

TRIBAD

a lesbian separatist newsjournal

VOL. I, NO. 3

SEPTEMBER-OCTOBER 1977

NEW YORK CITY



Charoula

TO BE SOLD TO AND SHARED BY LESBIANS ONLY

More if you can
Less if you can't



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.

BIMONTHLY

50¢

copyright c 1977 Tribad
A Lesbian Separatist News-
journal. All rights reserved.
Published 6 times a year by
Tribad, 49-51 Prince St., New
York, N.Y. 10012.

Subscription rates: \$3 per
year to lesbians and move-
ment community centers; more
if you can, less if you can't
\$15 to university funded wo-
men's centers, \$50 to insti-
tutions, free to women pri-
soners.

TABLE OF CONTENTS

International Lesbian Separatists Vs.
Male Machine Gun Governments Aka
Nationalist Military Divisions of
World Patriarchy, Part II by Susan
Cavin, p. 1.

FUTURE VISIONS: A FANTASTIC FABLE
or THE RETURN OF THE AMAZONS by
Charoula, p. 4

THE AMAZONS: THE ORIGINAL LESBIAN
SEPARATISTS by Maricla Moyano,
p. 11

Letters to TRIBAD, p. 13

NEWS, p. 13

While signed articles express
the opinions of the author and
not necessarily those of each
collective member, TRIBAD ac-
cepts responsibility for choos-
ing to print whatever appears
on these pages. Collective con-
sensus is reflected only in
Fort Dyke Statements.

FORT DYKE STATEMENT

We are a lesbian separatist col-
lective that rents a storefront
called Fort Dyke, the first lesbian
separatist space in New York City.
At Fort Dyke, we meet to develop
lesbian separatist theory and stra-
tegy, exchange political information,
hold open workshops on lesbian separ-
atism for the lesbian community, and
to publish TRIBAD.

TRIBAD: A Lesbian Separatist News-
journal is a forum for the discussion
of lesbian separatist theory, strategy
and visions. The articles will focus
on lesbian issues: locally, national-
ly and internationally. We do not ac-
cept letters from men or straight wo-
men. TRIBAD is written by lesbian se-
paratists for lesbians only.

TRIBAD invites all lesbian separa-
tists to submit news and writings for
possible publication.

TRIBADISM

Tribadism comes from the Greek term
tribein, to rub. It is a word solely
identified with lesbianism. Often it
is simply defined as homosexuality
between women. More precisely it
means the apposition and friction
of external female to female genitals
with or without orgasm; commonly known,
but exclusive to females, as bumping
and grinding.

Only Dyke Separatist publications
are free to reprint Tribad material,
if they will send us a copy.

Dear Lesbian Sisters:

Donations in whatever amount would be
appreciated. Send to Fort Dyke address.
Thank you.

TRIBAD Editors: Charoula, Debra Kessler,
Irene, Karen, Maricla Moyano, Robin,
Susan Cavin

INTERNATIONAL LESBIAN SEPARATISTS VS. MALE MACHINE GUN GOVERNMENTS AKA NATION- ALIST MILITARY DIVISIONS of WORLD PATRIARCHY. Pt. Two

by SUSAN CAVIN

For every male military contingency plan, there is a corresponding male exploitation planned for female sexuality, female productivity and reproductivity. As for every male economy or economic contingency plan, there is also a corresponding male expropriation of female sexuality, reproductivity, and productivity. Women have yet to come to a mass collective awareness of their exact prey-relation to patriarchal military and business cycles or to male nationalist and ideological struggles. Female ignorance of these misogynist cycles is required for patriarchal MAN-ipulation to work.

It is critical that lesbians and women understand these male predatory historical patterns and future plans for the expropriation of female bodies and lives so that females can collectively not cooperate with patriarchal exploitation of XX's. FEMALES MUST ABORT PATRIARCHY wherever and whenever possible. Since so much female cooperation is required for patriarchy's economic and military existence, female non-cooperation with males and male systems is required for patriarchy's collapse.

The Feminist Movements of the 19th and 20th centuries have a herstory of being swallowed up by history, of coming to a bad male end. The English and American Feminist Movements met their Waterloo in World War I by being channeled into nationalist military movements of white empires. During World War II, when there was no mass feminist uprising to coopt, the ethic of a WLM had to be generated by the military-in-

dustrial complex, encouraging women to wear pants and do the traditional male munitions work needed to supply troops. The channeling of feminists into male military struggles is not limited to white empires. Chinese feminists fought on the side of Mao for the Chinese Communist Revolution.

Also, many non-feminist women regularly fight in nearly every patriarchal military struggle known to history, whether they be bourgeois, proletarian, nationalist, communist, capitalist revolutions or fascist counter-revolutions. Women are mobilized according to the military and economic needs of "their" ethnic men. This game is as old as patriarchy.

It appears to me that the US military-industrial complex is currently attempting to channel feminist energy generated by the WLM in the 1960's and 1970's into US military and economic plans for the 1980's. This article is written to warn international lesbians and feminists, as well as American, that capitalist and communist world patriarchy is planning to kill world Lesbian-Feminism and world feminism in the 1980's with the old "world-war-trick-the-girls-into-nationalist-uniforms-again."

LesbianSeparatists know that the involvement of women in male armies, male governments, male businesses is contaminating, and essentially the path of servile female integration into misogynist patriarchy. Female integration into patriarchy is often portrayed, paraded, and perverted as "feminism" by capitalist, socialist, and communist patriarchies. Men are always asking, telling or commanding women to patriotically rally to save

their "fatherlands," their rising or falling prick empires. Lesbian Separatists know that females must break out of patriarchal cycles of supplying female life and labor to demanding male military economies so that female lives are no longer manipulated into serving as "reserve industrial armies," latent or active military forces used against the female world. Lesbian Separatists think it absurd for women to help men maintain their patriarchal boundaries.

Male nationalism is the enemy of Lesbian Separatism is the enemy of male nationalism. (See Fourth World Manifesto for an excellent analysis of the colonization of females by male nationalisms.) Instead of waiting for rebellious lesbians to overthrow their local patriarchies (although that is quite fine work), Lesbian Separatists propose that lesbians combine resistance on an international level, poised like cats to strike world patriarchy in unison at night. The Amazons were famous for their night attacks.

What follows is a brief Lesbian Separatist analysis of the US Labor Dept.-Pentagon-NASA's own stated predictions, plans, manipulations, and calculations of the female future within US patriarchy beginning in the early 1980's and continuing past the year 2000. On earth, these cold patriarchal projections mean more of the same captivity for females, not less and less. Outer space captivity may be worse. Unless lesbians overthrow patriarchy in the next ten years, this is your future.

US ECONOMIC PROJECTIONS OF THE FEMALE FUTURE UP TO THE YEAR 2000

As the patriarchal period of industrial expansion comes to a slowing halt due to energy crises, industrial patriarchies will increasingly depend on the cheap labor and services of women, rather than the more expensive industrial work of men. When men run out of energy, they always fall back on female energy to fuel their patriarchal economies.

US economists have pretended to be puzzled by two interrelated 1970's

economic trends: 1) that the number of females in the labor force has increased while 2) the wage gap between men and women has been widening. That is, women now make up almost half of the US labor force, but women get paid less and less compared to men in the 1970's than in previous decades. These trends are not puzzling at all. It is pure capitalist economic at work: whenever the labor market is surfeited with larger numbers of workers, labor can be bought cheaper. The labor market now is flooded with cheap female laborers. It has been generally well known among capitalists for the last 150 years in England and the US that women will work for less money, produce a better product with less flaws, and have a higher productivity rate than male workers, especially unionized male workers.

The US patriarchy is pretending that the numerical increase of females in the labor force which is now almost half female is a big feminist victory. Not so. In the 1850's, Engels reported in The Condition of the English Working Class that over half of the British Empire's industrial workers were women. The Industrial Revolution was built on a half female labor force. No one in their right mind could call that period liberating for women workers. It is nothing new or revolutionary for women to be "good workers" for patriarchal economies, although it clearly benefits patriarchy.

Since World War II, the US has increasingly shifted from a goods-producing economy to a predominantly services-producing economy. Economists at the US Labor Dept. half seriously-half jokingly attribute this economically beneficial shift to the response of American women to "a mass tidal wave of paperwork." Economists now predict that women's services will become the major industry in the "future services society" (1980-2000). Also, some project that by the year 2000: half of the work force may be working for the US government.

This increasingly service-ori-

ented US economy is the result of two major changes: 1) the end of industrial expansion due to waning energy supplies; and 2) a massive age shift in the US population. By the year 2000, one-third of the population will be on Social Security. Currently, only one in seven Americans is on Social Security. Due to this age shift, the health-services industry will expand to meet the needs of an aging population.

What all this means is that the traditional female sectors of the US labor force (secretaries, nurses, secondary school teachers, salesclerks, food-service workers, cashiers, typists, hairdressers, waitresses, dietitians, therapists, private household workers, child-care takers, social workers) will become the major money-maker industries for US capitalists between 1980-2000. They are shifting from selling industrial goods to selling female life experience for male profit. This, of course, has been going on for the last 25 years; it will accelerate.

Currently, these female stereotyped jobs employ the bulk of the female labor force, and traditionally are the lowest paying jobs in US patriarchy. This will not change. The capitalists are only planning to increase the number of women employed in traditional WOMAN'S WORK, not their salaries. Simultaneously, the capitalists will allow less than 5% of the female work force to cross over into higher-paying traditional male work, giving the strategic appearance that women can make it into any field they want.

CONCLUSION: WHAT THIS COUNTRY NEEDS IS A GOOD AMAZON OVERTHROW. OR ELSE...

WOMEN COMBAT TROOPS IN WORLD WAR III

The Pentagon has decided to put ERA feminist-integrationist rhetoric into deadly practice. The US military already has the largest female army in the world--110,000 -- compared to Russia's female army of 10,000; Israel has 8,000 female soldiers. The high command of the Army, Navy,

and Air Force plan to use women in combat in the 1980's:

1. "Women Combat Troops," NY Post, Sept. 2, 1977: "A major new Army study could result in women serving under fire in a future war, officials say...One of the most important tests involves about 200 women who will go into the field with units in Western Europe this month...Meanwhile, leaders of women's organizations yesterday appealed to Congress for more jobs for women in the armed forces, saying military effectiveness would increase."

2. "Women in Uniform Face Combat Role," NY Times, Sept. 19, 1977: "Inevitably, the 'dead' and 'wounded' will include American women soldiers...But according to the Pentagon's estimates, women in uniform will not surpass 7 percent of the total, or about 147,000 members by 1982."

3. "Carter Picks Woman as State Dept. Aide to Direct Arms Sales," NY Times, Jan. 5, 1977.

4. "Air Force Plans to Assign Women to Titan Missile-Launching Crews," NY Times, Sept. 24, 1977: "The Air Force is planning to assign women to underground missile silos, giving them the same role men have in launching nuclear weapons...At least 15 women officers and 25 enlisted women will be assigned to the missile sites early next year, Air Force officials said. The decision, which followed considerable debate in the Air Force hierarchy, is regarded as a major advance for women in the armed forces. 'The decision is another evolutionary step in opening more Air Force career fields to qualified women applicants,' an Air Force announcement said. 'The significance of the announcement is a further recognition by the Air Force that women must have full acceptance and career opportunities in all fields,' said Antonia Handler Chayes, an Asst. Sec. of the Air Force. 'We consider this necessary to a viable all-volunteer force.'...the Air Force move effectively blurs the definition of combat and opens the way for further advances by women in the armed forces."

CONTRARY TO THE US ARMY'S OPINION, FEMINISM DOES NOT MEAN THAT WOMEN SHOULD HAVE THE SAME EQUAL OPPORTUNITY AS MEN TO CREATE DOOMSDAY! HOWEVER, THIS IS THE LOGICAL EXTENSION OF THE STRAIGHT-FEMINIST INTEGRATIONIST STANCE.

It has obviously not occurred to these feminist integrationists to think about WHY the US military suddenly wants women. The reasons were revealed in a flurry of hawk military articles in Nov. and Dec., 1976 when the NY Times reported that the Pentagon is planning two potential world war threes for the 1980's, using nuclear and satellite-computer space technology: 1) the Pentagon plans to fight a short, intense nuclear war in central Europe "that breaks out with little warning" in the 1980's, pitting the US and NATO against the USSR and the Warsaw Pact countries. No doubt this is the target area for the capitalist's neutron bomb, which destroys only people, not property. Curiously, it is central Europe where the US is "trying out" its new women combat troops. 2) The other war the Pentagon is planning involves the US and USSR in outer space. The two superpowers have had the technology to fight a "full-blown war in space" since the mid-1960's when Lyndon Johnson used to brag about it. Women soldiers are not required to fight this war, so much as military women will be sent to outer space to breed. If

we follow earth history, we know that whenever and wherever men colonize new territories, they fight wars for possession of those territories. The US is preparing now to colonize outer space in the 1980's. The colonization of outer space will largely be achieved by the use of female guinea pigs to see if women can conceive, remain pregnant and give birth to a healthy child under space conditions, not to mention rear the child. The Head of NASA's Space Science Board said on Jan. 3, 1977 (AP): "We will study the biology of reproduction in space, but I think we'll begin with animal studies...that will recommend how the US should proceed with future exploration in space...The premise is perhaps as many as 500,000 might ultimately be living in a giant capsule," in the 1980's. What he means is NASA is studying female biology in outer space. Well, they didn't spend too long on the animals before they got to human females. On Aug. 30, 1977, the NY Post reported "Astrogals Shaping Up -- Blond Doctor Wants to Test Her Hormones in Outer Space." Now wouldn't you know the US would pick blonde, blue-eyed female astronauts to breed an outer space race?

(The Lesbian Separatist solutions to the aforementioned problems will be printed in the final part of this article, Tribad Issue #4.)

FUTURE VISIONS

A FANTASTIC FABLE OR THE RETURN OF THE AMAZONS

by CHAROULA

She looked at her wide-eyed, rigid with terror, yet her heart palpitated with incredible excitement, curiosity vying with fear, immobilizing her entire body.

She, the other one, was standing at the edge of the precipice which hung cavernous behind her. Myrsini had just turned the curve of the dirt road and had been confronted with this vision that made her feet leaden. A deer, one might say, whose alert immobility denoted total control of her every movement, a creature ready to leap and dart, supple and wild. And so beautiful. Myrsini had never before seen a woman so beautiful, eyes that shone with the brightness of the sea, hair flying in the breeze, colored by the sun, shoulders

straight and proud, breasts and belly round and firm, legs muscular, feet of a dancer. Myrsini was reminded of the woman she once had seen in an ancient frieze at a nearby museum: the little explanatory note had said, "Amazon, Archaic Period, 1400BC". She had then admired the marble strength of that woman, the beauty of her body as it weaved in and out of the thin unobstructing drape.

It all came in a flash. What the stranger and the marble woman shared was a sense of freedom; they both seemed unencumbered by clothes, by baskets of produce, by children hanging on their arms, by thoughts of submissive resignation to the chores of daily binding customs. There she stood, tanned to the mellow-ness of a ripe olive, not an ounce of unnecessary clothing, erect and proud, light as the air she inhaled.

Myrsini herself had lost her capacity to breathe. Her black nun-like outfit was suddenly asphyxiatingly hot, her kerchief, tied tightly around her head, made the blood in her temples beat loud as a drum, unexpectedly the weight of her basket became unbearable, the sheep all around her seemed to block her way, preventing her from running away and saving herself.

She knew she had to escape. She knew her life was in danger. The stranger was one of those women that lived in the huge farm by the sea, and the men in the village had warned their own women of the tricky nature of these creatures that looked like women but behaved nothing like the rest of the women on the island.

They had come a year or so ago, two or three at first, from a foreign country. They seemed ordinary enough tourists, eager to visit the ruins, bathe themselves in the crystal blue sea, and have romantic interludes with the Greek men. They seemed ordinary enough, they did bathe themselves in the sea, they visited the antiquities, but strangely enough they kept all men at a distance.

Next, they inquired about the possibility of buying land, the villagers smelled money, charged them a fortune, and sold them acres and acres of rocky hilly property by the sea, laughing among themselves that the land was no good except for goats.

The laughing died slowly down, as more and more of these women arrived, and started working on the land with energy and persistence that upturned rocks, cleared dead trees, dug wells and irrigation ditches, and turned clay arid soil into neat rows of fertile land. The first spring they were there, vegetables and flowers inundated the hillside all the way down to the sparkling pebbles of the beach. The women planted fruit trees, olive trees, oaks and pines. They then used the rocks which they had taken out of the ground to build a tall fence all around their property. The villagers could hardly believe their eyes: they had watched the work in process incredulously, how could weak women perform such herculean labors. Something unnatural was going on.

After the fence was up and the women were hidden from their view, the men attempted a couple times to climb up on each other's shoulders and peek in, but huge dogs barked ferociously and scared them away. They had time, however, to catch a glimpse of the women going about their hard work half-naked, laughing and singing, and, once, at night, when the moon shone full casting silver shadows on the darkness of the earth, they saw the curious sight of naked women holding hands in a circle and dancing around a newly planted oak tree, making weird humming sounds, spreading now and then their arms up towards the bright moon. It was an eerie ceremony that scared the men more than the barking dogs. But what happened afterwards was even worse: the women broke up in pairs, began doing strange dances with each other, serpentine movements that linked their bodies into tender embraces, caresses that grew more passionate as the music rose in intensity, things unnatural and threatening to the villagers' enviously devouring eyes.

They ran away in terror, and told the whole island that the foreign women were some sort of witches that, if left to themselves, would no doubt harm the village and wreck their lives.

A witchhunt expedition was hastily arranged. All the men, guns, axes and knives in hand, set off on a moonless night, soundlessly surrounded the place and attempted to take the fortified farm. What followed was something that became a legend in the years to come. It was as if the women had heard the silent feet of the intruders for miles away, and, just at the moment these feet touched the ground on the inside of the fence, a thousand fires ignited and enveloped the men whose anguished cries must have in vain reached the sky, let alone the nearby village. Flames leaped here and there, and through their ghastly brilliance the men could see the women laughing infernally, dancing with grotesquely exaggerated movements. Some of them had donned masks that resembled the gorgons of antiquity, some of them seemed to have serpents for hair, they all made sounds which, together with the fire, made the men's skin shiver and sizzle. In a mad rush, the villagers scrambled out and ran away, never to come back, convinced these creatures were wicked and enchanted and of a power that defied their maleness. Once or twice only, since that hellish night, a shepherd or two encountered one of these women roaming the hills of the island, bow and arrow strapped around her chest. Thinking their magic was good only within their compound, the shepherd tried to impose his brute male force on the woman. But the glare in the woman's eyes, cold as the wind of the arctic sea, and hypnotizingly ferocious, had made the man retreat powerless and stony as marble, like those ancient mariners who had had the audacity to look right into the eyes of the Medusa.

Ever since, the men of the island had hated with passion the foreign women who dared defy them, stare back at them undaunted, set them on fire, send their dogs after them, induce their submission. The men ordered their women-folk to stay away from these monsters. Such creatures, they knew, could only have disastrous influence on their wives, sisters, daughters. They could only teach them disobedience, abnormal lack of respect for the man's authority, and devilish ways to exert their femininity. They weaved tales of terror, implying the foreigners would kill them, charm them to their farm and eat them alive or enslave them forever. If they were ever to see one of these women, they should run for their life.

Such were the things Myrsini had heard for over a year now. Now she found herself face to face with one of these strangers, she wanted to run but a peculiar fascination prevented her from doing so. The woman's beauty, the sense of freedom that emanated from her--both were acting like a magnet that drew her to this apparition, obliterating all the words of caution pounded into her brain by the men. After all, the woman didn't appear evil at all. Her initial alertness had given way to a relaxed serenity, as they both stood eyeing each other. Then, very slowly, the stranger leaned and caressed a sheep that had strolled towards her. In that gesture was such tenderness, such magnificent gentleness, that the shepherdess shuddered all over, as if she herself had been the recipient of that divine touch.

And the stranger looked at her and her face shone into a beautiful smile.

Myrsini felt her knees weaken, her heart tremble, a warmth spread throughout her limbs. These feelings inside her scared her more than all the words of the men put together. Taking a deep breath, she closed her eyes, turned around and started running down the hill: she ran till she got to the fields near her village, forgetting all about her sheep left behind.

Days passed. The heat of the summer was beginning to spread over the island like a blanket of brilliant light. Myrsini went as usual about her daily chores, which in the month of June in Greece were beginning to multiply oppressively. Myrsini was a hard worker: she and the other village women were always responsible for most of the work, at home and in the fields, the year around. While in the company of other people, she carried on as diligently as ever. When she went off on her own, though, her body slowed down involuntarily, her mind fogged slightly, she closed her eyes and the apparition of the young Amazon-like woman blotted out all other consciousness, until something or someone would come along to shake her out of her reverie.

One day, her duties took her back to the hillside where she had first seen the stranger. She trembled as she climbed the road, and by the time she reached the top her body was afire with strange excitement. She turned the corner, and her heart stopped for what seemed like an eternity: there stood the young Amazon, on the same spot, in the same pose as if she had never left all these days, but had patiently awaited for Myrsini's return. This second encounter lasted longer, Myrsini got lost in the stranger's eyes; when the stranger smiled again, Myrsini didn't run away. Rather, after a few minutes, they both turned slowly and parted by common accord.

From that day on, Myrsini came up the hill everyday, at the same hour, to see the stranger. She could think of hardly anything else all day long, she lived for the few minutes she had to spend with this woman who had captured her imagination. And the minutes grew longer each time. They never exchanged a word; their meetings were of a silence full of passionate messages--words in languages diluted through the ages by men were totally superfluous.

One day, the stranger motioned Myrsini to follow her as she turned and started descending the hillside, the opposite way from the village. It was clear she wanted Myrsini to go with her to her farm. Myrsini didn't hesitate. By now, she was burning with curiosity concerning this farm where the Amazon came from--she wanted to know all about her.

The Amazon skipped lightly over rocks, climbed up and down narrow ravines, and Myrsini followed her closely. They reached the fortress within half an hour. Myrsini saw the huge stone wall for the first time, extending into the mountainside on the north and tightly hugging the sharp angular cliffs as it tapered towards the south and the sea. Truly, it seemed unpenetrable and forbidding.

The Amazon whistled loudly. A small metal door, hidden behind some wild vegetation, opened immediately, and the Amazon ushered her young friend in.

Myrsini was speechless. What opened up in front of her bedazzled eyes was in such contrast to the barren hillside outside that she thought she had surely stepped into some sort of Eden. Greenery everywhere, fruit hanging ripe from the trees, sweet-smelling flowers mixing with vegetables, small streams rustling along, healthy animals strolling calmly in enclosed patches of grass. The woman who had opened the door smiled at Myrsini and said something. Then the Amazon said something else. It was the first time she had heard her voice, it was soft and strong at the same time, and it caressed her ears gently. Myrsini recollected herself, she realized the women were telling her their names. She thought her friend's name had sounded like Morrighan. The other one's, Nyaga.

Morrighan extended her hand to her, Myrsini took it trembling--the first time they touched--and off they went together through orchards and vineyards and fields of golden wheat, climbing down towards the women's village. All along, they encountered other women, cultivating, picking vegetables, milking goats,

gathering herbs, riding donkeys, women, it seemed, of all ages, though the oldest looked as strong and erect as the youngest, and of all colors, though the palest of them looked bronzed by the Mediterranean sun, and all shades of skin mingled with each other to form a harmony that went deeper than skin. They were all working diligently, doing pretty much what the village women did, but somehow none seemed weighed down by the hard tasks, they were humming and singing while working, talking and laughing among themselves, touching and caressing each other on and off, and from their voices, their faces, their bodies emanated that same ease, control and sense of freedom that had so impressed her in Morrighan. Myrsini couldn't quite resolve this difference, but she could not for a moment doubt that these women were happy.

At a turn of the road, Myrsini finally saw the village lying at her feet, simple but beautiful little houses, rounded like caves and interconnected with alleys, stoas, covered porches and passageways into a labyrinth of spaces in multiple bright colors. This whole complex seemed to culminate at the center in a rather large area, which she found later was the common meeting ground of all the women. The village houses, interspersed with gardens and trees, went all the way to the beach. Myrsini saw that the whole farm lay around a natural harbor of large size, hidden totally by the cliffs on either side from other people's view. In the midst of the harbor were anchored two fishing boats, big enough, she thought, to go back and forth between the mainland and the island. She now realized how the women arrived and brought their stuff to the farm. There were also 3 or 4 small oar-boats approaching the village from the outer edges of the harbor, and she knew that in them were women who had gone out in the early morning to fish in the deep waters, and were returning with their catch.

As they went further down and into the village, passing through the narrow streets, Myrsini saw little girls running around playfully, she caught glimpses of women weaving, cooking, baking bread--the usual stuff women always do--but also women making harmonious sounds on beautiful instruments, some of which she had never seen before, working incredible designs on potters' wheels, painting, sculpting, writing, reading, or just simply lying around talking with each other intensely, in each other's arms, massaging and bathing each other. Finally, there were women who were busy forging metal into tools and weapons, working on wood to make furniture, occupations only men took care of in her village. Myrsini understood that the reason these women looked happy was because they took turns doing the pleasant as well as the unpleasant work, shared the hard and the easy, the drudgery and the creativity. In between, they took care of each other, lovingly, like mothers should always take care of daughters and vice versa, but never had time to do so in her village. And they did it all because they wanted to, for their own survival, no one was forcing them to work, to serve, no man, it dawned on her, sat in cafés deciding how they'd spend their days.

Not that she had expected anything of the sort, but Myrsini saw no evil monsters, no unnatural violent creatures roaming wild within the fortress. If anything was unnatural, it was the general sweetness that prevailed, the gentleness with which these women touched each other, put their arms around each other, helped each other in everything.

Morrighan took Myrsini into one of the little houses. She made her sit on the low bed, she brought her a cup of the sweetest-tasting herb tea, and a piece of bread and cheese. She watched Myrsini eat and drink, and after she was finished, she came near her, took her kerchief off and let Myrsini's long dark hair fall freely on her shoulders. She let her fingers wander through it, ever so gently; Myrsini thought she'd faint with pleasure. Then Morrighan leaned and softly kissed Myrsini on the mouth.

Myrsini had once been kissed by a man, sneakingly in the fields; it had been a brutal experience, the man's teeth and tongue had invaded her privacy, had hurt her. She had been thoroughly scared and amazed since all songs and stories described such an experience as romantic and exciting.

Morrighan's kiss was so different. A dream she could hardly allow herself to wake up from, a breeze that enveloped and caressed her and didn't want anything but to show her love. Myrsini trusted that kiss unconditionally, and returned it with a joy and a passion she didn't even know herself she possessed.

- - - - -

It took Myrsini several visits to the fortress before she could get to understand what Morrighan was trying to tell her about their community. She found out slowly that the women came and went, those that had been there two or three months left with the fishing boat by moonless night to make room for new women arriving from the mainland, and from other countries. Some women stayed longer, either because they knew skills which took longer to teach to the other women, or because they had had bad times in their countries and were allowed longer stretches of time to recuperate in the midst of the freedom of the farm, the clean air, and the loving care of the women.

The women came from all over the world. They all spoke different native languages which they didn't want to use. Long evening hours were spent by the beach or in the meeting place, to create a new language special only to them. Morrighan explained that actually they wanted to create a whole culture special only to them. The women were brought to the island by some magical belief in the strength and love of women, in their ability to build a world free of the horrible problems men had brought to it over the years, a world free of aggression, greed, violence and hatred. Far away, in the cities of other countries, there were many more women like them, struggling and dying for the same belief, in excruciatingly painful ways. When the struggle became unbearable to some, it was arranged that they would retreat for a while to farms such as on this island, to rest and recover their energy, while other women took their place in the cities. Thus the women constantly came and went, sharing the easy and the hard, the pain and the joy of reclaiming this earth in the name of womanlove. On this farm, the women were dedicated to healing each other, and to learning the survival ways of a truly civilized society.

In words and images and gestures, they communicated, and Myrsini fell more and more in love both with Morrighan and with the culture Morrighan and her women friends were creating.

Meanwhile, June had given place to July, the heat was beginning to lose its brilliance, it was becoming murky, the fruit was ripening too fast. The villagers were overheard to say off and on that this was going to be an unusually hot summer, unmatched by many in the past.

The day came when Myrsini made the final decision to leave her own village and join that of the women. She took nothing with her and made sure no one would know for a while, except, that is, her childhood friend Irene. Irene knew a lot already, she had covered up all this time for Myrsini's long absences. Irene loved and trusted Myrsini, she had listened to Myrsini's tales of wonder, as little by little Myrsini dared disclose to her the cause of her growing discontent with her life in the village. Irene wished she had Myrsini's courage to go and see for herself. The girls parted with tears in their eyes.

The first night Myrsini slept in the women's farm, a young man who had long courted her hoping to make her his wife went out to fish by light and never came back. Some said an octopus rose out of the sea and ate him alive. No

one bothered to wonder what had happened to Myrsini, but they mourned the young man.

- - - - -

It was inevitable that Irene would follow Myrsini soon. She missed her so much, though she had other friends, good friends, with whom she took her sheep to browse on the distant hills. She was also burning with curiosity regarding Myrsini's new life; it was fast becoming an obsession.

One night when she could stand it no longer, she let her two friends, Photini and Sophia, take her sheep back home, and went the opposite way to find Myrsini and her Amazon friends. Before departing, she swore her friends to secrecy and told them in great excitement of her destination and of Myrsini's new life. They listened, incredulously awed.

Myrsini, Morrighan, Nyaga and all the other women had a feast that night to celebrate Irene's arrival. At the village side of the island, another young man went hunting and never came back. They said he wandered by mistake into a subterranean cave, lost his way and probably was asphyxiated in the depths of the earth.

It didn't take long for Sophia and Photini to begin yearning for a glimpse of that wondrously free life Irene had described to them, as she had heard of it from Myrsini. They were tired of being workhorses for men who didn't know how to at least be gentle to them in return. They decided to go join their friends. Before leaving the village, they made a conscious decision: they'd tell a few of the women they trusted the most, their sisters, their cousins, some of their schoolmates. They longed to tell their mothers, women weary and old after a short lifetime of slavery, in such need of rest and love; they didn't dare though, the old took longer to get ready. They left secret notes for all the other women where only they could find them, (and that, after Sophia and Photini would be safe within the fortress of the farm), and off they went to the other side of the island.

Within hours after their departure, two men swimming out in the deep got caught in a strong current and down into the water they went, never to re-surface again.

Next, the sisters and the cousins and the schoolmates, some fifteen of them, fired up by the letters Sophia and Photini had left behind, thought they'd go over to the farm and have a look for themselves. Naturally, they never came back to their village. Their disappearance was marked by a terrible accident: a fishing boat with quite a few men in it sank in the open sea, a few miles off the coast, having encountered a sudden summer storm. Again, this was much more important than the women disappearing, men being so much more valuable; there were days of mourning at the village for the brave fishermen, and in the tumult of the mourning no one noticed the strange phenomenon of the missing women.

Something, however, was definitely wrong this summer. The villagers by now would sit in the cafés, impatient and irritated by the rising heat, they'd talk of the young man who died fishing, or the one who was lost in the cave, or the two who went down in the sea, or the boat with the fishermen; they'd talk of crops starting to go bad with the prolonged draught, of animals beginning to die as the hot murkiness rose from the sea and enveloped the island like a blanket of thick fog. They even talked of how lazy the women were getting, they seemed distracted, unwilling to bake bread, cook food, do the laundry, go out to the fields. The villagers didn't exactly know where to attribute all this strangeness, but they did think perhaps it had something to do

with the monsters on the other side of their island. They cursed the day they had sold land to them, but that was about all they could do -- curse.

The women of the village now seemed to be leaving in droves as the story of Myrsini and Irene and Sophia and Photini started spreading. Some of the older ones were picking up enough courage to go along. Daily, there were numerable desertions, and, daily, it so happened, some disaster would befall large numbers of men, the grossest of them all happening to a whole bunch of them sitting at a café a bit further out, near the cliffside: a huge boulder detached itself from far above and fell on them crushing them to bits. People began thinking the island was haunted. The tourists (mostly men) started leaving, some of the Greek men sought jobs and got hired by the steamers that passed by the island every other day. The stories about the island started spreading all over the Aegean sea.

At some point, despite the fact that their minds were fogged by the oppressive heat, the men made the connection between the first accident of the man in the boat and the disappearance of Myrsini. They started putting things together, and who knows what they would have decided to do about it, had they thought of all this when their numbers were still high. Now, only the old men were left behind, and even of them there were very very few. In any case, who knows why, due to the obliterating heat wave perhaps, the old men didn't live much longer; by the end of August, three or four of them had fatal heart attacks, a couple of them suffered strokes and were carried away on the steamers to the mainland.

- - - - -

On the day the last man departed, a terrible earthquake shook the island and was felt for hundreds of miles away. Nothing was harmed at the women's farm, everything having been solidly and lovingly built. The village however was totally destroyed. The earthquake was followed by a ferocious tidal wave, and, while the waters around the island were awesomely heaving and swelling, a geological marvel happened: a large mass of land surged out of the sea, at the far end of the natural harbor of the Amazon farm. It rose in a deep sigh of relief, like the huge back of a million united dolphins, wet and smooth and slippery, with the sea's riches encrusted on it. And strewn all over it were white marble columns glistening in the sun, temples and houses of magnificent splendor. Atlantis, gone down in sorrow millenia ago, had resurfaced pure and shining, and magnificently transformed by the power of the sea.

Once again, the island was free.

THE AMAZONS: THE ORIGINAL LESBIAN SEPARATISTS

by MARICLA MOYANO

Amazon tribes have been reported on every continent. The Amazon River in Brazil, explored in 1541 by the Spaniard Orellana, was named by him for the fierce warrior-women who

attacked him on its banks.

The most famous Amazons are those described by the ancient Greeks. Most accounts describe these ancient Amazons as a tribe of women warriors who lived on

the shores of the Black Sea, in an area that included Thrace. An all-female society, they were said to mate with men once a year, in the spring, for reproductive purposes, and either killed or sent away their male offspring, keeping only their female children. Another tribe of Amazons lived in North-western Africa, in Libya.

In encyclopedias and works by most men, the Amazons are treated as myths. However, some Marxists, male matriarchists like Bachofen, Helen Diner in Mothers and Amazons, and others treat the ancient Amazons as a historical fact.

One of the most famous stories about the Amazons involves Hercules. For his ninth labor, he was supposed to get the golden girdle worn by the Amazon queen Hyppolite. But Hyppolite refused to give it to him and they fought savagely. Hyppolite was thrown off her horse and Hercules stood over her with his club. She refused to surrender, preferring to die. Hyppolite was slain by Hercules in a male triumph. All the myths about the Amazons are capsule versions of the ancient patriarchal take-over.

The most devastating account of Amazon defeat and patriarchal triumph is the story of Theseus and the Amazons. There are many versions of this story, but all agree that Theseus, King of Athens, kidnapped the Amazon Queen Antiope and took her away back to Athens. Her sister, Oreithyia, swore vengeance on Theseus, concluded an alliance with the Scythians, and led an Amazon army across the frozen Bosphorus and on to Athens. The Amazons invaded Athens and occupied it for four months. It is a matter of historical fact that they were inside Athens, for historians name the places occupied by the Amazons and the graves of the dead. For centuries, there were traditional festivals in Athens connected with the battle.

It was only after four months of hard fighting that the Amazons sur-

rendered to Theseus. Antiope had fought at Theseus' side and had been killed by a fellow Amazon. The Amazons rode away from Athens in defeat. Queen Oreithyia was said to have died of despair and shame somewhere in Thrace. This defeat marks the beginning of the Amazons' downfall and the consolidation of patriarchy in Greece. Theseus' victory is the triumph of the masculine principle. Among the Amazons who survived there survived also a hatred of everything Greek, so that several generations later the Amazon Queen Penthesilea took her army to fight alongside the Trojans against the Greeks.

Since recorded history is male history, most of what we have left are stories of Amazon defeats. But it is known that at one time the Amazons' territory extended from the Sarmatian plains of Asia Minor to the Aegean Sea. They conquered the Caucasian peoples and advanced to the southern coast of the Black Sea. The Amazons were invincible warriors on land and were the first to use cavalry. They took territory after territory in Asia Minor, their double-headed ax, the labyris, chopping down anything in the way. Ruthless in battle, they were merciful after conquest, so that their vanquished were said to grow to adore them.

In the whole Greek tradition they are known as the founders of cities and sanctuaries. Many cities had an Amazon as founder and godmother: Smyrna, Sinope, Cyne, Gryne, etc. An Amazon queen from Libya, Myrine, conquered several Greek islands, among them Lesbos, where she founded the city of Mytilene.

Two elected queens administered an Amazon queendom at the same time, one being the administrator and the other leading the armies. The origin of the name Amazon is in doubt, but some say it comes from "without bread," because they ate no bread, only meat, and drank milk and sometimes blood. Others believe it derives from "without breast" because they were said to sear one breast away so as to shoot the bow better. Another version is that the word derives from an Armenian word meaning "moon women."

NEWS

Old Lady Blue Jeans, a lesbian business, is trying a lesbian only distribution with a new pressing and jacket production of LINDA SHEAR/ A LESBIAN PORTRAIT. LINDA SHEAR is a lesbian separatist. All the women's bookstores will receive posters to place near the albums that state: "THIS MUSIC IS LESBIAN MUSIC FOR LESBIANS ONLY. It is not the responsibility for the womyn at the cash register to determine whether or not you are a LESBIAN. It is your ultimate responsibility to buy this album only if you identify as a LESBIAN. We hope this makes you very happy...OLD LADY BLUE JEANS." For additional information about OLD LADY BLUE JEANS--the first LESBIANS ONLY distribution collective--write: OLD LADY BLUE JEANS, P.O. Box 515, Northampton, MA. 01060.

LETTERS

Dear Lesbians,

I hope you're successful in continuing to maintain a separatist space---It's something we really need.

Yours in sisterhood,
Hempstead, N.Y.

Greetings dear sisters,

Many thanks for sending us a copy of your newsjournal Tribad. Please find enclosed the latest copy of Circle. If it's okay with you we'd like to exchange Circle for Tribad.

As yet I've only had a quick look at your journal but I think I'm going to enjoy reading it very much. I know already that I agree with the whole Fort Dyke idea--reasons for starting the separatist space etc.--and support your collective strongly.

All the best for the future of Tribad and Fort Dyke--may you have much energy.

In sisterhood & strength,

Lesbian-Feminist Circle
P.O. Box 427
Wellington, New Zealand

Dear Maricla,

I just read your article in Tribad, and I want to thank you so much for writing about how to deal with each other when we "go crazy." I also am a lesbian separatist, and I am trying to set up a land trust with other lesbians, and I hope someday to have land with enough space so we can have lesbians come and stay there who are having "psychotic episodes" or whatever. I have to say that we are not very together trying to do the land thing, not to mention set up a place where wimmin freaking out could come, so I don't know how hopeful to be. But it is a dream of mine, and reading your article gives me more energy to try. I also respect you a lot for writing about yourself--I really appreciate that...I'm real glad, too, that you all are setting up the Virginia Woolf House and I hope it goes well.

Much energy to you and your friends,

Virginia

FORT DYKE CALENDAR OF EVENTS

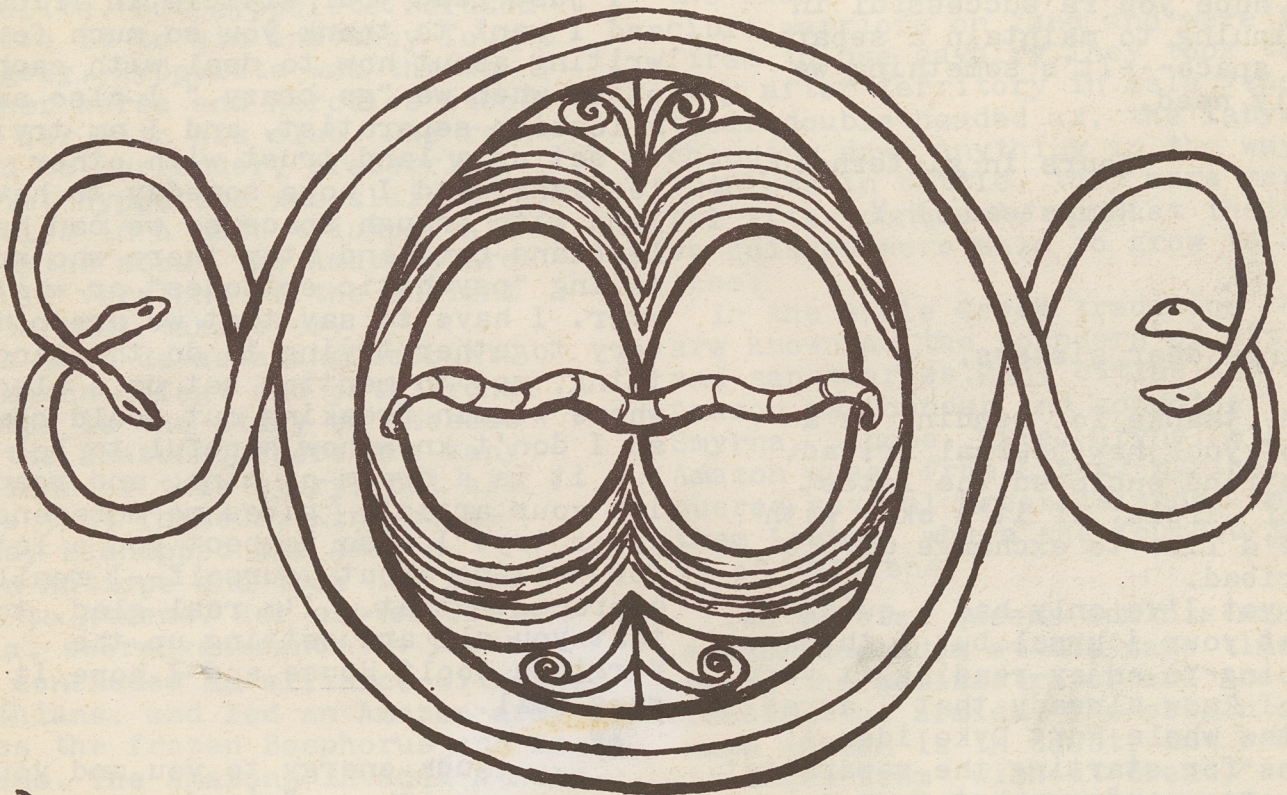
Thursday October 13, 6 P.M. General Workshop on Lesbian Separatism

Thursday November 3, 6 P.M. Topical Workshop on Politics and
Spirituality

Thursday November 17, 6 P.M. General Workshop on Lesbian Separatism

Workshops are open to all lesbians (who do not work in political groups with men). Lesbian Separatists interested in joining Fort Dyke are welcome.

T R I B A D



DOUBLE
or

PARTHENOGENETIC EGG

[Variations from motif
on UKRAINIAN PLATE, 4,500 BC]

TO BE SOLD TO AND SHARED BY LESBIANS ONLY

BIMONTHLY

More if you can
Less if you can't

50¢