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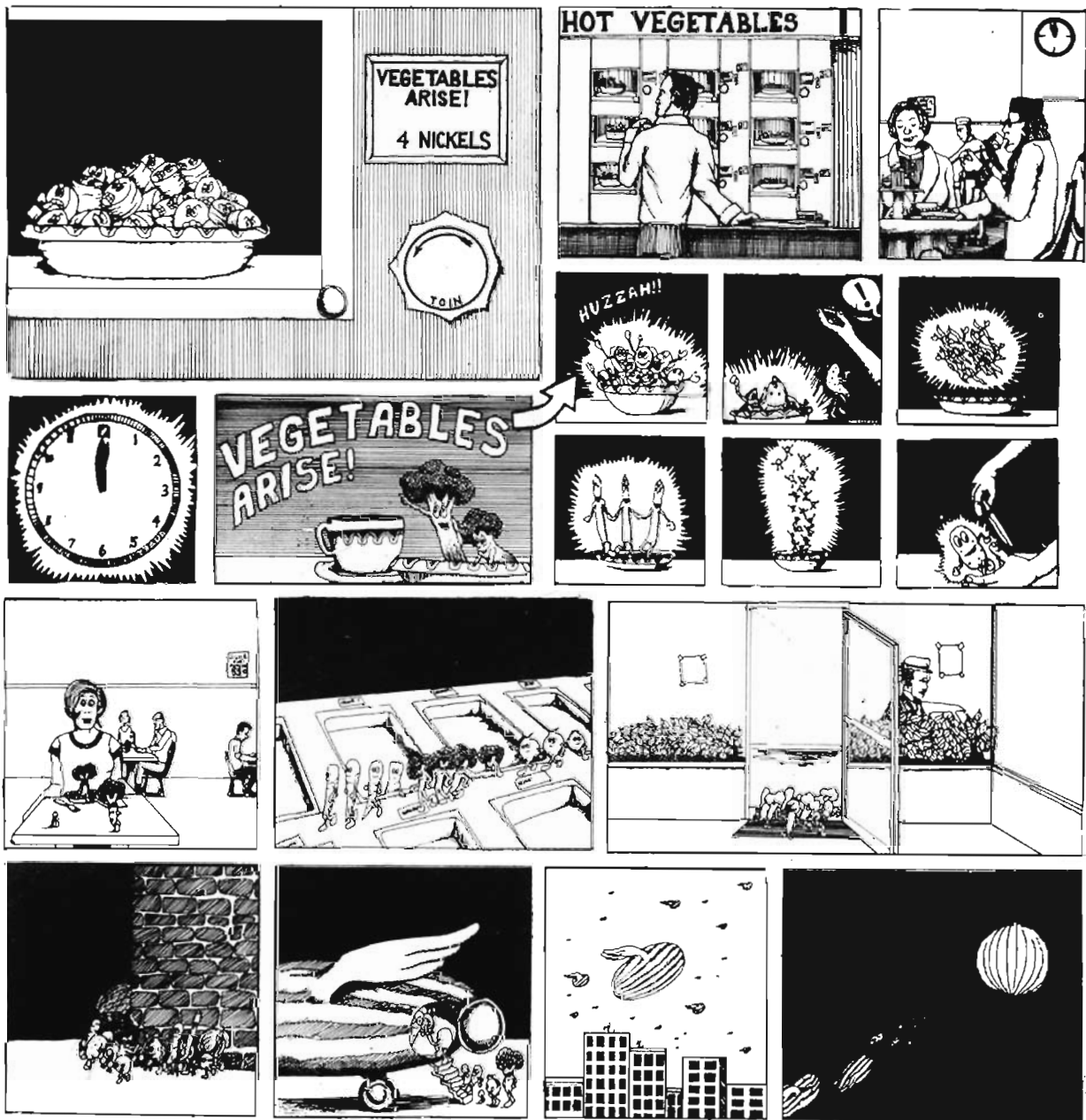


IT AINT ME BABE

WOMENS
LIBERATION

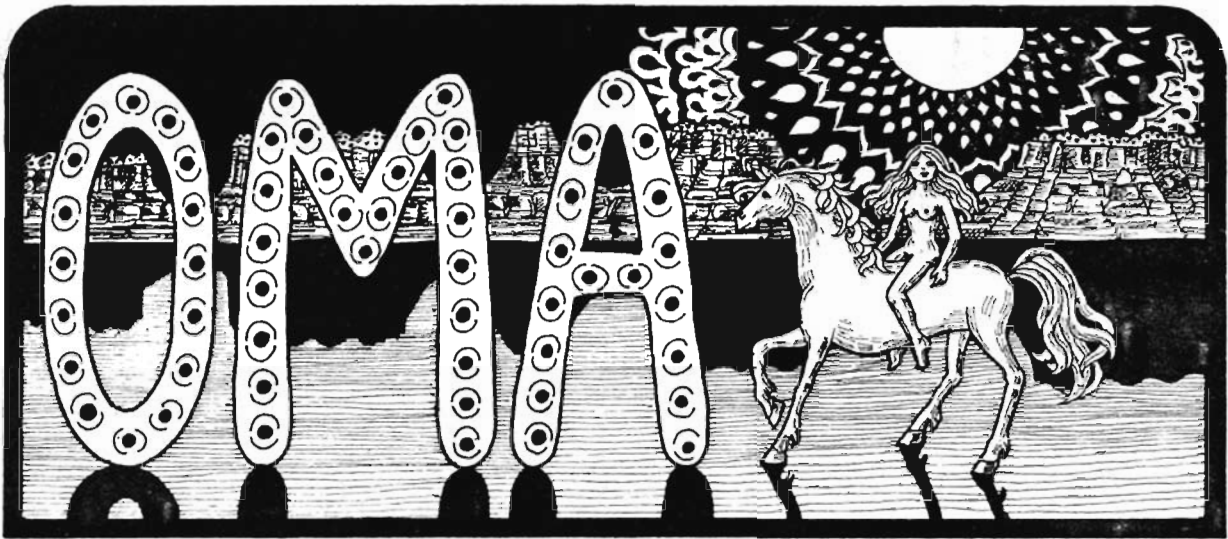


Trina



Meredith Kurtzman

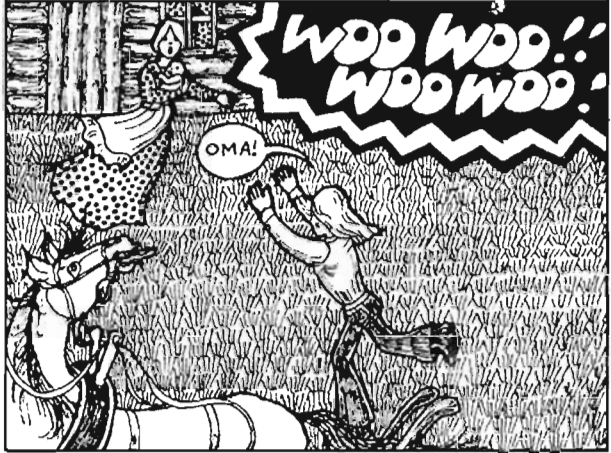
IT AINT ME BABE COMIX © JULY 1970 BY TRINA, LISA LYONS, CAROLE, MICHELE, WILLIE MENDES, MEREDITH KURTZMAN, AND HURRICANE NANCY, IS A LAST GASP ECOFUNNIES PUBLICATION. CONCEIVED BY THE WOMEN'S LIBERATION BASEMENT PRESS. ALL RIGHTS RESERVED. ANY RIPPING OFF WILL BE DEALT WITH SWIFTLY. LIMITED REPRODUCTION RIGHTS MAY BE GRANTED BY WRITING THE PUBLISHER AT 15 SHATTUCK SQUARE, BERKELEY 94704, CALIFORNIA. ANY RESEMBLANCE TO CHAUVENIST COMIC CHARACTERS LIVING OR DEAD IS STRICTLY ADMITTED.



Our story begins on a little Pioneer homestead. The scene is a happy one.

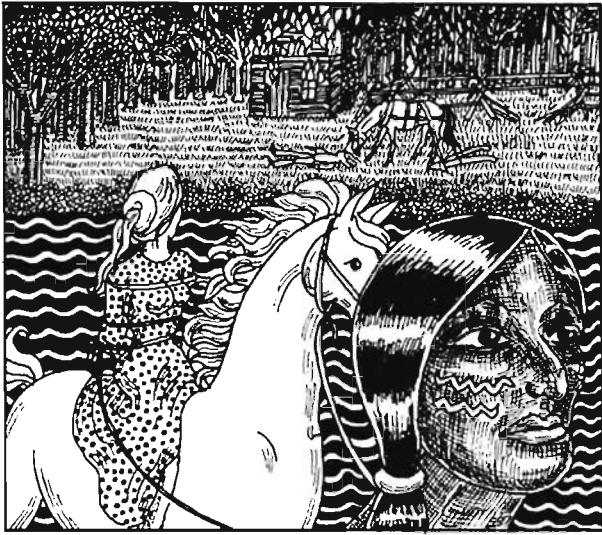


But suddenly the tranquility is shattered by piercing war whoops!



The Indians rode up and grabbed the baby. What they did to it is best not pictured.





When they reached the Great Desert the Indians unbound and abandoned Oma



The only thing to do was wander on. Oma and the horse ate mesquite pods.

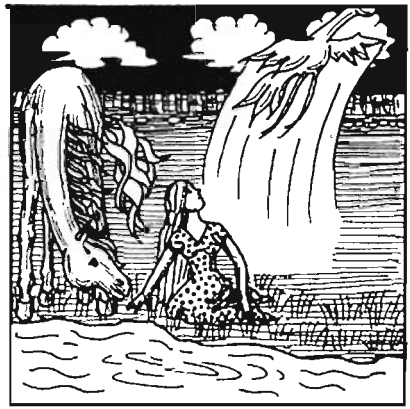


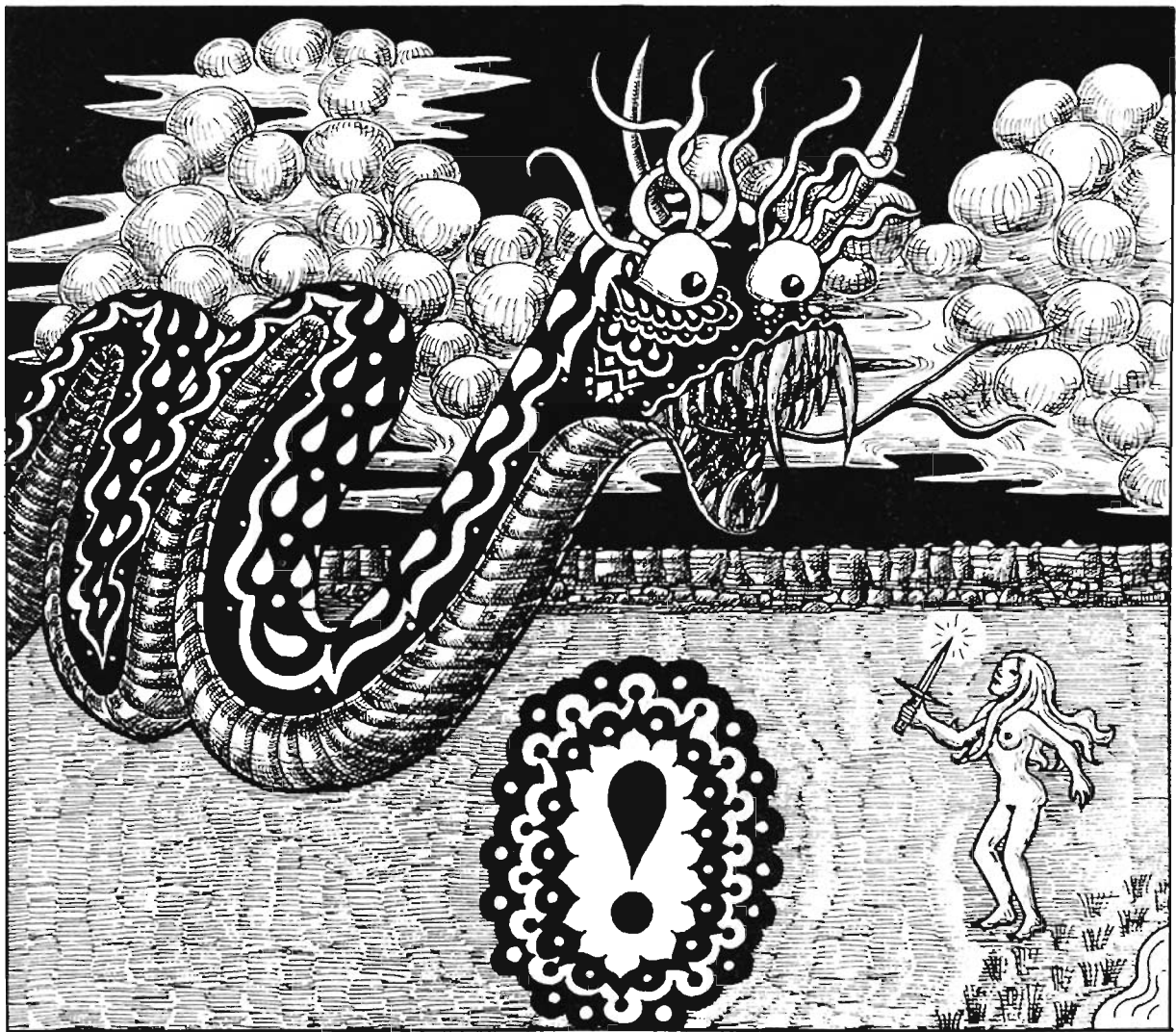
Three days later



This bird is still alive!



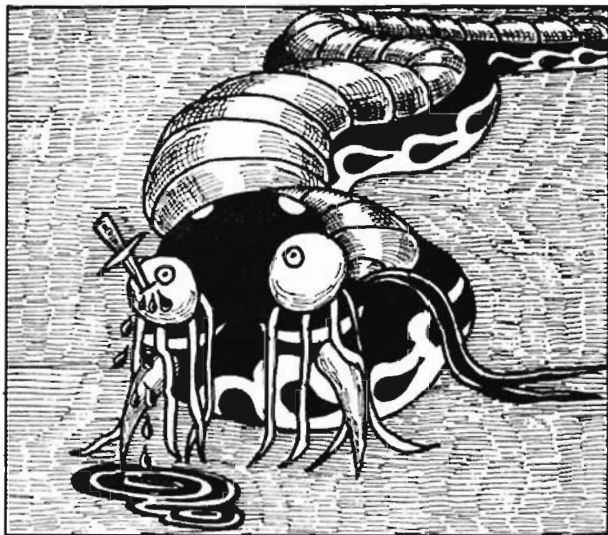






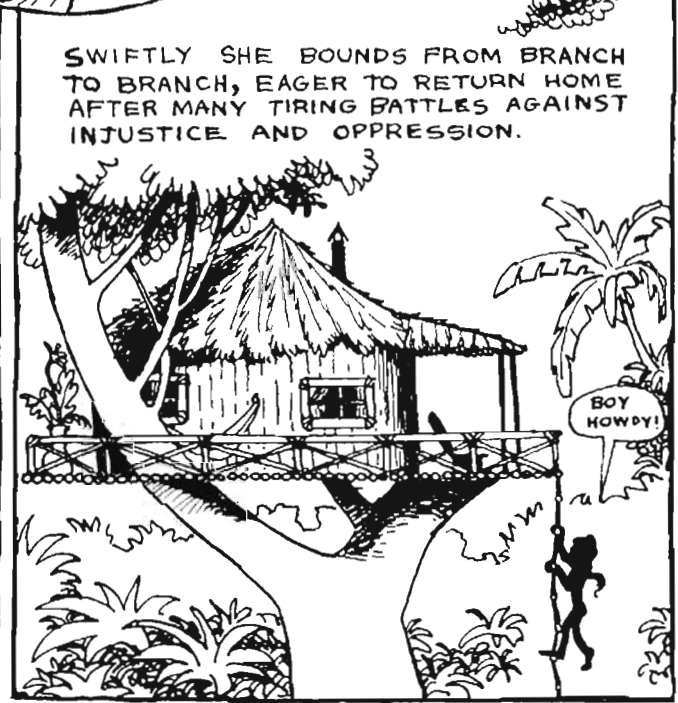
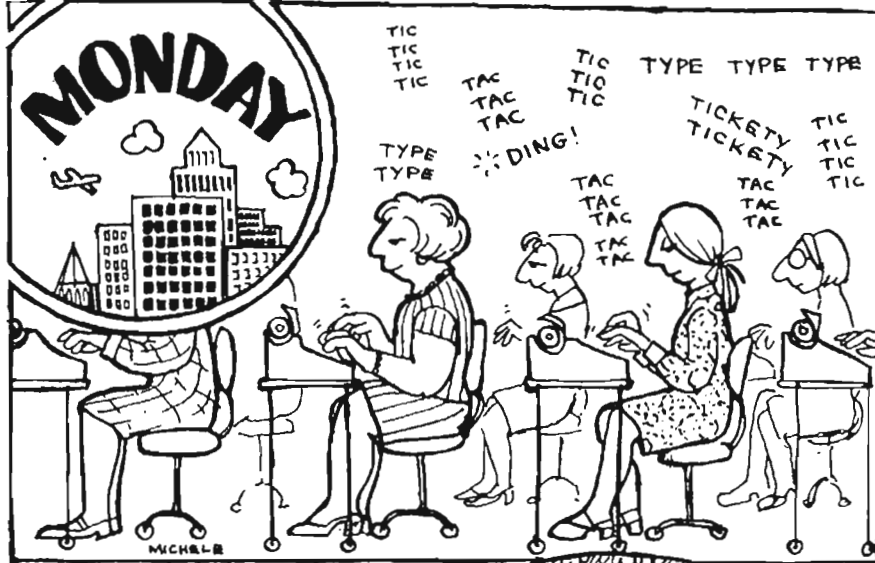
OH NO!

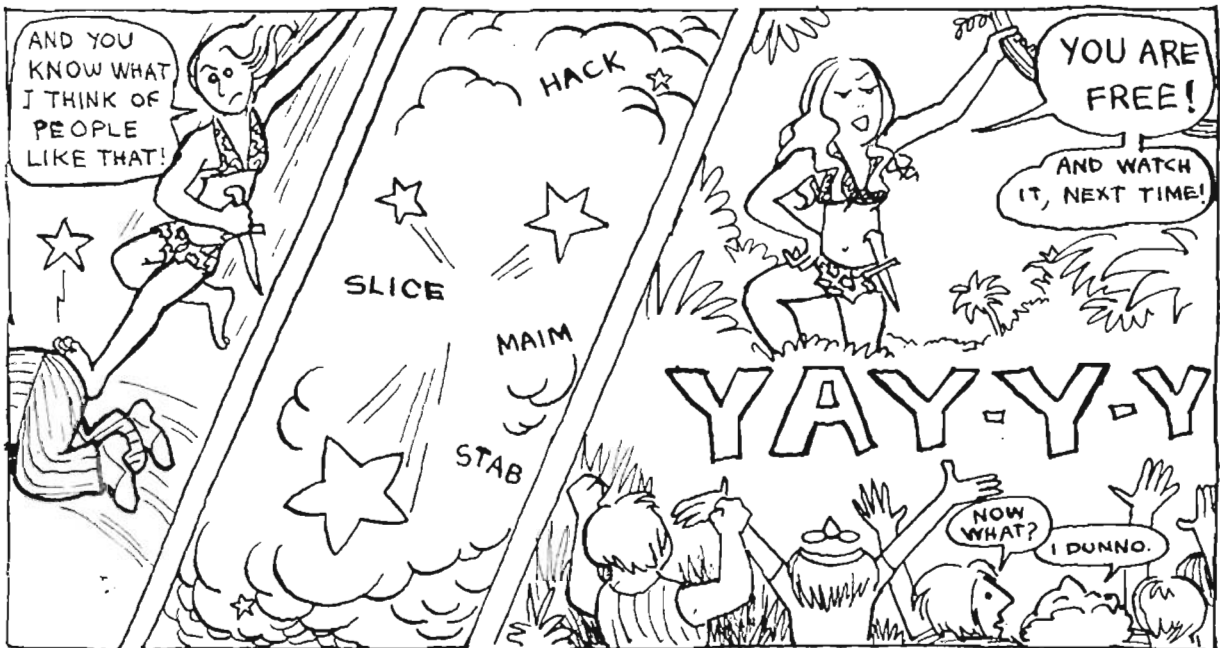
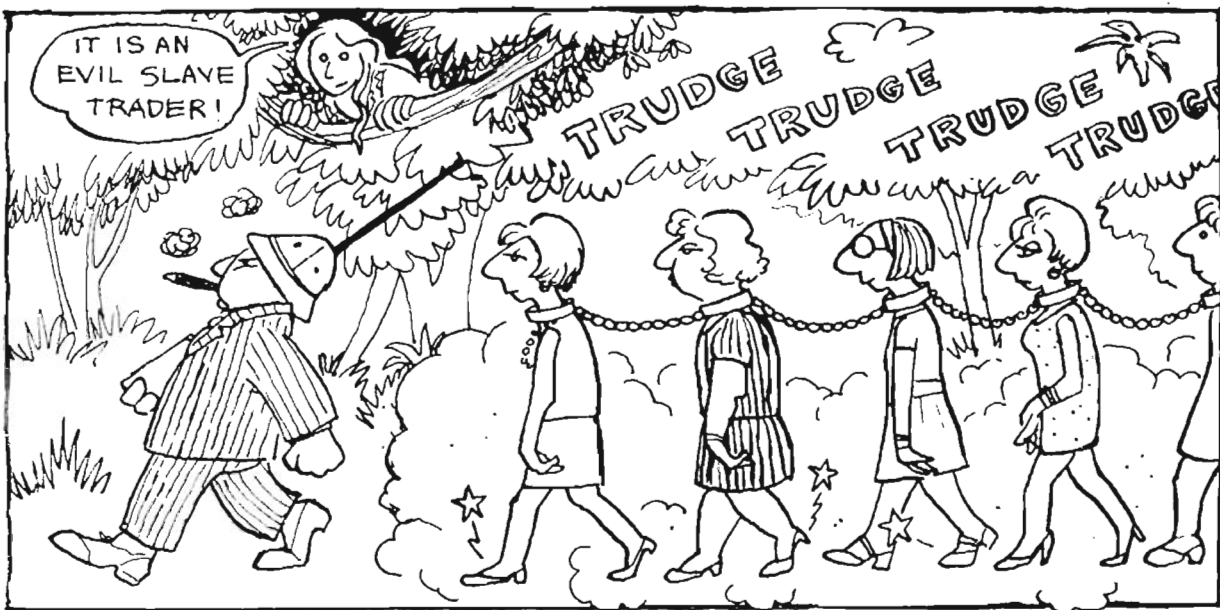
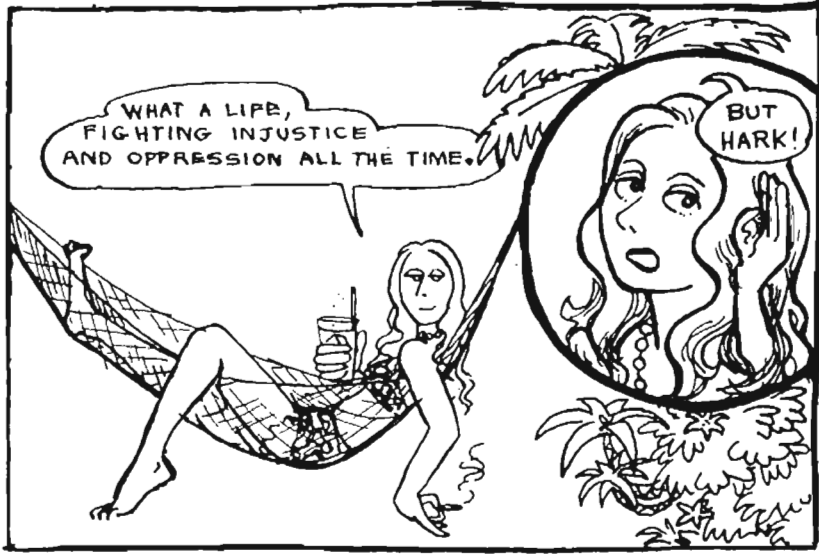
Death will come through his evil eye!

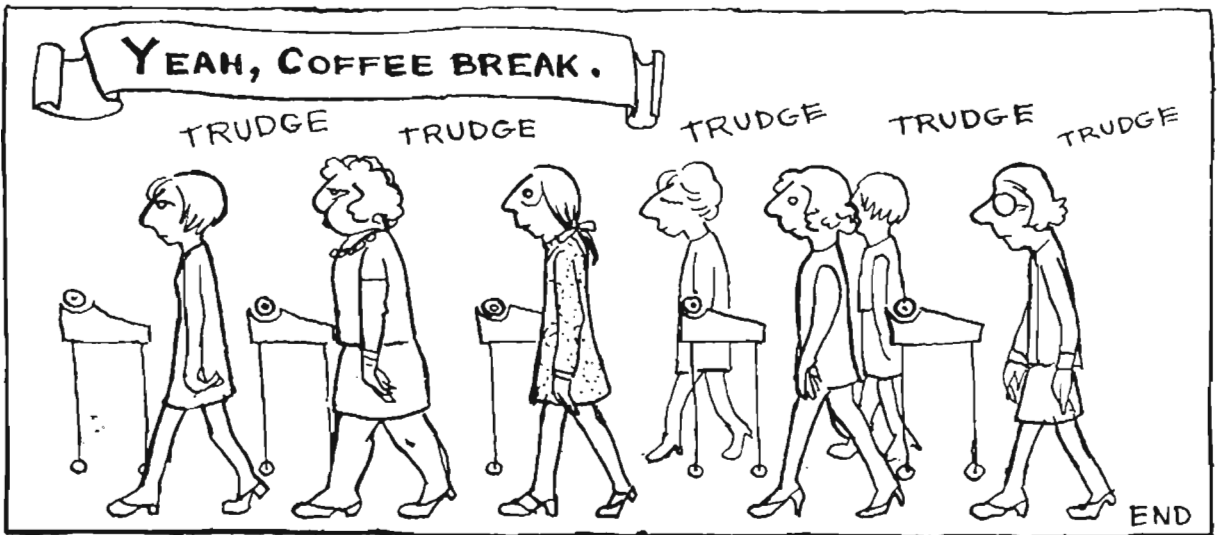
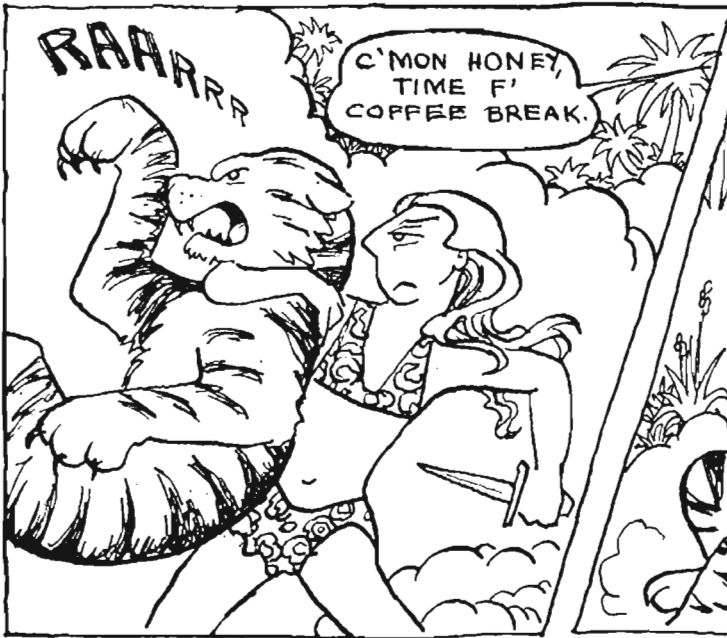




MICHAEL





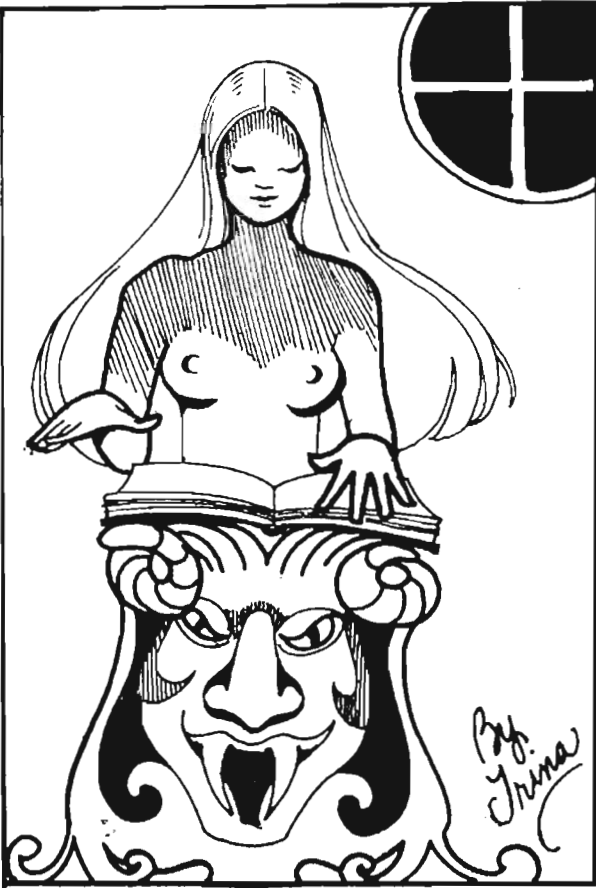
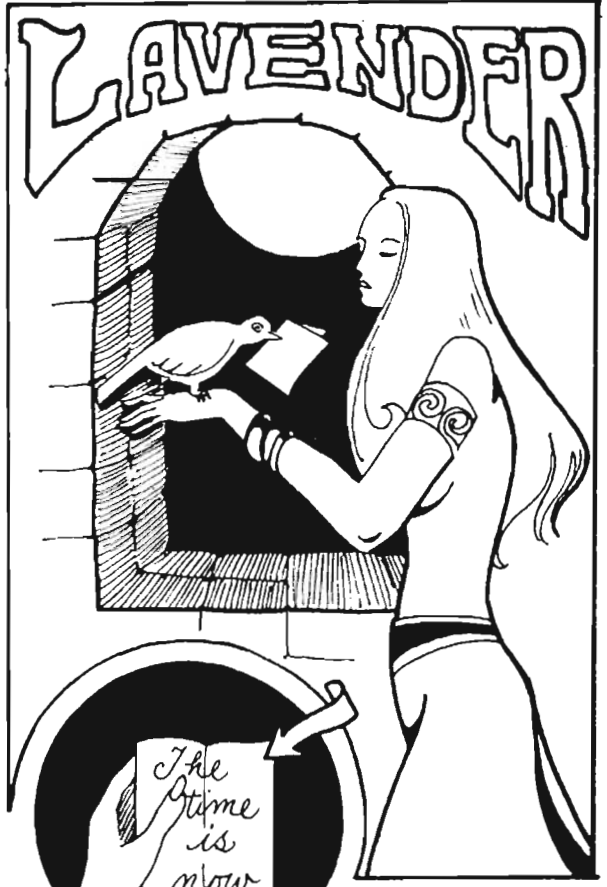




THE CASTLE STANDS
IN A LAND CALLED
TIME-FORGOT ...



OF COURSE
THEREIN DWELLS
A SORCERESS...
HER NAME?



SINCE LAST WE MET I HAVE PRANGED THROUGH THE JUNGLE WITH THE UNICORN, BATHING IN HIDDEN POOLS..



ONCE MY FRIEND THE EAGLE TOOK ME ON HIS BACK AND I SAW THE MOUNTAINS FROM 10 MILES UP,..

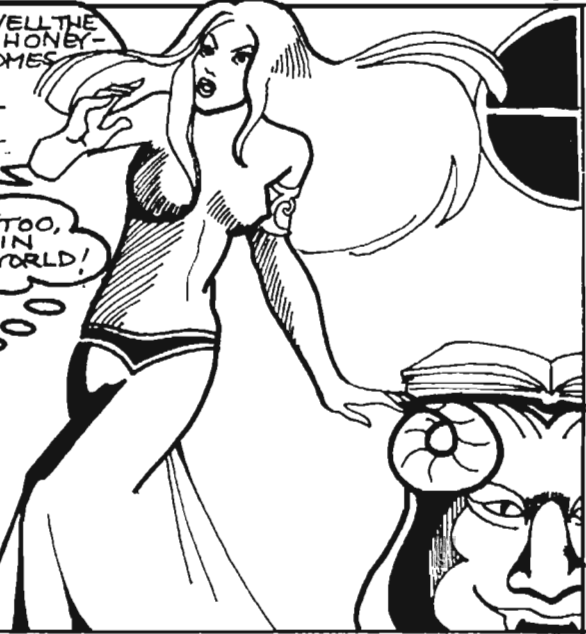


...AND I HAVE SEEN ROHAN THE GREAT ON HIS WAY TO YOUR CASTLE!



ROHAN! I KNOW WELL THE STEEL BEHIND HIS HONEYED TONGUE! HE COMES FOR THE BOOK — THE BOOK OF ALL THINGS TO GAIN MASTERY OF THE WORLD!

THE BOOK OF ALL THINGS IS IT? I, TOO, SHOULD LIKE TO GAIN MASTERY OF THE WORLD!



AND YET IT IS LONG SINCE A MAN TROD THESE HALLS.. AND ROHAN HAS LONG LEGS..



HEAR YOU THOSE TRUMPETS? ROHAN COMES, AND I SHALL PREPARE FOR HIM! THEN WE'LL SEE WHO BE— WITCHES WHO, EH, NATASHA THE SPHINX?



...INTERESTING!

MY LADY LAVENDER,
ROHAN IS HERE!
IT IS NOT LIKE YOU
TO HIDE FROM ME!

I DO NOT
HIDE,
ROHAN!

WELCOME TO MY
CASTLE! HAS IT BEEN
A CENTURY OR ONLY 80
YEARS? ARE YOUR
ARMS STILL AS
STRONG?

A YE, TRULY
ARE YOU CALLED
ROHAN THE
GREAT!

...AND ARE
THEY STILL AS
STRONG, MY
LADY?

I COULD
WISH NO
HARM TO
ONE SO
LOVELY!
LET US
DRINK
TO LOVE!

...PER-
HAPS TO
ANOTHER
CENTURY
OF LOVE,
ROHAN!

MEANWHILE ...

A CAT, TOO,
MAY
LOOK
AT A
BOOK!

SHE SLEEPS... I DRUGGED
HER POTION! SHE DRUGGED
MINE, TOO, BUT I DRANK IT
NOT... WHAT? THE BOOK
IS GONE!
ALL FOR
NAUGHT!



MORNING-BAH!
ROHAN IS GONE
WITH THE BOOK!

NOT SO, MY
LADY
LAVENDER!

NATASHA THE SPH-
INX? BUT WHY DO
YOU RETURN IT?

I TOOK THE
BOOK, AND I
RETURN IT!

WE WOMEN MUST
STICK TOGETHER ...
BESIDES, I CAN'T
READ...

BUT MY JUNGLE
CALLS AND I
MUST GO...

SHARE A LAST GLASS
OF WINE WITH ME
SISTER! THIS ONE
IS NOT DRUGGED!

I AM CURIOUS, LAVENDER!
YOU SEEM TO HAVE
KNOWN THIS ROHAN
OF OLD ... ?

AYE, 2 CENTURIES
AGO I WAS WED TO THE
ROGUE ... BUT ENOUGH
OF THAT, MY CURIOUS
CAT, AND A TOAST TO
SISTERHOOD!



A FLOWER FABLE

*Lisa
Lyons*

ONCE THERE WERE TWO GARDENS...

THE FIRST WAS A
TINY, MEAGER
GARDEN.



IT BELONGED
TO A VERY
OLD, VERY
POOR LADY
WHO LIVED
IN THE
HEART OF
THE GHETTO.

THE OTHER WAS A BEAUTIFUL
OCEANSIDE GARDEN. IT WAS
VERY LARGE, AND BELONGED
TO A VERY RICH OLD LADY.



THE RICH OLD LADY'S GARDEN WAS LAVISHLY MULCHED AND FERTILIZED. IT WAS FILLED WITH THE MOST EXOTIC AND BEAUTIFUL FLOWERS MONEY COULD BUY.

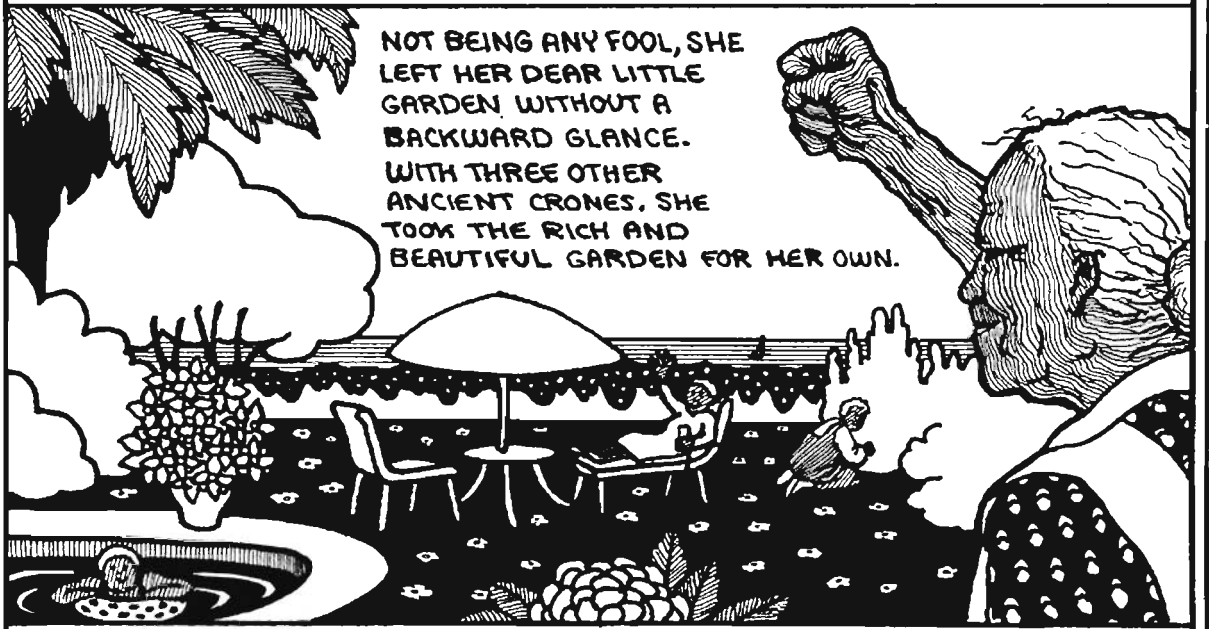


WHILE THE POOR OLD LADY'S GARDEN WAS FILLED MOSTLY WITH ROCKS AND CEMENT. THE NASTERSIUMS AND OTHER HUMBLE FLOWERS THAT GREW THERE NEEDED ALL HER CARE AND ATTENTION.



WHEN THE REVOLUTION CAME, THE POOR OLD LADY WAS TOLD SHE COULD HAVE ANYTHING IN THE WORLD SHE WANTED.

NOT BEING ANY FOOL, SHE LEFT HER DEAR LITTLE GARDEN WITHOUT A BACKWARD GLANCE. WITH THREE OTHER ANCIENT CRONES, SHE TOOK THE RICH AND BEAUTIFUL GARDEN FOR HER OWN.



MORAL: BEAUTY MAY BE IN THE EYE OF THE BEHOLDER, BUT GARDENERS HAVE PRETTY SHARP EYES.





Breaking Out

by the IT AIN'T ME BABE
BASEMENT COLLECTIVE
ARTWORK BY CAROLE

A SUNNY AFTERNOON JUST LIKE THE
30,000 OTHER AFTERNOONS IN LULLY'S
LIFE (1970)



MEANWHILE JULIET JONES.....



AND AT RIVERDALE HIGH SCHOOL BETTY AND VERONICA ARE STILL AT IT.



SUDDENLY.....



IN SUPERMAN'S ARCTIC FORTRESS SUPERGIRL IS TOWING THE SAME OLD LINE....



NO SUPERGIRL! I'M GOING TO THE PLANET XERON ALONE. YOU'LL STAY HERE ON EARTH FOR YOUR OWN SAFETY!

SHORTLY....

THIS IS THE LAST TIME YOU'RE GOING TO GET AWAY WITH THIS, SUPERMAN. I'M TIRED OF BEING BOSSED AROUND. OUR PARTNERSHIP IS OVER !!!



ELSEWHERE PETUNIA PIG EXCITEDLY GREET'S PORKY AS HE COMES HOME FROM THE OFFICE

HI DEAR! I SPENT SUCH A NICE AFTERNOON WITH DAISSY DUCK. WE WENT TO THE—

I'M T-T-TIRED AND HUNGRY P-P-PETUNIA. I DON'T WANT TO HEAR ABOUT YOUR DUMB DUCK FRIEND! WHEN'S DINNER?



HA! COOK YOUR OWN DINNER PORKY. I'M SPJITTING! THAT WAS THE LAST STRAW. I'M GOING TO MAKE A NEW LIFE FOR MYSELF. GOODBYE !!



WITCH HAZEL IS PLOTTING..

HA! HA! HA! HA! HA!!! FEMINIST REBELJON IS CREEPING ALL OVER THE EARTH !!! (CACKLE !!)



UPROOTED SISTERS GATHER TOGETHER



NOW I SEE HOW I'VE BEEN KEPT POWERLESS ALL THESE YEARS. BEING MARRIED TO PORKY KEPT ME ISOLATED FROM OTHER WOMEN. HE WAS ABLE TO TOTALLY DEFINE MY REALITY.

CACKLE!
CACKLE!

OH RONNIE! ARCHIE KEPT US APART ALL THESE YEARS. WE'VE BEEN SEEING EACH OTHER JUST AS RIVALS. ARCHIE HAS TAKEN ADVANTAGE OF BOTH OF US.

I DON'T HAVE TO ALWAYS JOIN THE BOYS. I'M JUST AS GOOD A PERSON AS THEY ARE. I WANT TO DO MY OWN THING TOO!

ME TOO!

I'VE ALWAYS FELT I WAS BETTER THAN OTHER WOMEN BECAUSE OF MY SUPER POWERS AND ALWAYS PREFERRED THE COMPANY OF MEN. HOW I WAS KIDDING MYSELF! MEN HAVE NEVER THOUGHT OF ME AS AN EQUAL.

INTO SMALL GROUPS NOT UNLIKE WITCH COVENS OF OLD.



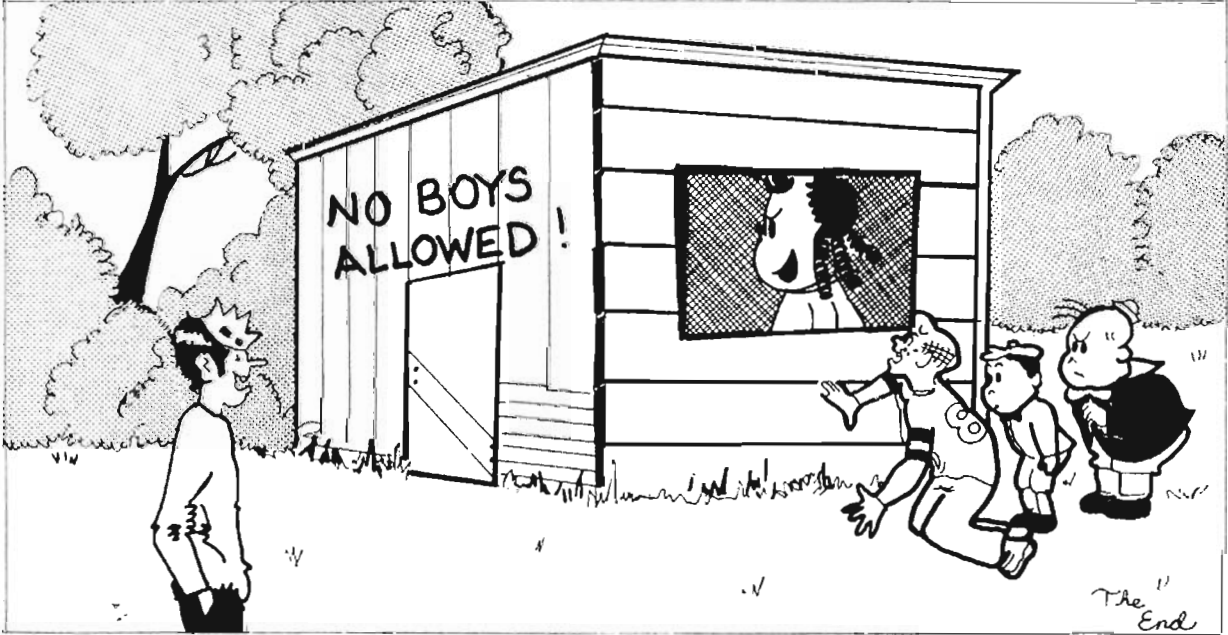
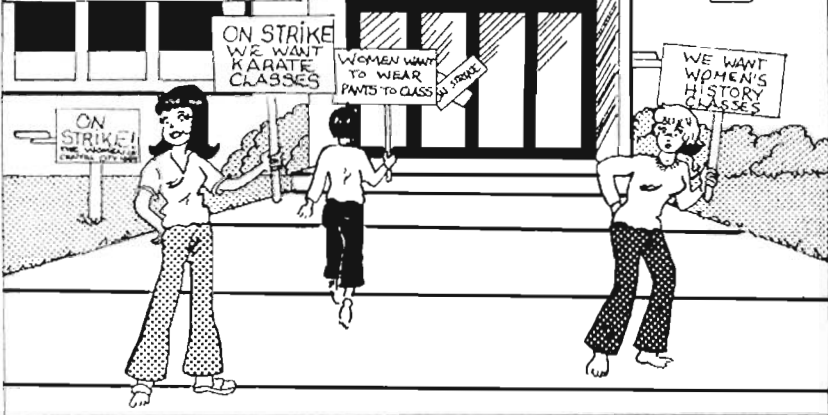
YOU THINK YOUR BOY-FRIEND'S A PIG!!

BETTY I DIDN'T THINK I COULD TALK THIS OPENLY TO ANOTHER PERSON!

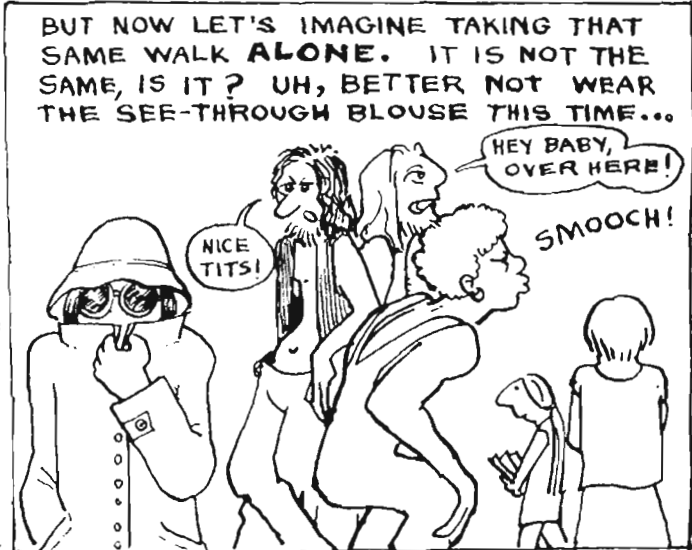
SHARED TALES OF OUTRAGE PRODUCE A BURNING REACTION.

AND NOW THE ACTION BEGINS...

CENTRAL CITY HIGH



TIRADE FUNNIES



WE MUST DIG ALL THAT ATTENTION, OR WHY WOULD WE BE OUT ON THE STREETS IN THE FIRST PLACE?

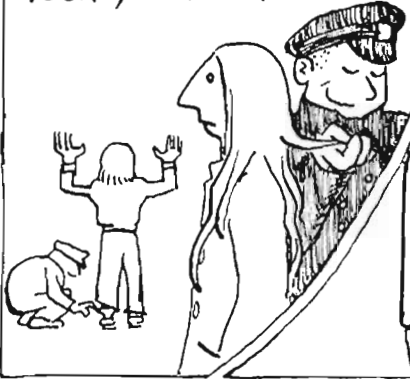


IF YOU DON'T LIKE IT, YOU CAN ALWAYS STAY HOME.



(IN FACT, THERE ARE EVEN THOSE WHO WOULD PREFER IT IF YOU DID.)

BUT WHY BE SO NEGATIVE, FOR HEAVEN'S SAKE? WHY NOT LOOK AT THE GOOD SIDE OF BEING A GIRL? FOR INSTANCE, IF THE COPS SHOULD HAPPEN TO BUST YOUR OLD MAN FOR POSSESSION OF LONG HAIR, THEY DON'T SEEM TO MIND YOURS, DO THEY?



AND WHEN YOU GO TO A PARTY ALL YOU HAVE TO DO IS STAND THERE AND THE FELLAS COME RUNNING.



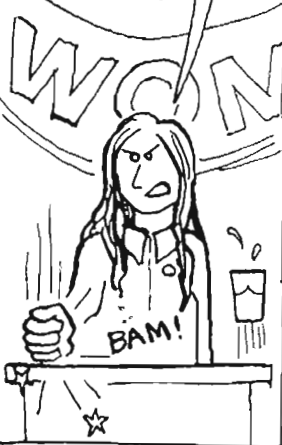
... RUNNING INTO EACH OTHER, THAT IS.

BEAT IT, I WAS HERE FIRST!

HEY YOU GUYS, SHE'S MINE!



DAMN IT, WHAT DO THEY THINK WE ARE, ANYWAY?



WHAT'S THE MATTER, YOU DON'T LIKE SEX?
WANNA BE IN A STAG FILM I'M MAKING?
BLACK BABIES, THASS WHAT YOU REALLY WANTS!
HERE, HAVE A DRINK AND LET'S SPLIT TO MY PLACE!
HERE'S A POEM I JUST WROTE ABOUT YOUR THIGHS.

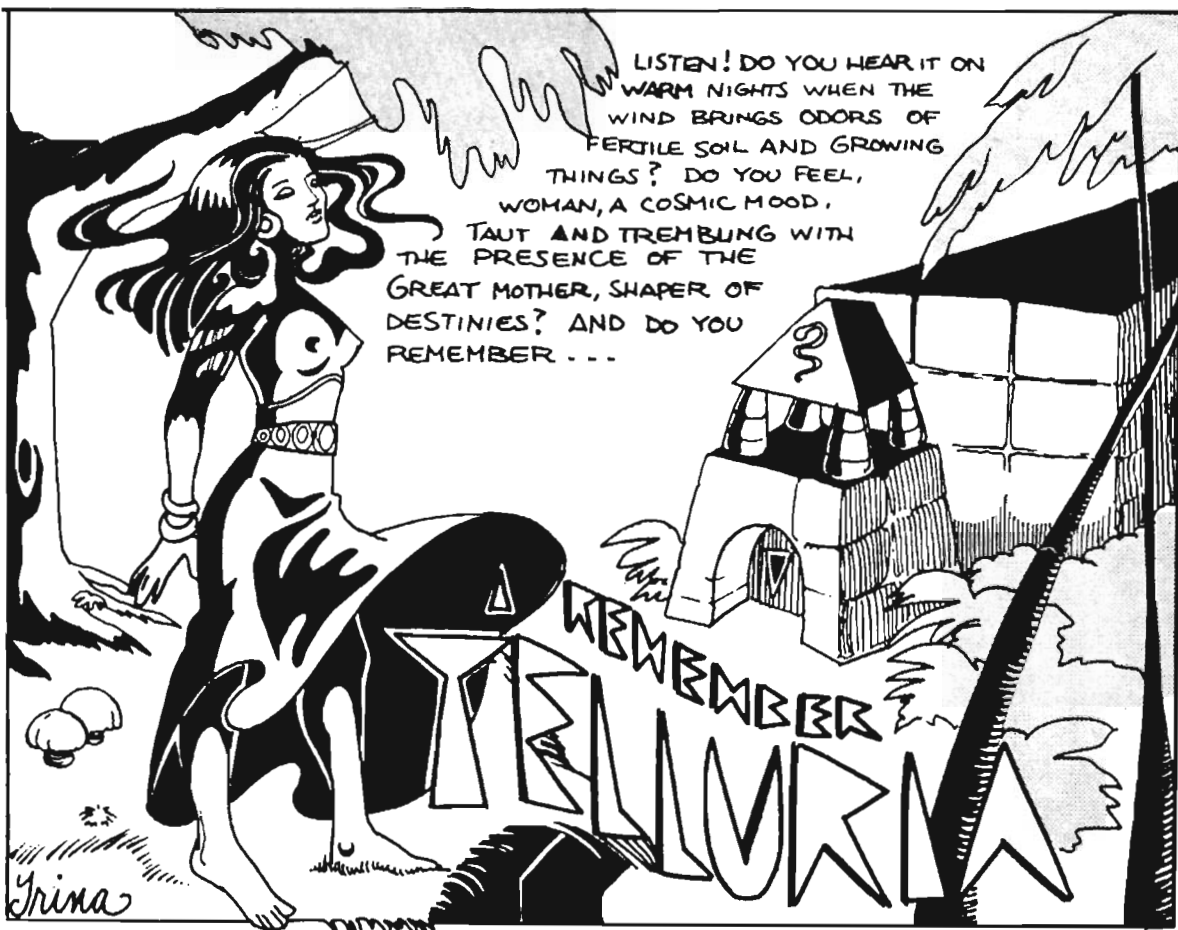


SEE WHAT I MEAN?
JEEZUS!

BUT AAAH WHAT'S THE USE?



END



LISTEN! DO YOU HEAR IT ON
 WARM NIGHTS WHEN THE
 WIND BRINGS ODORS OF
 FERTILE SOIL AND GROWING
 THINGS? DO YOU FEEL,
 WOMAN, A COSMIC MOOD,
 TAUT AND TREMBLING WITH
 THE PRESENCE OF THE
 GREAT MOTHER, SHAPER OF
 DESTINIES? AND DO YOU
 REMEMBER ...

MY NAME WAS MAIA AND I SERVED AS
 HANDMAIDEN TO THE HIGH PRIESTESS
 IN THE TEMPLE OF MA MATA THE GREAT
 MOTHER, BEATING HEART OF THE
 EARTH ...



DAYTIMES SHE INSTRUCTED ME IN THE
 MYSTERIES OF THE GREAT MOTHER ...

EBB AND TIDE, WAXING AND WANING,
 FERMENTATION OF THE WINES, PHOS-
 PHORESCENCE, DECOMPOSITION OF
 THE FLESH, EASY BIRTHS ARE
 DUE TO HER ...



BUT I SPENT THOSE WARM
TELLURIAN NIGHTS BENEATH THE
MOON WITH MY LOVER REB...



WE WERE ENCOURAGED TO HAVE MANY
LOVERS FOR THE GREAT MOTHER SPECIAL
THIS GOOD BUT REB HAD BEEN FEAST
SINCE OUR MEETING AT THE HARVEST



SPRING AND THE TIME OF THE GREAT
FESTIVAL OF MAMATA AT EACH
TIME OF PLANTING PYTHIA THE HIGH
PRIESTESS AS MORTAL EMBODIMENT OF
THE GREAT MOTHER, TOOK A MATE...

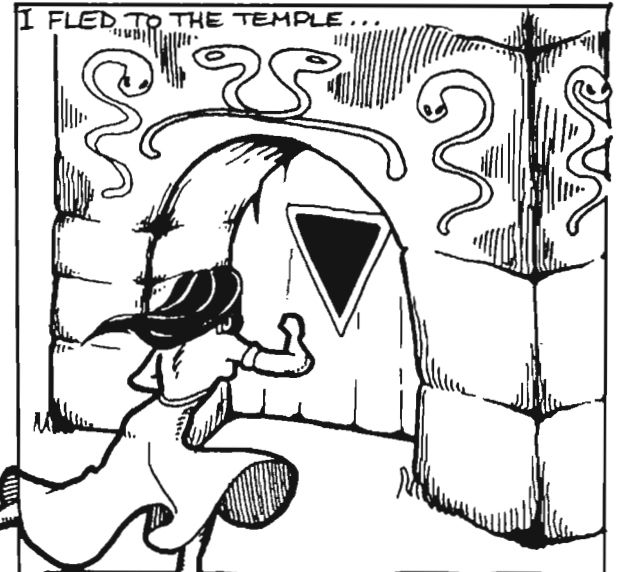
AFTER ONE DAY AND ONE NIGHT OF CELE
BRATION THERE WOULD BE A DIFFERENT
KIND OF SHOW...THE CHOSEN MATE OF
MA MATA WAS TO BE SEEN ON A VAST
BED OF PRECIOUS WOODS WHICH WAS SET
AFIRE...

EVERY YEAR, THE
MOST BEAUTIFUL
YOUTH IS SELECTED
FOR HER. A LUXURIANT
FIGURE, HIS FACE
PAINTED WITH PSIMYTHION,
ADORNED WITH GOLDEN
BRACELETS, DRESSED
IN GARMENTS OF SCARLET,
HIS HAND CLUTCHING A
GOLDEN CUP AND SITTING
UNDER A PURPLE CANOPY.
THIS IS HE EXHIBITED TO
THE PEOPLE.



AN IMMENSE PILLAR OF FIRE ROSE TOWARD
THE SKIES AND FLOODED TELLURIA WITH
SMOKE AND FRAGRANCE AS THE SOUL OF
THE CHOSEN ONE ROSE TO UNITE WITH
MAMATA IN CELESTIAL REBIRTH...







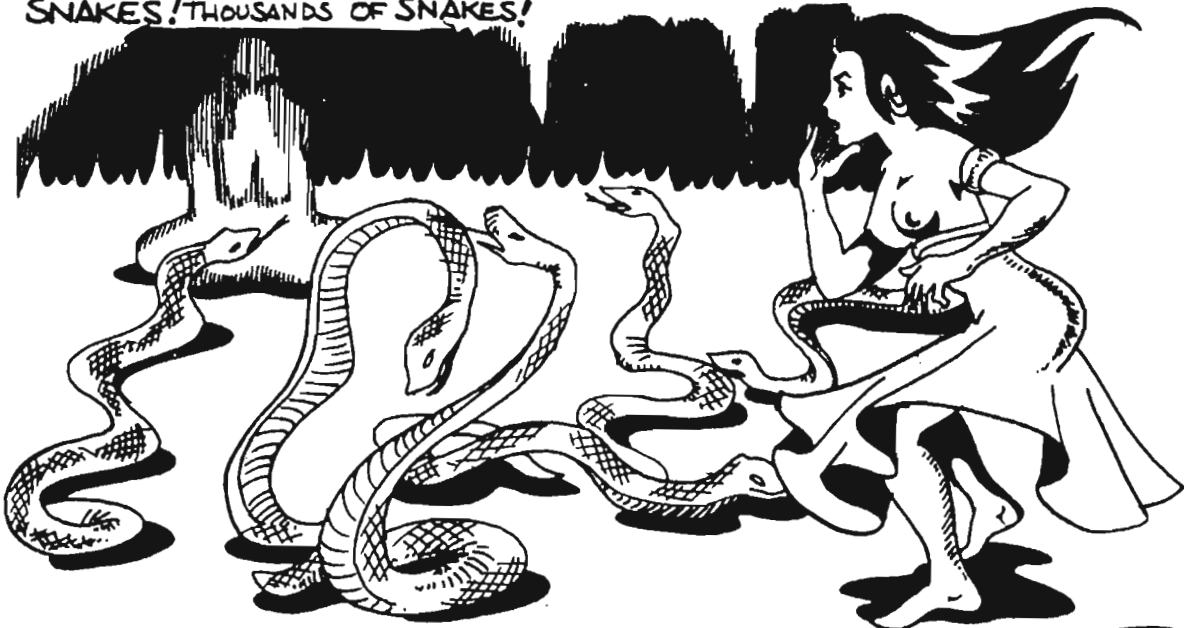
COME BACK! NONE RETURN FROM BEYOND THE VEIL!

THE VEIL...? YES! I WILL GO TO THE GODDESS HERSELF!



BEYOND A DARK CAVERN AND...

SNAKES! THOUSANDS OF SNAKES!



WHAT SEEK YE HERE GIRL? FEAR NOT, MY PETS WILL NOT BITE!

WHO...WHO ARE YOU?



... SO OLD I HAVE FORGOTTEN THE NAME I HAD IN YOUTH, I AM KEEPER OF THE TEMPLE SNAKES, AND MORE... MUCH MORE! THE GODDESS SPEAKS THROUGH ME!

THEN HELP ME OLD WOMAN, FOR I WOULD SPEAK WITH THE GOD-DESS! SHE HAS TAKEN MY LOVER FOR HER MATE!



THE OLD WOMAN PREPARES A STRANGE RITUAL...



SOON...

HO, GIRL! SO YOU SEEK TO CHALLENGE THE GOD-DESS?



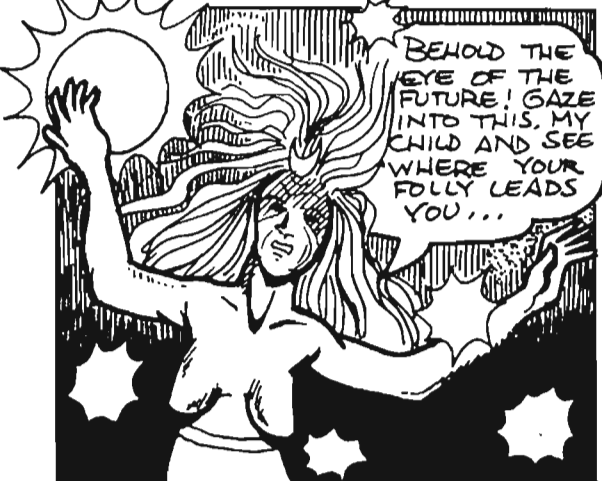
SHE IS STRANGELY ALTERED...



SMOKING THE SACRED HERBS BROUGHT STRANGE VISIONS TO MY HEAD...



SUDDENLY THE CAVERN WAS FILLED WITH SHINING BUBBLES... SHE GRASPED ONE FROM THE AIR...



BEHOLD THE EYE OF THE FUTURE! GAZE INTO THIS, MY CHILD AND SEE WHERE YOUR FOLLY LEADS YOU...



IMAGES SWAM IN THE GLOBE...



I SAW THE ADVENT OF NEW GODS... LONG-BEARDED MEN WHO PREACHED THAT LOVE WAS EVIL....



I SAW GAUNT GREY CITIES OBSCURING THE SUN... WARS FOUGHT BY VIOLENT MEN WHO HAD FORGOTTEN THE GREAT MOTHER...

YET THE GREAT MOTHER STANDS NOT IN THE WAY OF LOVE... I SENSE THAT SOON HE WILL COME, THE VENGEFUL GOD JEHOVAH, AND TWO THOUSAND YEARS OF VIOLENCE AND HATE... YET EVEN I CANNOT CHANGE WHAT MUST BE AND THE OLD WAYS MUST CHANGE... FLEE WITH YOUR LOVER, CHILD, THOUGH IT MEAN ALL OUR DEATHS...

I FLED BLINDLY AND FOUND MYSELF IN THE FOREST BEHIND THE TEMPLE, AND ...

REB!

QUICKLY MAIA! I'VE ESCAPED! WE CAN HIDE IN THE FOREST!



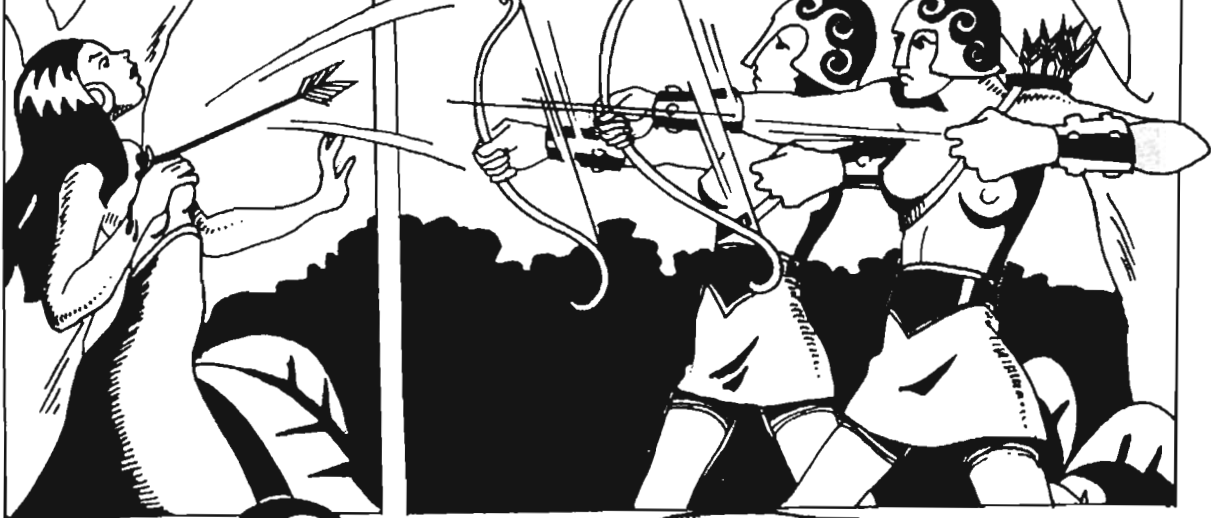
SUDDENLY THE AMAZON ARCHERS OF THE HIGH PRIESTESS!



THOK!

AAAH!

... AND I WAS NEXT, FOR I HAD BROKEN THE ANCIENT LAWS OF THE MOTHER..

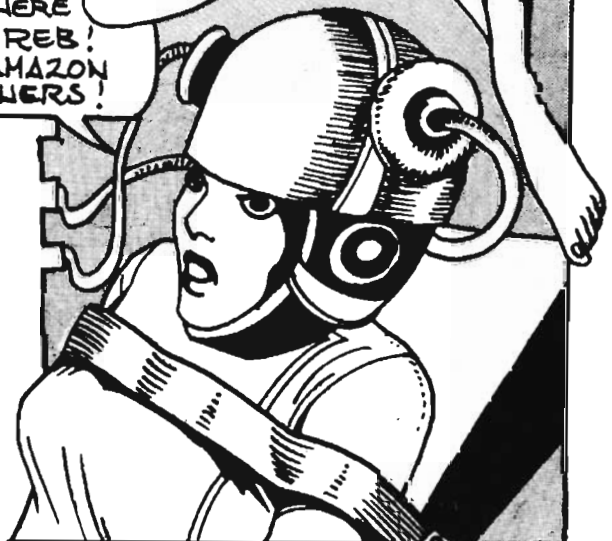


I FELT MYSELF WHIRLING,
WHIRLING, THROUGH A
SEEMINGLY ENDLESS
VOID...

I AWOKE
TO A
BLINDING
LIGHT AND
A VOICE
CALLING
A STRANGE
NAME...

CAROL! CAROL!

WH-WHERE
AM I? REB!
THE AMAZON
ARCHERS!

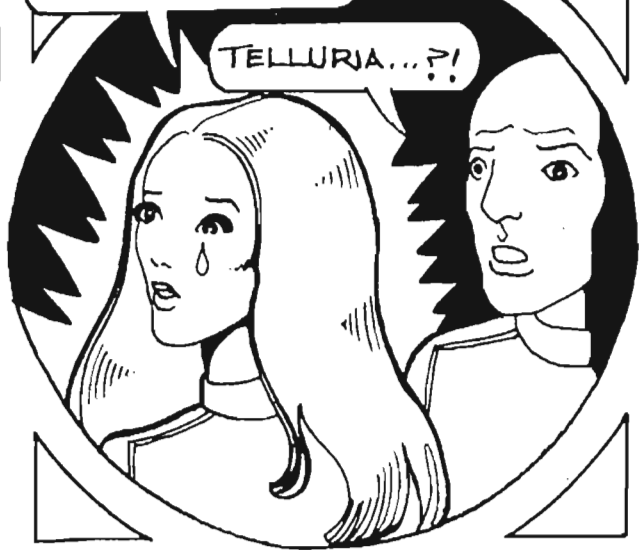


DON'T WORRY... YOU'RE CAROL KRAFT, MY ASSISTANT! YOU VOLUNTEERED TO TRY THIS HELMET... A HELMET TO SEND THE MIND BACK THROUGH TIME, PERHAPS TO A FORMER LIFE! DID IT WORK? WHAT DO YOU REMEMBER?

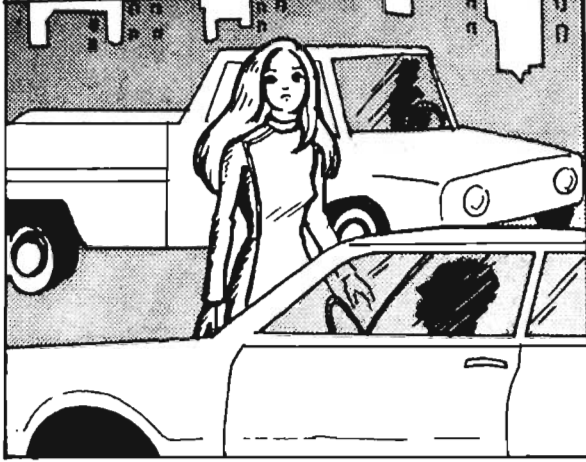


I REMEMBER...TELLURIA!

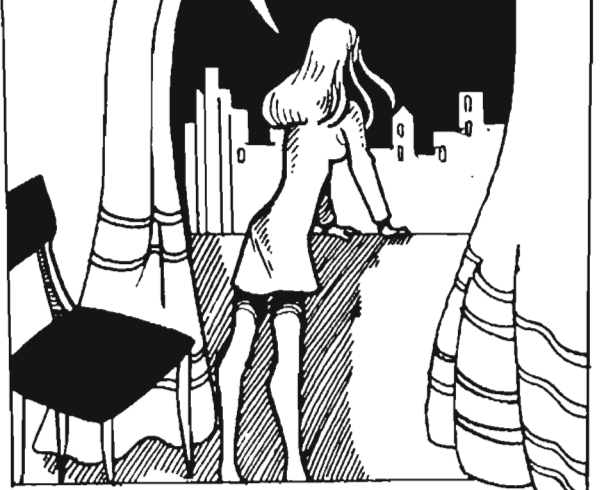
TELLURIA...?!



IN A DAZE I LEFT THE LAB AND FOUND MYSELF IN A STRANGE WORLD... THE WORLD DESCRIBED BY THE OLD WITCH WOMAN WHERE TALL BUILDINGS BLOCKED THE SUN AND DEMONIC MACHINES SPED BY, BELCHING POISON FUMES INTO THE AIR...

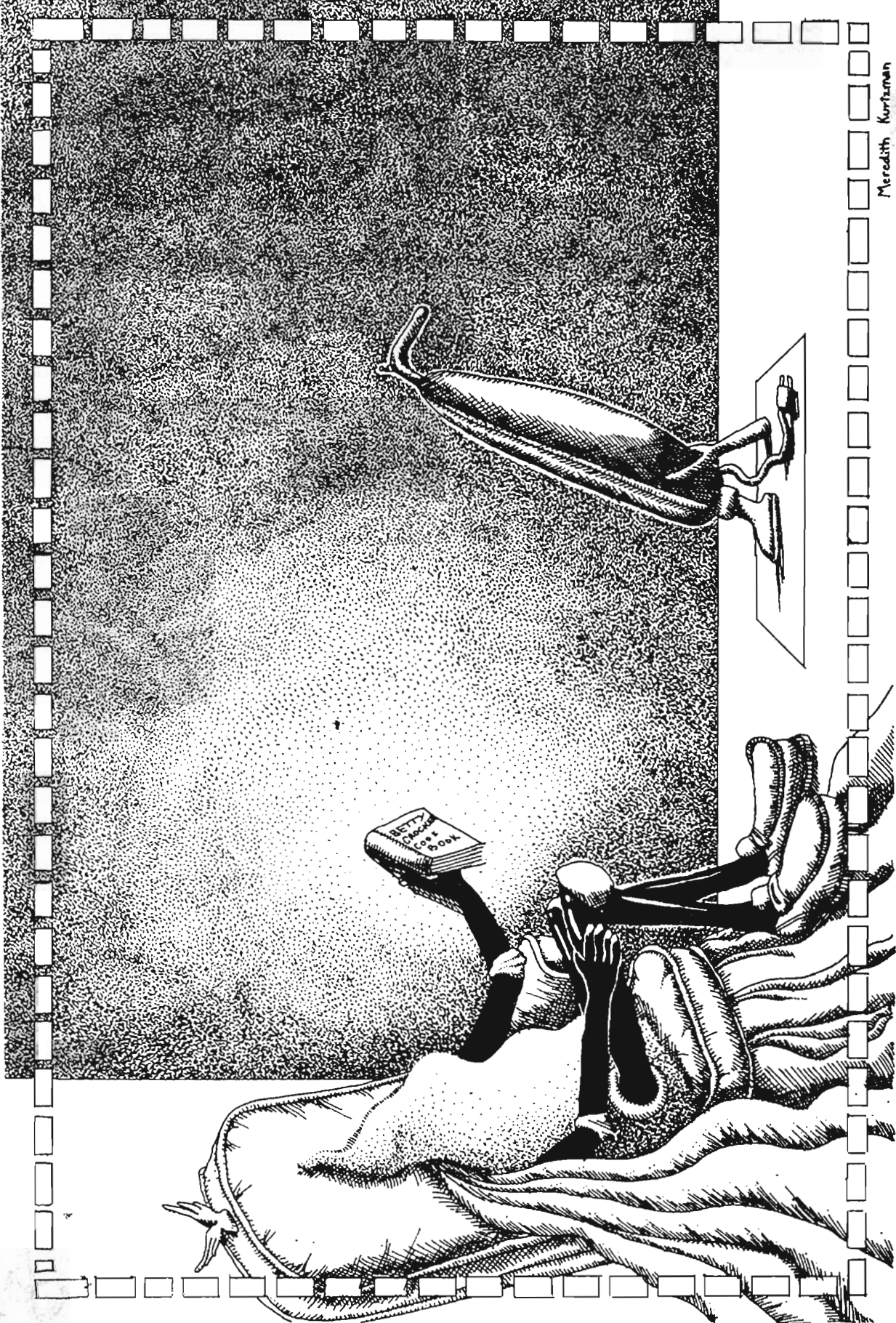


AND WHO AM I? I AM MAIA AND CAROL KRAFT... I BELONG TO TWO WORLDS AND YET NEITHER, FOR I REJECT THIS TIME OF STEEL DEATH AND VIOLENCE, YET I CANNOT WORSHIP A GODDESS WHO DEMANDS A HUMAN LIFE...



AH, BUT ON WARM SUMMER NIGHTS I SIT BENEATH THE TREES AND LET THE MIST FROM THE MOON BRING ME MEMORIES OF ANOTHER TIME... A TIME OF A YOUNGER PLANET, FERTILITY AND AN ANCIENT HOPE, AND MY BLOOD REMEMBERS... REMEMBERS TELLURIA...





Meredith Kurisman



MEREDITH



HURRICANE NANCY

LEFT TO RIGHT: SITTING: TRINA, LISA
STANDING: CAROLE, PEGGY, MICHELE, WILLIE

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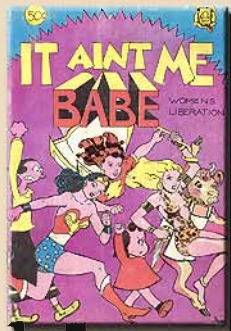
BABY ITS YOU

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UP AND DOWNTOWN

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LITTLE GIRL OF ALL THE DAUGHTERS YOU WERE BORN A WOMAN NOT A SLAVE ★ LAURA NYRO



Sir Real's

UNDERGROUND
COMIX CLASSIX

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34 - Betty Crocker Cook Book
35 - A Commercial Announcement
36 - Baby Its You

Artists:
Trina Robbins - 1, 12-15, 26-33
Meredith Kurtzman - 2, 34
Willie Mendez - 3-8, 36
Michele Brand - 9-11, 24-25
Lisa Lyons - 16-17
Nancy "Hurricane" Kallish - 18-19
Carole - 20-23

Comments:
The first underground comix drawn and written entirely by women. Deals with women's liberation.