

# PEDESTAL <sup>25¢</sup>

A WOMEN'S LIBERATION NEWSPAPER VANCOUVER, B.C.  
JANUARY VOLUME VII NUMBER 1 1973

**The Issue — 1900**

**• NO SPECIAL PRIVILEGES TO MEN**

**EQUAL RIGHTS TO ALL WOMEN**



## DEMANDS:

- 1** The right to vote in political elections.
- 2** Abolishment of John Barleycorn and the closing of saloons.
- 3** Consideration in all fields of employment where a woman's brain can be taxed without danger to her health.

**MARCH OUT OF HIS SHADOW**

INTO THE

**SUNLIGHT OF LIBERTY**



**JOIN THE MOVEMENT AT TONIGHT'S MEETING!**

Civic Auditorium - 8 P.M.

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by Shoshanna Bet-Chai and the  
Vancouver Women's Health Clinic

# VANCOUVER WOMEN'S HEALTH CLINIC



The Vancouver Women's Health Clinic has been in operation for four weeks. Since December 1st 25 women have passed through the doors of the Kool Aid clinic that houses the women's collective. The clinic is open on Fridays, between 6:30 and 9:30 P.M.

Its history of existence is that of a hard and determined struggle to get together a centre that would both serve women and educate them so that they could learn together about their bodies and the meaning of total-health that has been hidden from women since the beginning of history.

The Women's Health Collective was formed at A Woman's Place in January of 1972. Women that were involved in A Woman's Place got together and rapped about various topics, one being medicine. Since that time these women have been meeting weekly as a health collective learning about their bodies together with the hope of reaching other women on that level.

Each week a new agenda was brought forward with one woman being responsible each session in researching a new topic. Birth control, menopause, the hormonal effect on metabolism, vaginitis and pregnancy were all discussed as were abortion and ectopic pregnancy. Many involved in the clinic have had practical experience in Vancouver and Seattle. The health group at one time visited the Seattle Women's Clinic where they saw a clinic in the making. This made them all the more excited and they began to think in terms of starting their own clinic. It was here that they learned the use of the speculum and how to do effective pelvic examinations and it was there that they began to learn together about their bodies. Other women worked with doctors at the Reach and Pine Street Clinics and offered their knowledge and experience to other members. In the fall they began to see their goal materialize and the Women's Free Clinic was not to be too far off.

**Pedestal:** What is the importance for a women's clinic in Vancouver?

**Clinic:** We want to emphasize education. When we tell a woman that she has cervicitis, we will give her a speculum so that when she goes home she can look at her cervix and see whether its getting better or worse. When a woman goes to a doctor her well-being is entirely in his hands and he is usually never open to being questioned about his diagnosis

Most women feel that they don't have any right to know or question what is going on about their own bodies. We're trying to change that.



**Pedestal:** What is the general procedure when a woman comes to the clinic?

**Clinic:** We are not a professional medical group, although some of us have had professional experience. We are women who have found that a great deal about women's bodies can be learned and we hope to share your experience here with you: your reason for coming here is uniquely yours and valuable to us all.

We try to deal with any of your problems relating to:  
vaginitis  
venereal disease  
pregnancy testing  
birth control (except for IUD insertion).  
Information regarding abortion is available.  
If you're concerned about your diet you can talk to someone here about nutrition.  
If you're interested in becoming involved with the clinic or in a self-help group, let us know.

WHAT HAPPENS HERE:

1. You have been asked to complete a herstory form which details your gynecological history. This information is relevant to whatever is your current state of health. We have suggested you use the carbon to make a copy so that you can keep a copy of your Herstory yourself.
2. Two of us will discuss any current problems with you and take important signs, such as blood pressure.
3. The examination may be a different kind of experience from those you've had before. We hope you will feel free to ask questions. For example, if you don't know how to examine your breasts for lumps we will teach you how, and we can show you how to see your cervix.
4. You will be examined by the doctor as well; she will be involved in determining treatment and in prescribing medication. We provide medication at cost price.
5. The person in the clinic lab is willing to explain what's involved in the tests which are done here if you're interested in any of these procedures.

There is much information here which you may want to take home with you to read: The McGill Birth Control Handbook  
The McGill V.D. Handbook  
The Home Health Almanac - 50¢  
Our Bodies Our Selves  
The Vancouver Women's Health Handbook - 50¢  
and written material relating to specific female (and male) health problems.

You may want to take a plastic speculum (50¢ each) with you to use at home to check yourself for signs of improvement (if you've had a vaginal problem) or to become better acquainted with the routine signs and changes of your vagina and cervix.

If there is anything you would like to know about or read about or talk about, let us know: there are probably other women who are interested in the same things.

**HEALTH PROJECTS MEETING**  
7:30, Tues. January 23 at  
A Woman's Place  
1766 West Broadway  
Come if you're interested  
in any health projects -  
health groups, women's  
clinic, women's health  
booklet, directory of  
doctors.



# BOYCOTT WARDAIR

## SUPPORT THE STEWARDESSES

"I don't think of myself as a sex symbol or a servant. I think of myself as somebody who knows how to open the door of a 747 in the dark, upside-down and under water!"

Lindsay VanGelder, Stewardess, Ms., Jan., 73.

The Wardair stewardess voted 99% to strike Thurs. (JAN. 11) after the company walked out on 14 months of negotiations.

The STRIKE demands are:

① Parity with the major airlines on working hours - the women want the right to refuse duty after 14 hours of work.

② Mandatory and adequate rest periods during and after flights.

③ Wage parity with C.P. Air and Air Canada - their wages are now 42% to 78% below parity!

The stewardesses, members of the Canadian Airline Flight Attendants' Association, are picketing Wardair flights at points of departure across Canada. The flights are now being staffed by ex-stewardesses, supervisors and (11??) pilots wives. Most of these people have not been trained on new flight equipment.

PROTECT YOUR HEALTH-DON'T FLY WITH UNTRAINED PERSONELL!!



### SEATTLE COUNCIL GRANTS

#### DEMANDS FOR WOMEN'S OFFICE

The Seattle City Council voted 6 to 1 in its Nov. 20 meeting to create an Office of Women's Rights directly under the Mayor. This reversed the previous vote against the proposal on Nov. 10, which prompted women at that meeting to demand a rehearing.

The Council's decision was made in front of a chamber packed with women who advocated a separate women's office. The vote climaxed a two-week struggle on the part of the women to keep the Council from moving the Women's Division further down the bureaucratic ladder and thus destroying what effectiveness it has now.

#### 8-point proposal

Dr. Mildred E. Kersh, President of Seattle-King County NOW, presented an 8-point proposal to the Council, strongly requesting the following:

(1) A separate office of Women's Rights within the Executive Department, created by ordinance;

(2) The appointment of a Director of the Office of Women's Rights by the mayor with the approval of the City Council, with the director to be selected from candidates recommended by the Women's Commission with dismissal only by consent of the Women's Commission;

(3) Appointment of members of the Women's Commission only from a list recommended by the Seattle feminist community;

(4) Subpoena powers should be given to the Director of the Office of Women's Rights;

(5) The Women's Commission responsibilities should be similar to those of the Human Rights Commission;

(6) Per diem expenses be paid for members of the Women's Commission (in order to allow poorer women and women with children to attend);

(7) The six Emergency Employment Act staff positions should be made permanent to assure their continuance after federal funding is phased out;



(8) The Director of the Women's Rights Office be made part of the mayor's cabinet.

# STARTING OUT

by B. Thompson



Connie is in her 20's and she is married to Robin - but she and Robin have not lived together for a year now because Connie did not want to be a 24-hour housewife. A year ago, when she and my daughter Mary set up housekeeping together, she and Robin had agreed that they would just see each other occasionally and live apart. Robin helped her move to the apartment where Mary had moved her bedding and dishes, all her possessions in one trip from home.

Mary had finished high school in January and moved out of the house that month. The girls got along well from the start - they had known each other for a year, and never for a moment thought that living together would wreck their friendship, as I direly predicted in my usual infallible way.

Connie was working in a topless club and that horrified me, though Connie seemed like a pretty nice person when she shyly slipped into the house one evening when a rip-roaring NDP meeting was happening in the squashed quarters of our old Kitsilano house. That was the night she and Mary went apartment hunting in the pouring rain, and they came back at 10:30 with wet feet and big sighs. "The rents are all too high," Mary murmured as the two of them crept into the kitchen to make tea.

But a topless club "Those places exploit women!" I said to Mary when she told me. "How can she work there?"

"The tips are good and she just laughs at the men who try funny things with her. She doesn't let it get to her," Mary said. I was apprehensive about Mary living with Connie, and in letters back to the Bible belt from whence I sprung, I just told the relatives that Mary would live with a girl who was working as a waitress. Which she was.

"YOU won't ever do that, will you?" I asked Mary, and she said, "Are you kidding? OF COURSE not!" She had finished school with honours and was churning out pottery on the wheel we had borrowed so long ago that she felt it was her own. She wanted to find a part-time job and spend the rest of her time potting, to get a real facility in her craft before she went to be a master potter.

The part-time job was easier talked about than found. She didn't want to do housework jobs any more. Too much sweat for too little money, she said. She couldn't type. (Tell them you got honours, I kept saying) She looked at the government jobs advertised in the post office and decided she was underqualified.

I can't remember all the jobs she tried, but some I do: one was soldering the components for transistor radios in a factory in Marpole. All the workers were women, and Mary earned \$1.65 an hour, the minimum wage. One was an office job in a one-man engineering office. She had met her prospective boss while hitch-hiking home from the Manpower office one day. He paid her \$1.65 an hour and needed her only a few hours a week. Perfect, she thought - he said he would teach her a variety of office skills. "Watch it," said old pessimist mother, "he might be a sex maniac."

"Oh MOTHER!" she said tolerantly. The next week she phoned to say she had quit. She burst out laughing and said, "He's a sex maniac all right, Mom," and described how she had met his advances with disbelieving laughter (after all, he was an antique of fifty.) Never laugh, I advised, that's what drove Jack the Ripper crazy.

Connie spent the summer away from the sin-pits, enjoying her unemployment insurance and the summer sun. She had applied at Manpower to be trained as a pre-school teacher. It was one of the categories for which one can draw a salary while being retrained, and it was what Connie very much wanted to do. She'd be good at that, we told each other, she's so small - the children won't have very far to look up. She is less than five feet, a miniature woman.

The unemployment insurance ran out, and Connie went back with Robin to live. Another girl, Daniela moved in with Mary to share the rent, and the heat. And the phone. And everything.

In two weeks, Connie was back - with troubles with Robin that are none of our business here in this

paper. She said she was going to go back to cocktail waitressing at a topless club. "Robin doesn't want me to because he says it messes up my head," she said, "but it pays \$2.50 an hour. Everything else, just everything else is \$1.65. And HE doesn't have to work for \$1.65. I can easily get a job at one of the clubs - I just say I've done it before and I'm really good and they'll give me a job."

Mary by then had a job candle-ligging eggs for a hippie-hating bigot who was overly free with his hands. \$1.65 an hour and all the cracked eggs you break. When she threw in the sponge there, a man and two other women walked out with her. They had thought about getting a union in there, but made the fatal mistake of phoning the Labour Relations Board for starters.

Connie was at a club and said she could get Mary a job, and when I started suggesting good waitressing jobs to Mary (good meaning 'steady' not 'lucrative') she said that the tips were better where Connie was, if she had to waitress. The \$2.50 an hour was just for the dancers; the waitresses earned - you guessed it - the minimum wage. I admitted that even offices can be degrading places for women to work, and that with Connie there she'd have some bolstering in a pinch. Daniela, who went to the club on the free pass supplied by the girls, said later to me that Mary looked very much out of place in the club, like a little innocent hippie girl in her long dress. She wouldn't wear the bikini outfits the other girls wore.

Getting tips was a whole new experience for Mary, and the first week she worked there she bought steaks for all her friends, and started talking about "getting some nice clothes at stores instead of the Sally Ann". She spent the tips at first every day as she earned them. "What about the customers?" I asked.

"Oh, if they hassle me or grab me I just smile and move away and if they get really obnoxious I go away and don't serve them any more. The floating waitress waits on them. She's had lots of experience and she's not scared."

"I don't smile and move away any more. That's what I did when I was just a new waitress, and now I'm the one with lots of experience. Now I'm obnoxious back and tell them off as though they're children. They seem to obey the mother image more than the sweet young girl image. Some men make kissing noises and say, "You like me?" and I say, "God, no."

-Mary (who read this over)

I felt sick about her being there, and remembered my own mother's recurring lament, whenever we girls did not behave as we had been programmed to behave: "Where did I go wrong?" But every time I saw her, I felt reassured because she was the same Mary. One time we talked and she said, You know Mom those people that work there are okay. There's one woman, a stripper, whose act is so disgusting I just can't look at it, because she's a woman and I'm a woman - but the other day I saw her on the bus with her kid, and she's really a nice person. She didn't have one bit of makeup on and when she works she wears about two inches, and her hair was just loose, not all frizzed up like at work. She was ordinary, like us. She told me she has another kid besides the baby who was on her knee, and he was visiting his grandmother for a week and it seemed so easy with only one that she didn't miss him at all, and she was sort of feeling guilty about not missing him. "I know the feeling," I said. "She has to pay a sitter a whole lot of money and the other jobs she's had don't pay as much as this one."

In December, Connie quit the club and went home to California.

Mary liked the club less and less. She thought about it, tried to pin down why the atmosphere was finally getting to her. "I guess at first everything was so new it was like an adventure. You know, the band and the lights and everything. And it gave an energy to me also to be working and accomplishing something in that forbidding world of work. Their work. And Connie was there."

One day we met for supper between shifts after I was through work at the office. We ate a White Spot hamburger. I had a beer and she had milk, and we talked about lots of things, mostly the men we love. She had to be at work at 8 so we had lots of time and called in to the library. I'm in the door tonight, so I can read, she said.

"I'll walk over with you and then get my bus home," I said. When we got there I saw the girlie pictures outside and realized I'd left my stickers at home. (THIS DEGRADES AND EXPLOITS WOMEN price 1¢) "Come in and see the place," she said. Loud recorded rock music was playing. The band was not on that early. Dim lights except in the centre of the room, where in a roped off square like a large floor-level prize ring a nude girl was slowly dancing with long floating chiffon scarves. Red spotlights were beamed on her so that she

glowed and the goose pimples didn't show. The tables were empty except for three. One of these was right at the ringside, and a man alone was sprawled on his chair, leaning toward the dancer with his arm on the table, calling out to her. I couldn't hear what he was saying. Mary and I stood for a moment. I'll

go, I said. No, come on, she said. See the joint. We walked towards the sprawler, who called out to Mary, and Mary replied. He worked at the club and said something impertinent, too familiar, to both of us. "This is my mother," Mary said. At the word 'mother' the man scrambled to his feet and stuck out his hand. "Pleesta meetcha," he said, turning his back on the dancer and straightening up. We shook hands like the queen mother and the headmistress and made our way to the back of the club, where Mary could hang up her coat. A middle-aged man was sitting at a table with a drink and a girl in a bikini. He scarcely turned his head but said something to Mary. Again, Mary said "This is my mother" and again at the magic word the man sprang to his feet. Those guys sure respect motherhood.

Mary hung up her coat and said "sit down for awhile and watch." but I was tired and wanted to go home. She winked me to the door and came out onto the street for a minute. Two young men pushed past us and looked in the door at the naked girl undulating within the roped square. "This place look okay?" one said. The other replied, "Yeah it's alright," and they went in.

"That's what they like to do, look in and check the goods before they pay the cover charge," Mary said. "We're not supposed to let them, Mr. Woodekopf gets mad." She kissed me goodbye. "Tonight I'm in the cage selling tickets at the door, so I don't have to wait on the motherfuckers."

I never should have given her that book by Eldridge Cleaver and the subscription to the Pedestal. Her vocabulary has become less lady-like and more accurate.

# HOMEWORK



DO YOU BELIEVE IN EQUALITY?

The following is a partial list of clubs in Vancouver which display women's bodies for the entertainment of sexually perverted men:

- Image 1. 687-1547
- The Bunny Room 682-4671
- The Factory 684-3426
- Club Zanzibar 688-2844
- The Body Shop 684-2944
- Kit Kat Klub 582-9220
- The Astor 685-8714
- Casa Nostra 683-9577
- Wheel Grinders 683-1536
- Smilin' Buddha 683-9567
- Isy's 684-5022
- Gulf Club 688-2636
- Gassy's Joint 685-6505
- Club Diner 298-1434

We do not suggest that you phone these numbers and harrass them, or phone in bomb threats from untapped phones, or phone in fake police raids, or fake women raids, or phone from a booth and leave the receiver off the hook, because if every woman who reads the Pedestal did this once a week to every club listed, it would probably be very bad for their business besides being highly illegal (although safe if the phone isn't tapped). So instead we suggest that you write a letter to your Member, who could probably convey your displeasure directly to the owner of whichever club he frequents.

FREE OUR SISTERS FREE OURSELVES

# accordingly a play

3,000 musicians of the world  
assembled in a vast gossamer dome.

Chairman: We will now hear the  
music of Lucia Dlugosewski.

Half the audience leaves

Someone: Mr. Chairman, I protest  
this disrespectful departure.

Voice: We didn't come here to hear  
a nobody

Another: Did you say it's a woman?  
Half of those remaining leave.

Someone: Mr. Chairman, it has been  
said that she is the best woman  
composer and she makes her own  
instruments.

Half again walk out.

Someone: Mr. Chairman, she can't  
play here.

Chairman: why not?

Someone: We would lose our jobs.  
More struggle out.

Voice: Why would we lose our jobs?

Someone: Because after hearing her  
we'd be imitators, that's why. She's  
infectious.

Voice: That's absurd.

Someone: It isn't absurd. Her music  
touches those hearing it with a  
care-free ecstasy, and then they  
won't go for the old stuff. It isn't  
music to them any more.

Others: Let's hear her anyway.

Chairman: Meeting come to order,  
what's left of it. We are now  
adjourned for later consideration.

Chairman leaves.

A thin woman enters and arranges  
101 newly invented instruments of skin,  
wood, metal, glass, paper.  
There are ladder harps, tangent  
and unsheltered rattles,  
Wind bells, gongs  
Drums for claws and fingers.

She begins to play

It is she

It is and it isn't music.

Penetrating clarities  
Delicate variances  
Accidental and tiny distractions  
Radiances of sounds  
Synchronisms  
Maulations

Like no music ever heard before:

Tingles  
Tangles  
Untangles  
Spontaneous  
Pounces  
Burrows  
Bewilders  
Laughs

Like music of winds  
Garden growing sounds  
Children at play.

Like the music of other worlds?  
Like happy  
Sprinkles

Those listening begin to hear  
Become rocks giraffes tumbleweeds  
Embrace

Sway with eyes closed  
Move out of the dome  
With never the same melody  
Wherever they go  
Others join them  
Others join the joiners  
More and more  
A new kind of music.

NEW KIND OF WORLD

# 2 book reviews:

## SURFACING & SEXUAL REVOLUTION



by Liz Zimmerman

Reading the recent work of Margaret Atwood is for me, a profoundly physical experience. Even as I sit quietly, turning the pages, I find my skin growing cold, my heart rate slowing or speeding, my breathing becoming very shallow ... not out of fear, exactly, but out of a sense of being transplanted. I am in the company of a strange and brilliant intelligence. Atwood is capable of transforming ordinary domestic details into evidence for the damnation of the human race.

I feel, reading *Surfacing*, as though I am breathing a different mix of elements than I am used to, taking in information through my skin and hair as well as through my eyes. Margaret Atwood writes bluntly, sensually, about a woman in a state of emotional paralysis. Paradoxically, her paralysis serves to sensitize. We become more aware of the quality of the ordinary emotions accompanying a woman's day-to-day existence by virtue of this writer's catalogue of their absence.

We never learn the name of the central figure in *Surfacing*. She tells us only that she is a commercial artist, returning after a long absence to her family's camp in the woods of Quebec, trying to locate her father, a botanist, who has been missing for some time. Accompanying her are three friends, a married couple and her recently acquired lover.

Margaret Atwood's father is a botanist too, and her intimate relationship with plants and animals, her incredible eye for the details which differentiate people from simpler, saner forms of life, is largely responsible for the remarkable quality of this short novel. Its main character, somewhere around thirty years old, is divorced, disoriented, trying to get back to her past, to get closer to her roots.

She feels somewhat uncomfortable with her taciturn lover, a potter who, from the beginning, is described as having the qualities of an animal; we begin to realize that this will be his, and her, salvati-

on. She isn't at all sure she loves him. He is a stocky man with an unusually hairy back; she tells us he is like the buffalo on the U.S. nickel," with "the defiant but inane look of a species once dominant, now threatened with extinction."

Her relationship with him stands in fascinating contrast to most writing by women about men. Atwood gets down to the bare skeleton of the human relation, in these terms:

"I sum him up, dividing him into categories: he's good in bed, better than the one before; he's moody, but he's not much bother, we split the rent and he doesn't talk much, that's an advantage. When he suggested we should live together I didn't hesitate. It wasn't even a real decision, it was more like buying a goldfish or a potted cactus plant, not because you want one in advance but because you happen to be in the store and you see them lined up on the counter. I'm fond of him, I'd rather have him around than not; though it would be nice if he meant something more to me. The fact that he doesn't makes me sad: no one has since my husband. A divorce is like an amputation, you survive, but there's less of you."

When she discusses sex, it is with a detached clarity rare for any writer. Her mind makes sudden jumps; she is with Joe, the lover, and suddenly we realize she is recalling her husband, who has custody of their child, or the middle-aged artist who was her first lover. Her description of her wedding, in a post office, is curiously cold; but when, further along, we come across her recollection of her abortion in the identical words, identical sentences used to describe her marriage, it is absolutely chilling, a recurring nightmare of parts of herself being scraped away. The technical brilliance of this rendering, this extraordinary *deja vu* must be experienced to be believed.

by Judith

"The Sexual Revolution" by Wilhelm Reich is an amazing book considering it was written by a man in 1936 in pre-fascist Germany. As a foundation for feminism, though, it is a dismal failure.

Reich's main thesis - that authoritarian patriarchal society depends on the repression of free sexuality and maintenance of the compulsive family is well-supported. But in the development of this thesis he fails to resolve many of the contradictions he observes - notably the sexually subservient position of women and its relationship to society.

In the opening chapters his own prejudices become quite clear, for he defines normal sexuality as heterosexual and monogamous. In a sex-economic society (one in which individuals are capable of self-regulation) he maintains that people will naturally gravitate towards free and equal love relationships with one partner at a time for long periods of time, even though he later admits that the very structure of such a relationship lends itself to the development of triangular power problems with parents and children, resulting in neurotic attachments to each other which become self-perpetuating.

So essentially his position is a liberal compromise between his own observations of mass neurosis, and his personal attachment to a neurosis-producing structure. He tells us on the one hand that society is sexually hung-up, and on the other that we need a sexual revolution so that we can freely choose to be sexually hung-up.

Being primarily a sexologist, he can only interpret his clinical findings from that point of view. He knows that the compulsive family serves to create individuals who are easily dominated and fit well into an authoritarian society. But what he cannot see is that the basis of the compulsive family is Not mass neurosis. (That is the RESULT), but the separation of human sexuality into male

## THE SEXUAL REVOLUTION CONTINUED....

and female and the predominance of one over the other.

He understands well that a revolution against authoritarianism must be a revolution against the family, but doesn't understand that the

final goals are sexual equality leading to the development of a human sexuality which does not even allow for the existence of such concepts as heterosexual vs. homosexual, adult vs. child, male vs. female.

Granted, such ideas are only recently developing, and are very hard for a man to grasp (since our whole culture re-affirms the male viewpoint on sexuality), and are somewhat beyond the scope of clinical sexology. But the "Sexual Revolution" is still a widely-read book, and holds an important place in the growing consciousness of sexual freedom, so it cannot be ignored. It is important, then, for feminists to talk about, since its biggest failing is lack of scope.

We cannot allow our ideas to stop short of anything which will guarantee our complete freedom, and Reich's sex-economic society would be a forward step, but not a revolutionary one. We cannot ignore the possibilities that are being explored and analysed which go beyond

monogamous heterosexual love, if we are ever going to create a truly non-oppressive system.

What about lesbianism - as a total affirmation of femaleness, as a real alternative to power-love relationships, as a revolutionary alternative to aggressive-submissive sexuality, it must be considered. And what about male homosexuality (can men learn to relate to each other as complete human beings and escape from the locker room stag party/hale and hearty he-man image?) and child-sexuality (can children be sexually open with each other? with adults?) and group love (need we always think in terms of couples which make mutual self-deception easier, and wall us off from others? What are we protecting ourselves from anyway?)

In this article, so far, I have limited my remarks to Reich's definition of sexuality, which he considers as genital satisfaction. However, I would like to point out that this definition is already limiting the issue greatly. Perhaps in a truly liberated society, genital satisfaction could be relegated to a position similar to dancing or music. In other words a complete human being could enjoy a physical harmony which would allow

a natural satisfaction of all "genital" tensions so that we could be freed psychologically to develop creative and social abilities, rather than continue in the neurotic, reactionary, energy-sapping behavior which Reich and others have so aptly observed, and which we, as mass individuals, continually suffer from.

There are obviously many issues raised by such books as "The Sexual Revolution" and I've tried to scratch the surface a little and do so from a feminist viewpoint. In developing a feminist revolution we must overcome our fears of talking about an experimenting with our own sexuality, because until we can be honest about our own personal experiences we cannot translate them into politics (by politics I mean activity to change) We are learning at last how to break loose from the chains of conservative, reactionary thought, but we must be careful not to exchange one set of chains for another. Our concepts of freedom will expand as we become freer, but the final goal remains - responsible individual freedom for everyone.

P.S. Including women and children.

## WOMEN'S WEEK SCHEDULE AT UBC

FEB 12-16

### CONFIRMED:

- MONDAY FEB 12 - 12:30 SUB BALLROOM  
DISCUSSION OF WOMEN'S ACTION BRIEF WITH SHELAGH DAY & EILEEN DAILY  
7:30 PM. SUB BALLROOM - REPORT ON THE MINISTRY OF WOMEN.
- TUESDAY FEB 13 - 12:30 SUB BALLROOM  
THE AGES OF WOMEN - PANEL DISCUSSION LED BY KAY STOCKHOLDER
- THURSDAY FEB 15 - 12:30 SUB BALLROOM  
PLAY BY MEGAN TERRY CALM DOWN MOTHER. CAST OF 3 WOMEN 25¢ ADMISSION  
3:45 POETRY READINGS BY GLADYS HINDMARCH, DAPHNE MARLATT, & JUDITH COP THORNE.  
7:30 SUB BALLROOM  
ABORTION TRIBUNAL  
BLUEROOM OF THE ARTS I BUILDING  
3:30. INVITED: ALICE MUNROE, JANE RULE, PENELOPE LOWENTHAL, AUDREY THOMAS.  
EVENING - PLAY BY MEGAN TERRY CALM DOWN MOTHER.
- FRIDAY FEB 16 -

### TENTATIVE:

MARATHON POETRY READING  
FOOD CO-OP SPEAKER  
FOLKSINGERS

### POSSIBLE WORKSHOPS DURING THE WEEK:

PUBLIC SPEAKING LED BY HELGA JACOBSON AND VAL EMBREE  
MUSICAL JAM SESSION / POLITICS OF ART / SELF DEFENCE WORKSHOP AND/OR DEMONSTRATION, WORKSHOP ON DAYCARE TRAINING WORKSHOP IN AUDIO-VISUAL EQUIPMENT / VISUAL ARTS SHOW INCLUDING PAINTERS, PHOTOGRAPHY ETC.  
WOMEN'S HEALTH BOOKLET - BOOTH  
WOMEN'S ACTION GROUP - BOOTH  
LITERATURE TABLE, CRAFT TABLE, AND INFORMATION CENTRE.

## WOMEN'S STUDIES 1973

- Jan. 16 - The Oppression of Women  
Cynthia Flood
- Jan. 23 - Political Action--  
A Women's Ministry  
Marianne Gilbert
- Jan. 30 - Women and the Law  
Nancy Morrison
- Feb. 6 - Strategies and Tactics  
of Women's Liberation  
Panel
- Feb. 13 - The Ages of Women--  
Discussion led by  
Kay Stockholder
- Feb. 20 - Women and Athletics--  
Discussion led by  
Barb Robertson
- Feb. 27 - An Exploration of  
Sexual Roles  
Panel Discussion
- Mar. 6 - Women and the Myths of  
Madness--Discussion led  
by Ellen Tallman
- Mar. 13 - The Poet as Woman: Shapes  
of Experience  
Helene Rosental
- Mar. 20 - to be announced
- \*\*\*\*\*WHEN: 7:30 p.m. every Tuesday  
from Jan. 16-March 20
- \*\*\*\*\*WHERE: Student Union Building  
(SUB) Ballroom, UBC

For further information contact  
Women's Studies, Box 85 SUB, or  
come to the Women's Studies Office,  
Rm. 218 Sub, 228-2082.



# NOTES ON THE REVOLUTION

There is no counter culture, only freaky imitations of The Business. Rock concerts are business, big enough business. Big enough to rip off people, all the "little" people, like us, like the musicians co-op. And make it seem like a fine boogie, all the way to the gas chamber.

I heard a black man say that to a group of stoned black people at an Angela Davis rally in Berkeley. I guess he knew how people had to boogie to stay alive, but he also knew how The Money Man uses every thing he can to de-fuse the people's fury. Let them get stoned, play their music, we're making money, and they're not making revolution.

So, the East India Strawberry Trading Company, Vancouver, put on a rock concert at PNE featuring cock rock by Eli and Big Daddy show bossism by B.B. King. I went to the thing to do two things: to leaflet about the latest Amerikan bombings and to represent our idea of people's music. Most folks were too fucked up on booze or dope to hear. Opiates are the opiates of the boogie class.

Don't bother with revolution, just get off. Get off on the cute way the promoters had of introducing each set: a woman in girly costume sort of gay nineties, wiggle your butt pink nightie, real cute number. About the time it really hit me that a woman was making such a fool out of herself, her body, and all women, I met one of the promoters back stage.

Debbie is a female who has "made" it by being a man, coy, tough, suspicious and knows-the-business. She's in Vancouver to help the East India Company "get the business going."

Me: "What's this shit having a woman degrade herself with that costume and that act?"

California Deb: "I believe in individualism, I mean, if she wants to do that, that's her business. A chick..."

"Woman."

"Oh pardon me, that's just a habit, that woman is doing that because she wants to. It's satire."

Cock rock bang bang, I'm wondering what I'm doing with my life, spending it like this, trying to scream is anybody alive out there at all or is it really just a few women, a few strong women who dare to love each other, and therefore love livingness?

California Deb: "Maybe you haven't been hurt enough, but me, I learned when I was twelve to get tough to get mine, and I get mine, and I don't need any cock inside me to make me strong and I get mine."

And the only time I almost got a little joy at the concert was when Terry and the Joy of Cooking did "You gonna reap what you sow."

Well, Debbie explained to me how I was awful and generally a bummer and this concert was not political, that Joan Baez who after all is a woman and also against the war like you was coming to town and this concert was not political. This concert is a benefit, you ungrateful freeloader, for the Musicians' Co-op.

Me: "Some people in the Co-op feel ripped off by you, by the way you "operate" and know you aren't going to give the Co-op a fair share of the money."

Her: "Why do you people always think the worst? You can come with me to the box office after the show and see the Co-op people sign the ledger of the receipts."

"Good. We'll have a record."

More cock rock bang bang. I see the bassman and the drummer fucking each other with their hardesses and wonder if men ever break down their ego walls to love and...

The Joy of Cooking comes on stage and I think maybe they are still real people, not money machines yet. They passed me on the stairs and I felt a wave of warmth. They are musicians, high. I liked a woman playing it out, I like it that Terry was strong. I couldn't hear the words and didn't feel any joy. Mostly like we're all tired or know that you can't "operate" like The Man and create music. At least I still believe that music comes from a living heart, many hearts and voices and banging on drums and exploring our changes and demanding our freedom.

Maybe the Joy of Cooking people know how exploitative the "operators" or "promoters" are, power suckers inside. Gentler pigs? Maybe Terry has to hang out with the idea "it's all music." "Don't worry about the content" was what my hitch told me when I said I thot B.B. King was a rip-off. King, yes what a good name, King got paid (how much, Debbie wouldn't say) to play his sex music, baby, baby, baby, you got it coming, me me memememe. It's all music, right? Pay \$5.00 to hear a man degrade women. King gets paid. He "didn't know it was a benefit" and he didn't offer his fee.

Me: "Am I going to see you after the show to check the receipts?"

California Deb: "The box office is bonded, I mean, man, that's just like a CPA stamp, it's legal, it's bonded, so we'll just publish it in the Georgia Straight."

Me: "What happened to the idea that people from the Co-op check the receipts tonight in the box office?"

"We can't have four or five people in the office. The box is bonded, man, we'll publish it in the Straight."

"How much of the box is the Co-op getting?"

"Whatever they get they ought to be grateful for."

Yassuh. So. We handed out the leaflets. They litter the grounds. I talked to the promoters. They litter the music. Does good come out of a mess?

I looked straight into the woman in Joy of Cooking, mumbled something about our women's paper and women's music in Vancouver, fought off Debbie's elbows and power games, and Terry, that woman in the Joy of Cooking, said she would call me "if I get my shit together tomorrow."



Terry Garthwaite, songwriter, guitarist & vocalist for Joy of Cooking

The party for the Joy of Cooking and elite members of the musicians' co-op was held at an elegant home in North Vancouver. Three maids, a chef and a young boy served a massive spread of bloody roast beef, cheese, and assorted hors d'oeuvres.

Bartender: "Want some more capitalist punch?"  
Piano player: "Hey, I know who you are. You were shouting something at the concert. Do you hate men?"

Me: "No, just balls and bombs." Gentle pig brothers, you all look so uncomfortable. Perhaps it is the rich elegance, the slick come on of our hostess, the East India Strawberry Trading Company, who so graciously used the musicians' co-op to establish a name and business. The musicians' co-op could be political and revolutionary. It isn't though, if it allows itself to be used by a company who brought Sammy Davis, Jr., Nixon supporter, to Vancouver.

According to a member of the co-op, Ms. Debra and her pox-faced partner worked in California with Bill Graham who made millions of dollars at the Fillmore, exploiting the counter culture. You better squirm brothers, you and I are getting fucked.

Sister Terry, I hear your music and I saw you flinch at the lyrics about your man. I sang to you songs about revolutionary women. The only support I received was warm, downcast eyes.

Uncle Vinty, I don't know what I'm going to do about tomorrow. Today women and children are dying over the same money which corrupts our benefit.

Today I will fight with all the strength in me. Today I will moan, scream, lay heavy trips and be rude. If it changes nothing, it will have at least relieved some of the rage which burns in my gut.

The musicians co op made no profits from the concert. The production company claims to have lost \$200. So much for peoples music.....

# Letters...



## Boycott Jiffy Print

The Gay Alliance Toward Equality (G.A.T.E.) urges you to boycott Jiffy Print at 1179 Richards Street.

Why? Jiffy Print discriminates against homosexuals.

When the gay people of U.B.C. took in a leaflet advertising a social evening to be printed, Mr. Roy J. Morgan, the proprietor of Jiffy Print stated that he would not print material for homosexuals or Communists. He added, "We have one of 'them' running the country right now. He should be shot. All of you should be shot. You are all sick."

Mrs. Morgan said that she had fired a female employee because they found out she was gay. She told us that the employee did her work well, but that they did not want her attracting an "undesirable client."

G.A.T.E. sees no difference between refusing service to homosexuals and refusing service to Jews, Blacks, Indians or Jehovah's Witnesses. This is a clear case of discrimination.

What is G.A.T.E. doing about it? On Friday Dec. 1 G.A.T.E. picketed Jiffy Print. G.A.T.E. will continue its picket and boycott. G.A.T.E. is taking the matter up with the B.C. Federation of Labour (to have Jiffy Print declared hot) and with the Minister of Labour, the Hon. William King, under whose department the Human Rights Act is administered. G.A.T.E. is preparing a brief outlining its proposed changes to the Act to prohibit discrimination on the grounds of sexual orientation in housing, employment, and in the use of public facilities and services.

For further information contact: The Gay Alliance Toward Equality Box 8969, Station "H", Vancouver 5, B.C. recording: 872-0523 human 681-4768

## By Holly:

Woman was not meant to be Man. Thanks to the good Lord, she has a higher average life span, a lower infant mortality rate, and can resist greater temperature extremes than Man. Hemophilia and colour-blindness are all but unknown to her. Only one of her many

assets is a wolf in sheep's clothing - her overwhelming attractiveness to men. Poor old Man, who is blessed with superior size, if little else, insists on mistaking her beauty for fragility, blithely overlooking the fact that in times of crisis, women often display far greater stamina than their mates. Most mothers are on duty 24 hours a day, and are actually working at least 12. What man could shoulder such a load? Muscled out of the running for major work, and left with the responsibility for carrying on the species, Woman has been forced to adopt supportive roles such as wife, secretary, or nurse. Man has gone his way, cheerfully coddling his belief in his own importance, and indiscriminately sowing his seed. What he doesn't realize is that muscles are fast becoming obsolete. Brains and cunning rule the world now, together with a flexibility and toughness which motherhood develops wonderfully. Sooner or later Man will make his final blunder, and chaos will rule. On that day shall Woman step in and quietly, efficiently, and with infinite wisdom and superior genes, lead stumbling Man to the kitchen to watch the roast, and she will put the world aright. No, Woman was never meant to be Man. Let us be grateful.

Holly is fifteen years old, and this essay was sent to us by her aunt.

## WOMEN'S TRIBUNAL ON ABORTION, CONTRACEPTION & FORCED STERILIZATION

On the evening of February 15th, the B.C. Chapter of the Canadian Women's Coalition to Repeal the Abortion Laws will hold a "Women's Tribunal" as part of the activities of "Women's Week" at UBC February 12th - 16th (sponsored by UBC Women's Studies)

The Tribunal will hear the testimony of women from all walks of life. Testimony of those who have experienced illegal abortion, who have been victims of forced sterilization, who have been forced to bear children against their will, who have been refused contraceptives who have been raped and unable to obtain abortions. It will hear about those who have died from illegal abortions.

This hearing will present preliminary evidence from this area of Canada for an International Tribunal on Abortion, Contraception and Forced Sterilization, to be held in New York City on March 9-11. The International Tribunal, through the testimony of women from around the world, will draw together the evidence necessary to indict those responsible for denying women a basic human right - control over our bodies.

Our Women's Tribunal will be a contribution to this International Tribunal and to the international abortion rights movement.

### YOUR TESTIMONY IS NEEDED

#### TYPES OF TESTIMONY

1. Personal testimony of individual women. Could include experiences in obtaining illegal abortions, including its effects on one's physical emotional and financial well being; experience with legal abortions, both positive and negative; experience with forced sterilization; experience with contraception; experimentation on a woman's body without her consent; organizing and fighting back; victimization etc.
2. Professional testimony. Could include experience of doctors, lawyers, social workers, teachers, concerning all of the above.
3. Research. The Research Committee would like to have on hand all available research on the question of abortion, contraception and forced sterilization and the struggle of women to control their own bodies.
4. Media and the Arts. Films, displays, slides, music, dramatizing the struggle of women to gain control over their own bodies - both factual and developed - will be an important part of the tribunal.

### PLEASE FILL OUT THE FOLLOWING FORM:

I can contribute testimony or information for the Tribunal within the following category(ies):

Personal   
 Professional   
 Research   
 Media and the Arts

Following (or attached) is a summary (or full description) of my contribution

- I am interested in attending the Women's Tribunal and will present my testimony if asked.
- I will not be able to attend the Tribunal, but will allow my testimony to be used.
- My testimony can be used, but please withhold my name.
- I endorse the Women's Tribunal.

Enclosed is a donation of \$\_\_\_\_\_ to help pay the costs of the Tribunal. FUNDS ARE URGENTLY NEEDED!

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Please send the above information to CANADIAN WOMEN'S COALITION TO REPEAL ABORTION LAWS B.C. CHAPTER #512 - 207 W. Hastings St. Vancouver 3, B.C. 688-7133



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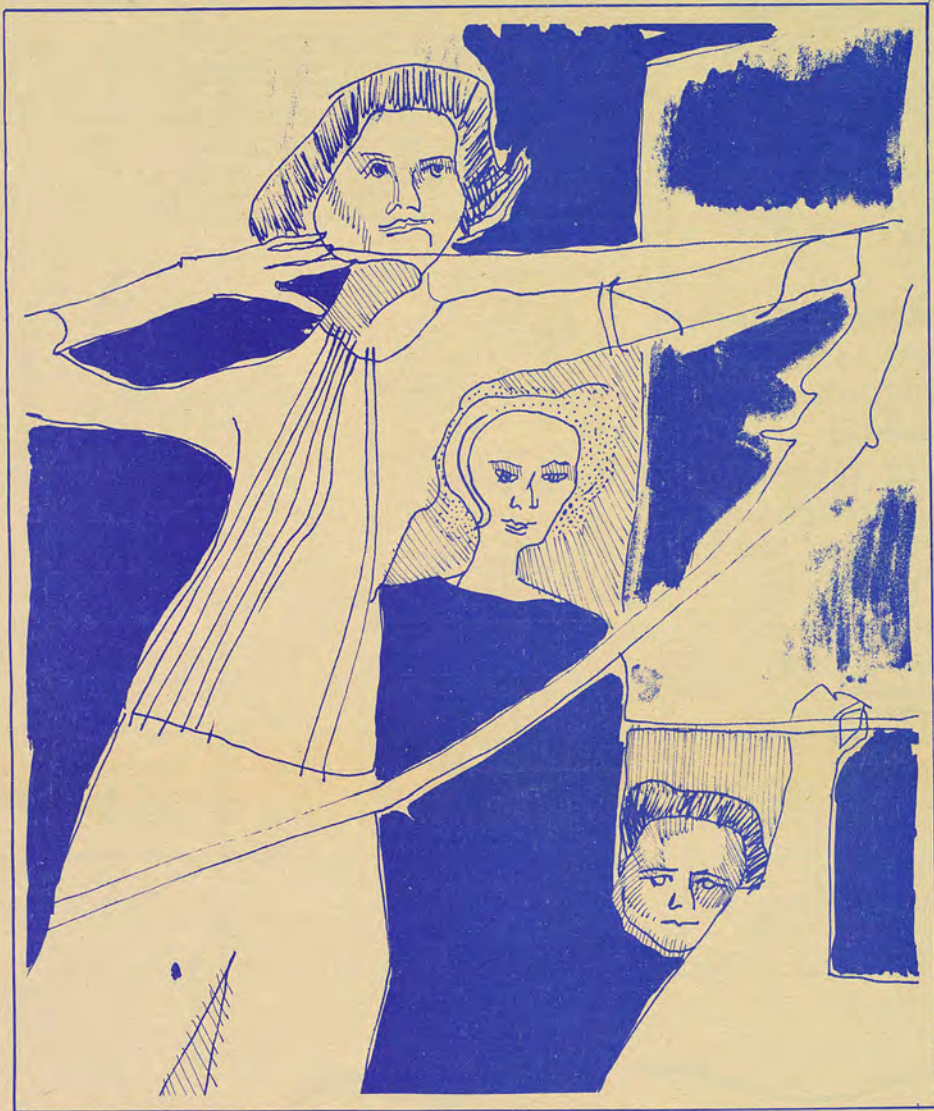
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JANUARY						
Sunday	Monday	Tuesday	Wednesday	Thursday	Friday	Saturday
PEDESTAL meeting 11 a.m. 14	Working Women's Association #3-45 Kingsway/15	UBC Women's Studies 16	Theatre workshop Women's Centre 17	18	6:30-9:00 p.m. Women's self-help clinic 1952 W. 4th 12	OPEN HOUSE Women's Centre 15
PEDESTAL 11 a.m. 21	WW Assoc. 22	UBC Women's Studies 23	Theatre 24	25	Self help clinic 26	Theatre 20 Self-defense 1 p.m. 27
PEDESTAL copy deadline 28	WW Assoc. 29	UBC Women's Studies 30	Theatre 31	FEBRUARY		
PEDESTAL 11 a.m. 4	5	UBC Women's Studies 6	Theatre 7	8	WOMAN'S PLACE GENERAL 8 p.m. MEETING 1	Self help clinic 2 Theatre 3
PEDESTAL 11 a.m. 11	12					Self help clinic 10

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