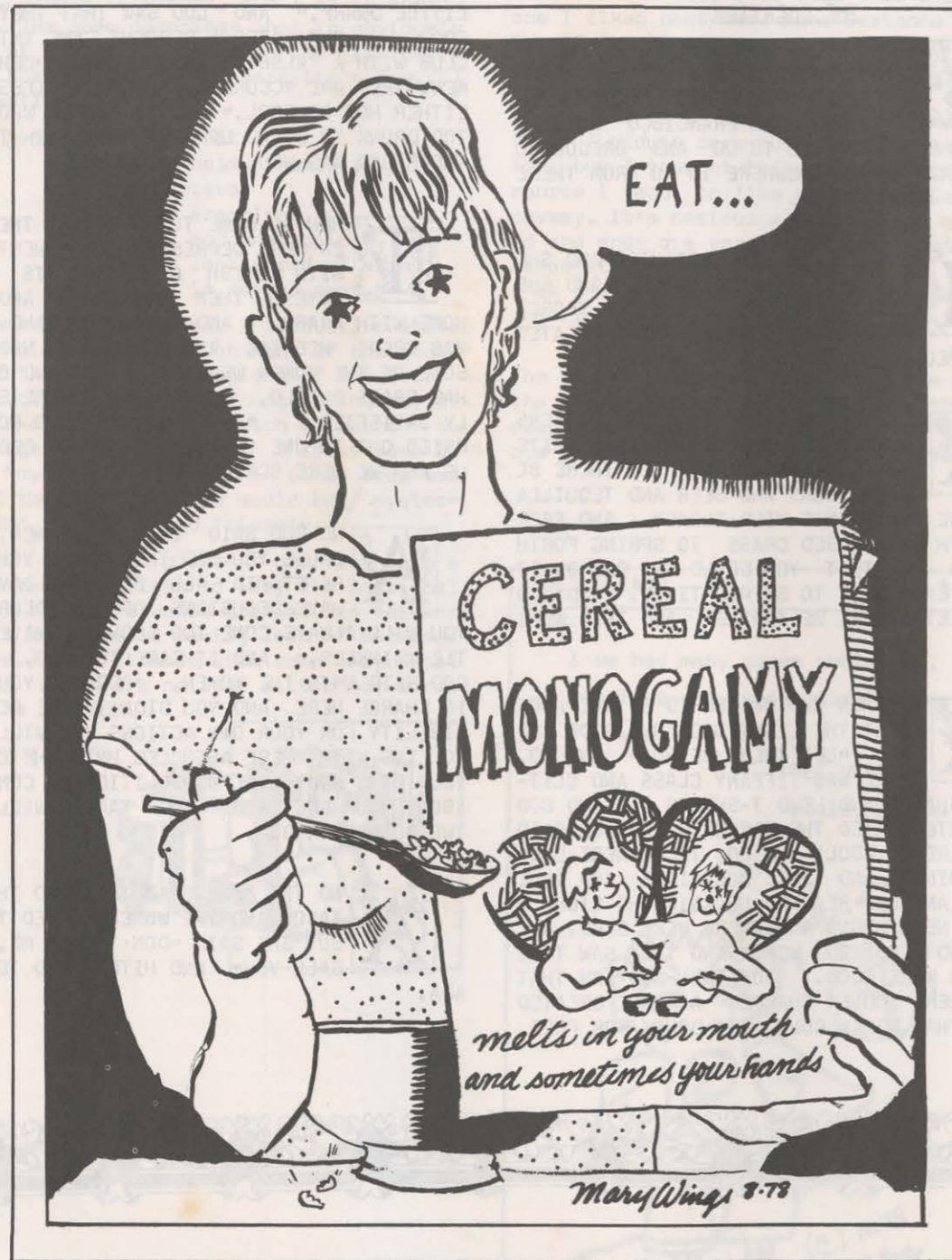
**I**N THE BEGINNING THE WOMEN STUCK TOGETHER AND THEY WERE ONE FLESH & WHEN MEN STARED AT THEIR ASSES THEY SAITH, "FUCK OFF, YOU NASTY LITTLE DWARF," AND GOD SAW THAT THEY WERE GOOD. BUT LATER A SERPENT CAME INTO THE CLUB WITH A FALSE ID AND HE SAID, "BEHOLD MEN: THEY ARE ACCORDING TO THEIR LIFESTYLES EITHER HOT OR COOL," AND THE WOMEN WHO WERE TOO DRUNK TO STAND UP WENT HOME WITH THEM & THEIR GOD WAS WROTH.

**T**HEN IT CAME TO PASS THAT THE WOMEN WERE DEPRESSED AND WENT HOME WITH JEWISH PSYCHOLOGISTS AND SOME OF THEM WENT CRAZY AND WENT HOME WITH ARABS. AND IN THE MORNING THERE WAS GREAT WEeping AND TEARING OF HAIR AND SOME OF THE WOMEN WERE PREGNANT AND OTHERS HAD CRABS BUT LO, NONE OF THEM WERE SEXUALLY SATISFIED. AND THEY CAME UNTO GOD AND CRIED OUT IN ONE VOICE, "THE MEN DECEIVED US AND WE WERE SCREWED."

**A**ND GOD SAID UNTO THE MEN, "BECAUSE YOU DID THIS THING YOU WILL BE STUPID ALL OF YOUR DAYS AND HAVE DELUSIONS OF GRANDEUR AND YOU WILL ALWAYS COME TOO SOON AND HAVE LITTLE WRINKLES," AND IT CAME TO PASS. AND GOD SAID UNTO THE WOMEN, "BECAUSE YOU WERE IN CHARGE HERE AND YOU DIDN'T TAKE RESPONSIBILITY FOR YOUR OWN ACTIONS YOU WILL HAVE TO LIVE WITH THESE ASSHOLES UNTO THE END OF YOUR DAYS AND WILL BE POLITICALLY CONFUSED ABOUT YOUR LEG HAIRS AND TAMPAX WILL COST TWO DOLLARS A BOX.

**A**ND THE MEN BEGAN TO BUILD THE PENTAGON AND THE WOMEN LOOKED TO GOD BUT SHE SAID "DON'T CALL ME, I'LL CALL YOU" AND HITCHHIKED TO CANADA.





CAN'T GO BACK TO THE KITCHEN

By Martha & Lucy Van Felix-Wilde

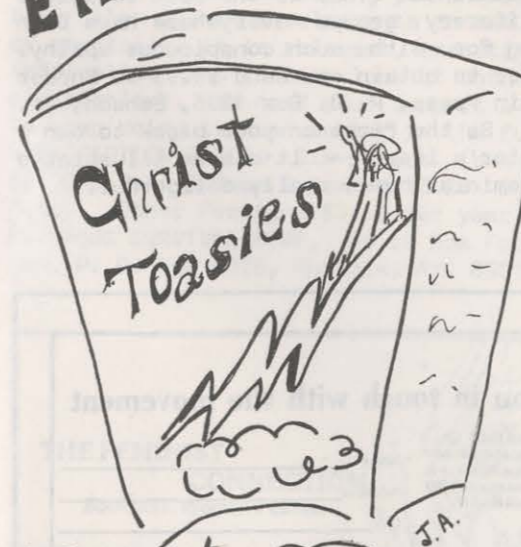


A few years ago, the contemporary scientist Dr. Jacqueline Verrett came out with a study showing that the nitrites and other chemicals used in preserving many meats were carcinogenic, cancer causing. Not wanting to encourage that condition in ourselves, we started reading the labels on our breakfast treats, and all such tasty abominations went bye-bye for us. That was in '75. We studied Chinese cooking then, because it had a lot of vegetables, Indian too, macrobiotic, American health cuisine, and now we can't hold down a job in an ordinary restaurant kitchen because it makes us feel like hired killers.

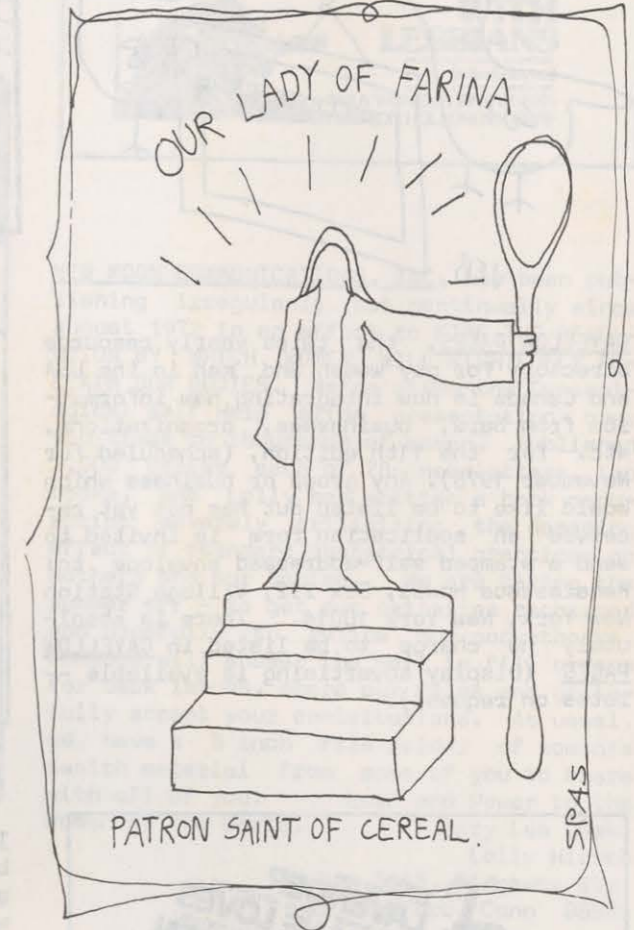
Some foods cause pain, disease and negative mental conditions while others promote balance, heal and repair the body & even nourish the soul. We'd like to address ourselves to what ALBATROSS readers want to know about the philosophical, practical & spiritual aspects of preparing, serving and eating good food. So write and ask.

c-'78 PORPOISE PRESS

EAT...



\*the divine cereal

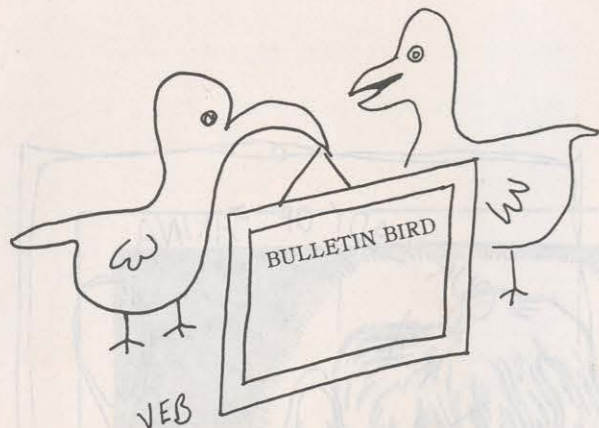


Dear Readers-

While your attention is focused on the subject: food, we'd like you to know that our next issue will be devoted to: FAT AS A TOPIC OF INTEREST TO LESBIAN-FEMINISTS. We welcome your comments, drawings, letters & post-cards, comix poems, book-reviews and short articles -- (and anything else on the subject you wanna send us) and will try to represent as many viewpoints as we receive.

We are planning this issue for January 1979 so would like all material well before that time to give us time to put it together. Thank you and let us hear from you.

T.A.C.



**GAYELLOW PAGES**, the twice yearly resource directory for gay women and men in the USA and Canada is now integrating new information from bars, businesses, organizations, etc. for the 11th edition, (scheduled for November 1978). Any group or business which would like to be listed but has not yet received an application form is invited to send a stamped self-addressed envelope to: Renaissance House, Box 292, Village Station New York, New York 10014. There is absolutely no charge to be listed in **GAYELLOW PAGES** (Display advertising is available -- rates on request).

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**IRREVERENT PARABLES** By Gail White has just been published. This is the book religious and literary groups everywhere have been waiting for with such conspicuous apathy. In order to obtain one send \$1.95 to Border Mountain Press, P. O. Box 1296, Benson, Az. 85602. Be the first on your block to own a collector's item -- it's even illustrated with feminist nuns, really delightful.

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Over the past few years there has been a glut of periodicals aimed at the street drug user. Unfortunately, the majority do nothing to promote responsible drug use or warn of the great potential dangers of experimental highs (From DRUG SURVIVAL NEWS).

NOVEMBER 1977 \$1.50

**GET LOADED**  
 THE MAGAZINE FOR PEOPLE WITH NO MORE BRAIN CELLS

The "Dangers" of Street Drugs: Scare Tactics or Propaganda?  
 Smoking Drain Openers "It hurts so goood!"  
 Eat your Parent's Medicine Chest  
 Getting Off on Poisonous Plants

TRY SPECIAL YOUR BRAIN! (Illustration of a man pouring pills into a bowl)

**DRUG SURVIVAL NEWS** is the bimonthly newspaper dedicated to keeping you informed about the latest developments in the world of chemicals. It is relevant, investigative informative and a fresh look at both new & old problems. We need your support & subs. to keep doing it even better in the future. **SUBSCRIPTION RATES:** Six issues (one year) \$2.50 U.S.A. Canada & Mexico \$3.25 in U.S. funds. Other foreign: \$3.50 per year. Mail to: DRUG SURVIVAL NEWS, Do It Now Foundation, P. O. Box 5115, Phoenix, Az. 85010.

**THE FEMINIST CONNECTION**  
 Bookstore, Women's Center

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Mary Lee Lemke  
 Lolly Hirsch  
 Box 3488, Ridgeway Sta.  
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BREAKING UP: GUIDELINES FOR THE UNDECIDED

By Closetta

Are you making love more these days and enjoying it less? Does your relationship need a bottle of Geritol? Do you have that uneasy feeling that maybe it's (gasp!) really all over between you? Feel uneasy no more! Just sit your cold feet down with our "no muss, no fuss" quiz and leave the breakup to us!


1. THE LAST TIME I KISSED MY LOVER WAS:
  - a) last night
  - b) last month
  - c) the LAST TIME!
  - d) kissed who?
2. THE MOST EXCITING THING WE DID TOGETHER RECENTLY WAS:
  - a) make love
  - b) kiss
  - c) take out the garbage
  - d) plan separate vacations
3. IF MY LOVER SUDDENLY MOVED OUT OF TOWN I'D:
  - a) call or write every day
  - b) visit whenever I could
  - c) raise her share of the rent if she returned
  - d) get an unlisted phone number and take my name off the mailbox
4. FOR HER LAST BIRTHDAY I GAVE HER:
  - a) a picture of the two of us together
  - b) a subscription to her favorite magazine (ALBATROSS)
  - c) a belated birthday card
  - d) oops! is she 30 already?
5. THE LAST TIME I SAID "I LOVE YOU" WAS:
  - a) in the shower together
  - b) during breakfast
  - c) to my best friend when my lover stepped out of the room
  - d) to my cat when my lover and I were in bed
6. I THINK ABOUT HER WHEN SHE'S NOT AROUND IF:
  - a) we can't eat dinner together one night
  - b) she's visiting her mother some weekend
  - c) the telephone bill arrives
  - d) her tampax stops up the toilet

7. THE LAST TIME I LOOKED AT HER NAKED BODY I WAS THINKING:
  - a) Mm-mmm
  - b) I wish she'd go naked more often
  - c) it's kind of drafty in here to be naked
  - d) I wish she'd wear clothes more often
8. IF WE HAVE A FIGHT AND DON'T SPEAK TO EACH OTHER FOR DAYS I'M THINKING:
  - a) I can't stand this much longer
  - b) I'll call her at work and apologize
  - c) when will she pay the phone bill?
  - d) silence is golden
9. WHEN WE'RE DRIVING TOGETHER IN THE CAR I FEEL LIKE:
  - a) feeling her leg
  - b) kissing at red lights
  - c) driving myself and letting her take the bus
  - d) buying a one-seater motorcycle
10. WHEN SHE STARTS TO WHISPER SOMETHING IN MY EAR WHEN WE'RE IN BED TOGETHER I'M THINKING:
  - a) my god! I'm wet already!
  - b) I hope she's in the mood tonight
  - c) is it garbage night again?
  - d) I hope she doesn't want me to turn down the electric blanket

SCORE

- d answers-- 1 point each
  - c answers-- 2 points each
  - b answers-- 10 points each
  - a answers-- 15 points each
- 150 points -- you must have cheated
- 100-145 -- Why did you waste your time take quiz again.
- 76-99 -- You have a perfectly normal relationship. Watch out. If things don't improve either break up or start sneaking around.
- 52-67 -- Time to start dividing up what's hers and what's yours. Sleep alone tonight.

QUIZ SCORE CHART

 Diana Press is both a feminist publishing house and a women's printshop. We typeset, print and bind both our own books and books for other women, women's groups, and feminist publishers. In March of 1977, Diana Press celebrated its fifth anniversary by moving from Baltimore—our original home—to Oakland, California. There we merged with the Oakland Women's Press Collective, thereby creating an exciting organization with a larger staff, additional equipment, and an impressive array of titles.

Diana Press sees itself as part of the growing women's communications network of periodicals, presses and bookstores. We are distinguished from the male commercial press by choosing books according to women's needs—not profit margin. Although we are committed to remaining financially viable and independent, we are also committed to producing books that speak to the real needs of women—not to male-assessed market potential. We are distinguished from the literary/leftist small press movement by a commitment to growth and self-support. We do not see ourselves publishing books for a small minority with more 'advanced' taste or consciousness than the rest of us, nor is our press a hobby or an avocation. We don't hope to pressure the establishment press into doing more and better

# DIANA PRESS

women's books; we want to drive them out of business.

We work on the premise that if women are serious about changing the world order, we must learn to produce what we need. Otherwise our revolution would be based on forcing others to do what we cannot, or will not, do for ourselves. Learning how to print and bind our books has been a slow process; we haven't been able to come out with as many books as quickly as we would have liked. But we know that we are building a solid base of skills and equipment that will be a resource of the women's movement for years to come.

Every year since our beginnings, we've

*The women of Diana Press celebrate the arrival of their 36" Mann press, a press that enables Diana to print 32 pages on a single large sheet of paper.*

increased our capability in size of books (up to a 450-pager) and number of books (standard run of 10,000) by getting better at what we're doing and by buying more efficient machinery. After we moved to Oakland, we spent our first summer preparing what was to be our largest fall line yet. All the books were pasted up and ready to go. Then on the night of October 25, 1977, someone tried to destroy Diana Press. Every phase of our operation was crippled by vandalism. Five thousand copies of our biggest seller were soaked with chemicals—page by page. Ink and paint were dumped on other books. Ink, paint, and abrasive cleanser were poured into presses and typesetting machines. Photo-plates were destroyed—negatives too. Every page of every pasted-up book was ripped through. Our fall line and our back list were effectively destroyed. We estimate the damage at \$100,000—less than half of which will be repaid by insurance.

The vandalism was apparently aimed at our financial ruin. The destruction of our equipment made it impossible for us to do any commercial printing work. The destruction of our fall line and back list made it impossible for us to make any money from publishing. Both our sources of income were cut off. But Diana Press refuses to go under. It will take us years to



ALBATROSS-SUMMER 1978

Photo by Barbara Fisher

absorb the financial loss. We've had to cut back our plans. But we are publishing—though it has taken us five months to reach the point where we were before the attack.

We have received a great deal of support from the women's community since the vandalism. Many women have sent money—small contributions as well as large—that has helped us meet payroll. Others have done benefits for Diana Press. Our need for such help is great during this time of pushing toward recovery. We are also looking for several women printers to hire. The only way to make money is to have your presses run. We have enough commercial printing work to keep three or four more women printers busy. We encourage women printers who would like to be part of a woman's workplace—a feminist institution—to get in contact with us right away.

And we ask all of you for your continued support in the form of ordering Diana Press books, sending contributions, and organizing benefits.

Thank you.

—The women of Diana Press



Photo by Ruth Mountaingrove

Casey Czarnik checks out a plate from *All Our Lives: A Women's Songbook*, on the Davidson perfector press (a press that prints both sides of the paper at once).

ORDER FORM. Send with your check or money order to Diana Press, 4400 Market Street, Oakland CA 94608.

QTY	COST	QTY	COST
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—	<i>A Woman Is Talking to Death</i> . . . . . @ \$2.50	FEMINIST THEORY	
—	<i>She Who: a graphic book of poems</i> . . . . @ \$6.00	—	<i>Class and Feminism</i> . . . . . @ \$2.25
—	<i>The Work of a Common Woman</i> (hardback)	—	<i>Lesbianism and the Women's Movement</i> . @ \$2.25
	The Collected Poetry of Judy Grahn	—	<i>Women Remembered</i> . . . . . @ \$2.25
	with a foreword by Adrienne Rich . . . @ \$8.75	ELSA GIDLOW	
PAT PARKER		—	<i>Sapphic Songs</i> . . . . . @ \$3.50
—	<i>Child of Myself</i> . . . . . @ \$2.00	SHORT STORIES	
—	<i>Pit Stop</i> . . . . . @ \$2.00	—	<i>True to Life Adventure Stories</i>
—	<i>Woman Slaughter and Other Poems</i> . . . @ \$3.00		Volume I, Volume II, Volume III . each \$5.00
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NOVELS			
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—	<i>The Lavender Herring</i> . . . . . @ \$5.75		
—	<i>The Lesbians Home Journal</i> . . . . . @ \$5.75		
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—	<i>All Our Lives: A Woman's Songbook</i> . . . @ \$6.50		

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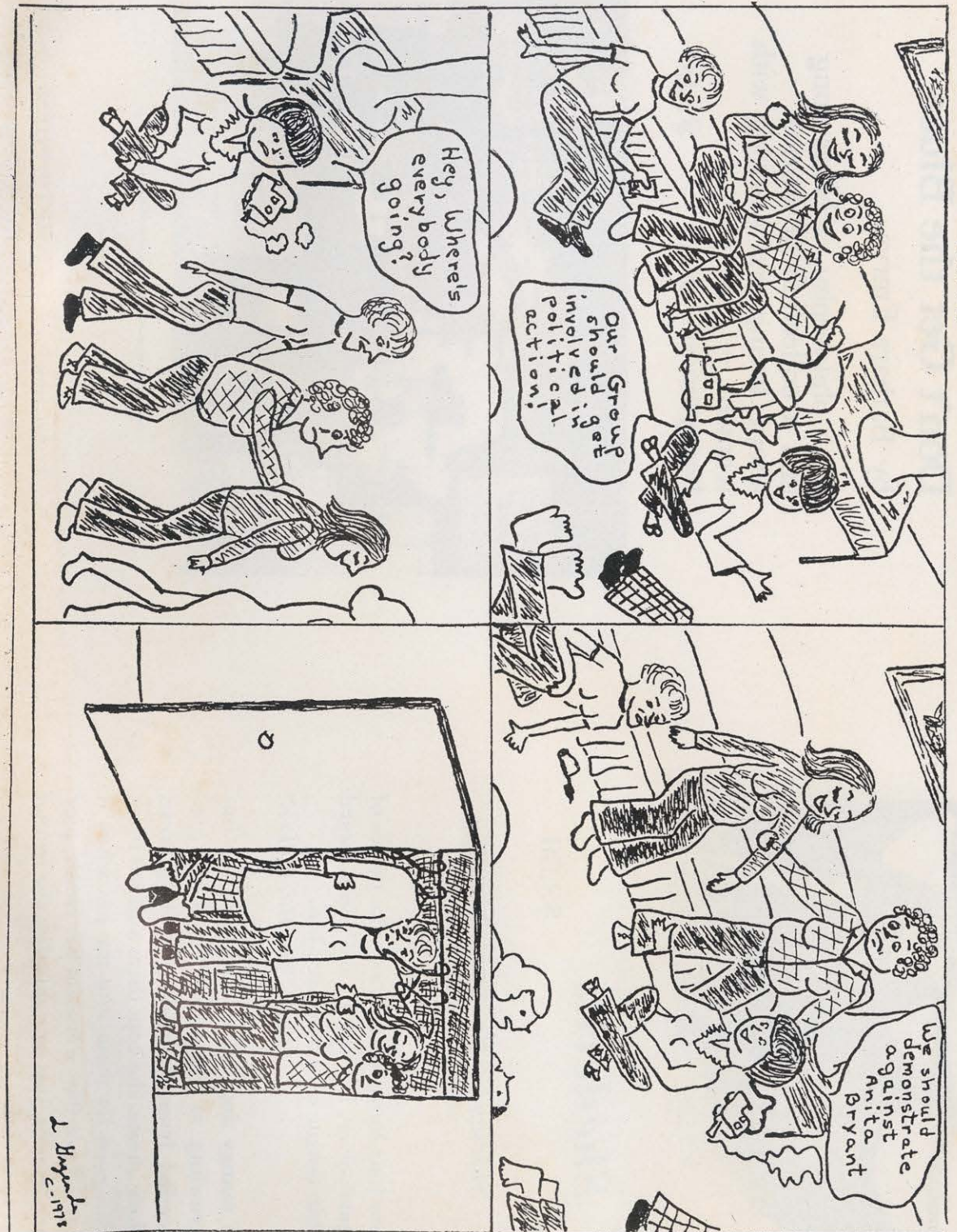
I'm including an extra \$ \_\_\_\_\_ to help Diana recover.

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The Wonder Women



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*Stories by Barbara Sheen*

her hair hung to her waist like pieces of quicksilver. it was hot. she ran a lizard thin tongue over blood red lips.

*from "The Hitchhiker"*

6 mangy dogs slept in front of the hut growling at visitors. their bones protruded from their skin rippling down their chests. she kept them and fed them and even let them into the hut when it rained but they were not her children or her friends, just animals that she traded services with.

*from "Maria"*

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by Barbara Emrys

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