I had taken two buses to get from my high school to the downtown offices of Upstream Feminist Newspaper.

I cannot remember how I heard about Upstream, or what got into my head that I would enter their offices and just like that.

They were discussing a children's film that had recently come out...

Most of this was thrilling to me: the slouching, the T-shirts & jeans, the fedoras. And the detail! A children's movie! Who knew? Who cared?

She's a strong character but in the end her major claim to fame is her rescue of a guy. Well, she's the Archetypal mother.

Right, Mother to a pig. Ha ha ha

Hi, my name's Marusya

They ignored me. This was thrilling too. That women did not leap to their feet and offer hospitality. That women could be rude.

What brings you to our humble offices?

Um... I'd like to... Um... write for you.

Fedora gave me the once over. Our eyes locked. The others returned to their conversation, stringing together odd unrelated words, in a language foreign to me.

Fedora pulled out a stack of brand new albums and handed them to me. I could see a logo, Olivia Records.

I got out of there as fast as I could, my heart thudding in my ears.

That night I had to wait until The National and Johnny Carson were over and everyone had gone to bed. I brought the records down from my room.

I peeled off the slippery cellophane, placed a brand-new record on the turntable of our gigantic living room stereo. I turned the volume down low...

I could not believe my ears. This was a more sinister and fascinating underworld than I could possibly have imagined.

That year as a corrective, I was reading Anais Nin and Virginia Woolf. They were seriously rocking my world.