

ALL WAYS



A WOMAN

ALL WAYS A WOMAN



VOLUME I, #1, 1979

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Vivacious
Individual
Caring
Kindling
Ideas

Holding
iros
Light
Expressing
How

Ever
Illuminating
Light
Eyes
Expressing
Nature

Love
Earned
Sweetens
Life
Intensely
Internally

Even
Life
Sweetens
In
Evenings

Daring
Owning
Now
Hearing
All

Bright
Eyes
Running
Hodding
Away
Dreams
Ending
Trained
Thoughts
Entirely

Practicing
Human
Yearning
Laughter
Learning
Instant
Satisfaction

Benign
Open
Natural
Night Owl
Inspire
Earthy

Mother
Artist
Reaching
Learning
Equality
Never
Enough

Just
Overwhelming

Bright
As
Rain
Beating
Against
Rainbows
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Onward
Minds
Opening
Robust
Race
Of
Women

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WISDOM

Yesterday

I had all the answers.

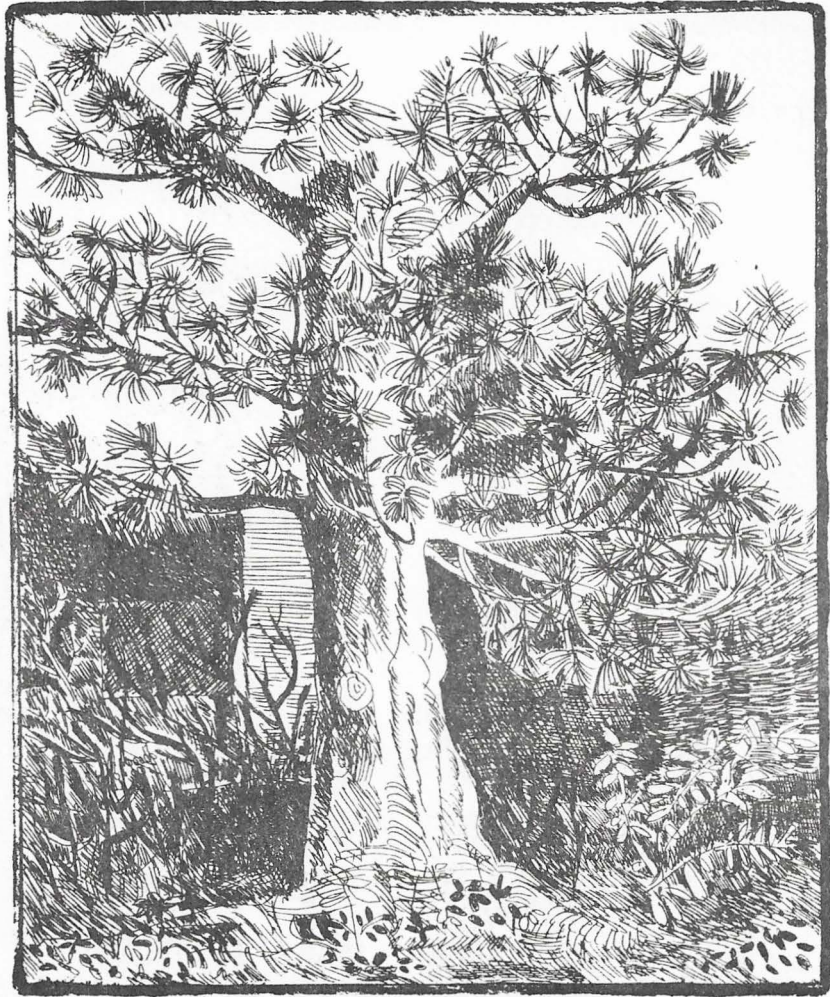
Today

I have all the questions.

Tomorrow

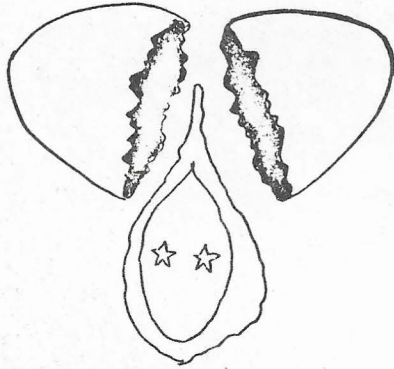
I will have the results.





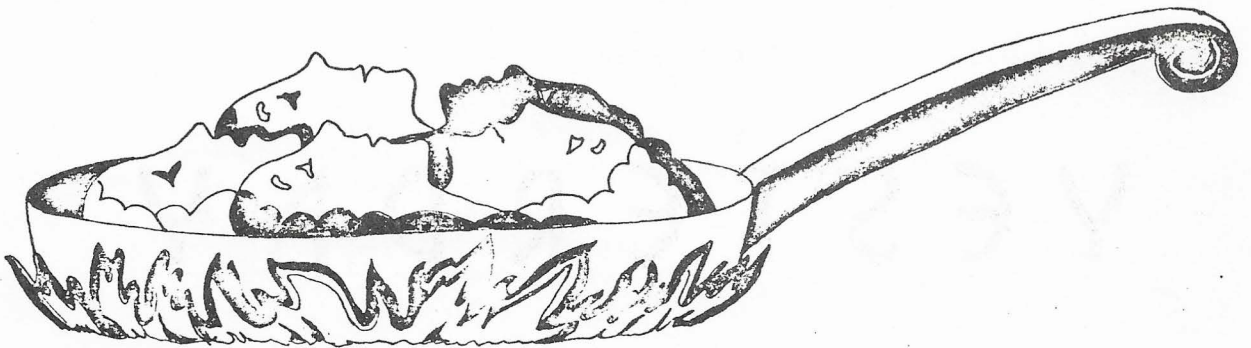


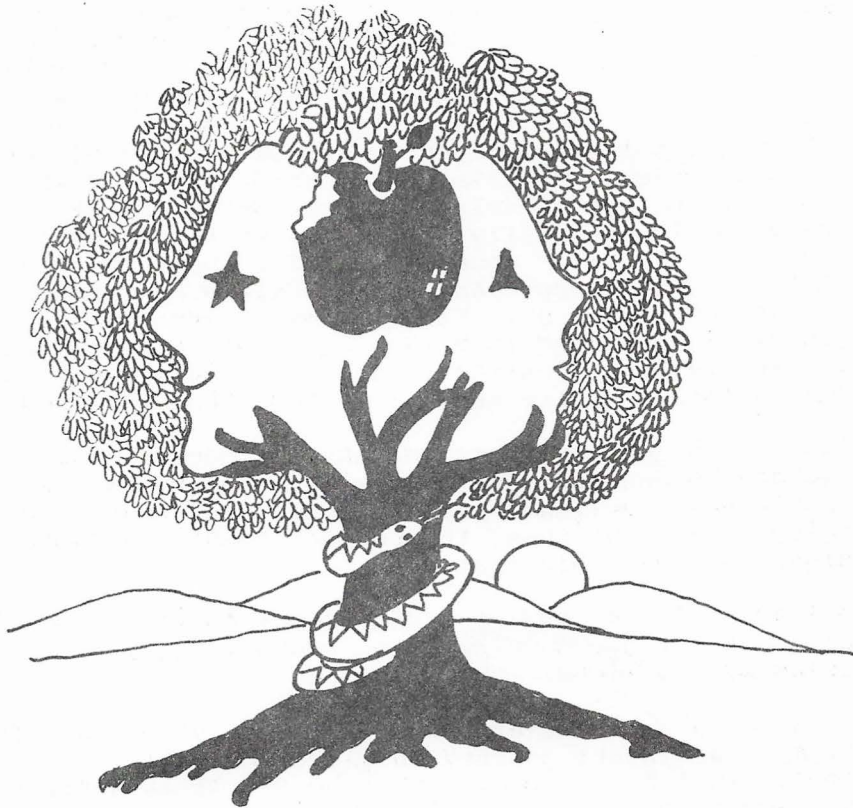
YESTERDAY



The egg and I have been
Layed
Hard Boiled Soft Boiled
Separated Scrambled
Half-Cracked In a shell
Fresh
Rotten
But not forgotten

By Phyllis Murphy





Do you think Adam and Eve should be banished forever?

"For what?" I asked.

"For eating the apple."

"Of cores not."

"It would have been more of a sin to have wasted such sweet fruit."

Phyllis Murphy

THE
INCREDIBLE
JOURNEY

by

Marlene
Superior

Within the midnight, velvet darkness the whirling ball spins and spins. Every second it grows, dividing and building cell upon cell. Embedded and at last at rest in the soft wall, my formation begins to unfold petal-like and shapes emerge.

Contained in the warmth, my long, dark journey begins, a journey by sea, an odyssey repeated a thousand-million-fold since the very dawn of time.

Gently rocked but blind, I am aware of a surge of expectation of what lies ahead. The days and weeks drift dreamily by. Gradually, the beginnings of delicate limbs develop. I am becoming aware of sounds filtered softly through my pulsating environment. There is a distant sound; a thudding, muffled beat that is comfortable and lulls me to sleep. And while I sleep my metamorphosis goes gently and endlessly on. Finally, my appendages are unglued from my sides. I can move them ever so slightly. My stirring must feel like feathers tickling because I am so minute. Soon I begin to move within my salty sea. I am nourished and grow stronger.

My long, dark journey seems endless. I become aware of movement and sounds beyond the sea. Sometimes the sound vibrates around me, soothing; a delicate humming voice is heard and the soft thudding beat continues, the perfect tympany accompaniment to my midnight and invisible orchestra.

Soon I grow larger and my sea becomes smaller. Now I can move freely. What a joy to spend the hours wriggling and kicking, exercising my new limbs.

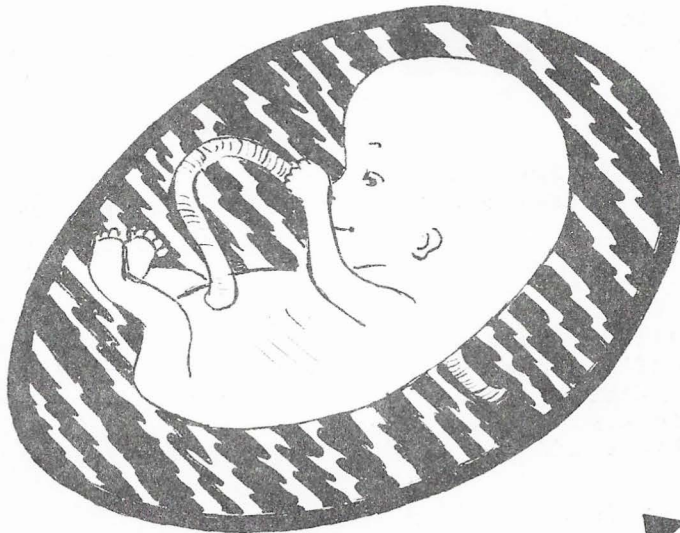
The walls around me are pushing out further and further, and still my dark night journey continues eternally. Then one day I suddenly find myself heels over head! It is a strange and dizzying sensation. I am still floating in my private sea, but in the distance is a soft glimmer of light, gently touching and highlighting the salty waves. As the days go by, I begin to feel contained as I did at the start of my journey, limbs pinned to my side. I am still in the warm dark, secure and safe, but I know my incredible night journey is still not yet over. Something, someone is waiting for my travels to end.

I awake from a nap and feel something strange and different taking place. The hour is quiet. There is no movement from above and total silence except for the ever present thud-beat. Suddenly, shock wave after shock wave pushes and pulsates around me, roughly disturbing my peaceful world.

There is a small explosion and my sea begins to leave, slowly ebbing away and I am left dry upon the shore. The pulsating rhythms push at me with ever-increasing intensity. I begin to move swiftly towards the distant glimmer of light at a speed over which I have no control.

With a tremendous rush I am violently thrown forward into a cool and blinding sensation. No longer swimming in my sea, I am now lifted into the air, first up, up, then upside down. A sharp sting is felt on my lower back and a harsh sound fills the air. I am then wrapped in something warm and soft and placed on a hard surface. Strange sensations are felt all over and then cool and silvery liquids are dropped, bathing my kitten-blind eyes. Now I can feel a familiar environment and yes, once more the reassuring thudding sound. Through blue mist, I gaze upon this new world. "Hello, world. I am here."

I know now that my journey has still not ended. I now begin the long travel on the road of light, a longer, stranger journey than ever before, but I am not afraid to have left my dark sea, for what lies ahead seems infinitely more exciting and mysterious, and I am anxious to begin my incredible new travels in the world of light.



The Bound Woman

By Donna Decker

Jani

Jani

Jani, why'd you do it Jani?

Poppa's waiting with his nicotine suckers and a baseball bat.
He knows there's pain but how can he feel it?

Jani's on the table with her legs up high.

She knows there's pain.

She can feel it.

Harder, harder

here comes little Jani now.

Poor Mamma!

She knows what it's like to be a little Jani.

What's the use of having little Jani?

Jani

Jani

Read your Alice and Jerry.

See Jerry run! See Jerry's ball.

See Alice sweep. See her sew.

See Alice get the ball for Jerry.

Read this Jani.

Read this and understand!

Jani

Jani

Come here on the corner.

There's Bill now!

How will I get near him with all those girls
around him?

Jani

Jani

There's Sue now.

A different guy every night. You know what they
call her.

Jani

Jani

Wait a minute now.

What's a girl like you need a B.A. for?

A piece of paper to hang on the wall?

You need a man to cook and clean for.

That's all you need to keep you satisfied.

What Jani What?

My, you are beaming.

The wedding's next month.

Where did you meet him?

Poppa's waiting with a bag of candy and a pitching glove.
He knows she's crying, but he can't hear her.

Jani's on the table with her legs up high.

She can feel herself crying but she doesn't know why.

She can put her finger on it but she doesn't want to.

EXCERPT FROM
A JOURNAL

by Eileen Fitzsimmons

I was looking at my wedding picture the other day and I was reminded of something.

The day I was married, before we left on our honeymoon, we went to our apartment to change clothes. As I took off my wedding dress I was hit with such a feeling of depression---I just couldn't understand it. I loved my husband, we were starting on a new life together, and I felt just awful. The feeling didn't last too long; the people who were driving us to the bus station came in and it passed.

We were on our honeymoon a week. We had a lovely time and I was very happy. Then on the bus on the way home that feeling hit again. This time it hit harder. When we arrived home, I actually started to cry. I just couldn't understand it; at that time in my life I do not think that I was ever really depressed. This feeling lasted for days.

I tried to analyse just what was making me feel that way, and finally I realized what was causing it. We spend all of our young lives, in my case 21 years looking forward to, and preparing for, the day when we will be married. And, though I was going to continue to work. I did not have plans for a great career. I would work for a year or two, then settle into being a wife and mother.

So I finally came to realize that the day that I had waited for, dreamed for, planned for was over and what was left? As happy as I was I felt that I had reached the climax of my life, and the rest would be anticlimactic. It was some let down.

Well, of course, I soon felt better. But, as I look back on the incident, I am reminded how much emphasis is placed on a girl's getting married. Or, at least it was. I hope that maybe it is different for young girls now, but, somehow, I doubt it.



Grandma's downstairs.

I hear her voice

climb the stairs

knock on my door

and come in without waiting for an answer.

Her game is on.

Anyone who listens is a player.

Today she's deaf, so we raise the volume of the T.V.

We raise our voices and mutter under our breaths

"deaf bastard" which she hears,

then vows to never talk again. We beg forgiveness.

The game began so early, soon after the time her brother kicked
her in the stomach dislocating her guts.

She wouldn't kick him back. She was too much of a lady.

I knew she was playing at it after she lifted her skirt

for her husband and out popped four babies.

No one ever told her fucking causes babies.

A good lady-----grandma.

"I love my children, my husband," she said between
gritted teeth.

A little louder each time. Remember, grandma was
going deaf.

Slitted eyes, hands clasped in prayer.

"I love my children, my husband.

God help me love my children, my husband!"

She prayed loud, louder

until she realized the Trinity doesn't have to
raise the volume of their T.V. set.

So she let one worm in.

It didn't feel too bad, especially when she
could say, "Look at my worm!"

A little louder each time, for grandma was going deaf.

If people looked at one worm; imagine when she could say,

"Look at my worms!" And she did.

And she pointed to each worm.

We looked and listened and tried to feel, but we knew that she
had let them in.

We also knew that the cookies she ate rotted her teeth

and the oil she cooked with hardened her arteries

and the glasses she wore blinded her eyes

and the voices she listened to deafened her ears

and that she lifted her skirt for her would-be husband.

"Look at my worms," she cried, and I look
and quickly turn away from worms marring human flesh,

gaping holes of woman flesh.

Her woman's mouth is screaming, one black hole screaming.

She is scratching wounds, prying open wounds, prying wide enough,

wide enough to open one hole

wide enough to reach inside and tear it out- her worm infested womb.

"Look at my womb!"

Then she lies down in her hole in the ground. Worms crawl away.

They have finished grandma's womb. No God, no need for judgment.

Here is grandma's hell.

Have her worm ridden womb.

By Donna Decker

The word decision is defined as "the act of making up one's mind". People make innumerable decisions during their lifetime some insignificant and some of such magnitude as to tremendously affect their lives and the lives of others. For me, one of the most important decisions that I have ever had to make was whether I should return to school.

A

DIFFICULT

DECISION

by Eileen Fitzsimmons

The idea of returning to school had begun to take shape in my mind about two years before I actually returned. At first, it was just a vague idea that maybe it would be nice to do something more with my life than I was doing at the time. It was not that I felt unfulfilled. I was a wife and mother, and I was also involved in several outside activities. I liked my life, and yet I felt that perhaps I could be doing more with it. At first, I thought of returning to work; but after giving this some thought, I decided that at this time in my life it would not be practical, and I also felt that I did not want to return to what I was doing before my marriage. Then the idea of going to college first started to become a reality for me. Soon it became my goal.

After having acknowledged to myself that I wanted to return to school. I then had to find out if it was within the realm of possibility. There was more than just myself to consider. I had to be concerned about what effect my decision would have on my husband and my two children.

When I told my husband that I wished to go to school, his first reaction was that it was just a passing fancy; nevertheless, he said it was fine with him and he would help in anyway that he could. And he has.

Of my two children, the oldest one presented the least amount of worry. He was almost eleven at the time and in school. He would be able to care for himself for the hour or so that he would have to be alone after school.

My younger son, however, was only three and he was the one who provided me with the greatest amount of concern. I was lucky enough to have him accepted in the Day Care Center at the college. He would be able to go there whenever I was at school. Even so, I had never left him with anyone; he was extremely attached to both his father and myself, so I was apprehensive about how he would react to being away from us so many hours at a time.

As it turned out, there was some reason for concern. He did not adjust well at first, and one of the most painful things I have had to do is walk off and leave him crying. Consequently, I had to reevaluate my decision. Was I being selfish? Was I putting my own desires before the welfare of my son?

After much thought and evaluation, I think that I can honestly say that I was not. Foremost, I felt that the Day Care Center would be good for him in the long run; it would help him to become more independent. Moreover, he did seem to be adjusting. Secondly, I felt that if I gave up then, I would be unhappy and resentful and that would not benefit anyone.

On the whole, I feel that my decision to return to school was one of the biggest that I have ever had to make, and it has certainly affected the lives of my family. Be that as it may, I feel that it is a choice that has enriched all of our lives.



Because of you I moved,
packed my bags, left my mother,
my home.
Because of you I worked so hard,
and saved and worked,
to save some more.
Because of you I cried,
broke apart,
believed I had died.
Blind, I sat in a cage I blamed on you.
Then you left to find yourself.
Frantic,
I reached for my bars but they weren't there.
I was free all along.
Now my eyes are open.
Thank you!

By Donna Decker

Go with the feeling
It's part of the healing
Who ever is dealing.

By Phyllis Murphy

Little Boy Blue,
you blow your horn so long and loud
that we don't hear it anymore.
It's not that we ignore you;
we are sick of that song.
It doesn't move us anymore.
If you stop playing we'll listen.

By Donna Decker

Do something positive....
the negatives will develop themselves.

By Phyllis Murphy



Contentment

I write
the words come and go
and flow
arranging themselves
as they fall on the page.

Here is my story.
Here is my life.

Egypt
in all her glory
never had an empress
as sweetly satisfied
as I am with a pen in my hand
and a cup of tea at my side.

By Donna Decker





T O D A Y



The Many Faces of Me

By

Marlene Superior



I have been so many things,
Tied to many apron strings;
First a daughter, then a sister.
I had little thought for a mister.
Out of the nest one day I flew
Into a world so bright and new,
Shining student hour flings
Into Art and Worldly things.
At the end, another role
Graduation took its toll
I had found my favorite mister
No longer was I daughter, sister.

Many changes came about
Mexican trip; a honeymoon
A halcyon, dancing afternoon
Rays of sunshine and lover's moon
All among Hibiscus bloom
Days of happy, nights of bliss
Living on a dime and kiss
Suddenly it was all gone
Drunken flight, then apron-on
Back to earth, all work and worry
Dash to city, home to curry
"A rat race," he said, "let's
call it a day."
"It's time for Yale and an M.A."

I had no choice, I had no say
I had to go, I could not stay
We packed our books and sofa bed
And to the campus life we fled
For him three years of life so free
And much hard work for little me!
I clerked at the library nine to five
Then at home, cooked, cleaned and cried.
And at the end, his goals were reached
A Prof at last (with little pay)
A house, then baby on the way.

Into suburbia we finally settled
Furnished, carpeted and tea-kettled
There was not a single flaw
Even a kitten at the door
Purred his welcome with feline grin
(We just had to let him in).
Idyllic you say? Why complain?
But you did not feel all my pain
For into the sunshine came the rain
God knows, I tried, I played the role
I cooked that fabulous casserole
The Baby and I were clean and sweet
The windows shiny, the rooms so neat.

And then he came to me one day
And said, "I want to go away
There is another I love best
She is different from the rest."
All those fresh-faced college girls
With bouncing breasts and tossing curls
Playing their ingenue roles so "naughty,"
(She was 18, he almost 40!)
It ended finally, he came back
The marriage was off on another track
Wending its wearisome, wandering way
Through each lonely and loveless day
Heading for a wreck, disaster
He was still the Lord and Master.

He had money and a car
He could travel near and far
I had four walls and a cat
Inside my gilded cage, I sat,
With squalling babies and messy floors
And fingerprints on walls and doors.
Oh I stayed, where could I go?
I did love the babies so!
The crashing ending finally came
And I will never be the same
For that I'm grateful, now I'm free
I drive, I work, I do and see
I love the many faces of me!

In the past few years, more and more women have been returning to work. I was one of them. As Personnel Training Manager for a major retail department store, I found myself in a unique position that enabled me to make the following observations.

GREATER
EXPECTATIONS
by
Leslie
Derkacz

Many women, so convinced that their place was in the home, seemed to have no feeling of self-worth and little self-confidence outside the home. While filling out an application for work, or during the subsequent interview, they would refer to themselves continually as "just housewives" with "no skills" or "no experience worth mentioning." Often they would state that they had "only" secretarial skills, a little bookkeeping, or the like, or that they were married and had children.

Time after time, their lack of confidence and self-esteem left me deep in thought and with mixed emotions. I wanted to shake each one of them gently. And yet, at the same time, I could identify with them! Why didn't they think more highly of themselves? For that matter, why don't I think even more highly of myself than I do?

And so it went. If they were hired--and many were--they were breathlessly thankful and happy when notified. They arrived for their first training session appearing a little nervous. If they made errors, they became more nervous. You can't imagine how many would say, "You must think I'm stupid," whenever they made an error. I assured them that they weren't. I noted that many of the male trainees reacted differently if they made errors. They would simply say something like, "This isn't right; let me try it again," without assaulting their own intelligence and without seeking my approval. The difference in attitude was intriguing, and I found myself giving it a great deal of thought.

I feel sure that it all stems from the way we were raised as children. Boys were encouraged to get right up if they had fallen; they were supposed to be tough. Little girls, generally, were treated quite differently. They were helped up, dusted off, and told not to run or be rough; they would fall and get hurt if they did. It "isn't nice," they were told, for little girls to do the same things little boys are expected and permitted to do. Little girls who persisted and disobeyed were "naughty." Since they were not encouraged to try, to learn, to pursue, or to win anything, is it any wonder that these girls lack confidence in themselves and in their capabilities as women?

From their childhood, they were headed for stereotyped roles as housewives and mothers. Perhaps they would be teachers or nurses, but only until they married or had a child. Then, the young woman would abandon her profession. Indeed, society frowned--and still does--on a woman who decides to continue working after becoming a mother. With their upbringing and the pressures of society against them, is it any wonder that so many women categorize themselves as "just" housewives, and that they fail to recognize their capabilities when they reenter the work force?

As I met with more and more women for subsequent training sessions, I encouraged and praised them. Yet they were less confident as training ended and the time approached for them to go out onto the selling-floor. They voiced concern that they would never make it without me beside them at the cash registers. They feared that they wouldn't know how to handle things when left on their own.

These same grown women who doubted their capabilities, and who referred to themselves as "just" housewives, were oblivious to the fact that they had successfully run their households. Obviously, this entailed management capabilities and organizational skills. They had learned to utilize time to its best advantage. They had doubtless proved to be creative and resourceful in their homes. They had been responsible for decorating and meal-planning. Each had run an entire household efficiently--and probably did it on a budget, at that. Some had raised children, settled disputes, and handled emergencies. After a day of such duties, they were expected to be pleasant and amusing as hostesses, and good company if they were entertained.

Even though the endless duties they performed were significant other people depended on them, they failed to see their importance or to recognize their accomplishments. The jobs they were performing were vital.

Those women who had had some office experience and who apologetically referred to themselves as having been "just secretaries," similarly failed to realize that neither the executive nor the corporation for whom they had worked could function without the assistance of efficient and reliable secretaries like themselves.

Furthermore, in my observations with my trainees, I could see a great change in these women after they had received a paycheck or two. When they were in the training room or were newly assigned to a department in the store, they would wave shyly or greet me uncertainly. After a few paychecks, they would change not only in manner but also in appearance. They would come to work more shiny and polished, sporting the latest style haircut, wearing some makeup and clothing that was less conservative, if only in color. Something else changed, too, for now they would greet me as the equal that I was! This outward display of con-

fidence led me to the conclusion that they were experiencing feelings of importance and self-worth because they were being recognized for their achievements. This recognition came in the form of money--although, in most cases, their paychecks were not large.

What had happened to the woman who professed to be "only a housewife"? Her attitude had changed. She had been hired and was being paid for her services. Therefore she felt she must be worthwhile. To do idiot's work and to be paid for it, it seems, is better than to do meaningful work at home and not to be paid for it.

Society must acknowledge the fact that each woman is worthwhile, whether or not her skills are recognized by some form of payment. In addition, the importance of upbringing cannot be overlooked. Youngsters, be they female or male, must be encouraged to try to achieve their fullest potential in all endeavors. Furthermore, the dangers of casting males and females in stereotyped roles cannot be minimized.

Where there is growth, there is change. Ours is a changing society. We are growing. There is hope.



I have a conscience these days...

surprisingly so!

I am not confessing

only learning...

That being human you have choices
but only when you are free to make them.

It's
not
easy
being
breezy
when
you
feel
windy.

When you get high on life
the hangover can be a sigh of relief!

Breaking molds
breaking holds
Finding ways
wasting days
Holding on
winding down
Full of fear
full of cheer
Some would choose a beer!

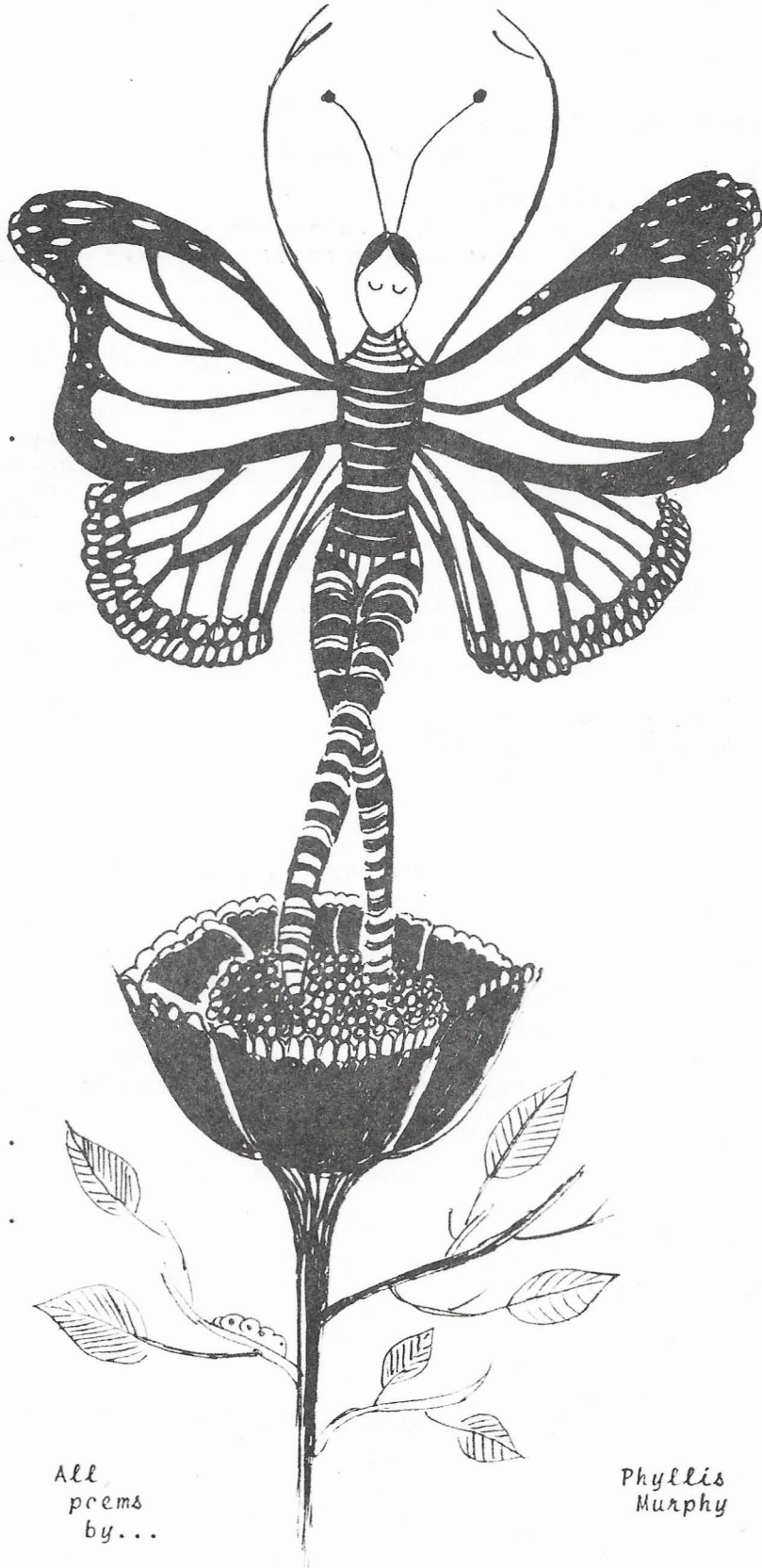
When I was young I held my tongue
As I grow old I'm very bold.

All poems by Phyllis Murphy

When
you
are
far
out...
it
is
time
to
get
your..

b
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l
a
n
c
i
n
g
a
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h
e
r

Find
the
center
of
your
life..
and
swing
gently...
aGain...



E
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o
o
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All
prems
by...

Phyllis
Murphy

JOURNAL
OF
A
HARRIED
(BUT
HAPPY)
by
Marlene Superior MOTHER AND
SCHOOLTEACHER

I love my professions! How many can say that with a pound of truth? Mine have been the "traditional" occupations of women for centuries and despite many rumors to the contrary, for me they are the best and most rewarding. I have, in turn, been a student, wife, housewife, mother, sales clerk, advertising artist, fashion illustrator, librarian, teacher, and almost a nurse (I completed my pre-nursing classes during a laid-off-from-teaching year). All of these jobs have had good and bad aspects, but teaching is by far the most satisfying. Each year I meet hundreds of new, lively, and charming young people. Where else can you get instant feedback to your creativeness or to your lack of it? Let me tell you, teaching keeps me on my toes!

My own two growing daughters are also fascinating creatures, very different from one another and fun to watch as they go through all the expected stages on cue. Living and working with young people twenty-four hours a day, while not always calming is like being at a never-ending and always changing opening night at a theatre, where comedy and tragedy overlap to present stimulating drama.

While I have been at The College of Staten Island, I have kept a journal of some of my experiences as a mother, a teacher, and a student.

FEBRUARY 22. Why is it always so cold and windy up here at the College? It always feels ten degrees colder than anywhere else. I shiver horribly, hating the weeks of crossing that small campus that is made vast and endless by the icy, fierce winds that pierce me as I walk to and from the parking lot and through the quadrangle formed by those building blocks--A Building, B Building, and C Building. I hate to leave the house, knowing that that cold is ahead of me. I hate being pulled away from the warmth of the hearth, especially if I have been engrossed in an interesting book. Sometimes literature makes the room you are in disappear, and you find yourself in distant lands and times. I love to read about how people lived long ago, about what they were like, about the kinds of houses they lived in, and about the clothes they wore. The more modern novel is so true to life in its sadness and in its preoccupation with death. Of course, the older writings also deal with these human themes, but their trappings are so much more romantic and colorful. The literature from ancient times amazes me. When I read it or look at their arts and crafts in museums, I wonder to see how advanced these so-called "pagan"

folks were. They accomplished miracles of overwhelming technology and beauty. How advanced is the human of the species with its inborn sense of aesthetics. It is a great mystery of life, this love of beauty and symmetry.

I have shared my awe about the past with my own children, taking them as often as possible to exhibits and to museums and on trips to places like Williamsburg. Children sometimes dislike history, but when they glimpse a living, breathing part of it, they are drawn into its wonder. At Jamestown, they asked, "How could so many people fit into such small boats and travel across a tossing sea?" I answered, "It was done and had it not been done, you and I would not be here now." A small group of people wished and made their dream come true. They gave up familiar places and their families and all their worldly things to travel to a wilderness, but they made the wilderness their home and this land of freedom that we still enjoy. I tell my children that they must work very hard to make a dream become a reality and that they must not let anyone or anything turn them away from that dream.

MARCH 1, 1978. An especially tiring day. Field trips to places of business with fifty very lively seventh graders will do that to you. Their bubbling enthusiasm and enjoyment makes the occasion special. The whole idea of a career education is special and a fairly new idea in elementary school. Not too long ago, there was no such animal. Women, especially, were raised and taught to be housewives and mothers, and if, "poor things," they did not marry, then they were expected to be nurses, teachers, librarians, or secretaries. Today, happily, both girls and boys have wider choices of careers.

At Penn Station and the Federal Post Office, we walked through bustling and noise-filled rooms and saw all kinds of machinery in operation and many friendly, smiling faces. There were no such experiences in my own elementary or high school days. I had never heard of ceramics or woodworking or fashion crafts. Shop was only for boys. Did they think girls were too stupid or clumsy to handle a hammer or saw? Obviously, for now, whenever my generation has to fix something, we are all thumbs and look for the nearest male to do the job for us! There was not one field trip in all my pre-college years. I was in school from nine to three, studying reading, writing, and arithmetic. Since I was a girl, I had to take sewing. How I hated it! How I would have loved shop! Recently, people have become educated enough and worldly enough to understand the need for all subjects which make life complete and beautiful. The attitudes that forced girls to take one set of subjects and boys another no longer prevail.

My students appreciate these field trips for more than their social value. The variety of careers open to them amazes them. They will remember this "living" educational experience with its many new ideas longer than they will remember most of their classroom lessons.

At Kennedy, blown breathlessly incoherent by the blasts of wind, we swarmed up the ramp to the observation tower and ascended to the outside platform where our guide told us how each of the many terminals functioned. As we listened and learned, we saw the Concorde, that magnificently streamlined jet, take off. I asked my students, "Do you know that Leonardo da Vinci spent his whole life dreaming that someday people would fly? The greatest disappointment of his life was that he could not make a flying machine. He spent years studying the flights of birds and drawing detailed sketches of their wings and bodies in order to try to solve the mystery. He did work on many flying apparatuses; although his helpers maimed or killed themselves testing them out, he never achieved his dream. I hope that somehow da Vinci can see the beauty and grace of the Concorde as we are seeing it today." The students agreed.

Continuing our exploration of Kennedy Airport, we saw the beautiful stained glass facade of one of the terminals, contemplated the three religious chapels for pilots, and watched in awe and envy as the big planes soared off to exotic destinations. Sea gulls, imitation planes themselves, swirled around our tower and then flew off to their own destinations, unaware of the inspiration they had provided for the creation of the huge steel birds flying in the air with them.

MARCH 22, 1978. It is good to see the weather in the last throes of winter. Those first few warm days last week were a good omen that spring is coming despite the blast of snow flurries a few days later that reminded us of this our most terrible winter in a decade. Of course, the warm weather brings bad things as well as good. The students will become increasingly restless, their gazes will go out the window, not to the blackboard. Better spring fever than the blasts of sleet and the anxious slides on slippery roads. Spring brings color back into our lives and the music of birds.

APRIL 4, 1978. A peaceful, almost spring, evening. It is good to see an end to winter. I like the change in seasons, but winter is too long and difficult and spring and autumn are too short and beautiful. Why wasn't it the other way around?

My students are more giggly and dreamy-eyed. I understand, and I hate to have to sit on them, but it is necessary; otherwise, there is chaos, and chaos does not lead to learning, or so they tell me. I have switched from literature to drama so the students can act them out. Some of them are born "hams," and this gives them their chance to show off. They all want all of the roles and clamor for recognition. Everyone gets a chance to act. Later, they will write and act out their own plays, creating puppets or using paper bags. They will compose their own books for children, using subjects that children love.

APRIL 8, 1978. Field trips and more field trips. I feel that I am in one of those musicals starring Frank Sinatra exploring "New York, New York." As a born and bred New Yorker, I often take for

granted all that the "Big Apple" has to offer, but my students have taught me to be more appreciative. From the depths of Penn Station, so dark and smelly, so full of strangers rushing to a million fascinating places, to the soaring heights of the Twin Towers, my students and I experience the enormous variety, beauty, and vitality that is New York.

It was a strange experience to stand atop the World Trade Center. The ride in the huge elevator, up one hundred and eight floors in a fast, few seconds, left our stomachs and ear drums below while the rest of our bodies accelerated up to the sky. Short and often called a "munchkin" by my friends, I am used to always looking up, so I wasn't prepared for the sensation of looking down on a thousand mini-vehicles turning around corners and scurrying through grey alleys. A variety of brightly colored insect people darted and crawled around and between the cars and trucks and buses. Let them talk about the decorative rooftops of Paris. Well, New York rooftops, with their crazy quilt of geometric patterns, are nothing to sneeze at. Here and there, patches of white snow let the eyes rest. It's as if some giant who lives in the World Trade Center had painted the scene that way. Seen from the ground, the designs of the bridges that span the East River and the Hudson are beautiful, but fragmented. From above, the designs are complete. Barges and boats lazily push foamy paths through the flat, brownish water. The water was calm, barely rippling, and the Lady with the Torch stood there, as always, contemplating the calm, sweet scene. I was so quiet inside. The children, bright-eyed and squealing twelve-year olds, called me to see the magic sights they had discovered in their telescopes. It was lovely, lovely.

Tired, we headed back to Staten Island. The cerulean blue and gold rotunda of the Federal Building, the Stock Exchange and its jungle of grey-suited men pacing through their strange and serious dance of money, surrounded by computer letters in mysterious codes flashing from the walls, the banquet room in Schraffts where we ate and gained the energy to bound up and down steps and to stroll through marble rooms and to gaze at vaulted ceilings kept us chattering, like so many monkeys, all the way home. We drove over the Verrazano Bridge, now so big; then, so small when viewed from the Twin Towers. A splendid day!

APRIL 15, 1978. I had expected it to be a very ordinary day with the kids going bananas as they contemplated Easter and Passover and the summer vacation not too far away. Five minutes at school, and I was informed that the second teacher expected to go on the field trip was at home waiting for his wife to have a baby. So I was elected to supervise the trip to Kennedy Airport, on another of our career ed excursions.

APRIL 26, 1978. The week doesn't go fast enough, yet Wednesday comes too fast. I rush to finish the reading, but there is little time to digest what has been read. I prefer to read at my leisure, putting the book down when I want to, not because something else needs doing. There are reams of students' papers to go through. My red pen has become a part of me, yet I don't like the red marks

because they make criticisms and demand corrections. I try to be positive and encouraging, but so much of their writing is discouraging. To read and to understand the beauty of the written word is important, isn't it? But these seventh graders could care less. They sit and blow bubbles of green and purple, crunch on sunflower seeds, giggle hysterically and constantly, throw papers on the floor and at each other. Some say the room is too hot; others, that it is too cold. They hide each other's books and hats, and gloves in strange places. Fights start at a mere word or look. Theirs is an emotional age, a violent age, an age between childhood and adulthood. There are the problems of braces and eyeglasses, of oily hair and of growing bosoms and the teasing that goes with all of these things. The classroom is always charged with electricity. It is never quiet unless I scream, which I do sometimes out of necessity, but I hate it, really, the screaming. It works. For a few minutes. Then the whispers start again. One thing, though, it is never, never boring. Exasperating? Tiring? Yes! Boring? No!

MAY 3, 1978. What a wild day! The students have the real crazies, and I am slowly getting that way too! The restlessness is slowly creeping in. All the girls are getting very flirty with all the boys. If you saw the boys, you'd wonder why. I do. But it has been a while since I was twelve, and I don't remember the wild ecstasies of youth. Today we are reading plays. Everyone fights and clamors for the parts. They all have visions of being movie stars. When the reading starts, the silliness sets in because they have to say things like "I love you, sweetheart." Some take this in stride, but not without blushes galore. Others refuse to say the words because they think that they may become attached permanently, like Siamese twins. Adolescence is wild and silly anyway; sometimes, fun; sometimes, harrowing.

They see so much in the reading that was totally unintended by the writer. No matter how innocent the writing, they find something in it to snicker about. I often snicker with them to keep from crying. Occasionally, the play reading gets out of hand, and everyone gets too hysterical. Then I have to stop them and get back down to business again. I hate to, really, because they are having so much fun. They always find something to giggle about, and that is something. As life goes on, there are fewer and fewer things to laugh about. These seventh graders never have to search for a laugh.

MAY 10, 1978. The closer to summer it gets, the tired I become. It's the same each year. We come back to school so bright-eyed and bushy-tailed, and by the time January rolls around, the telling lines are already etched under my eyes. They keep that tired, drawn look for the rest of the year. The kids have so many emotional problems. They come to school carrying hostility. There is such a lack of attention and love in some of their homes that the kids are bereft. They demand attention, and so they become hyped up and silly and sometimes destructive and nasty. Some of the parents have given up. Sometimes they ship the child to a grandparent or to another school. But often the kids are truant,

and the families are broken up and upset. Harrassed mothers are often left to support and raise sons who are so tall and so rough that they can't handle them and the kids know it. They drive me crazy, but they also drive me to sadness because they are the lost children; and they will, in a few years, be bringing more lost children into the world. Some of the girls will probably become pregnant, and they will be babies raising babies. And this goes on and on, perpetuating itself.

MAY 17, 1978. Shades of weariness. How mournful the weather. Is it spring, or is it still November? The long, hard weeks of severe, cruel winter refuse to give way to warmth. The trees and the grass persist, and eventually our azalea bushes blaze with color, and down the street one house has a yard adorned with hundreds of red, yellow and white tulips. I am glad to see this renewal, but I feel tired. School drags now, and I have to try very hard to be creative and stimulate interest. The students are performing their puppet shows. Their scripts are brilliant and the costumes for the puppets are truly imaginative. Several boys have made an egg kingdom that exists "beyond the moon." They have blown out the insides of the eggs and dressed them in costumes. The king wears a gold crown. At the end of the play, the egg people of different kingdoms have a battle. There are crushed egg shells flying all over the room and they all seem to land on or under the stage--my desk. Five girls have created a goblin ball. Each puppet wears a spooky costume complete with makeup. The cardboard box stage is dark and cobwebby. The bell tolled at midnight and the doors creaked. Next to the ballroom lives a family of mice. Can you guess who scared whom in the end? There are many plays about space encounters. There is even one play from ancient Greece with a marvelous Greek house complete with courtyard and amphoras. The costumes and other fittings have been researched and are authentic down to the women's hairdos. These students are only twelve. Think what they will bring to the world as adults. There is much to be thankful for.

He knows me like a book:

he never really read.
By Phyllis Murphy

He tells me I think only of myself.
I hope he will soon realize
I mean to think for myself.

Phyllis Murphy



My prince,

Where are you going?

Why are you galloping so quickly?

Wait don't leave me here by myself,

What will I do?

(Screaming loudly) My prince,

I need you!

I am not complete without you.

Together we create a circle,

Together we create love

Together we create need.

(Whispering) I create need-----alone.

By Helen Decker

I am swallowing a lot of unspoken words...

they are not going down easily.

I always found it difficult

to eat anything disagreeable.

Phyllis Murphy

I'll pick up, pack up, back up, stack up, smack up.

But will I mend?

I want to hold up my end.

So many times I don't know which end is up.

I want to be a me,

not always a we.

By Phyllis Murphy

In the junior high school where I teach, we have been doing a series of career education lessons on "Women in Business." Our first discussion dealt with the roles of women on various familiar television shows. We listed all the women who appeared in a regular series. We also wrote down the jobs that these women hold on the programs and the kinds of personalities they portray.

CHANGING
CAREER
ROLES
by
MARLENE
SUPERIOR

The girls in the class were very much disturbed about the way women always seem to appear in menial roles. They were also annoyed with the narrow range of personalities shown. Range of types, they said, went from "near idiot" to a best that was usually no better than a "decorative detective" who looked and acted like a Barbie-doll puppet. The girls were very much aware of the fact that very few programs show a normal woman with normal brains in any kind of authoritative role. In a follow-up discussion, we considered women's stereotyped roles. We found that women are shown mostly as secretaries, nurses, teachers, or waitresses. Women are rarely shown holding jobs that are careers in any important sense of the word. Instead, they are usually portrayed as looking for a way out of boredom, a way out that usually depends not on their efforts but on the men they know.

During the next lesson, the students were given a card labeled either "E. Blakewell" or "Elizabeth Blakewell." The only information given was the name and the fact that the person it represented lived in a townhouse and held an executive position. Without showing their cards to one another, the students had to give the type of career, the possible salary, and the age of the person.

Then the board was divided into two columns. "E. Blakewell" was written at the top of the first column. Students were asked for the information they had written. That, too, was added to the board. Then the name of "Elizabeth Blakewell" was written at the top of the second column. The students whose cards read "Elizabeth" were asked for the information they had written. That was also added to the board. I was very happy to see that the job descriptions given for "Elizabeth" and for "E." were very similar. Salary also varied little between the two names. But "Elizabeth Blakewell," the female executive, was seen as being much older than "E. Blakewell," who might be a male.

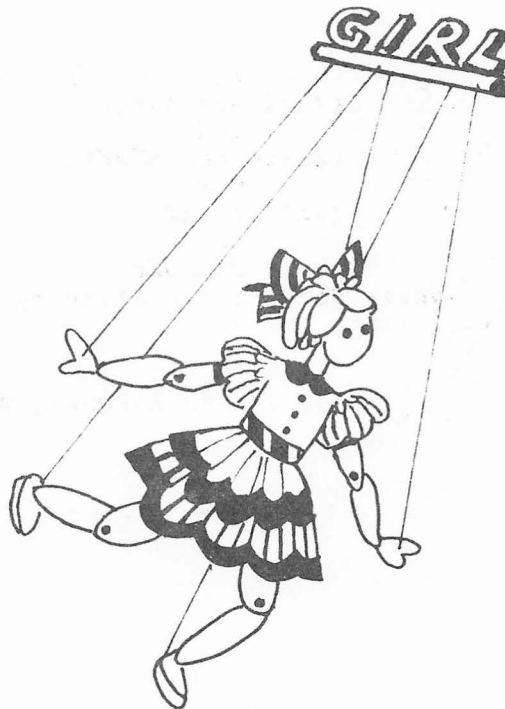
It is interesting to note that when this same set of cards was given to an adult class in career education, the results were very different. The adults tended to place "Elizabeth" in service positions and to place "E." in positions of authority. Also, there was a great discrepancy in salaries. The ones paid to "E." were higher in almost all cases than those assigned to "Elizabeth." The age difference between the two executives also had a

wide range. Most adults saw their executive as being between 30 and 50. The adults were much more stereotyped in their thinking than the students were even though the adults were mostly professional women.

I complimented my students on the fact that the careers and salaries they had chosen showed that they were much more sophisticated and open-minded than were many adults. I explained how important these ideas were to the future of both men and women. If people freed themselves of stereotyped thinking, more possibilities in a wider variety of fields would be open to both sexes.

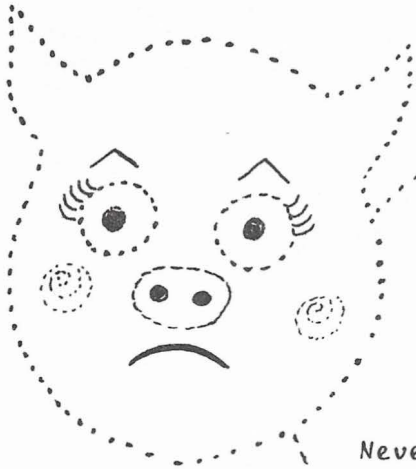
When I brought in a series of posters that showed famous women in a variety of professions, the students were amazed at the enormous variety of careers these women had. They were surprised to learn that, even though successful people may have been educated in one field, they eventually branched out into a variety of related jobs. This taught the students that you are not necessarily stuck in just one job situation but that you can explore many related areas that interest you.

Career education has a great value for young people. It exposes them to hundreds of employment opportunities available. Even more important is their understanding of the wide range of human potential, regardless of sex. Eventually, this understanding must help to provide many more choices for everyone. Discussing such subjects with young children makes them more confident of themselves and less accepting of stereotyped roles, perhaps, than their parents are. Such discussion that breaks the stereotypes should be a part of every school curriculum, from the elementary grades through high school.



He picked my mind bone dry,
ate what was appetizing
and froze the rest-
leftovers he could defrost when needed.
Licking his fingers, he asked,
"What's for dessert?"

Donna
Decker



We
stuff our faces
and
starve our minds.
Now
full of fat
we
choke and die.
Never feeding the starving appetite.

Donna Decker

More and more mothers are returning to the working world as their children reach their teens. Some women return when their children are even younger. Each one has to decide for herself just how much mothering is necessary for her child.

THE UNSUNG HEROINE

THE WORKING MOTHER

by

Elsie F. Collyer

Why has this change in lifestyle come about? It is usually a combination of factors. Some mothers are forced to work for economic reasons, yet many freely choose to pursue a career. What is required for such a tremendous venture? They must have courage, fortitude and, most importantly, have the full cooperation of their families. Most working mothers enjoy their jobs. They have the companionship of other adults, a feeling of accomplishment and, of course, their paychecks. Many have had to rely on a rather tight budget all through their child-rearing years. Mothers usually put themselves on the bottom of the list and in many cases no money is left for them. Now they have money of their own. This can be a great source of satisfaction.

It sounds like an ideal situation for women, but where is the hitch? After doing tons of laundry and dishes through the years, career women are still expected to carry on as before. The women are tired from overwork. This causes great tension at home. How do these women cope with the situation? Each woman has to deal with the problem in her own way because of different personalities and circumstances. Some men were always reluctant to have their wives work. Their egos were threatened. They did not want their wives associating with other men. Many of these wives are so happy with their jobs that they are afraid that if they complain about being overworked and overtired, their husbands will tell them to stay home. They therefore try to grin and bear it. They have the children help out a bit. However, many men are glad their wives are working. They realize how they are helping out financially. Therefore, they help with household chores.

The actual housework, although tiring and time-consuming, is not the biggest problem the working mother has to face. Coming home tired at the end of the day and then having to shift into second gear to cook dinner for the family and listen to all of their problems and frustrations is the most difficult time.

What effect does working have on the children? Highly motivated working mothers seem to produce daughters with strong career goals. However, women who stay home and complain about it also urge their daughters to seek careers. What responsibility do they owe their sons? A wife who

plays doormat to her husband's vanity is teaching her sons a lesson that could lead to the divorce court. They will expect their wives to do the same.

Many men want their wives to regard them with at least the same respect as their mothers showed for their fathers. The best husband for a working wife seems to be one who has been raised by a helpful father and a working mother. Men who had working mothers expect their wives to be independent and busy. They expect, for the most part, to take on a considerable share of domestic responsibilities.

What about the joys? There are many. These women feel they can have the best of two worlds. They are able to do more for their children both intellectually and socially. Therefore, the children have a better heritage to pass on to their children. Such lifestyles can improve the future.

What could I say?

"I'm going back to school."
"For what?" they ask with that smile, that grin,
(professional student, doesn't want to work,
can't make it in the real world.)

What could I say?

I'd had enough of the time clock people
punching in for their head start on death.

What could I say?

I wanted to dance and dream my days,
write my poetry.
But they won't know or see.
They don't read poetry.
It's impossible to explain,
so I smile,
as if I agree.

They'll never know

it's to them

I dedicate

my poetry.

By Donna Decker



Black lady sits high on her throne in the ferry washroom.
I stand on line, waiting for the toilets to empty.
Five minutes later, no one emerges, and her voice calls down
to where I stand, "Ladies why don't you push the doors?"
Walking to the second stall I push, hoping to find
someone there. No one.

She says, "I don't get enough to flush toilets."
But she takes a plunger and pushes the handle of the bowl
that holds our feces. "I'm sorry. I thought it didn't
flush," we say time and time again.

I look at her sitting there day after day,
watching the pocketbooks, college books,
rocking back and forth to the beat of the ferry,
staring past the blank faces,
blind to the black feces.

By Donna Decker

THE PLIGHT
OF THE
WELFARE MOTHER

by

Barbara Nalewajk

There are approximately 1.4 million people on public assistance in New York City today. The overwhelming majority are women with dependent children. Many were abandoned by men with no means of financial support. They did not choose their plight. Financially indigent women are utterly

powerless in a society which so highly values men and money. These people are not human beings to the bureaucrats who control the system. They are cold statistics tangled in an endless web of red tape.

There is a social stigma attached to being on welfare. Landlords with decent private housing refuse to rent to welfare recipients. The welfare rent budget does not allow sufficient money to cover decent lodgings. The monthly rent allotment for a family of three, a mother and two children, is only \$218. Aside from financial considerations, private home owners do not want to "lower the standards" of their neighborhoods. Therefore, many welfare recipients must live in poverty areas, ghettos for the poor. Here they merely exist amid the rats and roaches in freezing or improperly heated apartments with deplorable sanitary facilities. Absentee slum landlords simply do not care.

The semi-monthly budget for this same family unit is \$100. This is less than \$50 per week. This figure is only about 52% of the Government Standard of Need established in 1969. This money must cover every physical need including utilities, furnishings, clothing and food stamp purchases. To survive on this amount of money in inflationary New York is clearly an impossible task.

Every three months the welfare mother is subjected to the ordeal of recertification. She must go to the welfare center for her area and again produce all of her documentation. The waiting room is crowded and noisy. The guards and caseworkers are impersonal and often completely insensitive to their clients' needs. The entire process is humiliating and dehumanizing. Perhaps welfare recipients should be assigned jobs as caseworkers. They certainly would be good administrators since they have plenty of experience trying to manage their households on meagre welfare allotments. They surely would be much more empathetic with the emotional and physical needs of their clients.

If a semi-monthly check is lost or stolen, as so often occurs, there is at least a five-day wait for replacement. If a woman does not have anyone to turn to for financial assistance, she and her children can literally starve until a new check is issued. There are no emergency loans.

When ill or in need of dental work, welfare recipients must turn to medicated "mills" and hospital emergency rooms for care. They wait for hours, sometimes in severe pain, before they are finally serviced by a doctor or dentist they may have never seen before. There is no personalized continuity of care which is so vital to the quality of medicine. Decent health and dental treatment should be a basic human right regardless of financial position.

There is much adverse publicity about welfare in New York City. It is a common misconception that the welfare rolls are filled with cheats. The facts are that only a very small percentage of welfare recipients are dishonest. It has also been popular to blame welfare for the poor financial condition of our city. The truth is that women with young children are covered under the Aid to Dependent Children Program. This program is 50% funded by the Federal Government and 25% funded by the State. The City pays only 25%. Food stamps are completely funded by the Federal Government. All of the City's 25% share is recirculated back into the City's retail economy. Many small businesses exist only because of welfare customers. How then is welfare bankrupting the City?

Welfare mothers are expected to go to work when their youngest child is six years old. However, there are few good day care centers available at rates these women can afford. Children of six are not mature enough to be left alone after school until their mother returns from work. Even if proper and reasonably priced day care could be found, most of these women are not trained for decent jobs. Welfare will usually not allow these women to attend college to upgrade their skills. They must accept menial jobs at very low pay. The system chains these women to a life of poverty. Frustration and hopelessness lead to apathy. They are caught in a trap from which there is seemingly no escape.

Children raised in poverty areas also suffer enormously. They attend inferior schools. They are surrounded by a sub-culture that utilizes alcohol and drugs to escape harsh reality. They grow up believing that crime is an integral part of life. Some learn to devalue humanity, especially their own. These children are subtly trained to hate themselves and others. This rage destroys a part of them. Many die psychologically before they have begun to live. We are breeding future criminals and welfare recipients.

Children are our culture's most valuable resource. Society has a stake in all our children, not just the children of the privileged. We cannot afford to waste the vast creative potentials of so many of our young. Mothers should have a right to stay home with their offspring to provide them with the proper love and guidance. The present system encourages

the perpetuation of the welfare rolls by allowing this human waste. Instead of pouring more and more money into crime prevention, prisons, and drug rehabilitation, why not upgrade schools, provide decent job training programs, expand and improve day care and health facilities and rehabilitate poverty housing and neighborhoods? In other words, let us try to prevent social deterioration rather than just treating its symptoms. Our present system is rather like applying a bandaid to a severed artery. It is just not enough.



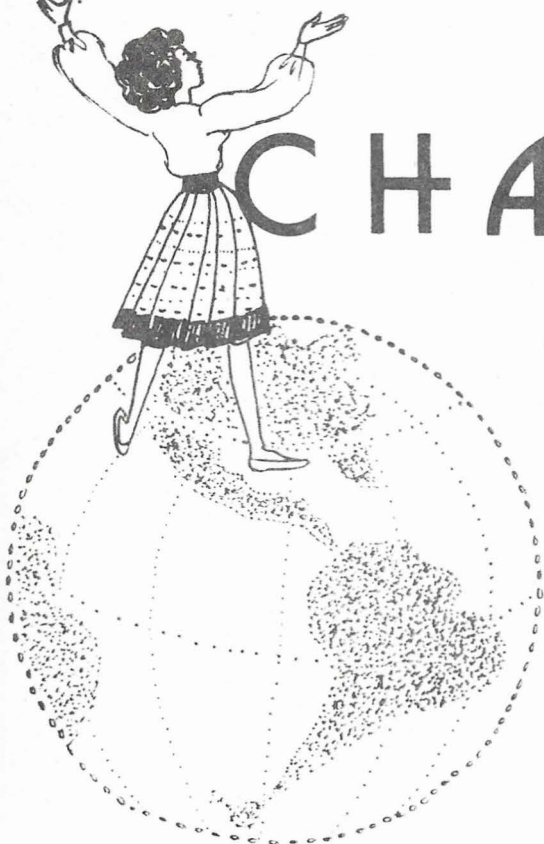
WOMEN

IN

A

CHANGING

WORLD



THE WOMEN IN TODAY'S CHANGING WORLD ARE INCREASINGLY AWARE. THEY SEEK A GREATER MEANING IN THEIR LIVES. THEY DARE TO DO AND TO BE. THEY ARE CREATIVE AND INTELLIGENT. ALL THAT WAS DENIED YESTERDAY'S WOMAN IS CHANGING TODAY'S WOMAN AND WILL SET TOMORROW'S WOMAN FREE.

BY LESLIE DERKACZ

A SERIES OF INTERVIEWS WITH LOCAL WOMEN FOLLOWS ON SUBSEQUENT PAGES.....

Yesterday, in order to succeed in business, one had to be aggressive, competitive--male. Today, women are proving that they have what it takes; and, in spite of the obstacles, they have become successful in business. More and more women are reaching the executive level while others are going into business for themselves. All of them have interesting stories to tell, three of which are included here.

WOMEN
IN
BUSINESS

JEAN McNAMARA

CATHIE VETRANO

JEAN PETRINO

In a charming old house on Forest Avenue, three enterprising Staten Island women have established a business. Although advertising has proved to be too expensive for them, good news travels quickly, and it's common knowledge that the Irish Viking is the place to go for antiques, fine furniture, and unusual gifts, many of which are handcrafted. When it opened, little more than a year ago, customers of The Irish Viking were warmly greeted by its delightful owners and by a blazing fire in an open fireplace.

It all began when two friends, both Staten Island housewives, decided that they wanted to get out of the kitchen--no mean feat when you consider that one had nine children, and the other seven, the youngest of whom is now eight years old! Both women had a strong feeling for antiques, and from time to time, as they watched their youngsters grow, they contemplated opening an antique shop some day. That day came soon enough, and today there are three partners: Jean McNamara, Frances Timpone, and Mrs. Timpone's daughter, Laura who has two very young children. Among the three mothers in partnership, then, there are eighteen children.

When I asked JEAN McNAMARA what motivated them to pursue their dream and make it a reality, she replied, "We wanted something for ourselves." She indicated that it is certainly advantageous to have a husband who is supportive of one's endeavors, and added that "even the children think it's great. Infact they all help."

Although their families were in favor of their decision to go into business, they did run into obstacles elsewhere. They were disappointed, but not discouraged, when the bank turned down their request for a business loan, stating that it would have to be co-signed by their husbands. Undaunted, they took out personal loans instead, but the experience prompted Mrs. McNamara to tell me that she had come face to face with the reality that "women aren't that liberated." Another disappointment was discovering that "generally speaking, people don't think you'll make it." Asked if she felt there were any advantages to being a woman in business, she replied that there was "an advantage to being a woman in the antique line of business, but perhaps not in other lines of business."

In spite of obstacles they've had to overcome on the road to

success, and in full view of the advantages, Jean McNamara obviously enjoys the challenge of being a business woman. I was totally convinced of that when she so confidently stated that her words to other women considering similar ventures would be most encouraging.

By Leslie Derkacz

CATHIE VETRANO, at the age of thirty-six, is the first female to be Garber's general manager. Interesting enough, it all began thirteen years ago when she worked as a salesclerk during the Christmas season in the old Garber's store in Port Richmond. A month later she was offered a clerical position in the store's Credit Office. After two years, she was promoted to assistant office manager, a position she held for three years. Another promotion led her to the position of office manager, where she performed the duties which were previously handled by a C.P.A. It was on-the-job training for Cathie, and she held that position for five years until she became the store's Operations Manager two years ago. Today, as the General Manager of Garber's New Dorp Store, Cathie aspires to still greater heights. She has her eye on a position as an officer on the corporate level. Says Cathie, "My chances are great, because I have a lot of determination." Furthermore, she adds, "I have a lot of guts and a big mouth. No one steps on me that easily."

How did all this happen to a young woman who originally trained to be a beautician? According to Cathie, "The owner saw something in me," a drive and plenty of potential, no doubt. "I never stepped on anyone," Cathie continued, "even though I'm aggressive and determined. I put everything into whatever I'm doing; then I get bored. It's mechanical. My boss saw this."

Truly, she does put everything into whatever she's doing. She puts in at least fifty hours a week at this job, and sometimes more, but she loves it. "It's in my blood," she told us.

Asked if being female was proving to be an advantage or a disadvantage in the management level of business, Cathie replied that she saw it as an advantage because "You can charm a lot of men." As for any disadvantages she replied, "Not anymore, positively not." She said she has no trouble with the personnel because she looks upon her workers as a family. "I'm not a dictator," she said. Furthermore, she had some words of wisdom that no doubt account for her good relationship with her employees: "Don't ask anyone to do anything you wouldn't do yourself, and always say please and thank you."

Cathie continued, "I've swept the floor, moved a rack, and cleaned a mirror. Everyone is involved, and business has increased every month. I pass the glory on. We are a team." That

is quite obvious when you see the regard that Cathie's "teammates" have for her.

Cathie told us that previous to her appointment as general manager, everyone referred to her by her first name, and yet, as soon as it became official, they began to address her more formally, as Miss Vetrano. She insisted immediately that they still call her "Cathie" and that they continue to communicate freely with her, and they do.

We asked her what the retailing field of the future might be like, especially as far as women are concerned. There was but a brief pause before our attractive and dynamic subject replied, "In the last five years women have been entering the previously male-dominated positions. Five years from now men are going to have a run for their money as there will be increasing numbers of women in all fields."

With business being so great a part of Cathie's life, we asked if there would be a conflict if she were married. After some thought, she replied that if she had to make a choice, she would choose the man over the career, but that it would be a tough decision. "I consider myself a woman, not necessarily a liberated woman," she told us.

Before we left her office, we asked Miss Vetrano if she had a message that we could deliver to women who would be reading this publication, and she complied without hesitation. Her message was one of determination, "You can do anything you set out to do."

By Leslie Derkacz and Phyllis Murphy

JEAN PETRINO, an attractive, confident, amiable woman, is the Manager of the 92nd Street Branch of the Metropolitan Savings Bank in Brooklyn, New York. She is married and the mother of two children, both now in college.

When I asked Mrs. Petrino how long she had worked at the bank, she said that her story was "unusual." She had worked as a teller for ten years before she left to raise her family. Several years later, the bank called and asked her to help them out temporarily on a part-time basis because they were opening a new branch. She accepted and has been working ever since. Five years ago, she was appointed Assistant Manager, and last year, she was promoted to Manager of the branch. She was, incidentally, the first person who went from part-time worker to manager. She also has only a high school diploma; now the bank requires a college degree for its management positions.

Asked if she felt at a disadvantage because she is a woman she replied, "No, my male colleagues treat me as an equal, and Brevoort (the original name of Metropolitan Savings Bank) has always had women officers. When I started with the Bank in 1948 they had two women officers." At the present time, there is also one other woman who is a Branch Manager and several other women officers, including several Assistant Vice Presidents. When I asked if she felt that other banks had as good a record for pro-

moting women, she replied, "I don't think so. There is one other bank in Brooklyn that has no women officers at all. New York banks, however, do seem to have some women in management."

I questioned how customers react to the fact that she is a woman; she said, "Some are surprised, but most are in favor of it and have congratulated me on my promotion."

While she did not ask for "the pressures of management, and they are many," she is very happy with her job. And if the lines at the bank are any indication, she is certainly doing her job well.

By Eileen Fitzsimmons

In years gone by, the only acceptable medical career for women was nursing. Very few women became doctors, and even fewer were found in administrative positions.

Today, increasing numbers of males, as well as females, are studying to become nurses. In addition, it is no longer unusual for a young woman to go to medical college. Furthermore, in some states nurses can establish an independent practice.

In the future, we will probably see more and more women doctors, and, indeed, administrators. Primary nursing, the ultimate in nursing care, will doubtlessly be more widely practiced. This concept provides for consistent and individualized nursing care throughout the patient's progress and follow-up care; these are much more successful because of the close relationship of the medical team with each other and with the patient.

The following three women in medicine bear testimony to the fact that there have been great changes in medicine as far as women are concerned, but, if I may venture a comment, the best is yet to come!

The following is a statement made by MARY BETH HOLT, R.N., as told to Leslie Derkacz. Mrs. Holt graduated from Molloy College of Nursing, Long Island, in 1978.

My awareness of the capabilities and choices of women has increased in direct proportion to the realization of the limits actually placed on us. When I was younger, and thought about what I could do with my life, I saw only three choices--teacher, secretary, or nurse. I decided on nursing because it seemed the more heroic of the three--the only one with any amount of adventure.

Nursing has been hindered in its professional growth primarily because it has been a traditionally female occupation. Many females choose a "profession" to hold them over while they are in their state of limbo. This limbo entails waiting to become a wife or mother. When that happens, the profession is reserved on the side "in case something should happen" or "until the children are raised." Nursing is seen as an adjunct to the field of medicine and not as a body of science which can stand alone. The nurse is seen as an assistant or "handmaiden to the physician" and not as a professional in her own right.

As I became aware of what nursing is, and the vast possibilities it holds for future growth, I am happy I have chosen this relatively young profession and can be a part of its changing image. The nurse of today may speak of equal rights and desire to be treated professionally, yet I have seen nurses give up their rights and dignity to placate the ego of a physician. Nurses must become independent enough to make decisions within the realm of nursing. They must cut their dependency cord with the physician.

WOMEN
IN
MEDICINE

MARY BETH HOLT

DR. HARRIET HARRIS

KAY WALTERS

Who said that a woman could not have a successful career and be a wife and mother too! Through careful planning and with the support of her husband and mother, DR. HARRIET HARRIS, a dermatologist, is able to do both. She enjoys her specialty, but added that she would have enjoyed Internal Medicine as well. Her reason for deciding against that specialty was simply that she realized she wouldn't be able to handle it and also raise a family. She felt that Internal Medicine would be much more demanding than Dermatology since there would be emergencies to deal with.

Her newly renovated office is downstairs in the home in which she lives with her husband, their two children, aged thirteen and three, and her mother. The situation is ideal, especially since the children know their mother is nearby, and occasionally one can hear the children upstairs. Dr. Harris recalled that she was horrified in the beginning if a patient heard the children bickering, but not anymore. Having overcome that, she says, "I've become more secure."

Asked about her observations regarding medical college, from a woman's point of view, Dr. Harris said that, generally speaking it used to be harder for women to get into medical school than it is now, even if women had better grades. She added that at that time it was the more aggressive women who went into medicine, whereas, now, many young women entering medical school are more feminine physically. Perhaps this dispels the notion that if a woman is to succeed in "a man's world," she must not allow her appearance to be anything but severe and tailored.

The number of females in medical school has increased significantly since the time Dr. Harris attended, when less than 5% were female. In the future, she feels more and more women will enter the field of medicine. Interestingly enough, according to Dr. Harris, traditionally, there have always been more women in Dermatology than in other medical fields. Surgery appears to be the last stronghold, with mostly men entering this specialty.

Dr. Harris married her husband, who, incidentally, is not in medicine, while she was in medical school. She was the first woman Chief Resident in Dermatology at New York University. She also gave birth to her first child, a daughter now thirteen, while she was Chief Resident. Reflecting briefly, the poised and gracious doctor commented that perhaps the daughter had been shortchanged because her mother wasn't able to devote quite as much time to her because of her obligations as Chief Resident. She wasn't able, therefore, to study her and enjoy her as she does the second child, a boy, who is now three years old.

A grandmother or capable housekeeper is essential if a woman intends to pursue a career and raise a family. Dr. Harris' mother has been a tremendous help. She herself was a nurse who interrupted her career to raise a family. When her mother returned to work, Dr. Harris was eleven years old. Looking back at the effect this had on her as a youngster, Dr. Harris commented that she enjoyed it, since her mother was less compulsive about the housework. Now in a similar position herself, she says, "Mess irritates me, but I don't have time to correct it." Asked if she was compulsive, she replied that "most doctors are compulsive

people. You have to be obsessive and compulsive to get through medical school."

The male reaction to a female doctor is definitely positive, for Dr. Harris sees as many male patients as female patients. Her rapport with her male colleagues is good, and she feels most nurses are very cooperative. "Rarely one acts as if she resents orders from a woman doctor."

At the conclusion of our pleasant meeting, when Dr. Harris was asked if she considers herself to be a liberated woman, she answered, "Yes, I feel that all the choices are mine." Her husband is supportive, and her mother is available. In fact, she and her husband have just returned from a medical convention. He played golf while she attended conferences. Her children were home with their grandmother. Reflecting on her life as a liberated woman, Dr. Harris smiled and added, "The life a sheltered woman lives looks pretty good sometimes." However, it's obvious by her warmth and vitality that she enjoys her lifestyle. Yet, speaking as a mother, she revealed that sometimes she felt that not enough of her time was available to guide her children, "However, if I gave all my time to them," she said, "I'd be discontented. I'm probably a better mother this way." To that final statement I can only whisper, "Amen."

By Leslie Derkacz

Did you ever think of becoming a doctor? "No, nursing is total care: mental, physical, emotional and spiritual," replied MRS. KAY WALTERS, Chief of Nursing Services at the South Beach Psychiatric Center.

Mrs. Walters is a remarkable woman. Due to the illness of her mother, she had to leave school in the ninth grade. It was at the age of twenty-six that she received her high school equivalency diploma. In a period of nine years, she received her associate degree in nursing from Staten Island Community College, a Bachelor of Science degree from Richmond College--with honors--and a degree from St. John's University. In 1977, Mrs. Walters received a degree from the Gestalt Institute of Psychotherapy. These diplomas have been "the tools" towards her success.

All of this was accomplished with the full cooperation of her husband Jim whom she married when she was nineteen.

While she attended Richmond College, she was employed full-time as a nurse at Staten Island Hospital, during which time she, along with others, was instrumental in setting up birthing rooms, settings more appropriate for the many fathers becoming interested in attending the delivery of their children.

"There were just a lot of nice people out there" was her reply to how she managed to do all this with two very young daughters at home. She and Mrs. Judy Ford, her neighbor who is a wife and the mother of two sons, set up a unique barter system. Since they were both nursing students at SICC, they staggered their programs so that one cared for the children while the other took classes. With hindsight, Mrs. Walters mused, "There was anxiety

and hours of listening to the tapes of lectures over the kitchen sink."

Do you think your maturity motivated your success? "No," Mrs. Walters replied, "I always wanted to be somebody. I would have been the same person if my education had not been interrupted." Are you a liberated woman? "Liberated from what? I am a free agent." Although Mrs. Walters is interested in the Women's Movement and in favor of ERA, she feels that "society has done a job on both sexes." She is "pro people."

Since Mrs. Walters does some private counseling, I asked her to comment on a statement that "some female counselors are exploiting women as a result of the 'awareness' aspect of the Women's Movement." She replied that there may be some validity to that view, "but," she continued, "men have told us for years what was wrong with us.... Now they are telling us what is right with us!"

It is interesting to note that during the interview, a young man excused himself as he closed Mrs. Walters' office door, in order for us not to be disturbed by a group of patients being given medical attention. He was a male nurse and Mrs. Walters commented about his competency and humanity in the profession.

Each year more males are enrolling into nursing programs.

Budgets are a problem in all health care services. Mrs. Walters conceded, "there is never enough help when dealing with the sick."

In talking about the future in nursing, Mrs. Walters spoke of the fact that in 1985, a Bachelor of Science degree will be needed in nursing, giving it "academic acceptability." She added, however, that "those already practicing should not be penalized for their history." She informed us that New York is the only state that allows nurses to set up an independent practice and that we will be seeing more of this in the future.

Mrs. Walters, whose hobby is philosophy, is now avidly reading about the Dead Sea Scrolls. She is a living model of her motto: "Everyone should make a contribution to society."

By Phyllis Murphy

In contrast to the many fields previously male-dominated, Education has generally been dominated by females, especially at the Elementary level. Teaching, along with Nursing, has always been considered an acceptable profession for women.

Today, there are more men--and more married women--teaching than ever before. Many young men explored the possibility of entering Education via the G.I. Bill. There is evidence that children relate well to men in the classroom. In addition, there is a growing need for a positive male image in the lives of young children, particularly those who may have little contact with a male role model at home. Although supervisory positions at the Elementary level are still male-dominated, these positions are now being sought not only by men but by single and married women. Progress may be slow, but these changes show that it is taking place. The three women in Education who were interviewed told of other significant changes.

WOMEN
IN
EDUCATION

HERTHA WINSCH

MARIE SCHUT

DEANNA BODNER

One of the most fascinating women interviewed for this publication was MRS. HERTHA WINSCH who is currently retired. Mrs. Wunsch majored in Biological Sciences and taught at New Dorp High School. She was President of the Hunter College Alumni Association from 1969-72. She informed us, proudly, that the college was one hundred years old on February 14, 1970, and that it had become co-ed in the mid-1950's. What an interesting life she has led! "People of my generation were raised to be seen and not heard," she said, "but I'm happy to see that it is changing. It was an unfortunate view, but part of the times."

Still active and informed, she is indeed a fascinating woman. I recalled meeting her for the first time in 1976 when a group of women students met to protest the abolition of open admissions and free tuition at the City University. I asked what she had become involved in since then.

She told us that she was still involved in Education and that she also travels extensively, most recently to Japan to study the education system there. She is also involved in the education of Senior Citizens. "Senility rolls in like thunder if you don't use your mind and body," she said. She is now President of the West Brighton Association for Retired Persons. When we talked about the changing rolls of men and women, Mrs. Wunsch's views were truly avante garde. "I'm surprised," she said, "that the E.R.A. has had such tough sledding throughout the land. For one member of the family to bear the entire burden as the sole provider is too demanding. If women were more geared to look outwardly, and not feel they were neglecting their families, they would be much better off inwardly, and they would be taking some of the burden off men's shoulders. E.R.A.'s greatest opponents are our own sex."

"Women do not prepare themselves for any role other than

wife and mother," she continued. "All a girl wants is to spend her life with Jack, Joe or Bill. If there were a large unexpected expense--like dental braces--she would take a part-time job from 10 A.M. to 2 P.M. to 'help him make ends meet.' This person is cheating herself and her family."

"So many marriages in the past were slave/master relationships. The master was waited on hand and foot; and as long as he was healthy, all was well. If anything happened and he could no longer provide, however, they had nothing. Both were cheated."

"Often, before she knows it, a woman's children are grown, sometimes resulting in the empty-nest syndrome. This can mean difficult times for her if the child doesn't call constantly or lives far away. If she had interests beyond the nest, she would be happier, and her relationship with her child would improve."

"Cheated is what she feels again if the man she depended upon walks out. She's left with nothing even though she was the one who was loyal."

"Women have to be awakened," she added thoughtfully. "Personal experience is the mind-opening experience unfortunately."

With her insight I just knew whatever she said about the future would be significant. "We need," she began, "more women in banking--as presidents or vice-presidents, not tellers. We need women in insurance--filling top positions, not selling policies. We also need women in the oil industry." After a pause, she continued, "Women would give women a fairer deal in the automobile industry. I don't want to be impressed by upholstery! In the food line, she pointed out that "all the managers are men. The women are meat-wrappers or cashiers. It's not that women aren't capable!"

When you've heard it from Hertha Winsch, you realize it, and you believe it--as if for the first time. She is the kind of woman we are all capable of being--and she has been for years.

By Leslie Derkacz

MARIE SCHUT, Assistant Principal at P.S. 22, was appointed as a teacher in 1945 when there were more women than men in Education. The majority of women were teachers, many were principals, and a few were superintendents. Since that time, there have been many changes. "After the war," said Miss Schut, "there were more male teachers and more male principals." Another significant change occurred with the formation of the Teachers' Union. Prior to this, a teacher's salary was very small and preparation periods were unheard of. The move to eliminate sexism in the classroom is a more significant change. "When asking for a monitor to perform a certain duty," Miss Schut explained, "one doesn't specify a boy monitor or a girl monitor." Current textbooks also reflect the move to prohibit sexism.

After obtaining a college degree, Miss Schut attended business school. Later she received her M.A. She enjoyed teaching at the elementary level, and still enjoys helping teachers and

suggesting new ideas. She also had experience in Social Service Education (for economically deprived children). Recently, she served as acting principal of P.S. 39, and, according to Miss Schut, "learned a lot in that capacity."

When asked whether she felt there were advantages to being a woman in Education, Miss Schut replied, "With the current awareness of women, there is an advantage, but it still depends on qualification." She further stressed that "Education shouldn't be a woman's field or a man's field. Rather, it should be open to whoever is interested and qualified."

On the issue of Women's Rights, Miss Schut said she was "all for it. We are as qualified as men. Women are entering every field previously dominated by men, and men are entering some fields, like teaching, which were previously dominated by women. There shouldn't be a conflict, but attitude is very important, since bitterness at being overlooked can affect your present job or situation."

In reference to the increasing number of men in the profession, Miss Schut noted that it was of great importance in modern society where "some homes have only a woman as the head of the family." The male authority figure at school and the female authority at home can provide a healthy balance for the child in these cases.

Miss Schut's confidence and optimism were revealed in her final statement: "In Education today, equal pay and equal opportunity exist for those entering the profession. Chances are good for either women or men, although some might disagree."

By Leslie Derkacz

DEANNA BODNER became principal of P.S. 30 only weeks before our meeting. However, for the previous three years she had been assistant principal and then acting principal. As principal, she will be on probation for three years and rated yearly by the district superintendent.

Four women and one man were considered for this position. "Our community school board is very progressive," said Mrs. Bodner. "I feel they select on the basis of qualification rather than sex." More women are being appointed by the community board which consists of nine members, four of whom are women. "Females in supervisory positions are respected," Mrs. Bodner said. "I don't believe that males feel threatened. Newly appointed young people may be questioned as to their capabilities," she explained. "If anything there is more concern about age than sex." Mrs. Bodner observed that indeed younger supervisors are being selected.

Looking back, Mrs. Bodner agreed that elementary education has originally been female dominated. "In my elementary school days," she said, "there were no male teachers. In junior high and high school, the few male teachers primarily taught science or social studies. One out of four language teachers was male."

About ten years later, when Mrs. Bodner began teaching,

there were some men teaching elementary grades. However, there were more men in supervisory positions. The number of males entering education significantly increased after World War II. "The children relate to them and need them," Mrs. Bodner said. "At home, mother is the head of the household; too many youngsters see their fathers only evenings and weekends, or even less frequently. I believe male teachers are realizing that their role with little children is as important as that of women."

It is also interesting to note that there are more married women with families entering the supervisory field than ever before. There are still more males in the supervisory positions at the elementary level. When I asked Mrs. Bodner why, she replied that, "Married women with families have shied away from these supervisory positions because they are more demanding and they require much responsibility. Men sought these jobs because they could devote more time to them and because they offered more pay. Now there are many married women with families who are seeking similar careers. People have forgotten that there were mostly women in supervisory positions, especially in elementary education, some time ago, and that they were very qualified. "Public thinking must change," she added. As a widow and the mother of two nursery-school aged children, Mrs. Bodner finds the combination of pursuing a career and raising a family doubly hard. "Yet," she said, "one blends well with the other. Having youngsters and seeing them grow helps you become aware of their needs and stages of development. I constantly take things that I have learned from my career to my children. They learn a great deal from me, and I from them."

Although she sometimes has guilt feelings about the amount of time spent with her children, she says that "quality of time spent with a child is more important than the quantity." Her career enables her to be with her children in the evenings, on weekends, during summer vacations, and on extended holidays. When she is not with them, there is a capable housekeeper to whom they can go for help, and devoted grandparents to whom they can go for love. "The children have formed a close attachment to their grandparents," said Mrs. Bodner. "I'm family-oriented so I like it. The children have gained an understanding of older people, and children do have a wonderful effect on the elderly." To the question, "Do you consider yourself a liberated woman," Mrs. Bodner replied, "Far more than I ever wanted to be. Circumstance has placed me in the position where I have ultimate responsibility, but chances are I'd be at the same point in my career anyway."

As a child, Mrs. Bodner wanted to be a teacher or a wife and mother. She recalls playing school. Although she can't pinpoint any strong influences, she did enjoy her fifth grade teacher, who was a disciplinarian and an excellent teacher. At college, in a class of teachers, Mrs. Bodner recalls being the only one who really wanted to be a teacher. The others had been steered into education or were uncertain. She had been content to be a teacher, wife and mother, but was influenced by the District Superintendent and assistant principal to seek a supervisory position.

Her late husband also encouraged her. "I felt I wouldn't be able to devote as much time to husband and family if I took on principalship," she said. Her husband felt she could. Now she encourages others to do the same.

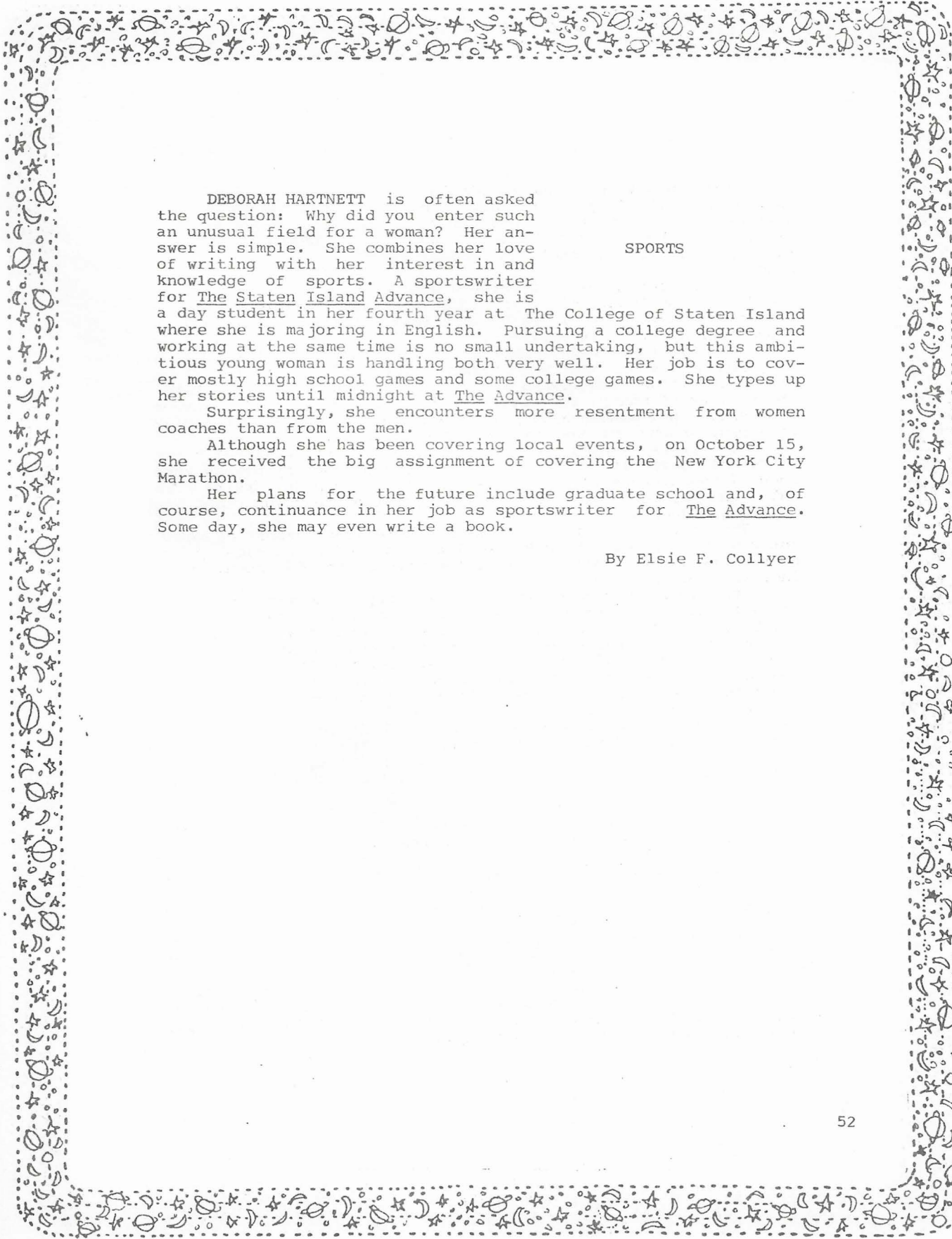
Although her position may be frustrating at times, it is evident that she enjoys it. During the interview, a youngster knocked on the principal's door and presented her with one of his birthday cakes. She was delighted and told him she would have it at lunch. He beamed as brightly as the sunlight which streamed through the windows, illuminating several children's drawings that hung in frames on the wall behind her desk.

Although Mrs. Bodner enjoys being a principal, she misses teaching because there isn't enough contact with the children. "I'd also like to see the children's response to the new materials I've chosen. The sense of accomplishment that a teacher has--even if it means success with only one child--also is missing." Unfortunately, there is not enough time for the principal to teach because of the many responsibilities. "Teaching a few hours would help me do my job better," Mrs. Bodner explained. "I would then have more empathy with the teachers and be even more aware of the needs of the children. It's sometimes hard not to lose sight of these needs when my desk is covered with all this paper work as a result of my duties as principal. Yet time doesn't permit for continuity and follow-up after teaching a lesson."

Her comments on the future of education were positive. Non-sexist books, some of which we examined and which are currently in use, will continue to be an important tool in educating tomorrow's children. Mrs. Bodner further indicated that more stress will be placed on Career Education as part of the curriculum. For example, children's newspapers dealing with career opportunities will serve to put more focus on choosing a career.

Having had a glimpse into the future of Education, we asked about Mrs. Bodner's future plans. She instantaneously replied, "In the back of my mind, maybe when I'm retired, I'd like to be a writer of children's literature." Somehow I feel that the stories she will write are certain to become treasured classics!

By Leslie Derkacz



DEBORAH HARTNETT is often asked the question: Why did you enter such an unusual field for a woman? Her answer is simple. She combines her love of writing with her interest in and knowledge of sports. A sportswriter for The Staten Island Advance, she is a day student in her fourth year at The College of Staten Island where she is majoring in English. Pursuing a college degree and working at the same time is no small undertaking, but this ambitious young woman is handling both very well. Her job is to cover mostly high school games and some college games. She types up her stories until midnight at The Advance.

SPORTS

Surprisingly, she encounters more resentment from women coaches than from the men.

Although she has been covering local events, on October 15, she received the big assignment of covering the New York City Marathon.

Her plans for the future include graduate school and, of course, continuance in her job as sportswriter for The Advance. Some day, she may even write a book.

By Elsie F. Collyer

Once you have met HELENE DONLAN, you won't easily forget her. She's an attractive young attorney whose office is in the Legal Arts Building on Victory Boulevard and she's an inspiration.

LAW

"I consider myself a liberated woman," said the twenty-six year old Ms. Donlan. "There are no restrictions on me that I haven't allowed myself. I have always thought of myself that way."

Asked if there were a particular individual who had perhaps inspired her when she was younger, she said, "My mother was a strong individual who always inspired me. In spite of her hardships, lack of money, and little education, she instilled wisdom and zest." Ms. Donlan also pointed out that no one in her family is a professional or has been formally educated.

"I always wanted to be something of a professional," she said. "I gave it a lot of thought, and since my grades were good, I could choose." She entered St. John's University in 1974, and worked her way through Law School by teaching piano and tutoring students.

The last ten years have seen increasing numbers of women entering Law School. When Ms. Donlan graduated, women made up 25% of the class. The following year the figure was 26% and has been increasing ever since.

Even though she actually was a minority, she was never made to feel like one, and encountered no disrespect from the men in Law School. "There was just too much work, and it was rigorous," Ms. Donlan said. Furthermore, as an attorney, she still enjoys a good relationship with her peers. Ms. Donlan attributes this to the fact that she is industrious and sincere. She believes that a person should behave in a dignified, intelligent manner whether one is male or female. "I see no need to be like a man," she said. "I'm not a man. Besides, there are advantages to being a woman. For one thing, the rapport with other women is tremendous." Although she has encountered some prejudice from men, she does not believe it was malicious, but rather that it was built up over the years, unknowingly.

It is obvious that Ms. Donlan enjoys her profession, and she says her husband, who is also an attorney, wouldn't have it any other way. "I wouldn't marry a person who would expect me to make a choice," she said. "A couple must be aware of each other's needs, and be willing to work out any problems that might arise."

Although she and her husband work at keeping in shape together, they wouldn't consider a joint practice. As Helene put it, "The male/female relationship must continue and the roles must be separate and apart. You have to work at the relationship," she said. "You don't want to jeopardize it."

Should there be children in the couple's future, she will be with them for the formative years, she said, and then work part-time until they are grown. "I worked too hard for this to simply give it up and stay home," she stated.

We spoke briefly about the future in terms of what it might hold in store for women in general. "Women do have problems," she said, "although some don't realize it. There is serious discrimination, both intentional and unintentional," she continued, "and even E.R.A. won't solve it all. Many women feel the need to fulfill themselves, but they may have difficulty adjusting to a new role. Some feel guilty. They must understand that they are not abandoning their roles as wives and mothers, but, rather, taking on another role as well. It's a weighty obligation, because it's difficult to balance the new role against the other roles, unless she chooses to abandon those. Yet, it's stimulating to think about the responsibility and the contribution to society, for it means taking the burden off the men. When both are working for the support of the family and share in the upbringing of the family, women will be more secure and confident, and men will not be as pressured."

"There is a real revolution going on," she continued, "as women become more conscious and more aware, but it will stabilize itself. Unfortunately many are in a rush to do something without giving enough thought to their families and to what would best suit the family's needs as well as their own. Obviously, a woman must also look at her relationship with her husband and consider the effect on him. It may be difficult, but, ultimately, the decision is hers."

Leaving her office, I found myself thinking of Helene Donlan as a most remarkable woman, for, to me, she was a glimpse of tomorrow's woman today.

By Leslie Derkacz

10-15-78

From the depths of confusion my muse slowly reaches. I wait.
She touches me; then softly, quavering, I begin to sing. No one
hears but me; yet satisfied I sing, and singing louder as the trembling
ceases.

The feminine in me rises!

I begin to smell salt and sweat and sea, the smells of a woman.
I smell, I stink of woman. I smell of salty sea. I see hair and legs
and arms and chest of a woman. Light surrounds me, making me clear to
all.

The feminine in me rises!!

As I listen to the whispering of my muse, I settle back into the
darkness of my room. Shadows caress my face, lick my skin. Tongues,
rough, grainy arouse the hairs on my cheek. My eyes half close, my
mouth half opens. I flood with words. They come and go, arranging
themselves as they fall on the page.

The femine in me has RISEN!!!

I was born a woman.

No need to pardon my life;
it goes on living me.

-By Donna Decker

Don't be Afraid to be a Woman

Don't be afraid to be a woman;

there is such a thing you know.

Don't excuse those feelings.

They are real; let them flow!

-By Donna Decker

The Child

Screams from the middle of the night,
flesh beating flesh,
hard slaps fall on her naked skin,
red hands grip the pale body,
kick it around,
roll it across rocks,
bones begin to break
and crack
 inside her.

Aching shrieks fill the night.
The body writhes.
Tears are flowing;
she pleads for death.
Her prison of pain has locked.
There is no key
 to take away
the cracking sounds of the night.

The woman,
leaves and branches in her hair,
eyes black and blue,
grey mascara dripping down her face,
Woman,
all torn flesh,
blood and wounds.

Helen Decker

Your hands were never made to hold babies.
Your hands were
 never soft enough to touch my mother's breast,
your body never warm enough
 to lie on top of my mother,
 but you did.

I understand you wanted a little boy.
You would have molded him into things
 you never were
 and always wanted to be.
But you received your telegram
 on the Coast of California
 and it congratulated you
 on your baby girl.
So you took your time coming home.
Mother had lain in a white hospital gown,
In 100 degree weather
 wondering if you ever would return.

Two years later
Mother walked through ice and snow,
 with a baby kicking inside her.
The baby decided
 that it was time to enter the world.
Mother sweated it out,
 and bore the pain,
 and bore a child.
The hospital phoned you.
For you didn't want to be to close.
You didn't want to hear mother scream.
The hospital congratulated you
 on your new son.

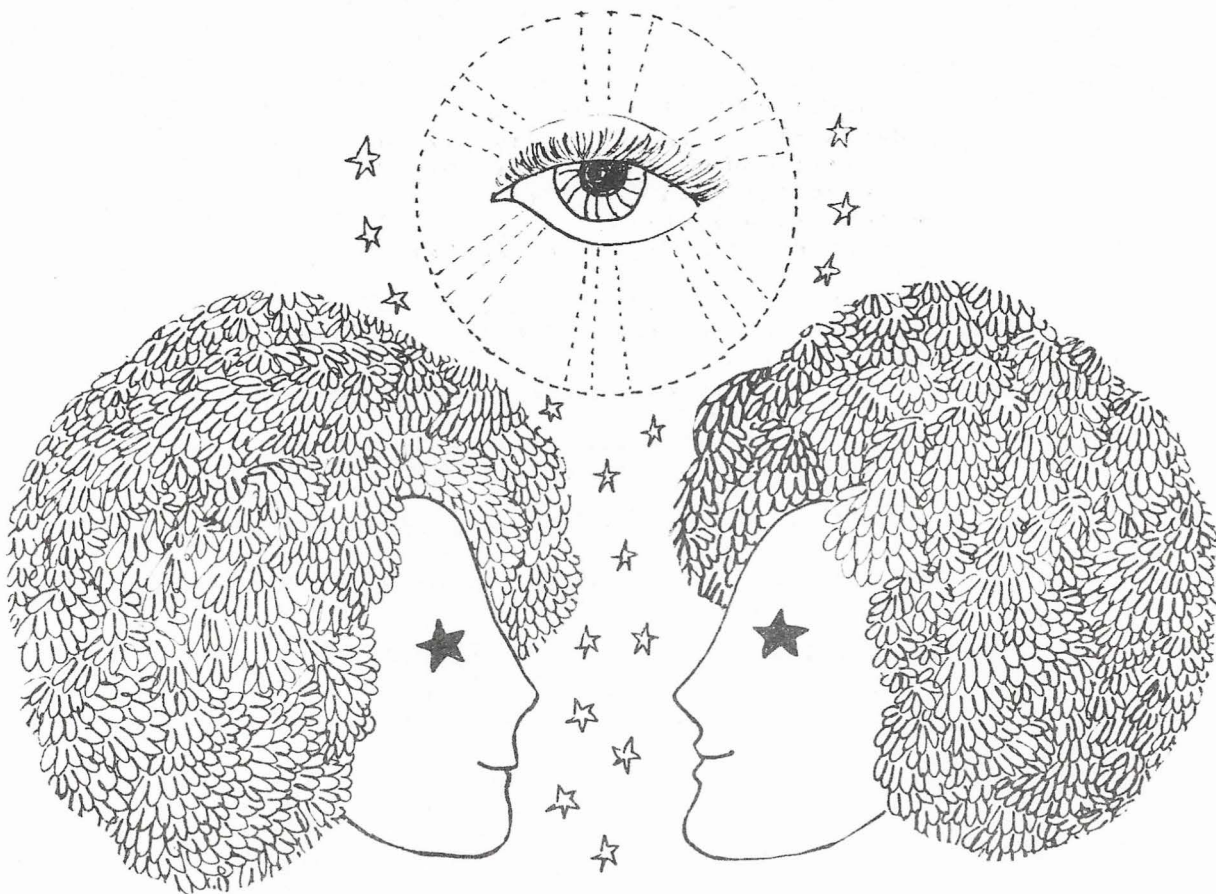
"My son,
 I'll show him how to get what he wants
 From ladies,
 From life.
I'll teach him how to shoot guns.
Together we'll share my rifle.
I'll start him young,
 condition him into being a man."

Father pushes through the crowded hospital nursery,
 "I'm here to see my son."
He forgets about mother sitting in a lonely hospital room.
The nurse points to a little baby,
 Sleeping,
 Wrapped in a pink blanket.
She understands the question in his eyes,
 and replies,
 "Sir it was a mistake.
Your wife delivered a baby girl."
 "Liar," he screams.

He pushes open the door
and runs behind the glass window.
His fists and teeth are clenched tightly
so he can bear the pain.
He runs to his child,
and rips away the pink blanket.
The baby screams.
The ears of the father close to the sound.
She will find no comfort here.
He stares at her
As he mumbles and cries to himself;
"Little girl,
There will be no rifles,
No power,
No love.
I can't be responsible for you, little girl."

His hand that was never soft enough to hold babies
Touches her
Once.
Then he runs away
To experiment with other women.
Maybe with someone else
He'll have a son.

Now he sits on his front porch,
Cigarette clenched between his teeth,
Long black rifle
clenched in his hand.
He remembers the day
they told him he had a son.
He sees the little girl standing next to him.
Trigger pulled back,
one eye squinted
for perfect aim.
A bullet gnaws its way
into the singing bird on top of the tree.
"Why did you kill the bird, Daddy?"
Eyes open wide,
Evil snarls come from his mouth.
"She bothered me," he says.



All I had to do was open my eyes wider,
Just a little wider, to see me.
I had to open my ears, to hear real words,
A voice inside me.
"Live," it says.

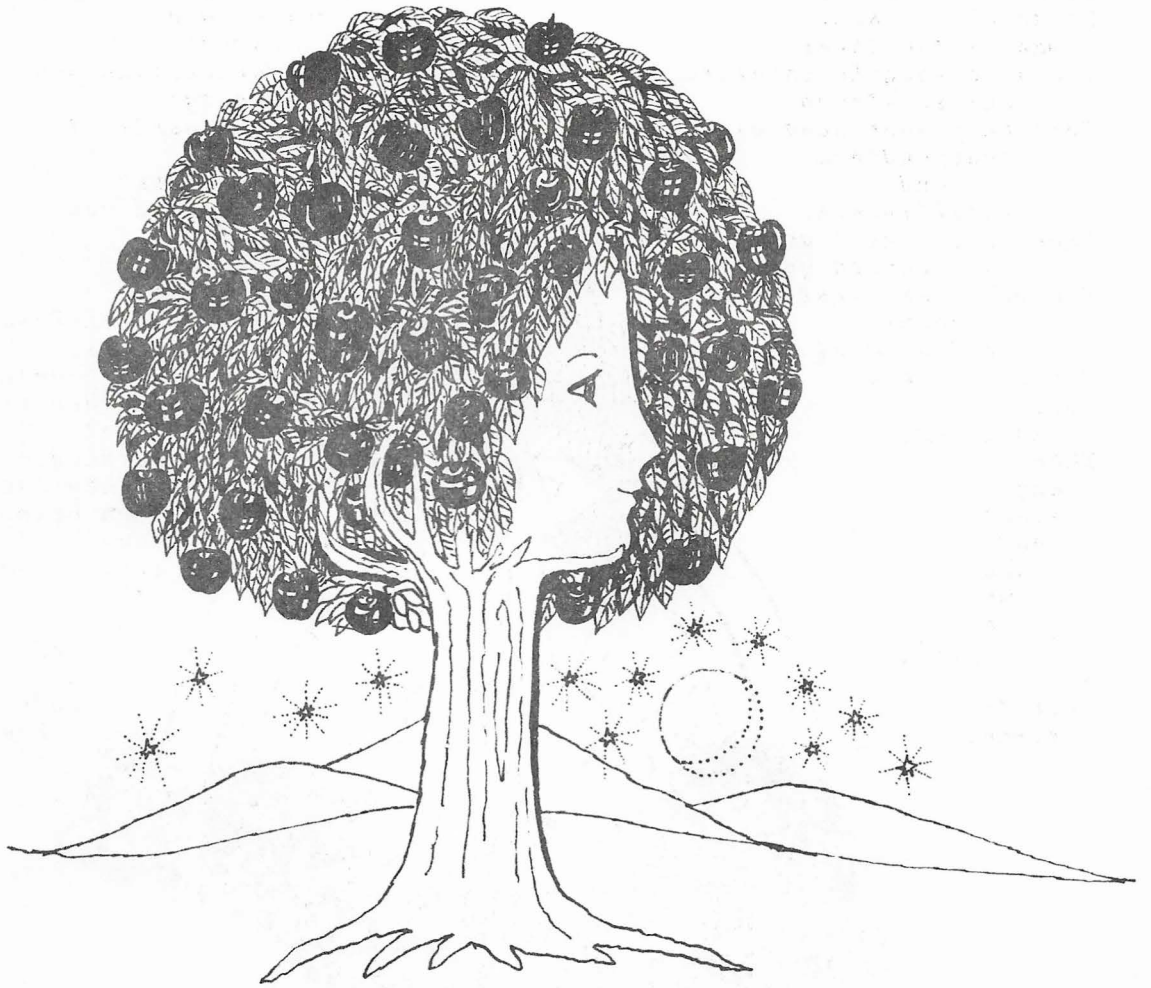
Open your eyes wider, much wider, to see yourself.
Feel who you are.
Touch your beauty; sense it.
You are real.

Let your hands feel; caress your body.
Flow over your body;
Making love, Creating love.

Don't blink too many times in a second.
Don't miss the vision of you.
Don't you hear your singing?
Your peace?

You don't feel you.
Feel me, Hear me,
Watch me

OPEN MY EYES WIDER.



T O M O R R O W

Garden of You

Deep, deep woman,
Woman of the sun.
Woman of the trees.
You're a fragile creature,
yet so strong.
Some envy your aura of
independence
and
intelligence.

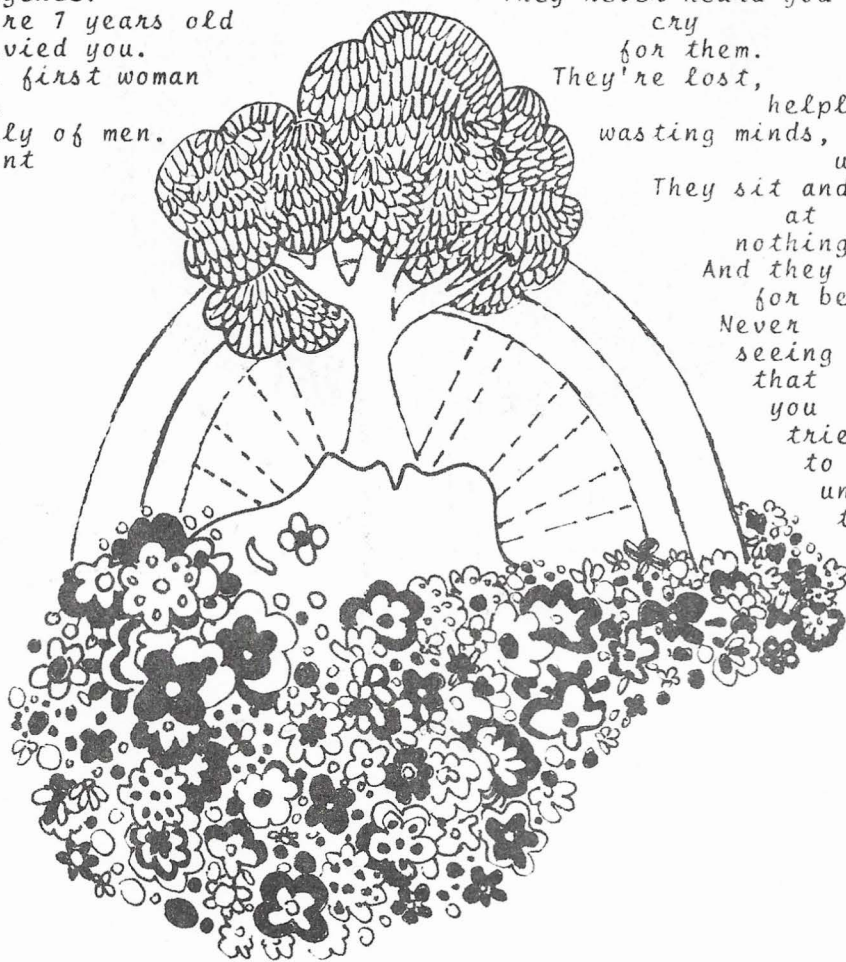
Since you were 7 years old
they envied you.
You were the first woman
born
to a family of men.

Disappointment
was
expressed,
When
they
found
out
you
were
a
girl,

A
little
woman.

Deep beautiful creature,
How do you
expect
them to understand your
beauty;
That your sensitivity
is
boundless?
They never heard you
cry
for them.

They're lost,
helpless souls,
wasting minds,
unfeeling.
They sit and stare
at
nothing.
And they take you
for being wrong.
Never
seeing
that
you
tried
to
understand
them.



Don't they realize you spend your life now,
Trying to get rid of all the guilt that they created?
They don't remember when they didn't show their love to you,
And they don't know they have to show their love now.
But I know all the aspects that put you together,
And I love you!

By Helen Decker

Upon entering a new year, we are aware of the many changes which have taken place in our society. One serious aspect of this is the attitude toward female sexuality. Female sexuality has always been a fascinating topic that has been discussed time and time again in the Feminist Movement, and by many psychologists and professors.

FEMALE
SEXUALITY:
TIME
TO BREAK A
STEREOTYPE

by
Bernadette
Cianflone

Today, women are beginning to feel different about their sexuality. They are now willing to have open discussions about their sexual feelings. Because of the development of the Feminist Movement, women in our society are now more consciously aware of their bodies. They are discovering that they do not, in fact, have to suppress their sexual feelings.

During a recent interview with a friend, I found out some very fascinating news. I will refer to her as Ms.M. She is about forty years old, married, and the mother of four children. Before marriage, Ms. M had a career as a secretary. She did not get married until her early thirties and is now considerably well adjusted to her way of life as a housewife and mother. My interview began with a question about her childhood. Her revelations were very interesting.

Interviewer: You have one brother. Did you feel any kind of envy toward him? For instance, was there anything that he was allowed to do that you were not?

Ms. M: No, except that he was able to stay out later than me.

I felt as though I had hit the target. This was something for me to pursue further.

Interviewer: Why was he able to stay out later than you?

Ms. M: Well, besides the fact that he is two years older than me, he is a boy. And being a boy makes a lot of difference. Even if I was the one to be older, a boy should be able to stay out later than a girl. He is able to defend himself better than a girl.

That was the reason--self-defense. Of course. I see now. A girl is a delicate thing. She doesn't know how to fight because she is always being treated as an object which, if not handled with care, will be broken into a million pieces.

Ms. M: I just listened to my parents. Tom could stay out later. He was able to defend himself. If a girl knows self-defense, then that's great. It's black and white that this is true. I would have given my daughters protective training if I could have. I feel that it is essential that a girl has this.

Ms. M's daughters are from a previous marriage, so she did not have the opportunity to show them this advantage.

To say the least, women cannot, or should I say are advised, not to stay out later at night and especially should not go home at night by themselves. Self-defense is an art form unfamiliar to many women. Women are used, abused, and taken advantage of because they are not able to defend themselves. Women must walk down streets and listen to snickers and comments made to them by most males.

If women were taught, as little girls, about how to defend themselves instead of how to cuddle next to dolls, maybe the rape rate would decline eventually. Many women are now enrolling in courses that teach self-defense techniques. One such course is judo.

And it goes on. Males are supposed to be aggressive. Why? This is how society says it should be. Those that try to change it are said to be abnormal or crazy. People are actually stereotypes. Everyone, either male or female, grows just like all the crops of the fields--the same way. People don't grow the way they want to grow.

Interviewer: When you were brought up by your parents, they, or should I say your mother, told you about the "birds and bees." How were you taught, and how do you feel about sex involving women and men?

Ms. M: I was taught that a man should take the primary position in sex. I feel that a woman should not take the aggressive position.

Interviewer: Is it right to say that you feel that a woman should lie back and be told what to do and how to do it?

She agreed up to a certain point. Women just aren't supposed to be aggressive. Our conversation went on.

Ms. M: I believe a woman should wait until she is married. A woman shouldn't be the one with all of the experience.

How true her last statement is. Many women are taught to wait to have sexual intercourse until they are married. Men aren't. In fact, if a male doesn't "do it" at a certain age, he is usually questioned about his masculinity. And why shouldn't a woman indulge in sex before marriage? As long as a woman uses the proper precaution, is there anything wrong with this?

Interviewer: Suppose a woman never gets that beautiful opportunity of getting asked for her hand in marriage. Is she then not to experience this kind of affection?

Ms. M: She should have self-control. A woman shouldn't have sex unless there is compassion. A woman's life doesn't end just because she doesn't have sex.

That last part of her comment was great. Oh, yes, that is so true. But in most cases, it isn't. Many women are told exactly what Ms. M was told. Don't do it until you are married. The average woman has been socialized to believe that she should not be the aggressive partner in a relationship. To be the aggressor, one has to be masculine and strong, but a woman is told not to behave like this. Instead, she is told to behave passively. A woman has always been conditioned into behaving this way. However, there is another condition that has been embedded into a relationship, which is contradictory: both persons must contribute. It is contribution by both partners and not just one, in order to have a good marriage.

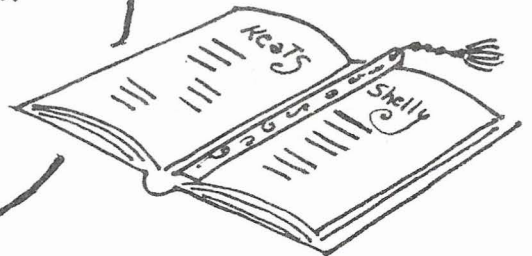
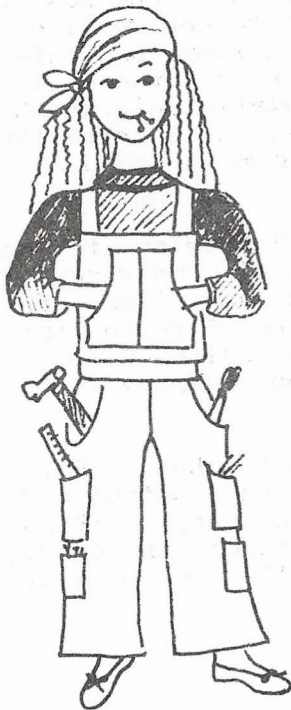
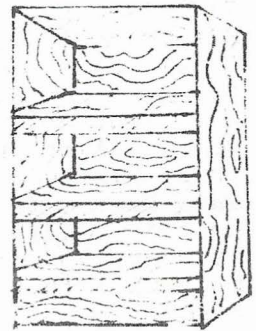
It is now 1979. Our forthcoming adult generation is seeing things differently. Girls and boys are learning how to use contraceptives. They are having open discussions about contraceptives, and they are asking many questions. This is one step forward for society. Often parents are either embarrassed or quite often don't know how to provide information about contraceptives to their children.

Do many women feel the same way as Ms. M does? Most likely. But as I said earlier, the younger generation is taking control and doing away with most of the ideas put upon them by many mothers of the earlier generations. With the proper education for younger as well as older people, maybe the old crops will be done away with, and a new, fresh variety will start to grow.

I
might be dressed in overalls
When you come to see me.
Hammers and screwdrivers will be hanging
out of my pockets,

By
Helen
Decker

I
won't smell of
perfume
or
powder
I
might be
sweating
and
dirty
With
scraped
hands
and
wounded
fingers.
You
might look
at me
and
realize
There was
something
else to do.
Then I'll look
at the
bookshelves
I have just
created
and be
proud
of their beauty.
I'll thumb through
Shelley's selected
poetry
and forget that you
rejected me.
I thought I always
heard you say you
wanted a strong
woman!



Society today is fraught with problems--the constant threat of war, rampant poverty, crime, illness and prejudice of every kind. We are constantly searching for a cure for this insidious social disease. Discrimination based on sex is a part of this sickness. Ever so slowly, our culture is changing in its attitudes towards women. We have made slight progress in the struggle for equality and harmony between the sexes. However this change has not been easy to effect. We still must travel a rocky road. We now are standing at the threshold of a new and exciting era. Let us take an idealistic journey forward and attempt to imagine what life could be like for future generations.

We will continue our battle to conquer the mysteries of nature. As science and technology advance, disease and poverty could be eliminated.

Improved social conditions could practically eradicate crime. The cancer of prejudice would disappear on every level. The societies of earth would cease their compulsion to annihilate each other. A decent, healthy life would be the inherent right of every person.

Maintaining our homes would require very little physical labor. Whatever housework is needed would be shared by both men and women. Most occupations would be of a technical nature. Women would no longer be locked out of so many career areas because of their supposedly inferior physical strength.

A chance for decent salaries and equal opportunities would not depend on our biological destiny.

Women would gain control over their own bodies. They would only bear children if and when they wished. Fathers would assume a greater role in parenting. Men and women could truly share the experience of loving and caring for a child. Parenting would not automatically limit women to only one role in life unless they so choose. Excellent child care facilities would be available at all places of work and in all areas of recreation.

The whole process of socialization would change. Both boys and girls would be encouraged to develop their full potentials. School texts would stop sexual stereotyping. No more would women be just the nurses and men the almighty doctors. Our communications media

A
GLIMMER
OF THE
FUTURE
by
Barbara
Nalewajk

would no longer show only men in positions of power, and women as only interested in the shines on their kitchen floors. Girls and boys would be able to compete equally in sports and in all other areas of education. The men and women of tomorrow would have a real choice in determining their lifestyles. They would not be censored by society if they should decide to remain single or childless. The pronoun "he" would not be automatically used to include "she." Instead it would become "we." "Mankind" would become "human-kind."

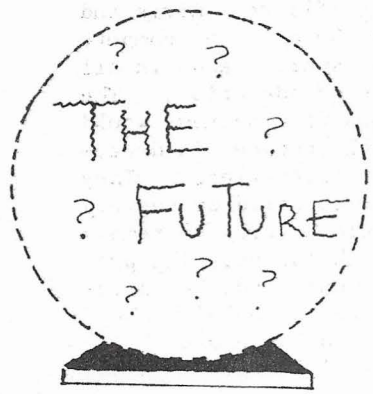
Sexist games would be unnecess-

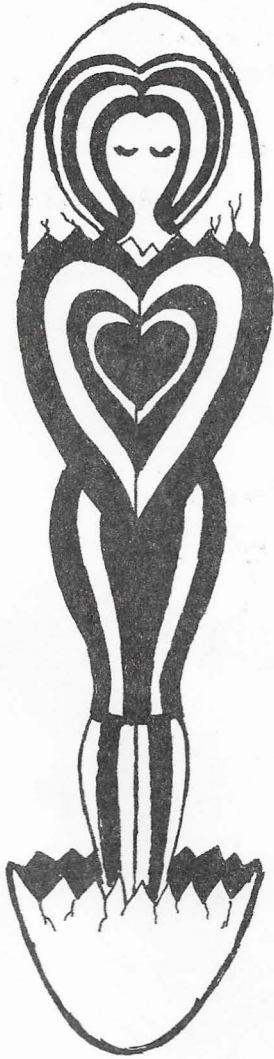
ary. There would be no need for the "macho" man and the helpless, clinging woman. Women would no longer have to compete with other women for the attentions of men. Rather than having to adhere to rigidly defined sex roles, everyone would be free to be themselves. The power of love would surmount the desire to control. Women would stop worrying about who would open doors for them and rejoice instead that the doors of opportunity would no longer be slammed in their faces.

When the people of the future would study ourstory, they would

find it difficult to comprehend the attitudes of today's society toward women. They would especially question why the Equal Rights Amendment was ever an issue in 1978. How could more than half of a society's population have been denied equal rights purely because of their gender?

Now the dark curtain of the present again descends. We have had a brief glimpse of what could be. Is it only an optimistic dream or will at least some of it become a reality? No one knows but it certainly is an intriguing fantasy.





Rebirth of a woman
born of man
Is a feat.

In the heart of the egg
is a yolk...
Break it
or
It will break hearts.

What will I be
now that I am free
of the shell?
Who can tell?
I will listen to me.

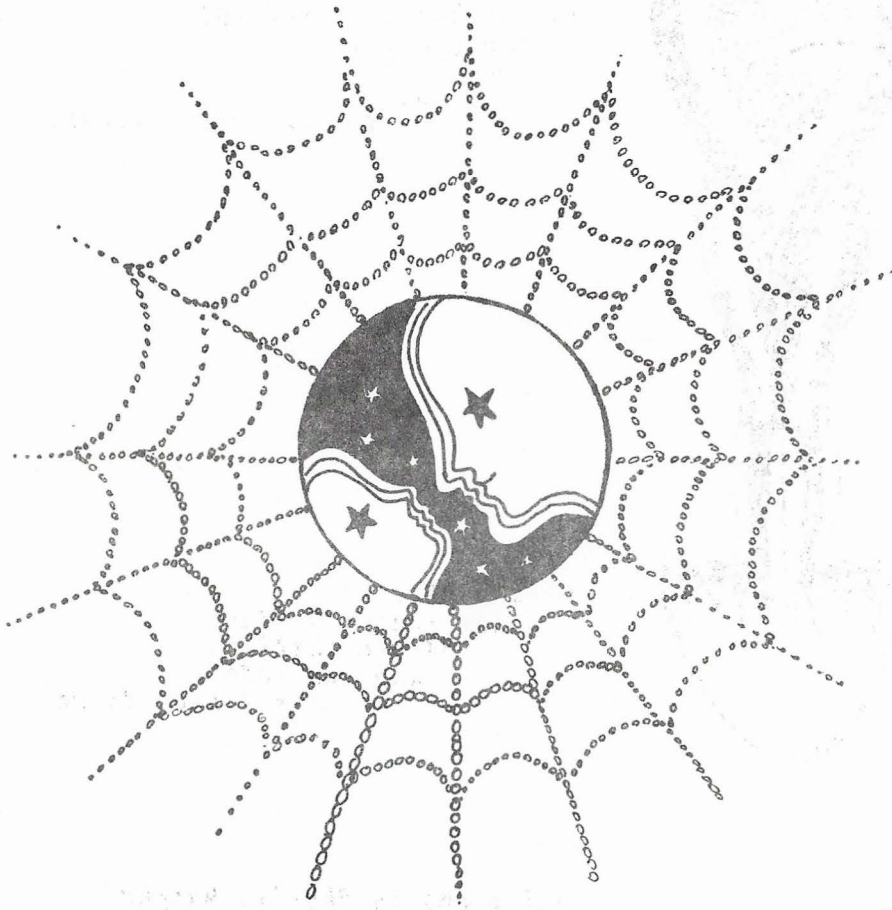
All poems by Phyllis Murphy

Web of freedom

Web of freedom
Spider,

Weave the web to hang above the childish smiles,
They receive your bait and come.
Smile with your foolish, wicked eyes;
Live, for tomorrow loves you.
And the one in the web?
Don't worry;
Tomorrow loves that one too.

By Helen Decker



THIS
IS
AN
END
AND
A
BEGINNING.
FROM
THE
WINTER
OF
OUR
WORK,
BEHOLD
THE
BEAUTY
OF
OUR
BLOSSOMS.

