

**A WOMEN'S
LIBERATION
NEWSPAPER**

CANADA

PEDESTAL ^{25¢}

VANCOUVER, B.C.

VOLUME IV NO.5 MAY 1972





Doctors and scientists continue to argue the pro's and con's of abortion while they are in the very process of using the "by-products" of abortion to the benefit of their research or medical practice. Tissues and organs from aborted foetuses and, even, the about-to-be-aborted foetus are being used to forward the progress of medicine.

Three specific cases recently reported in *Time* and *The New York Times*:

1. Dr. Arthur Ammann of the University of California's San Francisco Medical Center has done two operations in which he transplanted the thymus of an aborted foetus to a child born without a thymus.

2. Concerned that vaccines produced in monkey cells will carry viruses with unknown effects on humans, virologists would like to produce vaccines in human cells. A strain of polio vaccine has been developed which was originally produced in the lung

tissue of a Swedish aborted foetus.

3. In Britain recently, human foetuses that were about to be aborted were used as part of an experiment to determine the potentially harmful effects of ultrasound.

No one questions progress - but should they? In a discussion of cloning, Dr. Willard Gaylin of the Institute of Society, Ethics and Life Science in New York said, "There is much that man can do which he does not do - because he is aware that he ought not. We do not, for example, perform many behavioural experiments on babies, even though some research would unquestionably contribute to knowledge and the common good. Societal morality has traditionally disapproved of the use of the human beings as research animals. Their humanness protects them from certain kinds of destructive research."

Opponents of abortion are questioning the morality of these recent experiments. Dr. Ammann answers, "We don't go around soliciting abortions.

These are abortions that are already being done for other reasons."

But proponents of abortion can also question the ethics of these experiments. Dr. Ammann may not be soliciting abortions, but he is soliciting aborted foetuses. At this time the woman's permission is sought but how long will it be before the courts decide that in seeking the abortion a woman forfeits any right to control the use of the aborted foetus.

The fact that *Time* refers to the aborted foetus as a "by-product" of abortion reminds us that this is a production-oriented world. One foresees a situation in which certain women are hired to produce foetal tissues for research. Experiments being performed on the foetus while it is still within the mother suggest a future of women as human test-tubes. No longer just a baby-machine, a woman can become a factory for medical research.

Who has the right to determine what uses the aborted foetus will be put to? Is this to be dealt with at the individual level or the societal? Is it not an ethical question that society should deal with? Scientists are prone to carry out research without the restraint of the ethical considerations. Must an evaluation of this new field of research await the inevitable future accidents in which the women whose foetuses are being experimented upon show adverse effects themselves?

It has already been suggested that the "vital interests of a third party," the desperately ill youngster who needs a transplant, may have a place in the debate over abortion laws. Earlier others have been identified as the third party, i.e. society, god, the father, with rights as sacrosanct as those of the mother and the unborn child. All of this may complicate arguments but none of it alters the fact of a woman's right to control over her body.

A WOMAN'S PLACE

There is much exciting activity at **A Woman's Place**. The house at 1766 W. Broadway has come from a depressing, dirty, skeleton-in-the-closet type place to a comfortable, welcoming home. The process of fixing-up continues, so come help paint any Saturday.

One activity at the house is the Women's Referral Bureau (formerly Abortion Referral). The phone lines are open Mon-Friday, 12 to 8, Sat. 12-6. The number: 736-8471. In the near future, the phone will be a general health line for persons who have questions about their bodies, or want to be referred to a sympathetic doctor. In line with this, we are doing a medical questionnaire called "You and Your Doctor." Women who have questionnaires, please return them with your name and address. Those who want questionnaires can pick them up at **A Woman's Place**.

A health group has been meeting every Wednesday night since January. It has grown so large that a new health group is meeting on Thursday nights at 8 p.m. at the house. New people are welcome. These groups discuss various aspects of women's health and learn to do pregnancy tests, vaginal examinations, etc.

A Yoga class is meeting Wednesday nights at 6 p.m.

A discussion of Tess of the d'Urbervilles by Thomas Hardy will be held Friday, May 4.

Another group will be getting together to discuss Doris Lessing's works on May 12. Phone **A Woman's Place** for more information - 731-9619.

There will be women coming in from out of town for abortions. If you have space for them to crash for a couple of days, please phone.

A women's library is being organized and any woman or group of women who need space for a project, sports, crafts, etc., or just to relax - it is available as well as care of children for those involved in the activities of the house. Any woman in crisis or transition who needs support can find it at **A Woman's Place**. For any woman who is interested in meeting with and knowing some new sisters, **A Woman's Place** is the place.



ON THE DAY WHEN IT WILL BE POSSIBLE FOR WOMAN TO LOVE NOT IN HER WEAKNESS BUT IN HER STRENGTH, NOT TO ESCAPE HERSELF BUT TO FIND HERSELF, NOT TO ABASE HERSELF BUT TO ASSERT HERSELF - ON THAT DAY LOVE WILL BECOME FOR HER AS FOR A MAN, A SOURCE OF LIFE AND NOT OF MORTAL DANGER.

-SIMONE de BEAUVOIR



Feminists have been called "lesbian" long before they may have, in fact, considered its application in their lives; it has been an insult directed at them with escalated regularity ever since they began working politically for women's liberation. Their reaction to lesbian baiting has been mixed. On the one hand it was clear that feminism was threatening to men, and that men were retaliating with whatever verbal weapons were at hand. But the threat of being called lesbian touched real fears: to the extent that a woman was involved with a man, she feared being considered Unfeminine and Unwomanly, and thus rejected. There was also the larger threat: the fear of male rejection in general. Since it is through husband that women gain economic and social security, through male employers that they earn a living, and in general through male power that they survive, to incur the wrath of men is no small matter. Women knew this long before they put it in feminist terms. Thus it is not just vanity and personal idiosyncrasy for women to wish to remain in the good graces of men. It is a practical reflection of reality.

For feminists the main educational value of lesbian baiting has been its exposure of the very clear connection in men's minds between being "unfeminine" and being independent. Being called unfeminine is a comparatively gentle threat informing you that you are beginning to waver, whereas being called a lesbian is the danger signal—the final warning that you are about to leave the Territory of Womanhood altogether.

Acts of feminine transgression may take different forms. A woman may appear too self-reliant and assertive; she may be too smart for her colleagues; or she may have important close friends who are women. Often women have been called "lesbian" by complete strangers simply because they were sitting in a cafe obviously engrossed in their own conversation and not interested in the men around them. (Curiously enough it is precisely on the most seemingly "feminine" women that men will frequent this kind of abuse, since the purpose is more to scare the women back into "place" than to pinpoint any actual lesbianism.)

The consideration of lesbianism as a personal option grew out of very different reasons. For many feminists there had always been a logical, theoretical connection between the elimination of sex roles and the possibility of loving other women. With some this became a reality when they met a woman they were attracted to. For others, lesbianism has meant a freedom from male relationships in general, a release from the task of looking for that elusive "special" man who wasn't a male chauvinist. Other feminists saw a love relationship with a woman as a positive thing because they felt other women could not encourage the passivity and submissiveness that they had previously found themselves falling into with men. Most important of all, perhaps, women found that there were other women to love in their own right as persons.

DEFINITIONS

With the increased interaction between the gay and women's liberation movements, a heightened consciousness about lesbianism has evolved among feminists—and along with it a corresponding disagreement and confusion as to what exactly it

means to be a lesbian. It is clear that more is being implied than the straight dictionary definition of women sleeping with members of their own sex. Some women define it as meaning having sex exclusively with women, a more rigid definition than the one commonly used. Other gay women see lesbianism as much more than a defining term for the sex of your bed partner; to them it is a "total life commitment to a life with women" and "an entire system of world view and life living." Indeed, some gay women seek to equate their lesbianism with vanguard radical feminism since "we rejected men and sex roles long before there even was a women's liberation movement." For the purposes of this discussion the meaning of the word lesbianism is restricted to its simplest definition of "women having sexual relations with women" so that the various "life style" arguments which are sometimes added to the basic definition can be looked at separately.

I think that the first thing to do is to define radical feminism: To me it means the advocacy of the total elimination of sex roles. A radical feminist, then, is one who believes in this and works politically toward that end. Basic to the position of radical feminism is the concept that biology is not destiny, and that male and female roles are learned—indeed that they are male political constructs that serve to insure power and superior status for men. Thus the biological male is the oppressor not by virtue of his male biology, but by virtue of his *rationalizing his supremacy* on the basis of that biological difference. The argument that "man is the enemy" is then only true insofar as the man adopts the male supremacy role.

What then is the relationship between lesbianism and radical feminism? Taking even the most minimal definitions of lesbianism and feminism, you can find one major point of agreement: biology does not determine sex roles. Thus, since roles are learned there is nothing inherently "masculine" or "feminine" in behaviour.

Beyond these basic assumptions, however, there are important differences. Radical feminism naturally incorporates the notion of lesbianism but with strict reservations. Mainly I think that many radical feminists have resented the whole baggage of assumed implications that some gay women have tagged onto lesbianism. It has been presented too often as a package deal where if you accepted the idea of lesbianism, you would necessarily also have to accept the whole gay position which frequently runs contrary to radical feminism.

The following are some of the points of disagreement:

HOMOSEXUALITY AS "SICK" OR "HEALTHY"

The agreement that there is nothing innately sick about persons having sex with someone of their own sex, does not mean that therefore all gay behaviour is healthy in feminist terms. A lesbian acting like a man or a gay man acting like a woman is not necessarily sicker than heterosexuals acting out the same roles; but it is not healthy. *All role playing is sick*, be it "simulated" or "authentic" according to society's terms.

The fact that there has occurred a role transfer, and that now it is being acted out by the "wrong" sex, does not change the nature of what is being acted out. A male homosexual who dresses up with

make-up, makes catty remarks about other women, worries excessively about boy friend approval, and in general displays the insecurity and helplessness that have been the symptoms of women's oppression, is as far away from being the full person he could be as the woman acting out that same role. The point is that they are in a sense, both in drag.

On the other hand, two lesbians who have chosen not to fall into imitative roles, but are instead exploring the positive aspects of both "masculine" and "feminine" behaviour beyond roles - forming something new and equal in the process - would, in my opinion, probably be healthy.

GAY AS RADICAL FEMINIST VANGUARD

One position advanced by some lesbians is the idea that lesbians are the vanguard of the women's movement because 1) they broke with sex roles before there even was a feminist movement, and 2) they have no need for men at all. (Somehow they are the revolution.) The following is one example of this position:

"Feel the real glow that comes from "our" sisterhood. We can teach you something about being gentle and kind for we never felt competitive. Remember WE long before YOU have known discontent with male society and WE long before YOU knew and appreciated the full potential of everything female...It is WE who say welcome to you, long blind and oppressed sisters, we have been fighting against male supremacy for a long time, join US! We are not intimidated by relational differences, for we have never felt mortgaged by society."

Several points seem to be ignored with this kind of argument. For one, there is a confusion of a personal with a political solution. Sex roles and male supremacy will not go away simply by women becoming lesbians. It will take a great deal of sophisticated political muscle and collective energy for women to eliminate sexism. So at best a lesbian relationship can give a woman more happiness and freedom in her private life (assuming both women are not playing roles). But a radical feminist is not just one who tries to live the good non-sexist life at home; she is one who is working politically in society to destroy the institutions of sexism.

Another assumption implicit in the argument of "lesbian-as-the-vanguard-feminist" is that having balked at one aspect of sexism - namely, exclusive heterosexuality - they are therefore radical feminists. Any woman who defies her role - be it refusing to be a mother, wanting to be a biochemist, or simply refusing to cater to a man's ego - is defying the sex role system. It is an act of rebellion. In the case of lesbianism, the act of rebellion often has earned the woman severe social ostracism. However, it becomes radical only if it is then placed in the context of wanting to destroy the system as a whole, that is, destroying the sex role system as opposed to just rejecting men. Indeed, there can be reformism within lesbianism too; when a lesbian says "I have nothing against men; I just don't want to be involved with them," she is really describing an accommodation within the sexist system even though she has performed the rebellious act of violating that system by being a lesbian. It is also in this context that a statement like "feminism is the theory;

lesbianism is the practice" is erroneous. For not only is the sex of a woman's love insufficient information to infer radical feminism, but there is also the false implication that to have no men in your personal life means you are therefore living the life of fighting for radical feminist change.

The notion that lesbians have no need for men at all also needs clarification. First of all, since we are all women living in a male society, we do in fact depend regularly upon men for many crucial things, even of we do not choose to have men in our personal relationships. It is for this reason that one woman alone will not be fully liberated until all women are liberated. However, taking the statement to mean having no need for men in *personal relationships* (which can be an important achievement for women, since one should obviously want the person, not the man), one must still ask the question: has the male role been discarded? Thus again the crucial point is not the sex of your bed partner but the sex role of your bed partner.

GAY MOVEMENT AS A CIVIL RIGHTS MOVEMENT

The organized gay movement seeks to protect the freedom of any homosexual, no matter what her or his individual style of homosexuality may be. This means protection of the transvestite, the queen, the "butch" lesbian, the couple that wants a marriage license, or the homosexual who may prefer no particular role. They are all united on one thing: the right to have sex with someone of one's own sex (i.e. "freedom of sexual preference"). As is clear from the wide range of homosexual behaviour, not all modes necessarily reflect a dislike for sex roles *per se*. Nor was the choice necessarily made deliberately. The boy who grew up trained as a girl, or the girl who was somehow socialized more toward the male role, did not in their childhood choose to reverse sex roles. Each is saddled with a role (as were we all) and had to make the best of it in a society that scorned such an occurrence. Merle Miller in an article in the *New York Times* (January 17, 1971), where he "came out" as a homosexual, said: "Gay is good, Gay is proud. Well, yes, I suppose. If I had been given a choice (but who is?), I would prefer to be straight." His point was not that gay is sick but rather that he did not choose his gayness. And, furthermore, had he been trained heterosexually, society would have been a great deal easier on him. Which is very understandable sentiment given the cruelty and discrimination that is practised against homosexuals. In such cases the bravery and rebelliousness is to be found rather in the ability to act out homosexuality in spite of social abuse.

In uniting to change oppressive laws, electing officials who will work toward these ends, and changing social attitudes which are discriminatory against homosexuals, the gay movement is addressing itself to its civil rights. It is my feeling that the gay liberation issue is in fact a civil rights issue (as opposed to a radical issue) because it is united around the secondary issue of "freedom of sexual preference." Whereas in fact the real root of anti-homosexuality is sexism. That is, the radical gay person would have to be a feminist. This tracing of the roots of gay oppression to sexism is also expressed in Radicalesbian's "Woman Identified Woman":

"It should be understood that lesbianism, like male homosexuality, is a category of behaviour possible only in a sexist society characterized by rigid sex roles and dominated by male supremacy... In a society in which men do not oppress women, and sexual expression is allowed to follow feelings, the categories of homosexuality and heterosexuality would disappear."

BISEXUALITY

One position taken by some lesbians is that bisexuality is a cop-out. This is usually argued in terms like "until all heterosexuals go gay, we are going to remain homosexual," or "lesbianism is more than having sex with women; it is a whole life style and commitment to women. Bisexuality is a sign of not being able to leave men and be free. We are women-(not men-) identified women."

The first position mentioned is an apparently tactical argument (though it has also been used by some, I think, to dismiss the discussion of bisexuality altogether by safely pushing it off into the Millennium), and makes the case for politically identifying yourself with the most discriminated against elements - even though you might really believe in bisexuality.

Taking that argument at face value (and I don't completely), I think it is a dangerous thing to advocate politically. For by, in effect, promoting exclusive homosexuality, they lend political support to the notion that *it does* matter what the sex of your partner may be. While I recognize the absolute necessity for the gay movement to concentrate on the freedom of people to sleep with members of their own sex (since it is here that discrimination exists), it must at the same time always be referred back to its larger, radical perspective: that it is oppressive for that very question to be asked. As a matter of fact, if freedom of sexual preference is the demand, the solution obviously must be a bisexuality where the question becomes irrelevant.

I think in fact that the reason why bisexuality has been considered such an unpopular word by most gays is not to be found primarily in the arguments just discussed, but rather in gay adherence to a kind of fierce homosexual counter-definition which has developed. That is, a counter identity - a "life style" and "world view" - has been created around the fact of their homosexuality. This identity is so strong sometimes that to even advocate or predict bisexuality is considered "genocide." The following is an example: In a response to a statement by Dotson Rader that "as bisexuality is increasingly accepted as the norm, the position of the homosexual *qua* homosexual will fade," one gay response was that "The homosexual, like the Jew, is offered the choice between integration and the gas chamber."

It is not with the actual gay counterculture that I want to quarrel; I think it is a very understandable reaction to an intolerable exclusion of homosexuals from society. To be denied the ordinary benefits and interaction of other people, to be stripped of your identity by a society that recognizes you as valid only if your role and your biology are "properly" matched - to be thus denied most of course result in a new resolution of identity. Since gays have been rejected on the basis of their homosexuality, it is not surprising that homosexuality has become the core of the new identity.

The disagreement with feminism comes rather in an attempt to make a revolutionary political position out of this adjustment. The often heard complaint from feminists that "we are being identified once again by whom we sleep with" is correct. I think the lesson to be learned from a feminist analysis of sex roles is that there is no behaviour implied from our biology beyond, as Wilma Scott Heide has noted, the role of sperm donor and wet nurse. A woman has historically been defined, on the basis of biology, as incomplete without a man. Feminists have rejected this notion, and must equally reject any new definition which offers a woman her identity by virtue of the fact that she may love or sleep with other women.

It is for this reason, also, that I disagree with the Radicalesbian concept of the "woman-identified-woman." For we ought not to be "identified" on the basis of whom we have relationships with. And there is a confusion in such a term; it seems to mix up the biological woman with the political woman. I think the often used feminist definition of "woman-identified" as meaning having identified with the female *role* in society is more useful; it refers to a specific political phenomenon of internalization. So far as finding a term which describes women's solidarity or sisterhood on the basis of our common oppression, the term is feminism. Beyond that, what is left is the biological female - an autonomous being who gains her identity by virtue of her own achievements and characteristics, not by virtue of whom she has a love relationship with.

Once we begin to discuss persons as *persons* (a word which doesn't ask the sex of the individual), even the word "bisexuality" may eventually be dropped, since implicit in its use is still an eagerness to inform you that it is *both* sexes. Perhaps we will finally return to a simpler word like "sexuality," where the relevant information is simply "sex among persons."

IF YOU DON'T SLEEP WITH WOMEN...

If you are a feminist who is not sleeping with a woman you may risk hearing any of the following accusations: "You're oppressing me if you don't sleep with women"; "You're not a radical feminist if you don't sleep with women"; or "You don't love women if you don't sleep with them." I have even seen a woman's argument about an entirely different aspect of feminism be dismissed by some lesbians because she was not having sexual relations with women. Leaving aside for a minute the motives for making such accusations, there is an outrageous thing going on here strictly in terms of pressuring women about their personal lives.

This perversion of "the personal is the political" argument, it must be noted, was not invented by those gay women who may be using it now; the women's movement has had sporadic waves of personal attacks on women - always in the guise of radicalism (and usually by a very small minority of women.) I have seen women being told they could not be trusted as feminists because they wore miniskirts, because they were married (in one group quotas were set lest the group's quality be lowered by "unliberated women") or because they wanted to have children. This rejection of women who are not living the "liberated life" has predictably now come to include rejection on the basis of the "unliberated" sex life.

The original genius of the phrase "the personal is political" was that it opened up the area of women's private lives to political analysis. Before that the isolation of women from each other had been accomplished by labeling a woman's experience "personal". Women had thus been kept from seeing their common condition as women and their common oppression by men.

However, opening up women's experience to political analysis has also resulted in a misuse of the phrase. While it is true that there are political implications in everything a woman *qua* woman experiences, it is not therefore true that a woman's life is the political property of the women's movement. And it seems to me to show a disrespect for another woman to presume that it is any group's (or individual's) prerogative to pass revolutionary judgment on the progress of her life.

There is a further point: Even the most radical feminist is not the liberated woman. We are all crawling out of femininity into a new sense of personhood. Only a woman herself may decide what her next step is going to be. I do not think women have a political obligation to the movement to change; they should do so only if they see it in their own self-interest. If the women's movement believes that feminism is in women's self-interest, then the task at hand is to make it understood through shared insights, analysis, and experience. That is, feminism is an offering, not a directive, and one therefore enters a woman's private life at her invitation only. Thus a statement like "you don't love women if you don't sleep with them" must above all be dismissed on the grounds that it is confusing the right to discuss feminism with the right to, uninvited, discuss a woman's private life and make political judgments about it.

However, taking the issue presented in the above accusation (outside of its guilt-provoking personal context), there are several points to consider. One element of truth is that some women are unable to relate sexually to other women because of a strong self-hatred of themselves as women (and therefore all women). But there may also be many other reasons. A woman may not be interested in sleeping with anyone - a freedom women are granted even less often than the right to sleep with other women. She may not have met a woman she's attracted to. Or she may be involved with a man whom she likes as a person, without this necessarily being a rejection of women. It should also be noted that women who suffer from strong self-hatred may not necessarily find it impossible to relate sexually to women. They may instead find that taking the male part in a lesbian relationship will symbolically remove them from their feminine role. Such a woman then may become one who "balls" women so as not to be one.

All in all, as has been noted earlier, there is no magic that makes lesbianism proof positive of any high feminist motives. Rather, what the woman brings to her relationship as far as relinquishing sex roles will, I think, determine her ultimate attitude about really loving other women.

CONCLUSION

Homosexuality, with its obvious scorn for the "rules" of biology, challenges a cornerstone of sexist ideology and consequently makes most men nervous. There is at this time less fear of female homosexuality than of male homosexuality, possibly because men still feel secure that isolated lesbian examples will not tempt most women away from their prescribed feminine roles, and perhaps also because lesbianism is frequently seen by men as something erotic (it seems, alas, we can still remain sex objects in men's eyes even when making love to each other).

With male homosexuality, however, men (and thus male society) are more personally threatened. The precise irony of male supremacy is that it is a system rationalized on the basis of biology but actualized through socialization. Deviants who inadvertently were socialized differently, or who chose differently, are thus a threat to the *premise* that biology is destiny. Thus, to have another man break rank is to threaten all men's group-supremacy status. Also, for

a man to leave the "superior" group is to go down - that is, become "inferior" or "feminine." Frequently male homosexuals may touch on the unspoken fears in many men that they are not powerful and "manly" enough to fulfill their supremacy destiny, and the gay male this becomes the symbol of total male "failure". Still other men display a robust camaraderie (a la Mailer) where "buggering" a fellow male obviously means that one would have to play woman, and good fellowship wouldn't allow another man such degradation.

To understand men's fear of homosexuality, then, is above all to understand men's fear of losing their place of power in society with women. And to hold that power, men must preserve both the "absoluteness" of their ideology and the group unity of their members.

It must be kept in mind that while homosexuality does contain an implicit threat to sexist ideology, it is, at best, only a small part of the whole fight to bring down the sex role system. (Indeed, if the gay movement were to be seen as only the demand for the right of making role transfers within society, for example, it would work against feminism by supporting a reformed version of the sex role system.)

Thus it is only in the most radical interpretations that lesbianism becomes an organic part of the larger feminist fight. In this context it joins the multitude of other rebellions women have been making against their prescribed role - be it in work, in law, or in personal relationships. As with all such rebellions, they are only personal accommodations to living in a sexist society unless they are understood politically and fought for collectively. The larger political truth is still that we are women living in a male society where men have the power and we don't that our "female role" is a creation that is nothing more than a male political expediency for maintaining that power; and that until the women's movement alters these ancient political facts we cannot speak of being free collectively or individually. ♀

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A BOOK REVIEW

The front cover says:

"I, B.I.T.C.H.,
 have had it.
 With the system
 With the establishment
 With the men who run it
 Especially the men."

A Manifesto of Female Liberation
 by the founder of B.I.T.C.H.
 Caroline Hennessey"

Because someone whose judgement I trusted suggested I read this book, I overcame my objection to the male-oriented stereotypical "sexy bitch" on the cover and dug into the book.

Caroline Hennessey's Manifesto does not deliver a new analysis of the system or a real challenge to the establishment as the cover implies. Hennessey's only challenge is to the myth of male sexual superiority.

She suggests that female sexuality is equal or superior to the male brand. She believes the insecurity and inadequacy the male sex feels as a result of the knowledge of their sexual inferiority has caused the evolution of a mythology of male sexual, social, intellectual superiority in order to protect men from this reality.

Hennessey's attack against men allows for no reconciliation between men and women at the individual or class level. No goal is suggested other than the assumption of the power now held by men. Because male tactics in our suppression have been unethical, she feels women should feel no compunction against using similarly unethical tactics for their liberation.

The founder of B.I.T.C.H. is a very intelligent, Vassar-educated advertising executive. She has turned all of her Madison Avenue skills to writing a clever and entertaining account of her own arrival at a feminist consciousness.

So that while one may reject the manifesto, one can certainly enjoy the packaging. Also some of the more bitter among us will enjoy her sense of humour.

I say bitter because this book was written at a time in Caroline Hennessey's life when she was very angry and bitter. The back cover correctly informs us that the book is "a searing scream of rage."

While many of us have experienced anger and rage as a result of our raised consciousness, few have been able to turn that rage to any constructive end. Hennessey has managed to articulate her rage and has, at least, written a provocative autobiographical manifesto.

If you want to know what B.I.T.C.H. stands for and how to be one in the cause of liberation, you'll have to read this book. It will be available on loan at the Women's Centre, 511 Carrall Street. ♀



guerilla THEATRE EXPERIENCE

Our Toronto sisters have written this month to share their recent 'Guerrilla Theatre' experience with us.

Just before International Women's Day an open collective of women decided to occupy the Guerilla offices for the purpose of putting out a women's issue of the newspaper. Guerilla, Toronto's most well-known left underground newspaper was the natural choice for giving exposure to both the international struggles of women and to the contradictions of a so-called revolutionary anti-establishment vehicle of communication, which is in fact closed to women. We chose Guerilla because it calls itself a community newspaper, and we felt it was time it stopped doing lip service to community issues and became responsive to women's needs in the community. Its token coverage of women's issues has been the natural outgrowth of the brutal anti-women atmosphere at the Guerilla office, where strong women are called 'misguided' and any woman who challenges the male power structure is unacceptable.

An immediate phone call from the Guerilla staff informed the women that the police had been called to remove them. Five squad cars converged on the scene, and four policemen came up the stairwell, guns drawn. Three Gorillas arrived and a dialogue ensued in which the women explained their right to participate in a community newspaper and the Gorillas mumbled about who was paying the rent. The women withdrew, leaving the radical Gorillas to deal with the conservative gorillas.

At midnight these women walked through the open doors of the community-controlled newspaper with articles, graphics, and press releases announcing the production of 'Women's Liberated Guerilla.' They asked the lone staff member to leave and suggested that he return with a negotiating team from the Guerilla staff in order to discuss the need of a women's issue.

At that time and later the Guerilla staff claimed that the women were intent on damaging the expensive equipment in the offices. 'The innuendo that we might be there to damage their precious property was...amusing in view of our repeated explanations

of our intentions to put out a women's issue of the paper...It says a great deal about the conditioned mentality of the Guerilla males, who suffer from this typical male fantasy of looting-pillaging-trashing-rape.'

'Given this absurd scenario, the abortive effort to put out the women's issue might have been simply an exhilarating instance of guerilla theater for women faced with the political, legal and economic power of male-ruled society. But it revealed much more.

'Firstly, it made brutally clear the fact that the small group which controls Guerilla is more than unresponsive to grass-roots demands for greater access to the communications media. It is so fearful of any loss or transfer of its prerogatives that, like any other conservative institution, it will use the armed forces of the state to put down any challenge by emergent groups demanding access to this important vehicle of communication.

'More importantly, as a confrontation between conservative authority and women challenging that authority, it was a powerful consciousness-raising force around our status in male-ruled society and what will happen as we try to change it. That the Guerilla men called the police before even a token attempt to listen to us shows that they do indeed see women as powerless, with so little political leverage over them that calling the police will not damage their hip left underground image.

'The most important thing to be learned by women from the experience is that all men are conservative authorities fearing loss of their prerogatives over women. Like all social, political, and economic struggles—be they between racial groups, classes, between students and administration colonized and imperialist—the dominant group will fight to conserve its supremacy with whatever means necessary, and ultimately by the use of naked force or through the agency of police or armies. The experience of women challenging the power structure at Guerilla is prophetic of where women's struggles against their suppression may lead. That one of the most anti-woman males from the Guerilla staff was coming down with his M-16 rifle casts an ominous shadow on the possible contours of women's struggle to have equal access to powers of decision making and means to control our own lives. When a nominally left-oriented group controls a vehicle of communication and closes it off to emergent groups in the community it becomes like any other corrupt, self-serving institution in the dominant society; it must either become responsive or give way to something that does.'



ALL NIGHT I PROTECTED YOU
AGAINST CURIOSITY OF THESE STRANGERS
BY SILENCE
ABOUT YOU
AND WITH CHARMING STORIES
OF DEEDS DONE
IN FACT WITH YOU
BUT WHY SHOULD THEY
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A BETTER HOMES TO GARDENS
FORT
WHILE YOU ARE LOST TO ME
FAR AWAY FROM OUR
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FAR AWAY FROM ANY
SAFETY I CAN GIVE
BUT SILENCE.

SHARON STEVENSON

Office Work Or learning the arts of secret sabotage

Sharon Stevenson

First full-time job, just flunked out of Ontario Grade 13, and there I was, waitressing. One day, I accidentally put in an application, with a friend, to the Ontario Hospital Insurance Commission. A month later I got a phone call inviting me to come down and have a Wasserman in order to become a file clerk. Presumably they wanted to make sure I wasn't going to contaminate the cards of the sick. Anyway, off I went, figuring it had to be better than the comcons and tired feet of waitressing.

It was a routine job, regular coffee breaks and lunch hour. The work consisted of getting huge trays of files out of the stacks and filling them with cards in alphabetical order. The cards contained all the details of a given person's illness including type, length, cost, etc. There was also one job which involved going around to all the women on the floor and picking up their mail. However, inter-floor mail was delivered by a young man who was "starting at the bottom."

About 10 women worked in the filing room, a large area closed off at one end from the rest of the floor. Eight of them were over 40 and really didn't expect to ever have to or be able to find another job. There was one young Quebecoise who hated the work and was busy falling in love. She married and left. And there was me, shy and hating the work. But I didn't consider quitting for a long time because a) there was nothing else I could do except get sore feet again and b) the myth that if you quit an office job before a year is up, you'll never get another.

When I'd been there for about four months, the work situation was changed, without consulting us of course. The management bought three huge filing machines which filled the room from top to bottom. Internally they consisted of a rotating set of trays which could be filled sitting down, instead of bending over constantly. However, they increased the work load considerably. We went from 10 workers to one woman on each machine (three in all), plus one woman to help sort. There was also a boss lady, in charge of our section (she'd only been there about 20 years before this promotion), and another woman who was a mini-boss under her (she was a widow who wouldn't re-marry because she liked her independence) who might have been a governess if she'd lived in the 19th century. Over them was the man who was the head of the floor, perhaps 100 women. He was also local president of the company union in the building.

On the bottom were the three of us who had been left to do the filing. One was a white woman from

the West Indies, about 45, and quite damaged. She imagined black men under the bed, had horrors at the skirts the younger women wore, and lived alone. She'd gotten this job on first coming to Canada, never ventured further, and was emotionally hurt by the kind of repetitive, boring, debilitating work she'd been doing for 15 years. The second woman was a '56 Hungarian refugee, busy finding another husband, talking about the war, the Communists. She was considered exotic by the other women because she talked quite frankly about separate bedrooms with her new husband, seeing him mostly as an economic advantage. And there was an Englishwoman who helped sort the cards for the files. She talked about coming holidays (she'd never had any children) and what she'd do if her husband screwed around. Everyone was obsessed with men, with the "private life", especially me at 18.

Downstairs was the big cafeteria where everyone ate. Prices went up. There was also more work in the filing room, plus the fact that because we were in an open space it was harder for me to read half an hour past the end of my coffee break, and harder to talk to pass the time, harder to gaze out the window at the new construction going up. One day the male boss of the floor came by and caught me reading the paperback edition of the Second Sex and thought it was pornography from the nude woman on the front. For a while he treated me like a fellow conspirator.

Along about the middle of dirty Toronto February, it became unbearable. I went off and wrote a leaflet which described the various injustices one of us (including in the cafeteria and other departments). A friend ran it off for me (she worked for a union and did it on their time and paper as a gesture of solidarity). Two other male friends, one from the Communist Party, the other from Progressive Workers handed it out to the nearly 1000 employees as they went to work one morning. The leaflet advocated joining CUPE, unfortunately, I'd never talked to them about it. When I'd asked them what could be done, they "just didn't know." Mind you, there were some problems with the leaflet, including the facts about some of the prices in the cafeteria. Apart from that, it succeeded in raising a gigantic stink. People went around for the next week, wondering about who would be mad enough to spend good money on printing costs. Others clustered in corners and dissolved whenever the boss came near. I was too shy to talk it up or anything. The general conclusion was that a man had done it, as a woman wouldn't be that dumb. The floor boss

came over and asked me if I'd had anything to do with it. Guess he'd found out the Second Sex wasn't pornography. I lied, blushing all the while.

A month later we did it again. Another giant furor. More attendance at the company union meeting. The floor boss was displaced by a woman, a secretary from another department, as the president of the union local. Membership in the company union increased. Shortly after I quit, not knowing what to do next. I also figured that if I went to secretarial school, maybe there was hope of getting an office job which paid more than \$50, gross, a week, and didn't drive the woman who did it a little mad. At least as a secretary you got the benefits of free pencils and stamps.

Since then I've worked at a variety of office jobs. In Montreal as a secretary in an import-export firm where the boss kept pinching my bum and brushing my breasts. He also wanted to write to Saigon to see about importing Viet-Cong black silk pajamas. There was nowhere to eat, so I ate in the park outside with lots of pigeons and unemployed men. No coffee breaks. For this I made \$60 a week.

In Toronto, after losing my shorthand, I ended up working for a stockbroker on Yonge Street. Had daily fights about my right to leave at 5 not work overtime without pay. In Vancouver, as a receptionist, I made \$350 a month, the most money ever. But I didn't stay long there either.

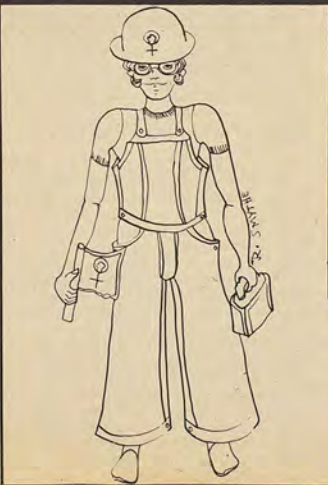
There were strange similarities between all the jobs: all were structured with men at the top, women below. You always had to get the coffee. Wages were consistently low. Had to wear nylons and catch them on the filing cabinets. Had to use a special voice for answering the phone. Had to be constantly cheerful, whether your marriage was falling apart, your aunt was ill with cancer, your legs aching. Had to know everything about keeping others in a good mood. Couldn't expect to get promoted. Was difficult to talk about a union. Were restricted by the mores of good manners from telling your boss to fuck off. Dwelt more than usual on X's sexual attributes. Became more aware of your own sub-Raquel body. Yet women were always inspired by the images of rebellion, even if they had to be more tied to their jobs than you happened to have the luck to be. And they were always open to talking about themselves as women.

Next time I get an office job, I'll snap shut the locks, get all the women together, and we'll institute workers' control over the heaps of paper, the coffee pots, the boss. We'll try again anyway.

PROSPERITY IS JUST AROUND THE CORNER

A woman went into Schnitzel House restaurant in Vancouver last month, answering an ad in the paper for a waitress. The boss was pleased with her experience and references and told her she could start tomorrow, and gave her a uniform. She tried it on. It was too big so she asked the boss if she could alter it or get a new one. He said, 'Sorry, I guess we'll just have to wait until we find someone who will fit the uniform.'

Wives of construction workers are also dependent on the outcome of the present confrontation with the CLRA [Construction Labour Relations Association—the employer's organization.] The companies are trying to regain arbitrary power over hiring and firing by abolishing or modifying union hiring. The CLRA has declared that the wives of construction workers are not supporting their husbands in this struggle. A group of wives are determined to prove them wrong. If you are involved in this situation please call Lori at 584-0519.



On Tuesday, April 18, The Working Women's Association picketed the Labour Relations Board. They were protesting the way the Board has recently handled disputes between management and employees over attempts at unionizing.

The women distributed leaflets pointing out that the Board took over 2 months to hear the cases of 2 women fired for union organizing at Smitty's Pancake House. When members of the Board finally heard the cases, they refused to allow the women to go back to work or claim back pay. Worst of all, they did not have to justify their decision.

When the Medieval Inn fired its waitresses, the Board refused to recognize their union, and the Industrial Relations Board (essentially the same people who sit on the LRB) refused to allow the women pay for the last day they went to work.

The Association is planning a general meeting for Tuesday May 16 at 7 pm in the Vancouver Public Library, room 307.

Anyone interested in the problems of working women is invited to attend. With a little luck, the associations first publication, a pamphlet on the trials and tribulations of working women will be ready for inspection and distribution.



Anger is the theme of this month's *Pedestal*. It was a bright idea some of us had one morning about a month ago, when we were sitting in the office, meeting as the *Pedestal* Collective and trying to figure out what this month's *Pedestal* would be like. Anger and Women, Anger and the Women's Movement. Seemed like a good idea.

So we had a big meeting of the Collective, with a tape recorder and everything, and talked about anger. Or tried to. Because a very interesting thing happened. We got scared.

We had meant just to sit down and share our experience and understandings, with the tape recorder passively taking notes so we could all participate. Then someone or someone would transcribe the tape and there we'd have it: an article on anger. But we found that we knew a lot less about anger than we had thought first, and also that we were each and all much less comfortable about our own anger than we had supposed.

What you see on these pages is, therefore, hardly the article we had hoped to print. We had hoped, with overweening humility, merely to present you with a polished and coherent statement of what we knew about anger. We didn't expect to do more than scratch the surface of what there is to know about anger, but we *did* think we could say what we knew.

Ha.
Anger, it seems, is so tangled, confused, suppressed, repressed, maybe even oppressed, in each of us, that finally all we could do was each gasp out a little bit of what we felt and knew. Maybe the most important things we have to say are written between the lines; certainly many important things are present but unarticulated. On this and the following page are many short statements about anger, or related topics. They are as honest as we could bear to make them.

It hurts to get angry. It hurts to think about anger. It hurts to write about anger. Does it hurt to read about anger? Write and tell us.

CHILDREN

The question of the focus of anger becomes particularly troubling when children are concerned. I find myself, for instance, with two half-grown children, caught in the realization that I don't particularly enjoy children (although I like them as individual people), that I intensely dislike being anyone's mother, and that I am furiously angry at finding myself in this situation. I believe I just was not meant to be a mother, as I just was not meant to be a singer or an accountant; I would prefer to be doing other things. That is, I realize, a personal preference, a personal reaction to what is really a social problem.

Society needs children, and the only source of children is women. But society does not accept responsibility for children; this responsibility devolves upon women, and this system is proclaimed to be "natural" although it exists to fill social needs. This leaves women with a difficult and demanding job for which some of us are ill suited. The whole thing is as senseless as expecting every

human being with red hair work as a pearl diver because they have lungs.

It is the sometimes-impossible demands of child raising that give rise to anger — an anger tinged with guilt and resentment at the almost inevitable failures associated with the responsibilities of the job. But it is not just a day to day problem; the long term entangling factor is the mother role women must play. "Mother" is all wise, all knowing, all loving, ever patient, infallible, and non-existent as a person in her own right as long as she is still mother. Children do have legitimate needs which sometimes must come first, and the demands arising from these needs are intensified by ties of love and responsibility to and for them.

I don't want that responsibility, but I have it; I want my needs as a person to have validity, but sometimes they clash with children's needs. These feelings are usually incompatible with the mother role. So I am angry. I am resentful. I am guilty. And as long as we are trapped in a nuclear family, there will be anger and resentment and guilt between mothers and children because of the confining and artificial roles we play. Perhaps living in groups is the beginning of an answer, as it offers a greater element of choice to parents and to children, but it cannot be more than a beginning as long as group living remains an island of sanity in a lunatic society. Until society, which is *all* of us, takes responsibility for *all* children, childraising by individual women will continue to be a frustrating and infuriating experience. ☪

RISK

I've been reading about anger. Anger is in women's minds these days especially women in the movement. But what to do about this corrosive state once you find it taking over your whole existence? It means you have to risk being rejected by people who have defined you and whose definition you've accepted. This means family, friends (until you make new ones), husband, children, employer and all the casual encounters made through life. And risking for what—so you feel you're strong and complete.. But the feeling of strength varies and is an ever changing, bending, stretching state. So there you are risking but always coping with a volatile concept of self. Where does the energy come from to keep producing your new shapes? Some will say it comes from anger, but once you've been angry too long all it does is drain you. Sure you have to have anger to start you out on such an uncertain trip but after that let's get together.. Often the anger doesn't produce many long term commitments. So we get back to anger means risking; risking a commitment to a group who will keep that energy going even if working in a group is difficult, even if the work is frustrating, even if you're trying to keep your emotional head together. Otherwise anger against our oppression will become anger against sisters and we will have come full circle. ☪

SUPPORT

I can't agree that anger 'takes a woman out of her roles altogether and makes her a person.' My anger does *not* make me a person. I am me first and my anger comes from my rage at being categorized into roles rather than being taken as a whole person. I don't feel that I gain strength from my anger but that I get strength from other women who tell me that my anger is justified and that I'm not neurotic for feeling it. My anger does *not* give me a sense of self or self worth. The support I get from other women who tell me its okay to feel pain, to express my anger rather than suffocating it (and lots of other feelings along with it) is what helps me keep my sense of self worth. This support and sense of self is what keeps my anger from turning inward to self-hatred. And keeping my anger from turning inward takes *energy*. It's easy to slip into depression and loss of self confidence from turned anger.

Recognizing my anger and accepting it means finally realizing that I have to do something with it. And I think that's the problem for all of us. It's a personal problem but one that can't be solved alone but only with the help and support of other women.



AMBIVALENCE

I was asked (volunteered) to write about my feelings of ambivalence toward getting angry. When I do get angry with someone, I get very, very angry—('And when she was bad, she was horrid!'), but most of the time I pride myself on being tolerant and reasonable. Although I feel secretly pleased and surprised that I'm capable of such rage when it happens, I start wondering if the situation would have been better handled if I'd been more patient and understanding.

However, when I sit down to articulate my feelings about the subject, I encountered a great deal of difficulty. [During the past few weeks I've been forced to work with someone who alternately annoys, angers and enrages me. When I try to write about my attitude toward anger, it depends on the emotions I happen to be experiencing at the time, ranging from mild annoyance to outrage. Right now I'm enraged and consider myself perfectly justified in feeling that way. When I have tried to be nice to him, he took advantage of my charity. When I tried to confront him, couching my anger in direct but tactful terms, with reasonable explanations about how his behavior affects me he told me that as far as he is concerned, I didn't exist. Then I saw red, and was so angry at his arrogance I couldn't even talk. (Shouting obscenities has never been my style—up to now at any rate.)

That hasn't worked either, because his actions really do interfere with me, whether I have to talk to him or not. Right now, I'm furious and compassion seems very inappropriate. The alternatives, as I see them, are that I accept his behavior, or I protest. If I don't get angry at his refusal to acknowledge his responsibilities to other people—his refusal to acknowledge even their existence—won't I, in effect, be condoning his attitudes and actions?

After a few days of feeling this way, I decided that my anger took too much out of me, that it didn't accomplish anything constructive. I really just want to be able to get along with him sufficiently to finish this project we're working on. After all, I reasoned, he's fucked up, and my angers just reinforcing his defenses. I should try to ease relations between us by being more pleasant and understanding, and failing that, at least to avoid him.

For many years I've been very confused and ambivalent about practically everything. I try to see both sides of every question—in fact, I bend over backwards trying to be fair and 'objective'. Although I don't get as depressed as I used to, the world still seems hopelessly complicated to me at times. I'm quite accustomed to living in a grey blur of confusion that passes by and through me. I would like to have the courage to see things as they are, and act on my perceptions. Nothing overpowers me or alienates me quite as much as my own self-perpetuated confusion.

If I get angrier more often lately, it's perhaps because my involvement in women's liberation through a group I belong to has helped me find the courage to insist on my own claims being recognized as an independent human being. I will likely continue to have doubts about my anger and rage. It may not always be right, but now I know it's there, and I will have to learn to deal with it one way or another.

ISOLATION



When I first became aware of the women's movement I was in a city where there was a positive attitude toward liberation. I began to read the classics of feminism.

When I was ready to participate in the movement, I found myself in a city that had no women involved in groups or organizations for their liberation. After 6 months, I found a dozen women who were interested in the feminist movement enough to form a discussion group. But it was a long 6 months, and I needed something more than discussion.

This isolation from other women who had traversed some of the road involved in raising their own level of consciousness, and who could give me some support and encouragement, produced a high level of frustration. My previous involvement in the underground movement had taught me that a positive channeling of this frustration was possible, so I didn't go through the phase of turning it inward. I was aware of my own contribution to my suppression, but that the main focus of my anger should be the system and its process of socialization of women.

Perhaps it was rage.

I was angered by everything I read, every man I spoke to, every woman who refused to confront her own frustration. I was in a constant state of anger.

But nothing happened. There was no channeling. There was no confrontation. I was tolerated. I experienced what I had read in grad school about repressive tolerance. I was the neighborhood kook. There was no activity to channel the rage into, nothing to explode against. Can anything explode in a vacuum? The sympathetic and tolerant man that I loved soon tired of my ravings, and tired of me.

For this and other reasons I left that town where I was frustrated and isolated from other women and moved to Vancouver. I began to get involved in the various activities women in the movement are pursuing here. And my rage has dissipated. I am still angry but no longer to the point of incoherence. My anger now gives me the energy to work for women's causes. It is my driving force, but I no longer feel driven by it. I feel it is controlled and controllable.

It can be channelled into activity. It is a constructive force now rather than the destructive force it was before.

Before my rage had severed my communication with the rest of the world. When I found other women who had experienced the same anger we were able to communicate this experience to one another. I discovered I could be angry constructively and be able to communicate my feelings to other women who could understand it and give me support, courage, insight. I now feel a positive attitude toward anger and can remember only vaguely the intensity and isolation of my rage.

SLAM!

Before I joined the Movement (which is a rather pretentious way of talking about my starting to attend a small discussion group two years ago), I was too angry even to think much about women's liberation. I'd start reading a book like *The Feminine Mystique* and after about three pages **SLAM!** the book would fly out of my hand and against a wall, I wasn't even conscious of throwing it. And I didn't know much about my anger, then: it was too painful to examine it. At the time I said: "After I join the Movement I can read feminist books." Now I can say as well: "I can't bear to see the problem stated until I can feel I am doing something towards its solution."

O.K. I joined the movement and learned to read Betty Friedan. For a while no more books slammed themselves against my wall. Then it started happening again. But they were different books this time - sexist books. At the same time I started turning off certain songs on the radio, walking out of certain movies, screaming insults at certain men. Interesting, eh? I join the movement and anger at being reminded of my pain turns into anger at certain (mostly impersonal) perpetrators of my pain. Another interesting thing - I started feeling, if not guilty, then *uneasy*, about my anger.

When I talk about anger and joining the movement, I always say, "and there came a time I was angry all day long." But now I'm not sure that's precisely true. Certainly there was a time, early on, when I was very sensitive to sexism everywhere, and where every instance of it enraged me. Maybe, there were even a few weeks when everything unconcerned with feminism seemed to be *avoiding the issue* rather than just about something else. But I wasn't angry all that time. I couldn't have stood it. Between rages I was with my sisters, laughing, supporting, frankly trying to *understand*, to put the anger into some kind of framework, so we could decide what to do. If I wasn't talking with my sisters, I was reading all the movement literature I could lay my hands on. I needed to know that I didn't have to fight the monster alone.

When we talked in the collective for this article, a lot of people talked about anger as a phase that passed, or a raw emotion that got cooked into something else - like political involvement - by the movement. Maybe I even talked like that myself. But thinking about it now I realize that that isn't the way it has been for me. I still get so angry I shake uncontrollably, or throw things against the wall, of holler, or stomp, or smash things. At least once a day, if only briefly. Just two things have changed. First I acknowledge the anger as my own more: before, "the book slammed itself"; now "I slam the book." And second, the objects of my anger, have changed (and continue to change) as my understanding of sexism increases. My anger, remains an elemental force, beyond my control at the moment of its occurrence. But my aim is better.



SELF DEFENCE FOR WOMEN

John Mah tells me it is possible to learn to defend yourself confidently against attack in one 4-month course. Since I know fewer women who have never been attacked than women who have been, it seems like a good idea to me if we got together to take a women-only karate course—specifically of the santori style.

After a little bit of scouting around and deciding that breaking bricks, or flying through the air to kick someone 12 feet high, with your foot, is a waste of time—ie it would take years to become proficient enough in this art to be able to use it for self-defense—I found a santori course taught by John Mah at SFU, free, last semester. Santori is only about 15 years old and consists of several of the hundreds of styles of karate. It seems to be an ideal resource for replacing the need to fend off ugly attacks in the street, with an ability to do so. If you can lift 50 lbs., take two lessons a week, and practice a little for one semester, you can counter an individual attacker. Far out!

A little bit about how and why I started taking the few lessons I did have time for this past semester: the reasons for my interest were 1) I've been attacked a few times, once with a knife (I grew up in New York City), and sheer luck got me out of it each time—plus doing things like hanging onto a doorknob with all my strength so I couldn't be pulled away from a lighted apartment entrance, etc.—cool thinking, but not very helpful if a doorknob and lighted entrance aren't handy. These experiences also left me quaking each time, and thinking, oh mygod! I'm going to die or be mutilated: very awful feelings—alone, and absolutely helpless. The time a guy pulled a knife on me, I called out for help to passersby, and they either quickened their pace or they laughed nervously and stepped away. The guy with the knife also laughed. So I decided then (three years ago) that, if I lived

through that experience, someday, I would learn how to protect myself. And, 2) I'm planning to travel now (everywhere) and so the time has come to learn self-defense and give up depending on boyfriends or luck.

A funny thing, which I just have to stick in here, is that the decision to 'do it now' happened after being in our women's group for several months. Funny that I made this and other more significant independent steps now, rather than before, when my primary supporters (consecutive boyfriends) reassured me that I was independent.

Anyway, the santori course is impressive. For one thing, this method is suited for short and slight people rather than muscle-bound weight-lifters. It's based on the premise that everyone has the strength to defend oneself, and need learn only the form. Santori is relaxed and doesn't involve yelling or fighting forces, but rather deflecting forces: hits and blocks roll together. It can also be taught as a short course, with the aim being to be able to protect oneself in the street—not to exhibit karate tricks. In four months, you are taught coordination and body movements, stepping aside (even when pushed), kicking (only as high as the knee), then feet and hand movements and a few targets (eyes, throat, temples, solar plexus, groin), ie the most effective hits. It's a practical course; you wear the clothing you'd usually wear, and also learn how to use belts, handbags, umbrellas in self-defense. Learning self-defense against an attacker who is armed, is not so easy, especially in 4 months, but it is possible, too. To be complete, santori can also be practiced in the home, as one satisfied woman in our group demonstrated (after one second-hand lesson) to her wayward husband.

Secondly, John Mah meets my approval: there is no sexism in his teaching that I could pick up on, and I was looking. The men in the course were all

Women are supposed to stay off the streets at night, particularly deserted streets with few lights. Any woman ignoring this dictum is plagued by cat calls, insults, and physical assaults which may end in rape. Most women don't know how to defend themselves and they dress in a manner that leaves them vulnerable and defenseless. Hence, a man who wishes to accost a woman has very little to worry about and may consider her fair game.

Two nights ago, around 1 am, a friend and I walked up Hastings St. after leaving a restaurant. Four men appeared, walking abreast, obviously drunk and knocking over bus stop benches—then they spotted us. One of them grabbed my friend, shouting, 'Hey—do you fuck.' 'Yeah!' she screamed. 'Like this—FUCK OFF!' And pushed him—hard.

We continued up the street talking about being under siege in our houses, crippled by a society that not only doesn't teach us self defense, but also makes even feelings of aggression unacceptable for women. At this point we passed the Millionaire Cafe where a fat greasy man walked up and grabbed my friend's arm. He got punched and spat at. His response was one of total bewilderment: 'What's the matter with her.'

But supposing he hadn't been bewildered, supposing he'd been angered and challenged. We could have ganged up on him, but we lack competence in hand to hand combat. Obviously, the answer is for women to learn how to use their bodies in an aggressive way. Better to fall to the ground fighting than to back down in humiliation. Better yet to walk without interference. And only if women can defend themselves will we be able to walk free and without interference.

short and slight, and we all received identical, friendly instruction and practice, and willing answers to all questions. He's never taught a course just for women before but said that, although it doesn't really matter if classes are mixed, it might be better to have a class of women only since we tend to have different strengths and he would concentrate on certain counters (which require minimal strength) more than others—since in practice, they probably would be most helpful to us. Plus, he would keep it focused on self-defense against attacks from any direction, rather than more elaborate preparation for future study of karate. Briefly, John Mah's background: he's been practicing santori since the age of 12, gained a black belt, and has been teaching it for the last 6-12 years.

Wherefores and etc.: a course is not being offered at SFU until the fall semester (cost-benefit rationale), at which time it will be called 'self-defense for women'. Even if you're not a student, you can just phone SFU recreation (291-4103) to get info. on it, then, and just wander in. Or: we can take it directly from John Mah this summer (It's not offered elsewhere.) He usually charges \$10 per person per month which covers 2 hours twice a week plus lots of practice, but said sure! he'd be willing to go along with a different money arrangement if we worked it out. So, if you're interested, call Jill or Rosalie at 291-8005. John would be happy to give a free demonstration where he teaches, 2196 Napier, between Nanaimo and Commercial, and lessons could be arranged for almost any time that's convenient. He also does things like hold general meetings on Sunday mornings (10 til 12) for questions etc., if you're interested. So, call us so that we can arrange to go as a group. (So far we are seven.)

It was just
one of those
days...

Beverly Montagnon

It was one of those unusual days in Vancouver; it was sunny. Not only that, it was sunny and warm. My glasses are self-tinting, but the shock of the sudden sunlight seemed too much for my eyes.

I thought I had an appointment at 3 o'clock at the Health Unit no. 4. I walked in; as usual I was five or ten minutes late. I asked the desk about my appointment.

"Your appointment isn't until 3:30. Please take a seat."

I sat down thinking, "This is a Health Unit? Everytime I come here it's hot and stuffy. It seems more like a steam bath." I went back to the desk. "Are there any stores nearby?"

"No, not really. There's a drug-store at the corner."

"Oh, I'll go and look for a magazine and come back at 3:30. I mumbled to myself as I walked out the door, "Nobody in their right mind would stay in the "Health Unit" if they didn't have to, and I don't have to. It's a beautiful day and I'm going to enjoy it."

As I strolled along I was entertained by a child who, unable to resist, walked right through a puddle, much to his mother's dismay. I guess I didn't have to wash his clothes or make sure he looked OK, so I thought he was just darling. Too bad mothers have to wash clothes and make sure junior looks alright.

I browsed through the magazine stand at the drugstore, and then walked back leisurely toward the Health Unit. As I went up the ramp, I heard a monotone voice say, "Ma'am, Ma'am." I stopped, and turned around, and beside me was a young man. Our eyes met.

"Give me your money." (Freak!)
I looked down; he had a gun in his right hand. (Freak!)

"Why do you want my money?"
"Because I need the money." He started to panic. His hand shook and he flicked the hammer of the gun. (Freak!)

I opened my wallet. "I don't have much money." He didn't say anything, just stared. "I have a one and a five dollar bill. Can I please have the one? I need it tonight."

"OK."
I gave him the five. He took it in his left hand and crumpled it, saying, "If I get in any trouble over this, I'll get you." (Freak!)

As he walked away, I still was unable to realize what was happening. I started to walk after him as if it were a conversation that hadn't quite finished. He turned and pointed his gun at me. I realized that this was for real. I ran into the Unit, and the police came.

Many events happened after that shock. The thing that stays in my mind most, was the day after. I was shopping and a little boy was sitting in a shopping cart. He threw his toy down, and his mother nonchalantly picked it up by the barrel and gave it back to him to play with. (Freak!)

Days later...

Then the police came around and told me they'd caught him. He turned out to be a glue-sniffing 15 year old from a low-rental housing project. He had first tried to rob a grocery store, but they only

had a two dollar bill and a bunch of change. He handed it back to them, saying it was all a joke, and ran out of the store. Then he came upon me. He was sorry he had taken my five dollar bill; he gave it back to the police to give to me. They didn't arrest him; they sent him a summons in the mail.

My responses to this whole series of events were instructive. Initially, I was frightened, too frightened to be angry, and I turned that fear inward, against myself. I became anxious and depressed. But then I began to show my anger, and to understand that just as my fear was legitimate, so is my rage.

The policeman came around and told me that I might have to identify someone in a police line-up. I didn't want to do it; I was tired of thinking about it and worrying about it, and wanted it to be over.

And besides, I had mixed feelings about it. On the one hand, I wanted the police to catch him and throw the book at him. He had frightened and shocked me, and the anxiety would last for some time. But I wondered who the man was and what good it would do him to be put in jail, and whether I should help put anyone away. Finally I decided I would identify him if I was absolutely sure, mostly because I worried about other women who might be victimized by him in the same way. That had to stop. Jail isn't the answer; I know that. But it's the only alternative our society offers.

I am angry at a society where children grow up in poverty and deprivation, so that their only outlet is a destructive flight from reality. I am angry at police insensitivity to my needs and fears, and at social workers' condescending and academic mumbo-jumbo that belittles my anxiety and says it isn't real.

And I'm angry at toy companies that make guns for children to play with, for their profit - guns that look real. ☹

A BAD NIGHT

A QUESTION STRETCHES
SNAPS BACK STINGING
MY BODY TO READY
OUT OF SLEEP, I AM
WORDS SQUIRTED INTO PAUSES LIKE JELLY
ROLLS BITTEN INTO BY ROTTEN TEETH
MY FINGERS CRAWL BETWEEN
THE CRACKS IN SLEEPING TO PLAY
CATS CRADLE WITH RUBBER QUESTIONS
UNTIL I HAVE TAKEN THE SKIN FROM
THEIR KNUCKLES WITH A RULER AND
GONE TO SLEEP, I AM HAVING A PARTY
WHERE PEOPLE STAND IN SMOKE AND BOTTLES
TO CONGRATULATE ME FOR FINGERING
MY ELUSIVE GOAL AND I
IN SMILING ANSWERS SNIP PAPER DOLL
CHAINS WITH THE SCISSORS OF
IRONY CUTTING OUT MY HEART
BECAUSE I DO NOT RECOGNIZE IT
THE NEXT MORNING WE'LL ALL
AGREE BY PHONE IT WAS A GREAT TIME
NORA D. RANDALL



I DON'T HAVE ANYTHING TO SAY TO YOU
STRAY DOGS ARE ROAMING THIS ALLEY
THEIR JAWS ARE BLEEDING AND
THEIR EYES ARE FILLED WITH
THE HOLLOW LINGERING OF OLD BONES.

MY HANDS ARE STRING ON WIRES.
THE WHINING SUN HAS BLEACHED THEM
TO CHALK.
I WONDER IF I EVER REALLY TOUCHED
YOU?

HOW YOU EMPTY YOUR DISAPPOINTMENTS
INTO ME.
SPILLING THEM UPON MY SILENCE
MY MIND FILLING WITH CORNERS.

ALLOW ME A FINAL GASP.
THE MUD AND MOSS LEAP AT OUR NECKS
WHILE WE SINK AMID UPTURNED
AMBER BELLIES OF FROGS AND WHALES
FIENDS AND FABLES

YOU DON'T SEEM TO NOTICE.
IS THERE REALLY ANYTHING LEFT
TO SAY?

PAT COOK

PEANUT BUTTER

PEANUT BUTTER



A SHORT STORY BY B. THOMPSON

The invitation came in midwinter and both Chris and Mary clamoured to be allowed to go, to make the train journey on their own and see the cousins again on the farm.

Their mother was doubtful. Christopher had just turned thirteen and was steady, studious boy who systematically lost things. He had been hit by a slow-moving truck the previous summer as he wheeled his bike across a marked crosswalk, lost in thought. He had been robbed of the profit of his paper route at school after he had happily flashed his new wealth (\$6). He had lost two student bus passes. He could not recall what he had done with his rubber boots. But he earnestly said he would save the fare for both of them from his earnings, and look after Mary (who was ten) on the train.

"I'll look after myself," Mary said.

Then, in the dead of winter with the summer at the farm far ahead, their mother agreed. She and Chris and Mary agreed, the children whooping hoory, and Mary went out to play and tell her friends she was going to a farm in Alberta next summer and would ride a real horse. Their mother was separated from their father and required of the children much patience, with her despairing quick rages and subsequent apologies and guilt. The previous summer she had trudged home from work one day in late June and begun to clear the breakfast dishes from the table before making supper; Chris ran up the stairs to their flat calling "Oh, did you hear?" as he always did when there was fresh news. His mother had stopped and waited.

"Me and Bobby Carlson had the best marks in Grade VI and I was on the platform three times. They clapped!"

"Chris!" as she hugged him, "In those torn pants and your T-shirt *inside out*. Oh no! You look like a child whose mother WORKS!"

Chris had said that he thought his T-shirt had got reversed only in the hot bike-ride home from the paper route; he had just put it on again outside. The torn pants he had gazed at as if for the first time. "Are they torn?" he murmured. "I think I had another pair at school. Do you want to see my crest? And the P.T.A. gave all the patrol boys a pen. Look."

So he was smart; but was he careful?

All that way on the train. Their mother's qualms nestled next to her confidence in her children's good sense. It was the first time the boy had set himself a goal to save for, and she hoped he would benefit from the experience, grow up a worthy, saving man and not have to scramble for bill payments at the end of every month as she did. She vaguely felt she had not been properly trained about money her mother having prevented her from accepting payment from neighbors for baby-sitting because it was better to give than to receive. Jesus or someone with equal influence had impressed the dirtiness of money on her mother. The message had also got to her boss at work, who did not like to discuss increases in salary, but impressed upon her the virtues of punctuality and thrift. Now with Chris planning to save his earnings, she pictured this son grown to manhood and made secure by a substantial bank account, and she simultaneously resolved to work out her budget that evening after the children were in bed; work it out in detail and allow for all their most pressing needs, but leaving enough over to SAVE. She did this frequently when the nights alone kept her wakeful.

Then, in January, it seemed perfectly fine for the two children to make a twenty-two hour journey on the train in July. They found out the price of the fare, \$87 and constructed an easily opened bank out of an empty plastic peanut butter container with a snap-on lid, handy for opening to count the accumulating capital. Mary generously contributed her entire 35 cents allowance one week and so much regretted it by the next day that she parted with only a dime at a time afterward, and nearer summer, nothing at all. Their mother for a while put in a dollar every payday. Chris, by May, when there was still more than half the fare to collect and so many things he yearned to buy, reduced his donations to the jar and stopped telling his friends about the trip. His

mother had a sharp picture of him in later years, a wastrel and a spendthrift, threadbare, in debt, and felt a certain impatience and began to nag him about the money. He sighed like an old man and surreptitiously spent his earnings on a tennis racquet and three rock and roll LP 45s.

Mary chided her brother as she had heard her mother do, and this awoke their mother to the injustice of her own attitude. She offered, late in May, to finance half the trip's cost, thinking, "I'll be saving on food when they are away so I'll make up for it." Chris accepted with relief and by July he had more than fulfilled his bargain. They bought the ticket and meat vouchers.

But they were so young to travel alone. As the time for the trip approached the qualms had outgrown the confidence in the children, and the mother's conversation was dotted with pearls of good advice. When the train makes a stop, never, never go out of sight of it. Take a picture with the camera but that's all. Get *right back* on the train.

The children were lost in their own dreams of the farm. She told them of a frightening experience she had had when at thirteen she had travelled from Winnipeg to British Columbia alone. She had been put aboard the train late at night at the last second before departure, and left at the berth where she was to sleep. She did not know where the bathroom was, and needed to pee. She waited and waited for morning but could wait no more and searched down at one end of the Pullman car for the lavatory, opened a door to a darkened, empty room and found a pan into which she relieved herself. The sound seemed to her to be deafening, like rain on a tin roof, and she expected every sleeper in the Pullman car to be awake suddenly and peering at her when she silently slipped back into the aisle. She had waited five minutes and then came out. The train was dark and still quiet, and the only person awake was a drunk who had just got on and was sitting on his berth with his feet in the aisle. As she had slid past him, he caught her laughingly and pulled her into his berth. Terrified and speechless with this bleary, fumbling grown-up, she was freed by the conductor who came to take the man's ticket.

"What did the conductor say?" asked Mary.

"He scolded me for not calling the porter before I got up. I should have pushed a buzzer. I found out the next day that it was the conductor's room I had peed in, but I never told anyone but you. Now, you be sure to push the buzzer for the porter if you..."

A mail from Mary—"I DON'T WANT TO GO IF THEY GET MAD" and her mother regretted the cautionary tale.

The week before the trip, their mother found a plastic policyholder at the office where she worked, perfect for the ticket and the meat vouchers and money, and sewed a wide elastic waistband to it. "Wear it *always* Chris, so you won't lose these things." Chris practised wearing it for half an hour and found it scratchy, so he made himself a cloth pouch out of a pillow case on his mother's sewing machine, and practised wearing it around his neck and under an armpit, like a James Bond beretta.

A SHADOW PLAY FOR GUILT

1.
 A man can lie to himself.
 A man can lie with his tongue
 and his brain and his gesture:
 a man can lie with his life:
 but the body is simple as a turtle
 and straight as a dog:
 the body cannot lie.
 You want to take your good body off like a glove.
 You want to stretch and to shrink it
 as you change your abstractions.
 You stand in it with shame.
 You smell your fingers and lick your disgust
 and are satisfied.
 But the beaten dog of the body remembers.
 Blood has ghosts too.

2.
 You speak of the collective.
 You speak of open communication
 but you are secret.
 You form your decisions
 and visit them on others
 like an ax.
 In all of the movement there is nothing to fear
 like a man whose rhetoric is good
 and whose ambition for himself is fierce:
 a man who says we, moving us,
 and means *I* and *mine*.

3.
 Many people have a thing
 they want to protect.
 Sometimes the property is wheat, oil fields, slum
 housing,
 plains on which brown men pick green tomatoes,
 stocks in safety deposit boxes, computer patents,
 maybe thirty dollars in a shoebox under a mattress.
 Maybe it's a woman they own and her soft invisible
 labor.
 Maybe it's prejudices or fermented hatred
 or images from childhood of how things should be.
 The revolutionary says, we can let go.
 We both used to say that a great deal.
 If what we change does not change us
 we are playing with blocks.

4.
 Always you were dancing before veiled eyes,
 before the altar of guilt.
 A frowning man with clenched fists
 you leaned heavy as cast iron
 and sucked my breasts and grappled and fed
 gritting your teeth for fear
 a good word would slip out:
 a man who came back again and again
 yet made sure that his coming
 was attended by pain
 and marked by a careful coldness
 as if gentleness were an inventory that could run low,
 as if loving were an account that would be over-
 drawn,
 as if tenderness saved drew interest:
 you are a capitalist of yourself.
 You hoard for fantasies and deceptions
 and the slow seep of energy out of the loins.
 You fondle your fears and coddle them
 while you urge others on.
 They are the only reason you ever need.

5.
 I am not in your world but with my sisters.
 In your world is only you
 and your fantasies and your fears and your abstrac-
 tions
 ranged like favorite battered toys and hoarded
 and the relationship created
 from what was open and alive and curious
 turning it to guilt's altar
 private and tight as a bankvault
 or a tomb.

Marge Piercy

They went to the farm and wrote their aunt-prompted letters home, and their mother relaxed into an easy summer of singleness. When the kids came back, brown and taller, she remembered to ask about the pouch and the camera and the train ride. An hour out of Vancouver Chris had put the money into his jeans pocket, and Mary looked after the meal tickets. They had raced back and forth in the train and had seen everything, and liked the dome car the best. They had got out at Banff and explored, and nearly missed the train when it set out for the last lap to Calgary. The porter and the conductor had been nice to them, and they ate chicken twice. The cousins and the aunt and the uncle had made them welcome and let them learn about the farm. The times when they were homesick, Aunt Helen comforted them, but that was just when they had the flu. Baboushka, their grandma, had bought them new clothes, and Diedoushka, their grandfather, told them long, long stories about life in old Russia.

Uncle Alan had told them they were a big help and had given them each some money; Mary for painting the fence and Chris for helping with the haying.

The stories of the farm lasted all that fall and winter, and the next summer and the next they went again, by bus, roughing it. They went every summer after that until they were old enough to fall in love and forego a summer on the farm in order to stay in the city near the beach where sweethearts might appear.

When they were in their mid-teens they told their mother that money was not really terribly important, and that when they could, they would buy some land and live next to nature. "With what?" their mother asked, and they got out the peanut butter jar.



LETTERS

If you live in Burnaby and are interested in joining a rap group, my rap group (which refuses, against all my pleadings, to name itself) is holding an open meeting on Monday, May 22 at 8pm at 350 S. Warwick, in Burnaby. The idea is, we will talk about how we nine came to become this (closed) weekly rap group, in hopes that our experiences will help the other women at the meeting form into one or more rap groups. As individuals, we are also willing to offer what time, information consolation or service you or we may think we have, to any groups that form that evening. (Got all that?)

For further information try phoning Anne at 522-1167, Sharon at 299-3759, Jill or Rosalie at 291-8005.

The Port Moody Day Care Center at 2622 St. John's, Port Moody is now enrolling children between the ages of three and five. The cost is \$75 a month per child, although federal subsidies are available for those who are eligible. The center, fully licensed with qualified staff, was started through an LIP grant. For more information call 939-2933 during the day or 299-6845 in the evenings.

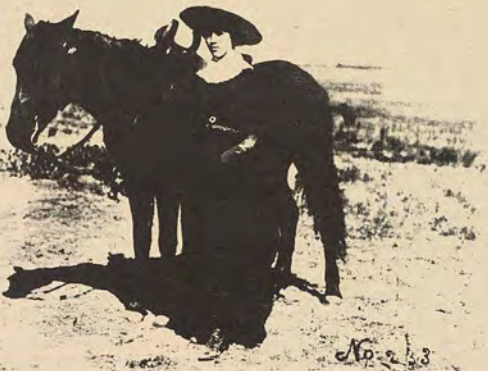
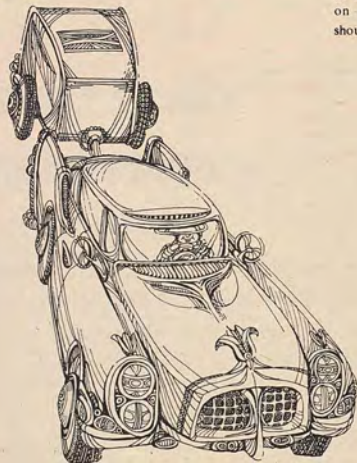
VANCOUVER SCHOOL OF ART GRAD SHOW

Burnaby Art Gallery
May 23 - June 14

Tues-Fri 12-5
Wed 7-10
Sat 10-5
Sun 1-5

Films made by grad students will be shown at the Burnaby Art Gallery's Cowan Theatre, 10-10 pm, on the 23-27.

The show opens to the public May 23, 8 pm. Hopefully the strike will be settled by then, but if not, phone V.S.A. at 681-8111 to find out where the show will be held.



Vancouver Exiles Union

The Vancouver Exiles Union is an organization working towards the unification of the AMERICAN EXILE COMMUNITY in British Columbia. Our purpose is to aid the settlement of American war resisters in Canada, and provide a forum for discussion and expression of political issues. We hope to offer services in job counseling, housing and to create a meeting centre for the exile community.

A general meeting is held each Sunday at 600pm at **Ianer City Services**, Venables St., Vancouver. We hope to reach American war resisters and interest them in helping their brothers and sisters establish new roots in Canada. There are many American women who come to Canada to resist the war; we feel that everyone who has come here has made a political statement by that act, and we would like to encourage political awareness among all members of the exile community.

Sisters.

I would like a sub, and any back issues you might have around particularly those discussing feminist and labor theory. This is not idle questioning for I am making an effort to live up to both as a way of life. Have been a fulltime housekeeper and live-babysitter and expect to be first male telephone operator in a long time in Tucson, Arizona.

Yours in Revolution and love,

Steven Greenberg

A new coffee house is opening at 2950 West 4th on May 12. Tuesday night will be forum night. Any woman or group of women who would like to expound on anything (women's liberation?), should contact Bonita at 733-5074.



This issue of the *Pedestal* has been beaten to death by:



Diana Kemble, Josie Cook, Cheryl Maude, Anne Goldstein, Beverly Davies, Nora D. Randall, Helen Potrebenco, Kathy Frank, Kathy Lachance, Pat Hoffer, Anne Hayes, Barbara Roberts, Linda Galbraith, Rosalie Hawrylko, Julie Mole, Susan Gillingham



Dear Sisters,

Thank you for the copies of PEDESTAL which Joyce ordered. They'll give much needed "Canadian content" to our lending library.

I'm much interested in Liz' article on the problems faced by Women's groups(p.14, March '72 PEDESTAL) and I'd like to share our experience with other sisters.

Collage and Road Crafts started as a women's crafts co-op here in Ottawa, with women who knew, liked and trusted each other. But after about 6 months of working together it fell apart (as a co-op, though the business continues) for the kinds of reasons Liz mentions; we could not overcome differences of income, education, and personal experience which created subtle and corroding hostility and resentments. This resentment of woman for woman, the jealousies that sap our energies, are one of our greatest hurdles to my mind.

And yet despite the fact that we don't function as a co-op, we do function in a very useful way as an outlet for craft women and as a miniscule women's centre. (Hence our lending library - seldom used. But our notice board is avidly read). We're glad to see any sisters who come to Ottawa and can often find them a bed. Our hope is one day to have something like the Women's Place you describe; meantime Collage and Road Crafts keeps a light flickering.

Incidentally, we grew out of a guerrilla theatre group which dwindled as members left Ottawa or got pregnant. I'm enclosing one of our leaflets

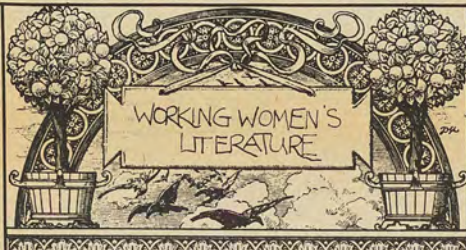
Yours in sisterhood,

Alma (Norman)



... women have a role, that is a noble role, and they will be happiest, most creative, when they assume and accept that role." — Billy Graham.

— Reidford, Toronto Globe and Mail



The Working Womens Association is producing 2 series of pamphlets by, for and about working women.

The first should be ready sometime this month. Its a collection of articles (reprints from the Pedestal) which describe women's different experiences on the job, with contents as follows:

An introduction which talks about the need to organize collectively as women around our jobs with 2 paragraphs about the W.W.A..

1. An article on secretaries at UBC.
2. An article on temporary Post Office work.
3. A poem about waitressing.
4. An article about a Quebecoise working in English Canada.
5. An article about a woman cab driver.

The pamphlet will be 24 pages plus covers and will cost 20 cents. With orders of 15 or more, 15 cents; and with orders of 50 or more 10 cents a copy.

You'll be able to get them through the Women's Centre at 51 Carrall. Tele. 684-0523.

We want this pamphlet to be the first of a series, but that requires money. If you can contribute to production costs call or write us, The Working Women's Association c/ o The Women's Center, 51 Carrall.

WOMEN'S STUDIES

May 10-Introduction

Mary Anne Epp, Community Services Librarian
Shelley Rivkin
Barbara Roberts

May 17-The Family

Kathleen Aberle

May 24-Women and History

Barbara Todd

May 31-Psychology of Women

Anne Cubitt
Andrew Feldmar

June 7-Women and Education

Reva Dexter

June 14-Women and the Law

Mike Jackson

June 21-Women and the Economy

Margaret Bentston

June 28-Women and Poverty

Panel

July 5-Women's Liberation Movement

Panel

July 12-Women and the Future

Rosemary Brown

The film Growing Up Female will be shown, date to be announced.

The changing role of women will be discussed in a series of talks and group sessions to be held at the McGill Branch of the Burnaby Public Library, Wednesday mornings ((9:30-11:30) beginning Wednesday, May 10th through July 12th.

Story time and activity time will be provided for children.

There is no charge.

McGill Library is at 4580 Pandora Street at Willingdon just off Hastings.

For more information call Counselling Service (291-3693) or Student Society (291-3181) at Simon Fraser University.

Due to lack of space the number of participants in this section of the series will be limited to 40. If there is sufficient interest indicated by registrations, other sections of the series will be run concurrently or at a later date.

Fill out the form and return it to:

Counselling Service
Room 245 TC
Simon Fraser University
Burnaby 2, B.C.

WOMEN'S STUDIES



Name _____

Address _____

Telephone _____

Number of children you plan to bring _____

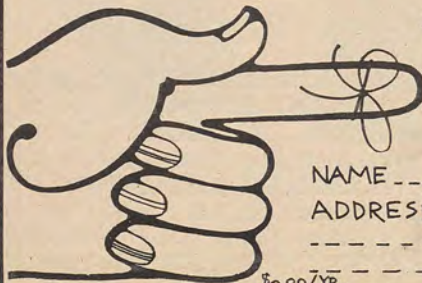
MAY

SUNDAY	MONDAY	TUESDAY	WEDNESDAY	THURSDAY	FRIDAY	SATURDAY
01 & 8 TILL 20TH THEN II	RAP GROUP WOMEN'S CENTRE 7:30	W.W.A MEETING WOMEN'S CENTRE 7 P.M. DR. WEBB GYNECOLOGIST 1152 W. 4TH FREE CLINIC 7 P.M.	YOGA A WOMAN'S PLACE 8 P.M.	WOMEN'S HEALTH MEETING A WOMAN'S PLACE 8 P.M.	DISCUSSION OF DORIS LESSING'S NOVELS A WOMAN'S PLACE	
MOTHER'S DAY 	RAP GROUP WOMEN'S CENTRE 7:30	W.W.A MEETING WOMEN'S CENTRE 7 P.M. FREE CLINIC 7 P.M.	10 YOGA A WOMAN'S PLACE 8 P.M.	11 WOMEN'S HEALTH MEETING A WOMAN'S PLACE 8 P.M.	NEW 12 MOON	13 ANTONETTE BROWN BLACKWELL FIRST FEMALE MINISTER ORDAINED BY A CHURCH COUNCIL 6/8/72
14 PEDESTAL DINNER MEETING AT DIANA'S 6:30 (BRING SOME- THING TO EAT)	15 RAP GROUP WOMEN'S CENTRE 7:30 WANT TO JOIN A NEW GROUP? 350 S. WARKICK 8 P.M. 299-3759	16 W.W.A MEETINGS WOMEN'S CENTRE 7 P.M. FREE CLINIC 7 P.M.	17 YOGA A WOMAN'S PLACE 8 P.M. TYPESETTING FOR PEDESTAL	18 WOMEN'S HEALTH MEETING A WOMAN'S PLACE 8 P.M.	19 THE FIRST VOLUME OF THE HISTORY OF WOMAN SUFFRAGE APPEARS IN BOOKSTORES \$8.81	20 GADORA DUNCAN B.1976 
21 PEDESTAL LAYOUT S.F.U.	22 RAP GROUP WOMEN'S CENTRE 7:30	23 W.W.A MEETING WOMEN'S CENTRE 7 P.M. FREE CLINIC 7 P.M. JOAN OF ARC BURNED AT STAKE 30 1431	24 YOGA A WOMAN'S PLACE 8 P.M.	25 WOMEN'S HEALTH MEETING- A WOMAN'S PLACE 8 P.M.	26 FULL 27 MOON	
28	29 RAP GROUP WOMEN'S CENTRE 7:30	30 W.W.A MEETING WOMEN'S CENTRE 7 P.M. FREE CLINIC 7 P.M.	31 YOGA A WOMAN'S PLACE	JUNE 1 WOMEN'S HEALTH MEETING- A WOMAN'S PLACE 8 P.M.	2	3
4	5	6	7	8	9	10

AWOMAN'S PLACE 1766 W. BROADWAY 731-9619
WOMEN'S CENTRE 511 CARRALL ST. 684-0525

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