

WOMAN'S WORLD

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editorial

WOMEN AND THE ELECTIONS

Women suffragists put a tremendous amount of time, effort and heartache into the hope that with the vote woman would be able to free herself and have the power to reorder the world in her own best interests and those of humanity as a whole. Countless feminists spent countless years tramping through the wilderness, collecting petitions, giving speeches, marching, enduring jailings, police beatings and hunger strikes. They hoped not only to win a principle when they won the vote for women and to extend the cause of human rights and liberty for all into another former male supremacist preserve. They hoped to win a new means of power for women, the power with which to guarantee respect, freedom and dignity for our sex.

By now, however, it is sadly clear that the vote has done no such thing. As a matter of fact, it turns out, historically, that except for establishing a principle, having the vote has borne no relation at all to women's advancement. All of the legal progress we associate with the 19th century feminist movement occurred before women got the vote - as a result of agitation, organization and direct action. After women did get the vote, despite this new alleged power to affect law of the land, nothing much happened by way of winning legal rights for women for a half a century until the black civil rights movement was in full swing and a new feminist movement was just beginning to stir again. We got our first big legal victory since the vote - the federal equal hiring clause - not because of any power from our vote, but as a reaction against the black movement, as a "joke" stuck into the Civil Rights Act of 1965 by some racist senators. Before that, what economic progress there has been for women - the opening up of new jobs - occurred because of the exigencies of war and depression - not through the power of the vote. In education, the same percentage of women receive advanced degrees (PhD's) today as did in 1920, the year we got the vote, a half century ago. And the recent progress made for women in New York State, for instance, in the liberalization of the laws forbidding abortion, the bills in Congress now for childcare centers, etc., came only after the new militant women's rights movement was going strong, through the agitation of the radical feminists and the publicity

their actions received in the media, which had made women's liberation a household term.

AN ILLUSION...

Unfortunately, the only role the vote has played so far in the progress of women's rights has been, at best, to provide a symbol before we actually won it, a good issue for women to rally around in the general feminist struggle. At worst, the vote has been used to create an illusion, the illusion that we were "liberated" because we had won it, the illusion that we had power because of it, the illusion that it was no longer necessary for women to put their own rights first, that feminism was no longer necessary. These were terrible illusions, indeed, because, as we have seen, it has been organized, militant feminism in every area of women's lives, not the vote, which has brought us our gains, now and in the past.

Nevertheless, a group of women has again appeared that is proposing that women can win what they call "political power" and our freedom, too, by voting and electing other women to office. This group, which has named itself the Women's Political Caucus (henceforth referred to here as the W.P.C.) isn't just calling women's use of the ballot a possible means of pressure, a way of forcing the men who rule America to make some urgently needed concessions to women's demands for justice. They are analyzing the elections as a means to POWER itself and full liberation for women, and a peaceful "womanly" means, at that. And they explain the failure of the vote so far to make any meaningful changes for women as a failure of women.

"Women just didn't use the vote, that was the trouble," goes the explanation of what they're doing. By distorting the valuable idea of female class consciousness, they attribute the "failure" of women to "use" the vote to "low consciousness." Psychological low self-image they say caused women to prefer men as candidates instead of their own sex (it's almost the popular myth that women vote according to sex appeal). They neglect to explain, of course, why 50% of women of voting age don't vote at all and why these women say it's because "voting doesn't do any good." Their so-called analysis is a parroting of the male supremacist lie that women obviously don't want freedom, otherwise they would vote for it, a lie which cloaks and covers up the tremendous

structure of male power arrayed against women in every area of life - from love to work - a pervasive and pernicious structure against which our much beleaguered sex could muster neither the time nor inspiration to fight through such a slow, limited and indirect means as elections.

A SLOW AND INDIRECT METHOD

Having the right to vote failed to free women, not because women failed to "use" this right, not because of "low self-image" or, as Kate Millett, for one, would have it, because "the socialization process of temperamental role differentiation" - whatever that means - "remained intact." Winning the vote failed to free women because the ballot is an insufficient weapon of power, and women knew it would not get them as much of what they wanted as going about things more directly.

There is nothing wrong, of course, with members of the W.P.C. urging women to vote feminists into office, or even with urging us to vote for women candidates just because they are women where there is nothing to be lost by doing so. (In most elections the candidates are so alike anyway). There is, after all, always something to be gained for women's rights by getting more women into areas of life previously barred to them, "politics," not excluded. Of course, it probably isn't necessary to urge us to do it. I know that ever since the women's liberation movement blossomed in recent years, I have been automatically voting for The Woman when I have no other information about the candidates involved in a particular election, when I have bothered to vote at all, that is. And enough of the women I know have been doing the same, whether actively involved in organized women's liberation or not, to make it appear like a definite, spontaneous trend. It's also really exciting now to have a few strong feminists telling it (almost) in the halls of Congress, even if that's all they can do.

The pressure from an electorate voting along line inspired by the feminist movement will, no doubt, also induce or allow, whichever the case may be, many legislators - male and female - to pass some much needed reforms for women, as did the men in the 19th century when similar "pressures" arose, even before women got the vote or held political office. cont'd p.11

THE SMILE BY BROOKE



This paper is going to be about smiling. It will not discuss the esthetics, the poetry, or the joy of smiling. It will discuss the smile as part of the dynamics of male vs. female.

In this paper, males vs. females will be used as an example of oppressor vs. oppressed. Most of this applies to other groups as well.

The smile is a defensive tactic used by a female around the male, in order to disarm him. Thus it serves to protect the female to some degree from the male, by pleasing the male and by hiding the actual thoughts and feelings of the female. It is a tactic based not on joy or love, but on fear.

The smile is used in many situations by many oppressed groups. Children use it with parents, students with teachers, workers with bosses, poor people with rich people, nonwhites with whites, and all oppressed people with policemen.

The smile has been developed to sophisticated peaks by females. There are dozens of variations on it, depending on the situation. The flirtatious smile, the apologetic smile, the helpful smile, the sympathetic smile, and dozens more are used constantly by us. The types and uses of smiles are mind-boggling. We have one to fit each of the male images of females. And we use them - we have to. The sex object smile is the most obvious manifestation. Cheerleaders, stewardesses, models, prostitutes all smile. Then there are the smiles we use for employers, for boy-friends, for parents, for husbands, and for men in general. Freak and radical women do as much smiling as the sorority girl or the Prom Queen, and for the same reason - survival.

We walk a tightrope in our subjection.

Men have differing personalities/politics. Some males like a completely passive, docile female. More confident and/or liberal males find the docile goody-goody type a bore. Therefore, a clever female who has an adaptable personality acts docile with the authoritarians and somewhat more "liberated" with the liberals. The use of the smile is obvious in the first instance. Even liberals, however, don't like females overstepping the bounds of authority. When a female even partially disagrees with a male, the smile is always there. Angry males can be pacified with an apologetic smile. And when the male goes into a lecture concerning our stupidity or assigns us a lot of shit work watch our faces. They smile. And when they make sexist jokes or "play around" with us, there are big grins and chuckles from us.

If you have ever watched a Tomming act (And don't think blacks are the only ones who Tom), you will know that one of its most important features is the smile. The smile disarms hostility. It provokes contempt, but, for the time being, that is protection.

Males don't like females who don't smile sweetly, for the same reasons parents don't like children who don't smile, or whites don't like anybody else who isn't smiling and grateful. Not smiling means we're not putting ourselves on exhibition for them. We're not acting sufficiently friendly. People who aren't smiling on cue may be thinking seriously about something. We may be thinking of our oppressors, and we may not be thinking kind thoughts. Males are generally paranoid about these things, because they know deep down that they are being unjust. And injustice demands satisfaction - right? Males don't like to think that females might want to even

things out, but (subconsciously) they can think of nothing else. So a female who doesn't smile nicely around a male threatens him.

Black people were lynched for not smiling at white people, especially the white men. (Smiling at a white woman, if done by a black man, threatened the white male's sense of security in his property - the white woman, so the black man was frequently lynched for that, too.) Many females have been mistreated in various ways throughout history (including the present) for not smiling at the right time.

The trouble with smiling, though, is that it implies no threat. It implies content in a situation, and content in females breeds contempt in males - and in females. The trouble with playing games is that eventually we forget we're playing games (especially if we've been socialized into it), and get into them for real. We don't need schizophrenia or contentment. We need freedom. And smiling at The Man won't get it for us.

THE GIRL ON THE CUTTING ROOM FLOOR by Sally Steenbeck

I came to New York - had everything I owned stolen, didn't know a soul and was therefore "desperate" for a job. Following the normal road to employment, I went to an agency and told them I was interested in a job in films. I could find nothing other than "girl Friday" apprentice editor (the latter description was the bait, the real work fell into the former).

I was hired because my boss thought that I was a nice proper girl, straight from the midwest, without the aggressive-demanding nature of my New York City counterpart. He felt he was lucky to have me (do his shit work). He promised progress and then I was left to stagnate. He correctly predicted that New York would spoil this former shadow of a woman.

I lasted six awful months before my patience expired. After being a novice and "serving term" I entered the less conventional journey to the film world. This had more to do with what you looked like or who you knew. I knew no one, so there I was.

I got a job at the New York Film Festival from an old boyfriend, which led to the meeting of a self-annointed New York politically concerned film maker. An affair led into working with him and working with him spoiled the affair. It's hard to do someone's typing, errands and telephone work in the daytime and then to sleep with him at night without feeling "took" and resentful. Granted I was unqualified to do much of the "Real" film work; but then again, this was

supposed to be a leftist group, all living on unemployment, all supposedly dedicated to making a good political film in an atmosphere of discovery and learning. Idealistic as it seemed, I felt cheated. It doesn't take long to teach someone how to sync up dailies or to do much of the purely mechanical film work or if that doesn't suit you, it doesn't take long to honestly say "... this is all we want you to do" - the pretense under which all men (and one woman) got me to work for them for next to nothing was to promise me I'd learn a lot - And, of course, I was supposed to learn by osmosis because nobody would take a moment to show me - Therefore, I was only capable of doing what no one else wanted to do (the classical way of keeping people out is by hoarding knowledge and the power that goes with it). At some point, too late in the game, I quit because my unemployment ran out and I was broke - Unreasonable as it was, my resentment against this film cooperative expanded to include all political groups. They proved to be no more democratic than CBS, who, at least doesn't profess participatory democracy.

I next trotted through 1600 Broadway, the medina of the movie business, knocking blindly on doors only to be greeted by a potential customer (or employer, as you may say). The forty year old Englishman looked me up and down, nodded and then told me to report to work the next morning. Curious and yet a little frightened about what the work would be - I arrived bright and early. I might add that in my

job hunt, while I resented the sexual games, at the same time, I hoped to be able to win them. I would purposely try to look "nice." I would dress carefully. I would be gracious, submissive, willing and compromising, in order to seem flexible and available. I even took pride in my success. Still, my resentment was there and it increased in proportion to my growing self-confidence and awareness.

This time, instead of asking to learn on a job, I promised Mr. Englishman that I could do everything (my honesty had not paid off, so a change in approach was the order of the day. Lying is considered acceptable in the slave market). A few days later the Liony Bastard asked me up to his apartment for dinner. My rebuff was met coolly, but I was now determined not to combine work with anything else. The subject was temporarily dropped. They didn't fire me because they needed someone at the moment to help out an awful documentary. And I needed to be able to learn by trial and error.

Since I wasn't sleeping with anyone, they had a few other odious chores in mind. I had to agree to work on Saturday without overtime so my other boss could lie to his wife, saying that he had to work. And then he'd spend the day with his girl friend. I was to be the office child in case wifey called. The second unspoken duty was to be a friend to his wife and a confidante to his girl friend and remember to never confuse the two. Obviously, my ability to maintain this

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BLACK AND WHITE WOMEN

BY MICHELE WALLACE



The scene is the black man holding a knife to the white man's throat. The black man is mumbling and growling incomprehensibly. Meanwhile, the white man holds a look of pure terror in his eyes. Piss is dripping out of his pants legs on to his shoes. His legs are collapsing and his whole body is trembling. The black man moves his lips closer to the white man's ear and grumbles even more fiercely, flinging his free arm madly, wildly, desperately.

White man: Oh! (his face changes it's expression to one of enormous relief) Oh! You want my women. By all means take them, help yourself son! (Now free from the black man's grasp, he spreads his arms wide open in a gesture indicating enormous brotherly love. At this point, the black man appears grateful and pleased. He begins to shuffle a bit, thinks better of it and sinks to his knees and begins to kiss the piss stained feet of the white man.)

White man (continues): Geez! You should have said right out what you wanted. Gosh! I thought you wanted my money. The above is an extremely short play with which I probably flatter myself by imagining that it capsules the events, on the American scene, taking place during the past three years since the expression 'black power' became so popular.

White men prepared well for this uprising by establishing the merit of several things towards attaining "manhood," to act as a kind of buffer and as a decoy to distract black men from the reality that the real essence of the power of white men is based in the acquisition of money. One of the things dangled before the eyes of black men was white women. Black men lapped up the bait.

Black men hold the only position of authority in the black community and their only interests are white women. That means that all so-called community programs and programs supposedly designed to improve the conditions of black people are really meant to support men who are supporting white women, and to prepare black male children for the pursuit of "white cunt" or "a white bitch" (that is what they call you around us. I guess they refer to us similarly around you.)

THE WHITE WOMAN'S NAIVETE

How do black men manage to have white women and still exercise power over the grass roots black people who are overwhelmingly black women? Well, he says that the white woman supports him financially and spiritually, whereas the black woman cannot or will not do either. However, the truth of the matter is that black men cannot step on black women quite so ruthlessly as they step on white women; we know their game. (This may seem to contradict other things I've said. What I mean is that black men do step on black women, and with the full force of their heel, but they are not allowed to do so while claiming to be her "lover.") If the white woman protests her abuse, she is accused of racism. As the white woman

must have noticed, black men have their own special way of oppressing women. The routine consists of him knocking you up and calling it genocide if you want an abortion and beating you up whenever you dare to disagree with him the first few times; then he will eventually push you into an argument during which he will walk out leaving you with the baby or babies, after having convinced you, to leave school "cause it's a hangup," (you're mind is fucked up)" and because it's "bourgeois."

Because the black man is considered by many to be the height of male sexuality many white men are picking up the same habits used by black men on the domestic front. Such habits are particularly popular among the so-called radical left. For the first time in the history of American upper middle class whites, the women are getting knocked up and left by white men who you can't sue for child support because they don't have jobs. As this situation continues to progress, both white women and black women should begin to be able to see something has got to be done because you ain't never been oppressed until you've been oppressed like a black woman. And don't think this doesn't touch you because it is spreading like wildfire. All of our sons and daughters will be part of this tradition; Sesame Street will see to that, if nothing else. Black men and white men are banding together towards the strongest capitalist, sexist and vicious united front that has ever been seen on the face of the earth. (If white women think they have resolved racism, by sleeping with black men, how do you think white men are going to respond to charges of the sexism when they have fully absorbed black men into the system?)

EXPOSING BLACK ANTI-FEMINISTS

What can women do about all this? White women must begin to examine their relationships with black men, as well as white men, for the telltale signs of the beautiful black male routine outlined above. They must begin to point out sexism wherever it exists, no matter how painful it might be to do so; even when it is found amidst the consciousness of black men or white male or female leftists, or even black women who have been allowed to scab on other women much too long and all for nothing. Be aware that many black women are afraid to confirm their feminism because they are afraid they will be labeled manhaters. It seems that many of the black women who feel it their duty to put down the women's movement, are in reality very much manhaters, so they are thus going out of their way to prove that they are not. Homosexuality is publicly denounced as counterrevolutionary in the black community (however, privately only black women are ostracized for homosexuality within the movement). Therefore, those women who pronounce themselves political or social or cultural leaders of the black liberation struggle verify their heterosexuality by saying that feminism is just a bourgeois trip which does not relate to black women.

As black women, we must begin to establish ourselves as a movement independent of black men; we must establish ourselves as people who will not allow our sexual, racial or economic oppression to continue for even one more second (this oppression is inflicted by both white and black men - what do you call it but racism when black men cannot stand the sight of black women and exclude them from all their activities?) We must begin to see black men as what they are fast becoming - capitalist, sexist pigs (and they don't even have any real money yet.) We must begin to take our own destinies in hand. No black man who is sleeping with a white woman can tell you how to be black from this moment on. If you haven't arrived at this conclusion already, no man can tell you how to live, how to wear your hair, what to wear on your body, or what to do with your body or your mind. Black men don't like abortions, and the only thing more absurd than that is that they feel that they have the right to voice their opinions on the subject. Are they around when the baby is born? If black men really saw abortions as a form of genocide, and a deterrent to the growth of this black nation they discuss but don't act on (except the black muslims who are unfortunately sexist, capitalist pigs too), wouldn't it follow that they would begin an organized attempt to lighten the load of black mothers? Furthermore, I would appreciate anyone at all explaining to me how a bunch of teenage and infant age junkies will be of any possible use to this black nation.

LESBIAN-BAITING AND BLACK MALE HOMOSEXUALITY

If you follow even a particle of my advice, you will notice that fangs will immediately appear; you will immediately be labelled a lesbian, but when they find out you don't care what they call you this will soon stop, because black men are pretty shaky on the whole subject of homosexuality and highly susceptible to the condition of homosexuality themselves at this particular time. Notice the way in which black men dress (check out the regalia worn at the Muhammed Ali fight) and notice that black men are more commonly seen with each other. Also note their deep rooted hostility for women in general. They are treating white women, their most treasured dream for a long time, almost as badly as they treat us. Also notice that the enthusiastic attention (as negative as it was) that was given to young attractive women by black men has almost ceased to exist if it hasn't been entirely cooled out by now. (It is important to consider that male homosexuality will strengthen the male front, although it would be helpful to know just exactly who is a homosexual and that kind of knowledge can only be obtained after homosexuality is relieved of it's negative connotations.) Black women must begin to educate themselves and

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THE MEN'S PAGE

WHAT'S BEHIND IMPOTENCE by Barbara Leon

There's a common pattern in male-female relationships, pretty well documented by now. The man torn down all day on his job who comes home and feels "strong" after blustering at his wife. The Father worried about what's going to happen to his kids out in the harsh world yet who, as soon as they run into any kind of trouble, can only blame their Mother for "coddling them." The man with a totally inadequate pay check who screams at his wife for not "managing" well enough on his money. These men are blaming women for their problems. On one level they know how much they have going against them, that it would be foolhardy to try to fight the system alone, and a long hard haul to get together with other men in the same position to change things through revolutionary politics. Yet there is even more going on here. They are not even at the point of being willing to put the blame for their condition where it belongs, on the class of men that is holding them down. Many men don't

like to admit that they have a boss or that they don't like their jobs or that they didn't choose the situation they're in. To do so would ruin the he-man image and make them seem like "weak women." It would also mean they would have to get together and fight their bosses. It's much easier to get what they can out of the hides of women.

This "he-man" pattern of oppressing women and avoiding confrontation with their own situation has been so widespread and so much talked about that it has led us to forget another, probably equally common one. This other pattern, the pattern of the "passive, henpecked husband" strays from the stereotyped notion of masculinity, and so it is not usually recognized for what it is - plain, old fashioned male supremacy. What usually happens is this: the man has the same amount of power over "his" woman as well as the same kind of pressures and problems in the outside world. But he takes it out on his wife in a different way. Whenever problems come

up that affect the family he simply withdraws, leaving his wife to handle things alone. She "nags" at him for his passivity. Instead of fighting her openly he puts on his most martyred expression and goes to sulk in his armchair. The cycle escalates. The woman soon finds herself doing more and more, not only cleaning the home and taking care of the kids but also driving the car, balancing the budget and making all the day to day decisions. She becomes more resentful and lashes out more often; he appears more hurt and victimized. Outsiders feel sorry for him; that's what comes of letting the woman dominate a family.

Men will often use the same strategies in their sexual lives. As men they regard female initiative as a threat to their male "rights" and when women assert their own needs and desires it is interpreted as a challenge to be denied. They will do this in either of the above ways - by overpowering her or by "going limp." The latter method may even be a more effective way of maintaining the

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.... AND HOMOSEXUALITY by Miriam Berlin

The only good thing that's "coming out" of the "gay (men's) liberation" movement seems to be some TRUTH. An article in the September 1 issue of WIN magazine describes a man's turn toward homosexuality because of the demands his wife was making on him. The article is a fantastic jumble of contradictions, making it pretty difficult to sort out the man's lies from his honest statements. But a few things were frighteningly clear to any woman who has been through what by now seems like a regular chain of events in the process of trying to work out a good relationship with a man.

"I really enjoyed intercourse," says Jeff Keith, the author, "and was quite upset when she (his wife) continued not to enjoy it and to accuse me of being only out for my own gratification . . . She was always resentful of the fact that during intercourse I seemed to be taking and never giving - no matter how much I wanted to please her, it was impossible through the pattern of conventional sexual intercourse."

The couple go through the familiar hassle over contraception, too, with the author's wife "refusing to take pills which she knew were causing weird changes in her body chemistry" and her ending up getting pregnant. All this time the author is asserting his hatred of being in the dominant position. "I didn't believe in insisting on my own way, but somehow this seemed to be what was constantly happening," he says, attributing this sometimes to the pervasive influence of the traditional sex roles (the psychological "brainwashing" theory again) and sometimes to his wife's "slowness" at making decisions. When his wife, however, now saddled with a child, does take a decisive action and arrives at the point of refusing to have sexual intercourse "for an indefinite period," the author interprets this as a "heavy" act of aggression on her part and reacts by becoming what he calls "weak" and getting "passively overwhelmed by her and resentful of the whole situation." Although he doesn't really describe how his new "passivity" expressed itself in every day life,

many women know the tactic from bitter experience. If a man can't have things with a woman his way, sexually or otherwise, he doesn't want them at all. He "gives up". If he sees he has to have a family on a new basis, for instance, one of equality with the woman, one of his having to do housework and take care of the children too, then he'd rather have no family at all. If he has to have "conventional" sexual intercourse on a new basis, one in which he has to use contraceptives, too, one in which he has to give the woman pleasure however she defines it, he would rather not have it at all, not with that woman, anyway. In this case, the author, instead of turning to another woman for reactionary support (support for his male supremacist ego, in other words) turns to men in his efforts to avoid the demoralizing effects of an equal relationship with a woman. Apparently, he can tolerate an equal relationship with a member of his own sex because after all, it's outside of the "prevailing sex roles." In other words, it doesn't threaten his established position as a man with respect to women.

This man's public record of his reaction against his wife is one more confirmation of what women have been feeling all along from male homosexuals . . . rejection . . . and our own suspicions that a man's going "gay" is a form of political backlash against women's demands for men to stop exploiting us. They leave us altogether.

This would explain the sudden rise of "gay liberation" as an organized movement just at the point when women began to organize and in the young radical subculture where women's liberation first arose as a movement.

It's becoming pretty clear that, contrary to fashionable belief, men become homosexuals not because their humanity has been oppressed by "domineering" mothers and "castrating" women in general, but because they feel their masculinity, their male class prerogative, is threatened by women who are fighting for equality and justice.

At the same time, these men feel bored and equally threatened by women who don't seem interested in being "liberated." They know it's not

really true. And so, homosexual men move toward each other in reaction against us, giving each other emotional sustenance, grasping at each other to preserve some degree of "manhood" by preferring in every way their own "superior" sex.

Lesbianism and male homosexuality have opposite political meanings. Women preferring each other is a recognition and love of strengths in women which are denied and rejected in the world at large (the man's world). It is also an alternative to the oppressive treatment of women at the hands of men.

Men's preference for each other, their inability to love a woman, is a rejection of these human strengths in women and a denial of our beauty. Men's admiration for themselves is what we have already had too much of.

We're not ready at this point to say that male-homosexuals as a group are worse oppressors of women than heterosexual men as a group. It's still better to be rejected than raped. But we are saying that their sexual preference is male supremacist, that even when they seem to be imitating women, their intention is really to mock us or "out do" us, and that, if they organize on the basis of their male supremacist "preference," if they attempt to encourage and bring out this preference in more and more men, then they are the enemies of women's liberation.

If gay men are hassled by other males it is because so-called heterosexual men, despite their having no qualms about treating females as sexual objects, draw the line when it comes to their sex and especially to themselves being treated that way. There is also a class element in their reaction, too, with homosexuals symbolizing the effete snobism of the so-called cultural elite.

As it is, male homosexuals are arrested for "solicitation" far less than women are. The legal restrictions against homosexuality merely reflect a conflict between men who want to continue using women as a means of reproduction - and have constructed a whole set of laws prohibiting non-reproductive sex - and those men who have no use for women at all.

COMMUNICATION

by Alice Mailhot

reprinted from the
Radical Therapist

PROBLEM

He returned from his first visit to the marriage counselor prescribed by the health service for headache. He dropped his books on the couch, tossed his coat on top of them, lay down, put his feet up on the pile, pulled out a magazine and, opening it to the middle, began to read.

"Hi," I greeted him tentatively. "How did it go?"

"Hm... Well, he said..." he turned the page and began to hum.

"Do you think it'll help?" More humming.

I waited a minute or two; then, since the conversation was obviously over, I went into the kitchen to finish the dishes.

"He agrees that it's you giving me headaches," he told me as I pulled on the second glove. "Hey! What're you doing in the kitchen? Don't you even care?"

I peeled off the gloves, returned them to the sink. It depressed me to think that the marriage counselor and the health service both thought I was giving my husband headaches; but, I told myself, that is the sort of thing you have to face up to in marriage, face and overcome. So I went back out to hear the awful truth.

"What am I doing wrong?" I asked, relieved that it was all going to open up and we were going to solve the problem.

"You can talk to him about that. You'll have to go in twice a week. You're not to miss any appointments. No excuses. You can't just lie there and not see him and say you're sick like the night I had to get my own supper."

"I was sick!" I protested. "My temperature was over 103. I was afraid if I moved, I'd throw up."

"Save your excuses. He'll tell you." He lay back and rubbed a tired hand across his forehead. He sighed. His eyes closed. I turned to go.

"You have to learn to communicate," he ordered, suddenly awake. "It's most important in marriage. There has to be communication."

"Well!" I blurted, taken aback. "I do communicate. Sometimes it seems to me you don't really communicate with me."

"There you go!" He accused, raising up on one elbow and pointing between my eyes, "making accusations!

What are you trying to imply?"

"I... that's not an accusation, and I'm not trying to imply anything. I just don't feel communicated with. I tell you exactly what I feel and what I'd most like to do or what seems most reasonable to me to do and what my thinking is and, when I try to find out what you think and how you feel, I can't seem to, somehow."

"That's what I mean," he sneered, dropping heavily back, turning his head away, and firmly closing his eyes.

"Mean? Mean by what?" I heard my voice creep up with an increasing sense of exasperation; but I took a couple of deep breaths and asked, "When am I supposed to go in?"

But he slept on, the very picture of disdain.

THERAPY

"You see," the counselor reasoned with me, "there must be a flow of communication between husband and wife. When communication breaks down, the marriage is in trouble." He beamed inquiringly into my eyes, obviously wondering how much of his message was registering.

"Yes," I agreed, leaning forward in my eagerness to hear how this might be done. "I wish I knew how."

"Oh, you'll have to do much better than wish," he admonished me, instantly stern. "Much, much better. Your marriage demands it. This is a very serious matter. You must work at it." He glanced at his watch and straightened his tie.

"But..."
"Perhaps this would be a good place to stop for today," he suggested. "Now, you think it over. Communication is the lifeblood of a marriage."

PROBLEM

"Language is for fooling people," he assured me again.

"Oh, no!" I countered. "It isn't. What's the use of talking if all you're going to do is lie?"

"Oh. If you're smart you won't have to lie. Much. At least, you won't get caught. No one will know. And if you're smart, you just let them think something that isn't true. People are fools."

"Mostly honest, more likely."

Shifting into high, I tackled the subject. "The function of language is to help people get along together; civilization is based on it. In any society, there has to be a coherence between word and meaning. Why do you think the concept of a man's word being good has been so important to people? Like the Indians, for instance?"

"Look what happened to them!"
"OK," I agreed, "but they got along with each other; without a man's word being his bond, a society falls apart inside itself."

"So?" he retorted angrily. "What's society to force me to do anything? Why should I do what society says I should do? I'll say what I like. If people are fool enough to believe it, that's their fault."

"But..." I looked at him, wondering if he was merely trying to upset me; he seemed extremely pleased with himself. "You corrupt the very meaning of language."

"That's your version. You don't know what you're talking about. Language is just another weapon. You use it. If you're smart." He thought a moment, turned on me with the clincher:

"You don't want people to know what you think, do you?"

THERAPY

"Perhaps," the counselor suggested gently, interrupting my replay of our arguments about language. "perhaps, we should not waste our time on intellectualized debates and abstract philosophies. Let's talk about the real problems in your marriage."

PROBLEM

"Oh, there you are," he said in the sort of tone a person might use on a child caught eating peanut butter by hand. "I want to talk to you. If you'd stop stirring that mess a minute."

I did.
"We need a new car," he said. "There'll be some men calling. Now, don't you lose their messages. And get them straight. I think the transmission is going. What do you think about getting a wagon?"

I stared out the window at the old

car, digesting these various thoughts.

"Well," I answered slowly. "I guess..." The kitchen door slammed. He was gone.

Later, having thought the matter over and having realized that a great many of our conversations came to the same abrupt conclusion, I asked him if we might, every now and again, arrange to hold a complete conversation; there were some things I would like to talk with him about.

"Talk!" he snorted. "That's all you want to do. What's there to talk about?"

"When you have the time, I'd be glad to tell you."
"That's the trouble," he retorted. "That's just what I mean. If you wouldn't talk, we could be happy." The door slammed.

THERAPY

"I can never tell what we are going to be doing, or arrive at an agreement on what sort of limits we're setting for the children, or even make any kind of agreement with him, actually, or have a just-for-fun type conversation. He acts like I was trying to steal his teeth. I'm human. I need to be able to talk with the person I live with."

The social worker considered. "But if he doesn't like you to talk to him, maybe... do you have to talk to him?" She thought a little more and, visibly brightening, offered, "you can talk to me."

FRIEND OF THE COURT

"My attorney advised me to call you about making sure the travel arrangements I sign for are what really happens, this time," I told her.

"Why don't you discuss it with the children's father," she asked. "Come to an agreement with him about it."

"But—if he was the kind of person you could come to agreements with..."
"You'll have to communicate with him," she advised, her temper audibly shortening.

"Communicate with him? There isn't any communicating with him! He won't be communicated with. I tried for years. I've never been able to communicate with him."

"Well!" Crisply disposing of the problem, she snapped, "It's about time you learned!"

IMPOTENCE cont'd

sexual relationship on his terms by utilizing her fear of being called "castrating," "aggressive," "dominating."

Under present conditions it's impossible for a woman to dominate a man in a personal relationship. Whenever this accusation has been made it's been due to a confusion of power with tactics. The male has power over the female because she is in a more vulnerable position in the world, economically, physically, and socially. He is in the position to determine what he wants in a relationship and may use various tactics to get it. Husband number one used overt aggression. Husband number two used passive resistance. Women too may use either kind of tactic but their fight is against male domination. His is to perpetuate it.

It's not surprising that, with the emergence of a contemporary women's movement, all the techniques that men have used in their individual situations should now be raised to a new political level. Of course, the super-masculine backlash was pretty well expected: the desperate clutched at the crumbs of one's "manhood" so as to avoid losing what power they have in their homes and with respect to women in general. But what about the other side to the backlash, the passive resistance side?

There's been a flood of articles recently in "counter-culture" publications by men describing the agonies of their sexual impotence or the penalties they have

paid for their lack of "masculine aggressiveness." "Look at us," they say, "we're not macho and we've paid for it." ("By the way, often at the hands of 'sexist' females," they add.) "We're the perfect complement to women's liberation."

The tone of martyrdom increases as they describe their "struggles" to accept and welcome the "womanly" part of themselves. And people read the articles and think, "Gee, the poor guy, he's really trying." But somewhere in the back of their minds there's that old thought again—that's what happens when you let women dominate you. The men steel themselves against even further encroachments. And the women feel guilty. As they were meant to.

The "going limp" syndrome is also starting to emerge in white "leftist" political circles. Here men are beginning to talk about how they are "unfit for making a revolution" because of all their "male hangups." They are saying that their "consciousness" can't possibly match that of women, or people of color, so we'll just have to fix up the world ourselves, while they stay in their communes and learn to "relate" to each other, to become better people.

We don't have to look far back into history to see the analogy to all this. Back in the 60's after the emergence of black power, lots of breast-beating white liberals appeared on the scene. They were

so ashamed of themselves that they couldn't move — and if they held anybody else back in the process, so be it. White liberals were called masochists then but that's a phony term that covers up the truth. The reality is much more self-serving. This so-called masochism is a device for obtaining sympathy and excusing inaction. The same thing is happening now in relation to men and women. MALE IMPOTENCE, WHETHER SEXUAL, EMOTIONAL, OR POLITICAL, IS JUST ANOTHER WAY OF OPPRESSING WOMEN. IT'S A WAY OF SAYING, "IF WE CAN'T REMAIN ON TOP WE WON'T PARTICIPATE AT ALL." AND "IF YOU BECOME STRONG I MUST BECOME WEAK. PITY ME."

There's been a lot of debate in the women's movement about alliances with oppressed men. Realistically, this looks like the only way any of us can win. Yet it is pathetically premature at a time when most men are still blatantly oppressing women and sabotaging our efforts to stop them. In addition, men are not yet even recognizing their own situation, who's oppressing them. They are still blaming women, leaning on women, envying women, and doing whatever else they can in order to avoid fighting the men who rule them. And they are getting away with it because of the one thing they claim to have lost — their "manhood." Oppressed men will have to get honest with themselves and with us. Until that time there'll be nothing to ally with.

BRINGING RAPISTS a group effort by Colette Price

It was late summer that the story of Hector Medina and accomplice, self-confessed rapists of two young girls reached the attention of a women's group called THE FEMINISTS. They received the story from a Channel 5 telecast directing them to a small neighborhood newsletter called "Town and Village." In five different articles the newsletter recounted the following events.

On June 4 at 4:15 in the afternoon, a 14-year-old girl barely escaped rape by two boys armed with knives. She was saved only by the quick action of her mother, who surprised the attackers on the roof of their Stuyvesant Town building. The next day one of the boys Hector Medina, returned to the area and raped an 11-year old girl. Just a week later, both boys returned to rape a 14-year-old girl on the rooftop of another Stuyvesant Town building.

On June 16th the two boys who were identified by all three victims were arrested - Hector Medina 16 years old and an un-named accomplice 13 years old. Both youths confessed to the rapes and were reported to have boasted of them. The 13 year-old was remanded to a Juvenile Center and Medina released on \$1500 bail. After failure to obtain a Grand Jury indictment for rape - reasons undisclosed, Medina's case was returned to Criminal Court where it was suspected he would be prosecuted on lesser charges. On September 14 Medina pleaded guilty to a Class B misdemeanor (some variation of a sexual abuse law on the grounds of touching) which carries a maximum sentence of 90 days in jail. It was suspected he would receive a suspended sentence. He would appear for sentencing on September 28th.

SELF-CONFESSED RAPISTS

These were the facts THE FEMINISTS unfolded. Two self-confessed rapists, identified by all three victims, could not be charged with rape. A woman's testimony against a man; a man's confession, the identification by all three victims - this is not sufficient evidence to prosecute for rape. Because there were no other witnesses to the rapes, because there was no "corroborating" testimony, the rapist would go free. It was felt by THE FEMINISTS that a case like this, though by no means unique, had to be publicized to make women aware that rape laws are in fact written to protect the rapists. It had to be demonstrated that only political action by women can achieve equal protection for women. And so they went into the work stages behind September 28th.

At 9AM Tuesday the 28th women began to gather in front of the Criminal Court Building at 100 Center Street. The turnout was small maybe 15 to 20 women, which was somewhat surprising. It wasn't until later on in the morning that we got wind of the fact that there were objections by women to the action. It seems that after a WBAI radio announcement to publicize the action, there was mention made of not getting involved in the prosecution of a minority group member - Medina is a Puerto Rican. Feminists feel that he is a rapist first by demonstrated actions, a Puerto Rican merely by birth-right. If he rapes women we want him prosecuted to protect OUR lives. Another objection stemmed from the fact that Medina was so young. The raped girls were only 11 and 14 - not too young to be raped. Do you really want to send anybody to jail others felt, its such a terrible place. We are well aware of the abuses of prison life, and evenmore obviously aware of the abuses of women's lives. While we

may not consider criminal certain actions the state unjustly prosecutes people for (like prostitution), it is also clear the state does not consider certain actions criminal which we do, like rape. We hold rapists responsible for their crimes and feel they should be prosecuted to the fullest extent of the law (which is not very full nor does it extend far). If we are ever going to achieve a society in which women are free (free from rape in this case), crimes against women must be dealt with severely. Women must make sure they are.

THE POWER TO INFLICT A CONSEQUENCE

And so armed only with our outrage and a few picket signs, we began our circling protest. Some women remained in court so as to notify us when Medina's case would be presented. Channel 5 news, which has proved itself sympathetic to this cause, televised the protest and interviewed a member of THE FEMINISTS. Leaflets were distributed to passers-by informing them that:

Forcible rape is the most frequently committed crime of violence in America today.

In New York State 1,840 rapes were reported in 1961 - only one of the rapists was found guilty.

In 10 years the number of rapes has more than doubled.

A male's previous rape convictions have been declared inadmissible evidence in a rape trial whereas information about a women's "reputation" is allowable.

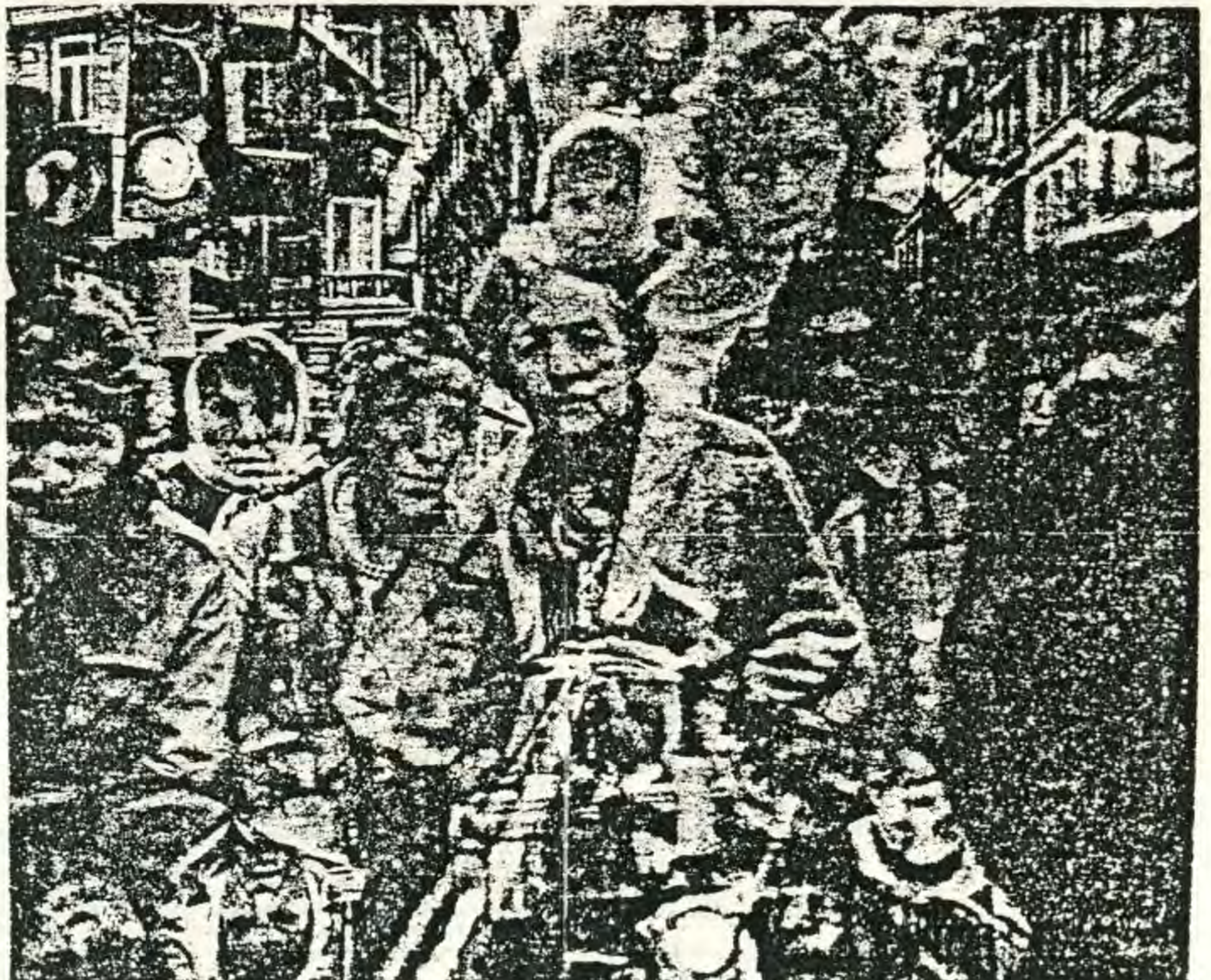
We handed out the facts and then about 11 AM proceeded to the courtroom to join the rest of the women. For those of you who have never had to opportunity to enter those hallowed halls, I will relate the feelings expressed by one of the women present. It's like a church, she mused, with the rows upon rows of pews, straight ahead up front is the communion rail backed up by the altar behind which our male authority presides, enshrined by the emblem

In God We Trust. Despite its sacred exterior however it took only a short while to realize its processing was more like that of a factory. Number 18. blah blah, blah, step forward, alot of whispered mumbo jumbo (why do they whisper?) sentence passed - number 19, blah, blah, blah . . . Well it all seemed endless so since it would be awhile we mulled about the halls of justice witnessing the processing of prostitutes and talking to the press. I remained in court with about five others.

Then we spotted Medina sitting in the second row with his parents. He was a neatly groomed boy, moderately short hair, dressed in chinos and a shirt. He did not seem particularly solemn nor absorbed in thought, as a matter of fact the only noticeable thing about him was the slight smirk on his face. It was only days later that we learned he had called THE FEMINISTS answering service to say he understood we were getting his name in print. That evening on the Channel 5 news coverage of the case, when asked what he wanted to be in the future, Medina said I think I'd like to be a cop. He was just the average kid, the kind that would pass you on the street and make a wise remark.

Four of the women moved to the bench in front of the Medina family. One of them handed Mrs. Medina our literature. She did not read it right then and it was hard to know if she was aware of its contents. The women had begun to stare at Medina, one by one, when suddenly the judge called the case to the bench. I was surprised and worried because there would not be enough time to gather the other women.

It was hard to hear the exact dialogue (whispering) but the general impression was that the judge was dealing very sternly with the case. He insisted upon having the report from the probation officer and mentioned in passing a letter he had received from one of the victims mothers. He also seemed to be aware that there were feminists in the



TO TRIAL

audience. He reconvened the case for 2 PM and dismissed the court. We proceeded with caution, knowing full well that there are times when a stern manner is a cover up for less stern action.

WE WERE "BLOODTHIRSTY"

We mulled about the hallway for awhile trying to reassemble when we were approached by Medina's lawyer. He obviously knew who we were. One of the first things he said was that he considered himself a radical lawyer, and was in sympathy with our cause. One of the girls asked him why then was he defending a rapist. He answered that he was the lawyer covering the area in which Medina lived. She repeated her question, why are you defending a rapist. The lawyer then went on to notify us that we had the facts all wrong, "his boy" as he referred to Medina did not rape those girls, he denies it. It's sort of late in the game to deny it I thought after a confession and positive identification by the three victims. The lawyer insinuated it was the 15 yr. old accomplice who was the perpetrator. "The 13 year old accomplice" we reminded him. "Another error" he retorted and went on to question how we could feel right sending "his boy" off to prison. He wished to focus on rape in general but certainly not the prosecution of a particular rapist. He threw in something about bad prison conditions, mentioned Attica and left calling us blood thirsty.

1. He said he had the facts we did not.
2. He said we should punish rapists just not "his boy."
3. He said he was in sympathy with us, then called us blood thirsty.

It was almost time for court to reconvene and we had not decided on a unified plan of action inside the court room. There was talk of speaking out, concern about possible arrests, etc. One feeling was unifying us however, - we were going to make our presence felt. We entered the court room and sat ourselves in the very first bench, we wanted to hear every whisper. A few cases were processed and then Medina was called - we all stood up. "Sit down!" came the order from above and was echoed by every court officer present. The judge then made a short firm speech, warning that any further disruptions would be dealt with severely and threatening removal and/or arrest. "We only want rapists punished," said Pam Kearon, who was immediately shown out by court officers whose number seemed to have doubled in a short span of time. The court room was quiet now - reverently quiet. It was so quiet even the whispers could be heard. The D.A. proceeded arguing for the maximum sentence, he cited the fact that the defendant was not prosecuted for rape because of the New York State law requiring corroborative evidence. He told of a new law which would have remedied this, but had failed to pass the New York State Legislature. Then the defense lawyer began his defense. He stated his client denied the rape charges and again talked as if he had merely been a standby to the younger youth's plans. He talked about what a good student Medina was and how he even had a job after school (average American boy). He went on and on about Medina's virtues, for awhile it almost sounded like he was up for a merit badge. Then he pleaded, your honor, what could possibly be served by incarcerating

cont'd p.9

one woman alone

by Linda Sabara



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It was December 30, 1965 and it was very cold. My mother and I had just had a whopping fight, the worst ever, so stupid, so senseless, so uncalled for. Capricorns and Leos, though, have a peculiar affinity for causing one another agonizing pain. I, being a proved Leo, walked out. I was all of sixteen at the time. I was going out with a couple of guys at the time, but Joe seemed the most decent, so I went to him.

I told him what had happened and he asked me to marry him. I agreed. I felt affection for him; besides, I didn't have any better ideas.

He was working second-shift that day, so I went to my friend's house (quite nearby). I left at 9:30, because Joe lived with his mother, and I didn't want her to think I was a "bad" girl.

Unfortunately, his mother was at her friend's house. So I waited on the porch.

It was horribly cold. I walked to the corner grocery because I knew there was a clock in the window and I knew Joe would be home at 11:00 or so.

I saw the clock; it was 10:40. I walked back. It's a fairly quiet neighborhood and most of the lights were out.

A station wagon pulled up with a black man in it. He leaned out and said something. It didn't sound vulgar, so I said, "I can't hear you, wait a minute."

It was very windy and the wind distorted his words, and mine too, no doubt.

He made a U-turn, swung around, and stopped the car close to me, facing the opposite direction.

"How do I get to Club Three?" he asked.

"Oh, just go up High Street until you reach Smith, then go down Smith about five blocks and you can't miss it."

Suddenly he clutched at his chest and doubled over. I am a total sucker for people in need. I really am.

"What's the matter?", I asked.

"It's my asthma!", he gasped. "Please there's a brown bottle in a green bag on the floor - back seat - please", he sounded pretty convincing.

So naturally, I went into the back seat, looking for that bottle. Suddenly the voice became menacing. There was something hard and sharp/blunt pushed under my breasts. "Get into the front of the car or I'm gonna kill ya."

I never argue with a man with a weapon. I sat in the front next to him.

I kept hoping he'd stop at a red light and I could jump out. You know what "fat chance" means, right?

Anyway, he raped me. Repeatedly. Or so I thought. In addition, I also had to go down on him.

Because I'm a very good lay (or so he told me) he drove me back and didn't do anything to me that'd leave (physical) scars.

I first told Joe, and we went to the police station together. I told my little story. The officer was so intrigued with my calmness that he forgot to take it down, so I had to repeat it.

My mother took me to her doctor to be examined who agreed I was a mess inside, but he couldn't determine whether it was because I was raped or because I was young. That sounded like a cop-out because he knew I hadn't been a virgin at the time of the rape.

It was determined that the man had actually raped me once, since I could recall his climaxing once. According to law, one climax equals one rape. Imagine if he hadn't come at all.

We then had to determine exactly where the rape took place. Since I couldn't find the field, it weakened the case.

I identified the man; it was easy since none of the other suspects looked anything like him and since I'd got the license plate number and it had been traced to the guy.

Finally I went to court. By that time Joe and I were married and I was pregnant (by Joe, luckily). I was treated well.

By my fifth month, I went before the grand jury. They saw a young woman in a good maternity suit, impeccably coiffed, with lovely shoes and a forty dollar handbag.

I gave my story again. Then came "Question and Answer" time.

"You were told to have intercourse with him or he'd kill you?"

"That's right."

"But he didn't physically force you?"

"No, but he threatened my very life!"

Guess what? He didn't rape me.

However, because I was almost 17, it could have been called "Statutory Rape," since I was a minor. But I hadn't brought a lawyer. I figured I was right, and didn't need one.

"Were you a virgin when it happened?"

"No," I answered. Where was Perry Mason to yell "Objection!"

The only thing they didn't ask was how his penis tasted. They refused to indict him. Apparently, to their thinking, I had seduced this poor black man, had second thoughts, and cried "Rape!" Apparently I was evil - because I fucked well enough so that he didn't cut me up. Because everybody knows that girls who are really raped, don't live through it, or, if they do, they are hideously scarred or crippled for life. Nice girls fight to the death, don't you know? Death - honorable death is preferable to a strange (black) man taking a young (white) girl's virtue (read "hymen"), so obviously, I was an evil stain that had to be eradicated.

They almost did.

MY AMERICAN DREAM

BY COLETTE PRICE

I am a woman who feels there is nothing in this world I could not do if I really wanted to. (Last weekend my brother and brother-in-law went out on the lawn to finish their conversation completely ignoring my participation) I had a normal adolescence and was generally considered popular. (My adolescence was a series of setting and unsetting my hair so I could be positioned in a certain spot at a certain time in case the boy I thought I liked might chance by.) My basic nature (upbringing) is to feel people can raise themselves out of situations with some real effort. (My own mother never really managed to fulfill a career with four children, a home and my father to take care of.) My education has been as substantial as any man's. (I did graduate from college but initially I enrolled in a 2 year community college only because a regular four year liberal arts education was beyond my (womens) imaginative scope.) I have always received the job opportunity I set out to get. (I am a nurse, not a doctor.) I feel as intelligent, if not more so, than most men. (These same men at work are my superiors.) I am not afraid of men nor do I think they can take advantage of me better than I can of them. (I

am frightened to death of being alone on the street for fear of rape, assault, etc.) I dislike weakness and helplessness in others, especially other women. (I know how helpless I feel every time I'm approached by the usual sex fiends.) I don't like to think that women can't help themselves and keep insisting on fighting back. (I know how many women died last year from illegal abortions.)

This is the only true schizophrenia. To be unable to be in the world what we feel we are. I have never needed an abortion. I learned the Lamaze method to have the so called "complete control" over my child's birth and delivery. I have never been raped, assaulted or beaten. I have never been arrested, abused or humiliated by the police. I have a job in which my services are always in need and which allows me flexibility of working hours. I have never, for long, been without money, good food or a comfortable apartment. And still I am not safe from the contradictions.

Some of us are not as in touch with the contradictions as are others. I think there are those that see, perceive, what is happening immediately, reflexively, almost involuntarily must.

Then there are some of us who initially get so entangled with the fear of what is happening, that we do not see. To see at times a threatening reality. It can put us in a situation of helplessness and force us to identify with realities we'd rather not even think about. This tends to make us keep the reality at a distance - it keeps the contradictions from recognizing themselves.

Have you ever found yourself in a situation in which you were totally embarrassed and humiliated for something that had nothing to do with you, i.e. was not in the least your fault. Well, take the case of the raped girl, whose next trauma is to have to reveal the fact that she's been raped. Certainly all women must identify with rape; yet there are those of us who resist such identification, who wish to keep such realities apart from themselves, separate, so as to protect themselves. But it is not protection, it is denial. It can not protect you to imagine the reality doesn't apply to you, it can only use up energy - vital energy which could be used to expose the conditions we live in.

Truth provides us with knowledge and knowledge can lead us to action, and action is what women need.

GIRL IN FILM CONT'D

job had little to do with film editing.

All these experiences and too many other similar ones to note, led me to feel used, raped, exploited and LONELY. Discouragingly, I began to think that a job couldn't mean that much and perhaps it would be better to "settle down." I felt damned if I did and damned if I didn't - If I slept with the boss, I was an easy lay, the relationship ended and I was not hired again. If I didn't, I was a cold bitch and not hired again either. It seemed that my actual capabilities were arbitrarily unimportant. I guess anyone can splice and rewind.

In the midst of my personal confusion, the jobs began to improve - I learned by osmosis, only to find myself pushed down in another fashion. Now I was a qualified assistant earning around \$200 a week. For this position, I had to put up with the hierarchy of the business world. Whatever the editor said was right, even if it wasn't. Everyone I worked under was a man (except one woman) with a peculiar quirk that tended to disregard one as a person.

A man I worked for fired me without any notice via his assistant because he was apparently afraid to tell me himself - We had become "good" friends (daily lunches and rides home, his problems and mine). The reason for the dismissal was a budget cutback - It was also rumored that he hated women and never would have another one again. His reasoning was never made clear. But as a further stab in my back, it took him two months to fill out and sign the unemployment card so I could collect, despite weekly phone calls and begging. A case of pure prejudice.

A woman I worked under had a habit of combing my hair after I hurriedly arrived. She had worked thirty years as a film editor, in a primarily male profession at that time, and she seemed determined

to make me go through everything she had. There was a young boy who was my contemporary working with us. She did everything to keep our threesome divided. By attaching herself to this young man, she was simultaneously able to make herself feel young and admired by a man twenty-five years younger and keep me, the competition, at a distance by verbally putting me down and emotionally demoralizing me. Combing my hair, telling me what to do or not to wear, letting me know how she had maintained a "girlish" figure despite her age, and reminding me to lose my extra pounds now or forever be sorry. Needless to say, I hated every minute.

Despite this aspect of my jobs, I was gaining experience and learning the craft. Now another auxiliary problem developed. As my jobs improved, I found that the men I met became more threatened by my interest in my work and consequently paid little attention to it. Their reaction would intimidate me to the point where I would slowly feel my identity and self-confidence fading away and swallowed. I then began to decrease my interest in my work and turn toward examining my motives and emotional life. I was terrified that if I became too ambitious I would lose my "femininity," which was very threatening. So I purposely kept my creative activity down to a safe minimum.

Since then, for various reasons, which are another paper in itself but have something to do with my finding a good woman psychiatrist, a good experience working with a group of women on a good film, and getting married, I have since decided to pursue my interest in films even if it is a threat to men.

Now that I feel that I'm beginning to understand the process of film making, I'm getting very anxious to make my own film for a number of reasons. Mainly because films are never made from a woman's point of view - even when the writer is a woman - i.e. Five Easy Pieces, Sunday, Bloody Sunday, etc. My first

consideration for a script was the novel The Bell Jar the story of a twenty year old girl who goes mad and commits suicide. But the movie rights are going for \$200,000 plus. Unfortunately, a male producer will be the only one who can raise that kind of money and he probably will hire a male director, male cameraman and if we are to get any say, a female editor. But by the time a feature editor gets to the film, the point of view is already settled - so much for tokenism. I also want to make a film so that I won't get straightjacketed into knowing about editing. I know of only three women cameramen, a few sound girls, and four directors . . . whereas there are numerous female editors - 30% of the film editors local in New York

City are women. In Europe, film editing has even become known as a woman's profession. Why can't we women have the same range of film jobs as men? When my film will be made, I can't say. Can you imagine asking men and women to invest in a "woman's film!" Susan Sontag could do it because she's proven herself as a reliable artist (whatever that means) but as difficult as it would be for an unknown man to raise the money, try quadrupling the odds for a woman.

As I continue facing the dilemma of a woman in the film business, I'm reminded of a story about an actress during Cecil B. DeMille's filming of the extravaganza The Ten Commandments. They were shooting the last scene which was a wild orgy. As the filming continued, it became apparent to everyone that the orgy was getting out of hand and that what started out to be a fiction scene had turned into the real thing. DeMille was loving it and insisted that the camera keep rolling. Finally, a slave-girl extra, her costume in shreds, dragged herself to where the Famous Man stood and gasped wearily, "Who do I have to fuck to get out of this business!"

WOMAN'S WORLD is on sale at:

The Written Word, 89-61 165th St., Jamaica, N.Y.
The New York Women's Center, 36 West 22nd St.
The Eighth Street Bookshop, 17 West 8th St.
Bookmasters, Penn Station (upper)
Bookmasters, 3 West 42 Street.
Jefferson Bookstore, 100 East 16th St.
Merit Bookstore, 706 Broadway (near 4th St.)
Newsstand at 3rd St. and Ave of Americas, west side
Newsstand at 79th St. and Broadway, N.W. corner

Newsstand at 86th St. and Broadway, S.W. corner
New Yorker Bookshop, 250 West 89th St.
United Cigar Store (& stationery) 2100 B'way at 91 St.
Newsstand at 96th St. and Broadway, S.E. corner
Columbia University Bookstore, 2960 B'way (Journalism Bldg.)
Newsstand at 116th St. and Broadway, S.W. corner
Papyrus Booksellers and Taylor's House of Paperbacks
2915 Broadway

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RAPE TRIAL cont'd

this youth. "Justice might be served," exclaimed Michaela Griffo of the Radical Lesbians. "What about the 11 and 14 year old girls?", said Lyn Vincent of the Feminists. "Arrest those girls!" ordered the judge and Lyn and Michaela were removed to an outside chamber. The court room was once again quiet, we were dazed. The judge was beginning his summary of the case. Annoyed with the discrepancies of the facts presented he immediately pointed out that he had two documents before him, one a confession by Medina and a second report from the probation officer in which he denied the rape charges. "My information," the judge said, "states the accomplice was 13 years old (so did ours) but in any case younger than the defendant. That a younger boy would have so much influence over your client seems unlikely but in any case to have stood by and witnessed the rape of two younger girls and the attempted rape of a third hardly seems commendable." He made a firm speech about the seriousness of the charges and then gave Medina the maximum sentence - 90 days in jail. It was all over - part of it anyway, we still had our arrested friends to worry about.

We ran to the hallway to discuss the matter when Medina passed through being taken off to the arresting area, he had tears in his eyes. It was quite a change from his earlier facade. But my thoughts went back to the judge. His earlier facade had been firm, strong and detached which had been fairly consistent throughout the day. He had dealt with Medina severely, but he dealt with us severely also. For some reason he didn't want us to participate directly in what was being determined here in court today. In a way he wanted to do it for us, to make it seem like he was doing it for us. He didn't want us to think that we had influenced his decision. He was in power, in control and he was going to mete out justice. He treated us, like he treated Medina - did he know there was a difference?

There is a theory which says that rape should be avenged by the male not the female, it's a logical extension of the male protection racket. THE FEMINISTS pointed out that only political action by women can achieve equal protection for women; Judge Rothwax wanted us to feel differently.

And now about our arrested - a female lawyer was called in the meantime but we were mostly just waiting in hopes that perhaps the charges would be dropped.

They weren't and shortly thereafter we were told they would be arraigned that afternoon. We sat and waited. The court system is one long wait. We were then told our friends would be arraigned in night court and to return at 7 PM.

We decided to leave and return with some recruits. As I was waiting in the halls to leave I got involved in conversation with a young girl who worked in the court building. She asked about the Medina case which she seemed to be familiar with. I explained what happened - she expressed concern that Medina was imprisoned saying society is all messed up and that's what has to be changed. I just asked her why women always seemed to be the victims of this messed up society.

A WORSE CHARGE THAN THE RAPIST'S

As I was leaving with two other girls, someone mentioned that Lyn and Michaela would have to be booked first at a nearby precinct. We decided to go over and take a look. When we arrived at the stationhouse, we were told they would arrive shortly and probably be released in their own custody. They were ushered into the stationhouse around 4:30 and one officer said the procedure would probably take an hour. We sat and waited again, 5PM, 6PM, 7PM. You can hardly get a correct estimate anymore these days, especially in the courts. At 7:30 the girls emerged, only to tell us still further that we would have to go back to court again tonight.

At about nine it was all over for the time being. They would be arraigned in court on Friday and then appear for sentencing in the middle of October.

It was then that Lyn and Michaela told us: they were charged with a Class A misdemeanor, holding a maximum sentence of one year in jail if found guilty - a longer sentence than the rapist.

September 28th ended and our earlier feelings of satisfaction in being instrumental in preventing a rapist from receiving a suspended sentence were heavily deflated by the latest travesty. The purpose in focusing on this particular case was to make women aware that rape laws are in fact written to protect the rapists and here the reality of that statement was being created for us. As we tiredly walked to the subway, I asked Lyn what was the exact charge leveled against her and Michaela. "Interfering in the Administration of Justice," she replied. It figured!

Note: As we were going to press the following new information became available: Judge Rothwax adjourned the case against Lyn Vincent and Michaela Griffo "in contemplation of dismissal" provided that the women write a letter of apology to him. It is unclear what action he will take if they refuse - as Vincent has already indicated she plans to do. For further information, contact the Feminists, 120 Liberty Street, New York, N.Y. 10006. phone 212 - 344-7750.

Abortion...

The Women's Abortion Project in New York City offers an in-office vacuum aspirator abortion to women who are up to twelve weeks pregnant from the first day of their last menstrual period. The doctor's fee is \$100.00, with an optional \$10.00 contribution to the Project. Women from the Project work as paramedics and personally counsel each woman. They also refer late pregnancies. For counseling and referral, call 212-691-2063 or 212-691-3396.

ABORTION MARCH --NOVEMBER 20 -- WASHINGTON

The Women's National Abortion Action Coalition (WONAAC) is calling for a national march on Washington around the following demands: repeal all anti-abortion laws, no forced sterilization, no restrictive contraception laws. Buses leave November 20 at 6 a.m. from Union Square in New York City and return that evening. For further information or to obtain round trip bus tickets (\$10 each) write to WONAAC - New York, Drawer U, Old Chelsea, New York, N.Y. 10011 or phone 212-675-9150/9151.

FEMINIST HEALTH CONFERENCE

A weekend feminist health conference is being planned for November 20-21 (unfortunately, the same time as the national abortion march on Washington) to discuss such topics as abortion, contraception, and venereal disease. Women from Los Angeles will be there to discuss their much talked about Self-Help Clinic and to teach other women what they have learned about the possibilities of vaginal self-examination. Colette Price, R.N., and Woman's World staff writer will be there to cover the event. For information as to exact time and place, call the New York Women's Center, 212-691-1860. (By the way, you can order your own plastic speculum for vaginal self-examination for \$2 from Self Help Clinic One, c/o Women's Center, 1027 Crenshaw, Los Angeles, Calif. 90019.)

Black and White Women cont'd

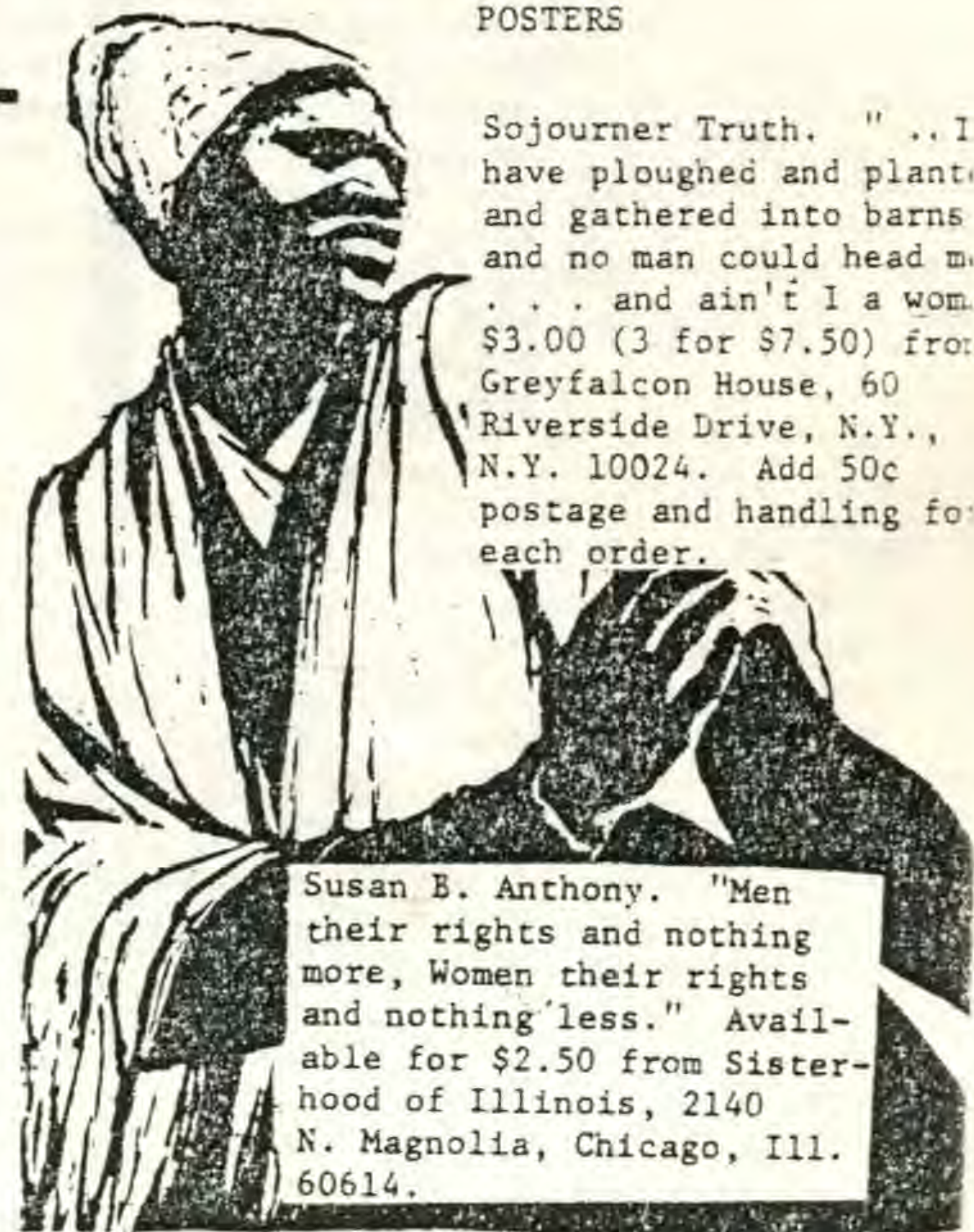
their female children. By this, I mean not only formal education, but I also mean self-familiarization with the principles and contradictions of sexism.

Do not be so shocked my sisters on discovering that you must fight alone for your own liberation. Did you really expect black men to hand us our liberation on a platter? It would not benefit them to do so when their sentiments lie with white women. Black men have never respected black women. They look upon white men as gods who they both love and hate in fear. They seized white women as the closest thing to white men, as a means of seizing the respect of white men, as a means of approaching white men on what they consider to be an equal plane. Their poor treatment of women in general proves that their real interest is not in women even as sexual playthings. Have you ever noticed the inhibited manner of black men in the presence of white men? White men have shown an equal infatuation with black men by exalting their sexuality.

Actually, black women have no choice but to be feminists because if they aren't, black men will eventually get together with white men and destroy us. No amount of desiring or dreaming or praying or understanding will change that. Only action will. I would suggest that all women get on the case right away because we are all in a hell of a lot of trouble. Sometimes I am positive that men are trying to wipe us from the face of the earth. Maybe we should control things for a couple of thousands of centuries. It seems evident to me that by far the most effective counter-revolutionary force yet discovered is SEXISM. What I am saying is that there will be no hope of any kind of revolution or "better life," if you prefer to call it that, in this country or in the world, until women are free.

The complete version of this paper is available for 35c from Michele Wallace, c/o Woman's World, P.O. 694, Stuyvesant Station, New York, New York 10009.

POSTERS



Sojourner Truth. "I have ploughed and planted and gathered into barns, and no man could head me... and ain't I a woman?" \$3.00 (3 for \$7.50) from Greyfalcon House, 60 Riverside Drive, N.Y., N.Y. 10024. Add 50c postage and handling for each order.

Susan B. Anthony. "Men their rights and nothing more, Women their rights and nothing less." Available for \$2.50 from Sisterhood of Illinois, 2140 N. Magnolia, Chicago, Ill. 60614.

LETTER TO THE EDITORS

.... AND A REPLY

Dear Editors -

There's something I'd like to discuss about the movement for the liberation of women. It is growing, changing, getting out various publications, splitting up like mad. This is inevitable, and not necessarily a bad thing. Every people's movement has a similar development, whether it be a peace movement, a religious movement, a labor organizing movement, a black people's movement, a revolutionary organization. Being human beings, women cannot be expected to all think alike or act alike. Aside from there being different economic classes, different ethnic groups, different life styles, even women of the same educational, class and ethnic background don't think alike. For that reason, we can expect some women to find political organization very important, others to find issues like abortion, day-care, and health centers most important, still others to be concerned about housing, schools, job opportunities at equal pay, and some women to be interested in all these issues. Some women will experiment with communes, and others just want to make traditional family life more acceptable and rewarding.

Most women at the present time are not involved in the liberation movement at all. Reaching these millions of women is an immense task, and will take all the energy and effort all of the concerned and involved women can muster. It seems a pity that so many of our active, militant women find it necessary to fight each other so bitterly. Why can't we be grateful for any work which helps women now, or makes them think, or promotes their future status, even if it's not what we personally think is the best way to organize? All of us pushing, from whatever angle, with whatever strength we have, may succeed in moving the obstinate world a little bit. If our own particular, individual ideas are right, awakened active women will move towards us, as they find other groups' plans insufficient, inefficient, or unsatisfactory. Meanwhile we can rejoice that more women all the time are awakening to their exploitation in a "man's world."

Perhaps this bitter, ugly in-fighting cannot be avoided - no other movement has managed to avoid it. Perhaps it's part of being human. Still, since we think our cause is new and beautiful, we could try to welcome everybody to it. Not in one organization - oh no. The more small, similar groups, the better. Much more efficient work can be done that way than through trying to get everybody in one big "union." Whenever two or more groups find themselves in agreement on an action or an issue, they can work together, and the rest of the time they can go their separate ways. Let's not start calling each other names and hunting heresies and heretics - there's enough work for all.

Sincerely,
Esther Landau

Dear Esther -

There was much in your letter I agreed with - especially the idea of various groups working in different areas on the issues that are most immediate to them and the premise that eventually women will move toward those groups whose ideas seem most satisfactory and offer the greatest chance of defeating male supremacy. But I think your approach to "in-fighting" glosses over the political realities which now exist in the women's movement. The very term "in-fighting", for example, assumes that we are really all after the same things but just have trouble getting along together, that there are no basic political differences among us, that there are no right or wrong sides in an argument, and that the feminists who relentlessly defend our cause are to be equally censured along with the women taking anti-feminist positions who are relentlessly attacking us. Our first few years of experience in the women's movement have shown the danger of this kind of "tolerant" approach.

In the early days of the women's movement, many women, myself included, went out of our way to avoid "fighting" in public with other women, even though from the beginning we found ourselves or our groups under attack from certain members of our own sex. Still we persisted in trying to present a facade of sisterhood while we looked for the common ground with which to "reach" our female attackers. We believed that given enough time and enough "consciousness-raising" our differences would be settled without a split. The result may have been less "in-fighting" but instead there was a steady one-way barrage of attacks on militant feminists which frightened countless women out of the movement and which either destroyed the feminist groups which then existed or changed them so that their politics were no longer recognizable. Because we failed to protect our own ranks by defending "our own" against their enemies we all ended up isolated and demoralized.

We've learned a number of things from that experience. The first is that we can't afford to let ourselves or our friends be picked off that easily and when attempts are made to do this we have to fight back. If you look back at the articles in issue 2 you'll notice that our "attacks" (on Youth Against War and Fascism and on certain practises of the National Organization of Women) did not come out of a vacuum. They were a response to acts of aggression taken against ourselves or our friends. We have found that we have to expose groups or individuals - and to name names - whenever they try to stop feminists from acting.

In cases where we are not directly under attack, when we disagree with the politics of a group, we feel a responsibility

to ourselves and therefore to other women, to expose ideologies which we feel are harmful to the cause of female liberation. In general, the policy we try to follow in this kind of situation is not to attack personalities but to focus on ideas which we feel will lead us nowhere or even backwards. This has nothing to do with "ugly in-fighting." It is a simple matter of honesty about what we're thinking and seriousness about the fight we're waging.

Finally, we've learned that all this "internal" fighting (I think most of it is not internal, but is really a reflection of external-male-attacks upon feminism, with the dirty work done by "their" female colonial administrators) has very little to do with "human nature" and a lot to do with political power differences. It occurs in all other peoples' movements, too. In all these cases the oppressor has enough power to influence/reward a certain sector of the oppressed to get them to join the ranks of the liberation movement and carry out pacification efforts to turn it in whatever direction their men approve of. It is they who hunt out "heretics," the heretics being the trouble-makers among women not those who are trying to "restore order." Only by exposing these tactics and analyzing who benefits by them can we see to it that these efforts are unsuccessful.

It may be tempting to think of our cause as "new and beautiful" and therefore to try to remain removed from any kind of ugliness or bitterness, but this view just does not correspond to reality. In the first place, the struggle against female oppression goes back centuries and has always been stopped, in the end by brute force, but also by using one group of women against the others. The very old truth that we have to face is that smoothing over of conflicts has never worked for the liberation of women. The women with male power on their side always benefited from the "peace" - I won't say won because in the long run they lost out too.

In the second place, what we are ultimately involved in is a war against male power - and no war was ever beautiful. Hopefully, when it's all over, the results will be "new and beautiful" but to expect to create that new society within our movement is like expecting an army to be the embodiment of peace. To romanticize what we have to do to overthrow male supremacy is to mislead ourselves and other women. The most we can expect for the time being is the excitement and satisfaction of discovering new allies in the fight and winning whatever victories we can along the way. In order to do this we must decide who and what we agree with, not just condemn all conflict.

Sincerely,
Barbara Leon

.....

YES, THERE WILL BE A FEMINIST REVOLUTION! The journal will definitely be out by the end of December (1971!) and on its way to all of you who have sent in advance orders. Some of the topics covered in this critique of the women's movement to date will be: THE CONTRIBUTION OF LEADERSHIP, THE FALSE CONCEPT OF "MALE" TACTICS, THE MALE SUPREMACIST ATTACK ON MONOGAMY, THE THREAT OF GAY (MEN'S) LIBERATION, THE USE AND MIS-USE OF "CONSCIOUSNESS RAISING, and others. Send \$1.00 to FEMINIST REVOLUTION, P.O. Box 694, Stuyvesant Station, New York, N.Y. 10009.

.....

WOMAN'S WORLD is a New York City based newspaper of feminist analysis, designed for street distribution, founded and edited by longtime members of the former Redstockings. As of now it is published irregularly but hopefully will soon be appearing on a monthly basis.

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WOMEN AND THE ELECTIONS cont'd

ONLY A SUPPLEMENT TO THE FIGHT

At best, however, as we have seen, the vote can only be a supplement to the feminist fight as a whole, and it can become dangerous and reactionary the minute our enemies (in male or female form) start using the vote as a diversion from militant feminism. It is almost inevitable, though, that an emphasis on voting will have the effect of a retreat from radicalism. The "political" wheeling and dealing by which reforms get passed is always done on the basis of averting "worse things to come" from the radicals... Usually, as an attack on radical feminists, in other words.

THE DANGER OF DIVERSION

Already the hullabaloo about working for women candidates has shifted the emphasis in the National Organization for Women (N.O.W.) away from more direct action for women's rights. And both N.O.W. and the W.P.C. are now promising their concern for "humanity as a whole," rather than the so-called narrower, women's issues (who else is there in humanity besides women . . . and men).

If the N.O.W. and W.P.C. women want to get themselves some jobs in politics, fine. If they do it right, they can even really help the feminist cause. But they must not lie. They must not say things like "now we women are getting 'political,' now we're moving 'beyond' issues like sex and housework, out of consciousness-raising cells and zap action groups, and even mass marches, class action suits and strikes to POWER." Going into "politics" (running for elections), will bring us no closer to power than karate, consciousness-raising, class action suits, etc., although all can help if done right. And you can bet your bottom dollar that women, unlike what the W.P.C. implies, look forward to the day when we can move beyond all these things and beyond "politicizing" to POWER. But voting is not going to give us the means to do THAT.

OTHER OPPRESSED GROUPS

Men in general and the men who rule America, in particular, are not going to hand over their unfair advantages just because we manage to win the elections. It's about time that we face up to this. Too many oppressed groups have already exhausted too much of their own energy and spilled too much of their own blood over the right to vote. Groups of men, as well as the entire female sex, had to fight terrible battles just to share the right to vote with the white men of property who founded this country. Several bloody rebellions were necessary just to get "our founding fathers" to extend the vote to other white males, the working men and poor farmers of the 19th century. It took a civil war for black men to get this right. And it took all women seventy more years of struggle after that. Even recently, all through the 1960's, as a matter of fact, black people in the South were still marching, still going to jail and still dying in order to vote, because even though the "right" had already been won, the whites in power had been able to prevent them from exercising it by a combination of legal maneuvers, economic control and outright terror.

Winning the right to vote and then "using" it hasn't even gotten men power in this country. Even the men who set up America, as we have seen, had to use force to do it. And when they gave the vote (!) to more and more other groups, they weren't giving away their power, not much of it anyway. They weren't giving away the land and pro-

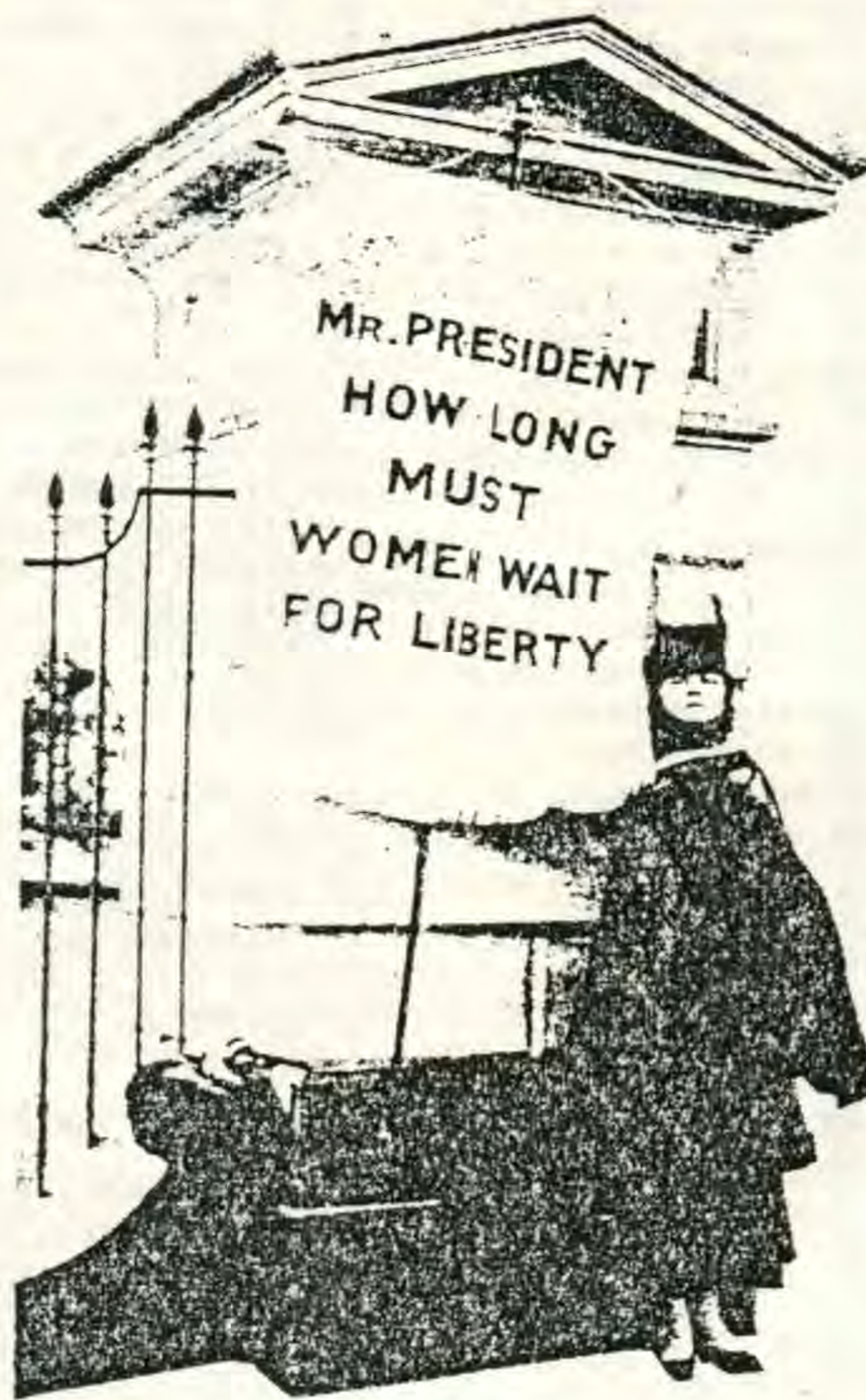
perty they own and we women live on. They weren't giving away the industries that they own and we women work in (for terrible wages), or the goods that they sell and we produce and then have to buy at higher and higher prices. For women in particular the vote in no way even touched on the male supremacy we face in our homes, on our jobs and even on the streets.

Having power means not only "taking part" in the government, "taking part" in the economy - we're already doing that - but taking control of the government, the economy and the society as a whole . . . seeing that things go your way, in the way you (really) want them.

We don't want just "to take part in the decisions that affect our lives." With regard to women, after all, that would mean our only having "part" of the right to decide whether we have an abortion or not.

For either women, blacks, or white working men to be free, there has to be not only a change in government and administration but a change in ownership, a change in total control of the society. This, of course would amount to a revolution.

Women are smart, however, to be wary of talk of revolution. We have been as hoodwinked before by putting our hopes in "the revolutionary process" as we have been by putting our hopes in "the democratic (election) process." Even white working men got taken for a ride in the last American "revolution."



In order to make sure that our rights and freedoms get secured, that power for ourselves - for the female sex - is won this time, we must work out an analysis and plan of our own and method of staying abreast at all times of our interests in the face of the new lies, evasions and other tricks which the enemies of feminism will keep devising. Consciousness-raising has been one such method used so far to analyze the particularity of our situation and needs, but in its old form it has been proved vulnerable to subversion of various kinds.

We must also maintain militant feminist organizations that, whatever form these organizations take, from coffee klatches to women's unions to "political" caucuses within male parties to a revolutionary feminist party itself,

While the Women's Political Caucus is exhorting women to vote and to run as candidates in the major political parties, the Red Women's Detachment, a Communist-Feminist group, is calling for women to boycott the elections completely.

Interestingly enough, this was a tactic advocated by the Women's Party, the still existing feminist political party that can claim a good deal of credit for the last round in the winning fight for women's suffrage and is still fighting today for the Equal Rights Amendment for women.

In 1920, the very year the vote was won, and even before most women had a chance to cast their first ballot, Alva Belmont, a Women's Party leader, called for a boycott of the elections. "Husband your new power," she said. Suffragists did not fight for your emancipation for seventy years to have you now become the servants to men's parties."

are committed to winning and insuring justice for women by any and every means necessary.

BEYOND FEMINISM ?

As women fighting for our full liberation, we must resist the ever present exhortations to us to disband - to opt for humanity at large instead of for women first. Even now sections of the Women's Political Caucus and even the National Organization for Women are spreading the lie that "there are no such things as women's issues." And on the so-called Left, more and more women who used to pass themselves off as radical or revolutionary feminists are now saying that feminism is no longer necessary, that we're in a new "stage" now, that we're beyond and above all that now . . . into "communism."

It's one of the oldest tricks in the book for men to try to convince women that a fight for our freedom, or even freedom itself, isn't necessary . . . for us . . . or is "no longer" necessary, that women aren't oppressed in a particular way solely because they are women in a world (still) run by men. That was one of the ways giving women the vote was used by men - to try to convince us that now that we had the ballot our rights were won and any further feminist activity was just needless fanaticism. The women who represent this false notion and help to propagate it receive benefits from men for their "humanist" stand. Right after the vote was won, for instance, the women who had fought so hard for it and continued still to be feminists, found it extremely difficult to find work even in agencies concerned with women's problems. It was the social reformer types, the female "humanitarians," who were rewarded with the few new jobs available in unions, government, and "radical" politics - and they kept the feminists out.

We look forward to the day when there is no such thing as a women's issue, when there is no need for there to be things done especially for women because we are no longer the oppressed sex, when men can be relied on to defend human rights regardless of sex, when we don't have to put women's rights first, when, at long last, we can let down our guard. When "male rights" no longer exist, then a special movement for women's (human) rights will no longer be necessary.

But that won't happen until we've really won. Until then, we're not "trusting" anyone. This time we're not putting our hope in the vote. We're putting our hope in an election victory. This time we're going straight for power itself. THIS TIME WE'RE GOING ALL THE WAY!

by Kathie Sarachild



FEMINIST GIFTS

Women's Songbook collected by Judith Busch and Laura X. Lots of good songs that capture the hopes and anger of U.S. . . . really lets him know. It also contains good drawings, poems, cartoons with musical notes and a guitar chord chart. The songs included are ancient, traditional and original and part of an oral "herstory" project which is designed to gather together and distribute records of women's experiences. Send \$2.50 (\$3.50 for men and institutions) to the Women's History Library, 2325 Oak Street, Berkeley, Calif. 94708. Make checks payable to Judy Busch.

POSTCARDS to fight the abortion laws with. "Now girls we've had 13 yr. olds and even 10 yr. olds here before. Having this baby will make a woman of you." This and others like it, designed and printed by Pat Maginnis who wrote the daring Abortion Handbook (\$2.95) are available from Association to Repeal Abortion Laws, P.O. Box 6083, San Francisco, Calif. 94101. 20 for \$1.00

FEMINIST ANALYSIS

The Second Sex by Simone de Beauvoir, Bantam Books, \$1.25. Still the greatest feminist text so far . . . for inspiration, for insight, and for reference.

A Room of One's Own by Virginia Woolf, Harbinger Books, \$1.95. A long essay which goes to the heart of the problems women face achieving independence.

The Dialectic of Sex: The Case for Feminist Revolution by Shulamith Firestone, Bantam Books, \$1.25. The best book of general feminist analysis yet to come out of the contemporary women's movement. Of particular interest are the chapters on feminist history, including an analysis of the present movement, and the politics of love.

The Black Woman, edited by Toni Cade, Signet Books, 95c. One of the best modern feminist anthologies to date. See in particular the introduction by the editor, and Joanna Clark's essay "On Motherhood."

Voices from Women's Liberation, edited by Leslie B. Tanner, Signet Books, \$1.50. Important because it contains selections from the early 19th century movement as well as the modern one.

Sisterhood is Powerful, edited by Robin Morgan, Vintage Books, \$2.45, a representative sampling of the best and the worst of the analysis that's come out of the women's movement of the recent period.

Sexual Liberation by Mette Ejlerson, Award Books, 95c. Maybe it's good that this book has such a slick title because more men may read it . . . and shape up in bed. Originally called I accuse, the book lays out the truth about what is necessary for female sexual enjoyment and exposes the denial by men of women's need for clitoral stimulation.

The Subjection of Women by John Stuart Mill, Fawcett Books, 75c. For men who won't yet listen when a woman tells them . . . It also happens to be one of the best exposures of male supremacy and how it works ever written.

The Liberated Woman's Appointment Calendar and Field Manual for 1972 by Jurate Kazickas and Lynn Scherr, Universe Books, \$2.95. Terrific selection of quotations, pictures and cartoons from the past and present which are guaranteed to kindle the fighting spirit of any woman. Disregard the title (what liberated woman?)

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The Ladder, "a magazine published by lesbians, for lesbians and for all women concerned with full human rights." Founded in 1956, The Ladder was the first contemporary feminist magazine and is still one of the best. Fiction, poetry, essays. \$7.50/yr. published every other month. Sample copies \$1.25 each. Send to Box 5025 Washington Station, Reno, Nevada 89503

The Spokeswoman an independent monthly newsletter of women's news, chockful of important information. Send \$7 for a year's subscription to The Spokeswoman, 5464 South Shore Drive, Chicago, Ill. 60615

Aphra, a good feminist literary quarterly. Send \$3.50 for a year's subscription to Box 273 Village Station, N.Y., N.Y., 10014.

The Women's Rights Law Reporter, a bi-monthly publication Exciting for every woman because it shows - in depth - how much is really going on and provides ideas on how to do it. Subscription rates are \$12 a year for individuals, \$18 for lawyers and \$28 for institutions. Send to 119 5th Avenue, Room 405, New York, N.Y. 10003.

For your husband, a vasectomy (sperm banks are now available if he's worried about changing his mind afterward).

FICTION

The Awakening by Kate Chopin Capricorn Books, \$1.65. This low-keyed, perceptive and ultimately very powerful novel of a woman who breaks out of the confines of a passionless marriage was condemned and suppressed when it first appeared in 1899. Five years later Chopin was dead.

Tell Me a Riddle by Tillie Olsen, Delta Books, \$2.25. Stories of deep insight about women's lives and hopes.

Wine in the Wilderness, an inspiring play by black feminist Alice Childress: "Tomorrow-Marie, cussin' and fightin' and lookin' out for my damn self cause ain' nobody else round to do it, dontcha know." The play is available for 75c from Dramatists Play Service, Inc. 440 Park Avenue South, New York, N.Y. 10016

The Story of an African Farm by Olive Schreiner, Fawcett Books, 60c. The stirring novel that made many of our grandmothers feminists when it was published in 1883. Republished in 1968 with an afterword by Doris Lessing.

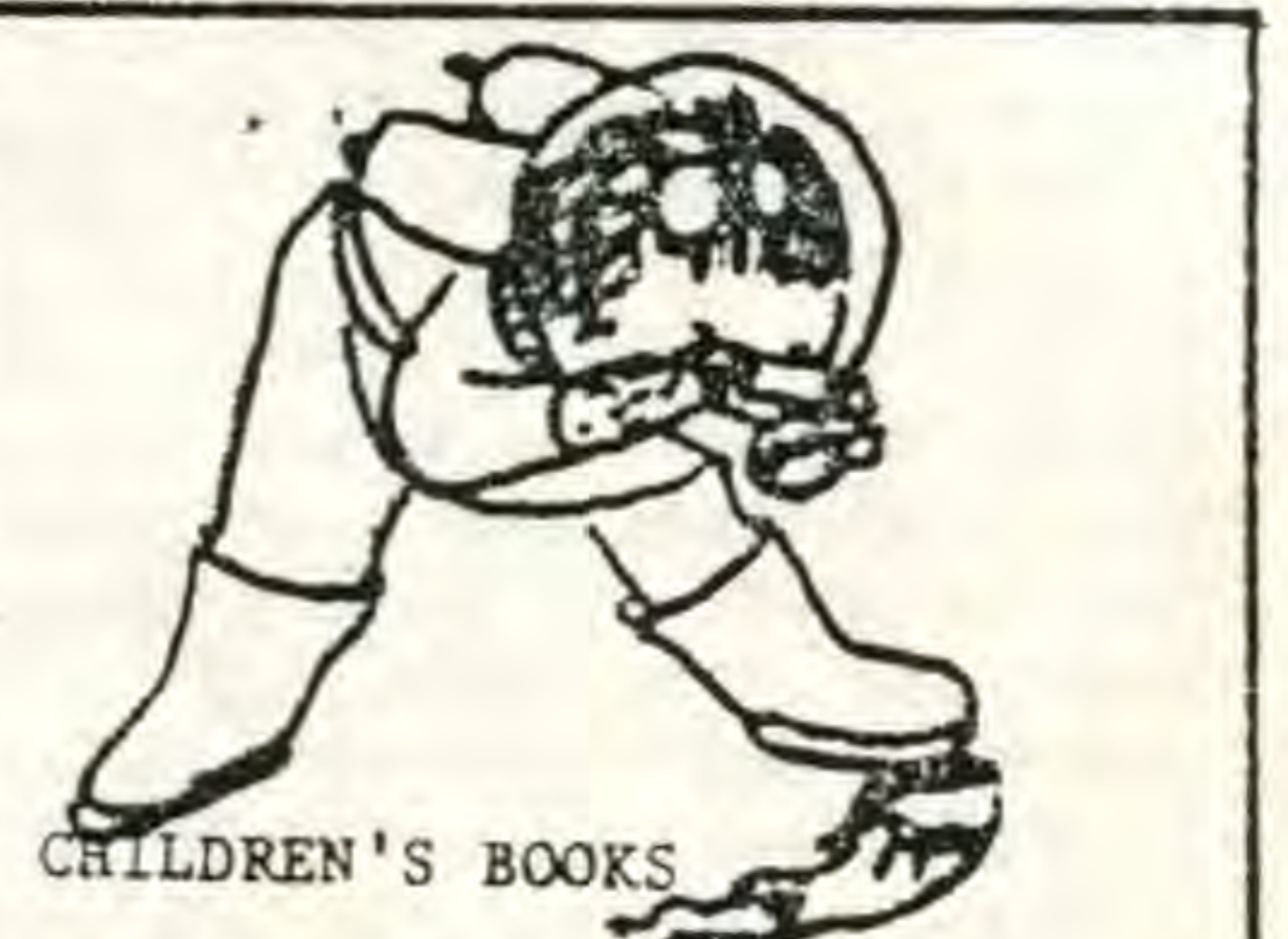


RECORDS

"Songs of the Suffragettes" sung by Elizabeth Knight, Folkways Records. Fun to listen to although the songs mostly represent the "begging" stage of feminism. This may reflect the selections made by Folkways since more radical songs did come out of the 19th century movement,

"Truth is on its Way," Nikki Giovanni, Right-On Records. Giovanni reading her poetry. The poet is both black and female and this strong collection of poetry reflects this. Music and song by the N.Y. Community Choir to fit each poem.

"The Best of Nina Simone" by Nina Simone, Phillips Records. Includes Pirate Jenny and Four Women, two of the most powerful songs ever.



CHILDREN'S BOOKS

Feminists on Children's Media have compiled a bibliography of books for children of various ages which present an alternative to the male supremacist images of little girls and women.

The bibliography, entitled "Little Miss Muffet Fights Back" is on sale for 50c at the New York Women's Center (36 W. 22 St.) or write to: Feminists on Children's Media, P.O. Box 4315, Grand Central Station, N.Y., N.Y. 10017