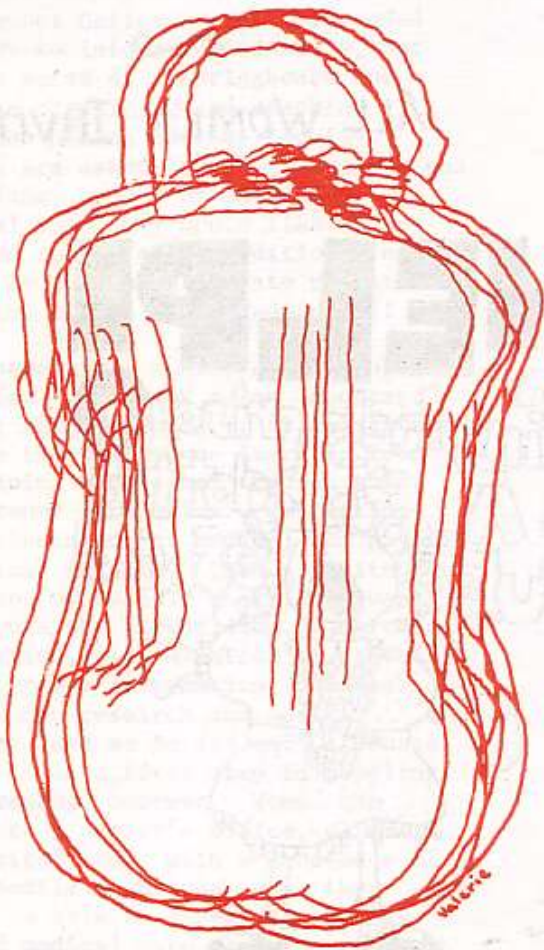


# AMAZON ♀

VOL. I, ISSUE 3, JULY 1972  
published by AMAZON COLLECTIVE,  
P.O. Box 90541, MILWAUKEE, WI.

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## In this issue ☆ ☆

Amazon's ?

Women and Work

Our Bodies, Our Selves

Women and Poetry

Fish Eye

View from Notre Dame

the office . . . "



# AMAZON?

The Amazons were tribes of women who governed themselves. They refused any type of male domination, including matrimonial ties. Most scholars agree that Amazons raised only female children, and that men of neighboring tribes were used solely for reproduction. Amazons were excellent warriors. Traditionally they would cut off their right breasts in order to handle the bow and arrow better. Is it so surprising that for years historians (men) ignored the Amazons or insisted that Amazons were mythical characters? Today there is speculation and some archeological findings that seem to prove that tribes of women such as the Amazons did exist.

So we call our paper, Amazon as a tribute to these women, and a challenge to male society. We are claiming our history; we are claiming our culture. The "man on the street" hears the word 'Amazon' and thinks of a massive, masculine, fighting, man-hating woman. These same labels are used to insult feminists. To us, they mean strong, assertive, independent, and creative. Women are struggling for independence; struggling to control their own lives, control their own minds and bodies. The concepts masculine and feminine oppress us all. Women must strengthen their bodies and learn to defend themselves. We call ourselves Amazon because we are on the road to building a new identity for women. This is the road to liberation.

# CLAIMING OUR CULTURE

# WOMEN

# pick up

# women

# hitch-hikers

NEXT

CITY-WIDE

WOMEN'S MEETING

AND

POTLUCK PICNIC ~

Thursday July 27

6:30 P.M.

Vietnam Summer Inst.

3409 N. Downer



ALL WOMEN INVITED!

# HELP!

I'm being held prisoner  
 IN A EXPLOITED  
 BLUE SWISS!



# Book Totin' Mama

AMAZON Book Review  
by Anysia Singer

## "Our Bodies, Our Selves":

Biology being at the source of female oppression, the Women's Health Course Collective of Boston has published a book entitled Our Bodies, Our Selves, designed to educate women in the care and appreciation of their bodies and in the development of positive attitudes toward them. The chapters cover a wide range of topics such as pregnancy, childbirth, contraception, abortion, venereal disease, etc. with a wealth of drawings, photographs, statistics, and charts.

Our Bodies, Our Selves evolved out of a workshop on "women and their bodies" at a women's conference at Emmanuel College. It is intended not only to inform individually, but also to serve as a springboard for women in organizing and teaching their own health courses locally. Readers are asked to submit suggestions, criticisms, or any of their own material that they would like to see included in subsequent editions, because, as the authors state repeatedly, the course is by and for all of us.

There are a number of reasons why I feel this book is an important action; for one thing it is exhilarating just to think of women learning from and helping each other through this underground "grapevine", subverting the manipulation of medical and psychological science. These institutions have kept us exactly where they want us through the withholding of certain information, dissemination of certain other (wrong) information, careless and inhuman research and medical practice, and so on and on. A course like this is a first step in toppling the tyranny, however. Women can walk into a doctor's office, clinic, or hospital armed with a knowledge of their bodily functions, what they should be able to expect in the way of good medical care, and the strength to ask--and demand thorough answers to--their questions. This is necessary for every woman, whether she goes to a clinic or a private doctor, because

I have personally found little difference in the quality of care in many cases.

But the health of our physical beings is not the only concern of Our Bodies, Our Selves. It also aims at raising our consciousnesses regarding the lies and insults about the female anatomy with which patriarchal society has bombarded us for centuries. The old hack that says if you tell someone that she is despicable long enough she'll begin to believe it, is true. Considering that men have expended a great deal of energy doing so for thousands of years, we have a tremendous task ahead in rebuilding respect for ourselves and other women. To this end there are chapters on growing up as a female and awakening to your sexuality. Maybe it was just nostalgia, but this was one of my favorite sections of the book. Reading the remembrances of other women and seeing my own in them--all the pain and excitement, the exuberance struggling to survive, the gradual encroachment of guilt over what had once seemed so natural--it was a powerful gut experience of sisterhood, and damn, if we're not going to win this time!

Our Bodies, Our Selves is available for 50¢ a copy at Rhubarb Bookstore. You can also send for a copy 35¢ plus 15¢ handling from Women's Health Course Collective c/o New England Free Press, 791 Tremont Street, Boston, Mass. 02118.



# Women

# at work . . .

(Or Truth is Stranger Than Fiction)

- "Hello. I'm Sharon from Temp'y Services..."  
The current economic crunch has driven me to the plush pimp of the business world, Temp'y Services (the name has been changed to protect the rent money). My first assignment was enough to make me long again for the dear drudgery of factory work; however, I've learned a few things worth passing along to sisters unfortunate enough to follow. I call them the Six Steps Prior to Proposition and they proceed as follows:
- Step #1: "My, but you're efficient!" (said compliment delivered with a smile and friendly pat on the hand)
- Step #2: "Are you always this easy to get along with? You have such a pleasing personality!" (watch for the first sly wink)
- Step #3: "Tell me about yourself. Are you happily married?" (note attitude of innocent concern)
- Step #4: "We sure will miss you when this assignment is completed--although I don't suppose you'll ever think of us..!" (you are to offer appropriate words of appreciation--mumble something about 'stimulating work' and 'challenging company')  
"Here's a little something to remember us by...(usually a mechanical pencil or notebook handsomely engraved with company name) 'snookums'" (or 'lover', or 'chickie', depending on the relative level of unsophistication operating here)
- Step #5: (I know it's hard to believe it happens anywhere but in B movies, but Step #5 is:)  
"You know, my wife doesn't understand me..."
- Step #6: "A guy like me has to have all the answers. I can't have a wife and kids--I'm just expected to sit in this office 24 hours a day and rot" (after which tug at your heartstrings comes the clincher:)  
"How would you like to have dinner with me tonight?"

There you have it. If you are into Temp'y Services idea of fringe benefits, you can accept and take your chances. If not, you might do as I did and notify the agency that you'd like another assignment for next week.

The rest of my story must earn a place in the Bozo Hall of Fame: After I informed Mr. Creepo that I would not be returning, he frowned up at me, "Well, who are they going to send me, then? Have they got all young chicks like you down at Temp'y or have they got some old broads, too?" After swallowing the first three replies that sprang to mind (all guaranteed to insure my not getting any more assignments) I informed him that he was not, after all, ordering chocolates and would not have the opportunity to choose his favorite confection. At the word "chocolate", he blanched and demanded to know whether they had "any of those colored girls at Temp'y". Sensing myself tumbling over the edge, I drew on my strongest brand of sarcasm and slashed at him for five minutes. His blank stare informed me that both his skin and his head were too thick to be penetrated by so subtle a weapon. Slamming a file cabinet shut (narrowly missing his hand) I turned to him and suggested that he call Temp'y Services and ask to see their selection, adding that if he were charming and forceful enough, I had no doubt they would even let him test ride the model of his choice.

I suppose I'll survive as a temp'y, given the continued existence of a heightened consciousness and a rich, rich fantasy life in which I am first and foremost a human being finding respect and sweet comradeship all around me.

Meanwhile:

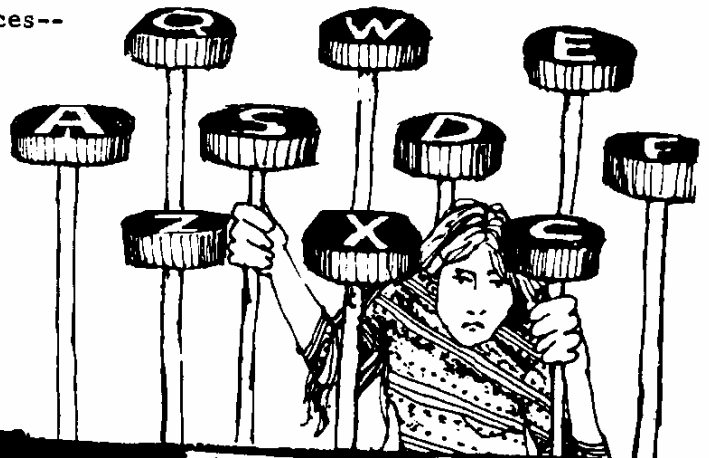
4 "Hello. I'm Sharon, from Temp'y Services..."

Sharon VanAirsdale

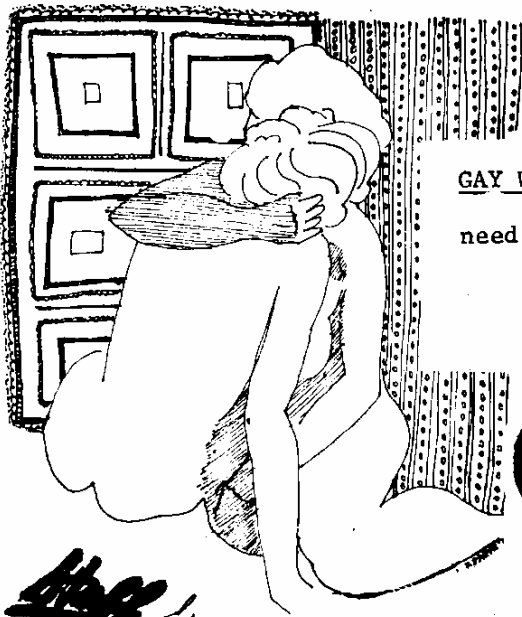


"the office..." by Sharon VanAirdale

Sitting among steel/formica  
 tiny cubicles enclosing carboned faces--  
 I muse,  
 Can one drown in a typing pool?  
 this sea of faces--  
 for years we tread water,  
 afraid to make waves,  
 Wary, watchful (eyes stung red by  
 perspiration) that someone  
 of young years and clever hands,  
 swimming strongly,  
 may enter our channels, and  
 flicking a manicured hand,  
 toss us to the undertow,  
 Unemployment (small) Compensation.



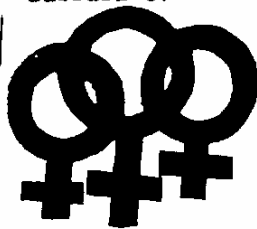
|| SECRETARIES ||  
 || UNITE ||



GAY WOMEN, COME OUT!

If you are having problems or  
 need information call:

- Lynne or Lynn 272-0886
- Shuggie 964-7614
- Ellen or Sharon 562-2502
- Barbara C. 933-3034



~~for~~ for this issue

- Mysia
- Barbara
- Elli
- Sharon
- Laura
- Margie
- Kathy
- Linda
- phe
- SUE

A free Folk Fest is being put  
 on by the Southsiders Against The  
 War on July 29th at 7 P.M. at the  
 Mitchell Park Pavilion. Featured  
 will be Barbara Bootz, home movies,  
 and a street theater group.

Southsiders Against The War  
 is a group of people living on the  
 south side whose purpose is to  
 educate people about the war in  
 Vietnam and to relate the war to  
 issues affecting southside residents.

For more information call:  
 384-4760.



Fish Eye

by Elli Burke

Looking out through  
a fish eye lense  
the Master of Ceremonies grows up  
and over me  
pushing his metal phallus into my mouth  
to suck it till it gags me  
and I vomit all my hopes and fears  
on to the floor

I hate myself for being  
four day old butter in the sun  
poked and contoured and scooped  
till there is nothing left  
but a greasy plate

or  
a slab of cow fat  
thrown to winter crows  
to peck and claw for warmth

and  
guilt ridden as a bitch  
with a stillborn pup

When will he leave me alone -  
When will the camera lights go out?

# CREATING

## OUR CULTURE



View from Notre Dame

by Elli Burke

Over the collar of sweat stained chasuble satin  
the thick ruff bristles full  
Trying to raise gothic eyebrows  
over gargoye frown  
lashes fall

one

by

one

Believing that you clasp the flaming forked scepter  
to suspend me over red-orange-yellow  
subjugation

till i'm roasted soft to pop into your mouth  
Thinking that I will clean droppings of lions  
or prostrate before gladiator's blade  
you decree the hours new sacrilege

But I no longer hear you -  
the dragon is deceased  
leaving cremation's residue  
of Holy Roman flatus

COME TO THE NEWLY ORGANIZED MILWAUKEE WOMEN'S POETRY CO-OPERATIVE  
THURSDAY EVENING 7:30 BEGINNING JULY 20th  
EASTSIDE COMMUNITY CENTER, 911 E. CORDEN AVE.

(If little people share your home, please be sure to let them know  
they are welcome)

SISTERS...If you are a woman who writes or enjoys to listen to poetry, come and join us at the newly formed Milwaukee Women's poetry workshop/playshop. There has long been a need for radical Milwaukee women poets, artists, musicians and others, to get together as a militant force in the fight for justice and equality, but FIRST WE HAVE TO FIND EACH OTHER.

We think this collective is a positive start and a comfortable, and happy growing experience. Sharing your woman's mind of joys and problems with other women will build confidence in yourself as a woman and an artist in mutual struggle, and will enable you (should you choose) to be open to a more diverse group of people in the future.

We believe that a major victory in this revolution is getting ourselves together as women, an oppressed class, defining our thoughts, written and spoken with one another. And poetry is a special tool for us, not only for celebrating victories, but for keeping our spirits high in times of hardship, in the battle for sexual, racial, and economic freedom in this society. Poetry should belong to a community, and not be buried in little notebooks in dresser drawers and taken out on rainy afternoons to be read to yourself.

Revolutionary poetry should be leafleted on Wisconsin Ave. and Mitchell Street, and tucked under peoples' welcome mats on their porches. It should be handed to young sisters and brothers entering school yards, their daily prisons. Poetry should be tuned to the needs of the people. It is at a factory gate; it is on a picket line; at a union meeting; in a demonstration; and in the food stamp line at the Welfare Dept.

Poetry, like art and music and dancing and drama, should spread the joys and pains of personal and social growth. But, typically in this capitalist economy, the content of most contemporary art strives to make us forget our problems, instead of showing us ways to solve them. No wonder people are confused and unhappy. We, especially as women and artists in struggle, should be leaders in the effort to raise political and cultural consciousness--teaching happiness, sensitivity, and compassion in our daily lives and being open to loving criticism from each other that will lead us to grow stronger.

Poetry, should be one of the matches that lights the fuse of revolution. It is nourishment and joy and a trigger finger when the time is right and the people need it. And when we, as Women, own our lives and, along with our brothers, our means of production, poetry and the other arts should be right these in happy celebration and festivals of active cultural development.

Please come and be with us. Time is precious, but joy and love are our constant Sisters!

Love,

Sue, Linda, and Molly

For information, phone:  
483-6894



WOMEN'S LIBERATION is Finding your own answers



We hope all women's groups will attend! Groups scheduling particular activities should contact AMAZON.

WOMEN'S PUBLICATIONS AVAILABLE FROM RHUBARB BOOKSTORE:

- AMAZON--Milwaukee's own feminist paper--10¢
- OFF OUR BACKS--feminist newspaper from Washington, D. C.--35¢
- THE FURIES--a lesbian-feminist newspaper from Washington, D.C.--35¢
- BATTLE ACTS--a magazine by YAWF women-25¢
- OUR BODIES, OUR SELVES--50¢--a course in women's bodies, sexuality
- AIN'T I A WOMAN--25¢--a lesbian-feminist newspaper from Iowa City.
- THE SECOND WAVE--75¢--feminist magazine from Boston
- APHRA--\$1.25--a literary journal
- WOMEN: A JOURNAL OF LIBERATION--\$1.00--a magazine from Baltimore.
- NOTES FROM THE THIRD YEAR: WOMEN'S LIBERATION--\$1.50-

The Amazon Collective invites all correspondence and contributions. Please address all material to Amazon Collective, P.O. Box 90541, Milwaukee, 53202. Deadline for material for the next issue is August 6.