

Avotcja Jiltonilro
1102 Francisco
Berkeley, Calif. 94702
12/2/72

Salud,

Sister Yuri, I must admit I was in a state of shock when I received your letter. I had been trying to reach you for some time. Anyway I'm glad we made contact. I'm doing the benefit tomorrow for Muhammad Ahmed, and I've offered whatever other help I can give at this late date. Thanks for remembering me ----- I'm glad I could do it.

How could I forget you? You really impressed me when we met. You are one of the few people I have met who is consistent & who seems to have gone beyond "the cultural nationalism stage". Were all in this mess together, & unless we get together and combat our mutual enemy together we'll all die together. Furthermore, we all have so many "Toms" that we don't have time for cultural superiority.

Anyway, I'm part of a collective out here called Third World Communications. We are a non-white (Red, Yellow, Brown & Black) group of professional media artists for the most part, who have pooled our finances & resources to produce our own books, video-tapes, films, etc. without having to go to whitey to beg for his permission to be published. We use our profits to train Brothers & Sisters who could otherwise not get such training to be professionals so they can get jobs in the various media, & hope that if we can get enough grass roots folk in there we might be able to change it somewhat if not altogether. We've had some success and some failures but we're still in there pushing. I'll send you some of our books when I can get some more manila envelopes.

I've been asking around about your friends, but no success in finding them just yet. And I intend to write the storefront next week.

Dig, please keep in touch. Also write me in the above name I've been divorced for 7 years. Take care my sistef, we'll see each other again soon I hope. Regards to your family.

Love,

Avotcja

Mrs. Yua Kogichima
545 W. 126th St #3B
New York City, N.Y.
10027

P.O. Box 1959
San Francisco
California, 94101

RD. WORLD
COMMUNICATIONS



AIRMAIL

THIRD WORLD COMMUNICATIONS, a San Francisco based publishing and distributing collective, consists of brothers and sisters from the Black, Raza, and Asian communities who have joined together to form a network of political and cultural works designed to meet the communication needs of our various Third World Communities.

TWC realizes that the lack of resources and funds for media development is a common problem to all Third World people. TWC proposes to pool the resources, materials and know-how of brothers and sisters from all the Third World communities; to distribute and publish our own publications; and serve the people through third world consciousness in the media.

THIRD WORLD COMMUNICATIONS has published and is presently distributing three books originating in the Asian and Raza communities:

PRIMEROS CANTOS/THIS SIDE AND OTHER THINGS (\$1.50)
By Roberto Vargas and Elias Hruska y Cortes; a two-sided book of "pocho" poetry, a combination of the Spanish and English language, is one of the first books to be written by and for la comunidad. Graphic art illustrations are by Rupert Garcia and poster art photos by Alejandro Stuart.

AION MAGAZINE (two editions @ \$1.25/issue) features political essays, poetry, fiction, graphics, and photo essays reflecting the thought & political consciousness of various international Asian struggles & of the Bay Area Asian communities.

On the following pages is an introduction to our forthcoming publication by Third World Women's Publication which will be available for purchase in the very near future. (P.O. Box 1959, S.F. for information)



for Pharoah & co.

I speak in colors

black/red/purple/blue/

green/orange/yellow

bein brown

I go with all shades

I am rainbow/light trippin/loud

motembi red

rhythm hues/sapphire blues

colors listening/all jinglin inside

beads/bells/wood clackin on wood/

gum poppin in time/rippin piano

forest vine spectrums of greens

orange on horn/orange on brown on black

sunburstin yellows firin up the universe

I am here smokin in colors, carryin on

silver on brown/wrists snappin on drums

chuuka pop chuuka pop chuuka pop chuuka pop

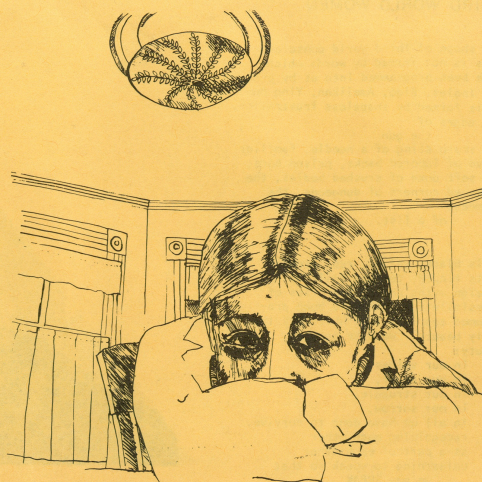
chuukapopchuukapopchuukapopchuukapopchuukapop

eyes flashin on livin / earthnotes slammin outta my

fingers/toes/knees/hips/arms/teeth

in red/pink/green/orange/yellowbrownblack

--Thulani Nkabinde



sometimes I feel very alone...

this is the next renaissance

rebirth since afrika

rebirth

restatement of what it is

what it is

since Afrika

see it in us

us plus & minus all the changes

let us conjure you up.

--Thulani Nkabinde

ON VALUES

the shadow of the rickshaw

rolled into the gape of night

a diamond splintered the ebony

i threw the brocaded salmon

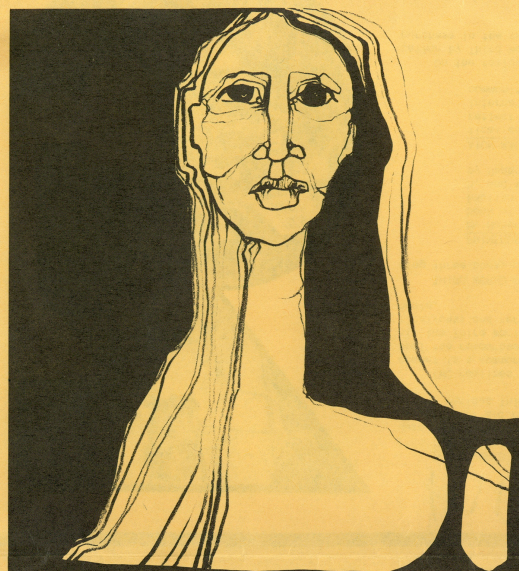
back into the wrinkled sea

come, give me your hand. . .

--Nanying Stella Wong

The THIRD WORLD SISTER'S PUBLICATION will be off the presses sometime in June. All those wishing information about the Third World Women's Publication, Third World Communications, or interesting in purchasing copies of the upcoming publication, please write to: Third World Women's Publications, P.O. Box 1959, San Francisco, California.

The drawing on this page is by Eileen Yee, the silk screen on the opposite page is by Consuelo Mendez, the etching on the front is by Diana Lin, and the photograph on the first page is by Avoteja. All are contributors to the Third World Women's Publication. All works are copyrighted.



"espera eterna: los ojos se me escapan..."

(The following excerpts have been taken from an essay by a Third World sister entitled "Pomegranate Breasts.")

Everytime I've gone looking for a job, I end up tired, crabby and depressed. I spend half my time just getting to a place, am handed this questionnaire which hints of the inquisition. After filling in the spaces accounting for my life since the time I was born, I am told, "Don't call us we'll call you." (Do they think I have an answering service?) I have learned from the ache and fatigue in my body at the end of the day, that jobs--even bad jobs--are hard to come by. Especially when, like myself, you are between the ages of 18 and 23, third world, female, and lacking the "womanly" skills which are marketable. Well-intentioned people offer condolences and advice--in the form of suggestions like, "Why don't I live with mommie and daddy, go to school, or get married." And so, looking realistically at the whole situation, I start through the want-ads again...

So I applied for a job as a topless dancer. That night, I started working...As a dancer, it was a whole new dimension of myself. From their

perverse warp, the customers worshipped the promises of my body. I, like most people, need to feel loved, and for women in this society, to feel loved, you must be beautiful. As far as myself being an exhibitionist, well, in this society a woman must show her wares: her face, her walk, and the cat-whistles are the approval of her womanhood. I felt that these men, as warped as they were, worshiped my body. Can you imagine what this does to an ugly duckling? I learned from their warped minds to see through the warp society had placed my mind in, that perhaps my body, all bodies were beautiful. It's sad, though, that in order to break through my own warp, through a warp that male executives created from Madison Avenue, from Montgomery Street, I had to place my body on a pedestal to be worshiped...

As a girl, it never occurred to me that my eyes, my bow legs, had any beauty in them. In fact, as I grew older, it became apparent that I was doomed to be flat-chested. I was convinced that I would never be a beauty, or that there was anything at all spectacular about me. I was consoled somewhat by the common knowledge that with make-up and nice clothes a woman can hide many flaws,

IN MEMORIAM
Augustine Polo Arroya
1896-1970

The death of you
has still not come
although your old body doesn't
fill the shabby spaces they allotted it.
I feel you with me
as I live my history
rubbing against love
sunlight to moonlight
flowers pushing up through your grave.
Memory is eternity.
Memory is an ancient dance.

--Nina Serrano

and a woman can be appealing. By no means, though, did I consider myself a spectacular beauty or particularly brilliant, charming, all those things a woman should be...

American society has repressed or perversely mutated the natural into neon signs. We live in a society where growing old is a symbol of one's failing, where being young, alive, beautiful, groovy is where it's at. Sex has been perverted to sell, sex is transformed by mass media control into a humiliating and dehumanizing machine. It is only natural that I, a baby of TV, of mass media violence and sex, feel the need to free myself from the psychology conditioned into me. I know the response to this article would be some wierd look, and a thought flash; "She's a topless dancer. No wonder she thinks like that. Me? I'm just a secretary for Bell Telephone. I just don't understand people like her. She's just one of those wild people."

But the whole thing is that they're both the same; it's just that being a topless dancer, one has to be up-front with oneself.

THIRD WORLD WOMEN

The shape of Third World consciousness is not formed by words which have been programmed into us by proper Ingles, Eigo, Amelikan, Ying Mun. It is formed by shapeless frustration, the edges of

the gun
the sharp sting of a needle, familiar curve of labored backs, prison bars, the soft ooze of crushed bodies, the darkened corners of dungeons, the firmness
of a fist.

It is black, yellow, red, brown-- roots ripped, tongues split by foreign myths and by histories of unassimilation. We have been programmed too long that white was the only beauty. We have our own beauty:

in our voices,
in our anger,
in our struggle,
in our sorrow,
in all we have done to survive.
recognizing each other
as a part of each other
unlearning to speak so that
we may SPEAK
to hear
to dance
to sing
to move with our own limbs & voices.

Third World Women's publication is about Third World Women. We have been unable to be heard, published, recognized by the machinery, the system, which because of its inherent discrimination against poor people--specifically people of color--has omitted the third world from its presses.

Third world women are publishing, editing, and printing our own publication to give voice to third world sisters. We think we have a lot to say. Four hundred years and all that have been

exploited
imported
prostituted
& murdered
but surviving stronger--
and dig it--
for real in between,

will be printed, photographed, painted, etched, sung...In other words--any printable material (poetry, graphics, short stories, songs, fiction, political essays, photos) by third world sisters IS THE THIRD WORLD WOMEN'S PUBLICATION.

Third World Women's Publication is part of Third World Communications, organized, created by, determined



A SOULFUL SISTER

I am all the chants of Africa
I am the black light of Harlem
I am chitterlin's and corn bread
I am a star, a queen from Mississippi
I am that big mouthed bitch next door
THAT'S RIGHT!!

I am your Mama, your sister, and your lover
I am a one hundred and twenty-fifth street whore,
--and still a church goer

I am fat sometimes, but mostly beautiful
I am a Leo Lady, wild as the wildest night bird
I am the warmest warmth

And my breasts don't call you nigger!!!
I am the one you did IT to in a thousand hallways
I am the re-incarnation of Cleopatra
I am the only one that ever heard your crying---and cared
I am a nappy head, and funky armpits
I am a lover, liar, angel, and fighter
I am a woman!!!

Avotcja

by, for, third world people to print, publish, and distribute books, magazines, and other printable material of third world people. For information write to P.O. Box 1959, San Francisco, California.

--Janice Mirikitani

THIRD WORLD COMMUNICATION ANNOUNCES
2 BENEFITS:

MAY 5--Glide Church: Poetry, light/slide show, Ating Tao Theatre Group, music. 7:30 p.m. Benefit for International Hotel & 3rd World Comm.

June 2--Dance. The Village. Benefit for Third World Comm. Bands. 8:00 p.m.