

# AMAZON

VOL. 7  
ISSUE 10

Creative Writing  
Issue

25¢



Alone, walking home at 12 oclock  
Only seven blocks  
On a hill with not many lights,  
My breath drawn dry through my throat,  
I start to rhyme steps to myself: "Can,  
Can make it home, can make it."  
The cars stop and slowly turn around,  
Holding violence of dark strangers.  
I hear a car door screech and slam  
and I'm sure it's tape recorded on the news  
Of my death by rape. I dart across the street  
And run in shadows,  
Caught in the feeling of fright. I sing  
"This is your street, this is your street"  
While footsteps appear all around me.  
I look at the sky to lose my fear:  
The moon has a rainbow ring around it,  
The clouds are far far off and puffy white.  
But the fear lasts, even up my stairs

Door locked, it seems preposturous.  
I sit on the couch and have a coke.  
Then in bed with no radio playing  
I wince down hollow screams of a cat

Angela Peckenpaugh



We fear them,  
We reject them,  
We discuss abortion,  
birth control and marital  
problems which don't relate to them.  
Them? Our lesbian sisters.  
Yes, as women they should help fight  
all women's oppression. But when do  
we fight their oppression? What do  
we do to change social attitudes and  
laws that discriminate?  
Not a fuckin' thing!  
We will lose our lesbian sisters for  
we keep expecting them to help us solve  
our problems but don't do a damn thing  
to help them solve theirs.

Karen

That hot sting of cold  
In gloved fingers and  
Unprotected ears  
Is not unpleasant.  
It makes me feel alive

#### CONTRADICTIONS

As much as a burden clings to  
and holds down  
It is still something to  
hang on to.

Late 71  
Jean Small

There is no resemblance to  
Chronic pain  
Or even sudden passing cramp.  
This is more like lucky passion touch  
On my boney mound  
Going deep as I move quick  
Stirred, not pushed

If lasting too long  
It would hurt,  
But now I'm fast  
Spurred onwards  
Home before dark

Angela Peckenpaugh

It happened again,  
Like one of those long shots from a B movie  
I saw his face from a magazine cover  
After mistaking it at a party.  
He is gone three years for good.  
It would be frightening to see him.  
I imagine men wearing wigs, changing their hands,  
To disguise himself and enter my life again  
Anonymously.

Women are discussing masturbation nowadays. Most of us do it. There are a few who say they don't know how and have thought it too much trouble to learn. There are a few (very few) who have satisfactory, no, Super sex sex relationships with someone they really enjoy. They claim to have no need to sexually satisfy themselves alone. But for most of us there are times when we want a sexual release and we're the only ones handy. (!)

It's okay to say you do it. But most of us don't discuss what goes on in our heads when we're doing it. Those Fantasies.

These observations are of course my own. I have talked to maybe four other women about masturbation fantasies and what they mean to us. But I'm wondering about sexual fantasies in Feminists and how many of us think, "No, I can't talk about that because I must be perverted and no one else must think that way"?

To start, my sexual orientation is toward women. (Come to think of it, I don't understand how any women's sexual orientation can be toward men.) I have slept (!) with men but with no great pleasure. I don't really know men. I mean their bodies. None of them seemed to care about knowing mine. Men didn't make love to me. They used my body to make love to themselves. The woman I'm with now makes love to me. She gets pleasure out of my pleasure. She is happy to make me feel good. And I am happy to make her feel good. We love our bodies. We are our bodies together. And, contrary to a lot of straight ideas about lesbians we do have vigorous, passionate, orgasmic sex. We don't just rock each other to sleep at night and hold hands over the breakfast table. That too, but that's not all.

So, anyway. With all that and my stronger-everyday lesbian/

feminist ideas, I still have these fantasies about screwing with men. Rather, men screwing me.

I think it's a slave syndrome. It's the idea of not being responsible for myself. Just having someone use me in whatever way he wants. In my fantasies I can be slightly aggressive by using the whore idea, i.e., at least instigating the activity. But it comes out to much the same thing--men violating my person. I used to fight having these fantasies. I couldn't reconcile my feminism to my passive sex-bject secret thoughts. I tried hard to conjure up women. I mean I tried fantasizing love-making instead of just sex. But mental love doesn't seem as titillating as mental sex, in the context of masturbation at least. Sex is sex and love is something else. Unless you're actually with a woman whom you love. Then you sexually love each other. I don't think it works with a man. Men want women to feel like prostitutes. Even if a man could genuinely love a woman, he would want her to be a whore in bed. This culture has reinforced this separation of love and sex, promoting women as On A Pedestal (Love, not Sex) or Walking the Street (Sex, not Love).

Masturbation, at its best, can be a form of self-love. Twice I felt that way. I felt good and I made love to myself. I loved my body into orgasm. Those two times I didn't have any fantasies. I didn't have to dream up any activity for stimulation because I was very much into the actuality of what I was doing. Why it happened only twice, I'm not sure.

Perhaps I just don't love myself enough. I do seem to have the most vile fantasies when I'm low on self-esteem.

Well, when I'm feeling down, you'd think I'd imagine up some fine person to make love to me to make me feel better. It doesn't work. If I don't love myself, I don't expect anyone else to. So I invent the piggiest man to do horrible things to me. Actually, I am the horrible man. Actually, I divide myself in two; my male side come out to attack me and my high ideals of feminism. It's sort of catharsis. And it's safe. I don't have to deal with a Real horrible man. Yes, I do fear men. Is that surprising? Sexually they scare me. I have never been truly bodily present with a man. I hid in my head every time. Any pleasure I got was more or less voyeuristic. I watched the proceedings and thought Gee this is good and dirty and sexy and stimulating. I mean, did many of us grow up with the idea that sex was good? No. Most of my early sexual pleasure was the mental idea that I was doing something that I wasn't supposed to be doing.

Then again, I may have grown up a little more stifled than most. I mean, when I first masturbated (at 15) to the point of orgasm, I thought I had had intercourse. That's what I told the priest in confession. (Yes, Catholic) Later, I fantasized the priest. The more bizarre, the more exciting. And who doesn't want to be excited? My best fantasy was about a year after I quit religion. I was lying in bed on a Sunday morning and they had a Mass on t.v. and I played with myself all through it and made myself come just at the point the priest held up the host and said this is the body of christ. The consecration, yah. The ultimate in perversion. Sex and religion have been have been rather inextricably twined

in me. It's Good and Evil. It probably balances out in the end. If I can see it for what it is.

I wanted to write this so we all wouldn't go quietly insane alone. When we know what our feelings are, we can deal with them.

I used to masturbate myself into an absolute frenzy and forget completely about it thirty seconds after coming. As a matter of fact, once I became aware that I usually had pleasant little thoughts about puppies and flowers -- nice things -- right after masturbating. But I generally wiped away all traces of the hideous act. I would not admit that I was capable of such a horrible thing.

I remember the surprise and relief I felt when I first discussed it with a friend. When she said she did it too. She was my college roommate and it turned out of course that we had been doing it right under the covers across the room from one another . . . After that (and for a number of other reasons) we made love to each other.

Another thought that plagued me was that I masturbated even when I didn't feel like it. I mean, I did it almost against my will. (When I was young and religious, it was always against my will. You know, the Devil made me do it.) I would just do it whenever I was alone, whether I needed it or not. That in itself added to the perversion, I guess. Also, it seemed I had to masturbate any time I was naked. I wasn't naked much as a kid. I slept with pajamas and sisters. No, I didn't know my body. I was taught not to look at it unless I absolutely had to. When I first started growing my pubic hair I used to cover it up with a washcloth when I took a bath so I wouldn't have to see it. I equated nakedness only with sex. So when I finally

lived alone, I discovered I was mentally stimulated just by being naked. I'd just be lying on the couch reading and get warm, so I'd take off my shirt. Then I resumed reading only to find that I had to take time out to masturbate. And lying in bed at night naked had to be a sexual thing too. If only we would all be naked a lot more.

We don't have very good ideas about our bodies. We're separated, most of us, into bodies and minds. Can we get over this? I'm not sure. We can't certainly abandon our clothes. We can bare our minds to each other though, so we have a better sense of who we are. Is that what they mean by "the personal is the political"? Sharing our self-images so we all have better feelings toward ourselves as women. We must find out what we are from each other, not from the culture, which is men.

When I was in Sweden last year I went to a public bath house a few times, once with my sister. They aren't sex places like they are here in good old perverted America. They are places you go to feel good with your whole body, and as a person I didn't find any embarrassment in the Swedes. All the women in the locker room freely undressing, not lowering their eyes from each other's gaze. It was rather odd to look at my own sister naked for the first real time. We sat with each other in the sauna and compared our similar and dissimilar bodies. I swam naked in the ice-cold pool with an old woman about seventy and a young woman about ten. I had a lovely Swedish massage while I chatted with my Ethiopian friend who sat naked in a chair next the massage table.

It is possible to have a good, healthy idea about your

body, incorporating sexuality into your being. It's a shame we don't. I think some of the original Hippies had some idea about the body being beautiful. But it seemed to turn into just an open door to sexual exploitation. "Be naked, you're beautiful, let's fuck." --Let's play. Children have fine ideas about their bodies and their world until the parents slap their hands once and say "that's dirty".

A few weeks ago I was drinking at a bar with some friends, all women, all getting pretty happy and free. Someone suggested an orgy. It was a titillating idea to all of us and we talked it up for a while, each of us boosting the confidence of the other. Then we just got up and went to my house. It was a quick decision and there was no time to back out when we got there. There were five of us. One went immediately to sleep. Two were lovers and all of us were friends, and slightly drunk. We were all a bit apprehensive, but there was a prevailing sense that we would be kind to one another. We started massaging feet. Someone found a bottle of hand lotion and we took off our clothes and just massaged each others bodies. It was terrifically stimulating, but not really in a sexual way. I guess it was erotic. Ecce is a life force, not a genital/sexual/orgasm thing. We all moaned and laughed a lot. Not nervous giggles, but pleasurable fun-laughing. It was a beautiful thing to touch and caress lovely woman-bodies, touching asses and elbows with the same intensity. We did it for four hours, with singing and laughing and drinking all mixed in. It was about the best night of my life. I want to say it was better than sex. Because it was all so encompassing. But

we need orgasms now and then too. (I think.) We probably could never repeat that night if we tried. It was spontaneous and emotional, not thought out. I'd like to repeat it. I'd like to live that way. But there's so much crap in the world. And in my head. So I masturbate a lot. And you do. And we're all alone when we do it. I hope maybe writing this will help us come together as the women we are. I'm okay, you're okay.

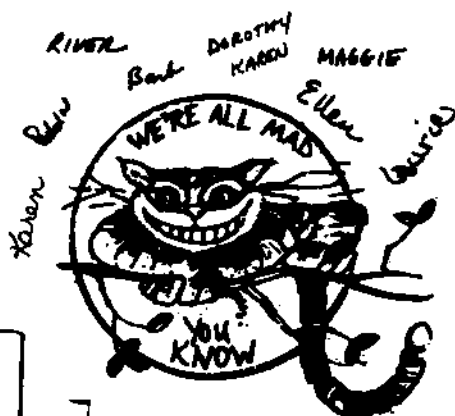
Linda Sartori



Our thanks to all contributors this month. To those whose writings we didn't use, we'd like to keep them for future issues, *con su permiso*.

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Even children touch with passion,  
Offer your passion like a flower  
Longing to give a thousand bouquets.

Words & laughter  
Touches & Work  
The gifts of a friend.

May 72  
Jean Small



I WANT TO

touch her hand  
caress her hair  
tell her how lovely she is  
get to know her  
but I hold back  
frightened  
I say and do nothing  
for I am a woman.

She was going ----->  
to get married.

"O.K.," I thought "Do it.  
Just another lost woman.

"Wrap yourself in white tissue,"  
I thought,  
"and hand the package over.

"Give him your life ----->  
then don't worry about it.  
I'll come to the funeral."

Then she wasn't ----->  
going to get married.  
Didn't want to tie up  
that much with so little ----->

I'm coming anyway ----->  
to a baptism.

Mary Sandok





Bette Midler is one of the kinky wonders of the world. Her frizzy red hair (which she keeps patting into place a la Mae West) and black satin treader pants with shrink top of mock diamonds assure her of at least that. She haltingly shimmies across the stage like Carmen Miranda, and her energy and irreverence from vast underground sources drive the audience happily up the wall. Part of her charm lies in the fact that she has us pegged. She knows when we're memorizing her quips to use on comrades at work the next day. She knows when we've overstepped the bounds of polite audience participation and are just seeking attention (for which she shouts "How gauche!" to the offender). It's great fun to be among 3,000 people laughing at themselves.

Bette's talent reserves, though, don't entirely spring from imaginative behavior. She also sings a good song. Her material comes from different, and in retrospect, often campy eras. "Boogie Woogie Bugle Boy of Company B" is an old Andrews Sisters song from (I think) an Abbott and Costello movie made decades ago. I remember seeing them break into this number, pinched little WAC hats on head, straight skirts and padded shoulders, glistening silk stockings disappearing into black "pumps." They had the biggest smiles in America, and they could smile (somehow) through a whole song. Bette rigged up some choreography with her Harlettes (a trio of women singers), in imitation of the virtuosic fancy footwork (and shrugging shoulders) the Andrews Sisters always used. It was quite a trip, alone worth the price of admission. She tapped other American nostalgia barrels too, particularly early '60s, one of my favorites. "Uptown" (the Crystals?) set my heart throbbing for school dances and couples moving slowly together over the gym

# BETTE

floor, clasped right hands resting on his heart. Remember? Oh mother. And then "Do You Want To Dance," her hit song which she does so well. She also does an old blues number, "Am I Blue," sounding slightly black and always Bette. And a couple of contemporary numbers, a sensitive one called "Hello In There," about aging and loneliness; and one of a fast pick up and fast screw, called "Bad Sex." She's amazingly versatile, and thank heavens won't ever be slotted as strictly a '50s or '40s or '30s memory cash-in.

Her between songs banter I've perhaps not impressed enough. Actually, she talks as much as she sings, and is very quick and clever. The recent Rolling Stone article about her indicates that most of the talk is prewritten (in fact, much of what I heard that night was already in the article). But it's to her credit that the lines are delivered in a spontaneous way, never too pat or familiar. Bette has a sincere streak which most of us picked up on, I think, and which is endearing. By the middle of the concert I was convinced (still am) that she'd be an all around nice person to know.



# Movement Legend

NAME	TIME	PLACE	Phone for Info
Amazon	7:30pm.	2211 E. Kenwood	964-7535
Margaret Sanger Clinic	5:30-8pm	1035 N. Waverly Pl.	271-8181
National Organization for Women	8pm.	2211 E. Kenwood	444-3060
N.W. Women's Political Caucus	7:30pm.		964-5424
Divorcee Group			444-3412 Karen
Women in Transition			933-2677 Mary
Feminist's Writers Workshop	8pm	2211 E. Kenwood	562-2505 Ellen
ACLU. Women's Rights Comm.			964-7535
Lesbian Discussion Group	8pm.		962-0911 Jan
Community Safeguard			964-7535
Women's Legal Group			"
Women's Open Rap	7-10pm.	2211 E. Kenwood	271-4598 Sarah
Women's Crisis Line (Training: Sundays 1-4pm)			964-7535
Abortion Referral			964-7535
Oil Painting Group			271-1756 <sup>Erny</sup>
Downer Street Women's Library		2119 N. Downer Ave.	271-1756
Women's Coalition Center		2211 E. Kenwood	964-7535
Youth Pregnancy Information Center		1036 S. 16 St.	672-1353

If we have missed anyone, please inform us.

The LIBERATED Woman's Appointment calendar 1973 (\$3.00) available at the Women's Coalition Center.

# MARCHING

# TOGETHER

1	2	3
Amazon	Open Rap	

4	5	6	7	8	9	10
Crisis Line Training		Margaret Sanger Clinic Youth Pregnancy Info Center (4-6)	Feminists Writers Workshop Youth Preg. Info. Center (6-9)	Youth Preg. Info. Center (4-6)	Open Rap Lesbian Discussion	
11	12	13	14	15	16	17
Crisis Line Training	N.O.W	Margaret Sanger Clinic Youth Pregnancy Info Center	Youth Preg. Info. Center	Youth Preg. Info. Center	Open Rap	
18	19	20	21	22	23	24
Crisis Line Training		Margaret Sanger Clinic Youth Pregnancy Info Center	Feminists Writers Workshop Youth Preg. Info Center	Youth Preg. Info. Center	Open Rap Lesbian Discussion	
25	26	27	28	29	30	31
Crisis Line Training	N.O.W	Margaret Sanger Clinic Women's Caucus Youth Pregnancy Info Center	Youth Pregnancy Info. Center	Youth Preg. Info. Center	Open Rap	

## JOURNAL EXCERPTS: TRANSITIONS

April 15, 1972. My needs are coming at me the way the snow did at our windshield the other freaky night, from one central point like a sea anemone, reaching with its hundred arms, grabbing, flowing. I can't be comfortable with frantic frenetic feelings. I want calm, I want calm.

April 20, 1972. Jane Ponda acting as Bree in Klute tonight numbed me. I walked home late not knowing what it was I was experiencing so intensely. How can men walk out of movies and forget them, read a novel without living in it? Bree's face is still before me and it's the face of others too, of C., of myself. What struck me was her Mary Mag image of pure goodness coming out from under the tough veneer, the hard life, the cynical distance. I still think of myself as an unwed mother, that "awful" epithet, as a social outcaste of sorts. And I want to be that. Acceptability never attracted me. Normalcy is perhaps the real veneer, used to cover the deaths that go on inside people, the gruesome cavalry scenes that are so vital to moving on.

May 19, 1972. There've been some agonies during these weeks I haven't written. Last Sunday was a kind of finalization of my going, a hard and sad facing of it for us both. I'm moving out, leaving a good man to raise a son alone and I can't even really explain it to myself why yet. Sometimes it seems like a crazy throwing away but I guess the part of me that is doing this doesn't intend to back down. An odd sort of alienation going on. Yet the part of me doing this is also the most alive me, so the rest of me goes along with it. I feel the transition time is over, the period of the unknown, the horrible nausea that accompanies the first real stare down into the chasm one wants to lean across.

May 23, 1972. Sexual desire quiets me. I've been trying to understand my powerful desire for C. When she occurs to me I am distracted. I cherish thinking about the times we've been close yet I also become angry that I can think of

nothing else sometimes. Out of my control. Generally I feel it's a good thing to go through this because I am discovering myself as a sexual being for the first time. Until I consciously loved women sexuality seems to have been an abstract element that happened to me every now and then, something outside of me, not a constant element of myself. Since I've begun to love women, it seems I'm starting over at zero with no sexual experience--I don't mean techniques but self-understanding--and therefore I can get excited simply thinking about kissing someone I love. Such an innocent fantasy it embarrasses me. I don't want to take sexuality with women for granted as I have with men. And yet I feel I'm in an adolescent stage which I hope to go forward from.

I see and feel sexuality as a good, as a value for me. Almost identical to heightened poetic awareness, to consciousness of a sort, sensitivity to the way in which others manifest themselves to me, that is, to bodies, movements, smells. . .

July 15, 1972. I want to be alone, but my conflicting need for help with David is becoming unbearable. How can a mother who needs a private life survive in this society that provides nothing for her needs?

This morning at 5:30 AM he began to scream and cry, took him longer than usual to get back to sleep. Because I had to take him with me to the party last night? I was at my wit's end, had done everything I could, and was getting angry at him because of my increasing paranoia about the landlord here. It was then that Mr. S. rang the bell and came up to yell and ask why I didn't do something, or take care of David, or "make" him be quiet. I was so angry and depressed. Felt like shit all morning. Back to sleep til 9:00. I'm sure Mr. S. thought David was quiet after that because I "did something".

I felt so helpless and incapable and furious all at once. Wanted to let go of responsibility,

to lapse into an insanity, perhaps as the only way to have a private world. Cried a lot, surprising myself. Post partum blues sort of state.

Our karate meeting the other night was beautiful but this morning I was more depressed thinking how hard it will be for me to get back into karate now that I'm alone with David. Hate to complain of course since I chose this aloneness. But why the hell can't I choose aloneness and still be able to live my life?? Without hurting David's . . .

Tomorrow I'll look in the paper for apartments and jobs. Shit. Again.

July 25, 1972. David is so beautiful sleeping here. I feel sorry for him, for his child's dependence on an adult who happens to be me. I wonder if he hates dependence on me as much as I hate being depended upon. Poor David, precious bloom I can't nourish as I would like. I want to damn the mysteries that joined us, locked us together. Tonight I feel we're eating one another's spirits away.

August 27, 1972. Fuck this circular vise. Whichever clamps I loosen only brings a tightening of the others. I move to be independent from a man and become utterly unable to extricate my life from my son.

What in hell can I do about my un-free situation? There are "no choices", just bad alternatives. I hate to face that political fact. I can't expect personal solutions to a problem that is not just personal, but social. Yet I have to live my personal life out somehow, meanwhile.

October 29, 1972. I had a long discussion with K. over the phone. She spoke of the movie Girls, the story of the Lysistrata cast who began putting their roles into life--practice. She said it's false, or terrible, to show women as generally antimilitaristic. I disagree, and don't feel a bit counterrevolutionary about it. To me that aspect of women's so-called passivity is a value. I think that we are the hu-

man half of humanity at this point in history. We aren't the ones who have made the wars. The power we want now is group, not individual power, like the warmakers. We don't want to become the power pigs we struggle against, as the male left seems to. Power residing in a group can't be seized, it must be built.

The question of source, cultural or inherent, for the male/female traits is meaningless to me now. Because what is cultural will have a deep root in my lifetime which is the space of history that matters most to me. Roots are tenacious, knowing they aren't immortal doesn't make them easier to pry out.

And I talked of my lesbianism as making me a genuine feminist, which I feel I couldn't be while putting my energy focus into a man instead of myself. And I think until women stand alone in some sense, they can't help putting that focus towards a man or men, can't help falling into the pattern to some extent, the way I couldn't help it in my "free" marriage to a good man.

I'm so terribly much stronger now, on my own. So very much more in touch with my pain and joy, so much more sure. Making the split, or rather, coming together inside myself, removed many masks and layers. So that what feminism feels like now isn't as exciting, it isn't a credo or a thrilling psychological game anymore. It's a real thing, a naked thing, a fearsome knowing.

I also realized tonight that since reading the Motive Lesbian/Feminist issue, I've been feeling down on heterosexuality. Because it does get tedious to listen to other women talk about the ways they are directing their energy towards their "male" problems. Tedious, but more so, sad. It has little to do with me because I'm interested in building, not struggling against, even though I had to do that first. Maybe that's why I'm not finding the question of women and guilt so fascinating

any more. I still hope someone soon does a good paper on it, but I wouldn't do it because the guilt relates mostly to men, and I want to go past that on to something creative.

I don't want to be held back by people. I won't judge the others but I can't wait for them. It isn't only, or all, lesbians who are brave. But bravery is the fought-for ability to look with one's own eyes, and so few women can manage that today. Understandably. But if I now feel the courage of a lioness, her instinct to leap, I won't put myself in a milieu that will domesticate me.

December 14, 1972. There's a song in me tonight, a song like a spirit dance. Tonight I want to write for P.

Listen to me listen awhile to the wind in me, there're currents, sometimes gusts now a breeze easing unhurried now a whirl powered to destruct or make/create, there're currents in me listen awhile my winddance loves a listener sometimes, loves to give a listener what it's learned.

To come out from under a death to dance out from under is the wind that weighs the least but must be waited for. My currents swirled with pressure and cherish their airy release their light flight that had to be waited for that had to be hidden ahead to be a surprise. Listen to the whisper of my winddance see me rise, as you watched and heard me writhe.

There's a rhythm to my wind hear the leaves I rustle see the campfires I make leap, I'm charged by what I touch and yet I move the things my dance's fingertips encounter. Listen awhile let me hear the wideness of your eyes, and I'll take you to the mountains dance you to a campfire in the mountains, where my wind knows and feels at home in the great spaces. Listen to me I'll take you to my home I had to be away awhile, had to be away had to let myself be carried, the wind can't hide or stay at home, but can come back from places, grown . . . I can show you home because you seen the other places, I want to dance you

home want to do a dance of mountain dusk, want to show you how I move and soothe, and love the mountain sun that I've returned to. Listen, I hear you listening.

January 24, 1973. Johnson's dead, the war is supposedly over, and the Supreme Court ruled abortion legal. The newspaper tried harder than usual to move me today but found my cynicism, bred slowly and carefully beneath the surface, far too implacable for even these bits of news to break. And I wish it were otherwise. It doesn't matter that Johnson is dead. I don't believe the war is over and if it is, it's so grief-ridden a thing not even its relief can be celebrated. And the Court which holds itself supreme is a life-tenured kangaroo, male, whose words mean little to women who can't get abortions for lack of facilities or money anyway.

Strange to feel this hardness in myself when in my own I trust and love and become fragile for my loved ones and to myself, I risk spontaneity with a sometimes wild abandon, and am able to forgive, and experience sometimes unimaginable powers, gifts. And it is the very powerlessness of the other world that drives me back to mine. But the powers I speak of are those which erase boundaries, never powers that control and acquire. Hated words, control and acquire, for woman who has been their object and means. Power is a concept, like so many, waiting to be liberated from patriarchy.

Sue Sartori



RACHEL, WHO IS MY DAUGHTER

Grew in my body  
a knife in the small of my back  
in a torrent of blood pushed  
out and looked me in the face  
for a long moment, moving  
on a slim white table.

Nuzzled and sucked at me  
hand slapping my chest for more  
tore at me with her wailing  
into my sleep into my  
life that is never alone anymore.

She is smart like the tot I was  
she is wise too and her face  
is the face of many women  
like mine  
and she knows them all.

Watching her sleep  
I think she is a beautiful child  
who might be my young lover.  
Her body is fat and sweet  
amazing in its softness.  
It is the same as mine  
inside. Inside already  
are all her daughters  
waiting to be born  
like Mary Pisano and  
Giovannina Riccio,  
my grandmothers, and

Carmelita Vincenti, my  
mother. Our  
bodies that took love  
and made daughters and  
put them to breast  
and watched them run away  
before we wanted or were  
ready, who did things  
to hurt us, who married  
the wrong men and lived  
in the wrong places and  
had too much money or not  
enough. And she  
who is my daughter  
who finally forgot us.

Jennie Orvino

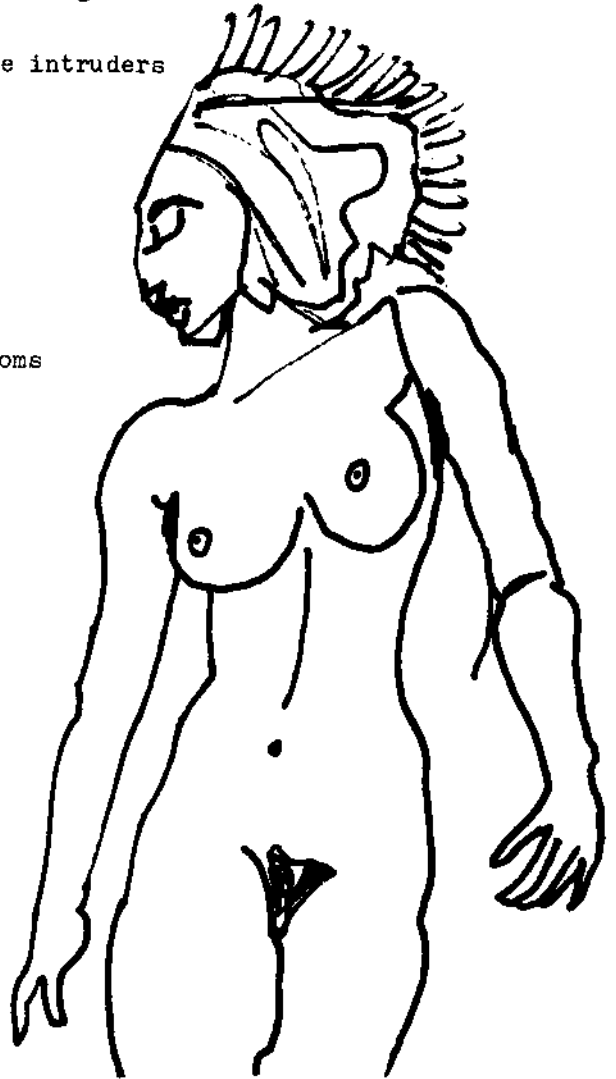
oh and to see the mysteries and channels of  
your body my sister  
and mine  
our bodies together  
and the bodies of the labyrinth of women  
royal temples of our ancestors  
where we originate and gather our strength

sometimes empty echoing tabernacles  
where the sounds of solitude have driven our mothers to their graves  
or the whisper of meadows  
where we have taken rest for a while  
or given comfort to another

the intricate passageways  
down which have trodded many prospective travelers  
and through which some journeyers have emerged  
onto this physical plane  
the hallway which has housed many a foreign creature  
some accepting some rejecting  
some being forced to accept  
and never recovering from some of the intruders

a woven sculpture  
of sinew and bone.  
a proud and sensuous creature  
topped by the supreme consciousness  
of our existence and our purpose  
we need serve no others  
my women and i  
for within ourselves  
we create and sustain our every need  
and happily lie  
within the warmth of each others bosoms

Betty J. Rieck







hey man  
tell me  
what will set you free  
do you think that you can  
do the things you want to do  
what dreams have stirred your slumber  
and restlessness disturbed your thoughts  
have you tried to be  
much more than what you are  
if i walk beside you  
will you let me  
be myself

i could weep for you  
if i wanted to  
i could let you know  
i am alone  
i could tear my guts  
inside out  
expressing all i feel  
my senses could be strained  
that much  
i could let you know  
that i'm afraid and lonely  
and vulnerable sometimes  
but why should i reveal  
these things  
you cannot see  
for yourself

ani  
2/5/73

ani  
2/5/73

## FRIENDS

in love with two women  
which makes three  
and we are three together.  
I tell two women I love them  
and we are three.  
together.  
they are friends  
and one and I  
and one and I  
are lovers.  
but I am friends with two women.  
still we make three.

it is happening  
and three want it to happen  
in three minds and in three bodies.  
minds linger behind bodies  
and three pulses tap out the message of desire.  
we move our legs between one another's legs  
and our minds feel foolish.  
our bodies remember the goodness of these touches  
and they are saying yes  
and our minds keep turning it over  
and trying to talk it over.  
our bodies are warm and close and home  
and we are home and we are back  
we are come back.  
our minds wonder at our bodies and our bodies  
are returning and becoming  
as the blood taps out the rhythm of touching.  
our minds say they are sorry  
and our bodies keep the pulse-beat  
while our minds whisper to our bodies--  
you are as old as old old as  
we want to come home again.

Alone alone alone  
just stay with it awhile  
I tell myself it will be o.k.  
if I stay with it awhile.  
hold a crying woman's head in yr lap  
and stay with her awhile.  
Touch a woman's thigh  
and sleep with her awhile.  
Watch a woman's profile  
and hold her in yr arms awhile.  
Love a woman  
and let that woman go awhile.

Martha.





For those of you who want to write for the Amazon, but don't know what to write about, some suggestions for topics are:

Children, mothers & fathers, marriage, relationships.  
Schools, education, law, employment, mass media,  
Books, movies, concerts.  
Women's bodies, health, birth control, abortion  
Equal Rights Amendment, Women in other countries,  
Famous women, mechanics for populists, women's  
History, Religion, Creative writing, theater,  
Political opinions, local events, ideas for the movement,  
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