

SPRING 1979

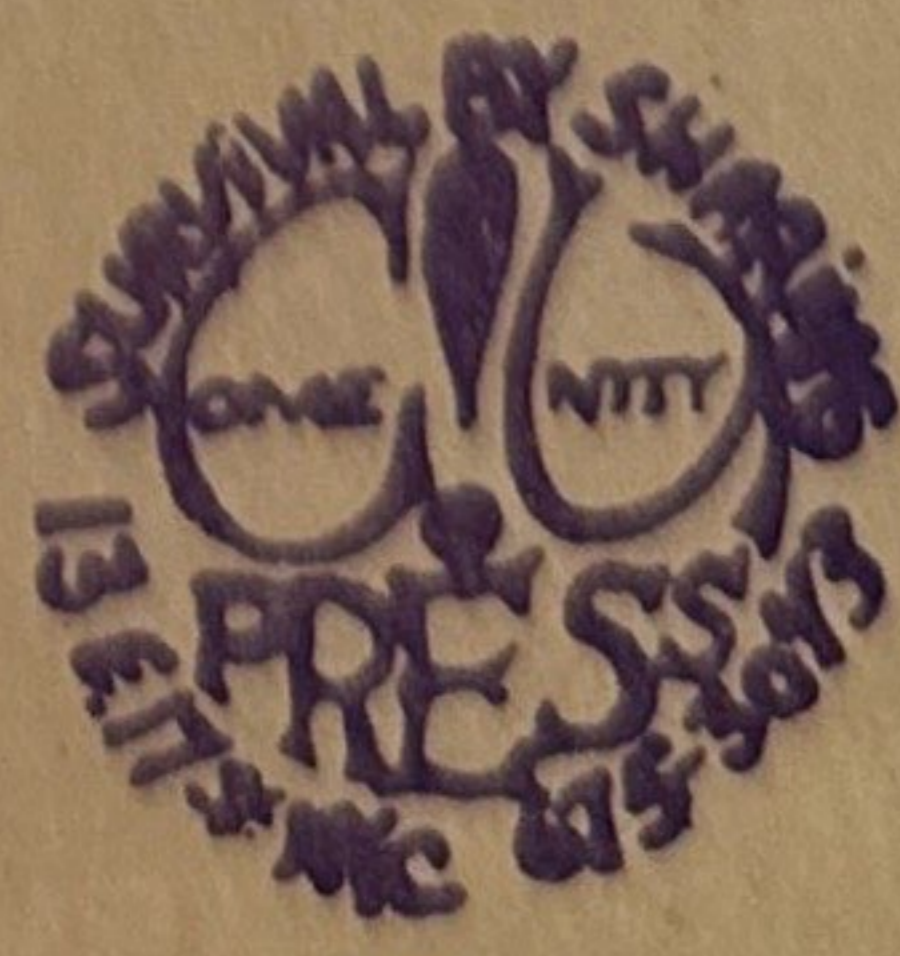
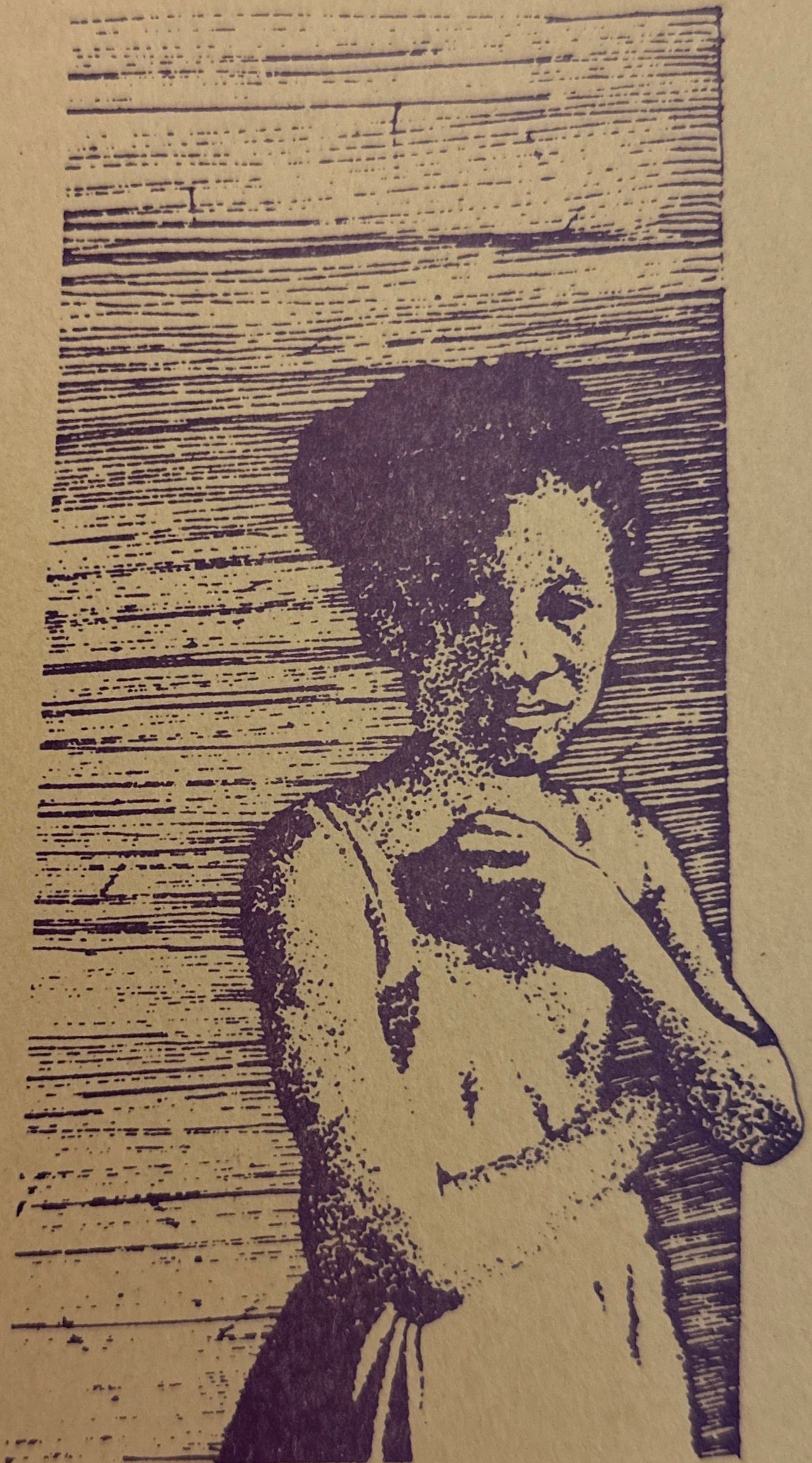
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VOL. 2 NO. 2

more if you can,
less if you can't

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Done at Come! Unity Press (13 E 17 Street, NYC 10003 (212) 675-3043), a cooperative where we learned to do this printing. The press does not demand \$ from us or other movement people who print materials that provide equal access to the poor. The press needs the broad support of many donations: monthly pledges of \$2, \$5, \$7, energy, food, skills, joint benefits, etc. to continue movement access to printing facilities. Don't let this be the last month! YOUR MOVE!ment.

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Editors: Candice Boyce and Robin Christian
Contributing Editors: Linda Brown, Joan Gibbs,
Claudette Furlonge, Leocadia Daniels

Contributions - articles, letters, prose,
graphics, reviews, poetry, fiction, non-
fiction for the next issue should be sent to:

Linda Brown
314 East 91st Street, #5E
NYC 10028

Leocadia Daniels
135 Adelphi Street, #2
Bklyn, NY 11205

The deadline for the next issue is:
JUNE 21, 1979

Subscriptions to AZALEA are \$5.00 per yr.

AZALEA will be sent free to any woman in
prison. Send us your address. It is mailed
in a plain envelope.

If you cannot afford the price of AZALEA,
send us as much as you can.

Cover graphic - source and artist unknown

*Special thanks to Chirlane McCray and
to Sandra Leiby for their help in getting
out this issue.

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Editorial

Azalea has profoundly declared its position in the lesbian community by adding three new members to our collective. The new spirits go by names of Claudette Furlonge, Leocadia Daniels and Candice Boyce. These new wimmin will add, yet, another touch to our magazine.

The idea of support should be the most important thought in the minds of Third World Lesbians today. We decided to make this idea an action - Azalea is going to reach out to more sisters. We are coming to meetings and events to make you aware of your magazine. We are starting an "East Coast Affair" by getting in touch with sisters in Washington, D.C., Boston, Philadelphia and other cities to distribute or exchange Azalea.

We thank all the wimmin who attended our benefit for Azalea - the Third World Lesbian Writers Conference, on February 24, 1979 - for sharing strengths and giving support.

Proposed themes for the next two issues:
Summer/Fall 1979 - "Definition of 3rd World" -
DEADLINE, JUNE 21, 1979 (see back cover)

Winter 1979-80 - "Third World Lesbian Mothers"
DEADLINE: OCTOBER 31, 1979

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These issues will include articles on other themes as well. Please send in any work you wish to share.

"Definitions of Third World"

Editors: Linda Brown
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Leocadia Daniels
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Bklyn, NY 11205

"Third World Lesbian Mothers"

Editors: Claudette Furlonge
1000 Grand Concourse
Bronx, NY 10451

Joan Gibbs
306 Lafayette Avenue
Bklyn, NY 11238

Thank,
"Seka" Candice.
Robin

for AZALEA



HERSTORY IN THE MAKING

THE FIRST 3rd WORLD LESBIAN WRITERS CONFERENCE was held at the NYC Women's Center on Saturday, February 24, 1979. This was an event I had been eagerly anticipating for several weeks after some beautiful sister mailed us the flyer announcing the Conference.

It was destined by the Great Goddess that I be in attendance; first, I was late arriving at the bus station--the bus was later; and second, I arrived at the Women's Center, believing I was again late--the registration was just beginning.

Let me say from the outset that the First 3rd World Lesbians Writer's Conference exceeded my greatest expectations. Talk about "high hopes".....

There were five (5) workshops scheduled at staggered times, but when virtually every woman there wanted to attend ALL of the workshops, Azalea and workshop moderators, re-scheduled them to run concurrently.

Most of what follows are excerpts from my notes---for the first time in my life, I really regretted not knowing shorthand or speedwriting.

There were at least 55 sisters of color in attendance. There was only one disappointment; there were no Native American, two Chicana/Latina Lesbians there.

The 1st workshop was on "Political Poetry" facilitated by Audre Lorde (The Black Unicorn) and Yvonne Flowers. The first thing Audre did was ask us to introduce our selves, since she and we knew who she was. She wanted more than just blank faces. Audre asked how many of us in the room thought of our selves as "writers"; very few raised their hands. Then she asked us why we had come, what we wanted/expected from that workshop, "how can I give you what you want/expect if YOU won't say exactly what it is that you want/expect? We all have fears.....what counts is being able to write thru our fears....Every Lesbian

I was delighted. I was soon joined by the woman from the Islands who, besides caressing a steel string guitar, and singing like a Mahalia Jackson with an accent, dances as sensuously and pulsingly as she sings and plays.

We closed with a circle for the Lost Black Goddesses singing "This Little Light of Mine, I'm Gonna Let It Shine".

I guess you can tell from the above ravings, I enjoyed my self, learned a lot and met some really beautiful, POLITICAL Lesbians of Color.

Oh yes, I almost forgot.....Wimmin from the Lesbian Herstory Archives taped and took pictures during this HERstoric Conference and Cultural Event.

THANK YOU AZALEA , SALSA SOUL SISTERS and the Wimmin of the NYC Wimmin's Center. Thank you all you NYC Lesbians of Color for being who you are at this time in my life.

Isis

AIN'T I A WOMON?

Washington, D.C.

The AIN'T I A WOMON? collective is made up of sisters - Lesbians of Color - who are putting together a special issue of Off Our Backs, a womyn's newsjournal, based in Washington, D.C. They are soliciting articles, graphics, poems, fiction, photographs, etc.... The deadline for this special issue is MAY 1, 1979. Send all contributions to:
AIN'T I A WOMAN?
1313 Quincy Street, N.W.
Washington, D.C. 20011

A Review of the
THIRD WORLD LESBIAN WRITERS CONFERENCE

by Candice Boyce
edited by Chirlane McCray

Held as a benefit for Azalea, the conference took place February 24, 1979 at the Women's Center located on 243 West 20th St.

Let's take some space and talk about Azalea, a third world lesbian magazine published with the sweat, sales, donations, and money from the pockets of three talented sisters---Linda Brown, Robin Christian and Joan Gibbs. Azalea was born one year ago in the winter months of 1977 and is now celebrating with a first anniversary birthday cake issue (and of course the writers conference). The issue is smartly done featuring short stories, articles, graphics and poetry.

Linda Brown is a brilliant writer and poetess with talents in the area of graphics. Robin Christian is a poetess, artist and specializes in graphics. Joan Gibbs is a writer and poetess with organizing skills. Put all that together and you have Azalea. They need your articles and your support in the way of subscriptions and money so they can keep on keeping on.

Now the conference. For you who missed this cultural event, I want you to know that you missed something really positive. First, the agenda was "Political Poetry" with Audre Lorde and Yvonne Flowers sparking the conference with this exciting workshop. Audre wanted to know if the sisters present were writing and if we all considered ourselves writers even if we were writing only in journals. Yvonne was interested in support and emphasized how important support is to her---she needs it to write. This seemed to be the consensus of most of the wimmin present and there was general agreement that we all must write and/or support lesbian ideas and works.

I must say I was surprised at statements such as, "I'm

not a writer, I just write in my journal", or "I just write letters" and " I'm an ex-writer". Maybe we must realize that it doesn't take a Ph.d, doesn't take being published or having the ability to write a novel to say "Yes, I'm a writer" but just the desire to validate our existence. Plenty of us womin have that ability. So write in those journals and write those letters---and please don't be an ex-writer.

There was a short break and then two sisters from Boston, Lorraine Bethel and Barbara Smith, both feminist critics, hosted a workshop called, "Third World Feminist Criticism". I think they made us much more aware of what role the feminist critic should take in writing reviews about the works of lesbian artists. Feminist criticism should be positive, should help the artist grow and feel needed in our community. Feminist criticism should teach the artist, showing her where she may have faltered. One very important point was made about reviewing events like art shows, articles, poetry, plays, etc. When reviews are written, we are informing other third world lesbians about what is going on in the community and prodding them to come out, see and do. This is a field that's necessary to involve wimmin. I'm writing this review because of what I learned from this important workshop.

At 5:00 there was a recess and after dinner and wine, everyone gathered back together again. There were supposed to be two workshops going on at the same time, "The Role of the Writer and Influencing Positive Thought" on the second floor and on the third floor, "Writing Critique". I say "was to be" because the wimmin would not have it that way. We were enjoying each other so much we did not want to separate. So, both workshops were held one right after the other on the second floor where we had created all morning such profound and happy feelings.

First, was "The Role of the Writer and Influencing Positive Thought" with Leocadia Daniels and Claudette Furlonge. Lee and Claudette got us thinking and saying

that we have to lend positive images to ourselves. We have to, as lesbians, write about lesbians such as Pat Parker, Linda Tillery, Audre Lorde, Alexis Deveau and I could go on... to keep these positive third world women in the media for all to know, that in them we all exist. The lesbian writer must also involve herself and write about our political attitudes and where we are going in the political arena. It was also discussed that the role of the third world writer is to get involved in all kinds of media in order to reach all lesbians such as those who don't read at all, who don't know how or have no time. We must find a way to write for television, to write music, using such vehicles such as disco to reach a wide variety of wimmin. We discussed how hearing Gloria Gaynor's "I Will Survive" was a refreshing relief from songs like "Shoot Me" (with your love), or "Tie Me to A Tree, Hancuff Me." The latter shows how much we need more positive songs about wimmin.

The visual media is a strong tool of the American society. Theatre, films and television are powerful and we must spread out into these areas, showing positive images of third world lesbian artists and writers. The workshop ended with one Hispanic woman voicing her desire to see more Hispanic womin involved and writing about their struggles in this society.

Next was "Writing Critique" which was an open poetry reading. We went around the room reading poetry, feeling poetry, and inspiring each other with the love and warmness we feel for ourselves-wimmin.

From 8:00 to 9:00 PM the agenda had down "Evening Session/Cultural Event" and what an event it was! Sonia and Loretta and several other wimmin came with guitars to sing and dance. Wimmin who had been at the conference all day picked up drums and tambourines and anything they could bang on. (Yvonne Flowers tapped on an empty wine bottle). We all clapped and whistled and sang together. A lovely sister, Sheila from Washington, D.C. danced and Loretta helped. We let it all hang out.

What more can I say, The love was thick in the air.
Wimmin, lesbians together as one, holding hands in a
circle, singing songs, uniting our force and our
power. We're here and we're ready!



Source and artist unknown

SWEET HONEY IN THE ROCK at The Long Island
Women's Music Festival on March 17th, 1979

a view by Donna Allegra

The intriguing name "Sweet Honey in the Rock" belongs to Bernice Reagon, Evelyn Harris, Yasmee Williams and Tulani Jordan, a quartet of sisters whose naked voices carry the music of all the Black peoples in Africa and the Americas.

Sweet Honey in the Rock sang at The Long Island Women's Music Festival on March 17th and the following day at My Father's Place in Roslyn, Long Island. They stood before two entirely different audiences, yet the people who experienced their concerts were moved all up and down the scale from still respect to jumping joy. The applause testified about all people's enthusiasm over these Black women who sing songs of struggle for all kinds of freedom.

They sing a cappella - a word that in the 15th century defined a religious choral music that had no instrumental accompaniment. By way of description, one can say "They sound like gospel" but gospel is only one of the many traditional unaccompanied Black vocal styles they use. Their song formats include prison songs of the rural south, spirituals, revival hymns, field hollers, blues and contemporary styles.

Sweet Honey covered the range of human life with material familiar to their fans and new pieces such as "Chile, Your Waters Run Red Through Soweto," "You Know My Trouble is Hard," and "No More Auction Blocks for Me."

A new woman has been added to Sweet Honey (nine women have been a part of her in five years of life): Tulani Jordan is the youngest member and she is full of fire and fresh energy. As for Bernice Reagon, Evelyn Harris and Yasmee Williams, one woman put it this way: "They're just fine to get better, like good cheese and rare wine." The sisters oohed and aahed about the beauty the women of Sweet Honey carry themselves in. It's one of the funny things in life that people fall in love with you when you are doing what you love.

The audience was rapt with attention before the majesty of "No More Auction Blocks For Me" or the stilling "The Sun Will Never Go Down." We could see each Sweet Honey woman's personality resting quietly in her face as she sang, and we heard how profoundly beautifully and carefully each woman did her part.

Someone described one of the Black music styles of Sweet Honey as "sad" but the songs are more slow than sad. Relative to New York, Washington D.C. where Sweet Honey comes from, is the south. The sisters take time for their music. Taking time for people is part and parcel of southern hospitality and taking time racks New York City nerves to pieces. It is not "sad" to sleep late enough on a Sunday morning so that you are rested under a 12 noon sun. In New York, we feel guilty and wasteful for taking time to do that, and in a similar manner, a song that takes its own time to go deep can seem "sad" to us. With the song "My Way," Yasmee's voice came a loose slowly. She was the honey glistening on top of the rock that Tulani, Evelyn and

Bernice raised and held steady for her to lean back on. The song is about lost love, but hey: it was not sad. It felt nice to take it in and heal a hurting memory. It was like being touched by someone who shouldn't be touching you.

On their upbeat songs, they sang and took a lot of fun by singing musical jokes. The song, "Sitting On Top of the World" had Bernice Reagon's deep, pork barrel bass answered by Tulani, Evelyn and Yasmeen singing in make-believe, high, tinny voices. Their vocal instruments and lyrical material raise up a wall of music that is hard and strong. It is magic the way they make a substance come into the air where before there was nothing.

Evelyn Harris just did my heart in with "Variations on a Dream." Her clear and true notes were like the first deep breath of day. She just kept growing taller as she sang Langston Hughes' words "... and rest at pale evening, a tall slim tree, night coming down gently, Black like me." She took us off the earth and into the heavens and I just wanted to take off my wings and stay.

Their other great feature is that in the tradition of Sojourner Truth, Harriet Tubman, Fannie Lou Hamer, and all the freedom fighters before them, Sweet Honey in The Rock is relentless in saying that we must be free. They sing about Soweto, South Africa; Wilmington, North Carolina; Chile; and the neutron bomb. The audience is called upon to go home with more than an offering of applause.

They'll be coming to the Community Church in New York on May 19th, when the spring sun is in full force, softening our hard land to the point where it is so sweet honey oozes from the rock.



CHey

AZALEA: REFLECTIONS AFTER A YEAR OF
PUBLISHING/WHAT I SEE, WANT AND NEED/
SOME THINGS SOME WIMMIN MAY NOT WANT
TO HEAR

by Linda Brown

I'd like to speak on some things
in my head. I'd like to start written
dialogue on this. Please share your
thoughts, ideas, criticisms...
Send them to me: Linda Brown - AZALEA
magazine - 314 East 91st St./#5E,
NYC 10028.

I'd also like to state clearly,
before I begin that these ideas are
my own: they are not meant to repre-
sent the editorial policy of AZALEA ,
or the feelings of the other collec-
tive members.

I see the magazine as a forum
for all 3rd World Lesbians: a place
where we can speak to each other
about the things concerning our lives;
a place where we can share ourselves
with each other. I, tentatively,
define 3rd World Lesbians as such:
Native American, Chinese, Black,
Latin, Arabic (and other oppressed
Middle Eastern wimmin - some are not,
I feel). I define these wimmin as
3rd World until the political, eco-
nomic and social realities and levels
of oppression that exist in the
world alter that definition in my
mind.

To me, AZALEA is one of the
first resources that 3rd World
Lesbians have ever had. It is one of
the first resources that is con-
trolled and produced, from beginning

concepts to final project reality - by us. To me, that is quite different from either asking for or demanding space or recognition from other sources. I believe this is one of the few concepts (controlling our own destiny) that will stop our oppression.

The editorial policy of the magazine leaves the theme of each issue to be defined by what wimmin contribute. I hope that we will contribute whatever we need to see ourselves. It seems difficult, however, to get the idea across that we all must shape the mood of each issue. When I have replied (to some questions, comments), for example, "If you are interested in the prison system and how it relates to us, why don't you do some work on it and send it in?", I am often met with a blank stare or an unwillingness on the part of the woman I am talking to, to actively take a part in the producing of the magazine.

I believe power comes from self-governing; self-governing comes about by taking political tasks - even, seemingly, the smallest - like writing down a sentence about how you feel - into our own hands, and carrying them out.

I know that there are a lot of sisters who are writers/artists in our community of 3rd World Lesbians. But, there are a lot of wimmin who pay what I call "lip-service support" to the concept of self-governing.

Let me say, here, that I don't mean to promote AZALEA as the one and only way. Nothing would be better

than the existence of many magazines, groups, and places where 3rd World Lesbians control our own. But I don't think it can be done without physically being done.

We are motivated, in large chunks, by fears: Fear of failure, fear of success, of being wrong, of doing new things, of being right, of saying what we mean, of being in... out... more. We are, sometimes, afraid to do our own work. I believe we know some of the places these fears stem from (the various oppressions aimed at us). If we live for the life of the world, we will not know all the places. I think we should explore the fears connected with the self-governing process. I desperately want to - to understand my own, both individually and collectively... conceptually.

I want to stop here, for now - both to reflect and to listen to other wimmin's voices on this matter. Please, let's discuss it.



in the beginning
was a seed in darkness,
a woman locked in a nut-brown shell
of woman's fear
me
shaking against the rough-hewed sides
fearing the hard rains and loud thunder
not knowing
that those terrible winds and all
were only part of the earth cycle
and not the sun sinning
against the tiny shell,
the feebly stirring
me.

Chirlane McCray

Two Love Poems for Sekou

After sharing the very life and breath of you
through dawns to midnight and day
we have discovered each other again.

After stripping away
all pretenses, illusions and wishes
there is only you
and only me left standing.

You are defiance
"I am not afraid" is your call
and I believe.

I am the star to your moon
and faithful.

We are not two years into loving,
but have taken a journey like threads
through the purple, golden and royal hues
of the Kente cloth.

We have richly woven our lives together,
so let us step into tomorrow
this time as lovers
and sisters of the same cloth.

Chirlane McCray



Two Love Poems for Sekou

I like to sauté mushrooms and peppers,
garlic and onions and sprinkle
oregano over everything
when I know you're hungry
because it all smells so good,
ripples in to tantalize
and bring you in the kitchen--hungry.
And I move toward you like
I'm in the river water free
fern-waving my body in the kitchen currents
just letting it happen
like a metaphor for tenderness
and how you please me
when you say I'm magic
because sometimes when you're living with someone
these fixings are mistaken for duty
or habit or anything,
but caring.

Chirlane McCray

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graphic source and artist unknown

THIS POEM IS FOR ALL THE WOMENFRIENDS

It was so different, before--
I used to pretend:
writing poems of loving women
wishing women would believe them.
Holding hands with Martha, Jody on the street--
let people think what they want to--
let us think we were only friends.
And we loved each other though
we wouldn't live it,
kept looking outside ourselves
for what we could have given
each other all along.

This poem is for all the womenfriends
all of you I've loved
who ask me questions--
what it's like and
how I came to be this way--
all I can say, is
I used to be just like you.

Becky Birtha
Fall, 1976

for sisters of color

I wonder where you've been all my life

my sisters

I was always afraid of you

afraid you'd sense I was

different, fearful, alien--

if I opened my mouth

you'd hear

I wouldn't sound like you

you'd think I felt myself

too good for you--

I wasn't good enough

I was afraid to let myself see

you who

was I

really afraid to see?

I hear your voices

you sound like me and

I think I never

listened before--

hear you claiming for us

what I've always wanted

look into your

brown rainbow of faces and

want to look like you

I want to see my

self in you be

one of you

I want to know

where you've been all my life

or

where have I been?

Becky BIRTHA

March, 1979

SATURDAY

I want to return to this morning
to that time
just after we made love

and have the phone not ring
the exterminator not be at the door
the house-guests get lost
on the way to our house
and show up two hours late.

I want to return to
that time. This time
I'd turn
back into her arms
and fall asleep again

and not wake up
until I'm ready. If I can't have
a re-issue of my Saturday
morning maybe
not wake up at all.

Becky Birtha
November, 1978

She listens
And hears meanings
In words

She talks to me
In words that
pass me by
I see them fly
Over me
And can not
Respond till later

Her eyes hold
Words that
Her voice
Can't relay

Her voice
Holds sounds
That her words
Don't mean

And she speaks
So clearly

Saundra Lebbby

And how does the Goddess
Work her wonder?

- In flowers and candles
And songs of love
In blithe spirits
And flowing gowns
Brewed up by night fire
In smoking incense
And sweet smelling powders
In herbal teas, leathery roots
And coffee's steam
In earth, birth, the menstrual
cycle. In the wails of mothers,
sisters, daughters. In the death
of it all. The Goddess works her
wonder from day to day, night to
night.

In songs of enchantment
Whispered in your ear
Low haunting sounds
She moans to herself
Working her wonder into
Needle and cloth, baskets,
Fine linen, jack hammers
And ovens, silvery rings
And stones of blue.

In bangles and beads
She peers out from
The faces of young girls
And women of older years
In your eyes, in my eyes
In the eyes of women
She is there the Goddess
We are wholly the Goddess
In each others eyes
If we allow her to work
Her wonder
In our lives
The great Goddess
Of all

Saundra Lebby

She: a woman I met and knew love with.
Her eyes large black jewels in her coco
face. Gleaming, serene she is.

I walk in among her aura's
Hers is galleons long
legions wide
Archways of aura's
And she a massive entity
Holding them to her
Like so many valance shells
Hands on her hips,
Smile at her lips
She starts to move
A slow dance

Dance around
Dance around
O' sweet dahlin'

Do a little dance
In the circle of
Your light

Wrap my arms around her
Middle halfway up her
Back hold her to me
Warm kiss her on her mouth

Dance around
Dance around
O' sweet dahlin'

Do a little dance
In the circle of
Your light

Stomp your heel
Bells on your foot
Do a little dance
In the circle of
Your light

Let my affections
Travel south

Tiger's milk
Come down to me
O' sweet labia

Feel her lips
Give way under mine
Tenderly

Dance around
Dance around
O' sweet dahlin'

Do a little dance
In the circle of
Your light

Stomp your heel
Bells on your foot
Do a little dance
In the circle of
Your light

Saundra Lebby

I want a book of poems
a Good Book of poems
to take me well
through the night

I want a book of poems

This Room

this room reminds me of
another room,
rooms I long for, and remember,
and have never seen.

I don't know what makes me more sad:
my pain for the room that I will never see again
or this room's being what it never was

this lovers' room,
live with plants and dangerous with music,
this room
made of the dreams of my life

this room.

Myrna Hill

I want a book of poems
a Good Book of poems
to take me well
through the night

I want a book of poems
--a pocket-book--
to hold my treasures to me
walking in the night.

I want a book of poems
--sweet sounds to sing me
sweet notes to dance me--
back to myself.

I want a book of poems
love-notes

to take my hand and lead me
back to my life.

Myrna Hill

Lyrics for Our Song

I don't want to wipe away the smell of you,
the smell of love
true, your pungency I sit in now
that rises with my heat
outrages grudging noses in the crowd,
but still I want to keep with me the smell of you-
let it tell of love.

Do you think that when I breathe you,
when I wear you like perfume
pulsing from my secret places,
testifying loud-
when your fragrance fills my air
is it the smell of love?

Myrna Hill

Donna Allegra

A piece from my journal

I don't like to admit it when I am wrong, but I'm getting better at it. I feel that I am stupid and worthless when I make a mistake. I think that I've gone to anger and put the error on someone else by calling them stupid to keep the bad judgment from coming onto me.

Yesterday, I was taking the bike downtown and had to drop out of moving traffic to wait in the static lane behind a truck so that this cab wouldn't mow me down. The truck belonged to a man and his son and they didn't see me as they were unloading something. I didn't bump into the man, but he didn't like the surprise of finding me behind him. I decided against saying "excuse me" as the well-brought up young lady that I am would ordinarily do, and by that let the situation be a no-fault one. I said nothing because he looked like he was going to put all the blame on me. I didn't want to carry that load, so I put out the attitude that turned the scene around and my vibes said, "You dummy, why weren't you looking?" I didn't want any responsibility because I didn't want his ugly anger smeared on me. It would make me feel bad about myself.

Yet, all I did wrong was in not alerting the guy that I was there. I didn't establish my presence because I didn't think it was necessary.

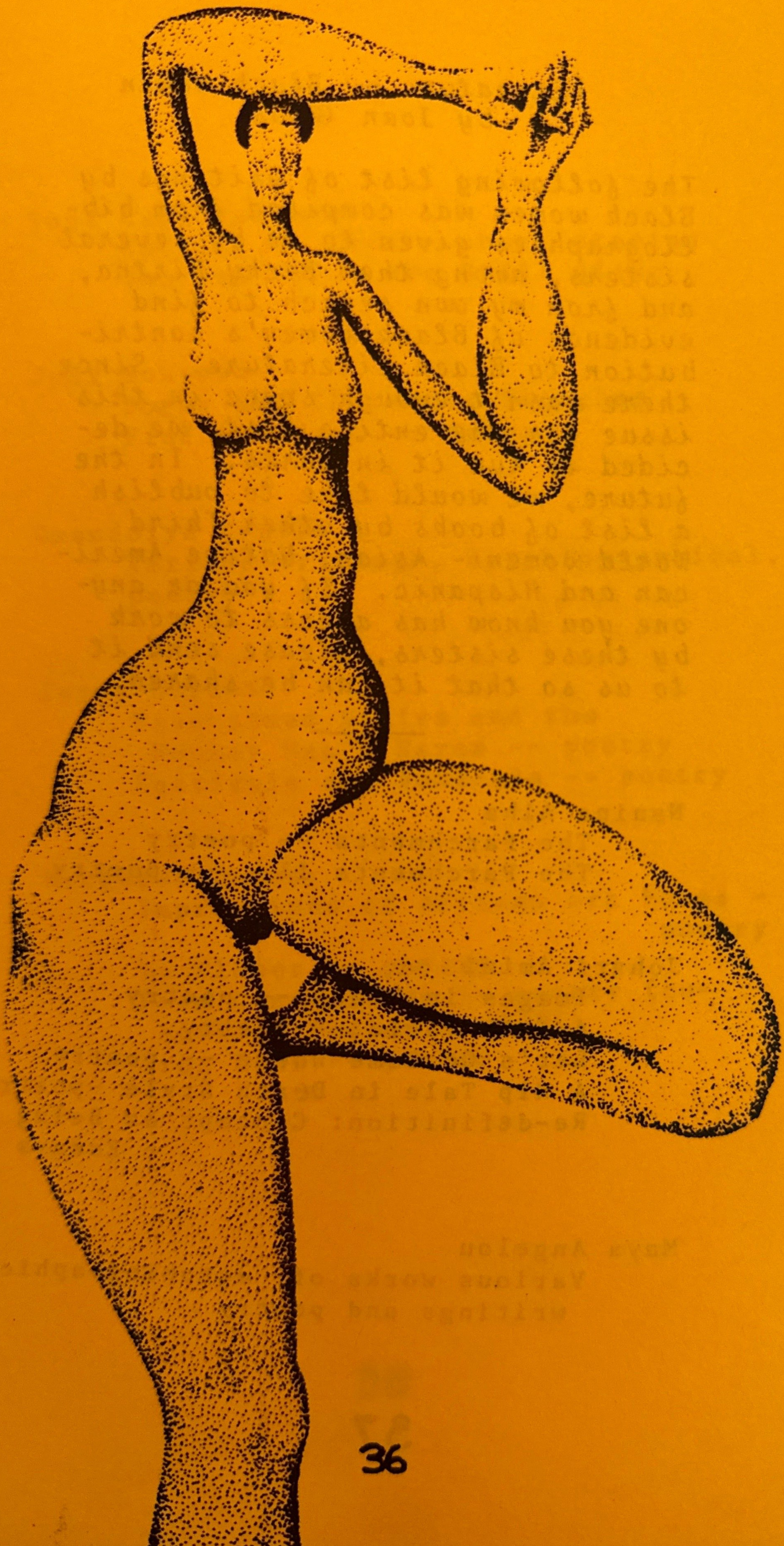
I thought he saw me. I didn't expect us to get into each other's way. I made an error in judgement, a miscalculation. How could I have foreseen what would come of it? I couldn't have, and I am thinking about it now because it is such a common situation in Life. I was one part in an unavoidable equation and didn't want to own my share of the consequences. I don't have to feel dumb and stupid because it is a rhythm of life that brings these almost accidents into being. They're the other side of the coin of my good luck. I am not to blame, but once I'm there, I have a responsibility.

I don't like to take my part because I am afraid that the other person(s) involved will put the entire job on me. I don't like the feel of anger thrust on me and I've tried to avoid it by manufacturing my own and turning that on my partner in the dance.

Later on, I realized that when I can easily admit when I am wrong, I can get mad at other people without guilt. Owning up to my mistakes frees me for the future. I had been on my way to the station to edit tape when the incident with the man and the truck happened. When I got upstairs, a guy was in the editing room. He had a show on the air and was trying to get his program together at the last minute. He had his work on three machines, I was signed up for one of them, he wasn't using them all. I asked him to let me have my machine and he said no, that he needed them all and I could ask the engineer on duty. The engineer on duty couldn't do a damn thing about it because I was signed up and this asshole

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wasn't using all of them. I told him about it and politely went for my machine. Usually I don't yell at people so easily but I was free to do it then because I've started to admit it when I am wrong. I wasn't mad at this dude and I didn't have any animosity towards him. I was mad for a hot minute and then poof, it was gone. I forgot about it and went about my business.



Literature by Black Women
by Joan Gibbs

The following list of writings by Black women was compiled from bibliographies given to me by several sisters, among them Becky BIRTHA, and from my own search to find evidence of Black women's contribution to Black Literature. Since there wasn't enough space in this issue for the entire list, we decided to run it in parts. In the future, we would like to publish a list of books by other Third World women - Asian, Native American and Hispanic. If you or anyone you know has access to work by these sisters, please send it to us so that it can be shared.

Nanina Alba

The Parchments -- poetry
The Parchments II -- poetry

Johari Amini

Images in Black -- poetry
A Folk Fable -- poetry
Let's Go Some Where -- poetry
A Hip Tale in Death Style -poetry
Re-definition: Concept as Being
- Essays

Maya Angelou

Various works of autobiographical
writings and poetry

Toni Cade Bambara
Gorilla My Love - short stories
The Sea Birds are Still Alive

Jodi Bohanon
Poems and Character Sketches
Find the Girl -- drama

Gwendolyn Brooks
Various writings, autobiographical,
poetry

Jayne Cortez
Pisstained Stairs and the
Monkey Man's Wares -- poetry
Festivals and Funerals -- poetry

Margaret Danner
Impressions of African Art Forms -
poetry
To Flower -- poetry
Poem Counterpoem -- poetry (co-
author: Dudley Randall)
Iron Lace -- poetry

Mari Evans

I am a Black Woman -- poetry

Where is all the Music -- poetry

Jessie Redmon Fauset

There is Confusion -- fiction

Plum Bun -- fiction

The Chinaberry Tree -- fiction

Comedy: American Style -- fiction

Mercedes Gilbert

Aunt Sara's Wooden God -- fiction

Charlotte L. Forten Grimke

The Journal of ... -- autobiography

Ossie Guffy

Ossie -- autobiography (as told
to Caryl Ledner)

Rosa Guy

Bird at My Window -- fiction

Edith Jackson -- fiction

The Friends -- fiction

Ruby -- fiction

Lorraine Hansberry

A Raisin in the Sun -- drama

The Sign in Sidney Burstein's
Window -- drama

To Be Young, Gifted and Black --
collected writings

Frances Ellen Watkins Harper

Poems on Miscellaneous Subjects

Moses, A Story of the Nile --
poetry

Sketches of Southern Life --
poetry

The Sparrow's Fall and Other
Poems

The Martyr of Alabama and
Other Poems

Iola Leroy or Shadows Uplifted --
fiction 1893,
1971 AMS Press - New York

Akua Lezli Hope

Love Cycles -- poetry
(Center for New Images, 326 W.
42nd St. NYC 10001) 1978

Zora Neale Hurston

Dust Tracks on a Road --
autobiography

Mules and Men -- folklore

Jonah's Gourd Vine -- fiction

Tell My Horse -- folklore

Moses, Man of the Mountain --
fiction

Seraph of the Sewanee -- fiction

Their Eyes Were Watching God --
fiction

Mae Jackson
Can I Poet With You? -- poetry

Gayle Jones
Corregidora -- Fiction
White Rat -- short stories
Eva's Man -- fiction

Audrey Lee
The Clarion People -- fiction
The Workers -- fiction

Rikki Lights
Dogmoon -- poetry

Audre Lorde *** LESBIAN-FEMINIST POET
The First Cities -- poetry
Cables to Rage -- poetry
From a Land Where Other People
Live -- poetry
The Black Unicorn -- poetry
New York Head Shop and Museum --
poetry
Coal -- poetry

Ann Moody
Coming of Age in Mississippi
autobiography

Toni Morrison
The Bluest Eye -- fiction
Sula -- fiction
Song of Solomon -- fiction

Pauli Murray
Proud Shoes -- autobiography
Dark Testament -- poetry

Alice Dunbar Nelson
Violets and Other Tales
The Goodness of St. Tocque (Rocque)?

Pat Parker ** LESBIAN POET
Pit Stop -- poetry
Child of Myself -- poetry
Movement in Black -- poetry

Eva Rutland
The Trouble with Being a Mama --
autobiography

Anne Allen Schockley * LESBIAN WRITER
Loving Her -- fiction

Mary Etta Spencer
The Resentment -- fiction

Margaret Walker
Jubilee -- fiction
For My People -- poetry
Prophets for a New Day -- poetry
Come Down from Yonder Mountain --
poetry

Sarah E. Wright
This Child's Gonna Live -- fiction
Give Me a Child -- poetry
(co-author: Lucy Smith)



What Does 3rd World Mean To You?

How Do You Define Yourself as

a Third World Lesbian?

In Our Next Issue ...

Summer/Fall 1979

we will be exploring

“The Definitions of Ourselves as

Third World Lesbians”

Send your articles, photos, reviews, stories
drawings, poems and any other information
you want to share.

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