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# AZALEA:

A MAGAZINE BY AND FOR  
THIRD WORLD LESBIANS

*"growing . . . . building tradition"*



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In 1974 Pat Crutchfield Exum edited Keeping The Faith: Writings By Contemporary Black Women. Throughout this book we read that Black womyn are not "mammies," "whores," "wenches" and "matriarchs" (meaning domineering heads of households).

This book of the early '70's demonstrates so clearly how dark womyn would not write of themselves alone, but could only speak of "their brothers, daddy, my man ...done left, ...is back, ... has this, ... doesn't have...". Now, in 1980, some of us (and the numbers continue to grow) are speaking of being lesbians - autonomously, collectively, emotionally, herstorically.

Not only are Black lesbians writing, but we are writing - sharing - with other 3rd world lesbians as well.

This issue is quite representative of this time of year - birthings, new growth, new directions. Many womyn have shared their work here: different approaches to our lesbian way of living through short stories, poetry, journal pieces and reviews. Native American, Asian, Latin, and Black dykes are nurturing each other - nourishing ourselves with ideas and feelings. Although there are many factors that keep us from each other - divert our energies - we are still able to do our own work. An enormous need exists for 3rd world lesbians to communicate among ourselves.

AZALEA has become a literary and artistic tool where womyn can get criticism of their work, expound on ideas and give each other much needed encouragement. There is energy for starting new projects and improving existing ones.

I hope we continue on this path.

In Struggle & Sisterhood,

*robin*

Thanks to all womyn for being a part of the  
2nd Annual Third World Lesbian Writers Conference.  
Once again, that certain was made.

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To keep our energies flowing, contact;

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*Thanks to... Afi (Marianne), Arisa, Brunie,  
Marlene, Sara.... for helping us get out this  
issue.*

The Mirror  
A Short Story by Myrna Hill

Darlene told me today that she has cancer. Her first words to me ever were in the bathroom upstairs.

"Oh. Ohh no. Oh god."

She sighs, combing her hair before the bathroom mirror. I make soothing, assenting murmurs. It is eight-thirty in the morning; any groans to me must have some validity.

"Did you know? Peaches died yesterday. Did you know?"

Silence.

"It was in the paper this morning."

I have never seen her before, but it doesn't occur to me for a moment that she is crazy, that people in New York don't hold the eyes of strangers demanding grief be shared for another stranger far away.

"She was?"

"The singer. So young. She was only twenty-nine."

I begin to feel in danger of bursting into the howls that I've felt gathering in my throat, for no reason or all, since waking. Or of raising both hands to my ears, closing my eyes, and loosing the ready screams I feel kept at bay there, like wronged and bitter strays massing behind a stranger on an abandoned block.

"What did she die of?"

"Breast cancer."

"Oh god!" this time from me. "God, so many black women! It's so horrible. We have a higher rate than they do, you know."

"I know."

"I try not to know. I'm so phobic about it I try to read nothing about it."

"I know. When I hear anything, I'm terrified."

"YOU'RE terrified! I'm so scared I'm thinking of having that operation. That preventive mastectomy."

She looks at me with sudden pity.

"They have an operation like that?"

"Yes, I read about it in a magazine."

By this time, I have followed her into the lavatory, speaking as she washes her hands.

"God, what can we do?" I burst out, still to the mirror. She shakes her head and looks at me pityingly. I am suddenly embarrassed.

"God, there's nothing we can do."

I withdraw my eyes and start moving away, beginning to pretend that this is just a discussion, that I am not scared personally for myself and asking this stranger for a solution. To save me, in fact.

Back in the outer room. She resumes combing her hair.

"It just WON'T comb when I wash it."

Giving up, she puts on a fashionable scarf, tying it flourishingly.

"Do you have a permanent?"

"Yes, can't you tell?"

We smile relieved. I say, "Well, at least your scarf looks chic. When I wear a scarf, it looks like I've just come in from doing the washing!"

At this, she looks at me a little more intently. She turns to look at me directly then for the first time.

We look at each other. Then she turns away to rearrange the scarf. I think, she looks like my sister (my sister has been dead for twenty years); she talks just like me (almost nobody talks like me); and she's

the same color; and I feel a momentary sadness for the slavemaster's adulteration of our black stock. I wonder if she IS my relative. Almost anything, with slavery, is possible. She looks so much like me.

Back in the office (not really an office, a large glaring word factory), I find out she's one of the almost daily additions to our constantly-changing staff. Darlene looks at me long and direct, and I avoid her eyes, pretend I don't see her looking. Much later, when she has stopped looking at me and started talking to other people, I look at her covertly when I can seem to have other things on my mind. I want my sister back.

Now, we have both been promoted: she is assistant to the district manager; I have left mass-production proofreading for the more dignified mass-production classifying that only college graduates do. Today, I am dressed in what I consider a more businesslike fashion than usual. At the Xerox machine, acting the part, I say, "You've only got one piece, Darlene? YOU go first." She is dressed in a crisp little navy blue suit. She looks more 'high yallah' than usual. She is made-up gaily. I say to her back, "Say, did they ever find out what you had?" She had been taken over to Emergency, hunched over with pain last week. "Yes, they did. I've got cancer." "What? Are you serious? You're not serious?" "Yes." A grimace. "I just heard last night." "Are you joking?" "No. I'm serious."



"Are you serious?"

"Yes."

"God. I can't believe it. Oh no. Uh. God."

I just look at her. I turn to the Xerox, make meaningless motions, and turn back to her. She starts to avoid my eyes and begins to move away.

"You're not serious?!"

"Yes. Hooray, I've got it!" Flourishing an arm.

"I've finally got it."

---

Shedding the Straight Life

By Anita Cornwell

One night — long, long ago in early November — when I lived in a world where Lesbians were found only in Webster's dictionary, Zelmar Jordan — a small wiry brown woman — strolled casually into my discontented life.

She was married, but her spouse was out of the country. Thus, she was free to pursue whatever interested her. Much too soon, I discovered that I interested her!

"I like women. I can't stand men!" she declared one day. Her confession unsettled me. However, I hid my discomfort behind a bland exterior as I moved away from her.

She came over to me as I sat on the edge of my desk. "Why do you run from me, baby?" she asked, touching my arm. "I believe you're just as freakish as I am. You know that?" she added, her eyes bright and filled with mischief.

"Aw, you're nuts," I said and pushed her away with a disdainful motion.

Yet, soon she began to haunt my waking hours. Somehow, I was tempted and repelled by her almost simultaneously. She was bold, bawdy,

and bad, while my friends and I were prone to ape genteel relics from a patriarchal culture that delighted in our profound gullibility.

At work there was another woman I had become "fixated" upon. A white woman. The enemy really. But, I was as unaware of my racial ambivalence as I was of my sexual orientation.

My co-worker was married also. Yet she seemed to egg me on. But where? The earth tilted like a wayward balloon, and I huddled within myself, fearing the plunge into chaos.

I began treading the earth as one zig-zagging through mine fields. Vague, indefinable desires clogged my head. Zelmar was my refuge against my co-worker. Yet Zelmar was bold, bawdy, and bad.

One Saturday night, deep in mid-winter, I visited her. I felt the situation was rising toward a crest, one that I could not deal with. Still we sipped our cocktails far beyond midnight.

"Why don't you spend the night, baby?" she asked when I made ready to leave. I pulled away from her. "Goodnight," I mumbled and dashed from the apartment.

A week passed on hobbled hoofs. My head twirled in lightyears while my body remained hitched to a teething ring. I ate, I worked, I walked in circles. My boyfriend, the wheeler-dealer called, but I was not in. My body was out, cavorting around like a cat with a dead bird in its chops.

My brain thundered at me, "Shape up! Get rid of your inconsistencies!" But, I did nothing. Exhaustion had turned me to seaweed.

Friday night arrived. Zelmar called, "Are you coming to see me tomorrow night, baby?"

Am I contemplating sailing the Seven Seas?  
Will I fly the highest mountain and sing  
the praises of the honeybees?  
Perhaps, perhaps, perhaps!

Saturday night again. My feet carried me to Zelmar's without my consent. We played double solitaire. Concentration bounded away from me like a playful puppy. A bottle of booze and several quarts of beer surrounded us. Would the alcohol anchor my feet when it was time for me to flee?

The night scooted along, and suddenly it was 3 a.m. Zelmar stopped shuffling the speckled blue deck of cards and stared at me. "You're going to sleep with me tonight, aren't you, baby?"

I remained silent, muted by fugitive thoughts battling in my brain.

"There's nothing to be afraid of," she said, but her tone was not convincing.

My mind urged me to flee. I pushed away from the table and stood up, swaying with uncertainty.

"Come on," she said, touching my arm. "You'll feel better once you lie down for awhile."

She sounded less convincing than ever. Yet, once she turned and started up the hall, my feet followed her -- slowly, unwillingly, unerringly.

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## - Flying Clouds

Ever since I woke up this morning I've been wanting to write, to cry, to cry my heart out, in fact I did cry in the kitchen while I was reading the have faith in women eat rice poem and drinking dr. pepper. But I didn't cry the way I wanted to, why doesn't this crying have more place in my life, why is this crying so needing writing, wanting a lover, but needing writing, because I learn how much crying there is in me, too much for a lover to want to comfort, this writing has to be for myself to myself, this much crying has to happen on my own and that's what I couldn't learn soon enough to still be with Jay now, couldn't learn soon enough how much I needed to be on my own, this crying doesn't have a chance and now I'm looking at Laura's self-portrait and she's crying too, those tears pouring down her face, squirting out like jets from her eyes blue eyes like the blue background and this throat of mine hurting and hurting and hurting like my throat as a child hurt and hurt and hurt and wouldn't leave me alone and at night the sore throat turning into nightmares those two men chasing me and catching me and my being a child and needing my mother and needing to know where I was going and what sense was I to make of all this, of this strangeness in the big tree, this strangeness of the three babies all of them sick and throwing up on the pillows, feeling I must change the bed, the three babies in a row on the bed, all of them sick, my mother gone, and I felt like I had to clean the pillows, had to remake the bed, had to wash the babies, I didn't understand why their vomit was so red, cleaning it up hard for me, I couldn't bear the smell of it, it made me gag, almost throw up too, and those men chasing me in my nightmare, this painful throat, that has too much crying in it for any lover and I much too slow at learning that to still be with Jay now, and then finally the work done, the children cleaned up, the bed changed, clean pillowcases on the pillows, all the dirty sheets and diapers and nightgowns in the bathtub, lots of water running over them, and yet I'm too nervous, I can feel right about the work done,

I can't face the rest of the time until Mother comes home and the babies might vomit again and there's someone running over our roof. I force my older brother to button my dress in the back, to tie my sash, I'm going out into the night, I'm going to bring Mother home. He doesn't want me to go, he knows Dad better than I do, he says stay home, I insist, he helps me get dressed and then I leave. I find Mother and when Dad sees me there he's angry and he and Mother come home right away and Dad starts beating me and my brother too -- that's what I could never make my peace with, not ever make my peace with, could never let it be alright that he beat Kicking Bear too when I'd forced him to help when he hadn't wanted me to leave he'd known I should have stayed and Mother there watching Dad frighten us his belt doubled up watching the way I'd learned to face him he'd hit me less then, if I faced him he'd try for my legs and I'd jump around, he wouldn't hit me in the face, if I turned my back if I tried to run it was a mistake he'd corner me then, he didn't have to watch for my face he'd let loose he'd hit my back over and over and all his ugliness his yelling forcing me with his voice forcing me with his voice to scream out to whimper to be defeated and it hurt when he hit me and I remember not wanting to hurt that way not wanting the belt to land again and yet starting to scream whenever he'd quit for awhile to hit my brother, I'd scream try to get him to understand Kicking Bear'd said don't go, hadn't wanted to button my dress for me, wanted to stay till Mother got home no matter how afraid I was, don't hit my brother, it isn't his fault and my screams as loud as my father's. his hating me his leaving Kicking Bear alone his hating me hating me hating me and Mother there watching, Mother's heart breaking, her wanting Dad to stop making me scream saying she's just a child she was afraid, oh, my goodness, the way my mother always said oh my goodness, my goodness, oh Mother, your goodness, your goodness, your goodness that couldn't

stop my fate could hardly even turn him away from my brother toward me, and later sleeping by myself, sick little sister moved to sleep with me, sleeping far away from her like she wasn't alive in her sleep and hearing the voices of my father and my mother on into the night, feeling bad not wanting Mother to still be with him, still be listening to his words his hate, wanting Mother to be with me, wanting not to be alone, not to be alone, not my brother to be alone, not wanting him locked up years later to be alone and that whimper, that slightest little bit of comfort we try to give ourselves which isn't even the beginning of the comfort we try to give ourselves with our lovers when we want to cry and then we start to vomit to gag not being able to stand the babies vomiting, not being able to stand being hated, the being alone later, the rubbing my legs so they'd hurt less the sting on my face too the two or three times he'd struck out at my face because I wouldn't quit screaming, he knew I was trying to get Mother involved, knew I wasn't completely in terror, knew I wasn't there yet and he'd keep up till I was and then he'd quit and just start bossing me, after that it was just to boss me, do this, do that, do it faster, that's how he always brought himself down, I knew then it was almost over I'd be able to be alone soon, soon he'd leave me alone, the baby sister'd be brought to my bed and I'd curl up around myself on my side in the dark and wish I could be with my mother, not wanting to keep hearing my father's voice hurting her, hating her, feeling so bad, feeling if only I'd listened to my brother Mother could sleep and in the morning she'd call out her ARISE AND SHINE THY LIGHT HAS COME. I couldn't learn soon enough how much crying there was in me, how when I'd cry with Jay, sometimes I'd want to vomit and it'd always be that red vomit the same red as the moon that night I was raped, why say the night I was raped as though it didn't happen over and over and over and over and over and don't you turn away from me now to turn toward those rapists -- you have faith in me you eat rice.

---

---

## OPEN UP

Are you aware of the person you keep hid within  
 a gentle lovin person in search of a woman  
 friend  
 when you look in the mirror a reflection you  
 see  
 a imatation of life you don't want to be  
 If your love for your woman you must hide  
 then you should realize your only half alive  
 if the thoughts of others control your mind  
 then woman lovin woman will always be a crime  
 Will you love others more than yourself  
 and keep your pride hidden on a closet shelf  
 if lovin another woman is a sin  
 then we've been sinnin since the world began  
 Our first love is a woman although some don't  
 realize  
 a woman brought us here and provied us eyes  
 look in the mirror and give this some thought  
 mama taught us to walk and too talk  
 A woman stands for distinction not disguise  
 but so often our women are criticized  
 i love woman because a woman i am  
 it takes a woman just to understand  
 So why be affraid to take a step ahead  
 don't love your woman just in bed  
 Keep your woman by your side at all times  
 make it known that lovin her isn't a crime  
 they'll say this and they'll say that  
 but lovin your woman is where its at  
 being what you are is what its all about  
 ignorance of the fact that woman loves  
 woman has played out.....

Linda Austell

## A WRITER

by

Margaret Cornell

She believed in character or was it fate? May both. There were times when writing was so easy, the story just flowed out of her pen; there were other times when she could not write a thing. Piece of paper after piece of paper would be wadded up and thrown away. It was hard to start out: to say what was good, what was fair, what was poor.

She wrote almost everywhere, but three things were prime: paper, a place to write and the will to work. Lately though, it was harder and harder to write: breastfeeding a baby took so much energy that there was little left over for anything besides sleeping, eating and trying to pay endless bills. Also there was laundry and cleaning the apartment.

When she had first moved in the apartment block on Maple Street, she felt that it would be a good place to live, small town, clean with plenty of light and air. First, there were the fleas that bit her legs continuously. Thank God, they didn't touch the baby who was always in her crib. But back to the fleas--they bit her legs, red spots all up and down her legs. She had to brush them off to get into bed; otherwise her legs were covered with bites. When she took a bath, the bites were even worse, they itched more.

Oh dear, there was the baby crying. Time to nurse again. She experienced the feeling of release in her breast that meant the let-down reflex. How'd I get myself into this? I was going to be a writer and here I am with a baby. Why didn't I just get an abortion? Nothing straightforward for me. Oh no, I have to go and get myself pregnant. Can't even say I was drunk. Just got lonely, was laid and had a brain I don't want. Well, it keeps me going to have welfare and I can write: that's the important thing.



She got up and moved wearily to the door of her child's room. I am tired, up late reading last night and the night before. Somehow no desire even for sex. Just shopping, reading, writing, the apartment and the baby. What a joke that was: ugly, dirty, noisy. What she wouldn't give to go back to school. What was it that Maya Angelou said? Something about making yourself up as you go along. Too true.

She experienced a flash of guilt. Someone said that in Black Militant Writer, too. Damm, can't keep them straight. The baby was crying harder now. Go get her and feed her. What a bore children are. I should give her up she thought yawning. I would be in trouble then. Another rejection slip, shit job and I would send stuff out. Except welfare is so convenient; food delivered to your door--cheese, eggs, all that stuff from WIC. Only for a year though. Was it worth it? Should get drunk, but I don't have the money. How boring she thought as she put the baby to her breast. The experience is good anyway.

Oh Isadora, come dance for me; I'm so bored. Isadora, dear ghost, do dance for me. I'm so terribly earnest about everything. Do come, my dear and dance for me. The baby was sucking mightily on her breast; she always felt a slight repulsion to breastfeeding. It was so animal-like. The baby's pace dropped for a moment and she felt scared. This baby, ohmigod, a child and she's mine. I must be wacko to keep her. What does a hedonist do with a baby? I'm not smoking; I used them to keep my nerves steady. And no man or woman; no lover. I feel so... No, forget it. I'm just going sentimental. Her face assumed a lacquer-like smile unlike the scared expression of before. Some reserve of pride made her refuse to answer the slob at the laundromat--what they were were common housewives and workers. Someone to talk to, that's what she needed, not this drivel about weather, diapers and birth control. Time to change breasts.

cont. pg.13

13  
Convoluting reasoning for such a day...Her expression softened; a baby's not a blank tablet you write on. It's a person, too. Something to hold onto after all these years and affairs; something to hold onto. Try to be hard, tough brassy and you wind up a soft, sentimental Momma; How dumb. An eye for the finer things in life and look at this crazy apartment. Was the whole world like this, so full of grief and misery? Oh no, not for this gal; I have guts, what ever you want to call it.

---

I'm a Sister

by Lou Dublin

My name is Maude Louise Hills and I am 23 years old. I was born in the year 1956 in Brooklyn. In fact it was in the Brooklyn Jewish Hospital that I was born. Being born under the sign of Cancer, used to be a real hardship for me, until I began to know my astrological self.

I was eight and a half years old when I realized my feelings for other wimmin/girls; although I never acted on my feelings about the female sex until I was eleven years old.

My life was pretty much like other wimmin in the years following my thirteenth year. I got pregnant, married, like many of my female counterparts.

Since age 20, I have lived my life exclusively with wimmin.

As I consider my life being a mother, I realize that I too will need support from my sisters. So in return, I will give my support, love and respect to all and any of my third world sisters.

I think organizations like Salsa-Soul, Azalea, and the Combahee Collective fulfill a special need for third world wimmin. A need for support, that we can't find in the primarily white gay male organizations.

Since 1976, I use the shortened form of my middle name (Louise); to Lou. Since my lover and I have almost four years, we decided that I take on her last name. We have a child between us so we belong totally to one another.

In sisterhood  
peace and soul  
and love,  
Lou

Winter 1978: A Journal Piece Myrna Hill

The situation: my father has just called me to tell me that my mother is in the hospital again, seriously ill.

---

Cried volumes for Mom and B. Had a nightmare in which I was suddenly whooshed to the window, eyes open, still on my bed, and people were repeating, "Kill her." It was like a horror movie I shouldn't have seen. The pills are gone; I'm in withdrawal from seven months of anti-depressants to avoid anguish; of course I had to pay sooner or later. But, what I've been trying to avoid is happening now. I've dreamed of B. - she was my love again, we were harmoniously united, never separated, love, intimacy, security, sex; it was wonderful: somehow I was going to see paradise if only in my dreams. My mother, B. the loves of my life.

Why did B. and I break up? Because I couldn't bear the fear that she might die. Because she got sick and I couldn't bear up under the strain-burden. Because I ceased to desire her and mourned her death in her life and couldn't stop my horror at her body, its possibilities, and couldn't stop my grieving. Because of the shock that she was vulnerable to being overtaken by illness, to death, the shock that she could die I couldn't get over, couldn't bear.

Now, while my brain clears from this drug, I need to think. I've got to get over these things, and to do that I must think them through. If I must bear love, I must know it, and bend my back into the most enduring shape for bearing.

---

Does anyone understand how it is? That the major physical evidence of more than half my life has vanished. The house, the people, almost nothing tangible is left.

What it means is always looking in every season for some evidence that I lived, that they lived. It's not a tragedy, really. It's how things are or get to be, but more abbreviated and so more noticeable.

Today it is summer. I am walking with my sister near my apartment. She pulls off a sprig of shrubbery and shows it to me. "Look what happened." Rather than getting the leaf she wanted she has a small branch. I say, surprised, "You do that too?" I thought it was my own odd habit, to pull at leaves, look at them, crush them in my fingers and find them later crumbling in my pocket. She says, "We used to do it when we were children." We look away from each other. I see the pain in her eyes.

We are walking together in summer. I remember walking with her to the "Dari Delite" to get soft ice cream. We were fascinated that this place was opened only in summer.

Recently I've recalled the drone of baseball games on the radio that was the constant accompaniment of those summers.

And all of this gone because they are gone.

--July 19, 1978

Beverly Smith

---

The following article is based on notes I made in December 1973 for an article I never wrote. It describes my feelings and thoughts after attending the First Eastern Regional Conference of the National Black Feminist Organization in November 1973.

I remember my first tentative attempts to talk with the other women. Initially I was afraid to speak to strangers. Fortunately my first efforts at conversation were so successful that I became less and less afraid.

Soon I was shouting in church-like ways for Shirely Chisolm -- "That's right, tell it, say it again!" Shouting in similar affirmation but more secularly for Flo Kennedy and never having felt like shouting in public before.

Each Black woman I saw outside of the conference took on a special significance. I searched each of their faces for a sign. I literally wanted to tell every Black woman I saw about it, thinking that the experience could be as marvelous for her as for me.

The conference made me think of all the Black women I had ever known. The girls of childhood, the sisters at college, the old Black ladies who were my grandmother's friends.

I thought of my family. It did not take this conference though to cause me to examine their lives. We were a family of Black women. However, it was not a matriarchy. It seems foolish to have to say this however many years after Moynihan but I must say it so someone out there doesn't feel a click in her head --female-headed Black family --matriarchy! It is pathetic and unbearably poignant for anyone to refer to my family as matriarchal. We were a group of Black women, three generations of us living in one household trying to

survive. Without male assistance and without the slightest interest in our ultimate success or failure on the part of the so-called "larger society."

I thought of how women in my family died too soon or without dignity because they were poor and Black and could not pay enough for decent care.

I thought of how they all struggled to find work with meaning and to impose meaning on the tasks they were given. There was my great aunt who was a teacher in the South for many years. When she came up North she became a domestic servant, taking care of children and old and disabled people. Another great aunt worked as a cook but might have preferred a job that used her mind in different ways. Her mind which she had made a great effort to develop against incredible odds. My mother, who had a degree from a segregated southern state college and was not adequately prepared to teach according to the Cleveland school board. So she spent most of her life, before she died at 34, as a cashier in a supermarket.

I also remember the strengths. The devotion to morality, to telling the truth, the belief that everybody deserved respect simply because they were human, the requirement that one put forth one's best efforts, their deep love of reading.

For the first time because of the conference I felt that perhaps I could carry out the faith of these women, that I could achieve their hopes in my lifetime.

As Blacks and women in this society we've had to be complete realists. This will be to our advantage. I did not hear empty rhetoric there. I heard women talking about the work that must be done and expressing their deep concern, respect and even love for each other.

Beverly Smith

WHEN WE RIDE\*

When we go wild into the mood  
to find the love there is to find  
to pound our bodies against the tide  
and ride, and ride,  
breathless, steaming

hot and wet  
we ride.....

When we grab hold our fingers twine  
we curl our toes and arch our backs  
our thighs are taut and stomachs smack  
we open our mouths but close our eyes  
and ride, and ride,  
trembling, crying

hot and wet  
we ride.....

to the quiet peace where  
love presides

From Athena

**EVEN AS MY HEART WAS BREAKING**

"Even as my heart was breaking, Friends, Old Poems, these lines, did come," compelling that

I write the words quoted just above. That night's companion, Composition, guest unasked to my distraught leisure, came amid sleep and worry, brought it thought, pleasure. An over baked bread swollen and rent, yours truest a malleable lump, my heart, too, like a Morse-made pump, wired you right home.

Fearful you'd never get the message, Fearful that our end had come, fearful, I wrote to the dictate, of our metronome. Odd, I cried, hurt so badly, odd I lay there all alone, odd that we were at odds, broken, and my heart was singing a song. Was it that my soul pulse knowing that we'd be all right, set this measure, as good measure, against my future doubts; knew no fight could ever end us; knew Love knows none can?

S. Diane Bogus



## ANTELOPE BESIDE THE ROAD

(a poem in support of my sister-in-law's  
art)

Let us apply with careful craft,  
Conscious acts that make art full.  
Let us resee the scenes of see-ers,  
And of what's seen, let's show what's so.  
Let us create of tumbleweed,  
Wildly-bramble, or broken bark,  
An antelope, (a deer, an elk...),  
Himself at rest beside the road.  
Let us not pen to ink a lie;  
Leave palm trees, trees--so steep: aflair,  
But see in them a feather dust,  
Which makes for us, an artlihood.  
Let's create the orange rock flower;  
Op for red, lead, wood rabbit ears;  
Of triangle make tringlehex,  
Seeing sure then, what Pi-cas-saw.  
Yet whatever's done, however far-out,  
(Dali with Cezanne; Pop Rembrance)  
Show to me, to the tastes to come,  
A work of art that one can get.

S. Diane Bogus

## A SONNET TO BOOKS UNREAD

Pressed between thy pages thin, many  
Thoughts, volumes!--so much knowledge  
                                therein--  
Stays, lays awaste unread, (through no  
  uncaring  
Of mine); Time's fulltime fills mine with  
  with plenty  
To do, and lack of leisure prevents me  
From making you my master and daring  
The taking you into sequester and paring  
A slice, a wedge of it to spend with thee.

I hold honorable each hand that's writ,  
Each printer that set Words to line to read,  
'Tis sorrow for that honor mis-spent  
That I stand before thee mind ableed  
For want of time to eyefully sit  
O Books, and practice more Intellect's need.

S. Diane Bogus

## Choices

You have a choice  
Do we go to the movies  
or do we go home to make love  
I'm tired  
I can't do both

We go home to make love

You have a choice  
Do we walk and take the bus  
or do we take a cab  
So we can go home to make love  
I'm tired  
I can't do both

We take a cab to go home  
So we can make love

You have a choice  
Do we go to bed and nothing happens  
(my mind is on a poem)  
Or do we wait until I write my poem  
And make love  
I'm inspired  
I can't do both

I never had a choice

(c) 1979 Georgia M. Brooks

People try to take advantage of me  
Abuse my generosity  
Misinterpret my kindness  
Take for granted my love  
Insult my integrity  
Challenge my lifestyle  
Refuse to accept my identity.

I am Black - Woman - Lesbian  
While conscious of my individuality  
Respect me, give me moral support  
Encourage me, recognize me  
For I will not disappear  
I exist - I am visible  
And I am strong.

(c) 1977 Georgia Brooks

Sisterhood is feeling  
the same responsibility  
toward you  
that  
I feel for myself.

(c) 1979 Georgia M. Brooks

## WHILE IN THE KITCHEN

Bustello boiling, bringing flavor of  
 Borinquen to Brooklyn  
 Brady Bunch holding our women children  
 captive  
 5:15, our sisters still engulfed by IRT  
 downtown

While in the kitchen  
 Reminiscing Xmas revisit at lunchtime  
 Zootie residues from panama gold still with  
 me  
 Sylvester entering

You are my friend  
 I was looking for you  
 You were here all the  
 time

While in the kitchen  
 Turn around, turn around---turning, grabbing  
 sight of spilling juice. I placed my mouth  
 catching every pulsing sweet natural sense  
 fulfilling remnants of mornings desire

While in the kitchen  
 You came  
 I came.

by Julie Cherry

## Woman Child

By Lorraine Currelley  
(Rainie)

Thought of you gentle sweet  
woman child.

Thought to write a poem about you  
and I did.

Thought of the freedom with which your  
body soars and saw birds flying in cool  
summer breezes.

Thought of the way in which you caress  
the night and saw a black panther stroking  
its mate with tender love flowers.

Once, weaving your vision into poem songs  
I sung lyrics I never knew existed until  
now.

Dance sweet woman-child.  
Dance to rainbows painted in your honor.  
Dance sweet woman-child to lives  
desire to teach you her secrets which  
aren't really secrets if you're serious  
about living.

Thought of you sweet woman-child.  
Thought to write a poem about you  
and I did.

## She Wrote A Poem for You (EVD)

There were times when she wanted to tell you  
of the  
volcanoes erupting within her when seeing  
or thinking  
of you.  
There were times when she ached inside wanting  
so to reach  
out and embrace you.  
There were times when she looked at you and  
imagined the  
both of you communicating totally.  
Times when she imagined your being cried out  
for her and  
she answered!

by Lorraine Currelley

Mothers Song  
For Mrs. Annie D. Currelley

Your womb is what one remembers most mama.  
The warmth of your gentle embrace.  
The familiar curving of your body.  
The eagerness with which one drank of your  
nourishment.

Remembering your tenderness, softness and  
caresses one  
seeks out your presence.  
Hoping to find your life flowing like a cool  
drink of  
your mothers milk.

by Lorraine Currelley

## maggie poem

some people have guardian angels  
all you got is me,  
but i'm on my job.  
i don't just guard you

when you get depressed, i cry  
when you feel bad, i take aspirin  
if you're hungry, my stomach growls.  
if you get constipated my stomach swells.

when you stomp your toe  
i holler  
when you get drunk,  
i hang over

when you over eat, i get fat.  
and if you're happy,  
i laugh all day now ain't

that loving you?

doris davenport

copyright 1979 doris davenport



## 25 years in the Twilight Zone

doris davenport

women resent men/are afraid of me/want to  
fly or marry me

(men are out of the question)  
cats make me sneeze.

i don't like kids and  
i forget to water plants.

folk choose you to be goddess  
then stone you  
for playing high priestess

copyright 1979 by doris davenport

. . . unlike this, Maxine May 23, 1979

i would prefer  
to be whipped  
50 lashes or 100  
across the back  
hard lashes  
with something like  
corded silk  
so as not to  
scar my back  
i'm rather vain about my back  
because in the gym  
in the sauna,  
sisters look and  
smile  
saying my you have a  
pretty back  
so i wouldn't want it scarred  
but i would prefer being whipped  
viciously & at length with something that  
would give a physical  
pain a concrete pain that would hurt  
and anguish and stop and leave me well again

unlike this,  
Maxine.

copyright (c) 1979 by doris davenport

We're Not Lovers

30

We hold each other  
tenderly through the night  
But we're not Lovers  
You always bring me flowers  
And I bring you breakfast in bed  
But we're not Lovers  
I'm transformed into gentle beauty  
When I am with you  
But we're not Lovers  
My smile gives your heart  
a song to sing  
But we're not Lovers  
Sometimes I wear your things  
Just to feel the essence of you  
But we're not Lovers

Why not?

Because we are friends ....

- Ardnas Gninepoc

I Miss You

I miss you  
I miss the way  
you make me feel  
When I'm with you  
I miss your  
Goddess Isis Smile  
I miss the happy fun times  
I miss the way that  
you touch me  
I miss your wild laughter  
I miss you so much  
that I ACHE  
Damn you  
I Do need you at least  
some time .....

- Ardnas Gninepoc

Irare

Irare: You give body messages  
 Like LaBelle sings.  
 That is why you are  
 Black poetry to me  
 without rhyme or reason  
 without systems or schedules  
 without requirement and obligations  
 or disappointments  
 and expectations  
 Goddess knows without a watch  
 your sudden passion  
 surprised me  
 shy and startling Bold and un-afraid  
 of silence or challenge or change  
 Yes! you're black poetry to me  
 Like making love on rainy days  
 or getting high on smoke.  
 It's a holiday, just being with you,  
 because you are black poetry to me

- Ardnas Gninepoc

The Women's Reading to Save the Earth

I like to look at them.  
I like to look at their hair, the colors  
hickory and soot, butter and fire.

"Why is the sky white? WHY is it white?"  
"It's the ice; the ice freezes it white."

(Is **THAT** her, we whisper, do you think it's  
her?)

The women are responsible.  
We must take care of the world, they say,  
We must feed all the larks  
and suckle the young animals born eyeless but  
sensate.  
We must feed and defend everything.  
We must press a brown nipple to all the blind  
mouths.  
Unbuttoning our shirts, we will,  
we always have.

"Why is the sky gray? WHY is it gray?"  
"It's the dirt; the dirt fouls it gray."

(OO, **THAT** must be her!)

The women are sturdy.  
They tip round hips past the podium.  
They stretch short arms, impatient to reach  
tall microphones.

(THAT's her!)

The women are determined.  
They square their shoulders as they face us  
militantly  
as they would a job of wash  
or a mulish morning child  
stupid with sleep.

"Why is the sky red? WHY is it red?"

"It's the fire; the fire burns it red."

"Why is the world dead?"

- Myrna Hill

Not Poetry

Remember when we used to say  
that maybe you had to feel bad  
to write poetry  
that I was too happy, too physically  
content  
too sung in my body  
and our love  
to write poetry - love letters, perhaps, but  
not poetry?  
Well, I ought to be writing lots of verses -  
now,  
don't you think?

- Myrna Hill

To die  
Seeing no hereafter  
Propelling yourself forward  
To a blank

To die  
For whom you loved  
For whom you believed in  
And for love.

To die -  
Being for your babies.  
Not being for them.  
Leaving them.

To die  
For all your race --  
Subtraction of one runner.  
Subtracting your own face.

- Myrna Hill

---

7 2 1

Que pasa cuando la noche llega  
la noche sin luna, sin estrellas

algunos duermen  
otros viven su día

y yo?  
yo me entrego totalmente  
en tu negritud

(c) 1980 Coral Inza

Some day they will come back.  
All the women whose lives were taken from them  
Whose souls were stolen from them.

Two baby girls, brown and soft,  
raped then locked in a refrigerator to die.  
They will come back and we will wipe the fear from  
their faces,  
Kiss the tears from their soft, brown faces,  
Hold them in our arms and whisper, "You are safe."

The woman whose bright blood poured out,  
whose life ran out,  
Abandoned after a ruined abortion.  
She will come back and we will cradle her in our arms.  
Wash the blood away, and tell her, "You are not alone."

The girl whose tenderest flesh was slashed and sewn,  
to make her fit to marry.  
This girl who died crying, "Mama, Mama, I'm scared,  
I hurt."  
She will come back. We will make her laugh  
She will run with joy again.

All the women will come back who died of "natural  
causes"  
Died from lives filled with fear, exhaustion, hunger,  
rage,

Some day they will all come back.  
Because they died not at peace  
Because seekers, must return.

And we who have sought and fought and loved will  
will welcome them.

Beverly Smith



Titera Tite Tite

Me requeldo encerándome en el cuarto de baño  
con tigo, fumando un cigarillo Kool y tociendo  
a to lo que da.

Titeza tite tite...

Nosotros peliando por Alejandro o el pipe que  
mas que tenía dos pulgadas.

Titera tite tite...

Te dije que tenía me periodo "ja soy señorita".  
Un mes después salíste en cinta con la respuesta  
"ja soy mujer".

Titera tite tite...

Usando cloro, usando, Humphry's 11, usando una  
faja apretada nació una criatura bella.

Titera tite tite...

Te casaste con Wilfredo, quien te mando los cheques  
dos vese al mes y asta los cupones para comidas.

Titera tite tite...

Te ví en la clínica. Me pediste diez peso. Te  
dije que no. Te compro comida, un traje, y asta  
los Papers para la nina pero para drogas no.

Titera tite tite...

Me dijeron que abandonaste la niña y que la jevaron  
a Puerto Rico con su abuelita.

continued on page 38

Young butch from East Harlem  
Go and tell the others  
How these spanish streets  
Cry out your name.

¡Mira so pata!  
Rilana de tal te espera  
Bembetiando a las vecinas  
Que te vio con otra mujer  
En las escaleras  
De los proyectos  
En la calle 110  
En la oscuridad  
En el medio de la bacura  
Que tenía un apeste fulte de meau

Me dicen que tus labios estaban  
Cupando los senos de aquella  
Y que tus manos estaban  
Subiendo el traje y bajando los blumes

No te preocupes con ella  
A mami no se lo dice  
Pero no te olvides que te esperas  
En las escaleras.

--Brunilda Vega 1980

Titera tite tite...

38

Te encontraron sola golda y sin drogas,  
arrodijada  
en el medio de el piso pidiendo perdón.

Titera tite tite...

Con tus cuentas de colores y vestía en  
blanco,  
pedistes a los santos que te devuelva su  
alma.

Titera Tite tite...

—by Brunilda Vega

---

CLOSE ENCOUNTERS

While feeling among the vegetables  
Our skins touch

Like an orange  
I peeled and opened you up.

I rushed for a first taste  
Your juices traveled my face and hands

Like an orange  
I squeezed you.

With a slice completely in my mouth  
My tongue entwined your body

Like an orange  
I completely juiced you out.

(c) GAS 1977



re '79

## THE SECOND THIRD WORLD LESBIAN WRITERS CONFERENCE

By Arisa Reed

Herstory was once again in the making when, on April 12, 1980, the Azalea Collective, with the support of Lesbians Rising, held the Second Annual Third World Lesbian Writers Conference at Hunter College. The conference brought together Third World Lesbians from places such as: Washington, D.C., Boston, Philadelphia, Virginia, as well as women from the New York and New Jersey areas, creating an atmosphere of warmth and excitement, out of this clear affirmation of our strength.

The Azalea Collective is a group of Third World Lesbian writers, poets, artists, and political activists, which publishes AZALEA: A Magazine by and for Third World Lesbians. They have been working together for over two years, and are presently planning to open a literary space for Third World women.

The conference, co-ordinated by Robin Christian and Claudette Rrlonge, began in the morning with a full agenda of workshops, that were difficult to choose from: Alternate Institutions, led by Joan Gibbs and Linda Brown; Getting Your Work Published, by Becky Birtha and Sandra Lara; Playwrighting and the Production World, by Jewel Gomez and Gwendolyn; and Writing...Beyond Structure, by Georgia Brooks. Space was available, during the lunch break, for mini-workshops.

I attended the workshop on alternate institutions. In it we discussed: why we, as Lesbians of Color, need to have our own institutions; the kinds of institutions that we need; ways in which we can make these institutions a reality; and ways in which we can improve on those that we already have. One woman spoke about her plans to start a national

Third World Lesbian Feminist newsletter that would provide the cross-country communication so badly needed in our community. Linda and Joan also gave valuable information on inexpensive ways of publishing one's own work, including a step by step breakdown of how to use quick offsetting methods.

A panel discussion was held in the afternoon. Moderated by Joan Gibbs, the other panelists were Candice Boyce, Linda Brown, Michelle Cliff, Anita Cornwell and Audre Lorde. Ann Allen Shockley (Loving Her), unable to personally attend the conference, sent a paper entitled: "Third World Lesbian Feminist Writing and Publishing: A Pragmatic View," which Audre Lorde read.

Though the panel discussion raised many important issues, it placed primary emphasis on the importance of breaking our silence, of overcoming the fears that keep us from writing, and of closing our ears to the self-depreciating voice that says, "What I have to say is nothing, and how I say it is even less than nothing." Audre Lorde reminded us of the power inherent in our writing, and of how it influences women who we may never know. She pointed out that, "Living your life as a warrior doesn't always mean picking up a gun; it means being conscious of yourself as having an effect on a world you're moving through, and that there are other people who need to know you, who need to know that you are conscious of who you are."

Issues concerning tokenism, racism, and the exploitive practices of white feminist publications and presses, stirred up much debate during the conference. Many women felt that we were "feeding our oppression" by submitting work to these institutions. Audre Lorde summarized the dilemma by saying that we needed to ask ourselves some very hard questions: "Granted that we do not yet have these institutions, that hopefully we are building...What are the coalitions that we make, and how do we make those coalitions work for us in terms of what we want to do?" One woman pointed out that part of the answer lies in developing, "a mechanism for constantly raising the issue of how the racism impacts."

The need for feedback and support from the Third World Lesbian community stood out as one of the primary concerns of the women at the conference. As one woman put it, "We need to know that we are reaching the women that we are putting ourselves out on the line for...Appreciation is not out there for us, and the only people who are really going to give it to us are one another." Anita Cornwell recalled her experiences as a Black Lesbian prose writer pre 1970, and the feeling of "writing in a vacuum" that she often had. Encouraging women to respond to their sisters' work, she noted, "We can all stand a little boost now and then."

After dinner, accepting the invitation of Salsa Soul Sisters, most of the women from the conference gathered at Medusa's Revenge for a poetry reading opened to any woman with words to share. The poetry reading, and the disco that followed proved to be a joyful ending to a day that marked the beginning of so much more.

If I learnt anything from this conference, it was the importance not only of writing, but of also sharing our words with our sisters. The power of words lies in their ability to give us the strength to carry on. Keeping this in mind, I leave you with Ann Allen Shockley's powerful words of encouragement:

"The time is ripe, the hour is here.  
Lift up your pens as the swords of  
Amazons, and write and write and write!"

---

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At The Second Annual Third World Writers  
Conference, N.Y.C.  
April 12, 1980





## Publishing

### Publishing Ourselves

Too often, 3rd world wimmin, especially, get buried under the rhetoric, racism, and star-tripping that exists in the media world, in order to have our works published. There are too many wimmin who are selling their souls these days.

Over the past year, we've learned a great deal about the business of publishing: particularly publishing our own work. AZALEA's editorial policy is structured to be non-elitist; non-oppressive. We work collectively; sharing work, responsibilities and decision-making.

We'd like to share some of the things we've learned:

- (1) First of all, it's a tremendous amount of work. We are 3 wimmin and, at times, the work load threatens to bury us. Working collectively helps us to complete many tasks that would otherwise be dumped solely onto one woman or another.
- (2) In dealing with the mechanics of printing, distributing and advertising, we have found the best allies to be wimmin-owned

businesses and organizations. The possibility for finding right-on lesbian-feminists who support us, is much more likely here.

- (3) We've learned the skills of steering a publication from the first skeletons of ideas to the bound and printed final copy. The best way to develop skills is to be directly involved in the actual work.
- (4) Finally, we have realized the power that comes from defining ourselves and making our own spaces.

We urge all sisters to cultivate this power; share and refine it; and to make many vehicles for ourselves as 3rd world lesbians.

If we can help sisters in this struggle in any way

OR

If you can help us - please be in touch:

AZALEA

306 Lafayette Avenue, Brooklyn, New York 11238  
314 East 91st Street, New York City 10028

Technical Pointers For Publishing

Copyright Information

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To protect the rights of your works, you can do it legally by copyrighting. Write to The Copyright Office, Library of Congress, Washington, D.C. 20559. Ask for all available information on copyrighting your specific area of work.

Publishing Your Own Work

If you have decided to publish your own work, decide what you want to use and how you want it to look.

Always use white paper as your original for reproducing purposes. Use a typewriter with the darkest ribbon possible or an IBM electric - the print is much neater and clearer.

Do you want to publish in sizes

8 1/2" x 11"       5 1/2" x 8 1/2"       4 1/2" x 11" ?

How many pages do you intend to have?

8 1/2" x 11" - any number you choose

5 1/2" x 8 1/2" - any number you choose in groups of 2 or 4

4 1/2" x 11" - any number you choose in groups of 2 or 4

If you plan to include graphics, make sure they are done in black ink (ball point pen, magic marker, pen and ink).

Always erase (gum eraser) any pencil lines left on the original.

On the inside front cover always include -

© copyright 19\_\_ by your name

On the back cover (inside or outside) include your title, name, address-  
for contacting you; and the price of your publication.

You can choose your own paper (paid for by the pound). A good place to purchase paper is Gem Paper Co. 544 Broadway (near Houston St.) in New York City.

Also you can choose paper from the choices the printer has to offer (usually add \$1.00 to the cost).

The least expensive and niciest looking method of printing is offset printing.

### Submitting Your Work To Be Published

Know what the publication is all about when you are deciding on publishing prospects. Be sure to find out the printing and payment policies of the prospective publication/publisher.

**ALWAYS** type everything and double-space every line of your work  
In the upper left-hand corner, place your name, address, phone number,  
and date.

Place copyright date and your name at the end of your work.

i.e.

\_\_\_\_\_  
\_\_\_\_\_  
\_\_\_\_\_

COPYRIGHT 19\_\_ by \_\_\_\_\_

Enclose a self-addressed stamped envelope for your material to be returned <sup>49</sup>  
to you.

On a separate sheet, you may enclose a letter with any notations/helpful  
hints to the publisher.

It is important for you to know as much as you can about what you want to  
print.

Most of all, it is rewarding for you to share your work with your sisters.

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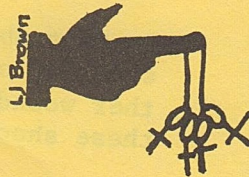
\* This is a list of works by Black women that were either published by themselves or by small presses. We include them here in part because we feel that is important to support works by women of color and also to demonstrate that it can be done - that is that you can get your work out by means other than big publishing houses. If you have a book that **you feel** belongs on this list send it to us.



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This space is reserved for announcements.  
Send in anything you want to share with sisters  
(only non-commercial announcements, please).



WM Publications is pleased to announce that it will review books of poetry (all varieties) by mainstream, gay, and black poets. We will review and send the submitting publisher or writer two copies of the review.

Critiques of the work by new and or developing poets is also available at cost. Send inquiries to:

S. Diane Bogus  
WM Publications  
P.O. Box 5037  
Inglewood, Calif. 90310

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Feminary: a Feminist Journal for the South, emphasizing the Lesbian Vision, is for women living in the South and in exile, and for women everywhere who want to know more about the lives of Southern women. Send poetry, stories, essays, b/w graphics and subscriptions to Feminary: P.O. Box 954, Chapel Hill North Carolina 275 14.

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At this moment, a 31 year-old Indian Woman remains under arrest in the Oklahoma County Jail facing a first degree murder charge and the death penalty. Her name is RITA SILK NAUNE.

On September 19, 1979 an Oklahoma City airport security officer was shot and killed and another wounded. Rita Silk Naun; is charged with these shootings.

The preliminary hearing was held on January 18, 1980. Rita has been charged with first degree murder and shooting with intent to kill. The state is seeking the death penalty. Her trial was held on May 5, 1980.

For further information, write:

RITA SILK-NAUNI DEFENSE COMMITTEE  
Native American Center  
1214 N. Hudson  
Oklahoma City, Oklahoma  
73103

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3rd      WORLD      WOMYN'S      DICTIONARY

There are so many words and phrases that we as third world lesbians use. They don't have traditional meanings for us. Some of us in the Azalea Collective are interested in putting together our own words and phrases to make a 3rd world womyn's dictionary. Send contributions, information, suggestions to AZALEA.

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POETS & WRITERS

Poets & Writers provides information and financial assistance to help contemporary writers reach their audience.

Recently, Poets & Writers has agreed to add AZALEA to their list of literary magazines. This means that any woman that publishes work in AZALEA can use it as a reference credit for being listed with the organization; thereby enabling the author to take advantage of the various services they offer.

For further info write or call:

Poets & Writers, Inc.  
201 West 54th Street  
NY, NY 10018  
(212) PL-7-1766

The editorial committee of the Sarah Eisenstein Series is planning a book of collected pieces on The Politics of Sexuality, to be edited by Ann Snitow, Christine Stansell, and Sharon Thompson.

We are interested in original pieces and reprints of varying lengths. Deadline for submissions is August 1, 1980. For more information and a tentative outline of this book, send a SASE to:

The Sarah Eisenstein Series  
c/o Sharon Thompson  
P.O. Box 1161  
Stuyvesant Station  
New York City 10009

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WM Publications is pleased to offer a ten(10) page workbook poetry test. It is designed to assist practicing and novice poets in assessing what one knows about poetry. It tests interest, skill and queries the testee on terms, devices, etc.

Interested poets, teachers, students or knowledgeable may write:

S. Diane Bogus  
WM Publications  
P.O. Box 5037  
Inglewood, Calif. 90310  
Enclose a self-addressed stamped envelope.

Contributors' Notes

Athena - an anonymous Third World lesbian poet.

Linda Austell - a Black lesbian poet from N.J.; presently incarcerated in Mercer County Detention, Trenton, N.J.

S. Diane Bogus - Black lesbian poet living in Compton, California

Georgia Brooks - a Black lesbian-feminist poet; member of the Committee for the Visibility of The Other Black Woman - The Black Lesbian.

Julie Cherry - a Puerto Rican lesbian living in New York City.

Margaret Cornell - an Asian lesbian writer; living in Vermont.

Anita Cornwell - a Black lesbian poet who lives and works in Philadelphia.

Lorraine Currelley (Rainie) - a Black lesbian writer and founder and director of Growing Theater, Inc.

Doris Davenport - a Black lesbian poet in California

Lou Dublin - a Black lesbian who lives and works in Columbia, South Carolina

Flying Clouds - a Chickasaw -Cherokee lesbian writer living in Durant, Oklahoma.

Ardnas Gninepoc - a N.Y.C. Black lesbian poet.

Myrna Hill - a Black lesbian writer living in Brooklyn, New York

*Contributors' Notes continued*

Coral Inza - a Mexican lesbian poet from N.Y.C.

Arisa Reed - a Black lesbian photographer, writer living and working in N.Y.C.

Gloria Sexton (Gas) - a Black lesbian living in N.Y.C.

Beverly Smith - a Black lesbian writer, member of the Combahee River Collective.

Brunilda Vega - a Puerto Rican lesbian poet living in N.Y.C.

"SHORT STORIES"

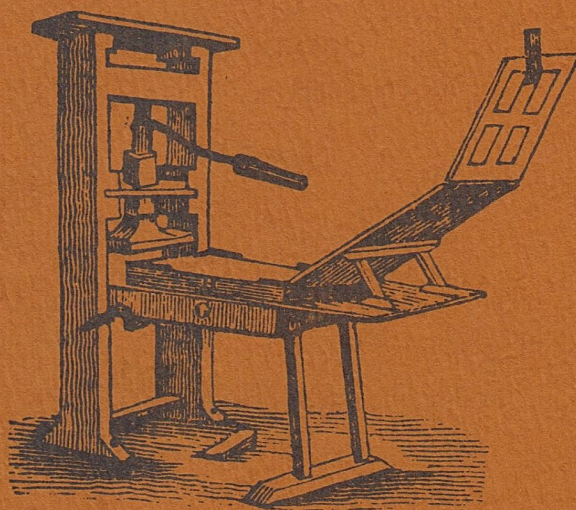
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WE are accepting short stories  
by Third World Lesbians for  
the next issue of AZALEA  
(Fall 1980 - Vol.3 No. 3)

STORY must be no longer than  
five (5) typewritten,  
double-spaced pages in  
length.

DEADLINE - AUGUST 1, 1980

Send to: AZALEA  
c/o Linda Brown  
314 East 91st St./ #5E  
NYC, NY 10028



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