

the WHORE word

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Poem and poster design by
Norma Jean Almodovar

*I am a woman.... and if I get out of line, you call me a whore
And if I have a good time, you call me a whore
And if I speak my mind- you call me a whore
You throw the word at me when I stand on my own
You use the word often to hold me down
You ever remind me that whores are the worst-
the outcasts, pariahs, without any worth.*

*“You’re just a whore!” you repeat like a mantra-
Like a shot of cold water to dampen my joy.
‘You’re just a whore- so what do you know?
and what do I care of whatever you think!’*

*“You’re a whore,” is a dagger you drive through my heart
as you pound into my psyche that name..
You equate everything that I ever thought good- with that word
which you spit out like venom- to show me how awful I am
But I ask you, please tell me, just what is a whore?
A whore says what she thinks and she thinks for herself...
She’s independent and feisty- so what? is there more?
Why does it frighten you so to know I’ve a mind of my own
and don’t need your permission to live or to love or to be?
And what if I tell you
I don’t care anymore if you call me a whore...
What will you call me now?*

Norma Jean Almodovar 1996

“The Scarlet Women.... were known in Greek as the hierodulai (sacred women), a word later transformed (via French into English) to ‘harlot.’ In the early Germanic tongue, they were known as ‘hores’ (later Anglicised to ‘whores’)- a word which meant quite simply ‘beloved ones.’”

Laurence Gardner, Genesis of the Grail Kings

“To initiates into the mysteries, the Feminine was a concept that was carnal, mystical and religious all at the same time. Its energy and power came from its sexuality, and its wisdom- sometimes known as the ‘whore wisdom’- came from a knowledge of the ‘rose,’ eros.”

Lynn Picknett and Clive Prince, The Templar Revelation

*“Underlying the hatred and fear of women was the knowledge that they have a unique capacity to enjoy sex. Medieval men might not have had the benefit of today’s anatomical education, but personal investigation could not have failed to reveal the existence of that curiously threatening organ, the clitoris. That tiny protuberance, so cleverly - if subliminally- celebrated as the rose-bud atop the Gothic arch, is the only human organ whose function is solely to give pleasure...
The clitoris... reveals that women were meant to be sexually ecstatic.....”*

Lynn Picknett and Clive Prince, The Templar Revelation