

I'm Not For Women's Liberation... But
 Cartoons by Bülbül
 New Seed Press, P. O. Box 3016
 Stanford, Ca 94305 50¢

70 Soul Secrets of Sapphire
 Carolyn Jetter Greene, Sapphire
 Publishing Co., P. O. Box 15072
 San Francisco, Ca 94115 \$2.95 +35¢

No humor in the women's movement? Some Bay Area women have certainly proved that statement wrong with the publication of these two new cartoon books, by and about women. I'm Not For Women's Liberation... But is my idea of a cartoon book about women, our relations with men, with the society, and life in general. It hits me where I live, and I know that Bülbül and I have experienced many things in the same way. In this book she deals with consciousness raising situations, the kind of pictures that are worth a thousand words. A few examples:

70 Soul Secrets of Sapphire is a very different book, for it deals entirely with the ways Black women experience their lives. (This is, of course, very different from the experience of white women.) This book, with few words, goes a long way toward bridging the gap in understanding between Black and White women.

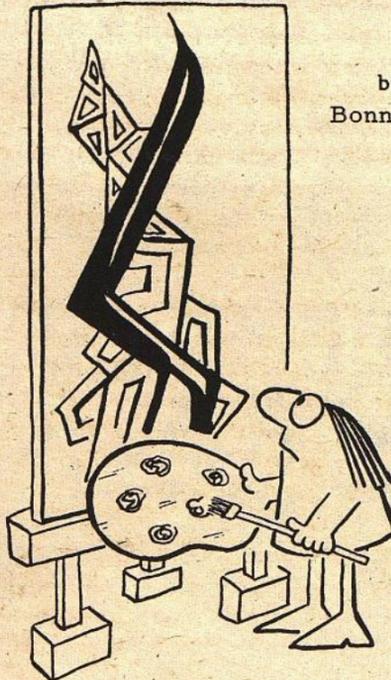
"Sapphire" is a jive name used to refer to a Black woman. In one sense it represents an insult. In quite another sense it refers to a collection of physical attributes, personality traits, mannerisms, feelings, attitudes, aspirations, and problems most peculiar to that unique group of super-women who have weathered well the storm of the Black Experience in America... She has survived thanks to a special set of adjustment techniques. She has survived with an unusual flair for living, loving, and 'making do.'"

The images in this book are of that woman.

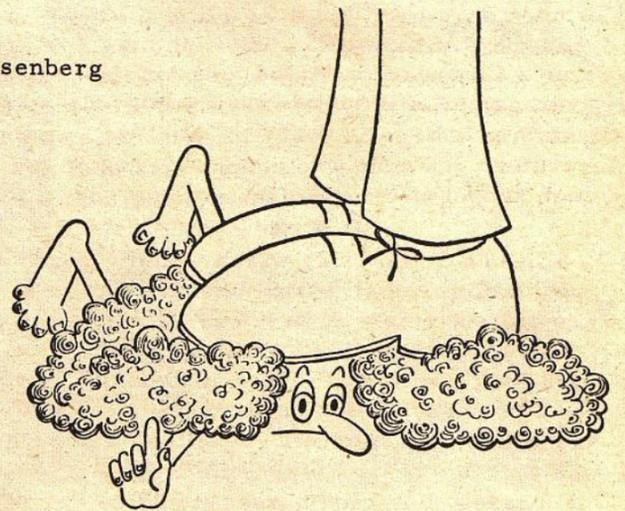
This is not a book of women's liberation, for the problem is not seen in that way. The concept of liberation is entirely subjective, depending on where you are coming from.

you women HAVE NO SENSE OF HUMOR

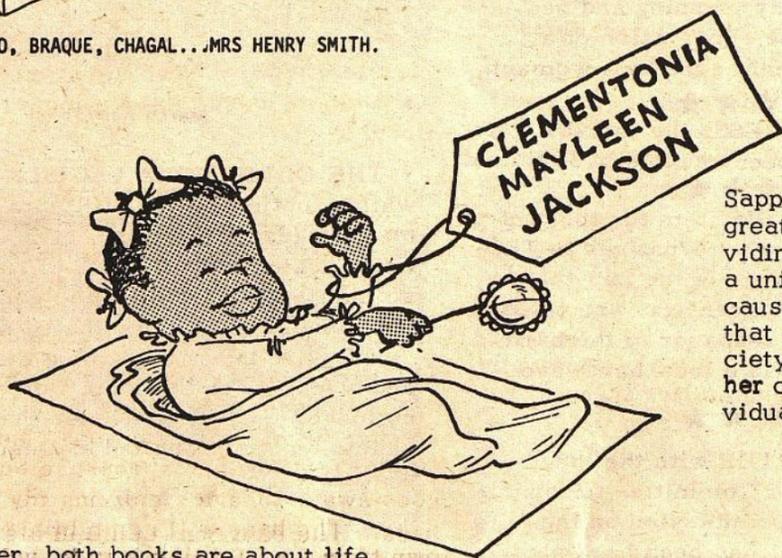
by
 Bonnie Eisenberg



PICASSO, BRAQUE, CHAGAL...MRS HENRY SMITH.



"I'm not for Women's Lib...but"



Sapphire — takes great care in providing her child with a unique name because she realizes that in a racist society it may be his or her only link to individuality.

However, both books are about life and being a woman, from the point of view of the women who put them together. Both are humorous, serious, and true.

Both books are available at the Women's Center library. ♀

Album
 Review

Joni Mitchell: 'Court and Spark'

Asylum
 5072

by Kristi Hein

There are some people, and I am one of them, to whom the music and poetry of Joni Mitchell are a basic necessity. With each new album I go through a flexible but familiar process. When I found "Court and Spark" out in the record shop I borrowed money to buy it and hurried it home. And there I was, once again trying to read all the new words and listen at the same time. Trying to chase the familiar patterns of her older songs out of my head to make way for the new and at the same time connect them. It took several listenings to begin to sort out the overload of sensation. Then I was called away--outside, to someone else's house--and those new tunes began to float up, in bits and pieces, singing through my ears till they drove me nuts and I had to play them again and put them all together.

I've heard people call her music too quirky and unpredictable; others have said her poetry's nice but all her music is the same! She writes more specifically of the fabric of her own life than any other composer I can think of, and she weaves it into the universal fabric of her audience, of women, of people.

Let me add that I don't like all her songs; although I admire certain features of all of them. In this album, "Free Man In Paris" and "People's Parties" don't really reach me. The

first is too much bare complaint, almost whiney, the music only average. When she sings "I deal in dreamers/ And telephone screamers/ Lately I wonder what I do it for," our sympathy isn't evoked as it was in her last album "For The Roses." In the title song we got a sense of the balance the artist/star must struggle for, between the inner poetic drive, and the outer clutter and insanity of fame and business games. "People's Parties" continues the same theme. It struggles but doesn't quite come off, being too rawly close to her real experience and removed from most of ours. But the tune has a nice, sad shifting pull--embodying the sense of weakness, the magnetic power of the crowded, empty star scene.

The opening song clarifies the album title; she tells of a man "Dancing up a river in the dark/ Looking for a woman/ To court and spark"; a compelling man who brings her his religious revelation. It's a good arrangement sung with deep feeling but, for me, leaves less impact than most of the other songs here.

"Help Me" is the most lightly melodious composition--a love song, filled with the apprehension of one who's been the route, and long ago lost the innocent delight of the beginner. She is both participant and spectator--playing the part, and trying still to shake both players out of the hurtful games.

"The Same Situation" has a lovely melody of somber and impassioned piano, with strings added at the last verse. Again, we are given a view of the newest lover: "You've had lots of lovely women/ Now you turn your gaze to me/ Weighing the beauty and the imperfections/ To see if I'm worthy." The combination of cynical experience and sentimental hope makes the song believable.

"Car on a Hill" is a perfect capsule statement of waiting, a flowing train of thought. "He said he'd be over three hours ago... It always seems so righteous at the start/ When there's so much laughter/ When there's so much spark." The easy rhythm, interrupted with a chorus like an anxious sigh, underlines the mood of half-impatience, half-resignation. This

Guitars

Amazing Grace Music
 111 Redhill Ave., San Anselmo
 456-0414

A JOURNAL OF CHANGE

by Susie Van Leuven

Each entry represents a new day, a new feeling state associated with that simple, but complex process called pregnancy, and its effects on a woman, her activities, feelings, and creativity in other areas.

11/6/72 to 10/25/73

I will attempt to write with a child, to try to do what I can without being caught in a trap, and also be able to express myself importantly. No idea how it will work. I am fascinated with the idea of a three inch child. I swallow all the good things about children, and pass by all the negative feelings I receive from others. They want to bring me down--and I refuse to alter my positive, optimistic outlook.

Funny how things change, by themselves sometimes, and at other moments we try to find the reasons but we can't. Like an ocean wave, change is slow to another rhythm and we really can't see how we got there at all.

Happy I can hike and hike and not get tired. Deer park was a lovely hike, not steep, easy, and the changes in the systems were marvelous. From the tops of knolls and rolling hills, -chapparral, to deep winding gullies with streams to hidden valleys with enormous trees and sunlight pouring from the sky. Lovely times and sandwiches when we wanted them, and apples, sweet and crunchy.

and in the morning I lie in bed and imagine a little girl or boy playing.

The baby has been kicking for almost a month now, maybe longer. I feel tiny movements all day long, sometimes a foot, often a hand, and at night, I can feel the whole body turning, and the head very hard.

Feeling the sound of light rain on the house, and I in the loft with a single solitary light. Within the very core of my body come tiny remembrances of life growing, now small, but there. The loveliest sounds are those bird songs of morning right outside my window, reminding me the day has begun.

Torrential rains have dropped more than five inches in two days, the stream roars with a passion, as the sounds of wildness and fog permeate the air. A land of mist, lights breaking through the trees to be dispersed by fog, and the perpetual noise of the stream.

Feeling pretty and large, face bright and clear, red colorful cheeks, and not an ounce of extra weight that could make me feel fat. While others look tired, colorless, puffy.

and I feel lousy. The baby is growing, but it seems to me to be a longer wait all the time.

grey days, drizzly days, and the beautiful blue sky days--sun comes strongly in the morning, spring will be here yet. Then we lie in the sun and get tan, and wonderfully healthy.

The baby can't be too far away now. At special peaceful moments I long to have strong, regular contractions, but I don't. Often I feel low back pressure but it goes away, though signifying my readiness. The baby will come in his or her own time, but I'd like it to be now. Oh well.

mood, this conflict, is indeed the prevailing theme of this album, this stage in her life. Call it maturity if you like; it's that looking back on choices made, whether freely or forced, and weighing them from the center point of the present, with the choices still to be made. Its closest examination comes in "Down To You", which shows us, again, the wordly lover, standing back to see the pattern, but painfully conscious of the worth, the guarantee still searched for. She observes,

"Everything comes and goes
Marked by lovers and
styles of clothes
Things that you held high
And told yourself were true
Lost or changing as the days
come down to you."

Down to you--yourself, not the lovers, the others. This is one of the songs that only she can sing--long, winding, but complete.

"Just Like This Train" has a delicious, slow chugging rhythm. The detachment of suspended travel time leads to a humorous, what-the-hell attitude. Here are sharp observations of people being people, and of a familiar, confused state of mind (or heart?) "Jealous lovin'll make you crazy/If you can't find your goodness/Cause you've lost your heart."

The song that could be my favorite as a song to hear, to move to, is "Raised on Robbery". It's perfect. What can I say? It moves and it's wry and tough--really like nothing she's done before and it sure works. The woman who's down but never out--

she'll cash in on the body game and outlast them all. This is one a lot of other musicians may try.

In contrast, the lyrics of "Trouble Child" are too obscure for any stranger to absorb the total message. But the slow, deep beat has the ebb and flow, the ominous tug of the tide.... "Trouble child/Breaking like the waves at Malibu."

Coming at the end, "Twisted" is such a surprise and a real treat on the first few hearings. It's the first song she's recorded that someone else composed, but she makes it her own, with perfect mocking inflections. Now that I've heard it a lot, it's beginning to irritate me a bit. The tone is so flip-pant and superior--the absurdity is what makes it palatable in the long run.

The whole album is marked by the fullest range of instruments and orchestration she has yet tried; with nearly complete success. This continues the steady trend through all her albums, from single acoustic guitar, to guitar and piano; adding percussion, and woodwinds, electric guitar, horns, and finally strings. She has a remarkable sense of the right musical production for each of her songs. With all the writer/performers making their music today, she remains unique, and all her recordings prove of lasting value as they form, step by step, a mirror of the passage of her life, and our own.

(Lyrics quoted all by Joni Mitchell, copyright 1973, Crazy Crow Music/BMI. All rights reserved.) ♀

I want to hike again, and feel my blood running fast through my limbs. To hike with our infant strapped happily to my chest, letting me feel its warmth. We have both come a long way already. Such a long way now, another week couldn't be too much longer, but still...

The little one is supposed to come "within the next few days" from last Monday, but I don't think so. Not too many contractions lately, but the baby kicks and pushes and makes it difficult for me to sleep on my right side. It must stick out its little feet there.

Alissa arrived naturally on this day at five minutes before noon after only three hours of hard labor. Giving birth was a difficult, ecstatic, incredible experience, and all three of us are happy we went through it together. The only problem now is getting used to a third demanding new member of our family, and we need to discover just who we are as parents.

Alissa beside me and Topi asleep. Spring seems to be here at last, and I feel an inner deep satisfaction. We are under the shade of the bay tree, the air fresh and clear.

The days go by so fast now. But the nights are long as Alissa likes to be fed sometimes every hour. I am still so tired. It's a very great change for me to be totally responsible for another human being--especially one so helpless and small. We've begun to get to know one another--and feel more comfortable now. My eyes are puffy, and I can feel my tiredness throughout my whole body. She's eleven days old today and we've gone through ten days already! Now we should know each other so well. She is so sweet and beautiful, I fall in love with her anew each time I nurse her. She loves being touched, her skin is so soft. A marvelous opportunity to re-awaken love and tenderness. I never knew I had so much warmth inside me. Thought I had lost it.

Now, it is late afternoon and I attempt to write. Thinking I am alone, but for the child, fussy, who fiddles on--chewing making noises. She doesn't let me rest. And I think of that time before birth when I wanted her so badly to be born. I dream: a peaceful drive in New England, sitting down with a cup of tea and a magazine, not wanting to be bothered. The floodgates of my soul have been opened and I find all I need is time...

the small, round face breaking into grins She is exploring the world's mysteries shapes, colors, sounds I rediscover. With this gift I find a new self within me. Someone who can love a screaming child. Her smile, worldly happiness, and her cry, so shrill, hurting, is all the world crying, weeping its sorrow like a rain.

I never knew the richness of having a child

before. ♀

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