

AMAZON

GO

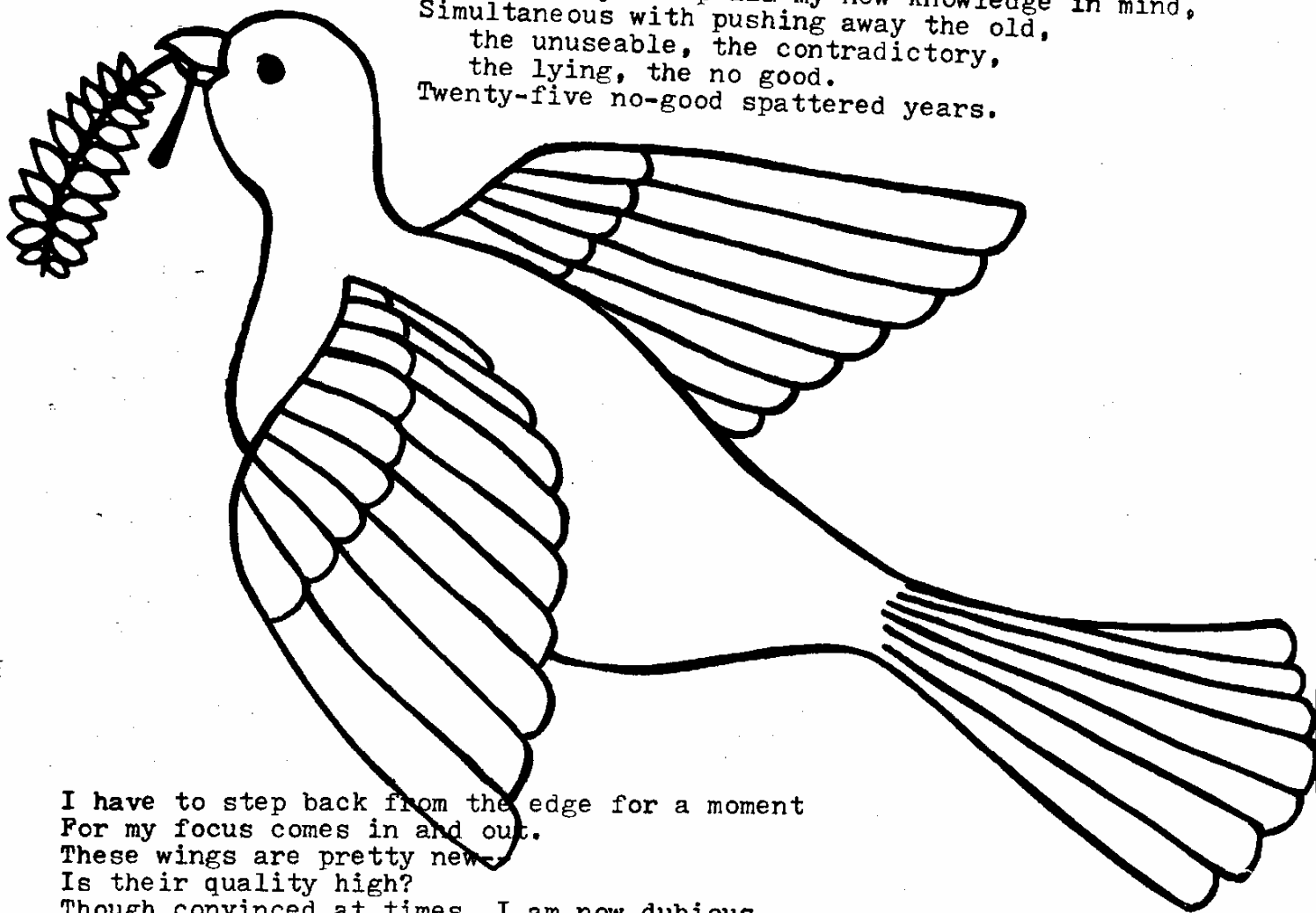
Here I am, ready to fly.
Looking over the edge

(with preliminary flapping, poised to move),
I need to lick my lips several times.
Shall I count to three, and go?



25¢

I must always keep all my new knowledge in mind,
Simultaneous with pushing away the old,
the unuseable, the contradictory,
the lying, the no good.
Twenty-five no-good spattered years.



I have to step back from the edge for a moment
For my focus comes in and out.
These wings are pretty new.
Is their quality high?
Though convinced at times, I am now dubious.
But I cannot use the old pair again;
they're warped, completely undependable.
The new ones are only untried.

The starting point of a hundred new worlds
Is a trembling mass of panicked split atoms.

ISSUE 7
December '72

False **

A short while ago I attended a women's conference and heard a keynote speaker say something I had heard many times before but which had never penetrated my head so swollen with the euphoria of sisterhood. This time it hit me like a construction worker's whistle. She was saying how the way to fight discrimination in employment is for all us good sisters to get out there in all fields of employment: for some of us to be doctors and some of us to be welders and some of us to be bank presidents and so on and so on and then for all of us to remember that we are women first and to be sisters and not ever to be competitive again.

It sounded nice--but wrong--and as I thought about it I suddenly flashed on becoming a welder (I had thought about enrolling in MATC awhile back) and one day meeting one of my old conference-buddies who had since become a bank president. When the absurdity of my thought that I, a welder, or even I, a secretary, could even meet a bank president had convulsed me with laughter, I changed the image a little to my being a welder still but this other woman being the plant superintendent and our trying to be sisters while she spend her day trying to get me to work faster to make more money for the company (because that was her job) while I tried to make a rate set impossibly high by the (now all-woman) standards department in order to keep the company from paying me too much money (because that was their job) and so on and so on, and it occurred to me that if I could feel this much antipathy toward these women in my fantasy who were actually just highly-paid shit-workers, not policy-makers, how could I ever feel sister-

Sisterhood

hood with a bank president or the woman who was just elected to the board of General Motors (or whatever obscenity).

I know that the women who describe delightful visions of a world united through the sisterly efforts of women mean well. They have spotted the trick of divide-and-conquer that's been used for centuries to keep us so busy fighting each other for the spoils thrown our way that we never see who's really running things. They know that those old homilies about "behind every great man..." and "the hand that rocks the cradle..." are so much placating crap thrown our way to make us feel powerful and manipulative and secretly "in charge". What's so hot about standing behind some man anyway? Why are we always in the bedroom rocking a child instead of outside rocking the boat?

Unfortunately our liberal, often professional, spokeswomen don't see the other divisions we all live with, the divisions that put a company president and a secretary in two different worlds. To rise to the top of the corporate structure you must act in your own self-interest and you must adjust yourself to the fact that your job is to make more and more money for yourself and the company and you must begin to be callously accepting of the fact that all those people down at the bottom of the heap serve you and your interests because they could never "cut it" at the top anyway. You must see their attempts to unionize and improve their living situations as just so much cutting into your profit, and you must believe that these selfish demands of labor really do justify your discharging employees and moving your company out of the country or farther south where you can pit non-union blacks against non-union whites and once again pay subsistence (if that) wages. (Cont.)

Substituting women for the men we now see in positions of power over us is not going to create some paradise. Unless the very structure that allows greed and self-interest to win is torn down and replaced by one where we all produce for use rather than for individual profit, nothing is changed. The liberal philosophy that the system is sound, it's just that the wrong sorts of people are in control of it no longer makes sense when we see what it takes to enter the system and what it does to us once we're there. No matter how many idealistic women infused with the beauty of sisterhood we send into business or politics (and you know that today those two are one and the same), they will have to agree that some win and some lose, that some belong on top and some (about 95%) belong on the bottom, that all people are created equal (it's just that some are created more equal than others), and that what's good for General Motors is good for the country (which starts to make some sick sort of sense when you realize how much of the country is General Motors.) They will agree, or they will be squashed (or simply find no money available for their re-election try).

It is just these false and idealistic notions of what sisterhood is that leave us sounding silly and naive to many of the women we want to reach and that leave us shaken and angry when we meet professional women who have "made it" and feel their contempt for those of us who are still locked into low-paying, no-prestige jobs because, according to the success-myth of the business world, we just didn't have the stuff it takes to make it--the stuff that tells you it's o.k. to step on one sister's head in the office to get your promotion because you are advancing the cause of so many more women by

getting out there and showing it can be done! It's time to be a little more realistic about all the divisions we live with and why they are there. Only when we see them will we be able to also see our way around them, or through them, or stomping over them.

River Jameson

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The Women's Coalition had a very successful open house/fund raiser on November 17, and made enough money to cover the phone and answering service bills for several months. Quite a few people signed up for new consciousness raising groups, our telephone crisis line, and a rape/help center. If you're interested in any of these, or want to begin a group of your own, please get in touch with the Coalition women by calling 964-7535. Remember: we're open every Friday evening at 7 p.m. for an informal rap.

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Sisters
 a magazine by and for Gay
 Women
 1005 Market St., Suite 208
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 \$5.00/12 issues

Find out what is happening with our Madison sisters:
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 53703
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CHRISTMAS

TAKING CHRIST OUT OF CHRISTMAS
AND
CHRISTMAS OUT OF WINTER

It's Winter, in Wisconsin, in Milwaukee, the cold days, the days of purple sunsets & days without sunshine when the snow is all blue shadows. Pretty? Yes? But for poor people that live here, it can be the hardest time of the year, and Winter is just another cruel thing that happens to them. For people who don't have enough money to heat their houses or plastic sheeting to tape on their windows or warm clothes to wear--a snowmobile ad on the side of a building is another slap in the face from a rich people run society, and wreaths and jingle bells on poles remind them only of the want in their guts.

Perhaps a long time ago when capitalism was just getting its claws into society, and things were simpler, christmas wasn't the menace that it is today. Then it was ONLY? a religious holiday used to seduce people into the trap of waiting until they die to be happy, and not doing anything about their problems except praying to a HIM up in the sky. But, now, when the government declares it a legal holiday, and big business is in there with greedy ribboned paws and they team up with the church to really lay it on to people, the only way to defeat them is to say NO to the whole thing. christmas has turned into the biggest Winter holiday in the year. Not only does it brainwash people into thinking that they must be happy even when they have nothing to be happy about, it makes them feel guilty if they can't get presents for their loved ones. They feel frustrated and inadequate, es-

pecially the men because they have been trained to think that they have to be "breadwinners". Naturally they take it out on the women instead of their bosses and on the bottom are the small people of the whole mess--the children who can't figure any of it out, but just want all the people they love to be happy, instead of killing each other.

Where did christmas come from? Well, without going into all kinds of historical gunk, it all started a long time ago, when Winter Solstice time was being celebrated in Europe by the many different countries. Missionaries came, forcing their religious beliefs on the people. But the missionaries didn't want to have too much trouble, so they told the people that they weren't celebrating a time of the changing of the seasons, like they thought, they were really having a birthday party for a KING! (christ's mass, etc. and ugh) According to these "holy MEN", the people were stupid pagans anyway. What did they know! So, the missionaries STOLE all the poor peasants ancient customs of that special time of the year (wreaths, flaming logs, feasting etc.) and renamed the whole thing christmas. Making the countries christian, opened the way for greedy traders to really get in there with no problems of resistance. And there you are, once again, the church and money go hand in hand, and the poor people suffer. That's what's called cultural imperialism, folks! christmas is NOT the NATURAL way of life. If you want proof of that just talk to some Jews, Bhuddists, Moslems, Hindu's, or Atheists. Jews, especially, in this country, have witnessed unbelievable pressure and prejudice at this time of year.

And remember that it is a parents responsibility not to pollute the minds of the children that live with them. They get enough from school and general capitalist soc-

fety without our adding to it. Just because we were brainwashed by chri\$tm\$a\$, doesn't mean we have to continue it in any way. Instead of trying to make it more "relevant" just get rid of the whole thing. Start new. Children don't need it in the first place, just like we didn't. When I started talking about getting rid of chri\$tm\$a\$, to the children that live with me, I realized that it was ME that felt guilty about even thinking about changing the pattern of their life. They liked the idea of a different kind of celebration! And besides, they think \$anta clau\$ is a fake rich, pig anyway!

Now, the idea of celebrating during different seasons is right and fine and fun. Winter can be a digging in time, a time to catch up on friendships that have slipped by in the rush of too much work. It can be a letter writing time, a time to invite people over to share your meal table. It can be a time to remind each other, that the cold weather won't last forever, and that spring will come, (and in Milwaukee, with its long winters that's important.) It could be a time for slow, honest talk and loving confrontations to change the things that need fixing in each other. A time to cuddle under blankets. To read. To love. To share. To have a beer..and to hang colored ribbons and welcome signs on your door. A time for a WINTER FESTIVAL.

If there are children in your household, don't get worried or guilted out. Children are little people who want to be happy. They don't care when or how. Any happy, pretty, sharing experience is fine, with people that love them and they love back. You'll have to talk about it tho, and be ready to help them, especially if they get hassled in school. Remember that you're not sending a god-zillion chri\$tm\$a\$ cards, or

decorating a 10 foot tree, or buying shit that will break on the 26th of December. You'll have time for nice s l o w peopley things. Use your imagination. Do stuff that you and the little people like to do together. Cook a special meal together. If you don't have a lot of patience, invite friends over to help. There's no reason a meal has to be all finished preparing when friends come over. And besides, people that don't live with children sometimes have more short spurts of patience for cookie baking etc. with children. Don't be afraid to ask. There's a lot of lonely people around, this time of the year. Have a knitting party. Ask someone you know over, to teach everybody how to knit and make warm scarves for each other. Tell stories and listen to the stories that the little people have to tell. And maybe plan one or two days of going to neat places. Go to the museum (a lot of piggy things to be explained there, but it's good education for you and them.) Listen to the children. Ask them what they would like to do. A bit of make believe and mystery is fun for everyone. Some ideas we got from them were having a non-competitive treasure hunt, with little gifts along the way. They suggested that they trade toys that each other had always liked. And poems and notes on the hunt route, to tell you where to go next. Children want to be happy. Adults want to be happy. WINTER FESTIVAL TIME can be just the thing for the chri\$tm\$a\$ blues, and eventually, there might be a reduction in the suicide rate for this time of the year!

Have a happy Winter Solstice

love, and struggle,

Sue

5

Reflections... a short, short story... ⁶

I REMEMBER her now only vaguely and I wonder whether she was ever real. We used to sit in her basement room where the damp and musty darkness separated us from the rest of the house, inhabited by people unimportant to us at the time. I would chatter, we would laugh--she taught me some chords on her guitar. From the safe distance she created for me, lighted only by strawberry candles, I could look back on who I'd been and even laugh a bit. With her I could call unimportant my "Seventeen" years of triumph and failure, the class rings won, the hearts broken--too often mine--the games played, all vital at the time, and together we would conjure and dispel images long tucked away from my conscious mind, a younger self dressed--no, disguised--in prom gown, cheerleader's uniform, remnants of a less-sophisticated time.

Even now I recall best her silence, her gentle way, sitting nearly still, appreciatively, while I played out my many selves before her. Oh, I never lacked stories to tell, to make her laugh--I was vivacious enough for both of us! I could be cute or downright crude, mysterious or frank, intelligent or naive, to fit the situation. She was always the same, the alone and accepting audience that I loved.

I remember the last night we were together, how different everything became when she began to speak, firmly, in a way I hadn't heard, of feelings for me that even now are hard for me to put into words. She spoke of love for me, need and desire, and other emotions she said had been growing inside her without my ever knowing it. I don't know what I could have done. I remember her eyes, large--too large, and brown--they had always seemed to be wells drilled right down into her silence, her mystery--and I can still close my eyes and see myself reflected in hers, small, curled up on her couch, very pale. I couldn't answer her--her words came like blood--I had a funny sensation of her speaking to my veins and avoiding my ears completely, and there was an unfamiliar tightening in my stomach. After awhile she stopped talking and the silence became oppressive. I tried to fill it with my old tricks, stories, but I didn't sound very funny anymore and I found I was crying and I got up and left and drove home, furious at the fire in my stomach.

I went to bed that night and had a dream. I've had it since so it's easy to remember it: I was walking through an arbor and everything was green verging on gold from the sunlight striking beadlets of rain on the hanging fruit that was all around me. I was hungry, starving, in fact, with a hunger that was gut-deep, and I was sharply aware as I looked at the fruit of saliva gathering on my teeth and tongue. I stretched my left--no, my right arm, slowly toward a russet apple hanging near me and then, in very slow motion, saw my other arm sever itself from me and grasp my reaching hand, holding it inactive. Then the fruit began to change, to assume all-too-familiar features, smiling, inviting. I struggled against myself, growing angry, feeling my frustration at my near paralysis, my heavy and slow efforts. I watched as the fruit became the face, now fully formed, of the woman weeping, and with that recognition, I felt my arms release and droop limply to my sides. Then I felt my own face begin to float away from me, upward, until I could see my body from some miles no longer my body at all, but four disjointed and quivering limbs; and then my face split, sobbing and laughing, and her face began to fade, and I felt a slow hysteria washing over my remains, my fragments...

And I always wake crying heavily, as though I'm mourning a deep loss. I don't know how many times I've had the dream. It's interesting--

(continued...)

"Reflections" continued -

I don't worry about it anymore because I know it'll stop--and probably a lot sooner if she'd stop calling me. I don't have anything to say to her anyway and God knows I could use the sleep! Hell, I don't really know her at all--she never talked. I always thought she knew me, though--always felt she understood me. But she really didn't know anything about me or I know we'd still be friends. Sometimes I miss seeing her--the soft candle-darkness of her room, with no one else around...But we never really did anything together anyway. She'll probably call anytime. She still calls me every morning--I don't know why--and, oh Christ, I have to start dinner. I've just wasted the whole day here thinking about all this. If I could just stop that my life could go back to normal. I don't have anything to say to her anyway.

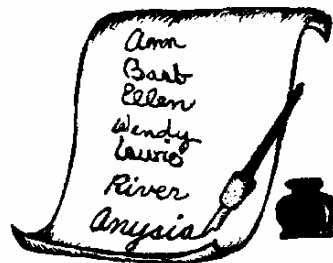
-River Jameson

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WOMEN'S CONCERT DEC.15th
8:00 at night
COMMUNITY CENTER
911 E. Ogden
MUSIC, POETRY, FUN & STUFF

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the eyes cast down on his writing
as empty as his mind
emotion no longer penetrating
the valleys it used to
stays surfaced with the
sweaty creases of his brow
scared to care; sir?
you're too good for me
select only the best, don't stoop
to scrape the dirt from your boots
give us a break
lift those half mast lids
shatter your cubical glass world
let someone
smash that smooth surface
but not me, this time; sir.

michele delforge
october, 1972

7

Women - Let's get together

Women - who are in organizations, in groups, in individual projects, in the beginning awareness stage of the women's movement, or just curious about the women movement in Milwaukee - let's get together to talk, exchange ideas, experiences and to get to know each other. This is a city wide women's gettogether which is not an organization. It is city wide in that ALL women are welcome and encouraged to come, there is no membership, no dues. One evening a month women come together in sisterhood.

Women - spend an evening with your sisters. We are united as women even though we each are at different levels of consciousness, different social classes (which the women's movement is trying to break down), different ages, both young and old have a lot in common and a lot of experiences to exchange. different race and cultural background we must join with our sisters who have double struggles), different sexual preferences (straight and gay must unite) different commitments to the movement and different political views.

Women - we need each other. We need to be with other women active in the movement. We need to be with women who are just beginning to get involved in the movement. We need to reach out to our sisters who have not yet understood their oppression.

Women - let's get together on Dec. 15th at the Women's Coalition, 2711 E. Kenwood. This women's evening will start with a pot luck dinner at 6 p.m., followed by a rap - where women can talk about the groups they are into, where women can talk about groups that they would like to see star-



WOMEN UNITE

ted, where women can exchange ideas, feelings, or express of the women's movement in Milwaukee. After the meeting, women can sing, dance, read poetry or whatever women want to share with their sisters. Bring food, drinks, bring your friends, bring your ideas and experiences, bring a feeling of sisterhood back to Milwaukee.

The Women's Coalition is interested in setting up a switchboard to answer calls from women with problems. People will sign up to cover the Coalition's phone from their homes; our answering service, having picked up the call first, will phone the person who is covering at that time, and have her return the problem call. Steve Jordan, of Crisis Intervention, and several people from Underground Switchboard, will be having several meetings aimed at teaching us how to handle crisis calls. If you're interested, please come to the first meeting on Dec. 10 at 1 p.m. at the Women's Coalition (2211 E. Kenwood).

OPEN RAP WITH GAY WOMEN

Every Friday between 7-9pm (or later) at the Women's Coalition, 2211 E. Kenwood there will be an open rap session for all women.

There will be gay women at these sessions so that lesbians can meet and talk with their gay sisters. These rap sessions are not necessarily restricted to just gay women, other women who would like to talk about the many gay myths and stereotypes are welcome to attend these raps.

We encourage our gay sisters, whether they are just becoming aware of their gayness, they have just come out or if they just want to be with other lesbians to participate in these sessions. We need your support and help. You maybe able to answers some questions that we can't answer. We need a time and a place to talk outside of the bars and outside of Gay Peoples Union (G.P.U.). A place where we can talk about ourselves, as women and as lesbians.

There will be other rap sessions going on at the Women's Colaition on Fridays that maybe of interest to gay women. So gay women come an rap with your sisters.

TODDLERS WANTED

The Community Center Parent-Child coop is open to new members.

Children must be walking, to two years of age and parents must work one morning a week.

If interested, or for more information, call Arlene Bell at 273-3679.

HOW TO MAKE LOVE TO A WOMAN IF YOU'RE A WOMAN

Think of yourself
and what you like
then do that.

Ask her
what she wants
then please her.

Imagine the most delicate
caress you have ever known
and give it to her
everywhere, slowly.

Speak her name
into the openings
of her body
and listen
to her answer.

Remember
the fierceness and power
of all our great grandmothers
who rode horses
and plowed fields
and bore children
in anguish

and share that with her.

Love her in daylight.
Treasure what you learn.

JENNIE ORVINO



N.O.W.

The National Organization for Women is having a Christmas party after the December 11 meeting. At the January 8th meeting the topic will be "Women and their Reproductive System;" we hope to have a doctor to speak with us and answer questions.

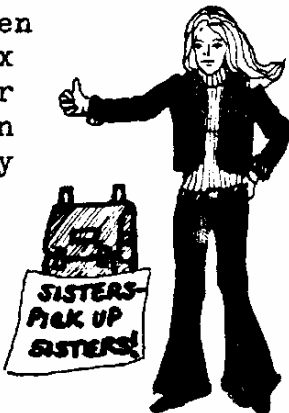
NOW (and other women's groups) were recently offered an hour-long radio program every week by WZMF. If you're interested in planning and/or being on the shows, please call the NOW number --444-3060-- to leave your name or get more information.

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first issue 72 pages
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554 Valle Vista
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\$4 a year.

SISTERS-PLEASE PICK-UP WOMEN HITCH HIKERS. We must help and protect our sisters who choose not to take the bus or own cars for whatever reasons they may have. Our sisters are taking a chance when they hitch hike but we are taking a greater chance by not giving them rides.

Unfortunately some men still look at us as sex objects, that we are for their pleasure. Some men are so stupid that they think we owe them something for giving us rides while I'm sure they don't expect anything from the men they give rides to. So sisters, the women that you don't pick-up, a rapist will.



metamorphosis an interview...

Metamorphosis is a women's theatre group. The women in the group are: Kathi Berdnich, Rosemary Potter, Sue Thompson, Rosemary Margherita, Jeanne Langenberg, and Kathy Magayne-Roshak. These women are students in the Drama Arts Department at U.W.M. They formed their group out of their need as women and as actresses. They are all involved in the women's movement. This independent study course enables them to not only use what they learned in drama classes in a fulfilling and positive manner but also enables them to relate women's problems to people who may not be aware of women's oppression.

Some of their improvisations dealt with rape, abortion and competition amongst women. The group is now learning the play "Calm Down Mother".

Question-Why do you call yourselves a women's theatre group rather than a women's liberation theatre group?

Kathi Beranich-We do not consider ourselves a women's liberation theatre group because of the restrictions the name implies. We all have very definite feelings about the woman's movement and therefore a lot of our material deals with our roles in society and breaking out of these roles, but we do not want to limit ourselves to one theme. Besides not wanting to be cast off as "some women's lib" group, we want to leave ourselves open to all aspects of the theatre and audiences.

Question-How do your feelings toward the Women's movement affect you being an actress?

Rosemary Potter-It had been too long that we have lived in a man's world, woman have not been heard, seen or felt except in very isolating situations, limiting us from expanding ourselves into fulfilled individuals. I feel so strongly the boundaries placed upon us that I feel important and a necessity to express the feelings of women. I can best do this through acting and can integrate both through Metamorphosis where we are able to direct our energy by doing things about women.

QUESTION-Your first public appearance was on Mil. night during the Women in the Arts Week at U.W.M. What was your response?

Jeanne Lamenberg-We had been looking forward to the exposure for we wanted an initial outside reaction to what we were doing since it is very hard to judge yourself objectively.

In doing the show each of us became closer for we needed each other for support in case we weren't accepted.

It was nice to perform in front of a non-theatre audience, better still to perform for people who accept your views. The audience was really nice.

We were concerned about how we would get our views across. But some women felt that we did come across with a lot of strength and that they could feel the anger we were expressing.

It was an enjoyable and fulfilling night for us.

Question-Where does your material come from and do you consider audience reaction when choosing it?

Rosemary Margherita-Our material is selected first according to our preferences. There isn't an overwhelming amount of plays by women playwrights to begin with, and we'd like to perform as many of these as we possibly can. This doesn't mean we are going to limit ourselves to just female writers. However, we want to start dealing with women's problems and the female experience as seen through the eyes of a woman. We feel that this is important not only to us as women but also to all women and men in our society. Which leads me to the next part of the question-do we consider our audience in our choice of plays. Obviously we try to present works that will interest most of the public. Hopefully our selections, won't turn people off by the fact that they're "women's plays" but instead open the eyes of many who never have given serious thought to theatre-pieces written by women. In this way we serve not only the needs of the people (for so many people aren't even aware of such material) but also we fulfill ourselves as actresses and females.

Metamorphosis is looking for plays for women (by women, about women) so if you have any ideas or any material that you wrote or knew of, do give us a call! We also hope to do something at the big U or else the community center in Dec. or Jan. but as of yet we haven't a definite date so look for flyers. We can be reached by calling Kathe at 384-5815 (after 9pm) or Rosy at 964-6792. Barb C.

Beat the CLOCK, by the Collective 12

You know, it's happened again. AMAZON has been asked to participate in (or to cover for the paper or to talk at about our work) at a meeting for women. The meeting would be a great opportunity to share with and get to know more of our sisters and we'd love to be able to attend (sometimes it gets a little lonely working on this here paper with all of you out there), but the meeting is at 1:00 in the afternoon on a weekday and unfortunately or fortunately depending on which side of the unemployment crisis you happen to be on the members of the AMAZON collective either work full-time or go to school half a day and work the other half. We understand that our sisters who are full-time students have blocks of time in their day in which to meet. We know, too, that the sisters planning most of these meetings, faculty women, have similar schedules. We know that it is important that women on the campuses get together. We know and understand all of these things BUT we also understand that we can't be at "women's days" that happen during the work-week and that neither can a lot of other women who should be there and who have a lot to bring to those meetings. If we take into account the percentage of women in the work-force and add to that the numbers of working-class women who can not afford to pay a babysitter while their husbands work and can only leave the house after their husband comes home and agrees to watch the children or after the children are in school, it may become clear to us why the composition of the visible women's movement (i.e. the women we see at meetings, marches, in the papers, and on the jackets of books) is either student, professional, or childless-married.

AMAZON does not intend to criticize university sisters for meeting during their free time. On the contrary the more of those meetings that go on the better. BUT PLEASE REMEMBER THAT WE CAN'T BE THERE AND NEITHER CAN A LOT OF OTHER WOMEN WE'RE ALL TRYING TO FIND AND TALK WITH AND WORK WITH. What it boils down to is the anger some of us feel when we see "All-women's meeting or women's day" or something along those lines billed for 1:00 p.m. on Wednesday. The title of the meeting makes it sound like an outreach meeting but the time discriminates in a way that no intellectual title or guest list could. Let's remember when we plan outreach meetings just who it is we're reaching out to and try to plan our meetings with working women's schedules in mind, too.

The Feminist Writing Collective now has a regular meeting place. We will be at the Women's Coalition, 2211 E. Kenwood at 8:00pm on the first and third Wed. of each month. Formerly called the Milwaukee Women's Poetry Collective, we are a small group looking for new sisters.

Our meetings have consisted of reading our own work for feedback, sharing new books discoveries, and trying to understand one another as women and writers. We are struggling to balance the emphasis on the technical aspects of writing with an emphasis on sensitivity to the varying needs of individuals members. Please come if you are an interested writer or support us at our public readings if you enjoy listening.

TROJAN WOMEN

— a review

The Trojan women is a good play, and although it uses some stagey effects (such as women droning on, swaying together about the fall of Troy) which are best appreciated in a live situation, it's also been made into an effective movie. Euripides play is about an aspect of the siege of Troy by the Greeks. The Trojan war, as far as we know, did not actually take place (although, as with all mythology, legend is inconveniently mixed with truth. There does seem to have been a city of Troy, and that city burned, or was burned, at about the time of the reputed Trojan War.) In any case, the participants in the play are mythological. The background to the war is this: Through a series of events the goddess Venus had promised to help Paris (son of Priam, King of Troy) obtain the loveliest woman of all. Venus, in her head, had already chosen for him Helen, who was at this time the happy wife of Menelaus, King of Sparta (a state within Greece). Upon making a visit to Sparta, Paris fell in love with Helen, and with the aid of Venus, induced her to elope with him to Troy. Menelaus then called upon the other chieftains of Greece to go to war with him, and soon they set sail for Troy and the missing Helen.

"The Trojan Women" opens during the last and worst year of the war, when all of the Trojan warriors are gone and the women of Troy remain as the only spoils to be divided up. The Greek soldiers guard this dusty, barren city as the women lament their husbands, their homes, their children, and their lot in this game. They run on and speak quickly of recent history, the wooden horse at the gates, Helen's evil. This scene is particularly good, for the shots cut back and forth, in and out on the women's faces as their eyes become bigger

with the telling of war's horrors. Every woman's face has tremendous character, and a beauty that is not always conventional, but which I find much more exciting and expressive than acclaimed beauty. The camerawork built to a smooth, strong impact, and was a good vehicle for bringing that important scene to us.

Queen Hecuba, wife of the dead Priam, is played by Katharine Hepburn. Hepburn's stern and powerful face and authoritative manner make her a good choice for this part, since the other women turn to her for leadership (although why she must always wear head cloths strapped tightly under her chin to give an effect of teeth-gritting force and hollow-cheeked mania I'll never know; maybe they liked it so well in "Lion in Winter" that they kept it.) So far Hecuba has lost at least one son in the war (the famous Hector), and has just learned that her mad daughter Cassandra (who has vowed chastity) was picked by King Someone-or-Other for future use. Genevieve Bujold plays Cassandra, a difficult role at best. She runs up and down a cave wildly wielding a torch, making exclamations and recounting things which even her mother has trouble understanding. Suddenly, though, she becomes calm and thoughtful, realizing that as wife of an enemy king, she will be in an excellent position to help Troy; she vows to kill this king at the first opportunity. Her decision satisfies her, and she walks down the hill toward the cart that will take her away.

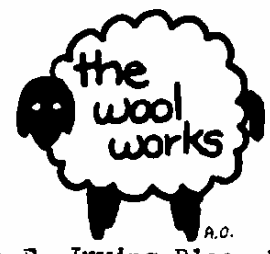
Vanessa Redgrave enters next as Andromache, widow of Hector. Redgrave always appears cool to me, no matter what the role actually requires. She seems altogether capable in any situation, like some terrific goddess who knows she has many faculties to call upon and will come through the most desperate of conditions. This posture of hers serves well here, because her lot is about the worst of all the women. Her beloved Hector has been slain; she has been told that

she will be shipped to Greece to serve as mistress or wife to an enemy soldier; and finally, her young son, whom she has managed to keep with her for five years of the war, has been ordered to die because he was Hector's. At this news she begins a most unusual and awesome scream; it is deep inside of her, barely audible at first, but builds and builds to a high-pitched cry that includes and speaks for all the hapless victims of arbitrary crimes since the beginning of time. Such a scream is unexpected and almost unreal; whether viewers would laugh or weep at it is a toss up, the cry is that embarrassingly personal. Seeing Andromache's anguish, the women try to conceal the child in their skirts, shunting him from one to another as the Greek soldiers follow. But the child is caught, of course. Admitting what must be, Andromache steps in the cart, and standing strong and defiant, travels toward the sea and the Greek ship waiting there.

Helen of Troy is the last major character to be introduced. Throughout the picture she has been locked in a shed on a hill in Troy to protect her from the angry Trojan women who blame this war on her seductiveness (although it seems to me that from the start it was Venus' game; I don't think Helen had any choice in the turn of events.) Helen's (Irene Papas) first scene sets her up nicely as the antagonist: her guard is brought some water, and drinks it thirstily as the parched women of Troy look on. Helen knocks on the wall, and indicates that she wants some water; the guard pushes the basin in. Then, with pure contempt in her whole attitude, Helen takes off her robe, and bending down uses that precious water to rinse her dusty body. This stunt pushes Hecuba and the other women too far, and they swoop upon Helen's shed with stones, trying to kill her. Helen never fears, for as long as

there are men present, they will be on her side and she will be safe. Papas comes out the most consistently believable character, the one whose wiles and charms constantly work on you, so that you are sure they might have worked on Paris. You realize Menelaus would have been a fool not to go after her. I think the lines and actions of Hecuba, Andromache, and Cassandra often worked against our identifying with them; they used ancient and high bred words which almost intellectualized the raw fact of what rotten things were taking place. Helen, in a sense free of the effects of the war, could use her sensuality to do that which we all understand: offer a man what he can't refuse. Menelaus, who appeared with the intention of having her killed, couldn't refuse. He finally took her back to Greece, planning to do away with her there, but it was evident that Helen had already done away with him in Troy. (cont.)





This play concerns the other losers in a war. Soldiers, the obvious victims, are either killed while fighting, or maimed, or are taken prisoner. (And nowadays, if they're captured, there are a whole set of agreements concerning their humane treatment during incarceration.) The women though, and the children, weaponless and left at home, are anybody's fair game. Does anyone not expect women to be stoled and raped, or children to be ignored as an expendible casualty of political upheaval? Seeing the Trojan women divided up by the conquerors according to usefulness, beauty, and youth, and knowing they must accept the terms or die, makes a female's position very clear. You have a more honorable chance on the battlefield. Hecuba, the Queen of Troy, had the respect of her people and a strong sense of dignity and worth; but through the gories and glories of war, she will be reduced to the slave of a dignitary in a foreign country. Cassandra and Andromache, one choosing chastity and the other still loving her husband, are both deemed sexually serviceable and will donate to the war effort their bodies and their futures. And the other women -- who knows? If the queen can be made a servant, their fates might be anything.

Ellen Guiseppi

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We want to make a public statement of gratitude to the East Side Community Center for letting us have the use of a room, and to let you know that from now on the last meeting of the month will be there, at 911 E. Ogden to lay out the paper. Thank you again, Community Center!

On E. Irving Place between Farwell and Oakland on Milwaukee's East Side is a yarn craft center called simply THE WOOL WORKS. Started and run by Loey, Dorothy, Cindy and Evelyn because they were all bored with unrewarding jobs. THE WOOL WORKS not only sells supplies for crochet, macrame, knitting, embroidery, and weaving, but also gives lessons in each craft.

For those interested in weaving, the WOOL WORKS rents their 30" jour-harness table looms on a monthly basis and provides five to six hours of instruction per week. The loom is available to weave on anytime during store hours. One month's loom rental with lessons is \$35.

Lessons in crochet, macrame, knitting and embroidery are each given anytime during hours.

And wait until you see the supplies they have. Embroidery thread, wooden & metal hoops, needles, crochet hooks, afghan hooks, looms, warping boarding, warps, dowels, and oodles of yarn. The new shipment from Scotland is heaven! Jute, cord, thread, strings of beads, goat hair, cow's hair and ram's wool!

If you already have an interest in any of these crafts and would like to put your works up for sale, the WOOL WORKS will gladly include them among the products already up. The hand-crafted goods include crochet and knit dresses, tops, purses, belts, earrings, hats and pot-holders. They are beautifully done and justly priced.

The store's hours are 10 a.m. to 8 p.m. Monday through Friday and noon to 6 p.m. on Saturday. Simply--you'll get a good feeling being there. *Elnor*

CAROLYNN WHEREVER YOU ARE

Trying to focus through these tears;
Trying to keep my hands steady;
Trying to keep from breaking out —
 like I have so many nights before.
Trying to control these emotions —
 that keep bursting out to you.

You and he sit in the next room watching a 1967 movie
Starring . . .
 this is what you want?

Then you both walk into that room
Shutting the door behind you.
Keeping the rigor mortis in;
Shutting out the never ending possibilities
 of creation and being alive —
To sleep away the rest of your life
Being afraid to tell him what you feel
Because you know he won't understand
 and maybe cast you out —
Out of the life of set values and stagnation
Into a life of instability and nonconformity —
 where there are no rules and you can be yourself.

The lovely complex self that you are,
That I cry out to tonight,
That I love and appreciate more than anything else.
Every part of me is filled with a surging desire to alarm you,
The unheard sirens echo through my brain,
The drive pounds inside me.

Still I sit here tears running down my cheeks,
Silently trembling, unable to speak —
 to tell you . . .

I'm leaving tomorrow for good and I want to at least
be with you now my friend, my sister.

Maggie