

the Common Scold

75¢

number 27

PROFESSIONAL FOOTSTEPS

by Rita Swidrowski

When I was eight years old I used to delight in visiting my father's office in downtown Washington, D.C. One time, as we rode up the elevator of his tall building, his secretary looked down at me and asked, "So, what are you going to be when you grow up?"

"Oh, I guess I'm going to follow in my father's footsteps," I answered, hiding behind my father shyly. As I looked up I saw that she and my father were laughing. I did not become an economist like him or a secretary like her.

When I was fifteen and entering high school my mother began impressing upon me the importance of going to college. "Why?" I asked. The reason that I remember the most is that I was supposed to become an interesting wife to an interesting husband.

When I was twenty-three, complete with a bachelor of arts degree, I did marry an interesting (and ambitious) man. The most memorable advice my father gave me that year was, "Rita, do not try to be too ambitious the way I have been. It is not worth the struggles and the conflicts." I was a little confused after all his years of pushing me to achieve in school, but I sighed with relief. My husband could be the one to deal with all the struggles and conflicts. And I could be the woman who's behind every great man.

When I was twenty-six I found myself employed in the same field, television, as my husband. Having left my previous work with children, in a manner of speaking, I was fulfilling the prophecy that I had made to that secretary fourteen years before. In that year I realized that my marriage was not going to last. For me, standing behind my successful husband (while at the same time feeling competitive with him) was full of struggles and conflicts.

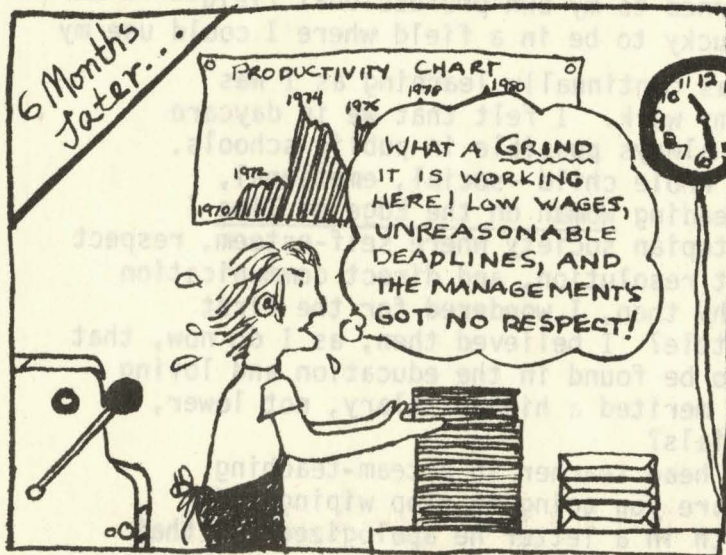
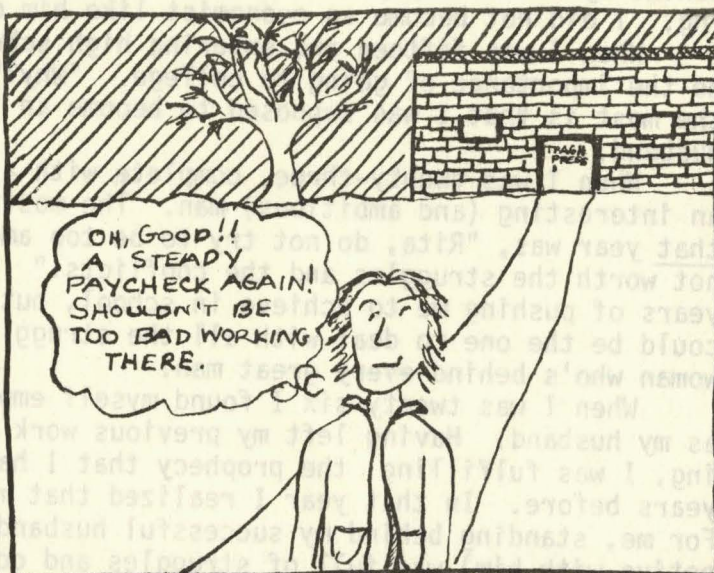
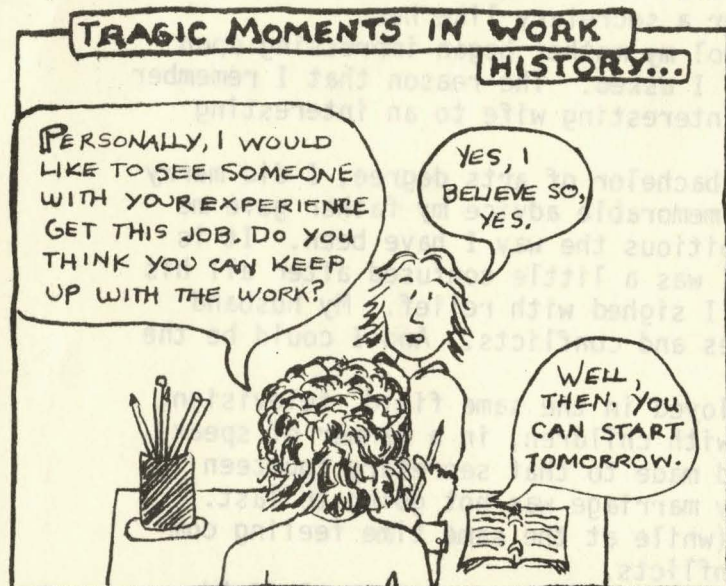
The next year we got divorced and I returned to my own professional field-- Early Childhood Education: Daycare. I felt lucky to be in a field where I could use my creative and intuitive energies and where I was continually learning as I was teaching. I felt competent and dedicated to my work. I felt that we in daycare could help children grow in a way that wasn't always possible in public schools. We believed in providing for the needs of the whole child--social, emotional, creative, intellectual and physical. After reading Woman on the Edge of Time I realized that I saw our classroom as a mini Utopian society where self-esteem, respect, responsibility, cooperation, peaceful conflict resolution, and direct communication were values we taught and strove to model. Why then, I wondered for the first time in my adult life, was I being paid so little? I believed then, as I do now, that hope for humanistic change on our planet is to be found in the education and loving care of our children. Wasn't this a job that merited a higher salary, not lower, than producing artwork for television commercials?

When I was twenty-eight and had become a head teacher in a team-teaching daycare classroom, my father asked me, "When are you going to stop wiping kids' noses and do something worthwhile?" Last month in a letter he apologized for that

comment and expressed support for my profession, but he is not alone in his former attitude. In this field we are often asked, "When are you going to get a real job?" or, "So, what do you do, just play with children all day?" So we keep affirming our values and look to those who know best what we do: the children. (My fascination with young children and the many aspects of my job could be the subjects of whole other articles.)

At age thirty-two I am the teacher at a private center and am no longer just noticing my low wage--I am angry about it. I am also angry about cutbacks to day-care and human services and at the inadequate budget that my center, as a relatively new, small business, is operating under.

I am considering returning to college next year. I want more specialized training and more opportunities for higher paying work in my field. While this decision forces me to confront my personal fears of success, there is also the fear that our country's economy and trend toward military spending over human services, the arts, and education could limit my professional opportunities. Though it is no longer coming from my parents, I am hearing plenty of advice to support this fear. But I am trying to keep the belief that I will be able to pursue my interests and working goals while getting paid a fair salary with just respect. Those are the footsteps I must make for myself.



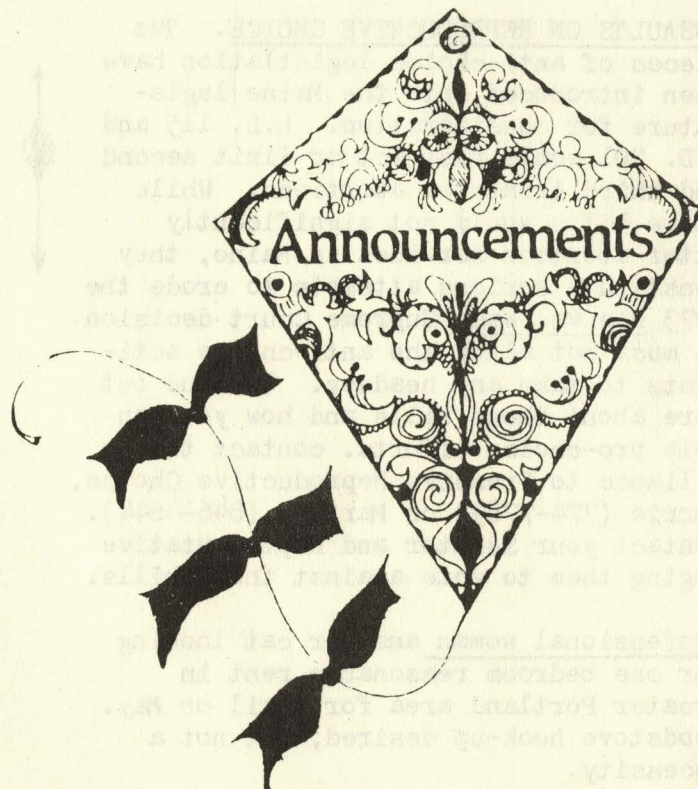
"Our Jobs, Our Work," is a new booklet for women on hazards to our health and safety in the workplace. It addresses issues for women in both "traditional" and "nontraditional" jobs, covering topics such as stress, toxic chemicals, cancer in the workplace, reproductive hazards, and a variety of strategies for finding out how safe you are where you work and improving your working conditions. The pamphlet is by the Women's Committee of the Mass. Coalition for Occupational Safety and Health, with help from the Boston Women's Health Book Collective. It is available from Mass. COSH, 718 Huntington Avenue, Boston, MA 02115.

GREATER PORTLAND NOW meets the 4th Tuesday of every month, 7:30 P.M., at the Y.W.C.A. On March 22, they are showing "Pink Triangles," a film about the persecution of gays in Nazi Germany.

Resisting sexual harassment at work - confronting the offender directly and pressing for action by the employer is causing tension, anxiety, guilt, paranoia, feelings that I am a nasty person who is "hard to get along with." If you have also taken formal action against harassment, I would very much appreciate hearing from you. I need to talk with folks who have had similar experiences and might be interested in forming a discussion/support group. Write to Liz, in care of The Newsletter. Responses will be forwarded to me.

FEMINIST THEORY STUDY GROUP. If you are interested in participating in a feminist theory study group, call Susan, 774-6388. We hope to attract people interested in radical feminist and socialist feminist theory.

Brunswick Area NOW is sponsoring a conference, "Women, Power and the Economy", on March 12, Unitarian Universalist Church, Brunswick. Feminist economist Marilyn Powers will keynote. Child care available. Preregistration \$5, \$7 at the door. To register in advance, send a check to Marge Clark, 36 Baribeau Dr., Brunswick, 04011.



WOMEN OUTDOORS ACTIVITIES FOR MARCH

Wednesday, March 2, 6 P.M. Potluck supper and meeting of Portland Region Women Outdoors will be held at Ruthie's house on St. Lawrence St. Call Ruthie, 774-7066, for directions and info.

Friday-Saturday, March 11-13. Women's weekend retreat at Tanglewood Camp in Lincolnville (near Camden). Lots of cross-country ski/snow shoeing trails, a sauna, heated cabins and prepared food. We are looking for women who are interested in doing workshops, topics could range from cross-country ski techniques to studying the night sky. Cost is \$30. Call Teri, 793-8725 or Ruthie, 774-7066 for info and ideas.

Saturday, March 26. Welcome the sunrise over Casco Bay and herald in Spring. Eleanor Steele will lead a natural history exploration of Macworth Island. Call Eleanor, 781-2778 for time, directions and other info.

WOMEN OUTDOORS

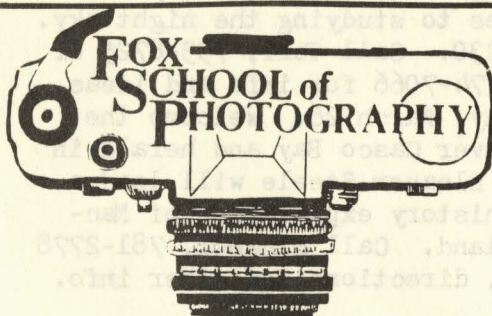
March 9th down hill ski trip 7AM to 6PM to Mt. Abrams, Locke Mills, Me. Call Charlotte Ritter 781-3509

ASSAULTS ON REPRODUCTIVE CHOICE. Two pieces of anti-choice legislation have been introduced into the Maine legislature for consideration. L.D. 115 and L.D. 201 would restrict or limit second and third trimester abortions. While these bills would not significantly alter abortion services in Maine, they constitute serious attempts to erode the 1973 Roe vs. Wade Supreme Court decision. We must not allow the anti-choice activists to make any headway. To find out more about these bills and how you can help pro-choice efforts, contact the Alliance to Preserve Reproductive Choice, Merrie (774-7789) or Marilyn (846-4644). Contact your Senator and Representative urging them to vote against these bills.

Professional woman and her cat looking for one bedroom reasonable rent in Greater Portland area for April or May. Woodstove hook-up desired, but not a necessity.

MAINE NOW STATE CONFERENCE, Thomas College, Waterville, May 21. Keynote address, film, workshops, child care provided, wheelchair accessible. Keep your eyes open for further info. Keep that date open.

The Cumberland County Training Resource Center is sponsoring a variety of professional development, career awareness workshops. Write for their brochure, P.O. Box 8048, Portland, 04104, or pick one up at 107 Elm Street.



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Begins: First TUESDAY of each month.
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148 Middle St. Portland, Me. 773-0178

More Announcements

IRIS will sponsor a talk by HOLLY NEAR 2-4PM, Sun., March 13, at Iris. Holly Near will talk about her life, career, political involvement, and will answer questions. Admission to the talk is \$3, members, \$4, guests. Iris also has tix for Holly Near's concert that night, March 13, 8PM at UNH. For tix to either or both send SASE and check made out to Iris to: IRIS 40 Pleasant St. Portsmouth, N.H. 03801 or call (603) 436-8958, Wed-Sun, 5PM on

GENERAL "TOWN MEETING"

for Greater Portland feminist women to continue the process begun February 5. The Town Meeting will take place mid-April. We will continue to look at the issues that divide us and ways to mend the divisions. Large Attendance is important. Stay tuned for more details. Or, call Diane, 799-6905, for info after April 1st.

2 Professional women + 2 cats looking for 6 or 7 room apt. Greater Portland area. Wood heat preferred but not necessary. Call collect 793-8725 Teri.

One or two women wanted to rent house in woods in Swanville, near Belfast. Has electricity, no running water (tho water is nearby), furnished. Very beautiful. Reasonable rent. Call Sue at 338-4476.


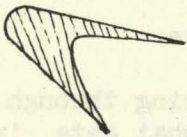


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NEXT THEME, MAY ISSUE: WOMEN AND THE LAW
Your experiences inside and outside the law.
Times you've broken the law, times you've wished
you had. Experiences with the law that have
affected your life.

Open planning meeting for women interested
in bringing Libana, a women's chorus, to
Portland in the Spring. Libana performs
music from the Balkan countries and from
other cultures. Sunday, Feb. 27, 7 p.m.
For more info., call Nicole 799-6905.

Women's Writing Workshop. Ten week course.
In Town Learning Center. The course will
examine, through a series of exercises, our
passages from childhood to adulthood.
Starts Wed. March 9, \$ 20. For info. call
PACE 797-0348 or Nicole 799-6905.

We are a small group of women and men who
are looking for someone(or two) to live
with us in our West End co-operative household.
We are vegetarians trying our damndest to
be *p.c. and still have fun. Feminist
perspective required. Some collective
experience preferred. Gays and lesbians
welcome. Sally, Barbara, Jamie, and
Harro. 773-2322. politically correct.

THE TENTH ANNUAL MAINE GAY AND LESBIAN
SYMPOSIUM is being planned for the
weekend of May 14th, Friday night to
Sunday noon. The organizing committee
desperately needs people to help put
the big event together. The Symposium
will be held in Portland at USM. If
interested in working on it, call the
Gay People's Alliance at the University.

The Wild Wailing Women will be performing
at the USM College Room on the Portland
Campus on Monday, March 14 from 8-11 p.m.
Their music includes popular, blues, jazz
and original tunes.

Films Celebrating Women's Strength
In-Town Learning Center 7 p.m.
With These Hands March 14th
Rosy The Riveter March 16th

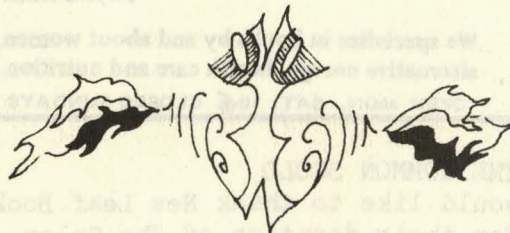
TO ALL THE WONDERFUL NEWSLETTERS WITH
WHOM WE DO EXCHANGES!!! Please check
our address on your mailing lists. We
are still having mail sent to the old
address. Please change our address on
your mailing list. The mail will not be
forwarded forever, and we'd hate to miss
an issue.

EXHIBIT!! EXHIBIT!! Photographs by Rose
Marasco and Paper Paintings and Three-
Dimensional Objects by Serena Hazard.
Westbrook College, Alexander Hall Gallery,
March 23-April 14, Sunday thru Thursday,
1 P.M. - 4 P.M. Opening Wednesday,
March 23, 5 P.M. - 8 P.M.

To the Collective:

We thank the Collective for don-
ating money to help cover the cost
of our meeting of women at the
Williston-West Church on Feb. 5.

Anna Kissed
Martha Lunney
Diane Elze



OUR BOOKS

462 FORE ST.

New and Used Paperbacks

gay, lesbian, feminist books
non-sexist children's books
Women's Newsletter
Men's Newsletter


Advocate
GCN
Sojourner

our name...

We hope you've all noticed that our beloved newsletter is no longer nameless. Now, in answer to the next most obvious question.....

Under English Common law, a "common scold" was a criminal charge levied against "women addicted to abusive speech." A "scold," by definition, must be a woman. Men could not be so charged. Women tried and convicted were sentenced to the ordeal of the ducking stool, a punishment handed out to prostitutes and witches (those "fortunate" enough to escape burning), as well. The woman would be clamped into a chair attached to a large teeter-totter, then submerged into the coldest body of water nearby. This method of physical torture subjected the woman to near-drowning and strangulation.

We name this newsletter "The Common Scold" to honor all of herstory's scolds. We honor the women who dared to speak their minds, the women who dared assert themselves, the women tried and convicted by all-male juries, the women tortured and murdered by the ducking stool at the hands of men. Let us all be guilty of the charge "common scold."



New Leaf Books

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"Never go to bed mad. Stay up and fight."
Phyllis Dillèr

**We specialize in books by and about women,
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THE COMMON SCOLD

would like to thank New Leaf Books for their donation of The Color Purple by Alice Walker which was raffled off at the last dance held by The Lavendar Caucus.

Dear Newsletter Task Force:

...The Newsletter is going through a lot of changes I see - from what gets into print I imagine there must be a lot of processing going on behind the scenes. Hopefully it feels as productive and positive as it appears from this distance.

I especially appreciated the last big issue (#26) with both Martha's story on the front cover and Diane's piece inside (the one inspired by Nice Jewish Girls.) I felt in reading those pieces that each one gave a depth of meaning to the other, and made the issues less an "issue" and more the concrete reality of people's lives. As a Jew, I welcome every article, every action which speaks to the importance of becoming aware of anti-Semitism and of learning about Jewish cultures and experiences...

Say hello for me to all the collective members.

Thanks -

Laura Punnett

Mrs. Copy

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Thoughts on Working

The English Prostitute's collective has named "poverty and women's refusal of poverty as the cause and attraction of prostitution."* I chose hooking over starving. I decided to let some prick rent my body for an hour in exchange for \$75. I made that decision because I knew that if I didn't, we would have to go back to the slums. I didn't want that for my daughters anymore. And Andy liked to play tennis. His racquets cost a lot of money and he needed fancy tennis sneakers, and shorts, and new balls. He didn't want to live in the slums. He didn't want to work. It was important to make sure he got everything he wanted. My survival, my daughters' survival depended on it.

So I tried to make life easy for him. I would do things to keep him happy. If I didn't, he would beat the shit out of me, my daughters too. He would threaten to kill us. He would terrorize us. I learned what pleased him and what was apt to displease him. The kids learned to hide when he was being violent. A few times he lost it with them too, though. It was expensive trying to control his environment and I didn't have the skills to earn enough money to do that.

The only thing I had to sell was my cunt. It was the only way I had to keep from being poor and I didn't want to be poor anymore. It's a drag. It is not romantic. It's being treated like a piece of shit. Being poor is being trapped in an abusive relationship and not being able to buy your way out. Being poor is saying "no" to your kids a lot. Being poor is being vulnerable. Being poor is about living in the slums. It's about being hungry and tired all the time. It's about working hard all the time. Scamming so you can pay the rent and feed the kids. It's hard fucking work keeping a family alive when you're poor. And it's hard fucking work being a whore.

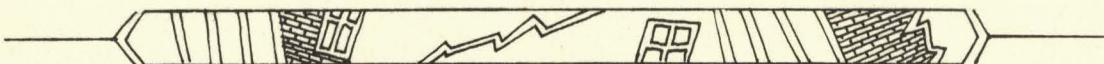
It's a job with a high stress level. At least it was for me. I worked through an escort service. It was all very professional. I responded to an ad in the newspaper and set up an appointment with some unknown prick for an interview - all the time hoping it really was an escort service and not a front for organized pimping. I was skeptical though. My skepticism proved valid. When I got to the interview, he asked me to undress and get into bed so he could see if I was any good. He was satisfied with my work, but one of the regulars had to try me out. I was told to meet him at three o'clock at some room in one of the hotels. After that they would let me know if I was hired. I passed the second test. I used to test well.

I had had a lot of practice faking orgasm already. It was a survival skill I had developed as a wife. For seven years I had lived with a man who would kill me if he thought I was not being sexually satisfied. By him. So I learned not to puke on his prick. I learned how to swallow his semen with a smile on my lips, all the time wanting to vomit or chomp it off. I learned how to pretend I liked it when he rammed away at my cunt or my asshole. I knew what it took to make a man happy. I already knew how to be a whore. Now at least I would be getting paid for it. Of course, the pimps would be making \$75 an hour off my ass too.

This was when the Hillside strangler was around. He was a weirdo who would call massage parlors and escort services to have a whore sent to his house. Then he would rape and kill her. I remember reading about it a lot in the newspapers. Being a whore is a high risk occupation, like being a wife.

by Anna Kissed

*Prostitutes Our Life, edited by Claude Jaget, Falling Wall Press, 1980



the weirdest job i ever had



The weirdest job I ever had was working for the Hygenic Phone Company. I would go into corporate offices from uptown Rockefeller Center to downtown Wallstreet and clean phones, or, as Miss Snyder would say, "sanitize" them with Hygenic Phone's secret formula. Hygenic Phone owed its existence to the common cold. The Company depended on convincing businesses that the way to cut back employee absenteeism was to sanitize office phones thus reducing flu and colds. Employees out sick meant no work and no work meant no profits, etc., etc. Miss Snyder told me all this during my interview with evangelical fervor and I could see her point. She ran the business out of a dingy Mid-Manhattan office space, looked to be in her early seventies and had the bearing of a proper Victorian school teacher. She was about 5' 5" with dark, gray-streaked hair pulled back in a loose bun. She had high cheek bones, fine, deep set eyes and aristocratic posture. She once told me she slept au naturel though I cannot imagine what conversation prompted that remark except I have a vague recollection that I was, at the time, suffering from an earache. When we were paid on Friday afternoons, Miss Snyder always served tea and stale butter cookies with our brown pay envelope. It was her attempt, I suppose, at the fiction of a cozy family business. The job was part time and all the workers were women. I was the youngest, then in my early 20's. The rest of the women were middle aged or older and worked to suppliment meager pensions or dead husbands' social security checks.

I remember answering the ad and being handed an application that looked like it belonged in the National Archives. After I filled it out, Miss Snyder disappeared, returning momentarily with a small black valise. Within this valise were all the paraphernalia necessary to sanitize the 400 or so phones I was to do per week. Here were two brown bottles, a supply of Q-Tips, a small jar of secret formula, two stacks of flannel cloths and a six inch peice of lead pipe wrapped in black electrical tape. My eyes immediately rivited onto the lead pipe. I asked what it was for, my mind already racing before me. Defending myself in the valiant pursuit of clean phones was not the way I wanted my obit to read. Miss Snyder smiled, reassuring me, "Oh, no, dear. That's to use in case there's no hold button." She then demonstrated the proper way to place the pipe onto the phone's cradle while skillfully dusting, cleaning, sanitizing and then polishing the phone. The cleaning procedure was intricate and involved first cleaning the entire phone, then putting "secret formula" onto the mouthpeice with a Q-Tip. Secret Formula had the consistency of vaseline and was invented, I believe, by Miss Snyder's father. The final touch was polishing the phone, rubbing and buffing it into a high sheen. Miss Snyder seemed to get immense satisfaction from this demonstration. Under her guidance I then cleaned the same phone until it glowed like a chunk of highly glossed obsidion. I was hired. I was to work three days a week, four hours a day and was to be paid something like \$3.30 an hr., which in the late 60's was probably o.k.

I worked the first week with one of the other women who showed me the ropes. The first job was a big mid-town hotel with immense conference rooms. My co-worker went in one direction and pointed me in the other. We agreed to meet in the middle when we were finished. I went about doing the job à la Miss Snyder. About an hour later, I was less than half way through when my partner came to get me. She looked vaguely disgusted. "How'd you do it so fast?", I remember stammering or something to that effect. "Well, you don't use that stuff for one----She pointed to the "secret formula"----people hate it. It smells bad and the Phone Co. says it clogs up the holes in the mouthpiece. Look, honey, you just dust them off and polish 'em up or you'll never get outta here." She expertly snapped a rag over one of the phones. "You never use it?", I remember saying. She looked at me and shrugged. "Oh, once in awhile---when I start a new job but not for long. I'll get those next week." She waved in the direction of my unfinished phones. I follow-

ed her to the elevator.

After I got the hang of it, phone cleaning got me into some amazing places. I cleaned the phones of big shipping magnets, corporate realitors' 33rd floor pent house offices with huge sweeps of window looking over the Hudson. I'd poke around desks. Cleaning ladies often work very early in the morning or very late at night. Perfect times for snooping. One hot-shot realtor had a letter of commendation on his desk from then Mayor Lindsey congratulating him on his civic concern re. pornography and prostitution in Times Square. I later read in the "Times" that one of his subsidiaries had bought up whole blocks of Times Sq., was now a slum landlord with the pretense of eventually cleaning up the neighborhood. I cleaned offices of corporate lawyers and noticed some interesting institutional graffiti. Many of these offices had framed lithographs of business men jumping out of windows during the Great Depression. My little black valise was the brunt of more than one office joke, "Oh, here comes Madame Curie" was one guy's weekly comment. Once, walking downtown, a man tried to grab my bag from me, raving on about how he needed his methadon, insisting that I was the public health nurse. We had a tug of war in the middle of the street. He let go after I kept repeating I was a phone cleaner. My downtown routes got me into the mushroom world of the Stock Exchange. There, in huge rooms lit in perpetual twilight, everyone had two phones, if not four, going at once. A giant screen dominated the front of the room with Dow Jones averages and other stock market hieroglyphics moving in an iridescent stream. All eyes were glued onto the flow of letters and numbers. I hardly even got a chance to dust a phone there since every time I went to grab one I was scowled at or shoved away. This was a split second world and phone cleaners had best put themselves on hold. In my brief but intense career as a phone cleaner, I only came across one person who seemed enthusiastic regarding my services. One man implored me to clean the dial on his telephone since he had lost a fingernail due to blood-poisoning---the result of co-workers dialing with the tips of lead pencils. His gratitude was not enough to keep me in the profession, however, and by Spring I was ready to move on.

Miss Snyder, I believe, felt betrayed by me. I began calling in sick a lot and, finally, having gotten a new job, I gave a week's notice. This was also during a time when her thieving nephews were taking over the business. I would see them when I went to pick up my pay. They would be in the office where the books were kept or in with Miss Snyder. I learned from one of the other phone cleaners that the nephews were buying her out and Hygenic Phone was about to merge with a window cleaning company downtown. I'm sure this was a tragic time for Miss Snyder. She wore an air of stoic sadness about her which made me feel annoyingly guilt tripped. I can't remember saying goodbye. Months later I saw a spiffy van speeding up Second Ave. with the name TELE-SAN emblazoned on its side. I imagined one of Miss Snyder's cigar smoking nephews sitting behind her desk. The whole affair had a poignant O'Henry short story quality about it.

That was fifteen years ago. I have another profession now and there is no mention of Hygenic Phone in my professional resume. But, you know, it should be because whatever skill I now possess as a writer and whatever enthusiasm and empathy I engender in students as a teacher owes its origins more to all the off-beat, sweaty, laboring jobs I've had than to any school. My weirdest job(s) helped prepare me for chronicling the human family with all its foibles and everyday acts of courage.



Nicole d'Entremont

A CHAIN OF SURVIVAL

"I am a member of an elite. My grandparents were not. I am single. My grandparents were not. What then unites us, besides skin, genes and blood? Devotion to a theory and practice of work. Their work has helped to generate mine."

Catharine R. Stimpson

Professor of English at Barnard College

These words provoked my thoughts on what work means to me. I realize my values and commitment to the ideology of work come from those who came before me. My father began working for a living, literally, at the age of 9. He was not earning spending money; he was working to live and to help support his mother and three younger siblings. He had no choice, he had no options; he had to work. My father's mother, my grandmother, began working at age 12. My father as a young man and my grandmother were links in a chain of survival. When my father grew up, he was determined to break the pattern of necessity; as his children were to have choices about their lives and their work.

I am part of a familiar historical pattern. Young women, well educated, children of hardworking survivors; who through their work were determined their children would have the luxury of choice. And choices I have had and expect to continue to have. Oh yes, I complain about work - when it becomes too time consuming and more encroaching on my personal life than the formal definitions of employment. But, basically, these weak complaints are somewhat petty; as I don't know work the way my grandmother did.

For me, work is not driven by a need to survive but an enjoyment of the ideas and challenges that are part of my work. I enjoy a career, I enjoy competition and I enjoy my successes and accomplishments. This, quite clearly, resembles the "middle class working man" syndrome. This then brings up a major issue for myself and (I can only assume) for many other women; that is the paradoxical position this puts us in as feminists. After all, feminism smacks of self-sufficiency and independence from the patriarchy. I have found myself rehearsing scenarios like, I should work for myself or I should work with just women, and on and on. These self doubts submerge when I am able to bring my feminism into my work environment. No, I have not overthrown the predominantly male hierarchy where I work! But I have brought, and will continue to bring, a feminist perspective with me to work, and my feminist ethics influence my decisions in the workplace. I am convinced that the feminists working in professional positions within institutions will make tremendous changes as we bring our philosophies into our work.

I wouldn't have the luxury of these choices if it weren't for my own hard work; but, also, the hard work of family members before me. I have achieved much of what my grandmother never dreamed of happening in her own life; and as I continue to make choices, they will be accomplished from my own feminist perspective. This is, for me, the most precious luxury of all.

Cheryl Greaney



Money's be the name of the game

Somebodys somewheres be hearing theys cry for social freedom.

Stop and take a look around,
They is hard working like any bodiles else.
It be life's oldest game,
One way a dealing with its facts an pain.
One look at a Hooker don't be telling all to see.
Some be lonely,
Some be unwed mothers with hungry childrens.
Some be making more from one lay,
Than a whole weeks earned pay.
The writing be on the wall,
It be saying we must live through it all.
Hookers.
Who be it?
It be you, your daughter, an it be me.
Dealing with lifes facts an it pain.
It show in theys eyes,
Life be just do or die.
But it all be the same,
Money be the name of the game.
Be you work hooking on the street,
As a secretary in a office,
Or in a factory packing meat.

Jackie Wurslin



My Secret Puzzle

WHY IS IT THAT....

Women don't have equal rights?
Women are oppressed?
Women don't have power?

BECAUSE....

Men exploit women.
Men hold women down.
Men dominate the money and
power positions in this country.
Men have power.

SO....

A woman pursues a business career.
She studies what must be done to
penetrate what lies ahead.

She dons a business suit.
She shaves her legs.
She shares what she has to offer.
She succeeds in securing a position

AS A RESULT...

She has sold out.
She has abandoned her oppressed
sisters.
She risks being unwillingly moved
from the feminist class to the
upper class.
She feels embarrassed and guilty.

Women, let us be aware of that which
is a threat to us all and that which
is an opportunity for us all.

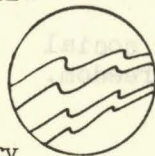
ath

Attention: Aries, Gemini, Virgo, Libra
Sagittarius, and Aquarius.

Here she is: Aquarius 1/20-2/18

Love This Woman!

She's sensitive and possesses a very strong intellect. She lives essentially in her mind. The strongest of the air signs, aquarius women depend almost entirely on the intellect, attached mainly to her ideas. She's wary even frightened by emotion. She Won't let you get to close. Open and friendly to meet; friends stimulate her. She's charming, imaginative, creative and entertaining. She can be stubborn. She values her freedom and privacy. She has a deep need for love and companionship and may go through many lovers looking for it. She may resist it when she finds it. She Loves beautiful things including all parts of the body. You'd better not forget to compliment her on how great she looks in the buff. She needs to be appreciated. Sexually she's a slow starter. She prefers to idealize love, encompass it with tenderness. She's extremely imaginative and creative sexually and takes a lively interest in trying new ways of enjoyment. Her erogenous zones are her calves and ankles. She likes boldness and confidence in a lover. She'll require an independent, nonconformist, truth seeker like herself, The course of your romance won't run smooth. She's changeable, moveable and migratory. You'll have to hold on tight... without her noticing. Next... Pisces.



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Pisces 2/19-3/20

Attention: Aires, Taurus, Cancer, Scorpio and Capricorn.
Here she is- Pisces, ruled by Neptune, planet of beauty and mystery. She's intensely feminine, sensual, intuitive, responsive and sympathetic. She's delicate, discerning and charming something of a tease. She possesses rare insight and foresight- so don't try to deceive her. She has a strange, elusive haunting air... but is fundamentally dependent. She needs constant reassurance that she's loved. In turn, she'll repay her lover with a truly sensual nature. She's a dreamer, who



avoids the world of conflict and competition. She appears innocent and helpless to draw forth your protective strength. She's seductive. She understands and practices the art of using her body to get what she wants. She's an actress who can adapt to any role. She possesses the wonderful art of making those around her happy...count on her to make the right moves and say the right things. She's sexually liberated... once she learns your whims, she uses her imagination to enhance and magnify the situation. Her libido is unusually strong at the time of menstruation- at such times she works herself into a sexual passion which is hard for her to control. She's impractical. She falls in love too easily. Her erogenous zones are her feet. She's ultra sensitive; easily hurt. Next... Aries

Aries 3/21-4/19



Attention: Gemini, Leo, Sagittarius, Pisces, Capricorn and Aquarius.
Here she is...Aries; look out... She's remote, cool, changeable, charming, contradictory, temperamental and domineering. This is no sign for the timid... but if you're strong enough to butt head-on into her ram charge... congratulations, she's well worth it. She's playful, fearless and enjoys physical activity. She's in love with love. She's ardent, loyal, sentimental and earthy. She's often an idealist and a thinker... but don't expect her to be reasonable. Flattery will get you everywhere. She's independent, jealous, intolerant, and egotistical. She's wholly sensual, feminine and passionate. She won't keep you in the dark about her intentions, and in the dark her intentions are wonderful. Her appetites are voracious. Be firm- meet her aggressiveness head-on. If you can't satisfy her, she'll go her own way. She likes to be in complete control in love making love- and she really enjoys it. She's like a fine wine- she gets better with age. She bites...and scratches. Her erogenous zones are her head and face. Be sincere... she's a lot of woman.

Zoota Quark, Lesbian Astrologer at Large

1	2	3	4	5
<p>Women Outdoors Potluck + Meeting 774-7066</p>	<p>Women Outdoors Ski Trip 7am-6pm (see announcements)</p> <p>Women's Writing Workshop In-Town Center 797-0348</p>	<p>Women's Retreat Tanglewood Camp (see announcements)</p>	<p>Brinswick NOW Conference (see announcements)</p>	<p>Welcome the Sunrise see announcements 781-2778</p>
6	7	8	9	10
<p>Collective Meeting 772-3073 6 p.m.</p> <p>W's Retreat Tanglewood Camp</p> <p>IRIS: HOLLY NEAR</p>	<p>8 International Women's Day On March 8, 1987 women from the garment + textile industry demonstrated against low wages, 12 hr workday - demonstration dispersed by police</p> <p>15 In-Town Learning 7 p.m. With These Hands film about struggle of early labor movement. Produced by Int'l Ladies Garment Workers' Union</p>	<p>14 Welding Women USM Coffee House 8-11 p.m. see announcements</p>	<p>13 Collective Meeting 772-3073 6 p.m.</p> <p>W's Retreat Tanglewood Camp</p> <p>IRIS: HOLLY NEAR</p>	<p>12 Brinswick NOW Conference (see announcements)</p>
11	12	13	14	15
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16	17	18	19	20
<p>16 Rosy the Riveter film about women in the workforce W.W. II In-Town Learning Center 7 p.m.</p>	<p>17 In-Town Learning Center 7 p.m.</p>	<p>18 Women's Retreat Tanglewood Camp (see announcements)</p>	<p>19 Brinswick NOW Conference (see announcements)</p>	<p>20 Welcome the Sunrise see announcements 781-2778</p>
21	22	23	24	25
<p>21 Collective Meeting 772-3073 6 p.m.</p> <p>W's Retreat Tanglewood Camp</p> <p>IRIS: HOLLY NEAR</p>	<p>20 Collective Meeting 772-3073 6 p.m.</p> <p>W's Retreat Tanglewood Camp</p> <p>IRIS: HOLLY NEAR</p>	<p>19 Brinswick NOW Conference (see announcements)</p>	<p>18 Women's Retreat Tanglewood Camp (see announcements)</p>	<p>17 In-Town Learning Center 7 p.m.</p>
26	27	28	29	30
<p>26 Collective Meeting 772-3073 6 p.m.</p> <p>W's Retreat Tanglewood Camp</p> <p>IRIS: HOLLY NEAR</p>	<p>25 Collective Meeting 772-3073 6 p.m.</p> <p>W's Retreat Tanglewood Camp</p> <p>IRIS: HOLLY NEAR</p>	<p>24 Collective Meeting 772-3073 6 p.m.</p> <p>W's Retreat Tanglewood Camp</p> <p>IRIS: HOLLY NEAR</p>	<p>23 Collective Meeting 772-3073 6 p.m.</p> <p>W's Retreat Tanglewood Camp</p> <p>IRIS: HOLLY NEAR</p>	<p>22 Collective Meeting 772-3073 6 p.m.</p> <p>W's Retreat Tanglewood Camp</p> <p>IRIS: HOLLY NEAR</p>
31	32	33	34	35
<p>31 Collective Meeting 772-3073 6 p.m.</p> <p>W's Retreat Tanglewood Camp</p> <p>IRIS: HOLLY NEAR</p>	<p>30 Collective Meeting 772-3073 6 p.m.</p> <p>W's Retreat Tanglewood Camp</p> <p>IRIS: HOLLY NEAR</p>	<p>29 Collective Meeting 772-3073 6 p.m.</p> <p>W's Retreat Tanglewood Camp</p> <p>IRIS: HOLLY NEAR</p>	<p>28 Collective Meeting 772-3073 6 p.m.</p> <p>W's Retreat Tanglewood Camp</p> <p>IRIS: HOLLY NEAR</p>	<p>27 Collective Meeting 772-3073 6 p.m.</p> <p>W's Retreat Tanglewood Camp</p> <p>IRIS: HOLLY NEAR</p>

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