

The Judgment of Patricia Hearst
by Kathy Barry

Women and Nature
by Susan Griffin

Original Art
by Mary Beth Edelson

Catalog of Healing Resources

Freud and the Sexual
Abuse of Children
by Florence Rush

Poetry
by Audre Lorde, Honor Moore,
Adrienne Rich

Interview with Joan Snyder
by Ruth Iskin

Fiction
by Deena Metzger

Redesigning the Domestic
Workplace
by Dolores Hayden

Reviews
by Frances Jaffer, Leah Fritz

a magazine of women's culture

Chrysalis

No. 1

Welcome to a new magazine of women's culture

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Chrysalis, like *The New Woman's Survival Catalog* and *The New Woman's Survival Sourcebook* from which it grew, takes its form and content from the women's movement itself. Feminism is not a monolithic movement, but rather includes the experiences, values, priorities, agendas of women of all lifestyles, ages, and cultural and economic backgrounds. Women building practical alternatives to patriarchal institutions, women developing new theories and feminist perspectives on events and ideas, women expressing their visions in verbal or visual art forms - women's culture includes all of this, and *Chrysalis* exists to give expression to the spectrum of opinion and creativity that originates in this diversity.

In its content, *Chrysalis* aims to combine the practical with the analytical, theoretical, visionary. A resource catalog in each issue will inform readers of practical alternatives. At the same time we will present analyses – such as Kathy Barry's article on Patricia Hearst or Florence Rush's on Freud – that challenge conventional assumptions by examining an issue or field of knowledge from a feminist theoretical perspective. The excerpt from Susan Griffin's book *Women and Nature* the poetry of Audre Lorde, Honor Moore, Adrienne Rich, Deena Metzger's fiction, and Mary Beth Edelson's visual work bring you a good sampling of the sensibility being generated by feminists today.

The design of *Chrysalis* also follows from the processes we have valued in our own interaction in the feminist movement. Written and graphic mat material has been designed so as not to compete for your attention, nor to entice, induce, or seduce you, the reader.

Those of us working on *Chrysalis* realize that to reflect the many different facets of women's culture, we require the broadest input possible. We are fortunate to have as the "eyes and ears" of *Chrysalis,* our contributing editors - feminist writers, thinkers, and creators from all parts of the United States and Europe. Only our continual connectedness with those feminists – past and present who are seeking to create a world based on feminist values - will enable us to publish the vital dialogue, ideas, visions that women today are producing.

To those supporters, contributors, and subscribers who have helped us to publish this first issue, we wish to give a special word of thanks. Your encouragement, energy, and financial support have enabled us to create a magazine that we hope will be a source of energy and inspiration to all of our readers.

We invite your reactions and response to this and all issues of *Chrysalis.*

When an insect emerges with struggle from its chrysalis state, how feeble are all its movements, how its wings hang powerless until the genial air has dried and strengthened them, how patiently the insect tries again and again to spread them, and visit the flowers which bloom around, till at last it enjoys the recompense of its labors in the nector and fragrance of the garden.

This illustrates the present condition of Woman. She is just emerging from the darkness and ignorance by which she has been shrouded. She looks forth from her chrysalis and sees the natural and intellectual world lying around her clothed in radiant beauty, and inviting her to enter and possess this magnificient inheritance.

– Angelina Grimke, 1852

Contents

7	**Did I Ever Really Have a Chance? Patriarchal Judgment of Patricia Hearst**	**Kathleen Barry**	Kathy Barry is currently working on a book on female slavery. This article has been adapted for *Chrysalis* from that work in progress.
19	**Redesigning the Domestic Workplace**	**Dolores Hayden**	Dolores Hayden is Assistant Professor of Architecture and History at M.I.T. and a Fellow of the Radcliffe Institute. She published *Seven American Utopias* (M.I.T. Press) in 1976 and is currently writing about community kitchens and kitchenless houses.
31	**The Freudian Cover-Up: The Sexual Abuse of Children**	**Florence Rush**	Florence Rush was a psychiatric social worker for over 20 years. "The Freudian Cover-Up" is part of a work in progress on the sexual abuse of children which will be published by Scribners.
46	**Chain**	**Audre Lorde**	Audre Lorde is the author of four books of poetry, including the most recent, *Between Ourselves,* published by Eidolon Editions, Point Reyes, California.
49	**Happy Birthday America**	**Mary Beth Edelson** **Arlene Raven**	Arlene Raven is an art historian specializing in the fields of contemporary American painting and women's art. She is a founder of the Woman's Building, Los Angeles.
55	**Women and Nature: The Roaring Inside Her**	**Susan Griffin**	Susan Griffin's first play, *Voices,* won an Emmy Award for television production and has been produced internationally. *Women and Nature* is excerpted from a work in progress to be published by Harper and Row.
67	**Catalog of Resources on Healing**	**Susan Rennie** **Anna Rubin**	Susan Rennie's interest in natural healing grew out of a chronic illness for which doctors could prescribe only drugs and not preventive measures. Anna Rubin has studied and practiced psychic healing and meditation while active as a composer, music teacher, and writer on women's music.
91	**The Red Rains: Resources on Menstruation**	**Valerie Wheat**	Valerie Wheat is a radical librarian and an editor of *Booklegger* magazine, San Francisco.
95	**The Book of Hags**	**Deena Metzger**	Deena Metzger is the author of *Skin; Shadows/ Silence,* West Coast Poetry (1976), and director of the writing program of the Feminist Studio Workshop, Los Angeles.
101	**Joan Snyder: Toward a Feminist Imperative**	**Ruth Iskin**	Ruth Iskin was the editor of *Womanspace Journal.* Currently she is director of the Woman's Building Galleries.
117	**Sibling Mysteries**	**Adrienne Rich**	Adrienne Rich is the author of eight books of poetry. Her most recent works are *Twenty-One Love Poems,* published by Effie's Press, Emeryville, California, and *Of Woman Born,* W.W. Norton, New York.
121	**Poem in Four Movements for My Sister Marian**	**Honor Moore**	Honor Moore wrote *Mourning Pictures,* a verse play about her mother's death, which will be published in May in *The New Women's Theatre* (Vintage).
127	**Reviews:** *Lady of the Beasts* by Robin Morgan	**Leah Fritz**	Leah Fritz's book, *Thinking Like a Woman,* was published last year by WIN Books, Rifton, New York.
	Literary Women by Ellen Moers	**Frances Jaffer**	Frances Jaffer is a poet whose work has been published widely. Her next book, *Anytime Now,* will be published in the Spring by Effie's Press, Emeryville, California.

"Did I ever have a chance?" Patriarchal judgment of Patricia Hearst

Kathleen Barry

I am not arguing that woman is evil and anti-moral; I state that she cannot be really evil; *she is merely non-moral.*

—Otto Weininger



Who is the real Patricia Hearst/ Patty/Tania?

Is she, as many of her jurors said, the woman who was programmed by her attorneys? Is she the girl who would say anything just to save her life? Is she, as her attorneys contend, a neurotic, brainwashed? Is she, as her mother believes, a victim who was looking down the barrel of a gun? Is she a violent outlaw or a kidnapped heiress? Liar or loving daughter? Converted revolutionary or turncoat? Frightened, fragile lover of Soliah or former tentative fiancee of Weed? Rich kid out for adventure? Common criminal?

Is Patricia Hearst any one of these, or some, or all? Has her true identity been revealed through her trial or through her terrorism, by the USA or the SLA? Can we trust her to tell us who she is or where her loyalties lie?

Female slaves

Through all the confusion and continuing controversy surrounding the saga of Patricia Hearst, there has been no attempt to look at her simply as a woman - a woman caught in the violence of patriarchy against women. The closest parallel in women's experience is probably that of female (sex) slaves, women who are abducted and sold into brothels where they are forced to stay as prostitutes. Formerly known as white slavery, this practice is still prevalent today. It is widely believed that female ("white") slavery is a better forgotten, unpleasant element of the 19th century. On the contrary, incredible as it may seem, there still flourishes a national and international slave trade in women.* Female slavery has several different patterns, the most common involving the abduction of women by men who will sell them into brothels after they have been "seasoned." The woman's will must be broken before she can be sold into prostitution. Initially, as a frightened kidnap victim, she is not useful as a prostitute. By breaking her will, her abductors make her completely dependent on them. Isolation, beatings, starvation, drugs, rape . . . After only a few days of continuing brutality, the woman is thankful for a drink of water or a meal. Her relationship with her abductors becomes one in which she eventually feels grateful for not being beaten or for some apparent small kindness. When she is raped, she is just thankful it wasn't murder. She is still alive!

By means of this "seasoning," the woman becomes totally dependent on her captors. She learns through it that she must please them if the pain of the "seasoning" is to stop. And at the same time the men deliberately keep her confused about their expectations of her so that she will try harder to please them. In this way, she learns to become what her abductors expect her to be. She learns to be a survivor in a situation she never expected to encounter. Her attempts to adapt to the expectations of her captors are the only ways available to her to handle her captivity. At first she may attempt to act, or "go through the motions," in meeting her captors' demands. But she is never quite sure whether she is pleasing them, and so she must convince herself as she continues to "try harder." By the time she is forced to prostitute herself, she is trapped in an overwhelming dependency wrought out of her attempts to survive.

While the woman is going through this, she knows that there is no returning. She has prostituted herself. She can no longer think of escaping back to a life where that behavior - that level of need and dependency - either doesn't exist or is carefully covered. She is sold into prostitution and doesn't try to escape. Could her husband, boyfriend, mother, or even the police possibly believe she wasn't just another streetwalker? The sense of judgments being made upon her from the outside completely cuts her off from the possibility of return, if she *could* escape. There is no turning back. While she may have thought initially that she was being brutalized by her abductors, she now sees them as the ones who are keeping her alive. In that way, she becomes a slave.

It is not difficult then to understand why, after being placed in the Hibernia Bank robbery, Patricia Hearst could not return even if she could have escaped. She was indeed living in fear of the FBI as well as the SLA; but fear can coexist with dependency - especially for women. And as the months passed and her fear of the SLA began to wane, the dependency would not. Only slowly, with increasing freedom from her captors, could she try to reconstruct her life in the best way she knew. While she was enslaved by the SLA she was not only a victim, but also a survivor. For the former, Patricia Hearst has garnered much pity; for the latter, she has been condemned.

Her word

Whether before the U.S. courts or the SLA War Council, Patricia's life has depended on her word. And in her trial, her word—which ultimately was her only defense—counted for very little. At times it worked against her; it never seemed to work in her behalf. What would make her word so suspect? Regardless of her recent history with the SLA she had not proven herself by any standards of criminality to be innately deceptive. It was remembered, of course, that she had evaded an embarrassed FBI for nearly two years, but it was quickly forgotten that her life as a fugitive was spawned by a vengeful kidnapping.

Patricia Hearst's life as an heiress, as a kidnap victim, as an alleged revolutionary, as a prisoner of the State, has set her apart from other women. That is a rare combination of roles for anyone. But while the description of her life appears to make her separate, special, and isolated, her treatment by the patriarchy has been, in fact, no different from that which any other woman experiences from patriarchy. Neither Patricia Hearst's word, nor that of the rape victim, nor that of the welfare mother, nor that of the prostitute can be accepted or believed without male corroboration in patriarchy, especially when it is being used to defend one's life or well-being. Various states require corroboration of a rape victim's testimony in order to prosecute rapists; midnight visits by teams of certified social workers to the homes of welfare mothers have been the method for determining whether the woman has a man living with her or not; nowhere can a prostitute report a rape, a beating, or a burglary and expect the complaint to be processed. Regardless of her circumstances, class, or social standing, a woman defending her life in and against patriarchy is not to be believed, especially without legitimized male corroboration.

While it was of negligible consideration in the trial of Patricia Hearst, her report of her kidnapping by the SLA was the only thing that all parties - defense, prosecution, judge, jury - accepted. Even though he didn't appear in the courtroom or testify at the trial, Steven Weed had many times publicly described the kidnapping of his then-fiancee, Patricia. In this one instance, her word had been legitimately corroborated, and formal testimony wasn't necessary to believe her. For the rest of it - her life as a kidnap victim, as a fugitive - we have only her word, her testimony. Her life continues to hang on the worth of her word.

Patricia Hearst testified that after being abducted from her apartment in Berkeley, her life was constantly threatened while she lived first in one closet and then in another for 57 days. Bound and blindfolded, she endured the overwhelming heat of the closet. She was allowed to go to the bathroom only at her captors' will for two weeks, and later would be allowed to go when she knocked on the door. Her menstrual period stopped. She was fed periodically, but initially she couldn't eat. When she did, she often sat blindfolded outside the closet with the humiliation of knowing that her captors were watching her eat. After she had spent two weeks in the closet her hands were tied in front of her, and she was grateful that they no longer had to be tied behind her. She was allowed to bathe once a week - attended by her captors, who wore ski masks. She was allowed to see only while bathing, and she experienced extreme pain as the light struck her eyes. Everything was distorted. When music wasn't playing on the radio outside the closet door, she heard her captors' guns: "I would hear a lot of clicking noises; and it sounded like clips going in and out of guns and sometimes they'd make noises like they were shooting and I could tell like that they were standing right in front of the closet and doing it at me." During her 57-day confinement, the SLA moved from Daly City to the Golden Gate apartment. Patricia was stuffed into a garbage can for the move.

She was told that she had to pay for the sins of her parents. In pain and humiliation, she was dependent on her captors for air, for food, for the opportunity to uriniate, for her life. This dependency was reinforced when she was ordered to make the first taped message, telling her family "Mom, Dad, I'm OK," and asking her father to cooperate with her captors. A tape recorder was brought to her in the closet, and she was given instruction on how to make the first message. Later the SLA women berated her for not doing well enough and reported her to Cinque, who meted out her punishment by means of sexual abuse.

At one point she was approached in the closet by Angela Atwood. "She said I was going to sleep with William Wolfe," Patricia recalled. Later, Wolfe entered the closet and raped her. (The same act was perpetrated by Cinque about a week later.) During her trial, Patricia testified to her hatred for Willie Wolfe. Emily Harris called a news conference and denied that Wolfe could have stirred such negative feelings in Patricia, declaring him to be one of the sweetest, most gentle men she had ever known. But Mizmoon, who died in the Los Angeles shoot-out, recorded a feeling closer to that of Patricia's:

Willy . . . I hate him
I want to scream
next time he touches me
Get your God Damned Hand Off
My Body!
(but his hands never were)
damned . . . he's bein' only
friendly . . . I'm not being
paid to have him maul me
Get your damned mind
off my body!
(Ref. 1, p. 230.)

*This is the subject of my book, *Female Slavery*. In it, I am documenting specific incidents of female slavery and presenting testimony from women who have survived and escaped slavery.

After 57 days she was allowed to leave the closet, and two days later, Patricia reports, her hair was cut by Nancy Ling Perry down to one inch all over her head. Prior to leaving the closet, she was probably allowed out occasionally for some exercise and political discussion. During these discussions she realized that the SLA knew more about her father's wealth than she did. She was endlessly interrogated with questions she could not answer and demands for information she did not have. This tactic kept her in the untenable position of trying to meet her captors' impossible expectations of her while increasing her sense of futility and helplessness and engendering guilt in her for the wealth and practices of the Hearst empire.

Certainly Patricia Hearst would succumb to the fear which we as women have learned when she was seized in her kitchen and dragged from the Berkeley apartment in February of 1974. And she would, as the minutes and hours and days passed, sink more deeply into that fear.

Males are socialized to fight against fear, not yield to its force. Females, on the other hand, learn at an early age to accept their fears. In a society that cultivates weakness in women, they frequently submit to their fears and then randomly – without design – try to fight their way out, usually becoming dependent on someone else to help neutralize the source of the fear.

But unlike most victims, Patricia did not have the opportunity to try one thing or another to alleviate her fear, to save herself. Fear usually tends to narrow options, but Patricia'a options had not narrowed - she had no options. She could neither act on her fear nor be restrained by it. She could only internalize it. It affected her health, and it must have dominated her emotions. But through it all, despite the overwhelming impact her fear must have had on her, it did not destroy her will or her efforts to survive.

Lying

Did Patricia Hearst tell the whole truth, nothing but the truth, so help her god? It is argued that she lied to save her life; it is not argued that she told the truth to save her life; it is not argued that her attorneys gave her a story to fit their strategy; it is not argued that her defense attorneys developed a defense strategy based on her story.

It was, after all, known that Patricia Hearst stated in inflammatory rhetoric that she chose to stay with the SLA. Photographs placed her in the Hibernia Bank robbery. She admitted firing a gun to cover the Harrises at Mel's Sporting Goods Store in Los Angeles. Could she be telling the truth when she described these actions in terms of her own survival? Who would believe her?

Not the prosecution; it is the duty of the State to prosecute anyone engaged in criminal activity. But what about her lawyers? The defense strategy concocted by F. Lee Bailey was a clear statement to Patricia and to the world of his lack of confidence in his client's veracity. Would he have portrayed her as a neurotic, mindless, brainwashed victim if he didn't believe she was guilty as charged? He not only created a description of her that would remove her from any responsibility for her actions, but he provided a platform for legitimizing *his* picture of her by the experts. While Patricia was simply a witness in her defense, one psychiatrist after another exerted his expertise on her, attempting to assert or destroy, through that expertise, the credibility of her word. According to this strategy, she did not have to be believed. Legitimized male authority assumed that responsibility. And the judge and jury were asked not to believe the often contradictory words of Patricia Hearst, but instead to accept psychiatric testimony on her motivation for those words and actions. When neither judge nor jury accepted this strategy, all that was left was her word.

The Court was quick in moving to dismiss or at least diminish the impact on the jury of the experts' interpretation of Patricia Hearst's state of mind. When the case was handed over to the jury, it was clear that the only real evidence in her behalf was her own word. And her word, her description of her captivity with the SLA, was not believed. In fact, one male juror I interviewed had a significant respect for Patricia's captors. "It is difficult for me to conceive that all seven of those people were crazy, all mad dogs . . . These people appeared to treat her in some reasonable fashion." Those people he was referring to were members of the group that had taken responsibility for the brutal murder of Marcus Foster. Patricia Hearst's words paled in contrast to the integrity this juror attributed to her captors. Neither did the jury believe that she was raped. Another man on the jury stated he was not sure: "It could have gone one way or another," and, "It was only her word." And another juror, discussing Patricia's confinement in the closet, asserted, "We (the jury) didn't think she had been in the closet that long . . . In deliberations we felt she had been in the closet *only two weeks.*" (Emphasis added.)

Each of the jurors I interviewed described Patricia as listless, empty, pale. In awaiting her answers to questions put to her by attorneys about the brutality she experienced from the SLA, the jury expected to hear emotional outbursts. But, as one juror said of her testimony on rape, "She described it so calmly and didn't have any emotion in her voice." This led another juror to assert that she had simply been programmed by her attorneys. "She fit exactly what she was portrayed to be – selfless, helpless, defenseless creature." And so, it was reasoned, Patricia was lying through her body as well as through her words. Her clothes, her tone of voice, her complexion, her sad eyes all meant – to the jury and to the vigilant public that followed this trial – something other than what they were. In a society that requires women to lie through their bodies with makeup, wigs, bras, girdles, and other affectations, it is assumed that women never look like what they really are. And yet, not to dress in the expected role may bring the wrath of society down on women by causing them to be labeled "loose" or deviant.

Shortly after her trial Patricia's lung collapsed, and after surgery her doctors reported that she was generally in a debilitated condition. A legitimate authority on her physical condition finally made her pale, listliss state seem real, even believable. But it was too late. She had already been convicted for lying.

The only voice in this proceeding that credited Patricia's word – a voice that was not officially heard in the deliberations – was that of Mary Neiman, an alternate juror. She would have held out for acquittal even if it had meant a hung jury. Agreeing that Patricia was listless in the courtroom, Mary saw this as a result of her experiences and an indication of her truthfulness. "She could have made herself look better if she were lying." Dramatics would have impressed the other jurors, while to Mary dramatic staging would have been more questionable. For example, when asked why she wrote on the wall of one apartment in Spanish and signed her name "Tania," she said only that everybody else did it and they expected her to do it too, so she did. She offered no dramatic stories of great force exerted on her. This was sufficient for Mary Neiman, but the impaneled jurors needed to see violent force governing *all* her actions.

Probably the pivotal question on which the credibility of Patricia's word rested was her willingness to join the SLA. On April 3, 1974, in a communique from the SLA, Patricia's voice pronounced:

I have been given a choice of, one, being released in a safe area, or, two, joining the forces of the Symbionese Liberation Army and fighting for my freedom and the freedom of all oppressed people. I have chosen to stay and fight.

On February 9, 1976, she provided in open court a description of the context in which that decision had been made. Recalling that her captors had notified her parents that she would be released only as an April Fool's joke, she went on to testify:

Well, a few weeks before, DeFreeze told me that the war council had decided or was thinking about killing me or me staying with them, and that I better start thinking about that as a possibility. Then he came in later and said that I could go home or stay with them. I didn't believe them.

It is not fair to conclude that Patricia lied to DeFreeze when given the option of staying or being freed. Clearly, she saw her options as joining the SLA or being murdered. She had been kidnapped, struck with the butt of a rifle, raped, given black eyes several times, and told constantly, over a period of weeks, that she would be killed if she didn't cooperate in anything



Los Angeles Times

her captors asked of her. The SLA advocated revolution by murder and had already implemented that strategy once. Her decision was not to join the SLA, her decision was to stay alive. And it was for that decision that she was convicted.

Patrica Hearst, after being locked in a closet for 57 days, simply interpreted what was presented to her on the basis of previous information and acted on what she interpreted. But even though she engaged herself in this basic human interaction, she was expected – if she wanted to be considered *innocent* – to have gone against her perceptions and intuition and risked her life for freedom from the SLA. She didn't, and since then she has been publicly and privately condemned as being just a bored rich kid out for cheap thrills with revolutionaries.

To vindicate herself, Patricia was expected to fight to her death or at least to be able to walk away from her captors and into the hands of the FBI – even after witnessing on television the massacre in Los Angeles. She was expected to be able to extricate herself from her fear for her life at the hands of either her captors or the FBI, and to undo the dependency that had been cultivated with great calculation by her captors. To vindicate herself to the SLA, to the American Left, and to the other self-proclaimed revolutionary movements, she was expected to espouse to the death (*her* death) the cause of violent revolution through assassination. Had she refused to testify in her own behalf, she could have secured the support of the "revolution." Considering all this, as a woman, I am forced to ask myself what it means to have to be dead to prove yourself honorable in patriarchy.

Rape was one of the brutalities Patricia Hearst suffered while a captive of the SLA. But on another level, *rape* is the metaphor for her whole experience. Consider the woman held to the ground by the massive weight of a male body with a knife held to her throat. At that moment, her only thought is to survive this violence. Because of the knife she knows that the likelihood of her survival diminishes if she resists. She does not resist; she does what is expected of her and leaves with bruises and torn clothing, having been forcibly penetrated, but still with her life. She reports the rape to the police and the psychological torture continues.

Rapes are rarely witnessed. Therefore, when it comes to trial, the victim's word is usually the major evidence for the prosecution. And one quickly realizes from one rape trial to the next that in patriarchy a woman's word is hardly heard and that it is her loyalty to patriarchy that is being evaluated. And so the woman's character is assaulted. The ruthless, uninhibited attempts to destroy a rape victim's character in court parallel directly the portrayal of Patricia Hearst as being without moral integrity in her fight for her life. The defense attorney hurls at the rape victim, just as the prosecution and the public hurled at Patricia Hearst, "You can't have it both ways!"

In a rape case, the woman's husband may consider, as many men have, that he cannot forgive or accept this *infidelity,* forced though it may have been. The rapist in court is amazed that the woman thought of it as anything other than a sexual encounter into which she had lured him. And the judge will traditionally tell the jury that the testimony of the victim should be taken with more caution than that of other witnesses. I am suggesting here that rape was, and continues to be, the experience of Patricia Hearst. It matters not at whose hand the abuse has been suffered or who is defendant and who is victim. *Patricia Hearst has been raped by the SLA, the American Left, the U.S. Courts, the defense, and the jury.* And each in turn has expected her loyalty and condemned her when she has changed it – to save her life.

Loyalty

From the moment Patricia Hearst's abduction became a national event, demonstrations of her loyalty were sought from each part of the patriarchal spectrum. She was, for the American Left, first a converted revolutionary and then a turncoat, a snitch. She was, for the U.S. Government, first a victimized heiress, loyal to the Great American Dream she inherited, then a common criminal – disloyal to her family, the law, and the American Way of Life.

But what, after all, is loyalty – that quality which has been so sorely tested and judged and found wanting in Patricia Hearst by all sides? Loyalty is first a dedication, a faithfulness, an allegiance to something – to one's country, to one's employer, to one's family. One is loyal to that which is in one's best interest, which is consonant with one's values. Loyalty is asked of those to whom certain rewards and privileges are given. In return, one adheres to a particular system of values and beliefs which determine the object of the loyalty as well as define the practice of it. Patriotism is loyalty to the fatherland for the rights and privileges it guarantees its citizens. On the other hand, measures of political correctness are used to determine loyalty to male left ideology and politics which are in opposition to the fatherland. Above all, loyalty is patriarchal – it is the granting and protecting of rights and privileges to men, by men, for men. It is the bonding of the brotherhood.

One further note on loyalty – it should not be confused with assumptions that it is based on principles of morality. As the men of Watergate, the CIA, the corporate structure, and the brotherhood of johns, pimps, and rapists all demonstrate, loyalty to government, the job, the family, all encompass room for violence, deception, swindling, and fraud. The brotherhood of patriarchy is confirmed in double and triple standards. Loyalty to one's wife is not inconsistent with beating a prostitute any more than loyalty to one's government prevents one from defrauding it in the name of protection of freedom.

Consider the question of female loyalty in the brotherhood of patriarchy – for that is where all women live. When I began to explore the problems of loyalty that Patricia Hearst has faced over the last two and a half years, it became immediately apparent to me that I could not speak from first-hand experience on the subject of loyalty except within the context of personal relationships. I could not speak of the privileges I have been granted or the protections I have been afforded for being loyal to a country, to a job, or to a political organization. As a woman, I simply can never receive from patriarchy that which has been set up for the brotherhood. There are no institutions, no politics, no government where those of my sex have not been dominated, subdued, and robbed of our potential and talents as we are excluded from patriarchal privilege.

What then does it mean for a woman to be loyal in patriarchy? It means allegiance to a country that systematically denies women equal rights with men or to a revolution that promises to replace one group of men with another. It means allegiance to a medical establishment that has maimed and mutilated women in hysterectomies, mastectomies, and estrogen therapies. It means allegiance to a virility cult that asks the woman jurist not to convict young male rapists, thereby damaging their chances for a prosperous future. It means allegiance to a motherhood cult which raises that experience onto a pedestal and knocks it to the ground when there is no male present to validate it. It stems directly from the linear thinking which always and only allows for two opposite sides. It assumes that loyalty to one patriarchy means disloyalty to another. In linear thought, the world is ordered in dichotomies where there are only two sides to everything.

It was immediately assumed (except by her parents) that when Patricia announced "I've chosen to stay and fight," she had shifted her loyalties to the other side. Everyone assumed she meant what she said on that tape, for there is no room in linear thinking for any other options or possibilities. Some believed she meant it and had become a revolutionary, while others believed she meant it, but was brainwashed, and so had no responsibility for it. Her mother, Catherine, alone believed that perhaps in addition to the brainwashing her daughter was just trying to survive: "She was looking down the barrel of a gun." But to the patriarchal parties in control of this scenario, she was either Tania, the revolutionary, or Patricia Campbell Hearst, alias Tania, common criminal.

The SLA had captured the attention of America by kidnapping this young heiress. Now, in order to continue to capitalize on her, they had to raise her from the status of a kidnap victim. As Tania, she would be a symbol of revolution. And as a symbol she would no longer be thought of as Patricia Hearst, a young woman. Symbols provide a way of removing attention from that from which the symbols are derived.

As quickly as Patricia became a symbol to the Left for the revolutionary cause, her symbolic value increased immeasurably for the Right, who pursued her now as a criminal. It should be recalled that, according to her own words, Patricia was not responsible for her elevation to this level. She chose to stay with the SLA out of fear of being murdered.

Of course one real coup for the SLA was the sympathy they received from a heretofore disapproving Left for having raised the consciousness of a woman of privilege, a member of the bourgeoisie, to the plight of the oppressed. Not only did they succeed in punishing Randolph Hearst personally and economically by the kidnapping of his daughter, but they embarrassed him for all the Left to see by having his daughter denounce him and the family as "the pig Hearsts."

Because of the double standards afforded to the brotherhood, no one thought it strangely inconsistent that it was this group that had committed the racist murder of

Marcus Foster and the misogynist kidnapping of Patricia Hearst. What mattered is that they got her to identify on tape with the plight of the oppressed. It didn't matter that their moral values were not consistent with their political rhetoric. And, interestingly, no one ever asked, "What is in this for Patty?" But for those who were confused by the absence of this question, the answer came back from the American audience: "Just a rich kid out for adventure."

Through it all, the SLA has been exempt from scrutiny of the vast disparities between their idealistic political rhetoric and their ruthless, vengeful actions. Most often they have been considered well-intentioned but a little misguided. They have not been expected to account either for their violence or for their lack of loyalty to any principles. In contrast, the most absolute standards of loyalty have been demanded of Patricia – even though there was nothing in it for her. When she was arrested, she was expected to continue to support people, actions, and symbols that meant nothing to her. Her refusal to do so, her continued attempts to save her life, allowed the Left and the SLA remnants, along with liberals and radicals, to condemn her as morally bankrupt.

On feminism

Feminism, at least echoes of it, permeated the leftist rhetoric of the SLA. Shortly after Patricia was kidnapped and before it became clear who the members of the SLA were, theories were pronounced by reporters and investigators that the SLA was a feminist revolutionary organization. Having acquired some of the papers left in the house burned by Nancy Ling Perry, Marilyn Baker (then a reporter for San Francisco's KQED) asserted that "women are the dominant force, the leadership of the Symbionese Liberation Army."(Ref.2, p.57.) She supported this assertion with references to the papers from the SLA house: "The only major editorial correction that appeared in them, again and again, was the reversal of the order of *man and woman,* and *men and women* every time they were typed." (Ref. 2, p. 57.)

This theory, being propounded by news reporters, investigators, and the FBI, fed directly into the image that the SLA was trying to exploit. The most viable, visible, and active social movement of the 1970's has been the Women's Movement. An image of solidarity with feminism could allow the SLA to get media attention based on the energy that the Women's Movement had created.

But the "feminist" rhetoric of the SLA was far removed from their political practices. And it is that discrepancy which must be challenged by feminists, for in that discrepancy are reflected some of the most misogynistic practices of patriarchy. Feminists must scrutinize the contradictions between the SLA's rhetoric and their political actions – a scrutiny from which they have been protected by the male Left. For example, while SLA women were claiming to go beyond the traditional male role of passivity, they were adopting the traditional male role of violence in the male model of militarism. Patricia Hearst's testimony revealed the large extent to which the SLA women were doing the bidding of their male leaders. And Emily Harris states:

We got ourselves into such a heavy military state of mind that we lost control of our conditions . . . It was safe for the men to think of themselves as our teachers and political commissars . . . We behaved like the "Ladies Auxiliary of the Left." We were just so grateful *to the men for taking the time to teach us – so we could help save their asses!* (Ref. 3, p. 36.)

This contrite statement, coupled with other "feminist" rhetoric, clearly documents the false loyalty to male leaders apparent in the behavior of the SLA women. In reality, the SLA only created an image of feminism through superficial changes in language patterns and by adding women as a token appendage to their list of oppressed groups.

In fact , the SLA, while proclaiming themselves to be in support of feminism, violated in the most dangerous and vicious way the basic principles of feminism by *kidnapping a woman to punish her father* and justified it because she was from a privileged class. And so behind the shabby "feminist" rhetoric of the SLA we actually find *men against men over the body of a woman.*

Feminism, to the women of the SLA, has been a kind of self-improvement ideology, one that would take them from passive roles to active ones, improve their language patterns, and allow them to achieve recognition legitimately from the men in their group. But feminism was never seen as a force that must confront patriarchy. That is why the SLA did not recognize the threat Patricia Hearst's "conversion" represented to the patriarchal establishment. To the FBI and the general public, she was dangerous and threatening, not simply because of some abstract identification with another class, but because as a woman she was defying – for all the world to see – the sex role traditions in which she had been reared. She had been a loving daughter, but after her "conversion" she was a woman trampling on all the female virtues to which she had been so carefully socialized. She had openly rejected wealth, her family, her fiance, and the protection of the FBI. There were few female roles that tradition begs us to play that Patricia didn't challenge as "Tania."

What was assumed to be her ungratefulness and her defiance angered the public and enraged the establishment. The Attorney General denounced her as a common criminal. For two years she was hunted down with a vengeance that was carried into the courts, where the final stage was set in making an example of a woman who goes so far in rejection of what patriarchy has offered her. During that time there were no assumptions that she was just trying to survive. It is hard to imagine that degree of wrath or that level of insensitivity toward a *male* heir who tried as he might to survive a kidnapping; one presumes that he would be given the benefit of the doubt.

It was not just because Patricia defied sex roles that this wrath was brought down on her; it was the further implications of her role rejection. In a patriarchy set up to protect and thereby confine women, Patricia Hearst had turned her back on rather elaborate offers of protection – her father's wealth and the FBI's support (even though accepting could have meant her death). Try as they might, Emily Harris, Camilla Hall, Patricia Soltysik, Angela Atwood, or Nancy Ling Perry could never have rejected so much, for they never had so much patriarchal love, support, and protection offered to them. As a child of wealth, Patricia had inherited in total the Great American Dream for womanhood. The other women were only on the fringes of such a patrimony. But Patricia could have had it all. It was her rejection of this inheritance, her defiance against the offerings of patriarchal protection, which brought down the wrath of the FBI in the form of an anti-feminist backlash. And the backlash was directed against Patricia, who was not at that time intentionally a feminist, through her involuntary involvement with the SLA – a group that, ironically, had no genuine commitment to feminism.

The judgment of Patricia

As the first trial of Patricia Hearst came to a close, the parallel between her experiences and those of the female slave became pronounced. Not only had she undergone a violent and brutal abduction and "seasoning," but as she was "turned out" as an SLA revolutionary, she was – and continues to be – condemned by the Government, the courts, and the public. Patriarchy has proven again that there is no room in it for a woman who, as a victim, tries to survive. It was tragically ironic to see Patricia Hearst brought from her jail, chained and cuffed by the U.S. Government, at the same time that the SLA fringes and the New World Liberation Front were threatening her life and bombing her parents' property to punctuate the seriousness of their threats. It was even worse to hear that Federal marshals, in attempting to remove her (without her doctor's permission) from the hospital near Marin to Los Angeles, threatened to wrap her in a sheet and drag her out over the objections of her attorney. This not only recalled her original abduction two and a half years earlier – it was a threat to reenact it!

Because the Court had effectively dismissed Patricia's word – counting it as worthless – the judge was able to sentence her to a full seven years, noting that *her* conduct could not be condoned, that a lesson must be made of *her* to serve as a deterrent to others. As the SLA's vengeance against women shades and blends into the USA's, we find that the lesson to be learned – from Cinque to Judge Orrick – is that a woman who tries to survive men's violence against her will pay the full price of patriarchal wrath. Recognizing this at the time of her conviction, Patricia Hearst said simply, "Did I ever have a chance?"



Hibernia Bank



San Francisco Examiner

Postscript

Since this article was written, Patricia Hearst has been released from jail in the custody of her parents. The Hearsts provided $1.5 million bail and an elaborate security system to bring their daughter home. Patricia subsequently granted a half-hour interview to CBS News at the Hearst ranch at San Simeon. Both events provided poignant displays of the wealth and power of the Hearsts.

And both events are sources of new judgments against Patricia. Again she has been found guilty by the American Left and the American Public - guilty of using her family's wealth to her advantage, guilty of using her power to command apparently sympathetic TV network attention, guilty of true upper-class insensitivity in her statement that those SLA members who died in the Los Angeles shootout "got exactly what they deserved."

While these charges speak to the false demands for loyalty from women in patriarchy, it remains a fact that the SLA has effectively made a symbol of Patricia Hearst – a symbol of the evils of wealth. When her parents' wealth worked to her disadvantage, it was said *she* got what she deserved. Now that their wealth is bringing her some advantage, it is said that she is getting special privileges she doesn't deserve.

A new round of accusations and judgments testify to the strength of the symbol Patricia Hearst has become of the unfair privileges and abuses of the corporate upper class. As before, when her symbolic value heightens, her victimization is obscured. Across the political spectrum, those who resent wealth and feel anger at corporate abuses can vent their resentment and anger on Patricia Hearst. This process is developing into a national phenomenon of vicarious and symbolic assault on Randolph Hearst and the Hearst Corporation. The political impotence of those who would challenge Hearst is pathetically focused on his daughter, leaving his corporate practices virtually unchallenged.

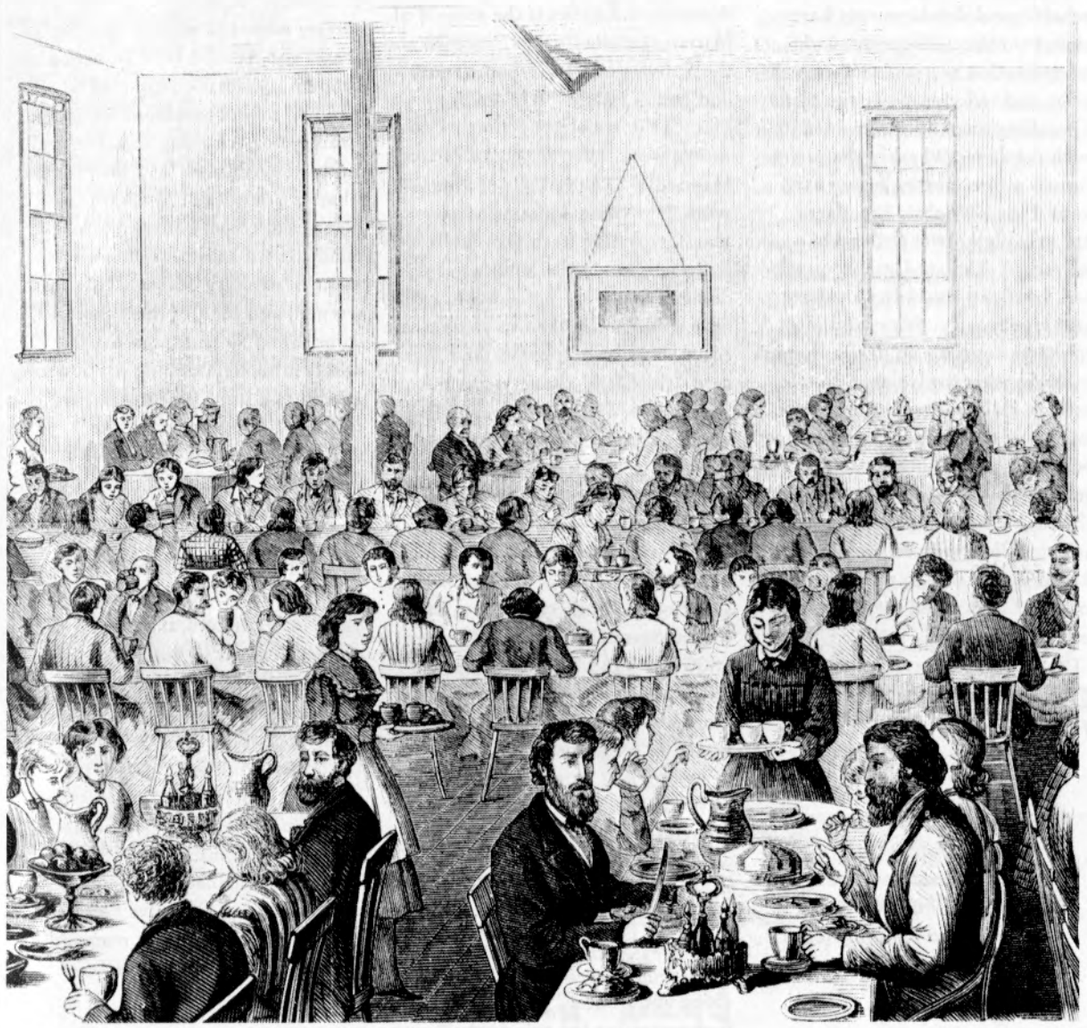
There is nothing new in politicos "getting off" on attacking women as a substitute for attacking men and male institutions. Susan Brownmiller, in her book *Against Our Will,* eloquently discusses the rape of black women by white men as a way of acting out racist hostility against black men. And she describes black men's retaliation, with the rape of white women substituting for violence against the white male oppressor. In rape, as in the kidnapping and enslavement of Patricia Hearst, we find the ultimate statement of woman as male property.

But after all, Patricia Hearst has demonstrated a vigorous and admirable will to survive. She survived beatings, rape, and incarceration by the SLA as well as by the State. She survived for more than two years without knowing whether the "people you're with (are) going to kill you because you outlived your usefulness to them." Through all her struggles to survive, her family's wealth has worked against her. And now, as a survivor, she has been returned to the many privileges of wealth and the love and protection of her parents. (Ideally we would like to see women survive without dependency and paternalistic protection, but women have not yet gained that kind of power and self-sufficiency.) For the first time in three years Patricia Hearst is in the daily company of people who love her.

Finally, my hope for Patricia Hearst's ultimate survival was significantly strengthened by her statement that those killed in the Los Angeles shootout "got what they deserved." While I personally would prefer to have seen those people captured and in some way made answerable for their crimes, I applaud the ability of any kidnap/rape victim to express truly justified anger and hatred for her captors and rapists. This is where women begin in ending violence against themselves.

References

1. Fred Soltysik, *In Search of a Sister* (New York: Bantam Books, 1976).
2. Marilyn Baker, *Exclusive* (New York: Macmillan, 1975).
3. Howard Kohn and David Weir, "The Lost Year of the SLA," *Rolling Stone,* April 22, 1976.



1. Domestic work in a communal family:
Oneida Perfectionists' dining room, 1870. (From *Frank Leslie's Illustrated Weekly Newspaper,* April 9, 1870.)

By what art, what charm, what miracle, has the twentieth century preserved alive the prehistoric squaw!
—Charlotte Perkins Gilman, 1903

I'm not your little woman
Your sweetheart or your dear,
I'm a wage slave without wages,
I'm a maintenance engineer!
—Combine, London, England, folk song, 1974

The private home

A rosy glow suffuses the portrayal of domestic life in much American and European visionary architecture of the past century. Economic and technological developments have subjected offices, factories, and transportation systems to cycles of design and redesign while the plans of dwelling units have remained much the same. Whether the private home is a freestanding house in Frank Lloyd Wright's Broadacre City or a high tower flat in Le Corbusier's Radiant City, domestic work has been treated as a private, sex-stereotyped activity, and most architects continue to design domestic workspaces for isolated female workers. Political revolutions have not shaken the home either. In most socialist countries housekeeping remains private, "women's" work. Although extensive child-care facilities allow women workers to extend their hours in the factory, nothing has changed their jobs at home.

The feminist economist Charlotte Perkins Gilman satirized home worship in a short poem:

Oh! the Home is utterly perfect!
And all its works within.
To say a word about it—
To criticise or doubt it—
To seek to mend or move it—
To venture to improve it—
Is the unpardonable sin![1]

Gilman was perhaps reviewing her own unpardonable sins. Between 1898 and 1903 she laid out the lines of an attack on the home which is still valid today: "The two main errors in the right adjustment of the home to our present life are these: the maintenance of primitive industries in a modern industrial community, and the confinement of women to those industries and their limited area of expression.[2] A good number of 19th-century feminists had anticipated Gilman in these views; many contemporary feminists are still working along these two lines. Unwaged female labor in primitive domestic industries is the subject of Mariarosa Dalla Costa's "Women and the Subversion of the Community" and Selma James' "A Woman's Place"; the sex-stereotyping of domestic work is the subject of Patricia Mainardi's "The Politics of Housework."[3] These contemporary manifestos have been translated into political campaigns—some groups demand wages for housework, while others encourage men to assume an equal share of housework and child care. Ultimately these two political movements must converge, calling for drastic changes in traditional "women's" work and drastic redesign of the environments in which domestic work is conducted.

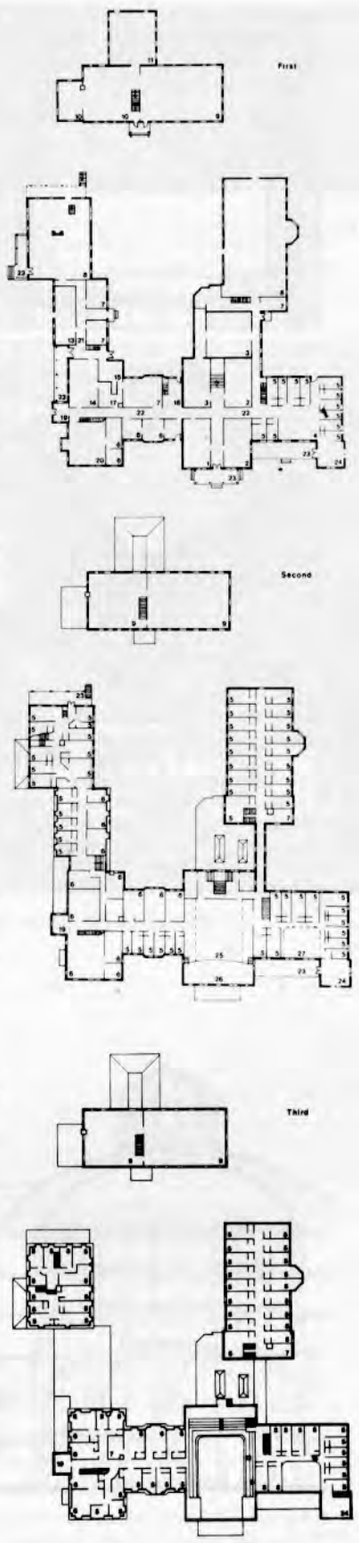
This essay surveys some social and architectural aspects of feminist agitation for domestic reform in the United States and Europe between 1800 and 1915. The designs and buildings are aimed at restructuring domestic work. They are not presented as solutions to the problems of "women's" work, but as critiques of the traditional home developed in architectural form rather than in words. In many respects they suggest more significant social options than the ideal family housing of the same period. Promoters of company towns often constructed "ideal" factories along with "ideal" workers' housing, demonstrating the role of the housewife and the house in keeping workers happy on the job. Tenement house designers played a similar role in late 19th-century cities. In contrast to those reformers who promoted domestic stability through improved family housing, the utopian socialists and cooperative housekeepers discussed in this essay challenged the traditional single-family home. They questioned the appropriateness of isolated domestic work. They criticized the separation of work and home, production and reproduction, brought about by the development of industrial capitalism.

Utopian socialist alternatives

The earliest campaigns against private domestic work in the United States and Europe were launched by utopian socialists committed to building model communities as a strategy for achieving social reform. Both Robert Owen (1771-1858) and Charles Fourier (1772-1837) supported collective housework and child care to assist in the development of equality between men and women, and each of them inspired some 20 to 30 American experiments in model community building, as well as a few European experiments. As Fourier put it, the Associationist movement would introduce communal facilities which would make the most elegant conventional private home appear "a place of exile, a residence worthy of fools, who after three thousand years of architectural studies, have not yet learned to build themselves healthy and comfortable lodgings."[4]

Fourier's followers and other advocates of cooperative housekeeping criticized private houses as isolated, wasteful, and oppressive. John Humphrey Noyes, founder of the Oneida Community (1847-1881), complained of the "gloom and dullness of excessive family isolation," or the "little man-and-wife circle," where one suffered "the discomfort and waste attendant on the domestic economy of our separate households."[5] Alice Constance Austin, architect of the Llano del Rio Community (1914-1938), described the traditional home as a "Procrustean bed" which maimed women, an "inconceivably stupid" arrangement which confiscated their labors.[6] Other domestic reformers who were not themselves utopian socialists echoed these sentiments. Melusina Fay Peirce, founder of the Cambridge Cooperative Housekeeping Society (1869-1872), claimed that all the best years of her life were sacrificed to the "dusty drudgery of house-ordering"—"a sacrifice so costly and unnatural" that she started organizing.[7]

In contrast to the private houses which these domestic reformers denounced as isolated, wasteful, and oppressive, they hoped to build communal or cooperative facilities for domestic work—tangible, architectural demonstrations of the workings of a more egalitarian society. The architectural form which various arrangements took was determined by the economic and social structure of the communities they served, so that the problems of mechanizing and measuring domestic work were met with a great variety of ingenious solutions in urban, suburban, and rural situations. To begin with, at least three types of economic and social organizations must be distinguished: the rural utopian socialist community functioning as a large family; the rural utopian socialist community containing nuclear families within it; and the urban or suburban cooperative housekeeping society whose members included both nuclear families and individuals.

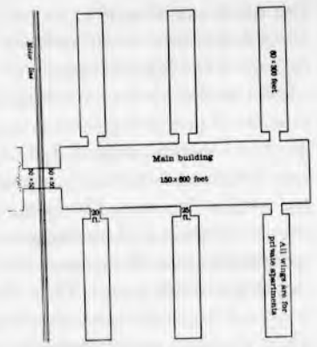


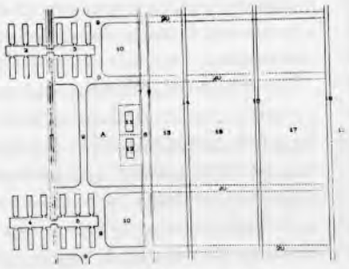
The communal family

Utopian socialist communities organized as large families often wished to abolish the nuclear family in order to promote greater attachment to a shared communal ideology. Total economic communism and a commitment to free love (viewed as the sexual counterpart of economic communism) were often required by such groups. They often preferred large communal dwellings where members were housed in rooms or dormitories connected to a communal kitchen, dining room, and nursery.

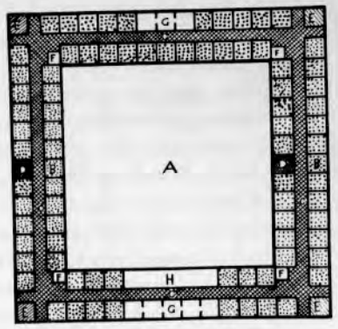
Some communal families and their architecture are well known. The Oneida Perfectionists, led by John Humphrey Noyes and Erastus Hamilton, the community's architect, built a very substantial communal home for 200 members, beginning in 1846 in central New York State. The masthead of their paper, *The American Socialist,* dedicated it to "the enlargement and improvement of home," and in 1862, with the dedication of their Second Mansion House, they claimed that "Communism in our society has built itself a house."[8] Views of Perfectionist communal housekeeping facilities were widely published in popular illustrated magazines between 1850 and 1875 (fig. 1 and 2).

2. Plans of communal dwelling for 200 Perfectionists at Oneida, New York, 1861 - 1881: 1, office, cloakroom; 2, reception room; 3, library; 4, lower sitting room; 5, single bedroom; 6, shared bedroom; 7, bathroom; 8, lounge or workshop (?); 9, workshop; 10, dining room; 11, dining room addition; 12, balcony of hall; 13, west sitting room; 14, home parlor; 15, nursery kitchen; 16, balcony of upper sitting room; 17, nursery; 18, "hub"; 19, south tower; 20, children's parlor; 21, west avenue; 22, ground corridor; 23, porch; 24, north tower; 25, hall; 26, stage; 27, upper sitting room. (From Hayden, *Seven American Utopias.)*

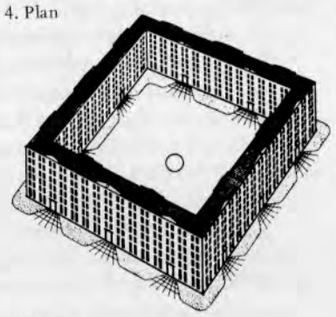




3. Henry Olerich, diagram and site for "big houses," 1893.
A, a park ¼-mile wide, extending from motor line to boulevard all around community; 1, a double-track motor line; 2, 3, 4, and 5, "big houses"; 6, a 100-foot-wide boulevard; 7, 8, footpaths; 9, a 100-foot walk leading through and around "big houses" from ont to another; 10, two outdoor nurseries for little children; 11, 12, two artificial lakes for bathing and swimming; 13, a 500-foot-wide conservatory and greenhouse; 14, a walk between greenhouse and garden; 15, a 1,000-foot-wide garden; 16, a walk between garden and orchard; 17, a 1,000 foot-wide orchard; 18, a walk between orchard and field; 19, field, extending clear across to opposite side of orchard; 20, walks extending across park, greenhouse, garden, etc., from "bog houses" to field. (From *A Cityless and Countryless World,* 1893).



4. Plan

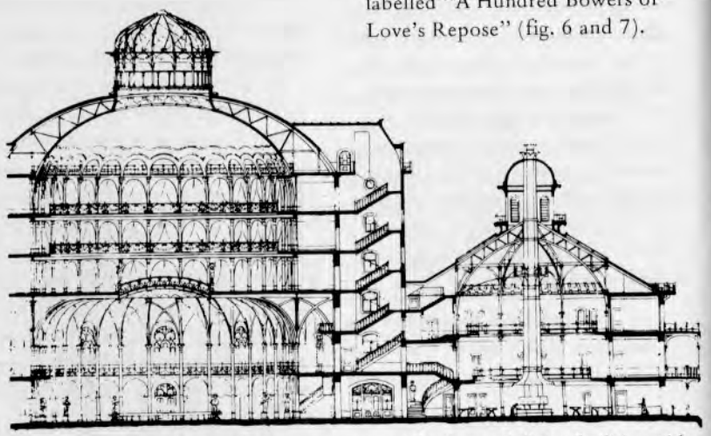


5. View

Henry Olerich, cooperative mansion showing private apartments: A, the 300-foot open court; B, private apartments; C, 10-foot halls; D, public nurseries; E, public toilets; F, self-running elevator elevators; G, suites of three- and five-room apartments; H, large compartment for five roomers. (From *The Story of the World A Thousand Years Hence,* 1923.)

Compared with the eclectic Victorian mansion of the Oneidans, the housekeeping arrangements of *A Cityless and Countryless World* seem rather diagrammatic. Based on free love and nonsectarian utopian socialism, these plans for "big houses" (figure 3) were published in 1893 in Holstein, Iowa, by Henry Olerich, who argued that "a family of husband, wife and their children, living alone in a country home, are largely wasting their lives, socially and economically."[9] Single bedrooms for every individual line broad corridors leading to communal service areas. The "big houses" are surrounded by mills and factories. Olerich described his later designs as "modern paradise" and predicted they would form the living arrangements of "the world a thousand years hence."[10] (See fig. 4 and 5.)

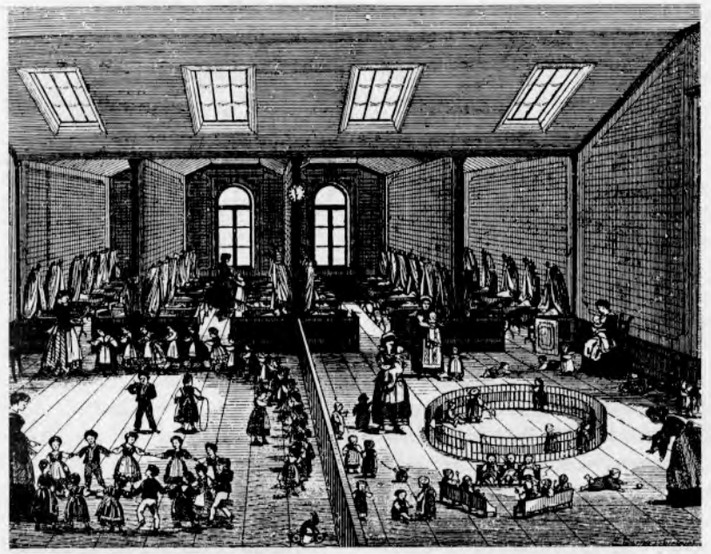
Another plan for a "Social Palace" for a spiritualist community, headed by Thomas Lake Harris at Fountaingrove, California, in 1894, suggests the possible whimseys of collective housekeeping in a communal family practicing free love. Facilities for "special household arts and crafts" are balanced by those for "light industry"; one has a view of a menagerie, another a view of an aviary. A section through the communal kitchen and dining facilities shows curtained banquettes in tiers, labelled "A Hundred Bowers of Love's Repose" (fig. 6 and 7).



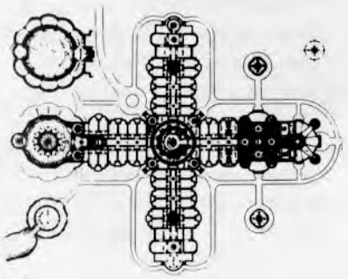
6. Section of "Social Palace," showing communal kitchen and dining facilities, with "A Hundred Bowers of Love's Repose." (Courtesy Horrman Library.)



8. Domestic life in a community including families: view of the Familistere, housing 1,200 people, Guise, France. At right is the iron foundry. At left, in the rear, the dwellings; and in the foreground, bakery workshops, cafe, nursery, school, theatre, restaurant, butcher shop. (From J.A.B. Godin, *Social Solutions,* New York, 1873.)



9. Nursery at the Familistère. (From Godin, *Social Solutions,* 1873.)



7. Plan for a "Social Palace" at Fountaingrove, California, 1894, anonymous. (Courtesy Horrman Library, Wagner College, Staten Island, N.Y.)

The communal organization including families

In contrast to those utopian socialist communities where specific social, religious, or sexual practices were enforced among members of the communal family living under the communal roof, the utopian socialist communities which contained nuclear families within them offered more diverse housekeeping and child-care arrangements. Usually nuclear families had some private territory to themselves as well as access to communal kitchens, dining rooms, and nurseries. Some organizations wished their housing to take the form of a "unitary dwelling," which contained all of these disparate communal and private facilities; others developed networks of related buildings, including private family houses or small apartment houses and various communal housekeeping facilities.

Fourierists, or Associationists, favored the Phalanstery, a single building containing both communal housekeeping facilities and private apartments for resident families. The Familistère at Guise, France, built by Jean-Baptiste-André Godin, beginning in 1859, provided innovative housing for several hundred iron foundry workers and their families. Apartments included private kitchens, but the Guise complex contained a large dining hall and cafe as well (fig. 8 and 9). Some earlier Fourierist communities in the United States built an even greater range of dwellings. At the North American Phalanx—a community of about 125 members established in New Jersey in 1843—a communal kitchen, laundry, and bakery were contained in the same building as private apartments (without kitchens) and dormitories, but members were also permitted to build private houses (with kitchens) on the domain.[11]

In contrast to the Fourierists' "unitary dwellings," coherent villages composed of private apartments and communal housekeeping facilities were built by other groups. The Harmony Society, led by George Rapp, built three towns in the United States between 1805 and 1824. Nine hundred members at Economy, Pennsylvania, lived in small communal houses and dormitories, each with its own kitchen, but they also had a large communal kitchen and "Feast Hall" used on special occasions. The Amana Inspirationists built 52 communal kitchen houses, each serving about 50 people, in the seven communal villages which they established in Iowa in 1855 (fig. 10). Residents dwelt in family apartments (usually four apartments to a house) and in dormitories. Schools, kindergartens, and other workshops were located near the residences and kitchens.[12] Similar arrangements prevail in the Bruderhof and Hutterian communities which are still active in the United States and Canada: small buildings containing several family apartments, some with minimal private kitchens, are served by communal cooking and dining facilities. This is also the arrangement most common in Israeli *kibbutzim*, although communal residences for children replace day-care facilities, giving parents even more freedom to take part in other aspects of communal life.

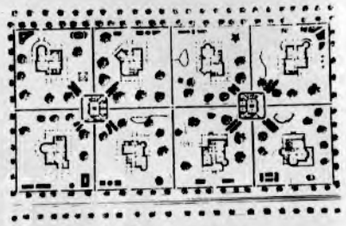


10. View of small apartment houses and kitchen houses in Amana, Iowa, 1875. (From Charles Nordhoff, *The Communistic Societies of the United States*, New York, 1875.)

The cooperative housekeeping service

The organizers of cooperative housekeeping services were not utopian socialists. They believed in private property and the private home. They hoped to imitate the utopian socialist housekeeping arrangements previously described and transplant them to urban or suburban neighborhoods. These organizers expected nuclear families to subscribe to a cooperative housekeeping service as a matter of rational self-interest. Of the three approaches to domestic reform, this one required the least in the way of social and economic conformity, but proved the most difficult to finance and control in practice.

Melusina Fay Peirce and members of the Cambridge Cooperative Housekeeping Society, middle-class women, many of them the wives of Harvard professors, organized the first such cooperative housekeeping service in Cambridge, Massachusetts, in 1869. In 1870 they established a cooperative store, laundry, and bakery for 40 subscribing households, but they did not provide child care, since the scheme was intended to give women the opportunity to spend more time with their children. The members argued for the inclusion of cooperative housekeeping services in the apartment houses which were at that time being introduced for middle-class residents in the United States, but architects and developers opposed any measures which would involve the owners of multiple dwellings with the problems of domestic cooperation. In 1871 the Cambridge experiment was discontinued, but Peirce continued to lecture and write for the cause, publishing *Cooperative Housekeeping: How Not To Do It and How To Do It, A Sociological Study*, in 1884. Although Peirce herself was not an architect and never published plans of the cooperative housekeeping facilities she described, Marie Howland, a feminist and a former resident of the Familistere in Guise, France, collaborated with an engineer, Albert Kimsey Owen, and an architect, John Deery, to product architectural plans for cooperative neighborhoods around 1885. One plan shows four single-family houses grouped around a building with kitchen, dining room, laundry, and bakery (fig. 11).



11. Plans for single-family houses and with cooperative housekeeping facilities, Howland, Deery, and Owen, 1885. (From A.K. Owen, *Integral Cooperation*, New York, 1885.)



12. Bradford Peck, public restaurant building, 1900. (From Bradford Peck, *The World A Department Store*, Lewiston, Maine, 1900.)

In *Women and Economics*, published in 1898, the economist Charlotte Perkins Gilman recommended kitchenless houses of a similar sort, suggesting that they can be linked in urban rows or connected by covered walkways in a suburban block. Like Peirce, Gilman also recommended the construction of kitchenless apartments with collective dining facilities for women with families.[13] Two later books added to this vision: *Concerning Children*, 1900, described the benefits of professional day-care arrangements; *The Home, Its Work and Influence*, 1903, provided a detailed critique of private, inconvenient domestic architecture.

Cooperative housekeeping schemes were not only supported by feminist reformers; they also became the subject of popular utopian novels at the end of the 19th century. In 1874, in *Papa's Own Girl*, Marie Howland described a Familistère transported to Massachusetts. Edward Bellamy's best seller of 1887, *Looking Backward*, dealt with a socialist Boston in the year 2000, when families dwell in luxurious private apartments and dine in communal halls served by communal kitchens. A slightly later novel, *The World A Department Store*, published by Bradford Peck in Lewiston, Maine, in 1900, included illustrations of such an arrangement. Private apartments were restricted to parlor, bedroom, and bath, and the city was dotted with "public restaurant buildings" looking very much like many city halls built at that time (fig. 12). Peck's housing was similar to that built in Amana, Iowa, described in the previous section, but he expanded a communal system to include a whole city of cooperative consumers.

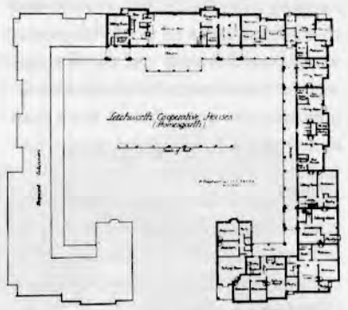
English enthusiasm for cooperative housekeeping was as keen as American. Melusina Fay Peirce, Charlotte Perkins Gilman, and Edward Bellamy all had English disciples as well as American ones. Raymond Unwin advocated cooperative housekeeping arrangements in his influential treatise written in 1901, *The Art of Building a Home*, and he seems to have interested Ebenezer Howard in cooperative housekeeping as well; Howard organized extensive experiments in cooperative housekeeping at the Garden Cities of Letchworth and Welwyn, England. "Homesgarth" included 32 kitchenless units built in 1909, while "Meadow Way Green" included 23 kitchenless units built in Letchworth between 1915 and 1924. Residents shared a common dining room and kitchen, where they ate one cooperative meal a day, prepared at first by the women tenants on a two-week rotation and later by a hired cook. The experiments (fig. 13, 14, 15, and 16) lasted at least 30 years. Guessens Court at Welwyn was a similar venture including 40 kitchenless units served by cooperative housekeeping facilities which functioned until the time of World War II.



13. H. Clapham Lander, architect, Homesgarth, Letchworth, England, view; built in 1909. (From C.B. Purdom, *The Building of Satellite Towns*, 1925.)



14. View of tenant's dining room, Homesgarth. (From Purdom.)



15. H. Clapham Lander, Homesgarth, plans, (From Purdom.)

This brief review of housing arrangements designed by utopian socialist communities and cooperative housekeeping societies can only begin to suggest the variety of plans for domestic reform devised in hundreds of utopian socialist experiments and dozens of cooperative housekeeping societies. It is difficult to assess the effect of such unorthodox domestic architecture on the female and male domestic workers who participated in these innovative projects. Nevertheless, one can examine evidence from various experiments relevant to Gilman's two demands: an end to primitive domestic industries and an end to women's confinement within domestic industries.

Most experiments in utopian socialism hoped to seize economic initiative in three areas: agricultural, industrial, and domestic work. By combining the labor of many workers, male and female, they proposed to end the isolation of the individual farmer, industrial worker, and housewife, improving efficiency through some division of labor while keeping all individuals involved with these three areas of work. Improved work environments and equal wages were often advertised to make such communities attractive to both men and women, farmers and industrial workers. This was the ideal: the reality for female workers often included improved work environments but rarely equal pay, and only occasionally an end to confinement in domestic industries.

More efficient domestic work

The major achievement of both utopian socialist communities and cooperative housekeeping societies was ending the isolation of the housewife. Shaker women sang funny songs about cooking and cleaning while they worked; Moravian women and men working together in a communal bakery reported that "If you have pleasure and love for anything, all effort and labor are light." Workers in the 52 kitchen houses which were built by the Amana community claimed that they were the "dynamic centers of the villages." Besides being places for village celebrations, the Amana kitchen houses, with eight or ten women working under a *Kuchenbas,* became centers of news and information. A resident described going to the kitchen house "for the only social life we know, for snatches of gossip and legitimate news, and just ordinary companionship."[14]

Sociable work usually implied more efficient work through the division of labor. One of the difficulties of private housework which Melusina Fay Peirce and the Cambridge Cooperative Housekeepers protested was the lack of specialization. According to Peirce, a young bride with a traditional home was not setting up housekeeping, but undertaking to practice "three trades at once," cooking, laundering, and sewing.[15] Cooperative housekeepers found, however, that new approaches to the division of labor were difficult to reconcile with traditional concepts of private property, which might include both the home and the wife. "What!" exclaimed the husband of one of the Cambridge Housekeepers. "My wife cooperate to make other men comfortable?"[16]

Societies with some commitment to utopian socialism were able to exploit the division of domestic labor most effectively. Kitchens became shops serving the entire community, like other facilities. Gardening, preserving, cleaning, baking, cooking, ironing, gathering herbs, and caring for children were all skills required within the communal economy which could be learned. Activities aimed at reproducing the community's labor power took their place on organizational charts parallel to agricultural or industrial production. All members, male and female, were required to put in a certain number of hours per day, and all work areas were designed to a certain standard.

Economies of scale in domestic life provided an obvious justification for better design and equipment: 50 private families might need 50 kitchens and 50 stoves, but a communal family, with one large kitchen and one large stove, had the resources to invest in additional, more sophisticated labor-saving devices. Both utopian socialist communities and cooperative housekeeping societies took pride in providing themselves with the latest in heating, lighting, and sanitation devices, designed to ensure the health of their members and lighten domestic labor. And what they didn't acquire, the men and women of the group might invent.



16. Shaker ironing room, showing conical stove to warm flatirons, 1873, New Lebanon, N.Y. (From *Frank Leslie's Illustrated Weekly Newspaper,* Sept. 13, 1873.)

The Harmony Society constructed floors which could be removed so that it was never necessary to carry furniture up and down stairs, and they devised special insulation and ventilation for their houses. The Oneida Perfectionists installed gas light, steam baths, and steam heat in their communal Mansion House in the 1860's. This last comfort caused almost hysterical excitement: "Good-bye wood sheds, good-bye stoves, good-bye coal scuttles, good-bye pokers, good-bye ash sifters, good-bye stove dust, and good-bye coal gas. Hail to the one fire millennium!"[17] Yet, significantly, the Oneidans retained one wood-burning stove in a small room they called their "Pocket Kitchen." The warmth of a direct heat source in a small space was appreciated as having nurturing qualities which couldn't be improved upon. Here was the community medicine chest and a place for telling one's troubles.

Charles Nordhoff, a travelling journalist who visited many American communes in the 1870's, commented that "A communist's life is full of devices for ease and comfort."[18] Lists of domestic inventions produced by members of various utopian socialist communities are equalled only by the lists of inventions in their other industries. The Shakers have to their credit an improved washing machine; the common clothespin; a conical stove to heat flatirons (fig. 16); the flat broom; a removable window sash, for easy washing; a window-sash balance; a round oven for more even cooking; a butter worker; a cheese press; a pea sheller; and an apple parer which quartered and cored the fruit. Members of the Oneida Community produced a lazy-susan dining-table center, an improved mop wringer, an improved washing machine, and an institutional-scale potato peeler. (Their community policy was to rotate jobs every few months, so that a technique learned in one community shop might be the source of inventions to speed another sort of task.) Members of cooperative housekeeping societies designed different types of containers to keep cooked food warm for delivery to subscribers, and sometimes their inventiveness was applied to the design of special wagons and vans for delivery as well.

Inventiveness also extended to developing equipment and spaces for child care. The Amana Inspirationists built large cradles which could hold up to six children for their kindergartens. At the Familistère in Guise, France, great care was spent on designing the perfect individual cradle—one which was finally devised was a cradle filled with bran, screened to eliminate dust (fig. 17). Moisture caused the bran to form pellets, which could easily be removed without the need to bathe the child or change linen. Bran was changed once a month. The same community devised a special device for teaching young children to walk, a circular structure of supports surrounding a center filled with toys and games (fig. 18). Other communes had specially designed furniture at child scale, a novelty not to be found in most 19th-century homes. One commune, the Bruderhof, still supports itself today by manufacturing "Community Playthings." Outdoor spaces might be designed with children in mind as well: the Oneida Community had an extensive landscaped playspace; the Shakers created model farms and gardens for their boys and girls; the Llano del Rio community organized their teenagers to build a clubhouse and dormitory called the "Kid Kolony."

Commercial extensions of domestic work

Utopian socialist communities often found it profitable to manufacture and market their domestic inventions, such as the Shakers' improved washing machines, their sash balance, and the Bruderhof's toys, but this was not the only commercial extension of their domestic life. Once domestic "women's" work was officially recognized, timed, and costed it might become a source of revenue to extend these domestic services to customers outside the community. Thus a communal sewing room might begin to manufacture cloaks, or a communal kitchen might also function as a restaurant. Among the Shakers, well-equipped facilities for spinning, dyeing, weaving, sewing, and ironing made it possible to fill a demand among outsiders for warm Shaker cloaks. And the Oneidans, by the 1870's, were serving hundreds of visitors meals every week. Members of the Woman's Commonwealth, a community in Belton, Texas, actually made hotel and laundry management their major source of income, taking over a hotel in their town as both a communal residence and a profit-making venture.



17. Nurse preparing a cradle, Familistère, Guise, France. (From Edward Vansittart Neale, *Associated Homes,* London, 1880.)

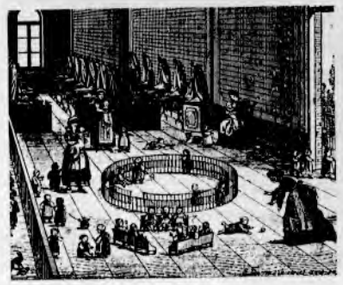
Women's confinement to domestic industries

If the first goal of domestic reformers was efficiency in domestic industries, the second was ending the confinement of women to domestic work. This could be achieved in part by allowing women more time to themselves, but full achievement required the involvement of women in many traditionally "masculine" areas of work.

In most of the experiments described, cooking, cleaning, and child care remained "women's" work, despite some limited participation by men in these activities. But, because of the division of labor and the introduction of labor-saving devices, women's overall hours of work were limited. Rather than being on call day and night, like the average wife and mother, most utopian socialist women had leisure to develop their interests—reading, writing, participating in musical or theatrical performances, developing friendships, enjoying amorous relationships. This gave them a degree of freedom unimaginable in the larger society. Women involved in cooperative housekeeping societies enjoyed increased leisure as well, especially if their organization provided day-care facilities, but many urban and suburban societies did not develop such programs.

Although most experiments managed to limit the hours of work for women, utopian socialists did not always grant equal pay for domestic work compared with other communal industries, and they did not always encourage women to enter other areas of work. The celibate Shakers kept all areas of work restricted by sex; men and women never worked together. Other communes, like Oneida, the North American Phalanx, and the Llano del Rio community, made gestures toward encouraging women to enter administration, factory work, and other nondomestic jobs. (Llano, however, offered women only 75 percent of male wages, whatever jobs they did!) Consciousness of the problems of socialization for "women's" work was high at Oneida, where young girls were told to get rid of their dolls lest they learn to be mothers before they had learned to be persons.[19] Consciousness was not enough, however, for although some Oneida women worked in the community factory, most worked in domestic industries, apparently by choice, and the situation was the same in most other utopian socialist communities, especially those which encouraged women to perfect domestic skills. One old photograph of a sewing class at Guise showing only young women in attendance suggests the kind of community pressures which countered some groups' official proclamations on "women's" work.

If the utopian socialists had problems in ending the sex-stereotyping of domestic work, the cooperative housekeepers had even greater difficulties in overcoming both sex and class divisions in urban and suburban communities. Some cooperative housekeepers like Melusina Fay Peirce attempted to restrict their experiments to women participants, arguing that domestic work was women's proper sphere, and that women must develop domestic industries without male interference.



18. Children learning to walk, Familistère, Guise, France, 1873. (Detail of fig. 9.)

Other groups did include male participants. Many cooperative housekeeping societies, however, accepted hierarchical organizational structures which put educated, middle-class managers at the top and paid less skilled dishwashers and laundry workers rather poorly. As a result, there was often much more conflict among the cooperative housekeepers than in the communal "families" of the utopian socialists.

What, in the end, did all these attempts to develop convincing domestic alternatives actually achieve? The typical houseworker today, in Europe or the United States, is still isolated in the home, a workplace relatively unchanged since the 1860's. A recent sociological study estimates that the housewife puts in, on an average, 70 hours of work per week, experiencing monotony, fragmentation, and speed-up in her work which exceed that of assembly-line workers.[20] Yet most assembly-line workers at least have labor unions which can demand that their labor be recognized and compensated; the housewife works on an invisible assembly line, and she is expected to deliver a "labor of love."

The experiments described in this paper did not have much influence because these plans were only suitable for a socialist, feminist society, the like of which we have not yet seen. The most convincing experiments are the utopian socialist ones; when private property gets in the way, cooperative housekeeping either falls apart or is relegated to servants, and middle-class women (and men) purchase their freedom at the expense of working-class women. Even in the most consistent experiments, there is a sense of unreality—it is all too perfect, with round ovens, clever tables, and ingenious cradles. Everyone is so busy working out the details of the new arrangements that they have no time to think about the world outside the experiment. Nevertheless, it is essential to know that a domestic architecture developed on a collective rather than a private basis has existed, in workable and complex forms as well as in fantastic and unrealistic ones.

The problem of isolated female domestic labor is not one which can be solved by architects, but architects can refuse to collaborate in idealization of the private home with the "little woman" smiling over the stove. A collage by the collective of Italian architects, Superstudio, satirizing the "Happy Island" with the woman isolated behind the ironing board, provides effective criticism of private housing. Even more pointed is "Woman-house," an exhibition of environments designed by the Feminist Program at California Institute of the Arts in 1971. A collection of satirical domestic environments was arranged within a single house to demonstrate the fusion of women's identity with the dwelling as workplace. The linen closet was portrayed as a prison, with a woman shut behind the shelves. The kitchen shocked visitors with surrealistic fried eggs turning into nurturing breasts, and a simple comment on the sex-stereotyping of the kitchen as a place for woman's work. Every appliance, every workspace, and every tool was painted light pink, that "feminine" color.

These artists and architects are extending men's and women's consciousness of the home as a workplace where women are traditionally exploited as unpaid workers. The historic plans and experiments of previous generations of domestic reformers may not seem particularly practical now, but they are part of a long history of revolt against the single-family home. They suggest our power to imagine something better; they revive a sense of possibilities, urgencies, and priorities. We can no longer take the housewife, or the house, for granted. The angry refrain of the patronized, unpaid woman echoes through a ballad composed of worker's demands: "I'm not your little woman, your sweetheart or your dear, I'm a wage slave without wages, I'm a maintenance engineer!"

Acknowledgements

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Footnotes

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2. Charlotte Perkins Gilman, *The Home: Its Work and Influence* (1903), Urbana, Ill.: University of Illinois Press, 1972, p. 10.

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7. Melusina Fay Peirce, *Cooperative Housekeeping: How Not To Do It and How To Do It, A Sociological Study*, Boston: James R. Osgood, 1884, p. 181.

8. John Humphrey Noyes, address on "Dedication of the New Community Mansion," *Circular*, Oneida, N.Y., Feb. 27, 1862, p. 9. Further details of this project are discussed in Dolores Hayden, *Seven American Utopias: The Architecture of Communitarian Socialism, 1790 - 1975*, Cambridge, Mass.: M.I.T. Press, 1976.

9. Henry Olerich, *A Cityless and Countryless World*, Holstein, Iowa: Gilmore & Olerich, 1893.

10. Henry Olerich, *Modern Paradise*, Omaha, Neb.: Olerich Publishing Co., 1915, and *The Story of the World a Thousand Years Hence*, Omaha, Neb.: Olerich Publishing Co., 1923.

11. See "The Architecture of Passional Attraction," in Hayden, *Seven American Utopias*.

12. See "Communes Within Communes," in Hayden, *Seven American Utopias*.

13. Charlotte Perkins Gilman, *Women and Economics* (1898), New York: Harper Torchbooks, 1966.

14. Barbara S. Yambura, with Eunice Bodine, *A Change and A Parting: My Story of Amana*, Ames, Iowa, 1960, p. 79.

15. Peirce, *Cooperative Housekeeping*, pp. 38-39.

16. *Ibid*, p. 108.

17. Oneida *Circular*, Feb. 14, 1870, p. 380.

18. Charles Nordhoff, *The Communistic Societies of the United States* (1875), New York: Dover Press, 1966, p. 401.

19. Judith Fryer, "American Eves in American Edens," *American Scholar*, Vol. 43, Spring 1974.

20. Ann Oakley, *The Sociology of Housework*, London: Martin Robertson, 1974, gives average figures for hours of housework (p. 94) and develops an argument about monotony, fragmentation, and speed, based on a survey of housewives in London (p. 87).

In 1905 Dr. Sigmund Freud presented the world with his theory on infant sexuality. He informed a society still deep in Victorian prudery that very little children had strong erotic drives. His theory shocked middle-class sensibility at first, but eventually this same middle-class society came to find Freud to be quite right. Today it is almost generally agreed that children have erogenous zones and sexual feelings, but, since Freud's interest focused on the psychosexual aspects of human development, he gave little attention to other infantile endowment. He chose not to notice that just as children are sexually aware, so are all their other faculties intact, and therefore they know when they have been humiliated and exploited. So when Freud claimed that children who reported sexual abuse by adults had imagined or fantasized the experience, he was quite wrong. Children know the difference between reality and fantasy, often with more accuracy than adults, and sexual advances are in fact made to children in the course of everyday life. To insist that these advances are imagined is to underestimate a child's perceptive capacity, create doubt and confusion, undermine self-confidence, and provide the food upon which nightmares are nourished.

I remember that as a child I struggled with a nagging fantasy in which I pleaded desperately with disinterested adults to acknowledge my fears. Considering that I had been told that my tonsillectomy was "not that bad" or that the dentist whose hands were between my legs was really "fixing my teeth," my concern was not unfounded. Somehow I knew even then that if one is ignored or not believed too long and too often, one can lose one's bearings, panic, and even go mad. As I grew older it was some consolation to learn that I had no monopoly over the theme of my nightmare; many were so intimate with its horror that it became a favorite motif in literature and art. Franz Kafka was a master at communicating the anxiety resulting from general disregard of personal fear and sense of danger. Ralph Ellison's *Invisible Man* found the lack of recognition of his feelings so unbearable that he installed countless electric light bulbs in his room to illuminate and verify his existence. The world of science and suspense fiction is permeated with the eerie loneliness of distorted reality, and the theme has captivated a coast-to-coast television audience with the everlasting *Twilight Zone, Star Trek,* and *Chiller Theater.* But my favorite, still enjoyed by late-show insomniacs, is the 1944 film *Gaslight,* a tale which so impressed public imagination that still today the word "gaslight" is used to describe an attempt to destroy others' perceptions of reality and, ultimately, their sanity.

In summary, the plot – set in the Victorian era – has Charles Boyer marrying Ingrid Bergman, not for love, but to gain access to her home, where precious jewels were hidden. Once ensconced in her house and impatient to embark on his treasure hunt, Boyer planned to get rid of his wife. He calculated to unnerve her so that eventually she would agree to be "put away." To accomplish this, he simply altered the world in which Bergman lived and trusted. When she sent a servant on an errand, he assured her that the order had never been given; a pair of scissors placed on a table could not be found there, only to turn up eslewhere; and when the gaslight flickered, he convinced her that it was not the light but her

perceptions that were failing. Gradually she became unsure and unsteady, and soon was so shaken that she could barely function. Boyer pretended concern, suggested a doctor, a rest cure, but just as she was on the brink of total collapse Joseph Cotten (always vaguely in the background) arrived to expose the scoundrel and rescue Bergman's reality, confidence, and sanity.

Because so many identified with the victim, this movie enjoyed great popularity. Personally I know I have been "gaslighted" frequently in my lifetime, not the least traumatic instance being the denial of my own molestation. I recognize, however, that the gaslighting procedure, as it applies to the subject of sexual abuse, is far more serious than a Victorian suspense story and more effective than one man's treachery. It evolves from widespread indoctrination. Sigmund Freud, whose theories have enormous influence on modern thinking, knew that the sexual abuse of children existed, but he could not reconcile the implications of that abuse with either his self-image or his identification with other men of his class, and thus he altered his telling of reality. Eventually he succeeded in gaslighting an age into ignoring a devastating childhood reality and a very serious social problem.

A Freudian discretion

Early in his career Freud believed that little girls often experienced sexual abuse because his patients, predominantly women, consistently reported childhood instances of sexual molestation. Many of Freud's patients suffered from hysteria, a common Victorian ailment affecting middle-class women. The symptoms included loss of voice or appetite, compulsive vomiting, sneezing, coughing, temporary blindness, deafness, paralysis, or epilepsy, and these symptoms, with no discernible organic base, were resistant to medical treatment.* Since his hysterical patients repeatedly reported sexual abuse, most often naming their fathers as the abusers, Freud drew a causal connection between sexual abuse and neurosis.** Before he formulated his better-known theories he framed the "seduction theory," in which he pointed to a direct connection between sexual abuse in childhood and adult hysteria. But this repeated and persistent incrimination of fathers by his patients made him uneasy, and, never quite comfortable with the seduction theory, he mentioned it publicly only in the year 1896 and not again until much later (1933), when he was able to reassign the abuse to female fantasy and disavow it as erroneous:

Almost all my women patients told me that they had been seduced by their father. I was driven to recognize in the end that these reports were untrue and so came to understand that the hysterical symptoms are derived from phantasies and not from real occurrences. (Ref. 1, p. 584.)

More at ease with the fantasy rather than reality of sexual abuse, Freud was even more comfortable when he could name the mother rather than the father as the seducer. When he implicated the mother, however, he assured us that maternal seduction was based on reality:

It was only later that I was able to recognize in this phantasy of being seduced by the father the expression of the typical Oedipus complex in women. And now we find the phantasy of seduction once more in the pre-Oedipus pre-history of girls; but the seducer is regularly the mother.* Here, however, the phantasy touches on the ground of reality *for it was really the mother who by her activities over the child's bodily hygiene inevitably stimulated and perhaps even aroused for the first time, pleasurable sensations in her genitals.* (Ref. 1, p. 584. Emphasis added.)

Before Freud could conclude that seduction by fathers was a fantasy, he had to be rid of his earlier theory. Since men did not complain of maternal seduction Freud limited the "imagined" abuse to a specific female problem: " I was able to recognize in this phantasy of being seduced by the father the *typical Oedipus complex in women.*" To remove the onus from fathers, Freud found it necessary to undermine the perceptions of his female patients. Unable to accept the father as seducer, he exchanged female veracity for female fantasy. And perhaps this shift can be better understand if we look at Freud the man, who, endowed with his share of human imperfection, had a history of withholding or altering information that did not suit him.

In the process of exploring the human psyche, Freud courageously exposed personal weakness, conflicts, anxieties, and neurosis, but he withheld facts and feelings in two major areas – areas he established as vital to the understanding of the human personality: childhood and sex. At age 29, in anticipation of a curious posterity, he destroyed all his early work, notes, and diaries because he said he "couldn't have matured or died without worrying about who would get hold of those old papers." (Ref. 2, p. 11.) But even in later life, when fortified by success and prestige, he was still unable to trust a scientific and interested public, and so the story of Freud's childhood is unknown to us. And if little is known about his childhood, less is known about his sex life.

Freud formulated the Oedipal complex, the theory of innate erotic attraction of children to parents of the opposite sex, and he gave us the "libido theory," or sex energy as a vital life force. Yet this man who saw the sex drive as a dominant factor in personality development, and the struggle to sublimate sexual gratification as essential to practical survival, to the mature psyche, and to all of civilization, for that matter, told us nothing of his own sexual impulses, sexual conflicts, or experiences.* What makes this concealment even more surprising is the fact that Freud used his life, his conscious and unconscious being, as a prime tool for understanding and explaining all of human sexuality. His theories evolved from self-analysis and the interpretation of his own dreams, yet he never once revealed a masturbatory fantasy, or a sexual passion, nor did he ever associate "one of his dreams with an erotic desire or a woman." (Ref. 2, p. 63.) Andre Breton, French poet and essayist, criticized Freud for the stubborn and illogical silence that surrounded his own sex life, and even ventured to call him dishonest, but Freud never took up the challenge nor addressed himself to this issue. It should come as no surprise, then, that Freud also saw fit to censor what he thought was other ill-advised information. In a footnote to the 1924 edition of his *Studies on Hysteria* (1895), he confessed that he had altered some studies for reasons of discretion. In two cases he had substituted an uncle for a father as sexual abuser:

I venture after the lapse of so many years to lift the veil of discretion and reveal the fact that Katharina was not the niece but the daughter of the landlady. The girl fell ill, therefore, as a result of sexual attempts on the part of her own father. (Ref. 3, p. 174.)

And he added a similar footnote to the case of Fraulein Rosalia H. : "In this instance, too, it was in fact the girl's father, not her uncle," who was the seducer. (Ref. 3, p. 211.)

It is customary in all professional relationships to protect a client or patient by disguising individual identity in a public presentation, and Freud adhered to this practice meticulously. He carefully changed names, places, and other revealing clues, but to camouflage an entire group such as parents or "fathers" was not required or necessary, and such alteration could change the essential dynamics of the case history. In evaluating a case, whether it is the father or uncle who molests a child is of utmost importance, since a child's relationship with her father has much different meaning than that with an uncle; by altering this fact, Freud altered the case itself. Freud claimed to have made this significant change in the name of discretion, to protect fathers from unfair bias, but he was not moved to exercise the same discretion for the honor of daughters. In an age in which the sexual feelings of women were considered unseemly or even revolting, Freud freely exposed the sexual emotions of his female patients. In his presentation of "Dora" (1905), he did not hesitate



Sigmund Freud, in 1891, age thirty-five.

* Hysteria is different from organ neurosis or psychosomatic illness. Though both are derived from psychological causes, in psychosomatic illness there is an actual physiological change in the affected organ. In hysteria or "conversion hysteria," function is impaired but the organ is unaffected.

**The term "neurosis" is used to describe all disturbances arising from psychological rather than physical cause.

* That is, before the age of three.

* In his private letters to his friend, Wilhelm Fliess, published after his death (1950), Freud did reveal some sexual desires, dreams, and feelings. He did not intend, however, that these letters be brought to public attention.

to examine, in print, the reaction of a 14-year-old girl to the "erect member" of the married man who accosted her. Freud described a detailed discussion of oral sex with Dora at 18 and even recorded his suggestion that she enter into a relationship with the man, who also happened to be the husband of her father's mistress. In the light of Freud's rather arbitrary employment of discretion, his conclusions regarding female fantasy or the female personality can reasonably be questioned. (Ref. 4.) And were it not for the accidental recovery of Freud's correspondence with his one-time friend and colleague, Wilhelm Fliess, the story of his very subjective need to cover for the sins of the fathers and renounce the seduction theory would have been lost to us.

The Fliess caper

The account of the Fliess letters is a lively and exciting tale in itself. From 1888 to 1902, when they quarreled, Sigmund Freud and his good friend, W. Fliess, a Berlin nose-and-throat specialist, engaged in prolific correspondence. Central to their friendship was a mutual interest in the sexual aspects of the human condition, and Fliess had developed his own sex theory, which he felt would "explain the phenomena of life and death." Freud admired Fliess tremendously and found in his friend a man of supreme intellect and impeccable judgment. He welcomed his comments and criticisms regarding his theories, findings, and even his writing style. But as Freud became more secure in his work, he looked to Fliess less, and finally the men separated over scientific differences. Freud destroyed all his correspondence from Fliess, but his own letters, which included elaborate and detailed drafts and notes, were retained by Fliess. After Fliess's death in 1929, his widow sold a packet of 284 pieces of correspondence to a Berlin bookseller, Reinhold Stahl. Knowing that Freud would destroy the letters if given the chance, Frau Fliess gave Stahl instructions that they were not to fall into Freud's hands. Later, when the Nazi regime forced Stahl to flee to France, he offered the letters to Mme. Marie Bonaparte, a student and disciple of Freud, who perceived their value and happily purchased them for 100 pounds. She took the packet to Vienna and apprised Freud of the letters' existence and of the transaction, but, indignant that they had been brought to light, he ordered them destroyed, and even after Bonaparte read portions to him to convince him of their scientific importance, he was adamant. "I don't want any of them to become known to so-called posterity," he said. (Ref. 5, p. 2.) Bonaparte defied this order and deposited the correspondence in a safe deposit box at the Rothschild bank in Vienna during the winter of 1937-1938. When Hitler invaded Austria, she employed her status as a Greek princess and was permitted, under Nazi guard, to remove the contents of the box. She then placed the documents with the Danish legation in Paris, but when their security was again threatened by Nazi invasion, the letters, wrapped in waterproof, bouyant material (in case of a mine explosion), finally crossed the channel and reached England in safety. There they were transcribed and edited by Anna Freud and Ernst Kris, and finally a volume of 168 letters and notes, selected from a total of 284 pieces of correspondence, was published in 1950 under the title *Origins of Psychoanalysis* - eleven years after Freud's death.

As a result of access to the Fliess letters, Ernest Jones, Freud's biographer, described the "Fliess period" as the most extraordinary experience in Freud's life, and others have thought it to be his most creative time. The editors of *Origins* felt that the documents amplified the early history of the psychoanalytic movement and offered insight into Freud's intellectual process, but to justify his reluctance to have them revealed, they explained that it was Freud's habit to publish personal material only to demonstrate unconscious connections. (Ref. 6, editors' note, p. x.)

I found the correspondence, more than any history or intellectual process, the work of an extremely complicated, imaginative, and talented human being. Nowhere does a novel reveal as artistically the ambivalence, ambition, courage of a man in a personal struggle. These letters, more than any information officially released by Freud, precisely demonstrated *his* unconscious connections, and from beginning to end tell why he could no longer abide his own seduction theory.

Father Freud and Oedipus Rex

During the early years when he published *Studies on Hysteria,* in collaboration with Joseph Breuer, Freud was already well into the exploration of the human unconscious in search of the secrets of neurosis. Having discovered "free association," a method whereby both he and his patients could explore hidden emotions in an atmosphere free of judgment and censure, Freud listened carefully and intently to his patients. But however clearly he recognized the existence of repressed thought and feeling, he did not, at that time, doubt that a real experience was the cause of hysteria. "I have come to the opinion that anxiety is to be connected, not with a mental, but with a physical consequence of sexual abuse," he wrote to his friend Fliess. (Ref. 6, pp. 79-80.) Freud later pinpointed vulnerability to sexual trauma as occurring during "primary sexual experience (before puberty) accompanied by revulsion and fright." (Ref. 6, p. 126.)

In the year 1896 Freud presented his seduction theory in a group of three papers broadly titled "The Aetiology of Hysteria." This work was a public challenge to heredity as the cause of hysteria, and, in bold opposition to general medical opinion, Freud named social rather than biological causes of neurosis. He identified the specific excitement of the genitals resulting from sexual abuse in childhood as the trauma that brought on hysteria and cited 18 cases, not one lacking in a sexual experience, to support his theory. (Ref.7, p. 203.) Moreover, in addition to this case evidence, Freud certainly realized that his Victorian world was notorious for its sexual license, particularly in the sexual abuse of children. He could not have avoided news scandals exposing the existence of large numbers of children in the brothels of Europe, the active international white-slave traffic in children, or the available statistics on increased sex crimes against children. Hardly ignorant of the social climate, Freud cautioned, "It seems to me certain that our children are far oftener exposed to sexual aggression than we should suppose." (Ref. 7, p. 203) To Fliess, Freud continued to present case material to further substantiate his hypothesis. He named seduction by fathers as the "essential point" in hysteria,* and in one particular case uncovered a veritable nest of incestuous abuse. After persuading one patient to speak, he related her story to Fliess:

Then it came out that when she was between the ages of 8 and 12 her allegedly otherwise admirable and high-principled father used regularly to take her to his bed and practise external ejaculation (making wet) with her. Even at the time she felt anxiety. A six-year-old sister to whom she talked about it later admitted that she had had the same experience with her father. A cousin told her that at the age of 15 she had had to resist the advances of her grandfather. Naturally she did not find it incredible when I told her that similar and worse things must have happened to her in infancy. In other respects hers is a quite ordinary hysteria with usual symptoms. (Ref. 6, pp. 195-196.)

Despite continued evidence, Freud never again, after the 1896 presentation, publicly promoted his seduction theory. True, his theory was poorly received, and Krafft-Ebing ridiculed it, but Freud's reticence was hardly the result of adverse opinion; even then he was prepared to create a disturbance. (Ref. 8, pp. 303-304.) It was Freud's own faltering conviction that prevented risk of further exposure. Though staunch on sexual trauma as the cause of neurosis, he was extremely unhappy with the father as seducer, and though able to name him in the privacy of the

"Sigmund Freud . . . knew that the sexual abuse of children existed, but he could not reconcile the implications of that abuse with either his self-image or his identification with other men of his class."

* Freud sent Fliess elaborate drafts, diagrams, and theses in which his theories on infant sexuality, repression, the unconscious, and libido were developing. For example, he suspected that "hysteria is conditioned by a primary sexual experience (before puberty) accompanied by revulsion and fright; that obsessional neurosis is conditioned by the same accompanied by pleasure." However, for the purposes of this article, the simple relationship between early sexual abuse and neurosis is sufficient.

Fliess correspondence, he was unable to do so publicly. Consequently, his 1896 papers were weak on identifying the perpetrators of the sexual trauma; he cited almost as many categories of sexual abusers as he cited actual cases, and created a series of unlikely contradictions. The grown-up stranger as sexual abuser was the most infrequent offender, he said; nurses, maids, governesses, teachers, and near relations were more often responsible. But children of the same age (or very close) and of the opposite sex, such as brother and sister, most frequently created sexual trauma. (Ref. 7, pp. 203-204.) This large category of predominantly female offenders did not fit the illness in question. Hysteria* was primarily a female affliction (a "male hysteric" was hard to find), and the sexual assaults Freud mentioned were heterosexual. Furthermore, in general discussion of sexual assault and hysteria, he always referred to the abuse of children by adults. Suddenly to claim that the largest number of offenders came from among children of the same age was a contradiction. The only credible abuser was the "near relation," whom Freud mentioned in passing but did venture to say "initiated sexual intercourse" more often than one thinks. (Ref. 7, pp. 203-204.) That Freud's inconsistencies reflected his need to protect fathers was substantiated as more than a possibility by the editors of the Standard Edition (a collection of Freud's work). They noted that in his 1896 papers on hysteria, Freud intentionally omitted and suppressed the role of fathers just as he had in the earlier *Studies on Hysteria.*

In his early discussions of the aetiology of hysteria Freud often mentioned seduction as among its commonest causes . . . But nowhere in these early publications did he specifically inculpate the girl's father. Indeed, in some additional footnotes written in 1924 for the . . . Studies on Hysteria, *he admitted to having on two occasions suppressed the fact of the father's responsibility.*
(Ref. 1, pp. 584-585.)

*Hysteria, derived from the Greek word meaning uterus, was then a strictly female disorder. Freud did manage to come up with an example of a "male hysteric," but medical opinion of the day related this disease only to women.

The subjective reason for Freud's cover-up was revealed to him (and us) when he began to explore his own disturbing and complex reactions to his father's death.

The 1890's was for Freud a troubled time. He was afflicted with what he termed "anxiety neurosis." He was worried about his heart and about dying; he endured painful migraine, urinary tract irritation, a spastic colon, and gastronomical symptoms, plus agoraphobia and a neurotic fear of missing trains. But his father's death climaxed his anxieties. When Jacob Freud died in October 1896, Sigmund Freud wrote to Fliess:

My dear Wilhelm,
I find it so difficult to put pen to paper at the moment that I have even put off writing to you to thank you for the moving things you said in your letter. By one of the obscure routes behind the official consciousness the old man's death affected me deeply. I valued him highly and understood him very well indeed, and with his peculiar mixture of deep wisdom and imaginative light-heartedness he meant a great deal in my life. By the time he died, his life had long been over, but at a death a whole past stirs within one. I feel now as if I had been torn out by the roots. (Ref. 6, p. 170.)

His father's death evoked in Freud such intense conflict and suffering that he felt compelled to examine himself - to search inward for the cause of his extreme reaction. This journey resulted in self-analysis, interpretation of his dreams, and the beginning of the psychoanalytic process. It brought him to his own unconscious motives and drives by taking him back to memories of childhood experiences. It was these memories that made him aware of his own early sexual feelings. He told Fliess that at age two he had seen his mother naked and recalled that his "libido towards *matrem* was aroused." (Ref. 6, p. 219.) The knowledge of his own youthful sexual feelings destroyed for him forever the myth that children were sexless; children, he now knew, had erotic feelings.

As he traveled further into his past, he found that his desire for his mother had stirred hostility toward his father, and when he looked at this complex of infantile sexuality - desire for his mother and hatred for his father - he understood his own extreme anxiety as guilt resulting from an unconscious paternal death wish. Conscious now that he harbored deep paternal antagonism, Freud confided to Fliess in an unpublished letter (dated February 11, 1897) that the number of fathers named by his patients as sexual molesters had truly alarmed him; with the father as prime abuser he had "inferred from the existence of some hysterical features in his brother and several sisters that even his father had been thus incriminated." (Ref. 9, p. 211.) But when it was later revealed to him in a dream that he was feeling overly affectionate toward Mathilda, his daughter, he understood that "the dream of course fulfills my wish to pin down a father as the originator of neurosis and put an end to my persistent doubts."

May 31, 1897
I do not want to do any more work. I have laid even dreams aside. Not long ago I dreamt that I was feeling over-affectionately towards Mathilda, but her name was "Hella," and then I saw the word "Hella" in heavy type before me. The solution is that Hella is the name of an American niece whose photograph we have been sent. Mathilda may have been called Hella because she had been weeping so bitterly recently over the Greek defeats. She had a passion for the mythology of ancient Hellas and naturally regards all Hellenes as heroes. The dream of course fulfills my wish to pin down a father as the originator of neurosis and put an end to my persistent doubts.

And in some notes included in this letter, he added:

Hostile impulses against parents (a wish that they should die) are also an integral part of neurosis . . . It seems as though in sons this death-wish is directed against their father and the daughters against their mothers. (Ref. 6, pp. 206-207.

Freud was becoming convinced that the suspicion he directed against his own father and himself and his acceptance of his patients' stories of seduction were prompted by his need to "pin down the father as seducer." Based on personal inclination, he presumed that all his patients had the same need and therefore came to suspect that their stories of fathers as seducers were "defensive fictions." Freud continued to delve, and with the discovery of his death wish toward his father and the ensuing guilt, he quite assured himself that he had reached the roots of his own "neurotica." As he solved his own problems, however, he simultaneously relegated his patients' testimony to fantasy, discarded his seduction theory, and replaced it with the incipient Oedipal complex. He was not at all unhappy to make these changes, and, in October 1897, one year after his father's death, he wrote to Fliess that his conviction of his patients' seduction as fantasy left him feeling triumphant:

September 21, 1897
Let me tell you straight away the great secret which has been slowly dawning on me in recent months. I no longer believe in my neurotica. *That is hardly intelligible without an explanation . . . So I shall start at the beginning and tell you the whole story of how the reasons for rejecting it arose. The first group of factors were the continual disappointment of my attempts to bring my analyses to a real conclusion, the running away of people who for a time had seemed my most favorably inclined patients, the lack of the complete success on which I had counted, and the possibility of explaining my partial success in other, familiar ways. Then there was the astonishing thing that in every case . . . blame was laid on perverse acts by the father, and the realisation of the unexpected frequency of hysteria, in every case of which the same thing applied, though it was hardly credible that perverted acts against children were so general . . . Thirdly, there was the definite realization that there is no "indication of reality" in the unconscious, so that it is impossible to distinguish between truth and emotionally-charged fiction. (This leaves open the possible explanation that sexual phantasy regularly makes use of the theme of parents) . . .*

It is curious that I feel not in the least disgraced, though the occasion might seem to require it. Certainly I shall not tell it in Gath or publish it in the streets of Askalon, in the land of the Philistines - but between ourselves I have a feeling more of triumph than of defeat (which cannot be right). (Ref. 6, pp. 215-217.)

As he approached the source of the neurosis, and evolved the now-famous Oedipal complex, Freud freely applied his particular personal discovery to everybody, to all cultures, and to females as well as males. He said to Fliess:

October 15, 1897
I have found love of the mother and jealousy of the father in my own case too and now believe it to be a general phenomenon of early childhood. . . If that is the case the gripping power of Oedipus Rex, in spite of all the rational objections to the inexorable fate that the story presupposes, becomes intelligible, and one can understand why later dramas were such failures. . . The Greek myth seizes on a compulsion which everyone recognizes because he has felt traces of it in himself. Every member of the audience was once a budding Oedipus in phantasy, and his dream-fulfillment played out in reality causes everyone to recoil in horror, with the full measure of repression which separates his infantile from his present state. (Ref. 25, pp. 223-224.)

So, as the son loved the mother and hated the father, so did the daughter love the father and hate the mother, he said. But he found the daughter's desire and need for the father so much more powerful than those of the son for his mother so that the daughter's wish to be seduced found its fulfillment in fantasy and fictitious seduction stories.

Today "Oedipus complex" is a household term; however, the Oedipal myth as representative of a universal pattern of family interaction was a rather capricious selection. Though Freud associated the story with his own experience and that of some of his Viennese patients, its interest as a specifically Greek experience is surprisingly slight. Oedipus killed his father and married his mother quite by accident, and there is no suggestion, even in the play by Sophocles, that he was responding to some unconscious desire or reflected a universal pattern.

The answer to the question of whether Oedipus suffered deep pangs of guilt depends on the version of the tale. In the earliest rendition by Homer, Oedipus, though upset by his unwitting behavior, neither blinded nor exiled himself and continued to rule over Thebes until the end of his days. His wife/mother, Jocasta, did, however, hang herself. Considering the prevalence of brother-sister marriage, the early Greeks did not regard incest with much horror.* The family curse did not arise from the crime of Oedipus, but rather from the crime of his father, Laius, who abducted and raped the beautiful youth, Chrysippus, son of Pelops. Pelops cursed Laius for his deed, and this curse "descended gloomily from generation to generation, dominating the son and grandchildren of Laius until it found its end in the death of Oedipus, who, after a long life full of sorrow, was cleared of sin by the powers of heaven. (Ref. 10, p. 134.)

* In one case of father-daughter incest, the daughter of Thyestes killed herself after her father ravished her. Herodotus tells the tale of an Egyptian king who also raped his daughter, and she too committed suicide. The shame and suicide always seemed to fall to the female rather than the male.

A far more dominant theme in Greek mythology is parental fear, hatred, and slaughter of children. Ouranos, the cosmic sky god, imprisoned his children in a cave until his son Kronos castrated and supplanted him. Kronos, fearful of competition from his children, ate them all as soon as they were born. Rhea, unhappy mother, rescued Zeus; Zeus conquered and supplanted Kronos, but took the same precautions as his father and swallowed Metis, whom he had impregnated. Laius pierced the feet of his son Oedipus and left him exposed to die; Agamemnon sacrificed his daughter Iphigenia to the gods; Medea slew her children to avenge her husband's infidelity, and the daughters of Cadmus, founder of Thebes, also violently destroyed their children.

If Freud had been inclined to view neurosis as the result of fear of the unconscious wish of parents to eliminate their offspring, he might have suggested the "Heracles complex." Heracles, famed Greek hero, in a period of temporary madness, killed his beloved wife and their six children. When he regained his sanity, he took upon himself the "Herculean" challenges of the Twelve Labors in repentance. Although I hardly advocate this story as an example of universal parent-child relationships, it would seem that anxiety growing out of childhood dependency and fear of adult authority and destructive powers is a much more plausible cause of neurosis than guilt from the questionable unconscious wishes imputed to children by Freud.

As long as Freud held to his own experience and unconscious motives, his discoveries were credible. That he desired his mother, competed with his father, and found this conflict at the root of his neurosis, I believe. But to suppose from these personal insights that the testimony of his patients was fictitious requires mental acrobatics. It is much more reasonable to attribute Freud's denial of the reality of female sexual abuse to his own subjectivity, which he projected into a universal infantile-parental hostility. Freud, no matter what he felt, never actually incriminated fathers; he never mentioned them publicly as sexual abusers and even took upon himself to alter information in order to protect them. His conflicts about his father may have caused him anguish and guilt, but he never once incriminated other fathers.

Frankly, I do not see how patients' testimony implicated Freud or his father, but he did take their stories rather personally. Perhaps if Freud had not been the first analyst, he might have been able to go to someone for help, and that someone, less emotionally involved, might have led him to examine his own extreme defensiveness and subjective reasons for feeling tainted by his own theory.

It is too bad that Freud was so resistant to the possibility of female childhood seduction, for, had he followed through, he might have come to believe – as I and many others do – that there were, in addition to sexual assault, other causes of female neurosis. He might have come to see that the middle-class Victorian woman afflicted by hysteria suffered from many abuses that frustrated and repressed her normal inclinations toward human growth and achievement. Freud's patients were talented, bright, and ambitious women, who, in addition to being sexually exploited, were discouraged from activity and deprived of rewards or recognition commensurate with their energy, interests, intelligence, and skills. Though influential in removing hysteria from the sphere of physiological disturbance, Freud

was unable to admit that women could contribute beyond the role of passive wives and mothers, and he too held that they were inherently defective. As a result, he could not acknowledge that they suffered from sexual abuse and social inequality and discrimination. I am as weary as anyone of belaboring Freud's misogyny, but his theories on sexual abuse of children and female deficiency are so closely allied that his bias cannot be avoided.

The female – without a penis – was biologically inferior, Freud contended, and therefore she could only achieve an approximation of human completion by the "acquisition" of the penis through sexual intercourse and by eventually bearing a child (preferably male). When the male child matured, no matter how severe his castration anxiety, with his penis still intact he could manage to overcome castration fears, but the female, forever penisless, must always look to a man to achieve any degree of human status; her fantasy of being seduced therefore represented an actual biological need to make up for her natural deficiency. The seduction fantasy represented her everlasting desire for the coveted penis and was implicit in her biology. Therefore, Freud found that the incestuous wish of little girls for their fathers was a "predisposition into traumas giving rise to excitation and fixation." (Ref 8, p. 300.) As the child was biologically ready, any external stimulation such as masturbation, sex play with other children, a dream, or a wish could trigger the seduction fantasy, or the wish for a penis.

With the elimination of the seduction theory and the adoption of the Oedipal complex in females, Freud had come full circle. The seduction theory maintained that hysteria was a neurosis caused by sexual assault, and it incriminated incestuous fathers, while the Oedipal theory insisted that seduction was a fantasy, an invention, not a fact – and it incriminated daughters. When Freud replaced the seduction theory with the Oedipus complex he relieved himself of his "neurotica" and vindicated fathers, but implicated daughters. However, one must remember that when Freud arrived at the seduction theory, he did so by listening carefully and intently to his female patients; when he arrived at his Oedipal theory, he did so by listening carefully and intently to himself. His monumental *Interpretation of Dreams* (1900), the result of self-analysis and the basis for all his later theories, came from *his* memories, *his* dreams, and *his* experiences, and, unfortunately, his theories strongly bear the stamp of *his* personality and *his* time, sex, and class. The value of certain Freudian insights is not here denied, but in his attempt to shape a particular personal conflict into a universal mold, he reverted from a cultural to a biological determination of neurosis. This shift was damaging to the female, for it was she, not the abuser, who bore the brunt of her own seduction. This so-called "seduction fantasy," this myth of the incestuous wish for the father, became integral and inevitable to the woman's nature, and therefore, even if actually assaulted, the problem was not the assault but the result of her innate compulsion to possess a penis.

If a female child developed normally (that is, had faith that someday she would grow up, be married, get the penis, baby, and all), Freud assured us, she would not be overwhelmed by the flood of anxiety and guilt coming from the incestuous desire for her father, and an external stimulus – an actual seduction – would be harmless. Freud therefore cautioned the world never to overestimate the importance of seduction and the world listened to Freud and paid little heed to the sexual abuse of children. (Ref. 11, p. 118.)

A Freudian gaslight

The Western world, America particularly, took Dr. Freud very seriously indeed and, in compliance with his instructions, was careful not to overestimate a real seduction – or the importance of any concrete reality, for that matter. In fact, the complex of inner drives gained such ascendancy in the public mind that the psyche was considered capable of dominating the external world. One psychiatrically oriented man I knew claimed that he "licked cancer" because he had been able to deal with his own "death wish." A student, sluggish, tired, and unable to work, was diagnosed as depressed when he was in fact suffering from hepatitis. His therapist later easily explained that it was actually depression and deep self-destructive tendencies which rendered the young man susceptible to the disease in the first place. The work of Dory Previn, song writer and performer, was a "revelation of fantasies" to her psychiatrist – particularly the lyrics of her song "With My Daddy in the Attic." Previn was surprised by her doctor's interpretation. She explained that her father really did live in the attic of their home because that was where he wanted to be. "He thinks I took a metaphor but I took a reality . . . I lived through it," she says. (Ref. 12.) And a reviewer of Quentin Bell's biography of Virginia Woolf preferred the Freudian "fantasy" interpretation of Woolf's molestation by her older half-brother, George Duckworth: "Though Mr. Bell does not, for me at least, settle the question of the fantasy component in Virginia Woolf's memories of

"Freud was . . . more comfortable when he could name the mother rather than the father as the seducer. . ."

fraternal incest, to the reality of the incest fantasy he brings important evidence, if evidence is needed." (Ref. 13.)

Disciples of Freud who accepted penis envy as axiomatic soon surpassed their master and firmly established female "organ inferiority" as the crucial problem of molested children. Melanie Klein, known for her pyschoanalytic work with the very young, held that little girls, even under ages two and three, were governed by the primacy of the penis and were desperately driven to possess the coveted male genital. (Ref. 14, pp. 94-112.) Helene Deutsch told us that the organless female child was endowed with an "erotic-passive attitude toward the father" and so saw him as her seducer. (Ref. 15, p. 258.) While Karl Abraham, one of Freud's earliest followers, readily conceded the reality of sexual abuse, he argued that since *not all* little girls were molested, there must be something very wrong with those who were. The abused child, he assured us, was preinclined toward her own violation. Sexual assault could not be regarded as the "cause of the disease" for the woman who suffers from hysteria. As a child she "yields to the trauma" (ref. 16, p. 53) of sexual assault, and "already has a disposition to neurosis or psychosis in later life" (ref. 16, p. 62). This particular contribution by Abraham was applauded by Freud and has since become the rationale identifying the peculiar personality needs of sexually abused little girls. (Ref. 8, p. 300.)

What can be the consequences of such thinking? Only confusion, resulting in a distortion of reality, total misunderstanding of female sexuality, and extensive damage to the confidence, pride and self-worth, and dignity of children.

The reasoning is illogical. It categorically assigns a real experience to fantasy, or harmless reality at best, while the known offender – the one concrete reality – is ignored. With reality sacrificed to a nebulous unconscious, the little girl has no recourse. She is trapped within a web of adult conjecture and is offered not protection, but treatment for some speculative ailment, while the offender – Uncle Willie, the grocery clerk, the dentist, or the child's father – is permitted further to indulge his predilection for little girls. The child's experience is as terrifying as the worst horror of a Kafkaesque nightmare: her story is not believed, she is declared ill, and, worse, she is left at the mercy and the "benevolence" of psychiatrically oriented "child experts."

The extent of Freudian influence can hardly be ignored, and the length to which some followers will go to conform – even at the expense of reality – can be, if not frightening, amusing. I can scarcely resist telling of a small deception by one of Freud's devoted followers. Freud, of course, attracted a coterie of notables. In his circle was one Dr. Hermine Hug-Helmuth, who in 1915 anonymously published *A Young Girl's Diary,* and the master enthusiastically endorsed it. "This diary is a gem," he wrote to her publisher. "Never before, I believe, has anything been written enabling us to see so clearly into the soul of a young girl. . . We have a description at once so charming, so serious, and so artless, that it cannot fail to be of supreme interest to educationists and psychologists. It is certainly incumbent on you to publish the diary. All students of my own writings will be grateful to you." (Ref. 17, preface.) And his students and Freud were appreciative, for the work substantiated every detail of Freudian theory. Dr. Hug-Helmuth had reworked her own childhood memories in the light of psychoanalytic theories on female sexuality. The child in the diary, Greta, between the ages of 11 and 14, assures us on almost every page that she was far from innocent; that the behavior of a lecherous uncle was more "giggly" than disturbing; that she very deeply loved her father; that she was conveniently jealous of her mother and sister (charmingly, of course); and that at the proper time she was obsessed with getting married and having babies. The book, such an obvious accommodation of Freudian concepts, was declared a fraud, created an embarrassing scandal, and was soon removed from German publication. (Ref. 18, pp. 442-443.)

When I point to this story as an example of a mechanical adaptation to Freudian thinking, I am often reminded by today's experts in the new psychologies that Freud's theories are now outdated. With the advent of ego, group, and reality therapies and the miracle of weekend marathons, we are told that Freud is passe, the Oedipal complex is a period piece, the idea of penis envy is quite gauche. But though the words may have changed, the melody lingers on and Freudian concepts are more popular today than ever. Just as loyal as his pupil, Dr. Hug-Helmuth, students of the human services today – doctors, nurses, educators, social workers, and parents, who perhaps never heard of "infant sexuality" or "penis envy" – readily accept that children are sexy; that they participate in, and even instigate, their own molestation; and that, in the famous words of every child molester, "the kid really asked for it." From a 1970 book on sex education, we have a variation on the main Freudian theme:

There is the incontrovertible fact, very hard for some of us to accept, that in certain cases it is not the man who inaugurates the trouble. The novel Lolita *. . . describes what may well happen. A girl of 12 or so, is already endowed with a good deal of sexual desire and also can take pride in her "conquests." Perhaps, in all innocence, she is the temptress and not the man.* (Ref. 19, p. 118.)

In 1968 a book entitled *Vulnerable Children,* by Cindy Burton, discussed some 30-odd studies on the sexually assaulted child from the mid-1930's to the mid-1960's. The conclusion emphasized the prevalence of victim participation and the harmless nature of the assaults. As a matter of fact, one could soon be convinced that the molester was the real victim and, further, that the victims were not victims at all, but juvenile delinquents acting out their pathology. Burton suggested that the pathology found in the delinquent girl "may also account for the participation sometimes apparent in sexual assault cases." (Ref. 20, p. 98.) Since the sexually abused child could so easily be classified as delinquent, her victimization could be viewed not as a social injustice, but as her deviant and antisocial behavior. And those trained to understand and help are grounded in and generate an inordinate amount of anti-female bias:

Every therapist is aware of emotional reactions that work against spontaneous sympathy with the delinquent girl. Her behavior is seductive, impulsive, fickle, insincere, vengeful and capricious, hard to take, difficult to understand, impossible to predict and frustrating. This behavior fits the American delinquent girl. In contrast, the boy's aggression, his negativism and offenses are tolerated by the therapist with far greater equanimity . . .

We must never lose sight of the fact, clinically borne out, that female delinquency is far more profoundly self-destructive and irreversible in its corrosive consequences than is male delinquency. With the aggressive and retaliatory use of her body and her reproductive functions, the delinquent girl deeply violates the protective and caring attributes of her maternal role. (Ref. 21, pp. 103-109.)

It is indeed strange how psychology is used not to help, but to trap and ensnare the female. The myth of consent – that is, the female desire to get a man, to have a penis – is used to explain victim participation and therefore accepts as inevitable the sexual abuse of children. The tragedy is that this myth is believed and that so often the victims are punished. Once a child has been raped or molested, no matter how impressive the psychological nomenclature describing her plight or how sophisticated her caretakers, the little girl is an outcast, a nymphomaniac, a whore.

I worked as a social worker with children for many years and during one period in a home for dependent and neglected girls. The children were between 7 and 17, and not one had escaped sexual abuse. If a child showed no visible scars, it was assumed that the experience was harmless, but if she had problems, was difficult, angry, failed in school, attracted boys, or got pregnant, she was diagnosed as acting out her incestuous wish for her father or other sexual fantasies. Here, in very condensed form, is a case history, cited from my records, of a girl who was sexually violated all her life, but, because she was abused, was presumed to be sexually promiscuous and finally, for absolutely no fault of her own, was sent to a reformatory.



Sigmund Freud, age eight, with father, Jakob Freud, in 1864.

Mary, 16, was raped at 8 by her step-father. Later, her mother – who never believed the story – abandoned her, and Mary was placed in a foster home. She did fairly well until adolescence triggered repressed hostility and sexual acting out. She got the reputation for being "easy"; it was also rumored that she had been "had" by five boys (gang-bang). Mary denied the story, but a local physician found that she had been penetrated more than once. The foster parents could not tolerate local gossip, and at age 15 Mary was sent to the Jane Bloomington Home for Dependent Girls.

At first Mary was sullen and nasty, but later she relaxed, became friendly and trusting, and brought in dream material. Her fantasies revealed confused sexual identity, so it was not surprising when the cottage mother reported that Mary had not menstruated for two months. She was tested for pregnancy, was found positive, and despite her insistence that she could not be pregnant, was sent to Brown Memorial to have her baby.

One month later, Brown Memorial called to say that Mary was not pregnant and sent her back. Although everyone apologized, Mary was angry, fought, broke a chair, and became otherwise physically destructive.

Diagnosis: Adjustment reaction of adolescence with tendency to act out hostility and repressed sexual fantasies.

Recommendation: As a result of increased negative behavior, hostility, and sexual aggression, Mary must be moved to a closed institutional setting where she can be controlled - an institution for delinquent girls.

What was Mary's offense? She was raped, sexually assaulted, suspected of a nonexistent pregnancy, and despite the crimes perpetrated against her, it was Mary – not her assailant – who was branded with the "tendency to act out sexual fantasies." This story is repeated constantly.

Despite the enormous importance psychotherapy places on sexual experience, I was taught never to deal directly with the sexual abuse of a child in treatment. Annie, age 12, had been in an incestuous relationship with her father for two years before she came to the Bloomington Home. The father was in prison, not for incest, but for robbery, and Annie's mother, in deep depression, was hospitalized. The children knew that the social worker had access to case records, and I made it a point not to pretend I knew nothing of their past. I told Annie that I was aware of her relationship with her father. She hung her head, but when I suggested she talk about it or not, as she wished, she moved on to other things. I reported the interview to my supervisor, a psychiatrist, who was appalled. "She can't talk about it. She's too guilty and ashamed," he explained. I thought I might help her to understand that her father was the guilty one, and he was the one to be ashamed. But my supervisor would have none of that, and he handed me the formula straight from the book. The actual event did not shame her, he continued. It was her deep, unconscious, incestuous wish for her father that made her feel guilty. One must listen carefully, be sensitive to the nuances of the child's fantasies, and at the right moment help her to understand that her shame evolved from her own deep sexual desires.

Although women – young women and even children – do not talk freely about their molestation, there are few who consciously, or otherwise, avoid the subject. For women who have not been believed or had the opportunity to confront their molester (with adult support), there is always a sense of unfinished business; there is always the rancor of boiling humiliation and rage that remains after an unchallenged insult. When the subject of sexual abuse of children received some media exposure as a result of feminist discussions on the radio, in lectures, and in articles, many women approached me and finally found an opportunity to ventilate their long-festering secret. In their stories, the psychiatric conspiracy of avoidance or distortion of the sexual-abuse problem was prevalent. One young woman, 15 years old, gave the following account:

From 9 to 14 I was constantly "felt up" by my orthodontist on my breasts during my weekly visits. He tried to be sneaky and pretend that he was wiping the instruments off – but I knew. The day of the last visit, after five years, I told my mother. She didn't call the orthodontist, but sent me to a therapist. I told my therapist, but he hardly talked about it, and finally said I was disturbed because deep down I really enjoyed it. I didn't talk about it any more.

I discovered that women were as shocked and disturbed by the lack of sympathy and acknowledgment of the problem as by the incident of sexual abuse itself. When Sigmund Freud ventured to explore the cause of his neurosis, and uncomfortably suspected his father to be his seducer, he took great pains to ferret out the reality of something he vaguely remembered. He checked into his past and was relieved to discover that "my father played no active role," but that an elderly, ugly nursemaid "was my instructress in sexual matters." This supposedly took place when Freud was under age 2, but Max Shur, in his study of Freud, found the possibility of any actual seduction very unlikely. (Ref. 22, pp. 125-136.) Freud's effort to verify the cause of his own anxieties has been hailed as courageous, whereas a similar investigation by a child or a woman is today discouraged.

Alice B., with the same driving curiosity as Freud, and with much greater cause and anguish, tried to reach the roots of her "neurosis" and anxiety, but her psychiatrist would have none of it. By the age of 25, without the ego or status of a Dr. Freud, she was rebuffed:

I don't remember when it started. I was so little. My father was always putting his hand under my dress and messing around, and he would come into my bed at night and fondle me. He never had an erection, but I could feel his wetness. He was gentle and he never lied. I mean if it hadn't been for him I wouldn't have survived, but I suppose if it hadn't been for him I wouldn't have had to worry so much about surviving. Everything was destroyed because of him. I didn't know what he was trying to do. School was destroyed because I couldn't learn. When I was 13 I actually had an orgasm, but at first I thought he was trying to kill me.

I'm sure my mother knew. Since I've grown up, my aunts have told me he was always feeling them, and my cousin had an experience with him too. I used to try to scare him away, make noises and stuff. I felt dirty and my mother didn't like me; she liked my brothers better.

My father is now dead. Before he died I wrote him a letter about what happened. I wanted to confront him with it, to talk to him and ask him why he did it. And he wrote me this incredible letter. He said he didn't know what I was talking about and that it wasn't nice for a girl to write a letter like that to her father.

I really feel that this thing with my father destroyed my life. I have no confidence, I never did. At 24 I went to a psychiatrist, but you know they don't talk. But I was upset and talked about it so very much that he finally said that what happened to me was very common, but he said, "I think your most important problem is your mother. Your father didn't have anything to do with your unhappiness."

(This and the following testimony are cited from personal interviews conducted by the author over the past four years.)

With no less courage than Freud and brave enough to confront her father-molester, Alice tried to rescue herself and her sanity. But, with the exception of her aunts, she was engulfed in a world bent on covering up for fathers, no matter what the cost to human reason and dignity.

In another testimony, told in the third person in an attempt to keep distance from the trauma, another child actually groping for protection also found only insult and frustration at the hands of her psychiatrist and family:

A girl of 10 is alone in a quonset hut. The front door slams and her father enters – a handsome man with a ready smile. She runs to hug him. He sheds soggy gloves and a flight suit, and they talk of trivial things. How nice to have a warm, affectionate father.

"The sexual abuse of the child is the best kept secret in the world."

Later he stops her in the narrow hallway and hugs her again. It feels different. But why? This happens several times, always when they are alone. One morning he kisses her on the mouth. Why does it seem so different than the kiss on the cheek? He tells her not to mention this to her mother. She can't understand why it must be a secret.

Late one night she is sleepily aware of him slipping into her bed. His large warm hand gently rubs her stomach, caressing her beneath the flannel nightgown . . . her chest, her thighs, her genitals. Something is wrong. Would he do her harm? Not daddy! She wakes alone. Was he there?

This recurs regularly for two years. She wants to tell her mother but cannot. It has been going on for so long, and she is ashamed. She does not know why. She tries to avoid her father. She is 12 now. When he touches her it makes her sick.

She is 13. She is taking a bath. When she comes out her father corners her. She is very frightened. She hates him, loathes him. She runs and hides under the house. When her mother returns she tells her. She tells how her father had sexually molested her for three years. Her mother turns quite pale.

"Do you realize what you are saying?"

"Yes."

"Don't tell your grandmother."

A week later, the girl is sent to the Navy psychiatrist. He puts his hand on her leg and tells her that all little girls attempt to seduce their daddies. The next morning she is sent to live with her grandmother in Alabama.

Is Freud to blame?

To hold Freud responsible for a 70-year "gaslighting" edisode is pointless. He lived in an age in which logic, reason, and science supposedly supplanted religious mysticism – an era which required scientific rather than religious authority to justify brutal social injustice and inequities. Freud filled the bill. His theories, surrounded by scientific aura, allowed for the suppression and concealment of the sexual exploitation of the female child.

Bronislaw Malinowski, the noted anthropologist, discovered that among the Trobriand Islanders sex relationships between members of the same kin and clan were regarded with horror. But he was surprised to learn that despite the incest taboo, affairs that were carried on *sub rosa* and with decorum might provoke gossip but did not demand punishment. However, should the affair be exposed (by a jealous lover, perhaps), the public disgrace was answered by the suicide of those who broke the taboo. (Ref. 23, pp. 77-80.) Just as in Trobriand custom, the Freudian cover-up – the refusal to name the offender – was more than one man's attempt to hide illegal or immoral sex practices. Victorian men were permitted to indulge in forbidden sex provided they managed to keep their activities hidden. Adultery, practised with impunity, was kept under wraps, and prostitution, which operated with police sanction, simply had to avoid public exposure and scandal. Within Freud's own circle, his biographer Ernest Jones was implicated in sexual adventures with his patients and little girls, but he managed – at some financial cost and the resignation of a job – to avoid public scandal. (Ref. 18, p. 355.) The excesses of the loving and exuberant Ferenczi, known to be intimate with his patients and his wife's daughter, were tolerated by Freud and his circle. (Ref. 18, pp. 359.) Freud, who regarded the incest taboo as vital to the advance of civilization, appeared to demand only that forbidden sex be practiced with tact and discretion so that surface Victorian respectability was in no way disturbed.

The little girl, then, with her innate passion for a penis, is – as in Christian doctrine – the temptress Eve, and, if she is violated, the nature of her sexuality renders her culpable. Any attempt on the part of the child or her family to expose the violator also exposes her own alleged innate sexual motives and shames her more than the offender; concealment is her only recourse. The dilemma of the sexual abuse of children has provided a system of foolproof emotional blackmail: if the victim incriminates the abuser, she also incriminates herself. The sexual abuse of the child is therefore the best-kept secret in the world.

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I
Faces surround me that have no smell no colour no time
only strange laughing testaments
vomiting promise like love
but look at the skeleton children
advancing against us
beneath their faces there is no sunlight
no darkness
no heart remains
no legends
to bring them back as women
into their bodies at dawn.

Look at the skeleton children
advancing against us
we will find our womanhood
in their eyes
as they cry
which of you bore me
will love me
will claim my blindness as yours
and which of you marches to battle
from between our legs?

Sister I have seen you
spit on my image behind your mirror
but you screamed for me
as the knife cut out your young
we stand convicted
of asking each others' name and age
before we give blood.

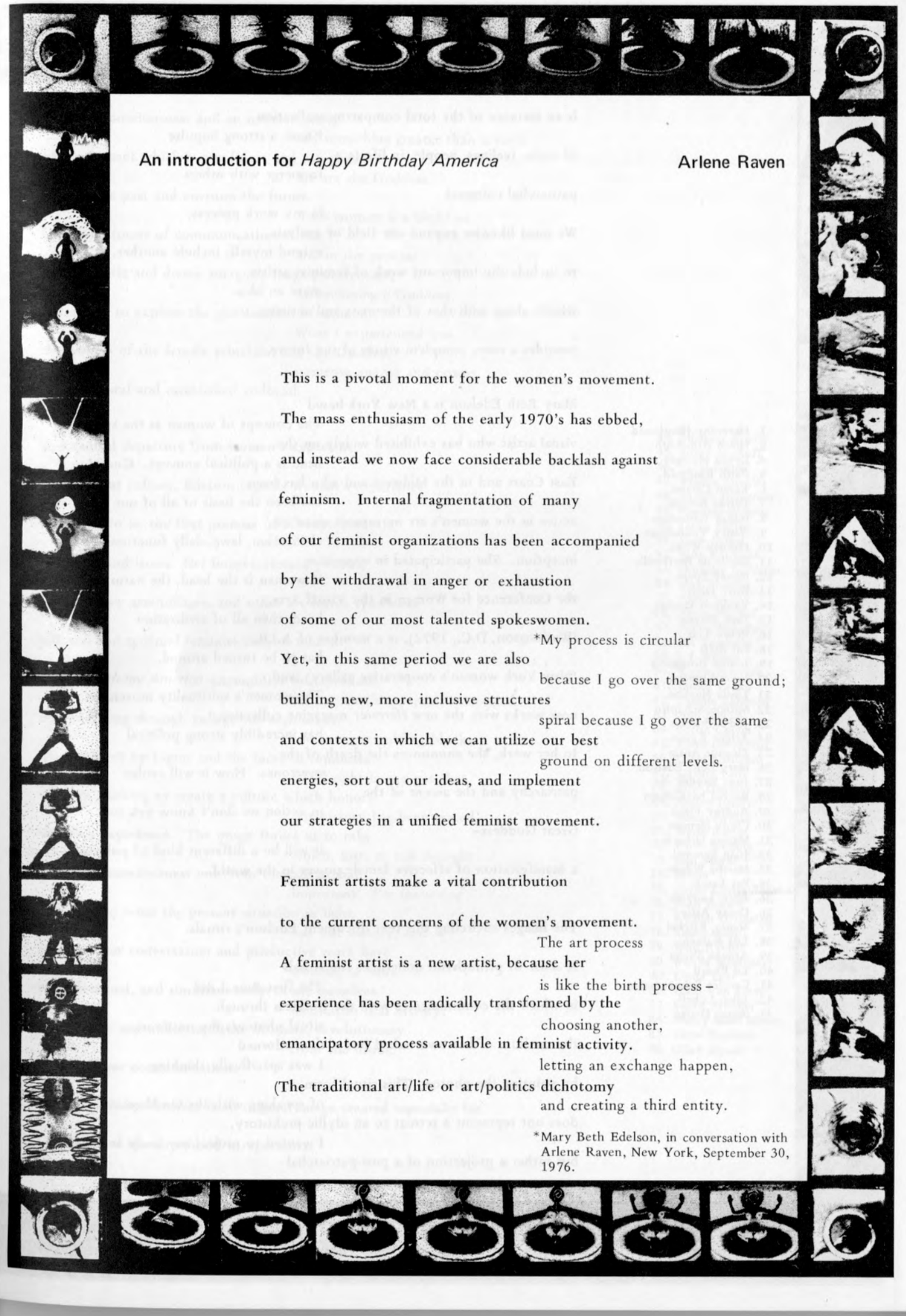
II
On the porch outside my door
girls are lying
like felled maples in the path of my feet
I cannot step past them nor over them
their slim bodies roll like smooth tree trunks
repeating themselves over and over
until my porch is covered with the bodies
of young girls.
Some have a child in their arms.
To what death shall I look for wisdom?
Which mirror to break or mourn?

Two girls repeat themselves in my doorway
their eyes are not stone.
Their flesh is not wood nor steel
but I cannot touch them.
Shall I warn them of night
or offer them bread
or a song?
They are sisters. Their father has known
them over and over. The twins they carry
are his. Whose death shall we mourn
in the forest
unburied?
Winter has come and the children are dying.

One begs me to hold her between my breasts
Oh write me a poem mother
here, over my flesh
get your words upon me
as he got this child upon me
our father lover
thief in the night
do not be so angry with us. We told him
your bed was wider
but he said if we did it then
we would be his
good children if we did it
then he would love us
oh make us a poem mother
that will tell us his name
in your language
is he father or lover
we will leave your words
engraved on a whip or a golden scissors
for our children
to tell them the lies
of their birth.

Another says mother
I am holding your place.
Do you know me better than I knew him
or myself?
Am I his daughter or girlfriend
am I your child or your rival
you wish to be gone from his bed?
Here is your granddaughter mother
give me your blessing before I sleep
what other secrets
do you have to tell me
how do I learn to love her
as you have loved me?





An introduction for *Happy Birthday America*

Arlene Raven

This is a pivotal moment for the women's movement.

The mass enthusiasm of the early 1970's has ebbed,

and instead we now face considerable backlash against

feminism. Internal fragmentation of many

of our feminist organizations has been accompanied

by the withdrawal in anger or exhaustion

of some of our most talented spokeswomen.

Yet, in this same period we are also

building new, more inclusive structures

and contexts in which we can utilize our best

energies, sort out our ideas, and implement

our strategies in a unified feminist movement.

Feminist artists make a vital contribution

to the current concerns of the women's movement.

A feminist artist is a new artist, because her

experience has been radically transformed by the

emancipatory process available in feminist activity.

(The traditional art/life or art/politics dichotomy

*My process is circular
because I go over the same ground;
spiral because I go over the same
ground on different levels.

The art process
is like the birth process –
choosing another,
letting an exchange happen,
and creating a third entity.

*Mary Beth Edelson, in conversation with Arlene Raven, New York, September 30, 1976.





is an instance of the total compartmentalization
of tasks, feelings, people, in life in a
patriarchal culture.)
We must likewise expand our field of analysis
to include the important work of feminist artists
which, along with that of theorists and activists,

provides a more complete vision of the future.

Mary Beth Edelson is a New York-based
visual artist who has exhibited widely on the
East Coast and in the Midwest and who has been
active in the women's art movement since its
inception. She participated in organizing
the Conference for Women in the Visual Arts
(Washington, D.C., 1972), is a member of A.I.R.
(New York women's cooperative gallery), and
now works with the new *Heresies* magazine collective.
In her work, she announces the death of the
patriarchy and the ascent of the
Great Goddess–
a manifestation of effective female power in the world.

The images encircling this text document Edelson's rituals.

A sense of primitivism underlines the rituals
in which she communicates with the Goddess through
the medium of her own naked body, then adorned
by painting the photos. This ritual form
does not represent a retreat to an idyllic prehistory,
but rather a projection of a post-patriarchal
spiritual consciousness and an understanding
of the present which is non-linear and can thus
include the past and envision the future.
Her ritual forms of communication utilize
female erotic and divine energies, images, movement,
and sound to explore the glorification of women,
the powers of the female principle, and the Goddess
as the natural and established godhead.

In a radical departure from women's experience
in dominant culture, Edelson regards woman's experience
of herself to be the first premise of all interpretation
of events and issues. Her images, rituals, posters,
participatory assemblages, and other art forms synthesize
political and spiritual feminist subject matter.

Happy Birthday America exemplifies this synthesis
by combining through collage the arch-sexist
Turkish Bath by Ingres and the faces of feminists
who are working to create a culture which honors
women's experience. The image forces us to take
a leap of consciousness out from the patriarchal
mindset– to sense the present situation in light
of which our conversation and productive work have
been devalued, and simultaneously to see ourselves
respectfully and understand the intimate, revolutionary
nature of our communication.

Happy Birthday America is an original image created especially for
Chrysalis and the sisterhood it represents.

1. Harmony Hammond
2. Helen Alm-Roth
4. Deena Metzger
5. Faith Ringgold
6. Karen Carson
7. Lynda Benglis
8. Nancy Grossman
9. Nancy Youdelman
10. Hannah Wilke
11. Sheila de Bretteville
12. Nancy Spero
13. Ruth Iskin
14. Vaughan Rachel
15. June Wayne
16. Betye Saar
18. Pat Steir
19. Louise Bourgeois
20. Lucy Lippard
21. Linda Nochlin
22. Miriam Schapiro
23. Judy Chicago
24. Arlene Raven
25. Eleanor Antin
26. Mary Beth Edelson
27. Joan Snyder
28. Rachel bas-Cohain
29. Audrey Flack
30. Cindy Nemser
31. Marina Urback
32. Joan Semmel
33. Martha Wilson
34. Pat Lasch
36. Ellen Lanyon
36. Dotty Attie
37. Nancy Kitchel
38. Lila Katzen
39. Athena Tacha
40. Lil Picard
41. Carolee Schneemann
42. Ellen Lubell
43. Agnes Denes
44. Michelle Stuart
45. Joyce Kozloff
46. Jacki Apple
47. Roslyn Drexler
48. Judith Bernstein
49. Corinne Robins
50. Jacky Skiles
51. Judy Seigal
52. Jane Kaufman
53. Dorothy Gillespie
54. May Stevens
55. Anne Healy
56. Anita Steckel
57. Joyce Weinstein
58. Pat Tavenner
59. J. J. Wilson
60. Karen Petersen
61. Janice Lester
62. Joanne Leonard
63. Ann McCoy
64. Caron Colvin
65. Lynn Hershman
66. Carol Kaufman
67. Marion Palfi
68. Edie Daniele
69. Sherry Brody
70. Susan Rennie
71. Maria Karras
72. Faith Wilding
73. Nan Meyer
74. Bruria
75. Joyce Cutler Shaw
76. Joan Brown
77. Kirsten Grimstad
78. Susan Mogul
79. Fran Raboff
80. Wanda Westcoast
81. Linda Levi
82. Ellen Van Fleet
83. Susan Brenner
84. Nancy Maas Mosen
85. Ilene Segalove
86. Gilah Hirsch



Happy Birthday America is an ad hoc guerilla action on the rigid design of patriarchy,

a daring offense to celebrate the new time.

Mary Beth Edelson transforms, through collage, the sloe-eyed faces of harem women
in Ingres's 1863 *Le Bain Turc* to portraits of contemporary feminist art workers.
Ingres's women, kept naked and idle for the sexual diversion of a Turkish potentate,
are said to illustrate the five senses.
Yet they are not the authors of their own sensuous experience.
Ability to create the sensate world, by looking at the image,
has been explicitly given by the (male) artist to the primary spectator,
the (male) buyer (female coin passed from man to man).
To create women's culture within a dominant environment
is to speak of the future.
Happy Birthday America is for feminist spectators.
We see our snapshots collaged/transposed/joined with and encircling
the lascivious images of our century-old harem sisters.
Our dialogue will not be garbled by a context which would make us
whorish and mute, trapped in the roundel by circumscription
and the voyeur's eyes.
We are speaking brilliantly, sensuously, intimately, gleefully together
as we weave the cloth for a new pattern.
Happy Birthday America expresses our aspiration to build
a woman's culture in honor of ourselves.
What will the world be like when it is, all of it, made in our image,
according to our nature and design?
We hunger to taste, touch, smell, feel, see our own unique
creative forms, a language and territory in which our visions materialize
and are communicated.

Not a passive act, but a denial of the patriarchy and a re-creation
of our own image, energy, self, situation, time, space,
and our own interpretation of these events.

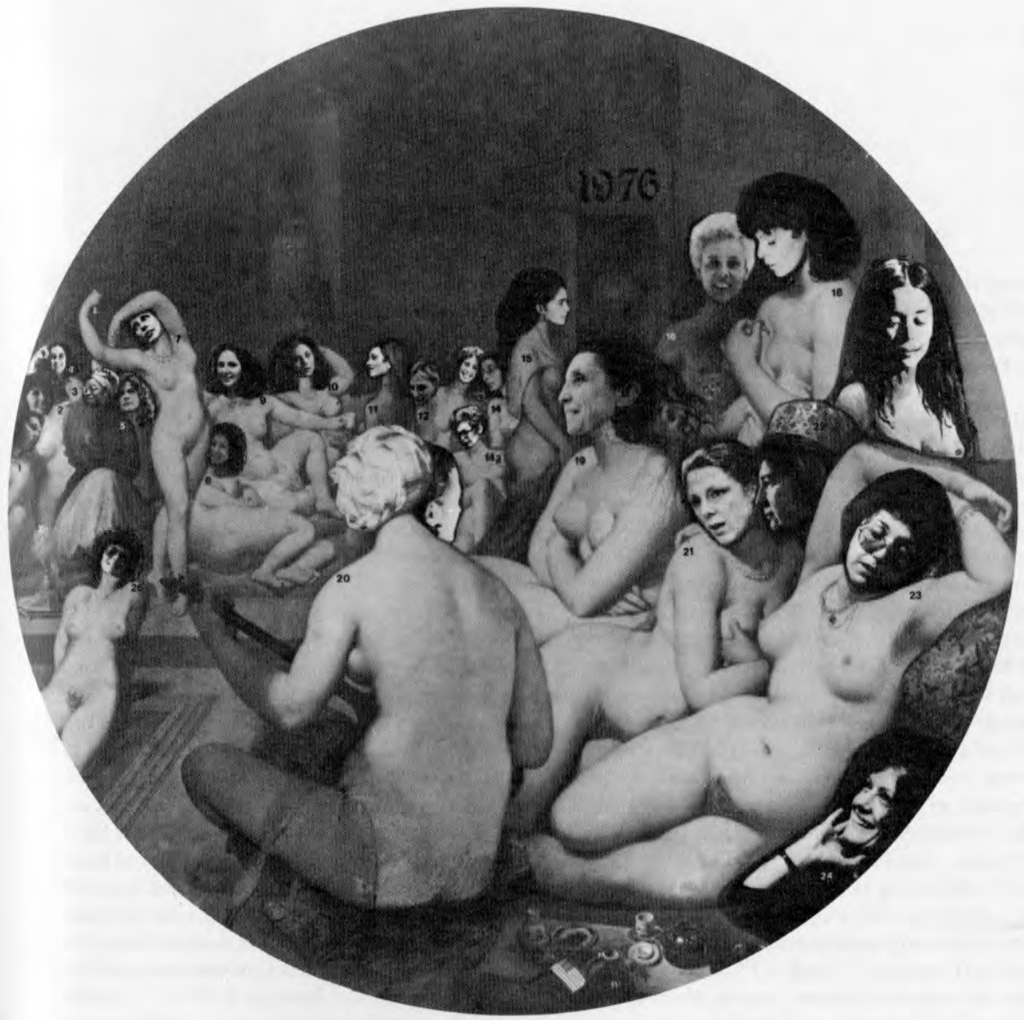
Do we know what the origin of the harem really was?
The Goddess had sacred prostitutes – highly regarded and
socially prominent women who earned money for Her temples.
Harem women could represent the Venus, the sexual side of the Goddess.
Some remember their ancient posture, pleasuring in the company of
wondrous, fleshy women. They do not look over their shoulders
waiting for a male caller but transcend their painter, their time
and their bondage.

Collage is not a process of redesigning but of placing over, layering.
We recognize that replacing them with us
is not an "after-the-revolution" dissociation from those women but
a bond with them. The Matriarchal Second Age of the Goddess
is here, and we and our sisters are still cast as the culture's whores.
We hold these two thoughts because both are true.
That is the complexity of realism, reality and art which we share.

We are taking our energy and giving it back to ourselves
as we move toward creating our own culture.
We can see the *Turkish Bath* as a complete world in and of itself.
Seeing for ourselves is part of our recreating feminist process.
We are the primary circle and environment.
Our visions are for every woman.

–Collage in letters, poems, and conversations between Arlene Raven *and* Mary Beth Edelson





Happy Birthday America



A simple thought runs through this writing: that is that the predominant civilization of the West, this patriarchy, has always regarded and treated women and nature in the same way. We are less than human men, in the regard of patriarchy, less intelligent, less spiritual, less rational. And under the sway of this regard, the fathers have decided that we cannot decide for ourselves (and, yes, that we are even dangerous when, by chance or struggle, we break free of their control). And so patriarchy accepts our existence as legitimate only when we are subjected to male power, a power in the word which objectifies us, both women and nature, and a power in the act which dominates us.

Women and Nature: The Roaring Inside Her is a record of this relation of patriarchy to woman and nature, and in the telling of this record the metaphors by which nature is so often compared to or personified by a woman, and with which women are revealed as more a part of nature, or closer to the earth than men, are used to a different purpose, because now the old story is retold by a woman and so turns around to face its origins.

The book begins in a parody of the objective voice - I call it the voice of patriarchy - that voice which rarely uses pronouns as the subject of any sentence and thus utters sentences and phrases such as, "It is decided . . ." or "it is declared . . ." or "it is discovered that . . ." In this voice a history of scientific opinion about the nature of matter (or ultimately the nature of nature) is traced and woven in chronologically with a history of opinions (from Saints, philosophers, poets and psychoanalysts) about the nature of woman.

Slowly in the midst of this "objective" unravelling of history another voice, faint and muffled, begins to appear. This is the object herself, the dominated one speaking out, and in the course of the book, her voice becomes stronger, but that is the dramatic plot of the story: now, in this book, woman and nature, formerly shamed by our mutual association, become allies, assume a voice and question the inquisitors (I shall not reveal who wins).

The writing in this book is less linear than it is constructed or made, like a poem is made, and is not analytical but moves by the force of echoes and choruses, counterpoints and harmonies, and sings more than argues. Several small dramas or records proceed after the history of matter, and these reflect what has happened to woman and nature under patriarchal power. Still in the section called "Matter," one of three sections in the book, I write of the Land, of Timber, of the Wind, of Cows, of Mules, of Show Horses, and of woman's body (called "Her Body"). In the second section of the book, called "Separation," I juxtapose all the separations patriarchy has imposed: mind from body, emotion from intellect, mother from daughter, wildness from the city ("The Zoological Garden"), soul from flesh ("The Anatomy Lesson").

The third and last part of this book - called "Her Vision" - mirrors back all that preceded it, but now in a different voice and from a different angle of perception. Timber becomes again trees and the trees talk as a forest. "Her Body" becomes "The Years" in which the story of woman's resistance to domination is brought back from silence. "The Zoological Garden," a story of a caged lion, is reflected back as "The Lion in the Den of the Prophets." Like the cycles of nature, of which this writing is only one reflection, all the old materials of our past are reshaped into something new, as nitrogen, oxygen, carbon, soil, plants and flesh are reformed in birth and death, yielding to one another, and nothing is lost.

Susan Griffin, *Berkeley, January 3, 1977*

1382
Thomas Brawardine, in *Treatise on the Proportions of Velocities in Moving Bodies,* proposes a mathematical law of dynamics universally valid for all changes in velocity.

1431
Joan of Arc, age 22, "placed high on the fire so the flames would reach her slowly," dies.
She is asked why she wears male costume.

1468
Pope defines witchcraft as *crimen exceptum,* removing all legal limits to torture.

1482
Leonardo da Vinci moves to Milan and begins his notebooks on hydraulics, mechanics, anatomy; he paints the *Madonna on the Rocks. Does she see the body of Saint Michael, they ask her? Did he come to her naked?*

1500 – 1525
1000 witches are burned every year in the diocese of Como.

1543
Vesalius publishes *De Humani Corporis Fabria.*

1543
Copernicus publishes *De Revolutionibus Orbium Celestium. She is asked if she is in a state of grace. She is asked if Saint Margaret speaks English.*

1571
Johannes Kepler is born.

1572
Augustus Pious issues *Consultationes Saxionicae,* stating that a good witch must be burned because she has made a pact with the Devil.
She confesses that she falsely pretended to have revelations from God and his angels, from St. Catherine and St. Margaret.

1585
Witch-burnings in two villages leave one female inhabitant each.

1589
Francis Bacon is made clerk of the Star Chamber.
He says that nature herself must be examined.

1581–1591
Nine hundred witches are burned in Lorraine.
That nature must be bound into service, he persuades.

1600
Gilberte publishes *De Magnete.*

1603
William Harvey serves as physician to King James I and assists at the examination of the witches.

1609
Galileo, on hearing a rumour of the invention of a glass magnifying distant objects, constructs a telescope.
It is urged that nature must be hounded in her wanderings before leading her and driving her.

1609
Kepler publishes *Astronomica Nova.*

1609
The whole population of Navarre is declared witches.
He says that the Earth should be put on the rack and tortured for her secrets.

1615
William Harvey lectures on the circulation of the blood at the Royal College of Physicians.

1607–1618
William Harvey assists at the examination of witches.

1619
Kepler publishes his third law, *Harmonies Mundi.*
She is asked if she signed the Devil's book. She is asked if the Devil had a body. She is asked who she chose to be an incubus.

1622
Francis Bacon publishes *Natural Experimental History for the Foundation of Philosophy.*

1622 – 1623
Johann George II, Prince Bishop, builds a house for the trying of witches at Bamberg, where 600 burn.

1628
158 witches are burned at Würzburg.

1637
Descartes publishes *Discours de la Methode.*
She is asked what oath she made. What finger she was forced to raise. Where she made a union with her incubus. What food she ate at the sabbat. What music was played, what dances were danced. What Devil's marks were on her body. Who are the children on whom she cast spells; what animals bewitched. How she was able to fly through the air.

1638
Galileo publishes *Two New Sciences.*

1640
Carbon dioxide is obtained by **Helmont.**

1644
Descartes publishes *Principia Philosophiae.*

1670
Rouen witch trials are held.
She confesses that every Monday the Devil lay with her for fornication. She confesses that when he copulated with her she felt intense pain.

She confesses that after having intercourse with the Devil she married her daughter to him.

1666
Newton procures "a triangular glass prism to try the celebrated phenomena of colors."

1706
Newton publishes *Opticks.*

1726
Newton publishes *Principia.*

1738
Dean of Faculty of Law at Rostock demands that witches be extirpated by fire and sword.

1745
In witch trial at Lyon, five are sentenced to death.

1749
Sister Maria Renanata is burned.

1775
Anna Maria Schnagel is executed for witchcraft.
She confesses that she passed through a keyhole of a door. That she became a cat and then a horse. She confesses that she made a pact with the Devil, that she asked for the Devil's help.
She confesses that she was carried through the air in a moment.

WE are the mules. Off-spring of the he-ass and the mare. We cannot procreate our own kind together; Nature did not create us: we were bred for domestic labor. Though we work hard, our very name signifies obstinacy and stupidity. Yet that is the very nature of our work, obstinate and stupid. We have the strength of staying power. Though our labor is necessary and though we were bred for that purpose, no one envies us; no one yearns to do the work we do as finely as we do it. We are despicable. If we go on, cleaning the toilets, washing the floors, dusting the furniture, lugging the groceries, cutting the beans, folding the laundry, if we go on, bearing the children, washing their faces, their asses, their noses, carrying their feces away, feeding them from our own bodies, if we go on, our hair pulled up in bandanas, our hands smelling of garlic, our noses filled with dust, our backs bent close to the earth, our ears hearing only inarticulate cries, our eyes hard with obstinate labor, our mouths shut for all but necessity, our brains only calculators for simple quantities, three cups of flour, 10 yards of flannel, 14 pounds simmered in butter, vinegar and rags, water and rags, pins in the soap, vegetables on Tuesday, cotton in hot water, wool in cold, if we go on, changing the sheets, administering dosages, we are despicable, and if we stop in our tracks, speech not having been bred in us, we articulate nothing, our nature is mysterious, mulish, but that is what we are bred for, we are a useful beast, you who feed us and house us in exchange for our labor say, but difficult to handle, still, men count mules among their riches and among their God-like accomplishments, to have ordered Nature, to have made an animal.

We are told Nature intended us to be mules. Still, did Nature intend us to be mulish? But Nature, like women, and the parts of mules that cannot be bred away (mulishness), is mysterious and illogical. Hurricanes (Helen, Sadie, Maude) appear without rhyme or reason. Unruly. Wild. Savage. Nature can be all these. Earthquakes split the earth without warning. For no apparent reason. Like women crying. Weeping suddenly. Wailing. For no apparent reason. Or excessively, over small things, little details, simple calculations, needles in soap, polish on the floor, screaming, or shrieking. We shriek, turn red, throw treasured glasses or cups against the wall. Become hysterical. Rock our bodies back and forth for no apparent reason.

EXCEPT that it is said we are closer to the earth and take on more of its nature. Because we put our hands in shit, we are more like shit. Because the stench of urine rides up our noses, we are like urine. And all the apertures of our bodies leak. Despite all the solutions we are taught to apply and all the scrubbing of cloth and wood and porcelain and skin, still we make stains. Red on the sheets. White and yellow in our clothing. And because of this we are fit only for brute labor and not for thought. And because we cannot think, we obey the thoughts of others not so filled with the stench of excrement, because we clean their excrement from them, and from their clothes. And then we clean the smell of their excrement from our hands. Because we provide them with food, and clean the table, and then we clean the smell of their food from our hands. And thus we toil constantly, laboring and by that labor creating only more labor, such is the very sign of our stupidity, of our entrapment in the flesh, of our singular obsession with survival, of our dumb repetition, our mute cycles, our bestial comprehension, that we labor, and do nothing else, we labor like mules.

But the mule has a certain grace. She is sure-footed. She can turn, with the plow harnessed to her, her weight pulling the blade through the soil, on the steep side of a mountain, not sliding or stumbling at the incline. She can follow men up through the steepest mountain pass, carrying food and water. (So that the mule driver is as necessary to an army as is the gunner.) And is this grace bred into her?

Bred or not, it is the grace of labor. It at least is a strength and has that spare beauty of function, of things that are what they are, the definition, the line, the movement, essential.

AND if we find this grace through our labor, with our fingers finding the loose thread in the garment, our ears late at night hearing the cries no one else hears, catching the milk in the pot as it begins to boil, the body bent over rocking, rocking, the pieces of cloth sewn together in patterns, the taste of thyme with rosemary and the different odour of oregano, or the grace, the grace of crisis, the fever, the steady application of cold cloths, the grace of economy, the soup of leftovers, the reuse of the bed covering in a skirt, or the seeing of the barely seeable, the unnamed, the slight difference in the expression of the eyes, the mood, the slow opening, the listening, the small possibility, barely audible, nodding, almost inarticulate, yet allowing articulation, words, healing, the eyes acknowledge, this grace of the unspoken, spoken in movement, the hand reaches, the blanket is wrapped around, the arms hold this mulish daily grace, without which we do not choose to continue, and if we find this, we have something of our own.

This is our secret grace, unnamed, invisible, surviving.

Yet for outward show, the mule is not considered graceful or beautiful apart from her labors. But the genus called Equus can in a different breed, be taught to make movements pleasing in themselves. And she is known as the Show Horse.

The Bit

"Be ye not like to horses and mules which have no understanding: whose mouths must be held up with bit and bridle, lest they fall upon thee."

The Book of Common Prayer

THE right thumb of the rider holds the center of the bridle in front of the horse's face and above her head so that the bit is in front of the horse's mouth. The right hand is placed under the horse's jaw. If the horse does not open her mouth when the bit touches her teeth, if she clenches her teeth, the rider presses his left forefinger on the toothless bars of the lower jaw which will make the horse open her mouth and accept the bit. The thicker the bit the milder its effect on the mouth of the horse. The bit should neither pull up the corners of the mouth nor touch the teeth. The noseband must be tight but not so tight that the horse cannot breathe. And she must be able to accept tidbits from the rider's hand. The throat latch however should be fastened loosely.



Nature

"[The horse] is by Nature a very lazy animal whose idea of heaven is an enormous field of lush grass in which he can graze undisturbed until his belly is full, and after a pleasant doze can start filling himself up all over again."

Captain Elwyn Hartley Edwards, *From Paddock to Saddle*

"A perfect hostess in a household with servants gives the impression that she has nothing whatever to do with household arrangements, which apparently run themselves. In a servantless household, she has the cleaning, marketing and as much cooking as possible done in advance, so that an absolute minimum of her time is spent on these chores while her guests are with her."

Emily Post, *Etiquette*

IT is the horse's extreme sensitivity to pain, especially in the mouth but also all over her body which allows the rider to control her with the pressure of his own weight, the movements of his legs, and with the aid of the bit, the bridle and the rein, the riding whip, long whip and the spur.

It is the timorous nature of the animal coupled with this sensitivity that allows her to be trained. The horse is not aggressive; her only defense is to flee. Therefore the horse reacts to pain by running away from the pain. If the rider stands at the horse's head and taps her flank with a long whip, the horse will move away from the discomfort.

In addition the horse has a prodigious memory, is a social animal, has a desire to please and a need for security, and all these qualities are used in her training. Her faults are nervousness, laziness and an excitability that is at times unpredictable.

Education

"To train horses, it is essential that we have a very clear understanding of the way in which their small minds work and appreciate how limited they are in this department."

Captain Elwyn Hartley Edwards, *From Paddock to Saddle*

"Oh how lovely is her ignorance!"

Jean Jacques Rousseau, *Emilius*

THE horse is not designed for carrying weight; she has a structure similar to a rectangular box with a leg at each corner, and the rider places his weight on the weakest part, the unsupported center. Her legs and feet are not designed for trotting on hard roads or galloping. And jumping is entirely unnatural to the horse. But through an arduous process of training the body ill-designed for this task can become a carrier of weights and learn to adjust her own balance for that purpose.

Therefore the body of the horse must be reshaped. A horse in the correct form has a rounded top line accompanied by a lowered head and neck and hindlegs engaged beneath the body; to achieve this form the teacher uses exercise, strapping and encourages higher head carriage. Thus formed the horse carries weight and can develop paces, balance and movements at the bidding of first the teacher and then the rider.

The horse has a natural curvature of the spine perhaps as a result of the foetal position of the unborn foal. This curvature prevents the animal from moving on a straight line so that the hindfeet follow exactly the track of the forefeet. Therefore the horse is trained in exercises to correct this natural crookedness by increasing the flexibility in the lumbar vertebrae. This straightening improves the mechanical efficiency of the horse.

Grooming

SHE is brushed all over her body with a dandy brush in the direction that the fur grows. She is brushed with the body brush in round, scrubbing movements. She is polished with a linen cloth until she shines.

Her eyes, her lips, her nostrils, under her tail are washed. Bits of sand, dust, manure, pebbles, mud, grass, weeds are taken from her hoofs with a pick. Oil is rubbed into her foot.

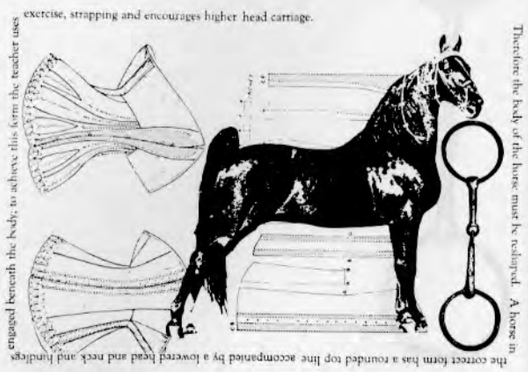
She is clipped. (So that she does not have the naked look of a fresh cut, this is done before the show.) The scissors move against the fur leaving only her mane, her tail and a saddle mark.

(The groom places a saddle on her back and clips around it so that when the saddle is removed, a saddle of fur remains on her back.)

And now that she is clipped her rider must protect her. The grease that was natural to her, that protected her from the cold and the wet, has been removed. She is vulnerable to the weather. He must provide for her a warm woolen blanket to put under her and a lined rug to put over her.

She may have her fetlocks clipped for showing in summer.

On certain occasions, good form requires that her mane and her tail be braided. Her hair is sewn or tied with ribbons.



Bonnie Carpenter

Dressage

"Girls ought to be active and diligent; nor is that all; they should also be early subjected to restraint. This misfortune, if it really be one, is inseparable from their sex; nor do they ever throw it off but to suffer more cruel evils. They must be subject, all their lives, to the most constant and severe restraint, which is that of decorum: it is, therefore, necessary to accustom them early to such confinement, that it may not afterwards cost them too dear; and to the suppression of their caprices, that they may the more readily submit to the will of others."

Jean-Jacques Rousseau, *Emilius*

"She must not swing her arms as though they were dangling ropes, she must not switch her self this way and that; she must not shout and she must not, while wearing her bridal veil, smoke a cigarette."

Emily Post, *Etiquette*

"The teacher should insist that the horse stand still and on all four legs during the process of mounting and until asked to move on by the rider. Fidgeting on the spot or moving on without command must not be tolerated."

Alois Podhajsky, *The Riding Teacher*

THE movements which the show horse executes have no use in themselves but exist as part of the show of dressage, manifesting how obediant she is, how well she keeps her balance, how complete is the mastery of her rider.

To "go large" she rides straight along the walls of the riding school, taking the corners precisely on an arc of a circle of three steps' diameter.

The "circle" is performed in either half sector of the school by inscribing a circle of 16 to 18 meters.

A "volte" is the smallest circle the horse may perform; it is six steps in diameter and may be done in the corners, along the walls or on the center line. The volte is performed only once.

The "half-volte and change" consists of a half circle and a straight line on which the horse is led at an angle of 45 degrees back to the wall where her position is changed.

"Serpentines all along the wall" may be ridden as single or double loops. For the single loop, the horse, after passing the second corner of the short side, is taken on a single track approximately 5 meters from the wall, thus describing a flat arc, and half-way through the school she is taken back in the same manner. For the double loop the curve of the single is repeated but the horse does not move from the wall more than 3 meters. Both arcs must be of the same size.

The "half-pass" is performed on parallel tracks, usually on a diagonal of the school. The horse's head is bent slightly at the poll in the direction she is going. The rest of her spine is held straight. If her shoulders move laterally more than her haunches, she will move on circular tracks, and this is classic direct rotation. If her haunches move more than her shoulders and on circular tracks she does a classic inverse rotation.

A common fault in the half-pass occurs when the horse's quarters are pushed ahead of the shoulders. Another occurs when the horse falls onto the leading shoulder in loss of balance owing to her not being straight.

Temperamental difficulties in training a horse to perform are these: nervousness or laziness, qualities which it has been decided are part of the horse's nature. Calmness and patience are recommended for the former. For the latter, the long whip.

Physical problems may be a long back or weak hindquarters, making it either difficult or painful for the horse to carry a rider or train for long hours. These may be eliminated partially by gymnastic training. Another difficulty is the oversensitive mouth of most high-spirited horses: this necessitates a light use of the bit.

If the horse lets her tongue hang out this is counted as a serious fault. This may be prevented by a manipulation of the bit.

Whenever the horse performs well, the rider offers her a lump of sugar.

The collaboration of horse and rider is essential to performance. When it is possible, a nervous horse should be led by a calm rider and a phlegmatic horse by a nervous rider.

As One

"The onlooker should have the impression that two creatures are fused together, one thinking, the other executing the thoughts."

Alois Podhajsky, *The Riding Teacher*

THE rider loves his horse. He dreams of her at night. He sees her sometimes in a fury of wildness, her excitable frenzies pouring over his body in waves; his head tossing becomes her head, a silky black mane on the pillows, large nostrils flaring, the long neck flailing back and forth throwing the sheets to the floor, hoofs kicking at the walls, and one eye, wild staring, unknowing, hurtling now, seven hundred pounds, crashing through the wall, galloping blood bright at the teeth where the bit has been torn away, a white frothy sweat, running through the dark night, all night: he is not the rider but the horse, riding, riding, riding. But in the morning she is calm. She is his mare. He speaks softly to her. She is supple. She responds quickly to his least movement. They have developed a silent language. If he presses with his left thigh, a subtle movement, imperceptible to the onlooker, she moves immediately to the right, her feet graceful, her head high, executing with exquisite grace his barely whispered will. It is as if she reads his mind and peacefully lets his thoughts enter and guide her body. They are beautiful together, seemingly effortless, artful, her back seems part of his ass, her legs are his legs, they ride as one.

The Stable

". . . the stable and the return to it after work is the greatest reward we can give our horse."

Captain Elwyn Hartley Edwards, *From Paddock to Saddle*

WHEN does the horse first know that the rider has left her side? Even when his weight is no longer on her back, his hand may be connected to her mouth, by the rein, by the bit. And even when his hand is off the rein, his eyes may be upon her. When can she be certain he is gone? Does she listen to his footsteps as they recede? Then, does she remember? Does she remember that she has a tongue, that she can push it between her teeth and over her lips? Does she feel a sense of dread as she lets it out? Does she feel a sense of shame, apart from the rider, when she rolls on her back? Is this a private ecstasy? Is she in fear of being discovered? Does she dread and not give this dread a name? Does she love the dark privacy of her stall? The smell of hay newly laid, the food that is brought every day at the same precise hours, always fresh, always familiar. Never changed. Does she love even the sound of the stable door as it opens to let her in and closes behind her, the sound of the chain on her halter as it is run through the manger ring? And when she is led out, finally, to the riding school or the track, even at her moment of triumph, even after she has waited for this, as the flowers are put over her silky neck, does she dream of the stable? Does she dream of returning?



Love

"Love gets its name (amor) from the word for hook (amus) which means to capture or to be captured."

Andreas Capellanus, *The Art of Courtly Love*

THOUGH she loves her stable because of the comfort, because she can always count on it to be there, because it is her private world and it is where she rests and is fed, she waits there. It is in the stable that she waits for her rider. It is only when her rider appears that she leaves her stable, that she moves. She loves to please her rider. It is her rider who rubs her flanks, who carries bits of food in the white flesh of his palm, who speaks to her softly, kindly. It is her rider who has trained all her movements, her rider who tells her what she must do from one moment to the next. Her rider who possesses a secret knowledge of a series of memorable movements whose purpose she cannot decipher, a knowledge above her capacity to understand, her rider who knows how to produce food and pleasure, for she is so entirely stupid and helpless that she cannot even feed herself without his aid, let alone know what or where to go, to do. The horse has no wish for freedom. She awaits the occasional visits of her master who day after day seems more powerful, more wise, taking on a majesty the horse would never dream of for herself. When he is in her presence, her thoughts are riveted on him. She likes no one else to ride her. Is this not love the horse is feeling? But she is mute. The rider has named her and so he must also name her feeling. He decides that she loves him.

"Wild, wild things can turn on you
And you got to set them free."

Cris Williamson, *Wild Things*

IN the cage is the lion. She paces with her memories. Her body is a record of her past. As she moves back and forth, one may see it all: the lean frame, the muscular legs, the paw enclosing long sharp claws, the astonishing speed of her response. She was born in this garden. She has never in her life stretched those legs. Never darted further than 20 yards at a time. Only once did she use her claws. Only once did she feel them sink into flesh. And it was her keeper's flesh. Her keeper whom she loves, who feeds her, who would never dream of harming her, who protects her. Who in his mercy forgave her mad attack, saying this was in her nature, to be cruel at a whim, to try to kill what she loves. He had come into her cage as he usually did early in the morning to change her water, always at the same time of day, in the same manner, speaking softly to her, careful to make no sudden movement, keeping his distance, when suddenly she sank down, deep down into herself, the way wild animals do before they spring, and then she had risen on all her strong legs, and swiped him in one long, powerful, graceful movement across the arm. How lucky for her he survived the blow. The keeper and his friends shot her with a gun to make her sleep. Through her half-open lids she knew they made movements around her. They fed her with tubes. They observed her. They wrote comments in notebooks. And finally they rendered a judgment. She was normal. She was a normal wild beast, whose power is dangerous, whose anger can kill, they had said. Be more careful of her, they advised. Allow her less excitement. Perhaps let her exercise more. She understood none of this. She understood only the look of fear in her keeper's eyes. And now she paces. Paces as if she were angry, as if she were on the edge of frenzy. The spectators imagine she is going through the movements of the hunt, or that she is readying her body for survival. But she knows no life outside the garden. She has no notion of anger over what she could have been, or might be. No idea of rebellion.

It is only her body that knows of these things, moving her, daily, hourly, back and forth, back and forth, before the bars of her cage.

The Anatomy Lesson

THE medical student is overcome with feeling. She vomits when she ought to be lifting the corpse's arm, breaking it against the stiffening of death. She associates her own body with the coldness of this one, trembles before it. No measure is taken to relieve her fear. No one asks her to describe it or to sing it out. No ceremony exists to reveal it. She is told instead she must learn to move about the human body without feeling. She must leave feeling behind. No one wonders if there might have been a use for that feeling–it is discarded before it is examined. She shall never know about death. The anatomy lesson becomes lifeless. And now this probing of the dead body gives her no help against her fear of death. Yet, isn't that why she wanted to see the body, despite her loathing, despite her fear, because of the fear itself, the feeling.

"It is only real feelings that possess this power of transferring themselves into inert matter."

Simone Weil,
First and Last Notebooks

FROM *the body of the old woman we can tell you something of the life she lived. We know that she spent much of her life on her knees.* (Fluid in the bursa in front of her kneecap.) *We say she must have often been fatigued, that her hands were often in water.* (Traces of calcium, traces of unspoken anger, swelling in the middle joints of her fingers.) *We see white ridges, scars from old injuries; we see redness in her skin.* (That her hands were often in water; that there must have been pain.) *We can tell you she bore several children. We see the white marks on her belly, the looseness of the skin, the wideness of her hips, that her womb has dropped.* (Stretching in the tissue behind the womb.) *We can see that she fed her children, that her breasts are long and flat, that there are white marks at the edges, a darker color of the nipple. We know that she carried weights too heavy for her back.* (Curvature of the spine. Aching.) *From the look of certain muscles in her back, her legs, we can tell you something of her childhood, of what she did not do.* (Of the running, of the climbing, of the kicking, of the movements she did not make.) *And from her lungs we can tell you what she held back, that she was forbidden to shout, that she learned to breathe shallowly. We can say that we think she must have held her breath. From the size of the holes in her ears, we know they were put there in her childhood. That she wore earrings most of her life. From the pallor of her skin, we can say that her face was often covered. From her feet, that her shoes were too small* (toes bent back on themselves), *that she was often on her feet* (swelling, ligaments of the arch broken down). *We can guess that she rarely sat through a meal.* (Tissue of the colon inflamed.) *We can catalogue her being: tissue, fiber, bloodstream, cell, the shape of her experience to the least moment, skin, hair, try to see what she saw, to imagine what she felt, clitoris, vulva, womb, all we can tell you that despite each injury she survived. That she lived to an old age.* (On all the parts of her body we see the years.) *By the body of this old woman we are hushed. We are awed. We know that it was in her body that we began. And now we say that it is from her body that we learn. That we see our past. We say, from the body of the old woman, we can tell you something of the lives we lived.*

Naming

BEHIND naming, beneath words, is something else. An existence named, unnamed, unnamable. We give the grass a name, and earth a name. We say grass and earth are separate. We know this because we can pull the grass free of the earth and see its separate roots – but when the grass is free, it dies. We say the inarticulate have no souls. We say the cow's eye has no existence outside of ourselves, that the red wing of the blackbird has no thought, the roe of the salmon no feeling, because we cannot name these. Yet for our own lives we grieve all that cannot be spoken, that there is no name for, repeating for ourselves the names of things which surround what cannot be named. We say Heron and Loon, Coot and Killdeer, Snipe and Sandpiper, Gull and Hawk, Eagle and Osprey, Pigeon and Dove, Oriole, Meadowlark, Sparrow. We say Red Admiral and Painted Lady, Morning Cloak and Question Mark. Baltimore and Checkerspot, Buckeye, Monarch, Viceroy, Mayfly, Stonefly, Cicada, Leafhopper and Earwig, we say Sea Urchin and Sand Dollar, Starfish and Sandworm. We say mucous membrane, uterus, cervix, ligament, vagina and hymen, labia, orifice, artery, vessel, spine and heart. We say skin, blood, breast, nipple, taste, nostril, green, eye, hair, we say vulva, hood, clitoris, belly, foot, knee, elbow, pit, nail, thumb, we say tongue, teeth, toe, ear, we say ear and voice and touch and taste and we say again love, breast and beautiful and vulva, saying clitoris, saying belly, saying toes and soft saying ear, saying ear, saying ear, ear and hood and hood and green and all that we say we are saying around that which cannot be said, cannot be spoken. But in a moment that which is behind naming makes itself known. Hand and breast know each one to the other. Wood in the table knows clay in the bowl. Air knows grass knows water knows mud knows beetle knows frost knows sunlight knows the shape of the earth knows death knows not dying. And all this knowledge is in the souls of everything, behind naming, before speaking, beneath words.

The Lion in the Den of the Prophets

SHE swaggers in. They are terrifying in their white hairlessness. She waits. She watches. She does not move. She is measuring their moves. And they are measuring her. Cautiously one takes a bit of her fur. He cuts it free from her. He examines it. Another numbers her feet, her teeth, the length and width of her body. She yawns. They announce she is alive. They wonder what she will do if they enclose her in the room with them. One of them shuts the door. She backs her way toward the closed doorway and then roars. "Be still," the men say. She continues to roar. "Why does she roar?" they ask. The roaring must be inside her, they conclude. They decide they must see the roaring inside her. They approach her in a group, six at her two front legs and six at her two back legs. They are trying to put her to sleep. She swings at one of the men. His own blood runs over him. "Why did she do that?" the men question. She has no soul, they conclude, she does not know right from wrong. "Be still," they shout at her. "Be humble, trust us," they demand. "We have souls," they proclaim. "We know what is right," they approach her with their medicine, "for you." She does not understand language. She devours them.

Susan Rennie and Anna Rubin

Introduction

One of the most revolutionary aspects of feminism – revolutionary in the context of modern American culture – is the self-help concept: the struggle to end the dependence and passivity which have characterized so much of women's lives. We see this idea applied concretely in areas of life as disparate as breadwinning and automobile care; but perhaps its most dramatic manifestation is in the field of health care, where indeed the language of "self-help" was coined. "Taking control of our bodies" started with Carol Downer daring to use "their" equipment – a speculum – to *see,* to examine those core parts of our femaleness that had been kept from our view.

Vaginal self-examination, which has enabled thousands of women to become acquainted with their bodies in such a way as to lessen their dependence on (predominantly male) medical professionals, was the beginning of a slow but steady movement toward taking back our bodies. Naturally, this movement initially focused on the female organs and functions of reproduction: birth control, birth, female diseases. But it has gradually extended to encompass the whole body.

In learning about our bodies, sharing information, penetrating the professional mystifications, women have become particularly sensitized to the negative aspects of modern medicine in general and medicine in a profit-oriented system in particular: the heavy technologizing of medical care; the disinterest in preventive medicine, including almost total neglect of diet and nutrition as the foundation of a well body; treating sick people as "consumers." But most of all, we have become aware of the dangerous dependence for the treatment of almost all symptoms on drugs, many of which have side effects known and unknown that frequently result in disease worse than the original condition.

These discoveries have catalyzed in many feminists the search for more natural and humane methods of preventing and dealing with illness, methods which are accessible to individuals and which further the concept of self-dependence and responsibility. The search has put us in touch with alternative methods of healing, some of which have existed on what we have been taught to regard uncritically as the "quack fringes" – homeopathy, herbology, acupuncture, reflexology, chiropractic, psychic healing – and other more recent additions to the health scene, such as



Herb-Wife

foot reflexology, megavitamin therapy, the therapies of the "cancer underground." Of course, in some cases we have discovered that these systems represent the underground survival of traditional female knowledge; so, in fact, by relearning them we are simply reappropriating our historical role as healers.

In moving toward alternative methods of healing, we are also attempting to reestablish the ancient wholeness ("holiness") of body and mind, which gradually disintegrated under the impact of the mind-versus-body dualism that has appeared to be such an essential characteristic of patriarchy. This dualism is perhaps nowhere more exaggerated than in modern medicine, which, with scalpel-like precision, segments psyche from physiology – and then ruthlessly compartmentalizes physiology: consider the bone doctors and brain doctors and ear doctors and bowel doctors and eye doctors and skin doctors and gland doctors and heart doctors. In search of more natural, organic perspectives from which to approach sickness and maintain well bodies, feminists are allying themselves with the "alternative" health movement, which sees healing as a holistic process. A recent national women's health conference held in Los Angeles amply demonstrates the inclusiveness of feminist health concerns. The program lists workshops ranging from self-help, home birth, menopause, and bladder and vaginal infections to herbal healing, Yoga acupressure, meditation with cancer, and psychic massage. [1]

Holistic healing may be defined as "balanced integration of the individual in all aspects and levels of being – body, mind, and spirit – including interpersonal relationships and our relationships to the whole of nature and our physical environment." [2] Disease may be seen as an imbalance, then, or a conflict between the different aspects of the self. It may also be seen as a tool for growth, confronting us with the results of poor diet, negligence toward the body, or negative self-concepts. On the larger social levels, disease forces us to deal with such issues as the polluted environment, imbalanced distribution of resources, and an oppressive medical establishment and food industry.

The holistic health movement has developed dramatically in certain areas of the country, and particularly in California. Within its folds we find a whole range of practitioners ranging from highly trained male specialists to lesbian separatist witches calling themselves "holistic healers."

In this directory, we have searched for feminists and women as healers based on proven expertise and knowledge. In certain areas where women are not yet prominent, we list male practitioners and authors. We do this to give women access to maximal information, skills, and technologies of healing.

How to use this directory? We urge first of all an attitude of patience and self-reflection. Too often we feel overwhelmed by what seem to be huge amounts of information in a new area. This attitude is especially prevalent among women in the subject of health and healing. Before thumbing through this directory, consider your own point of entry:

1. Women's Health and Healing Conference, held October 8-11, 1976, sponsored by Herself Health Clinic, 4164 Santa Monica Blvd., Los Angeles, and Westside Women's Clinic, 1711 Ocean Park Blvd., Santa Monica.
2. Pamphlet of Association for Holistic Health.



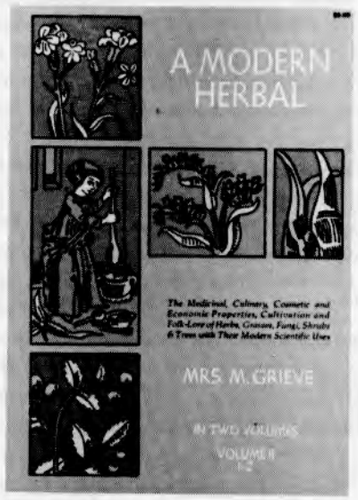
Pink Root

1. **Are you experiencing acute physical and/or emotional problems?** You may then want immediate recourse to your regular doctor, "gut" guidance, and support for alternatives once the immediate crisis is over.
2. **Are you dealing with a long-term, chronic, but nonemergency condition?** You may wish to investigate gradual self-healing techniques including diet, creative visualization and acupressure treatment.
3. **Are you recovering from major surgery or large doses of drugs, radiation treatments, etc.?** You may want to pursue a general detoxification program by means of clay, diet adjustment, fasting.
4. **Are you in relatively good health and wanting to maintain it?** You amy wish to learn shiatsu for rejuvenation and tension release or study homeopathic first-aid remedies.

At whatever level we choose to deal with our condition – the physical, emotional, or spiritual – positive ripple effects will be experienced throughout our system. We do not have to do everything all at once. For example, improving our diet can drastically improve emotional balance; experiencing the profound relaxation of massage can accelerate spiritual growth. What is important is starting and committing ourselves to some aspect of our self-healing.

Certain issues are crucial in the holistic healing movement: How do we evaluate practitioners, their modes of therapy, and the appropriateness of that therapy for our condition? We offer a few guidelines to the "healing consumer" in approaching a practitioner: Is she/he willing to be questioned, to give information, to be accessible? Is she/he concrete, specific in promises, explanations? Does she/he seem to practice what she/he preaches? Does she/he charge reasonable fees for services rendered?

This directory represents a beginning effort to spread and coordinate information on alternative healing modes. There is need for much work in this area. We hope to see the development of: **A comprehensive work** dealing with in-depth analyses of various healing therapies, noting how they can be used together and where they may conflict; **local directories** enabling women to easily locate practitioners of the various healing arts in their own areas; **coordinated health education projects,** building on the self-help concept to make this information available to large numbers of women; **health-maintenance education** for people of all ages and backgrounds.



Herbs

Herbalism, the use of flowers, shrubs, grasses, trees for the prevention of disease and the correction of illness, is a subject large enough to fill an entire catalog, not least because it is the most ancient of the healing arts. The 2000-year-old Ebers Papyrus discovered in the Thebes Necropolis contains herbal recipes, many of which include herbs in use today (gentian, mint, myrhh, elderberries), and documents the practice of herbal medicine by several thousand doctors. The earliest existing herbal was compiled 1800 years ago by a first-century Greek physician, Dioscorides; but there are records indicating the existence of Chinese herbals as far back as 3000 B.C. Herbalism has been a primary healing technique in cultures on a worldwide scale.

In Western history, the traditional healer was the village wise woman or witch.* From a formidable pharmacopeia she provided herbal remedies

*Witch derives from the Anglo-Saxon "wicce" or wise; thus, witchcraft referred to the "craft of the wise."

Books

A Modern Herbal, by M. Grieve, two volumes, Dover Books, $5.00 per volume.
Originally published in 1931 and subtitled "The Medicinal, Culinary, Cosmetic and Economic Properties, Cultivation and Folklore of Herbs, Grasses, Shrubs and Trees with their Modern Scientific Uses," this is the definitive modern herbal. In 888 pages Ms. Grieve covers over 800 plants from the common to the more esoteric – it's a delight just to read some of the names: squill, loosestrife, spurges, polypody root, teazles, tree of heaven, water soldier. She provides a spectacularly thorough and utterly fascinating account of the history and folk beliefs surrounding the plants;

for everything from warts to rheumatism; but, of course, her most widely renowned herbal skills had to do with the reproductive functioning of women. The village witch had herbal preparations for infertility, fertility, menstrual problems, abortion, and – in her function as midwife – she augmented her delivery skills with herbal medicines which relieved pain, relaxed muscles, hastened contractions, stopped hemorrhaging, as the situation demanded. She used her herbal knowledge to such effect, particularly in relieving labor pains, that the possession of this skill was used as a principle rationale for the destruction of the wise women in the great burnings between the 15th and 17th centuries. (It was deemed unChristian and heretical by Church Fathers to abridge the Biblical injunction that women should bring forth their issue in pain.)

As Barbara Ehrenreich and Deirdre English point out in *Witches, Midwives, and Nurses,* the liquidation of women healers coincided with a male invasion of medical care. And, from the time of the "Enlightenment," male practitioners of medicine and men of science steadily rejected herbalism – although it remained the most widely *practiced* form of medicine.

There have always been two sides to the traditional practice of herbal lore: one purely medicinal, dealing with the healing properties of plants; the other concerned with their magical powers. Mugwort, for example, an herb with special connections to the Goddess Diana (the Latin name of this herb is *Artemisia vulgaris),* supposedly increased one's powers of clairvoyance. And we are all familiar with the use of herbs as love potions. It was this latter aspect of herbal lore which was used to discredit confidence in the medicinal properties of herbs. It is an association which still colors our attitudes. "Old wives' tales," we sneer at our mothers' and grandmothers' suggested remedies. Why use witchhazel for hemorrhoids when one can get Preparation H from the local drugstore, or, better yet, cortisone from our doctors?

The easy dismissal of herbology as unscientific superstition overlooks the fact that wise women and traditional herbalists built up their pharmacopeia based on hundreds of years of *empirical observation.* Today, Italian physicians still use some of the herbal remedies of Trotula, a 14th-century woman healer famous throughout Europe in her lifetime.

Herbology commands respect in many quarters of the Soviet medical establishment and is integrated into much of regular Soviet medical practice. Alma Hutchens (see below) reports that in 1967 there were 19 specialized medical botanical farms with over 250,000 acres under cultivation by the Soviet state medical industry.

Indeed, some of the most crucial drugs in regular use in medical practice today have their origin in the cures used by wise women for centuries. One of the most famous examples is digitalis, commonly used to treat certain cardiac conditions.

William Withering, the English doctor who is credited with discovering and introducing digitalis for the treatment of heart disease, bought his knowledge from an old village wise woman in Shropshire. He had noticed that several patients with heart trouble responded well to treatment by the local traditional healer. After he managed to buy her remedy from the old woman, he discovered that its principal ingredient was the foxglove plant. Digitalis is, of course, the key element of foxglove, or witches' bells, as the plant is known in English folklore. This story is, in itself, a paradigm of the relationship between modern medicine and the ancient art of herbal healing: Doctor Withering has a monument – ornamented with foxgloves – erected to his memory; the anonymous wise woman and her healing potions have disappeared into the mists of old wives' tales.

The wholesale destruction of wise women* probably lost us priceless healing knowledge. Luckily, much survived in the innocuous household remedies handed down from mother to daughter and in the old herbals, now being rediscovered and reexamined. The recent upsurge of interest in natural and holistic healing has resulted in the reissuance of many of the traditional herbals, as well as the publication of modern herbals and a growing body of empirically backed information on the medicinal properties of various herbs.

Modern herbalism is based on the belief that herbal remedies – deriving from natural organic substances – form an active or living medicine which builds up the general health at the same time as it cures specific disease. While healing the body, most herbs supply it with essential nutrients. For example, alfalfa, an herb used, among many other purposes, to control bowel irregularity, includes in its constituents vitamins A, E, D, K, eight enzymes, iron, magnesium, sulphur, sodium, potassium, silica, and trace elements – not exactly what you get in one of the more common patented laxatives. Herbal healing has several other advantages over drug-oriented medicine. It aims at curing illness itself, not just the symptoms of disease – a slower, but ultimately more effective procedure than the alleviation of symptoms, the course of action followed by modern doctors in the treatment of disease. Herbs do not subject the body to the dangerous, not to say deadly, side effects associated with so many commonly used drugs. Hundreds of thousands of Americans, especially women, use Valium regularly as a tranquilizer and soporific. According to the *Physician's Desk Register,* the side effects of Valium include kidney and liver damage and the lowering of the white blood cell count, as well as "acute hyperexcited state, anxiety . . . and fatigue," the latter being symptoms the drug is supposed to relieve. When I need to relax, or have trouble going to sleep, I drink a tea made of catnip, hops, lobelia, peppermint, scullcap, and valerian root. This is just one of many natural, very effective, and harmless herbal nervines.

Herbal remedies are most effective in treating a range of minor illnesses: colds, flu, headaches, menstrual cramps, small infections, allergies, intestinal disorders, etc. But they are also crucial as an adjunct in treating serious diseases such as arthritis, asthma, anemia, heart disease, liver ailments, cancer, cysts, gallstones, diabetes, hypertension. I personally have been able to end my dependence on "heavy" and ultimately system-damaging drugs for an asthmatic condition by the use of therapies that include herbal remedies. Quintessentially, however, herbs, like all natural foods, act as a *preventive* medicine. That alone is well worth the exploration of their use by anyone seriously concerned with maintaining physical well-being.

Finally, herbal healing is accessible to any interested person at the cost of a small library and/or enrollment in one of several herbal schools offering inexpensive courses directly or by correspondance. Herbs are legal, cheap, and easy to obtain (until the AMA identifies creeping herbalism as a threat to the American health-care "consumer").

*Historians variously estimate that two to nine millions were exterminated between the 15th and 17th centuries.

their literary references; detailed information on habitat and methods of cultivation; chemical constituents (unknown to early herbalists); the healing properties and medicinal uses; dosages; preparations of extracts and tinctures; recipes for making lotions, ointments, wines, sauces, jams. 161 full-page illustrations. Highly recommended.

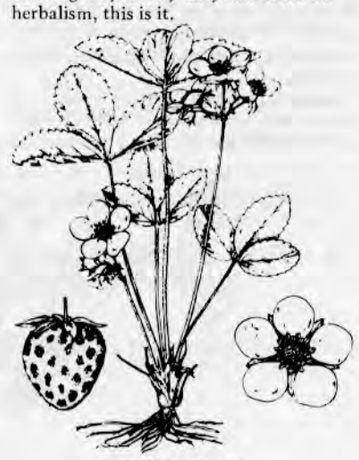
Indian Herbalogy [sic] *of North America,* by Alma Hutchens Merco, (620 Wyandotte East, Windsor 14, Ontario, Canada, $10.00).
Hutchens' herbal is absolutely indispensable to the serious student. After a rather weird introduction, written by someone clearly not thinking in English, the book is devoted to an alphabetical presentation of about 200 herbs. The author includes a drawing of each plant, a concise analysis of the medicinal part of the plant, its healing uses (internal and external), and its homeopathic applications.

Common Herbs for Natural Health, by Juliette De Bairacli Levy, Schocken Books, $2.45.
Following a short introductory section on gathering, preparing, and preserving herbs, the bulk of Levy's book consists of a *materia medica* of about 200 herbs with descriptions of their habitat, uses, and dosages. The herbs are listed alphabetically, but Levy provides an index of illnesses which refers back to the relevant herbs for treatment. Levy is a very learned herbalist, most of her knowledge coming first hand from the field, which, in her case, included living with Bedouins, Spanish Gypsies, and American and Mexican Indians. As she says, this has allowed her to include "many new medicinal herbs and herbal treatments of my own discovery, and hitherto unpublished ones that I have collected on my travels." Highly recommended.

Culpeper's Complete Herbal, by Nicolas Culpeper, W. Foulsham & Co., England (available from most bookstores carrying herbal books, $6.95).
Culpeper's herbal was the standard work for over two centuries. Culpeper (1616 - 1654) studied Greek and Arabic medicine at Cambridge. Shortly after beginning practice as an herbalist in London, he published a copy of the London Pharmocopeia under the title *The Physical Directory.* Although this brought him applause from a grateful public, it brought down the wrath of the contemporary equivalent of the AMA, the Royal College of Physicians. The doctors were furious at the publication of their trade secrets. However, the bulk of Culpeper's herbal knowledge clearly came from his own field researches and acquaintance with the folk tradition. Many of Culpeper's clinical indications have proven correct.

Back to Eden, by Jethro Kloss (Lifeline Books, P.O. Box 6189, Santa Barbara, CA 93111, $2.25).
This giant paperback, subtitled "American herbs for pleasure and health; natural nutrition and recipes and instruction for living the Edenic life," is one of the most popular herbal handbooks. Originally published by Kloss in 1939, the bulk of the book is devoted to descriptions of herbs and their medicinal applications; but it is also packed with a miscellany of healing information ranging from hydrotherapy to fasting to the dangers of cooking with aluminum utensils. Kloss is big on enemas as part of his herbal healing methods. We prefer Grieve, Hutchens, Levy, and Lust.

The Herb Book, by John Lust (Benedict Lust Publications, Box 777, Simi Valley, CA 93065, $12.95).
This book can very well claim to be "The Most Complete Herb Book Ever Published." Lust has comprehensive information on natural gathering, herb gardening, drying and storing herbs, dealing with herb dealers. His section on the various uses of herbs covers instructions on making teas, herbal decoctions, powders, syrups, tinctures, essences, ointments, poultices, herb baths, cold compresses. His *materia medica* includes, first, a glossary of medicinal effects –and herbs that produce them – from abortifacients to vermifuges (very useful, since most herbals take it for granted that the reader is acquainted with these terms, or provide a very abbreviated glossary); second, plants applicable to various conditions and body organs (for example, for acne one is referred to burdock and strawberry; for boredom Lust lists cannabis, scotch broom, peyote, prickly lettuce); third, a compendium of 514 plant entries. There is also a substantial section on herbal teas for specific ailments and health conditions, as well as a section on the use of herbs in cooking. If you buy only one book on herbalism, this is it.



Strawberry leaves

These resources are divided into a selection of general herbal reference books, old and new; publications with specific applications — herbal remedies for children, for cosmetic purposes, for animals; information on studying herbal healing; how to grow your own herbs; how to harvest and prepare herbs; where to buy herbs. As with other sections in this catalog, the listed resources represent *selections* from a much larger body of literature.

Herbs and Things, by Jeanne Rose, Grosset & Dunlap, $2.95 plus $.35 for mailing.
Jeanne Rose's charmingly written book offers a *materia medica,* a list of stores in the United States from which herbs can be purchased, a glossary, a listing of various ailments and their herbal remedies, and a table of weights and measures and their equivalents — very useful to have when you get into the more specialized, esoteric herbals. Her section on the herbal treatment of common ailments is particularly distinguished from other books listed here in the variety of *modes* Rose suggests for taking or applying herbs. The usual methods suggested are teas and/or poultices, depending on the nature of the ailment. In addition to the standard infusions and applications, Rose describes herbal oils that can be used to massage a sufferer, rubbing lotions, snuffs, inhalants.

But the reason I would recommend this book to those just getting into herbs, as well as to old hands, is the marvelous *recipes,* ancient and modern. The author's list of recipes include those for aphrodisiacs, the brain ("for Sleep . . Sleep . . . Memory, Madness, Melancholy, Headaches, Pomanders for the Brain, and Psychedelia), herbal baths (with wonderfully sensuous names: "Dawn Bath," "Tranquil Bath"), creams and lotions, facial packs, powders, shampoos, deodorants, soaps, toothpastes, astringents, suntan lotions. If you are into cosmetics and beauty aids (and we all use shampoo, toothpaste, soap presumably), check out the chemical ingredients of these everyday items before you pooh-pooh the need for herbal substitutes or dismiss the homemaking effort as too cumbersome.

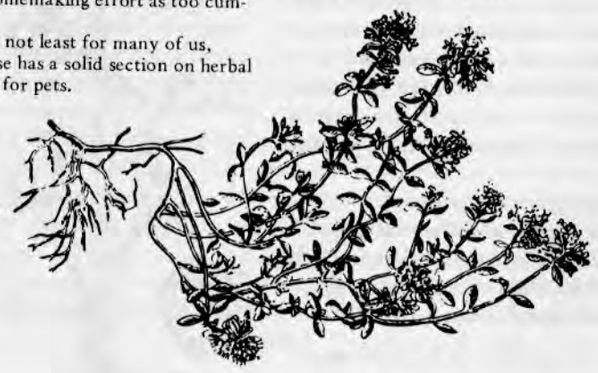
Last, but not least for many of us, Jeanne Rose has a solid section on herbal treatments for pets.

Shaker Herbs: A History and a Compendium, by Amy Bess Miller (Clarkson N. Potter, 1 Park Ave., New York, NY 10016, $12.95).
That remarkable American Utopian sect founded by Mother Ann Lee at the end of the 18th century was "forbidden to employ doctors of the world." Instead they relied on herbs and plants gathered in the fields, woodlands, and their own gardens. Their renown as herbalists spread so quickly that by 1825 outsiders were seeking to purchase their herbs as well as their herbal knowledge.
In their communities throughout the United States, the Shakers expanded their gardens and became the first Americans to produce herbs for hospitals as well as the pharmaceutical market.

This exquisitely produced book is divided into two sections: the first third documents the history of the Shaker medicinal industry as gleaned from journals, letters, catalogs, monthly magazines, and Shaker literature. The second part of the book is a Shaker *materia medica* or herbal compendium taken directly from Shaker catalogs issued between 1830 and 1894. Over 300 herbs are listed with all pertinent botanical data and medicinal uses.

The Shakers are justifiably famous for living their saying, "The truly useful is always the truly beautiful." The beautiful drawings of herbs by Sister Cora Helena Sarle, done in 1866, which illustrate the book, are another proof of the Shakers' remarkable aesthetic.

This book is expensive, but if you are building an herbal library — or if you simply love beautiful books — this is well worth the price.



Thyme

The Concise Herbal Encyclopedia, by Donald Law, St. Martin's Press, $4.95
This delightful book covers most of the usual areas: commonly used herbs and their medicinal uses, herbs in cooking, herbs for veterinary purposes, the history of herbs, specific ailments and their herbal remedies. We list it because it is written well, and because the author combines scientific background with a family heritage of herbal knowledge. The latter comes through in the homilies included in healing information. In his suggestions for curing acne, for example, Law includes a ditty which perfectly epitomizes the character of herbalism: "If all goes well with the outside skin/ You may feel pretty sure all's right within / But if anything puts the inner skin out/ It is sure to trouble the skin without." He's also pretty honest; when an herbal preparation tastes terrible, he tells you.

American Folk Medicine, by Clarence Meyer, New American Library, $3.95.
Here we have a recently issued compendium of American folk herbal remedies drawn from a wide variety of published sources dating from pre-Revolutionary times, as well as remedies gathered in an oral history manner from living practitioners. The compendium is prefaced by a hugely interesting and informative essay on the history of American folk medicine and its practitioners. The book is certainly a flavorful slice of Americana with wonderful snippets of folk wisdom woven into the actual remedies. In the section on remedies for asthma, J. Monroed reports in 1824, for example, that "the oil of goose is a good remedy but the feathers are very hurtful to those who lie upon them" (as this ex-asthmatic can testify).

The Book of Herb Lore, by Lady Rosalind Northcote, Dover, $2.50.
This is an unabridged republication of the 1912 edition. As the title indicates, this book emphasizes the origins, historical uses, and folklore associated with herbs. The book is filled with wonderful nuggets of information. Clover enables you to see witches. Camomile derives its Latin name *matricaria* from the plant's dedication to St. Anne, mother of the Virgin Mary: "mater" plus "cara" being "beloved mother."

Herbs for Feminine Ailments, by Sarah Beckett, Thorsons Publishers, England, $1.25 (available from the Yes! Bookshop, 1035 31st Street, N.W., Washington, DC 20007).
The information is given under alphabetically listed herbs.

The Magic Garden: The Myth and Folklore of Flowers, Plants, Trees, and Herbs, by Anthony S. Mercatante, Harper & Row, $5.95.
A handsome and lovingly written book which focuses on the history of herbs as recorded in mythology, legend, literature, and folklore drawn from worldwide sources. Egyptian, classical, Christian, Norse, Celtic, Eastern, American Indian, African mythologies are included in the bibliography.

Herbs To Help You Sleep, by Ceres, Thorson Publishers, England, $1.50 (available from the Yes! Bookshop).
This small book will enable you to throw away Valium, Sleepeaze, Sominex, etc., and sleep peacefully in the knowledge that you are not abusing your body.

The Book of Garlic, by Lloyd J. Harris, Panjandrum Press, San Francisco, $5.95.
A whimsical panegyric to *allium sativum,* including history, folklore, and recipes. But, for the herbalist this is a serious book. Harris includes a scholarly garlic herbal and an exhaustive study of recent clinical research affirming garlic's traditional properties as an antibiotic, anticarcinogenic, anti congestant, and blood-pressure-controlling agent.

Nature's Children, by Juliette De Bairacli Levy, Warner Books, $1.25.
An excellent guide to health care for children through organic foods and herbal remedies.

The Complete Herbal for the Dog, by Juliette De Bairacli Levy, Arco Books, $5.95.
The title is self-explanatory. A first-rate book for those of us who want to ensure health and longevity for our canine pets. For many of us, the most useful sections deal with the elimination of parasites — fleas, ticks, etc. Commercial preparations and collars are exceedingly bad for a dog's health. Read the instructions on how such items are to be kept away from children.



Hound's-Tongue

Magazines

Well-Being (833 W. Fir Street, San Diego, CA 92101; $10 for 12 issues).
Although this magazine, now two years old, is a general healing magazine, it is indispensable to the herbalist. Regular features include an in-depth article on a specific herb, an herb-walk directory, herbal news and reviews. Feature articles provide information on the uses of herbs for applications ranging from birth control and childbirth to menopause, menstrual problems, cysts, colds, flu, sunburn, headaches. It is simply, but beautifully, written and produced. An extra plus is the magazine's high feminist consciousness.

The Herbalist (224 Draper Lane, P.O. Box 62, Provo, UT 84601; $6.00 for 12 issues).
This glossy magazine is particularly valuable for its monthly in-depth articles on individual herbs: their history, habitat, preparation, medicinal properties, healing uses. Articles have appeared on alfalfa, comfrey, lobelia, mullein, nettles, rose hips, garlic, oak bark. Other areas covered are herbiculture (growing, harvesting, and storing herbs), natural healing methods for specific diseases — recent issues have included "Reproductive Problems," "The Lymphatic System," "Morning Sickness" — news and reviews. A bargain.

The Country Lady's Daybook (P.O. Box 754, Felton, CA 95018; $6.00 for 6 - 8 issues).
The editor, Karen Schultz, says of the magazine, "We are not feminists, but rather down-home people who want to share an enlightened, natural family lifestyle with other humans." This disclaimer notwithstanding, there are good articles on natural nutrition, dietary solutions to women's health problems (sample: "Preventing Anemia During Pregnancy"), natural food recipes, and articles devoted specifically to the medicinal uses of herbs.

Herbal Schools and Home Study

Consult *Well-Being* for a list of healing schools, including those devoted to herbalism. We know of one home study course which seems reliable. The Advanced School of Herbology in Sacramento offers a correspondence course of 36 lessons based on the work of Dr. Edward E. Shook, a renowned turn-of-the-century herbalist. $4.00 will get you the first lesson, plus the course outline and information about costs, etc. Send to Advanced School of Herbology, 710 - 712th Street, Sacramento, CA 95814.

Naturopathy

Naturopathy is a fitting beginning to this healing directory. The practice of naturopathy is eclectic and inclusive and may include any variety of techniques discussed in this article: for example, herbal remedies, homeopathics, acupressure, nutrition counseling. It "emphasizes the use of Nature's agencies, forces, products and processes in the prevention and treatment of disease. . . . The true defining agent is Nature—'Nature cures'."[3]

Naturopathic medicine was developed in Germany between 1830 and 1850. Dr. Benedict Lust was a German naturopath who came to the U.S. and founded the first naturopathic college of medicine. The practice of this field of medicine was widespread as recently as 50 to 60 years ago. Drug medicine gradually killed the naturopathic medical movement, fewer people patronized naturopathic physicians, and fewer people entered the naturopathic profession. The schools died out as well.

In 1958, however, several naturopaths banded together and founded the National College of Naturopathic Medicine in Portland, Oregon, with a branch in Wichita, Kansas. This school is presently the only naturopathic medical college in the United States.

For information about naturopathy and how to train yourself in this area, contact: National College of Naturopathic Medicine, 3100 McCormick Avenue, Wichita, Kansas 67213.

3. Joyce Keane, "Rebirth of Naturopathic Medicine as a Healing Art," *United Focus,* Vol. 1, No. 5, Third Quarter 1976, p. 18.

Homeopathy

Homeopathy is a medical discipline concerned with the total condition of the patient "as expressed through her emotions, mental outlook and physical being . . . Homeopathy seeks the one single medication (at a minimum dosage) for each individual which will stimulate her own healing forces to bring about a state of health."[4] Homeopathy is based on the work of an early 19th-century physician named Samuel Hahnemann. He rediscovered Hippocrates' Law, which states that "Like cures like. . . ." Homeo means like, similar; pathos means feeling, suffering–i.e., having like feelings or affections.

The medications used by homeopathic physicians are made from selected mineral, vegetable, and animal substances that have been highly diluted and prepared by a process known as "dynamization." Hahnemann found that a very small amount of a substance had the effect of curing the symptoms brought on by a large amount of that substance.

"A simple example is Homeopathic Coffee, *Coffea Cruda,* which cures that increased sensitiveness, tight head pain, excessive wakefullness, etc. which large amounts of coffee cause."[5] Homeopathics stimulate the body on a very basic level, probably on an immune level, to begin to function healthfully for itself. Hence the body will throw off the condition which led to the manifestation of the symptoms. Homeopathy assists the body in helping itself.[6]

The remedies are in such small amounts that they can be sold over the counter. These medicines have been tested on healthy people. Many people prescribe for themselves with the aid of manuals and some trial and error. Druggists who work at homeopathic drugstores can be very helpful.

4. *Layman Speaks,* inside cover, published by National Center for Homeopathy, September 1976.
5. David Debus, "An Introduction to Homeopathy," *Well-Being,* No. 10, p. 7.
6. Joyce Keane, *op. cit.*

Books & Articles

"An Introduction to Homeopathy," by David Debus, *Well-Being,* No. 10, pp. 6-9 (Box 7455, San Diego, CA 92107; subscription $5/yr).
An excellent short introductory article with bibliography. A good place to begin if you've never been exposed to homeopathic theory before.

Homeopathy–Medicine of the New Man, San Francisco: Konros Books, 1971, $2.95 (available from Yes! Bookshop; add $.50 for mailing).
Recommended from several quarters as a good introduction to homeopathy.
History, theory, methods included.

Homeopathy for the First-Aider, by Dr. Dorothy Shepherd, Health Science Press, $3.15 (available through Yes! Bookshop; add $.50 for mailing).
A good book for those wishing to incorporate homeopathic treatment of common ailments such as wounds, burns, pain, aches, colds, etc. Clear presentation.

Homeopathic Influences in Nineteenth-Century Allopathic Therapeutics, Dr. Harris Coulter (American Institute of Homeopathy, 910 17th St. N.W., Washington, DC 20006, $1.95).
Dr. Coulter's book provides a fascinating history of how homeopathy influenced allopathic–establishment–medicine in the 19th century. Three major ways:

> 1) the reduction in dose size, 2) the decline of polypharmacy (multiple drug prescriptions), 3) the greater reliance on the healing power of nature, and 4) allopathy's tentative acceptance of the idea that the powers of medicines may be ascertained through tests on the healthy person.

For starters, homeopathy helped decrease the use of bloodletting. A very interesting study for those with some interest in the history of the struggle between homeopathy and allopathy.

Materia Medica With Repertory, by William Boericke, M.D. (Boericke Runyon, 1011 Arch St., Philadelphia, PA 19107, $6.00).
A reasonably priced catalogue of homeopathic remedies and the conditions they are useful for. For the serious student of homeopathy.

A Manual of Homeopathy and Natural Medicine, by C. H. Sharma, New York: Dutton, $2.95 (available from Yes! Bookshop; add $.50 for mailing).
This book covers the major principles of homeopathic diagnoses, remedies, how to go about using homeopathics. Much useful information is included about holistic healing as well–caring for the sick person, diet and hygiene, emergency treatment. It is an excellent small health manual for general home use.

Journals

Layman Speaks, published by National Center for Homeopathy (address below), $6/yr.
This small, delightful periodical is written in a homey style for the general reader (and enthusiast of homeopathy). Staple articles include: "Chamomilla, One of the Safer Medicines"; "The Fear of Flu (and How To Deal With It)"; "Why Homeopathy Cures"; etc. Listed in each issue are the principles of homeopathy, which include:

> . . . Never confuses symptoms with diseases; has a clear scientific conception of symptoms, what they mean, and how to use the totality of symptoms to find the one individual remedy; . . . understands the difference between palliation, suppression and cure; understands the consequences of that difference for the safety and welfare of the sick . . .

Drawings of herbs appear on each cover.

Organizations

National Center for Homeopathy
6231 Leesburg Pike
Falls Church, VA 22044
This organization provides information on literature and referrals to homeopathic physicians, homeopathic drugstores, and professional courses in homeopathy.

American Foundation for Homeopathy
Suite 428-31 Barr Building
910 17th Street, N.W.
Washington, DC 20006
Another central organization providing information, publications, etc.

Drugstores

Santa Monica Drug Co.
1513 Fourth Street
Santa Monica, CA 90401

Kiehl Pharmacy, Inc.
109 Third Avenue
New York, NY 10003

Boericke and Tagel, Inc.
1011 Arch Street
Philadelphia, PA 19107

Mylands Homeopathic Pharmacy
222 O'Farrell Street
San Francisco, CA 94102

Chiropractic

Chiropractic is a branch of the healing arts concerned with health and disease processes. Doctors of chiropractic are physicians who consider the person as an integrated being, giving special attention to spinal mechanics and muscular and vascular relationships. Documented history of tissue manipulation goes back to cave paintings in southeastern France, dated 17,500 B.C.

Chiropractic is based on the premise that:

> *. . . the nervous system controls all other systems and all physiological functions of the human body; that interference with the nerve control of these systems impairs their functions and by rendering the body less resistant to infection or other stimuli, induces disease.*[7]

Therefore, the chiropractor does most of her work on the spinal column, the central railway of the nervous system. Deborah Karrish, a feminist chiropractor, pointed out that "structural misalignments are at the root of most physical problems. Most conditions are affected by or have their effect on the spine."[8]

What kinds of conditions is chiropractic most effective for? Many people initially go to a chiropractor for back problems. They often find that other conditions clear up as therapy continues. Various chronic conditions such as allergies, asthma, diabetes, psoriasis, and hypertension have all been successfully treated by chiropractors.

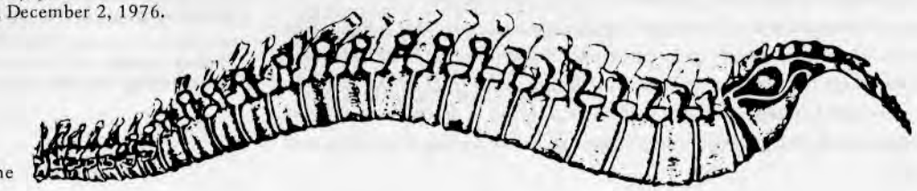
Chiropractic methods of diagnosis include interviews, physical examination of the spine and affected body parts, X-rays, and lab tests. Treatments vary, but they exclude prescription drugs or major surgery. The most characteristic treatment is the chiropractic adjustment–that is, the correction of off-centered vertebral or pelvic segments in order to balance the spine. Other treatments may include dietary and nutritional supplements, physiotherapy, and professional counseling in such areas as diet, attitudes, safety habits, posture, rest, and work.

Chiropractors, like naturopaths and homeopaths, were an important part of the American medical scene until drug medicine (often referred to as "allopathy") began to predominate. All States now have statutes recognizing and regulating the practice of chiropractic as an independent health service. Insurance companies will compensate for chiropractic treatment.

Chiropractic can be an important part of health maintenance and disease prevention. Deborah Karrish commented that a yearly spinal checkup could help most of us maintain correct spinal posture and remedy minor problems before they become major; "It's at least as effective as some nurse taking your blood pressure, weighing you and then having the doctor come in and say, 'Does anything hurt?'."

Women are looking into chiropractic as a career more and more. While sexist attitudes are probably as prevalent as in the conventional medical establishment, it is still an option which some women interested in health care may wish to pursue.

7. *Planning a Career in Chiropractic,* published by American Chiropractic Association (address below), p. 5.
8. Interview, December 2, 1976.



Spine

Books

NOTE – Books on chiropractic are not readily available. You may need to order them from the publisher. Visit your local chiropractic college bookstore or library for best results.

Chiropractic: A Modern Way to Health, by Julius Dintenfass (Pyramid Publications, 9 Garden Street, Moonachie, NJ 07074, $1.25).
Recommended as a good general introduction.

Chiropractic Speaks Out, by Chester A. Wilk (Wilk Publishing Co., P.O. Box 320, Park Ridge, IL 60068, $6.95).
A reply to medical propaganda and bigotry; informative.

The Chiropractic Adjustor, by Dr. D. D. Palmer (available from Palmer College, 1000 Brady St., Davenport, IA 52803, $26.00).
Written by the founder of chiropractic, this book tells everything you would want to know about the art, history, techniques, and theory of chiropractic. Possibly available in your public or university library.

Treatment of Neuropathy and the Encyclopedia of Physical and Manipulative Therapeutics, compiled by Thomas T. Lake (Health Research, 70 Lafayette St., Mokelumne Hill, CA 95245, $18.95).
Another fascinating reference work with scads of information.

Journals

Chiropractic Economics includes a variety of articles on chiropractic as well as kinesiology, acupuncture, nutrition, etc.
Published by:
Chiropractic News Publishing Co.
39835 W. 10-Mile Rd.
Farmington Hills, Michigan 48024

Organizations

International Chiropractic Association
741 Brady St.
Davenport, Iowa 52808

American Chiropractic Association
2200 Grand Ave.
Des Moines, Iowa 50312

Both of these groups will send information on request.

Polarity

Polarity, a holistic method of energy balancing, is an eclectic approach to health developed by Dr. Randolph Stone over 40 years ago. He was a student of Chinese acupuncture, naturopathy, homeopathy, and the Ayurvedic medical system of India. At its most basic, polarity is concerned with "balancing the life energy to equalize its flow on both sides of the body. Polarity currents link the inner energies of the body to the outer fields, whose interruptions cause tension and pain, and what is called 'disease'." Polarity does not treat specific ailments but works solely with the energy system, promoting greater flow, balance, and relaxation and helping to maintain normal body functions.

There are four major components to polarity. The first is a manipulative technique consisting of simple and gentle contacts on the body with both hands. These contacts are applied to pressure-sensitive points. The second aspect is polarity Yoga, a series of easy stretching postures combining movements and sound. The third is polarity diet, consisting of the use of foods and herbs to cleanse and purify the digestive system and then to rebuild the body.

Good thinking is the fourth, the subtlest and most dynamic aspect of Polarity. It is what enables the individual to carry on by oneself, to consolidate the gains one has achieved through the other aspects of Polarity and to retain one's own sense of energy flow and balance. 9

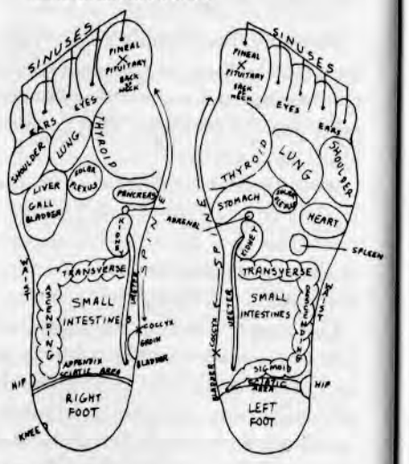
9. Pamphlet, Polarity Health Institute (address above).

Seminars and training sessions are held throughout the country. You may find out about polarity training in your area through the following organizations and individuals:

Dr. Pierre Pannetier
401 No. Glassell St.
Orange, CA 92666

Polarity Health Institute
Fall River Mills, CA 96028

International Polarity Institute
1 Palomar Arcade #135
Santa Cruz, CA 95060



Introduction to Asian healing arts and related therapies

The Asian healing arts include acupuncture, acupressure, shiatsu, and other derivative systems such as jin shin jyutsu, do-in, and hand and foot reflexology. Asian medical philosophy is concerned with the system of forces which operate in and through the body, with the energy at the roots of all life. In ancient China an elaborate, sophisticated medical philosophy was based on the concepts of yin and yang – "simply front and back, the inside and the outside, up and down . . . . These primal two forces are opposite but complimentary processes" 10 – seen as relative and not absolute qualities. The yin and the yang generate a very subtle vibration, known as chi. Chi, the primary energy of the universe, is known as prana in India, aether in Western mysticism, orgone in Reich's theories. Chi flows through the body in definite channels or meridians. There are two principal meridians as there are 12 principal organs.

The organism is viewed as a totality. Each part of the body is connected in various ways with each other part. Certain parts (e.g., ear, foot, hand, abdomen) have been found to be related to all the major organs and meridians. Principal acupuncture points – that is, the exact places where the energy connections exist – have been elaborately mapped. So it is possible to treat virtually any ailment by applying pressure to various points on, for example, the ear. "We may yet discover that each cell of every organism has the implications of the whole organism." 11

Disease is recognized to be caused by both inner and outer forces. The influence of weather, foods, and emotional situations has been studied for its effect on the body. Preventive medicine is the goal of the practitioner. Ancient Chinese patients paid their doctors to keep them well; if one became sick, the physician was responsible for paying for drugs and treatment.

Books

The Incredible Healing Needles, by Joyce and Denis Lawson-Wood, Samuel Weiser, $1.25 (available through Yes! Bookshop; add $.50 for mailing).
A short, concise, nontechnical presentation of the principles of Asian medical theory. A brief historical outline of the development of acupuncture is provided. The concepts covered are discussed in clear, simple terms:

> Yang is the name given to the polarity whose force acts centripetally: that is inwards, towards a centre . . . solidifying, holding together, organizing, integrating. . . . Yin represents the centrifugal force of expansion, loosening, disorganizing, disintegrating, dispersing . . . (P. 16.)

Acupuncture Handbook, Denis and Joyce Lawson-Wood, Health Science Press, $6.00.
A more technical text on acupuncture with emphasis on meridians, acupuncture points, how to treat specific conditions. A theoretical section basically recapitulates material from the *Incredible Healing Needles,* with some variation. Good writing, clear illustrations.

The various Asian healing systems and their derivatives vary according to (1) the method used to stimulate the pressure points; (2) the sophistication of the system and the degree of training required to become a practitioner; and (3) use as a self-help method of health maintenance or for treatment of more serious ailments.

Acupuncture, for example, employs needles and/or electrically operated devices to stimulate the points. It is a highly sophisticated system, and the student may need to study for several years to master its theories and techniques. It is used to treat virtually any condition, from the simplest to the most serious. Shiatsu, on the other hand, is a folk-healing method using about 30 acupuncture points; it can be mastered in a short time and used for oneself and one's friends for health maintenance and treatment of minor ailments. Jin shin jyutsu, zone therapy, and foot and hand reflexology fall somewhere in between these two extremes. In all these related healing methods, it is agreed that the goal of treatment is to balance the chi, to break up blocks in its natural flow, and to promote the health, balance, and spiritual growth of the patient.

10. Ron and Iona Teeguarden, "Let Your Mind Massage Your Body," *East-West Journal,* May 1976.
11. Dr. Ralph Dale, "The Micro-Acupuncture Systems," *American Journal of Acupuncture,* Vol. 4, No. 3, p. 221.

Acupuncture

Acupuncture – literally "needle pressure" – is the Chinese medical system which mainly uses needles to stimulate points along a meridian. The technique of burning small amounts of moss near acupuncture points may also be used. Recently, electrically operated devices have come to be employed. More than a thousand acupuncture points are known to exist in the body.

Acupuncture is an elaborate and highly sophisticated approach to health. In the last few years, many Western medical practitioners have studied acupuncture and begun to incorporate it into their practices. It has been used extensively to alleviate chronic pain and deal with many other chronic conditions; however, there is virtually no type of condition which may not be treated by means of acupuncture.

At present in California, one must be licensed and tested by the Acupuncture Committee of the State Legislature in order to practice acupuncture. Extensive training is required.

The Complete Book of Acupuncture, by Dr. Stephen Thomas Chang, Celestial Arts, $6.95.
One of the best books I have seen on acupuncture for the layperson; goes into considerable depth on the subject. Diagrams, pictures, and charts supplement the clear writing and explanations. The book includes ways of dealing with specific conditions by needling specific acupuncture points. Dr. Chang writes:

> Chinese medicine encourages people to become aware of the miraculous powers inherent within their bodies and to take advantage of these powers before they rely on outside aid. (P. 7.)

Acupuncture, The Ancient Chinese Art of Healing and How It Works Scientifically, by Dr. Felix Mann, Vintage Books, $1.95.
Dr. Mann was one of the first Westerners to explore acupuncture. This popular book is a fairly detailed and technical presentation with history, methods, theories. It comes highly recommended by Dr. Ralph Dale (see under organizations, Acupuncture Education Center). Dr. Mann gives excellent explanations of many acupuncture processes:

> Diseased organs seem to have a lowered threshold of response, for only a small stimulus is needed to correct a dysfunction of a diseased organ. On the other hand a very considerable stimulus is needed to alter the function of a healthy organ. (Pp. 24-25.)

Acupuncture, A Layman's View, by Lucille Leong, New American Library, $1.50 (available throughYes! Bookshop; add $.50 for mailing).
Another good introduction, which includes excellent graphics and charts. Ms. Leong takes a balanced view of the art, with chapters on the philosophy of acupuncture, acupuncture as anesthesia, why it works, and what it can cure.

> . . . One can conclude that acupuncture is capable of curing or alleviating most diseases arising from physiological abnormalities, in which collodial equilibrium is upset . . . Acupuncture cannot heal permanent scars or lesions. It cannot rejuvenate worn-out organs but it can regulate them for better efficiency and functioning. It is no longer used for treatment of infectious diseases like cholera for antibiotics have replaced it; but it dissipates the disagreeable effects of such diseases.

Includes bibliography, glossary, and case histories.

An Outline of Chinese Acupuncture, compiled by Chinese Academy of Traditional Medicine, Peking; $17.50; available from Chan's (address below).
Recommended by Dr. Dale as the best textbook on acupuncture. For the serious student. Theory and application in clinical treatment.

Supplies

Acupuncture Directory, by Pedro Chan (Chan's Books and Products, 2930 West Valley Blvd., Alhambra, CA 91803, $2.50).
Chan has written several books on acupuncture, including this directory with lists of acupuncture literature, treatment centers, suppliers, and supplies. His other books include *Wonders of Chinese Acupuncture* ($4.50) and *Finger Acupressure* (Bantam, $1.50). Write his store for its catalog.

Acupuncture Manikin, $8.90; Acupuncture Wall Chart, $5.50; Atlas of the Ear, $16.00; Four Charts, $7.00 (Cadre, 124 28th Ave., San Mateo, CA 94403).
These and many more products, books, anatomical models, etc., are available through Cadre. Write for their complete catalog.

Journals

American Journal of Acupuncture, (1400 Lost Acre Dr., Felton, CA 95018; $45/yr).
This journal is technical and intended for practitioners of acupuncture but occasionally contains articles of great interest to lay people. In Vol. 4, No. 3, I read about the micro-acupuncture systems "in which a definite part of the body, such as the ear, manifests reflexes to every main meridian and organ of the body. . . . Nogier discovered that the ear reflex topology repeats the anatomy of the fetus."

China Medical Reporter
An informal newsletter about China's current application of acupuncture, herbs, exercises, goods, and folk remedies. 10 issues/yr. Back issues at $1.00 each are available through Cadre.

Organizations, Schools

Acupuncture Research Institute
9375 San Fernando Rd.
Sun Valley, CA 91352

New England School of Acupuncture
1330 Beacon St., Suite 315
Brookline, MA 02136

Acupuncture Education Center
9365 Byron Ave.
Surfside, Florida
Dr. Ralph Dale, Director
Dr. Dale has impressive credentials in study and research. He offers a variety of training programs for both lay people and professional medical personnel in various cities. He is offering five workshops in Miami (through Florida International University) which will cover reflexology, acupuncture without needles, nutrition, altered states of consciousness, and social consciousness.

Academy of Eastern Medicine
1414 Maria Lane
Walnut Creek, CA 94596

East West Medical Center
P.O. Box 488
Great Falls, MT 59401

East West Foundation
359 Boylston St.
Boston, MA 02116

Shiatsu

Shiatsu (literally "finger pressure") is an ancient Japanese method of applying pressure, usually with the thumbs, to selected acupuncture points. Shiatsu has come to be known as "acupressure" in the West. It is extremely effective in preserving health, relieving muscular tension, and dealing with minor ailments. It is based on folk-healing principles and is easily accessible to the layperson as a self-help technique for oneself, friends, and family. Courses and books are available that enable one to begin using shiatsu techniques almost immediately. It is one of the most accessible healing techniques available today.

Books

Shiatsu Therapy, Theory and Practice, by Toru Namikoshi, Japan Publications, $5.50.
This attractive book is a good introduction and summary of shiatsu techniques, theory, history. Namikoshi explains how and why shiatsu works and lists seven general effects of shiatsu:

> 1) Invigorating the skin; 2) stimulating the circulation of the body fluids; 3) promoting suppleness in the muscular tissues; 4) correcting faults in the skeletal system; 5) promoting harmonious functioning in the nervous system; 6) regulating the operation of the ductless endocrine glands; 7) stimulating the normal functioning of the internal organs. (P. 16.)

Do It Yourself Shiatsu, by Watau Ohashi, New York: Dutton, 1976, $5.95.
This fairly detailed book is complete with extensive photos, diagrams, explanations. Shiatsu for the back, neck, legs and feet, face, ears, arms, and chest is included. Shiatsu exercises are explained as well as how to treat common problems. This is recommended for the student who has some background and wants an intensive home-study course.

Shiatzu: Japanese Pressure Point Massage, by Anika Bergson and Vladimir Tuchak, Pinnacle Books, $1.50.
As a short introduction for the beginner, this book is excellent. Illustrated shiatsu treatments are presented, with a brief history and explanation of the meridians and acupuncture points. The authors include sections on menstruation and menopause among their "common ailments."

Organizations

Shiatsu Education Center of New York
52 W. 55th Street
New York, NY 10019

Acupressure Workshop
1872 S. Sepulveda Blvd.
Los Angeles, CA 90025
Both of these organizations offer a variety of classes in Asian healing arts and such related areas as t'ai chi, macrobiotic cooking, etc. (See jin shin jyutsu section for more on Acupressure Workshop.)



Do-In

Do-in is a self-help massage technique developed by Jacques de Langres. Popularized in two books, it comprises a series of rubbing friction, light pounding, and gentle massages. It is very useful in health maintenance and in diagnosis of developing disease. "Instinct-directed, it brings out hidden potentialities of health and energy from our body and from the universal energy sources."

Jin Shin Jyutsu

Jin shin jyutsu, the "art of circulation reawakening," was developed in Japan by Master Jiro Musai about 40 years ago. Mary Iino Burmeister, a Japanese-American woman, studied with him in Japan and brought jin shin (as it is affectionately known) back to the U.S. She practiced in Los Angeles for years, attracting many devotees, and jin shin has become very popular on the West Coast. It does not require the years of study required to master acupuncture; it does require a masseur's license enabling one "legally to give a massage or other type of system of treating or manipulating the human body which requires physical contact."[12]

Like acupuncture, jin shin is based on the flow of energy throughout the body and uses a select number of points rather than constantly using all of them. These major points are mainly where the various energy flows cross and therefore where blocks most easily develop.

"Jin Shin works both to release muscular tensions and redirect and balance the energy flows. On a physical level, Jin Shin helps break down facial tissues and releases fatigue toxins. One often experiences a deep sleep during and after treatment, and later, renewed energy and strength."[13] Positive long-term results from this energy balancing are frequently the results of continued treatments. Jin shin may be recommended for a variety of conditions.

At present we are aware of training courses in jin shin on the West Coast only, but undoubtedly courses will spring up elsewhere around the country.

12. "Jin Shin Jyutsu," by Ron and Iona Teeguarden, *East West Journal,* December 1974; reprint available from Acupressure Workshop (address below).
13. *Ibid.*

Self-Therap/Ease

Two women have compiled a comprehensive, easy-to-understand self-healing manual based on their years of study of acupressure and Asian healing methods. This manual contains charts of the body's 26 "power centers," 99 "relax routines," and a complete index of common diseases and complaints and how to treat them. The goal of Self-Therap/Ease is natural relaxation: the relax routines are designed to help maintain health and deal with minor problems before they become major. The routines are clearly illustrated with photographs and careful explanations.

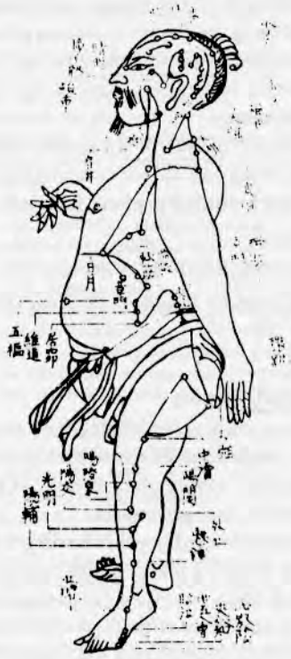
Self-Therap/Ease, by Bonnie Pendleton and Betty Mehling (California Publishing Co., P.O. Box 14, Calabasas, CA 91302, $15.00). Write to publisher for free brochure containing two illustrated relax routines.

Books

First Book of Do-In ($1.50) and *Second Book of Do-In*($6.00), both by Jacques de Langres (Happiness Press, 160 Wycliff Way, Magalia, CA 95954; also available throughYes! Bookshop, many health-food stores).
The first book is brief, somewhat difficult to follow and apply. The second book is a more expanded, eclectic source of information. It is somewhat haphazardly collected and ranges from Chinese medical theory to astrology and foot reflexology. However, there is much useful information with extensive exercises and self-massage routines; well illustrated with photographs.

Schools

Acupressure Workshop
1872 So. Sepulveda Blvd.
Los Angeles, CA 90025
Run by Ron and Iona Teeguarden, who studied with Mary Burmeister and many others as well. Their school offers courses in Taoist Yoga, t'ai chi, shiatsu, macrobiotic cooking, etc. They are accessible and knowledgeable, and reprints are available of articles they have written on their work.



Touch for Health

Touch for Health is a multi-faceted approach to health maintenance which developed from chiropractic together with ancient Oriental disciplines and practices. The approach was pioneered by the research of Dr. George Goodheart, a leading chiropractor. Touch for Health is intended to be part of a "science of health enhancement"[14] which is readily available to lay people and practitioners of various healing arts.

Touch for Health concentrates on postural balance and the correct alignment of the spine, as in chiropractic. But whereas the chiropractor will manipulate the bones of the spine, Touch for Health practitioners work mainly with the muscles. Dr. Goodheart found that misalignments in the spine were caused by "weak muscles on the opposite side of the problem area" which caused the normal muscles to become tight or spasmed. A method of muscle testing was developed to determine the need for treatments of various conditions. Muscle weakness indicates problems in related organs as well. "Testing the functions of the muscles themselves is one of the most effective ways of evaluating the structural balance."[15] Pulse testing is also used, a technique borrowed from Chinese medical practice.

If a muscle is found to be weak or imbalanced, six basic methods may be used to bring the muscle into proper balance with the rest of the body: (1) origin insertion massage – used on the muscle itself to strengthen or relieve tension, pain; (2) acupressure holding points – these reflex points are held lightly and sustain a pulse; (3) neuro-lymphatic reflexes – these points assist in draining the body of toxins, and by massaging them a muscle can be relaxed; (4) neuro-vascular pulses – located mainly on the head, these pulses, when held, strengthen muscles by improving blood circulation to the muscle and related organ; (5) meridian tracing – following the line of the energy flow promotes balance; (6) nutrition awareness – muscles may be out of balance because of nutritional deficiencies, and testing muscles can reveal what foods are causing the weakness.

Touch for Health is a totally California-based phenomenon at this time. Beginning and advanced seminars and teacher-training programs are available for lay persons, chiropractors, and doctors.

Contact:

Touch for Health, 1194 No. Lake Ave., Pasadena, CA 91104

14. *Touch for Health,* by Dr. John Thie and Mary Marks, p. 98.
15. *Ibid.,* p. 6.

Books, Articles

"Touch for Health," by Sylvia and Jim Barass, *Well-Being,* No. 14 (Box 7455, San Diego, CA 92107).
An excellent short introduction by two teachers of Touch for Health.

Touch for Health, by Dr. John Thie and Mary Marks, DeVorss and Co., 1973, $9.50.
This manual describes the various Touch for Health methods with photographs and diagrams. Mainly useful as a manual for students enrolled in a course; rather difficult to follow for others.



Psychic Healing

The art of psychic healing is an ancient one with roots extending to the very beginnings of the human race. Women, the original healers, have practiced the "laying on of hands" as mothers, wives, midwives, witches, shamans, and priestesses.

Definitions of psychic healing vary according to the differing concepts of what is taking place. Those calling themselves "spiritual" or "faith" healers may believe that they act as channels for the healing power of God and that cures are effected through the faith and spiritual awakening of the patient. "Psychic" healers may see themselves as channeling energy to a depleted system, balancing the energy centers, or conveying concepts of health and well-being to which the patient is receptive. In any case, psychic healing is practiced by a wide variety of adherents from Christian fundamentalists to college-educated M.D.'s and Filipino peasants.

Underlying the practice of psychic healing is the concept of the body as an energy system. The body contains seven main energy centers, called "chakras." These chakras emit various vibrations discernible to the clairvoyant (one who is "clear-seeing") as color, energy patterns, or thought-forms. When the chakras are imbalanced or blocked, the changes in color and vibration may be perceived and diagnosed. The "aura" is the totality of the body's energy field. Its electromagnetic vibrations project two or more feet from the body; its psychic influence may be felt at great distances. Composed of all the colors of the spectrum, the aura is constantly changing. Each mental state has its own particular color combination. The trained clairvoyant can read the character, feelings, even past lives of a person by study of one's aura.

Actually, most of us sense the aura regularly and without second thought. When we recognize that someone gives off "weird vibrations," we are using our paranormal senses to sense her feelings and mental states. It may be difficult for us to categorize or determine how we acquired that information, but it is as valid and precise as our perception of eye color and size.

How does psychic healing work? The healer usually places her hands on or near the body of the patient, consciously projecting energy into the diseased part of the body. Does it work? Nearly all healers, regardless of their methods, acknowledge that if a person desires healing, she can be healed. Sugar placebos have worked miraculous cures, as well as "healing" songs, a visit to the shrine at Lourdes, or the traditional laying on of hands. In all these cases, an outside agent – the doctor, shaman, healer, or even powerfully charged location – acts as a catalyst to boost one's energies. Then one's own innate healing processes begin to function, sometimes effecting virtually instantaneous cures. So psychic healing is based on the premise that the body seeks well-being and desires to heal itself.

Most people do not experience an instantaneous cure but rather a slow, gradual healing. Years of poor health habits, faulty diet, and negative self-concepts may need to be changed before physical health is restored. As all the holistic healing arts emphasize, healing is a process in learning more harmonious ways of relating to one's body, mind, and spirit as well as the outside environment.

Three interesting variations of psychic healing will be covered briefly: color healing, absent healing, and psychic surgery.

1. Color healing is a special area of psychic healing whose aim is "to combat disease by restoring the normal balance of color energies in the body."[16] According to Ghadiali, a Hindu scientist of color therapy, the function of the aura is to absorb the white light emitted from the sun and split it into component color energies which then flow to the different parts of the body to vitalize them. He theorized that the main healing rays are red, green, and violet. Red is the constructive color and energizes the liver and red blood cells. Violet is a destructive or catabolic color and activates the spleen and white-cell production. Green is the central or balancing color of the spectrum and rules the pituitary, master gland of the body. The color healer will apply remedial colors where there is a deficiency or contrasting colors where there is an excess. She may do this by means of lamps, color-charged water, or her own channeling of color by concentration exercises. Usually healers project healing color through the hands, though they may

16. Mary Anderson, *Colour Healing,* Samuel Weiser, $1.50, p. 13.

Books

Non-religious, descriptive:

Occult Medicine Can Save Your Life, by C. Norman Shealy, Dial Press, $7.95.
In this enthusiastic introduction to such alternative healing modalities as psychic healing and acupuncture, Shealy defines "occult":

> The word comes from the Latin meaning "to conceal." The occult is hidden or arcane knowledge; things mysterious and inscrutable; information limited to the very special, an informed few, the initiate. It usually implies the supernatural as well . . . either because it represents a threat to the establishment and to society and its lifestyle, or because society is too blinded by its own prejudices and ignorance to see the truth. (P. 62.)

He also points out that medicine has been occult since its very beginnings.

> The Great Mother is believed by many anthropologists to have been head of the primeval family. She was priest and sorcerer and witch doctor. To her were brought the sick and the ailing and she performed her healing rituals, her magic. (P. 63.)

A readable and informative book.

Science of Psychic Healing, by Yogi Ramacharaka, Yogi Publication Society, $4.95 (available through Yes! Bookshop; add $.50 for mailing).
This book discusses varieties of psychic healing from the point of view of a Hindu practitioner. Ramacharaka is fairly clear and understandable throughout with both theory and methods described. He places much emphasis on visualization and breathing techniques. Speaking of the "intelligence" of cells, he writes:

> Each of the cells of the body . . . is possessed of an instinctive knowledge of that which is vital to its life-work, and its own life . . . It seems to have a memory and in other ways manifests mind action. . . . each cell belongs to a cell-group and so on until the whole forms a great group or whole community of cells under the control of the Instinctive Mind.

Realms of Healing, by Stanley Kripner and Alberto Villolodo, Celestial Arts, 231 Adrian Rd., Millbrae, CA 94030, $6.95 (also available through Yes! Bookshop; add $.50 for mailing).
This book emphasizes the whole-person approach to nonmedical healing and its ramifications. It explores shamans, medicine men, and African healers, with interviews of Rolling Thunder, Joseph Zezulka, Juanita Sessions, Dona Pachita. The authors discuss concepts of illness, reality, ritual, and discipline and look at paranormal healing in Canada, Russia, Brazil, and the United States.

mentally project it as well. The patient may or may not sense the application of the rays but will invariably be helped.
2. The removal of unwanted growths or internal organ repair may be done by psychic surgery. In this method, the healer focuses energy in a highly concentrated way, visualizing the removal or repair process as vividly as possible. Many such "operations" have been witnessed and validated, especially by famed psychics in Brazil and the Philippines.
3. Many spiritually oriented groups, and others as well, use techniques of healing on those who may not be present. Absent healing techniques usually involve visualizing the person to whom energy is being sent and having one or more persons concentrate on projecting healing to that individual. It may be more effective if the person being healed is also concentrating on the process, though it is not necessary.

Evaluation of psychic healers is problematic. The following guidelines may be helpful (as well as the introductory essay on evaluation of alternative health practitioners). Many healing centers or churches are now in operation; they may be connected with a particular religious system or not. If you have never been to a psychic healer, it may be best to first visit one of these centers. You can then check out your own reactions to the place and personnel. In such a center, you will often have a choice among healers and options of attending classes in healing. No self-regulating organizations of healers exist in the United States, so you must use your own judgment and any information you can gather on the group or individual healer you are seeing.

The literature available on psychic healing falls generally into two categories: (1) nonreligious, descriptive, "scientific" accounts and methods and (2) writings reflecting the metaphysical, occult, and spiritual approach, in which a philosophical and/or religious world-view underlies the theory and practice of healing.

Colour Healing by Mary Anderson, Samuel Weiser, $1.50 (available through Yes! Bookshop; add $.50 for mailing).
An excellent, concise introduction to color healing, with chapters on scientific background, auras, and seven major color rays, diagnosis and treatment for common diseases, and health from numbers and music. She points out the distinctive qualities of each color. For example, the red ray:

> . . . supplies our physical bodies with energy and vitality. It is drawn in through the base chakra at the root of the spine and correlates with the coccygeal or gonad centre. The physical vitality of the body depends upon the correct and sufficient intake of the red ray, particularly so far as the creative, procreative and restorative functions are concerned. (P. 24.)

Color Therapy, by Linda Clark, Devon-Adair, $6.95 (available through Yes! Bookshop; add $.50 for mailing).
A well-known writer in natural healing, Ms. Clark has written an informative book based on much historical information and research. She explains in simple language how light and color work, the psychological impact of color, and how color applies to health. Gem therapy and amulets are included. In discussing the relation of color to foods, she writes about the red vibration:

> Iron and copper are present in foods that often are known to increase vitality. They include beets, tomatoes, radishes, red cabbage, watercress, spinach, black cherries, red currants, red plums, red beans, watermelon, grapes, whole wheat, liver and red wine. (P. 82.)

Metaphysical, occult, spiritual books on healing:

Esoteric Healing, by Alice Bailey, Lucis Publishing Co., $4.75 (available through Yes! Bookshop; add $.50 for mailing).
A monumental volume of over 700 pages in which Ms. Bailey explores the metaphysical basis of spiritual/psychic healing. Ms. Bailey is a prolific writer, with over 20 volumes covering a wide range of topics. She correlates astrological and Christian occult traditions with her study of healing. For example, she notes that:

> . . . the nervous system is ruled by Venus. The endocrine system is governed by Saturn. The blood stream is governed by Neptune. (P. 143.)

While some may find this outlandish, there is much information on the properties of the color rays, dealing with specific conditions and spiritual growth. Not recommended for the beginner, but useful for someone who already has some background in color healing or metaphysics.

Color and Music in the New Age, by Corinne Heline, New Age Press, $2.95 (available throughYes! Bookshop; add $.50 for mailing).
In this beautiful little volume, metaphysical writer Corinne Heline correlates astrology, mysticism, color, and sound. She integrates much fascinating material toward a vision of color/sound healing in the not-so-distant future. Her language is that of Christian mysticism (as Alice Bailey) and therefore may offend some feminists. However, there is much useful material for those interested.
For example, she writes:

> Cancer is one of the mother signs of the heavens. In its mystic waters are born the seeds of life which ensoul every form extant upon earth. Hence, Cancer is termed the Gateway of Life. Green is this sign's predominant color, for green is the pulsating, vibrating color tone of life. It is the color note of this planet. (P. 18.)

Ms. Heline has written many other books, including *Healing and Regeneration Through Color, Occult Medicine and the Bible.*

The Healing Intelligence, by Harry Edwards, Taplineer Publishing Co., $5.95.
Harry Edwards, president of the Natural Federation of Spiritual Healers in England, is one of the best-known psychic healers. His organization produces a manual, has classes for healers, and has helped integrate psychic healing into British medical practice. His book is a readable introduction to psychic healing, some metaphysical theory, techniques. For a more comprehensive guide to healing, see his *Guide to the Understanding and Practice of Spiritual Healing* ($8.40). This book is considered to be a textbook for healers and deals with a number of topics available through Yes! Bookshop; add $.50 for mailing).

Healing, The Divine Art, by Manly Hall, Philosophical Research Society, $7.75.
Hall is a prolific metaphysical writer. In this book he attempts to give a historical background to the practice of healing. I find his chapters on primitive cultures to be biased; in general his writing is sketchy, rambling. Information is there to be had, however. For example, he discusses Asclepius, the Greek demigod healer and his two daughters, Hygeia and Panacea. He discounts the role of the daughters, but mentions later that the first line of the famous Hippocratic oath begins "I swear by Apollo, by Asclepius, by Hygeia and Panacea . . . ," etc. They must have been important healers to be mentioned in this oath! Methods of healing are also perused in the second section. Expect a thoroughly male-biased interpretation.

The True Art of Healing, by Israel Regardie (Helios Books, 8 The Square, Toddington, Cheltenham, England, $2.00).
Israel Regardie is a highly regarded writer in the areas of the occult, magic, Kabbalah, and related topics. In this brief volume, he outlines a meditation and visualization method for self-healing and improvement:

> The first step towards freedom and health is a conscious realization of the vast spiritual reservoir in which we live and move and have our being. Repeated intellectual effort to make this part and parcel of one's mental outlook upon life automatically breaks down or dissolves something of the hard inflexible shell of the mind. And then life and spirit pour abundantly. Health spontaneously arises . . . ." (P. 10.)

Other books by Regardie include *The Middle Pillar, Garden of Pomegranates.*

Organizations

The Healing Light Center
Director, Rev. Rosalyn Bruyere
138 Maryland Ave.
Glendale, CA 91207
Rev. Bruyere is an acclaimed psychic healer who has participated in several research projects at UCLA and other institutions. Her center offers a variety of classes in healing, meditation, and astrology as well as providing a staff of healers. Nondenominational. Newsletter, $6.00/year.

The Healing Shepherd
Director, Rev. Gwen Rains
5619 Lindley Ave.
Tarzana, CA 91356
A newly formed group with a reputable staff of healers. Offers classes as well. Nondenominational.

Healing churches and centers are proliferating throughout the country, but as there is little coordinated activity we cannot mention others. Best sources of information are local health food stores and occult and metaphysical book stores. Occasionally there may be listings in the Yellow Pages.

The International Cooperation Council (ICC) has many affiliates among spiritual, metaphysical, and "Aquarian Age" organizations worldwide. Its international office is located at:
17819 Roscoe Blvd.
Northridge, CA 91324
You may find a local office with information on local healing groups.

General

We would like to list a few general books and organizations which are concerned with the area of alternative healing as a whole.

How To Get Well, by Paavo Airola, Health Plus Publishers, $8.95 (available throughYes! Bookshop; add $.50 mailing).
A magnum opus of natural methods for treating virtually all diseases. A comprehensive home reference to diet, food supplements, fasting, baths, and other therapies. Highly recommended.

Our Bodies Our Selves, Boston Women's Health Collective, Simon & Schuster, $4.95.
Herstory-making book with full political analysis of our health problems. Sections on nutrition, sexuality, menopause, and much, much more. Should be on every woman's bookshelf.

Let's Get Well, Adelle Davis, Harcourt Brace Jovanovich, $1.95.
Important work on nutrition; full of information on disease and health and how to maintain health through proper diet. While her emphasis on protein has been criticized, there is still much useful information.

Healing, Yes! Bookshop, 1035 31st St. N.W., Washington, DC 20007, $.50.
A superb catalog of books and materials on healing; an indispensable resource guide covering nutrition, Oriental medicine, herbs, homeopathy, psychic healing, and much more. This booklet is part of a mammoth catalog put out by the same bookstore, and edited by store owner Chris Popenoe, called *Books for Inner Development* (Random House, $5.95). Includes everything from alchemy to Yoga; a fascinating garden of endless delights.

Organizations

East-West Academy of Healing Arts (EWAHA)
33 Ora Way
San Francisco, CA 94131
EWAHA's purpose is to conduct educational and research programs in health science, with emphasis on training health professionals and fostering consumer education in holistic and cultural health-care practices.

They have designed two training programs, "Holistic and Cultural Health Educator/Practitioner" and "Acupressure/Holistic Health." These are designed for health and helping professionals; you can get academic credit as well.
Out of EWAHA has grown a Council of Nurse Healers to "foster the re-emergence of caring and healing as fundamental aspects of nursing." Dr. Effie Poy Yew Chow is president of EWAHA.
They also conduct courses in the community for lay people in general on iridology, therapeutic touch, American Indian healing ways, and other subjects.
An important multi-ethnic group.

Association for Holistic Health
P.O. Box 23231
San Diego, CA 92123
Founded in 1975 by a number of professionals in the health field to promote holistic health; to establish educational and research programs, centers, and clinics; and to provide a forum for spreading information on successful methods of alternative and traditional healing. AHH sponsored a conference in the fall of 1976 on holistic health attended by over 2000 persons and featuring Elizabeth Kubler-Ross. They publish an excellent journal available for $8.00. Their chief work is designing a model for a holistic health center.

Food pollution

It comes as a shock to many Americans that a major cause of ill health and disease in this country is the food we eat. America *is* a land of plenty; but, unfortunately, the abundant foodstuffs which are available to us, and which form the staples of our diets, are in most cases so refined, adulterated, and stuffed with "additives" – hormones, chemicals, dyes – that they not only lose their nutritive value but they actually become harmful to the body. And, of course, we eat and drink many substances which are just plain unhealthy. (Coffee is perhaps the prime offender.)

Belatedly, the medical establishment is passing on to the American public the news about the more gross deficiencies in our diets – based on research conducted largely outside the United States. Americans have now at least been alerted to the dangers of a diet in which whole grains and their vital nutrients have been stripped away in the manufacturing process. But how many people are aware of the serious harm to health risked by sugar consumption? There are health professionals who feel that the massive intake of sugar (and caffeine) by Americans has resulted in an incidence of hypoglycemia of almost epidemic proportions. How many people know that ill health is now definitely linked to many of the so-called wholesome foods which are as integral to the American way of life as apple pie – the animal proteins in particular: beef, steak, hamburger? It has been statistically demonstrated that countries with high animal protein consumption have a greater incidence of degenerative disease, particularly cancer. Americans eat more animal protein than any other country in the world and are also most prone to cancer.*

Obviously, ignorance plain and simple is at the root of so much self-destructive eating. But it is an ignorance which is willfully fostered by the gigantic food industry. Who hasn't experienced the media hype that tells us how "nutritious" Count Chocula cereal is? This ignorance is also abetted by a medical establishment itself dangerously ignorant about nutrition. Nutrition is virtually absent from medical training.** Diet is, after all, a crucial factor in *preventing* illness, while, alas, most Western medicine is aimed at *treating* sickness. Doctors have long since forgotten one of Hippocrates' best-known injunctions: "Let food be our medicine, and our medicine our food."

Even if we take the trouble to inform ourselves about diet, changing ingrained habits can be enormously difficult. We find we *are* food "junkies." Nor are long-term changes in lifestyle facilitated in a culture which puts a premium on convenience and "fast" foods and which teaches us to expect illness to be fixed by a pill, a shot, some surgery – a culture, in fact, of instant gratification.

The lynchpin of the holistic concept of health is that we can *choose* to be healthy. To a very large extent we are responsible for the state of our bodies (and minds). Nowhere is this more applicable than in our eating habits. This section aims to provide the concerned reader with the basic resources which will enable her to help herself make choices which will lead to well-being.

*Although serious infectious diseases have been virtually eliminated, the incidence in the United States of the "killer" degenerative sicknesses such as cancer, arteriosclerosis, and cardiac disease is almost the highest in the world. The rates of breast, colonic, and bowel cancer are highest in the United States.

**This writer had occasion to obtain opinions on an intestinal problem from two specialists who gave diametrically opposed dietary prescriptions. This was the beginning of my nutritional self-study and self-help program.

Books

Consumer Beware, by Beatrice Hunter, Bantam, $3.95.
This book lays it on the line: detailed exposure of the denatured foods we buy in supermarkets, the "sweetheart" relationship between the food industry and the people who are supposed to protect us from it, the FDA. Impeccably documented. Highly recommended.

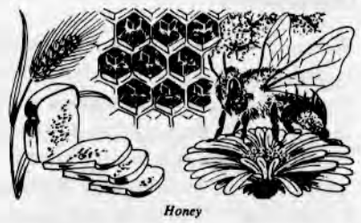
Eater's Digest, by Michael Jacobsen, Doubleday, $2.50.
Dr. Jacobsen is a scientist at the Center for Science in the Public Interest (see below). This is the definitive book on food additives, good and bad. Jacobsen includes information on the standards laid down by the FDA governing the ingredients which are permitted in foods without being listed on the label. Your hair will stand on end at the thought of what you might, unknowingly and innocently, have been eating. Jacobsen demystifies much of the scientific jargon and usage which is used to keep the consumer from the knowledge that might galvanize her/him into action.

Food for People, Not for Profit, edited by Catherine Lerza and Michael Jacobsen, Ballantine Books, $1.95.
This anthology includes chapters on nutrition, domestic hunger, government policy, and the food industry. It provides a resource list of books, films, and organizations.

Eating May Be Hazardous to Your Health, by Jacqueline Verret and Jean Carper, Simon & Schuster, $2.95.
This is an expose of the FDA's abysmal failure to protect consumers from the harmful manufacturing and processing practices of the food industry. This book gives you the distinct feeling that we are fair game for big food business. The fact that Dr. Verrett has been a scientist with the FDA for over 15 years gives this book particular authority – and makes it more chilling.

Sugar Blues, by William Duffy, Warner Books, $1.95.
Written with the passion of the converted, this hard-hitting book uncovers the relations between diabetes, coronary thrombosis, varicose veins, and what Duffy calls "the white plague" – sugar. Duffy's own conversion was brought about by Gloria Swanson – herself a living testament to the virtues of healthful eating – whom he later married, after losing 100 pounds from his sugar-free diet. You don't have to buy Duffy's own macrobiotic diet to get value from his extensive research on sugar.

The materials included cover general nutritional information, vegetarianism, fasting as a healing/healthful technique, vitamins and megavitamin therapy. We start with a selection of books which give the unpleasant facts about some of the staples of the average American diet. If, after reading a few of these sources, you remain unconvinced of the need to change your eating habits . . . well, this catalog is clearly not for you.



Honey



Pumpkin and Squash

Sweet and Dangerous, by John Yudkin, Bantam, $1.95.
The Saccharine Disease, by T.L. Cleave, Keats Publishing Co. (36 Grove St., New Canaan, CT 06840, $4.95).
If you need an indictment of sugar from the establishment medical profession, here it is in these two books – between them the definitive works on the subject. Yudkin, Professor of Physiology at the University of London, has specialized in the connection between sugar and heart disease, diabetes, ulcers, and hypoglycemia, and this forms the focus of his book. Cleave, another British physician, includes refined sugar as well as refined flour and rice in his book, arguing that the epidemic rise in degenerative diseases in industrialized countries is directly related to the massive increase in ingestion of these refined products. Note that neither of these physicians is American. Although Yudkin reports how the sugar industry attempts to distort findings such as those documented by himself and Cleave, it does appear to be easier to do research on these products of multi-billion-dollar industries *outside* of the United States.

Why Your Child Is Hyperactive, by Ben Feingold, Random House, $7.95.
It is estimated that several million children in the United States suffer from hyperactivism or hyperkinesis – a condition which impairs learning abilities. Most of these children are treated with drugs – including amphetamines – which are known to have deleterious side effects. This book is Dr. Feingold's story of how he discovered that hyperactivism is the result of *chemical food additives,* specifically, artificial food colorings and flavorings. Feingold gives instructions for an additive-free diet (with recipes included). More recently Feingold's findings have been contested by other researchers, but if my child were a victim of this disorder, I'd want her/him off the "badditives" in any case. What have you – or the child – got to lose?

General nutrition

These are the books, selected from a vast literature, that provided me with initial clarity on the basics of nutrition and enabled me to move on to the more specific issues of vegetarianism, megavitamin therapy, and fasting.

Are You Confused? by Paavo Airola (Health Plus Publishers, P.O. Box 22001, Phoenix, AZ 85028, $3.95).
This book will be invaluable if you're at the point where you realize that your present eating habits are unhealthy, and you want to change; but, short of giving up sugar and white flour, you are not sure what to do – about vitamin supplements, high protein versus low protein, fasting, and dairy products.

Nutrition and Your Body, by Benjamin and Sarah Colimore (New Age Press, 4636 Vineta Avenue, La Canada, California 91011, $3.95).
A very straightforward and comprehensive treatment of why different nutrients are important to the proper functioning of the body and how the body processes them. Well illustrated with drawings and photographs.

Nutrition Scoreboard, by Michael Jacobsen (Center for Science in the Public Interest, 1757 S Street N.W., Washington, DC 20009, $1.75).
Dr. Jacobsen offers an in-depth discussion of nutrition, including the association between diet and degenerative diseases. Foods are rated numerically, based on their content of protein, vitamins, minerals, fiber, fat, and sugar. For example, a glass of orange juice has a score of 62, while a bottle of soda pop rates -92.

Nutrition in a Nutshell, by Roger Williams, Bantam Books, $1.95.
Dr. Roger Williams, a past president of the American Chemical Society, is a pioneering scientist in the field of nutrition. His position in the medical establishment has not, however, prevented him from theorizing that nutritional deficiencies are a principal cause of illness.

Let's Eat Right To Keep Fit, by Adele Davis, New American Library, $1.95.
Adele Davis's name is virtually a household word among the nutrition-conscious. In this, the best known of her books on nutrition, Davis uses simple and down-to-earth language to give essential information on what vitamins and minerals and food balances are required for healthful eating. You will learn, for example, why calcium is necessary for the healthful functioning of the body, what kinds of conditions of ill health result from calcium deficiencies (not just bad teeth, but headaches, muscular cramps, nervousness and irritability), and the specific remedial uses of calcium: it is a pain-killer, an antidote to menstrual cramps, a sleep-inducer, a relaxant. The information, although densely packed, is loosely organized and lends itself to browsing rather than systematic reading.

Vegetarianism

We live in such a meat-centered culture that the vegetarian is generally regarded as an eccentric or freak. The majority of Americans understand vegetarianism as originating in a *moral* impulse – not from a desire to be healthy and to prolong life. After all, the thinking goes, how can plants alone meet human needs for protein?

Certainly we need protein. But the questions are "how much" and "what kind?" Frances Moore Lappe, when she was writing *Diet for a Small Planet* (see below), discovered the extent to which our attitudes toward these questions are culture-bound: "I searched at length for some relatively simple explanation of the viability of a nonmeat diet for humans. I could find none. I was shocked: after all, haven't there always been vegetarians, and aren't there presently millions of people eating a nonmeat diet either by choice or necessity? I was amazed to learn that much of the critical study of plant protein is just now beginning to be done." Lappe's book furthers the study of plant protein and goes a long way toward establishing beyond doubt our capacity to thrive on meatless and, indeed, purely plant diets alone.

Such information is crucial at a time when growing numbers of Americans, rejecting our irrationally meat-centered diet, are swinging to vegetarianism. Any drastic change in eating habits can be dangerous if undertaken without a thorough knowledge of nutrition. Indeed, cases of protein malnutrition diseases are already beginning to turn up among affluent Americans – simply underscoring the importance of familiarizing ourselves with the facts of protein nutrition before experimenting with new diets.

The books listed will, we hope, help the reader make informed choices and construct health-giving diets.

Books

Diet for a Small Planet, by Frances Moore Lappe, A Friends of the Earth/ Ballantine Book, $3.95.
"This book is about protein – how we as a nation are caught in a pattern that squanders it: and how you can choose the opposite – a way of eating that makes the most of the earth's capacity to supply this vital nutrient." More specifically, the book is about protein complementarity, or the combination, in the proper proportions, of nonmeat foods, that produces high-grade protein nutrition equivalent to – *or better than* – meat proteins. The first half of the book explains why we need protein, and how much, and what foods to put together to produce protein-rich meals, in clear language aided by a wealth of explanatory diagrams. The second half of the book is devoted to putting this information into practice: it becomes a cookbook with recipes which, we can testify from personal experience, are varied, surprising, and delicious. No vegetarian (or natural food enthusiast) should be without *Diet for a Small Planet.*

Our Earth, Our Cure, by Raymond Dextreit (Swan House Publishing, P.O. Box 170, Brooklyn, NY 11223).
Raymond Dextreit, a renowned French naturopath, has published 43 books on natural healing in France. This book is his introduction to Americans. It is a signal event for the healing community because, in addition to his authoritative use of a vegetarian diet, herbs, and baths as a healing method, Dextreit introduces the use of *clay* for curative purposes. The book begins with a description of the chemical constituents of clay, and its extraordinary healing properties – taken internally in a fine powder dissolved in water or externally in poultices and compresses – the preparation of clay, how to choose it, and where to get it (the green "internal" clay is now generally available in health-food stores). The continuing chapters cover specific illnesses and bodily disorders in which Dextreit displays a remarkable knowledge and understanding of the causes of diseases and of the body functions, as he discusses his treatment of diet, herbs, and clay. This writer can personally testify to the efficacy of Dextreit's healing method in curing a chronic intestinal complaint. Highly recommended.

Eating for Life, by Nathaniel Altman (Theosophical Publishing House, P.O. Box 270, Wheaton, IL 60187, $2.45).
We have not seen this book, but the most reliable guide to books on natural nutrition, the Yes! Bookshop *Healing Catalog,* calls it "the single best book on vegetarianism. It draws on material from many sources, particularly those that are objective and scientific and have no vested interest in vegetarianism. It looks at the subject from the standpoint of morality, anatomy and physiology, health and nutrition, the world food shortage and ecology."

Feminism and Vegetarianism, by Carol Adams (To the Lighthouse Press, Box 411, Provincetown, MA 02657, write for price information).
We haven't seen this book yet, but we have heard the author discuss the subject in workshops. Her information on vegetarianism covers historical, moral, and scientific bases. On the historical front: did you know that today's growing number of feminist vegetarians is following in the footsteps of our 19th-century foremothers? Vegetarianism was a noted trait among First Wave feminists including Mary Shelley, the Grimke sisters, Margaret Fuller, Louisa May Alcott, Frances Willard, Annie Besant. "Copious Illustrations" are promised.

Be Your Own Doctor, by Ann Wigmore (Omangod Press, P.O. Box 142, Stouton, MA 02072, $2.00).
Vegetarianism, itself a more restrictive approach to nutrition, has its own purists. Exemplary is the "live" or raw-food diet developed by Ann Wigmore and taught at her Hippocrates Institute in Boston. Referred to as "sproutarianism" by some of its devotees, this diet originates in the belief that sprouted wheat – and other sprouted grains and legumes such as alfalfa, mung, and lentil beans – are spiritually and physically the foods with the greatest life-enhancing qualities. Sproutarians claim that a diet consisting primarily of sprouts and wheat-grass juice is not only the surest way of obtaining health and longevity, but results in cures of even the most serious diseases. The Hippocrates Institute has, in fact, a reputation for the successful treatment of advanced cases of cancer. Wigmore's book describes the sproutarian or live-food view of nutrition, provides practical information on how to sprout wheat and make wheat-grass juice, and includes recipes for a raw-food diet.

Fasting

Fasting is *not* starving. It is an ancient healing technique which works by eliminating impurities, detoxifying the body, and thus allowing the body's own restorative and healing powers to work maximally. There are different kinds of fasts: water fasts, fruit-juice fasts, vegetable-juice fasts – and fasts can endure from one to 30 days. The purpose is cleansing and healing, but people on fasts generally report enhanced mental powers and a superb sense of well-being resulting from the fast. Of course, it can be used as a weight-reduction technique; that is usually a lesser priority for most fasters. Fasting should never be undertaken without some form of guidance, either personal or through familiarizing oneself with the technique. The following books provide such guidance for the uninitiated, as well as for those who have fasted before.

Books

Fasting: The Ultimate Diet, by Allan Cott, M.D., Bantam Books, $1.75.

Raw Juice Therapy, by John Lust, Thorson Publishers, England, $3.60 (available from the Yes! Bookshop, 1035 31st Street N.W., Washington DC 20007).

Raw Vegetable Juices, by N.W. Walker, Pyramid Books, $1.25.

How To Keep Slim and Healthy and Young With Juice Fasting, by Paavo Airola (Health Plus Publishers, P.O. Box 22001, Phoenix, AZ 85028, $3.25).

Vitamins and megavitamins

The identification of vitamin deficiencies as a cause of illness and disease is a fairly recent phenomenon; but since Linus Pauling introduced us to megadoses of Vitamin C for colds we have become accustomed to the idea of vitamins as a curative aid, not simply as dietary supplements. In the last few years there have been spectacular breakthroughs in the use of megavitamin therapy for schizophrenia, senility, allergies – and this year, 1977, has seen a scientist at the National Cancer Institute announce promising experimentation with Vitamin A as an anti-cancer agent. Megavitamin therapy remains on the fringes of the medical establishment's approved treatments. Why? Maybe the profitability of vitamins is too low.

There is an excellent literature on megavitamin therapies, from which we have culled these representative sources.

Books

The Complete Home Guide to All the Vitamins, by Ruth Adams (Larchmont Books, 25 W. 45th St., New York, NY 10036, $1.65).

Vitamin E and Aging, by Erwin Cyan, Pyramid Books, $1.25.

Vitamin A, by the editors of *Prevention Magazine* (Rodale Press, 33 E. Minor St., Emmaus, PA 18049, $2.95).

Vitamin C and the Common Cold, by Linus Pauling, Bantam Books, $1.25.

The Doctor's Book of Vitamin Therapy, by Harold Rosenberg and A.N. Feldzamen, Putnam, $7.95.
Filled with basic information on vitamins, vitamin supplements, and vitamin therapies, including charts and tables indicating optimum levels of vitamin intake.

Megavitamins: A New Key to Health, by Lynn Lilliston, Fawcett, $1.25.
A well-researched journalistic account of the development of megavitamin treatment for mental illnesses. There are also chapters on vitamin therapy for alcoholism, drug withdrawal, heart attacks, and senility.



Yeast patterns

Periodicals

Well-Being, 833 W. Fir Street, San Diego, CA 92101. $10 for 12 issues.
Outstanding articles on healthful eating: natural sweeteners, winter foods, meatless meals, macrobiotics, tofu and miso, sea vegetables. The emphasis is on vegetarianism.

Prevention Magazine, Rodale Press, 33 E. Minor Street, Emmaus, PA 18049.
Write for subscription information.

Nutrition Action, 1757 S Street N.W., Washington DC 20009. $10 for 12 issues.
Published by the Center for Science in the Public Interest, this monthly focuses on exposing government and food industry shenanigans.

Vegetarian Health Review and Digest, P.O. Box 221, Haverford, PA 19041. $2.00 for 4 issues.
This is a cheesecake-type tabloid with graphics and humor quite offensive to women. It contains news and views of books, reports on research in nutrition, vitamin therapy, diet-linked diseases.

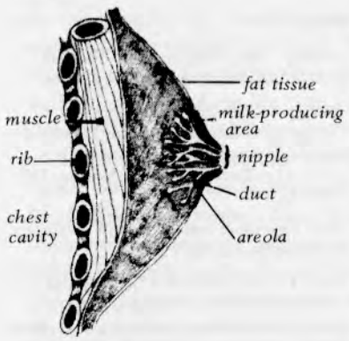
Natural Food News, P.O. Box 210, Atalanta, TX 75551.
Send for subscription information.



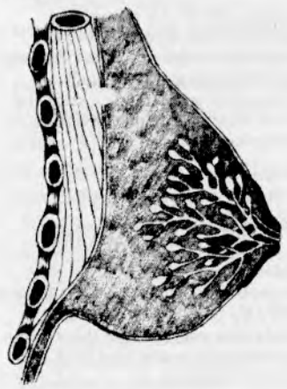
Celery, Onion, Lemon, Garlic, Kidney Bean, Chick Pea

In conforming with the law we disclaim any direct or indirect dispensing of medical advice or prescription for the treatment of illness without medical approval.

Adolescent



Adult



Adult (after menopause)



Menopause

Menopause, defined as the period of cessation of menstruation, is one of the most mystified areas of women's lives. As young women, the culture tells us that when the "change of life" comes, it is more or less the beginning of the end. We are to expect to lose our femininity, perhaps even our mental balance. We hear jokes about hot flashes and middle-aged "hags." When we reach the age of menopause and begin to experience various symptoms, we either are told to suffer and wait out "Nature's course" or are off-handedly given a prescription for estrogen.

In this section we will briefly examine menopause, current traditional ways of dealing with it, and suggestions on how the alternative therapies can help women cope through this time. If you are a young woman, please read on; this information is as vital for you as for your older sisters. We have all been victimized by our ignorance of menopause and therefore unable to deal with it effectively or understand what other women are experiencing.

Menopause is a process, "like the changes of adolescence in reverse."[17] Menopause averages five years for its completion, as does puberty. The physical description of menopause includes:

. . . the amount of hormonal stimulations from the pituitary gland to the ovaries and the womb diminish. The ovaries stop producing their egg cells, the womb changes its endometrium less frequently. . . . [18]

Breasts may diminish in size. Other glands – namely, the thyroid and adrenals – work harder to supply the missing hormones.

Menopause is technically the term of the last menstruation.

> One can never be sure if a given menstruation will be the last until at least two years have passed; therefore, the exact date of the menopause can be timed only in retrospect.[19]
>
> Our ovaries can begin to produce less estrogen starting even in our late twenties. But most of us do not actually begin to notice signs of menopause until our late thirties or early forties.[20]

Symptoms accompanying menopause vary. Hot flashes (a temporary error of the body's thermostatic control) and lack of vaginal secretion are the only two symptoms which are directly related to decreased estrogen production. However, many women experience fatigue, depression, migraines, obesity, hypertension, kidney impairment. Pauline Bart feels that most of these symptoms relate to sociocultural factors and not hormonal deficiency. She finds the loss of significant role to be the main factor in the severity of symptoms experienced by a woman.[21] Belita Cowan points out that in cultures where fertility, sex appeal, and women's youth are emphasized, menopause symptoms are more severe than in cultures in which women gain respect and status as they age. [22]

The American medical establishment tends to view menopause in one of five ways: (1) a disease of hormone insufficiency, (2) a syndrome, (3) a horror to be avoided at all costs, (4) emotional crisis, and (5) a natural function of aging.[23] On one side there are many doctors who counsel their patients to wait it out, discount very real symptoms, and give little helpful advice. One the other side are those doctors who readily prescribe estrogen as a cure-all for hot flashes and depression and/or shuttle their patients off to a psychiatrist.

Estrogen replacement therapy (ERT) is a highly controversial topic. Because the supply of estrogen is diminished in menopause, women may experience exterior signs of aging – wrinkling breasts and genital tissues, lack of vaginal secretion. Estrogen does indeed retard this aging, but, according to Doris Dietemann, head of the California Institute of Massage Technology, it gives a woman a "false sense of security."[24] Estrogen is implicated in a variety of side effects including uterine bleeding, nausea, cramps, breast enlargement, retention of fluids, headaches and, most alarming, endometrial (lining of the uterus) cancer.[25]

The transition which menopause represents is indeed a significant one for women. Physical and psychic energy devoted to reproduction functions and roles may be liberated for further self-exploration, development, and study. The woman willing to fully experience the "change of life"

> *"must become pregnant with herself, at last . . . it seems a pity to have a built-in rite of passage and to dodge it, evade it, and pretend nothing has changed. This is to dodge and evade one's womankind, to pretend one's a man . . ."*[26]

Menopause has barely been studied. The stigmatization of menopause, sexism, and lack of interest in middle-aged women have contributed to the paucity of material on the subject. Now, however, women are beginning to study menopause, form menopause support groups, and challenge current medical practice.

We encourage you to inform yourselves on the subject. The following books and pamphlets are excellent sources for more materials and information.

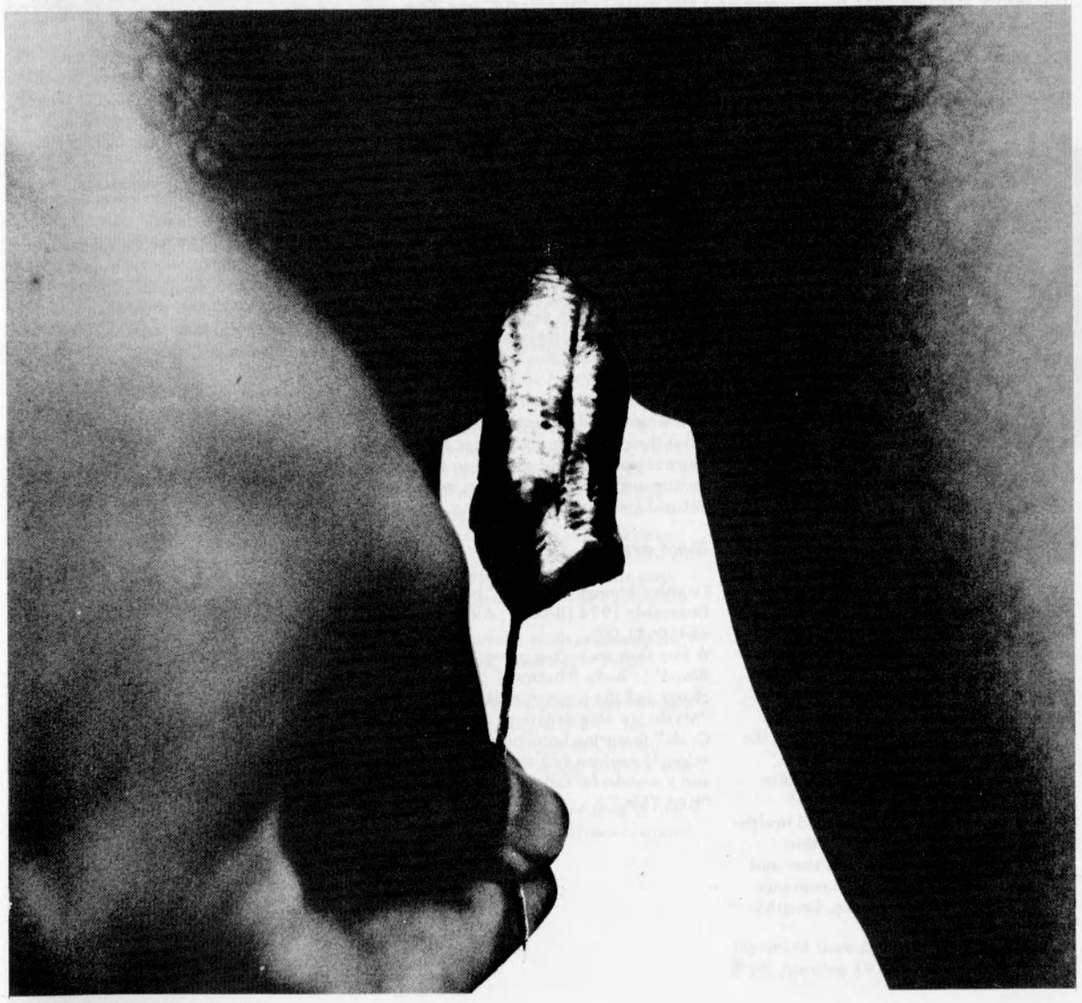
Our Bodies Our Selves, Boston Women's Health Book Collective, Simon & Schuster, $4.95.
Excellent article, bibliography, resources.

Women's Health Care: Resources, Writings, Bibliographies, edited by Belita Cowan, $3.00 (available from Ms. Cowan at 556 2nd St., Ann Arbor, MI 48103).
Excellent, exhaustive.

17. Katharina Dalton, *The Menstrual Cycle,* Warner Paperback Library, p. 100.
18. *Ibid.,* p. 101.
19. *Ibid.,* p. 101.
20. *Our Bodies Our Selves,* Boston Women's Health Book Collective, Simon & Schuster, p. 229.
21. Pauline Bart and Marilyn Grossman, draft of *Woman as Patient,* edited by Malkah Notman and Carol Nodelson, to be published by Plenum Press.
22. Belita Cowan, *Women's Health Care: Resources, Writings, Bibliographies,* (available from Belita Cowan, 556 Second St., Ann Arbor, MI 48103, $3.00), p. 22.
23. *Ibid.*
24. Interview with Doris Dietemann, November 30, 1976.
25. For details on the merits and dangers of ERT, see "Treating Menopausal Women and Climacteric Men," *Medical World News,* Vol 15, No. 25, June 28, 1974, pp. 32-44.
26. Ursula LeGuin, "The Space Crone," *CoEvolution Quarterly,* No. 10, June 1976, p. 110.



A woman's head is held still by one crocodile while another crocodile extracts her menstrual flow; wood carving, New Guinea.



Red Flag by Judy Chicago, 1971.

Menstruation, once under dark taboo, is now a flowing tide in the feminist press, the popular media, and the arts. Judy Chicago, Archie Bunker, and even *Vogue Magazine* are all parading the menses out of prohibition.

Why the bloody fuss? In a 1970 speech, Dr. Edgar Berman stated that a woman under "raging hormonal influences" could not safely operate as President of the U.S. or even of a bank! This image of unstable woman enslaved by her hormones continues to hobble women. However, taboo-generated ignorance isn't restricted to men. In Paula Weideger's menstruation survey, 68 percent of the women questioned did not accurately know at what point in their cycle they could conceive. If they monitored their cycles, women wouldn't continue to wreck their bodies with dangerous birth-control devices. Informed consumers could demand safer, more natural procedures from the 97-percent-male gynecological profession. Feminine hygiene products are big business too – over $500 million a year.

Greater awareness and knowledge of body rhythms will also benefit men, who have their own recurrent cycles. Demystification can change the sexist attitude that menopause and the male "climacteric" are The End. Many women are creating a positive spirit, affirming their cycles, and incorporating ritual and self-knowledge. Away with the curse!

Basic bleeds

The Curse: A Cultural History of Menstruation, by Janice Delaney, Mary Jane Lupton, and Emily Toth, New York: Dutton, 1976 (hardcover, $9.95).
The evidence of menstrual taboo piles up like a ton of bricks in this exhaustively footnoted survey. An enjoyable read with all the wit and style three Ph.D.'s can muster. Particularly unique are chapters on menstrual politics, sanitary products industry and advertising ("rags to riches"), red humor, cycles and rhythm in men, and the entire section on menstruation in literature (fairy tales too). My only reservations are the over-enthusiastic view of menstrual extraction (contradicting the "menstruation as positive experience" theme of the book) and a too-glib attitude toward hazards of the pill.

Menstruation, by Hilary C. Maddux, "Women's Library" series, New Canaan, Conn.: Tobey Publishing Company, 1975 (distributed by Dell, New York; hardcover, $5.95; paperback, $2.95).
Clearly written guide for the young adult or uninitiated (how to insert a tampon, etc.). Sections on anatomy, the menstrual cycle, common problems, advice on health (nutrition, yoga exercises, hygiene). Includes a national directory of women's centers and health-care clinics by the Women's Action Alliance. No feminist point of view and the most conservative in its acceptance of prevailing medical practice. Lengthy glossary.

Menstruation and Menopause: The Physiology and Psychology, the Myth and the Reality, by Paula Weideger, New York: Alfred A. Knopf, 1976 (hardcover, $10.00).
Weideger, a staff associate at the Women's Health Forum, has blended an incredible amount of data with personal experience. A meticulous physiological description of the hormonal cycle from menarche through menopause; fascinating overview chapters on complaints, causes, and cures; the Taboo and other cultures; and sex. Also included is her menstrual questionnaire (returned by 600 women) with quotes and statistics from their responses. Weideger calls for more research on menstruation and menopause and an affirmative woman-defined view of cyclicity.

More ova

Country Women, "Cycles" issue, December 1974 (Box 51, Albion, CA 95410; $1.00).
A fine flow including poem "First Blood"; "Body Rhythms" on keeping charts and the premenstrual syndrome; "Myths for Menstruation"; "Moon's Cycle" featuring homemade (red velour!) napkins and sponge tampons; and a wonderful fallopian fable, "Red Tide."

Menstrual Massage, Boston Women's Health Book Collective (Box 192, West Sommerville, MA 02144; send SSAE).

Complaints and Disorders: The Sexual Politics of Sickness, by Barbara Ehrenreich and Deirdre English, Feminist Press, 1973 (Box 334, Old Westbury, NY 11568; $1.85).
Details the role played by medicine in the oppression of women, 1865-1920. Gynecological surgons had a brutal heyday performing ovariotomies and clitorectomies to cure upper-class women of misbehavior or erotic tendencies, while the "sickening" women of the working class were victims of class warfare and poverty-related diseases. Useful bibliography of radical resources.

Lunaception: A Feminine Odyssey Into Fertility, by Louise Lacey, New York: Coward, McCann, 1975 (hardcover, $7.95), and Warner, 1976 (paperback, $1.75).
A luminous look at the menstrual cycle, medical research on regularity, moon myths and cross-cultural studies (check out the "island of menstruating men"), and the effect of periodic light on the reproductive cycle. Lacey describes her own lunaception experiments and how to chart your cycle.

"The Space Crone," by Ursula LeGuin, in *CoEvolution Quarterly,* Summer 1976 (Box 428, Sausalito, CA 94965).
Futuristic version of postmenopausal woman as a uniquely privileged and free being. It's Super Crone!

Body Time: Physiological Rhythms and Social Stress, by Gay Gaer Luce, New York: Bantam Books, 1973 (paperback, $1.75).
Popular version of Luce's extensive research on body rhythms and work, sleep, stress, etc. Cites specific studies on premenstrual symptoms, the menstrual cycle, similar emotional and hormonal rhythms in men, and light-entrained ovulation (lunaception).

"Women Learn To Sing the Menstrual Blues," by Karen E. Paige, in *Psychology Today,* September, 1973.
Paige was one of the first to challenge the "woman as victim of raging hormones" theory in the popular press. From a survey of 298 women, she analyzed the relationship between physical and emotional menstrual changes and social and psychological factors (as diverse as religious background, general illness behavior, and motherhood orientation).

"Men's Cycles (They Have Them Too, You Know)," by Estelle Ramey, in *The First Ms. Reader,* New York: Warner, 1973 (paperback, $1.95).
The author, an endocrinologist, urges recognition of all cycles (men's and women's) instead of their denial. Cycles may be mitigated and even utilized in the workplace, in disease prevention, and and in stress reduction.

Womanspirit (Box 263, Wolf Creek, OR 97497; quarterly; $6.00/year individual, $10.00/year institutional, $2.00/single issue).
Deeply personal pieces have explored the sacred power of the menses, giving new perspectives on myth, ritual, and practices. See no. 2 on the wisdom of the menstrual hut; no. 8 reporting the menstruation workshop at the Women and Spirituality Conference; no. 10 on the new tampon testament.

Periodicals

For ongoing research about menstruation menstruation, check these magazines:

Health Right, Women's Health Forum (175 Fifth Ave., New York, NY 10010; quarterly; $5.00/year individual, $10 $10.00/year institutional).
Impressive newsletter in attractive typeset format. News stories and briefs, bibliographies, latest resources on women and health. The group works to demystify gynecology by publishing pamphlets (good one on menopause), running speaker's bureau, courses, and patient advocacy program.

Monthly Extract: An Irregular Periodical, New Moon Communications, Inc. (Box 3488, Ridgeway Station, Stamford, CT 06905;$5.50/six issues).
Begun in 1972 by Lolly and Jeanne Hirsch as a communication link between self-health advocates. Blends hard news, reports of conferences, resource tips on gynecology and childbirth. Fascinating letters recount horror stories of medical "care" received and exchange successful natural cures.



A Native American menstrual hut.

Women and Health, Biological Sciences Program, State University of New York (College at Old Westbury, Westbury, NY 11568; bimonthly; $12.50/year, $2.50/single issue).
Academic journal with articles examining female physiology and stereotypes, health-care delivery, and women health workers. Book and film reviews and resource columns. See no. 3 on "Menopause" and "Pre-Menstrual Emotionality."

Menstrual show

Next full moon do a mixed-media program in your library.

"The Menses Is the Message," by Lyn Chevli and Joyce Sutton, in *Tits & Clits Comix no. 1,* Nanny Goat Productions (Box 845, Laguna Beach, CA 92652; $1.05).
My favorite menstruant, Mary Multipary, forges through a set of period perils, followed by a pack of salivating, blood-thirsty dogs. Finally, she makes tampons from sponges (a la Alicia Bay Laurel's *Living Off the Earth)* and starts a group sponge orgy. The artists have also drawn outrageously gamey spoofs on "the monthly magic" in *Tits & Clits no. 2 ($1.00)* and *Wet Satin* ($1.00).

"Period Piece," by Emily Culpepper, Insight Exchange (Box 2584, San Francisco, CA 94101; 10-minute color film; rental $15.00, sale $75.00).
Film includes still photos, drawings, and interviews about menstruation. Shows a woman working undisrupted by her period, and Emily doing her first self-pelvic.

"Linda's Film – Menstruation," by Linda Feferman, Phoenix Films, 1974 (470 Park Ave. S., New York, NY 10016; 18-minute color film; rental $30.00, sale $275.00).
Dramatizes the first period experience of a 15-year-old girl and her boy friend in an informative and humorous way. Includes animated sequence explaining the cycle.
"Every high school student should see," *Positive Images,* Booklegger Press.

"Menses," by Barbara Hammer, Women's Film Co-Op, 1974 (c/o W.I.T., Inc., Box 745, Northampton, MA 01060; 3-minute color film; rental $10.00, sale $50.00).
This satire on the monthly flow is fun and evokes delighted audience response.

"The Gardener," by Erica Jong, in *Half-Lives,* New York: Holt, Rinehart, 1973 (hardcover, $6.95; paperback, $3.95).
"I imagine the inside of my womb to be the color of poppies and bougainvillea (though I've never seen it)." See your period through rose-colored glasses.

"The Bloods – A Self-Help Song," by Debbie Lemke, *Berkeley Women's Music Collective LP,* Olivia Records (Box 70237, Los Angeles, CA 90070; $6.05).
The bloods ain't bad. Let 'em sing!

"Falling Off the Roof," by Karen Lindsey, *Falling Off the Roof,* Alice James Books, 1975 (138 Mt. Auburn Street, Cambridge, MA 02138; $3.00).
"when i learn to love my blood, the revolution's begun."

"Well kept secrets," Women's Design Program, Insight Exchange (389 Ethel Avenue, Mill Valley, CA 94941; 45-minute videotape, 1" and ½").
Older women share experiences and feelings about menstruation/menopause.



Secrets revealed.
Older women discuss experiences of menstruation and menopause.

reprinted from *Booklegger Magazine* #16, Autumn 1976

The Blue Tone

from *The Book of Hags,* a novel

Deena Metzger

In the novel *The Book of Hags,* three women, Dinah the writer, Ana the survivor, and Alma, silent history, become the voices of voiceless women making desperate conversations, writing letters to keep themselves alive. Dinah wants to write a book about the "kind women" she knows who sustain each other, but all she can write about is the death and madness that afflict them. As she writes, other voices invade her book. Ana, self-isolated on an island, begins speaking. Ana is obsessively writing letters to an old hag, Alma, who does not answer. As the book progresses, it becomes clear that the plague of madness and cancer results from the imposition upon women of a terrible silence and isolation. In time, Dinah and Ana form an alliance and together write the "blue-tone" letter to Alma, the beak-faced crone. This letter awakens Alma out of her deep sleep.



photo credit: Deena Metzger

Alma Dear: A woman was writing a novel about which she knew almost everything
and which had been planned in her mind for several months,
maybe even a year.
It was a simple book about voices, one winding into another . . .
women's voices . . .
and how they talked to each other,
and the new sweetness which was an old sweetness which they shared.
There was something she had noticed about women
and the way we talk together, not separating or dividing
but coming together.
We do not like to feel like strangers
but rather enjoy the places where we fit one into the other
like nesting cups or Russian dolls.
We are not very interested in our differences but rather in our similarities.
It had taken several years but the five of us,
those the writer knew best
bled at the same time even though we did not live in the same house.

At first we didn't talk about it and then we talked about it incessantly,
this community we sometimes felt all together
and which we almost always felt when two of us were together
and which became not only a necessity but a modus operandi.
And when the feeling wasn't there
we felt this terrible ache.
And one of us, I, the writer, could no longer bear being with people
without that feeling, which perhaps I shall call simply . . .
a blue tone.
And whenever I went out and met someone, I probed with the blue tone
and if there was no answer I turned away
because I could not bear the emptiness.

Alma tries to put the letter down, but it sticks to her finger. She turns aside, but the words follow her. The back of the hag softens a little. Her mouth opens and the breath issues in and out with a soft hiss. The seal of her face breaks.

After a while we forgot how to speak without the tone. The lack of it
made me sad or angry, and I would cry unexpectedly. I found
I couldn't endure public gatherings and when I heard ordinary speech,
I thought the speakers had been struck dumb.
But there were many places with blue tones . . .
though they were all almost without exception women's places.
Women's books shone and buzzed deep blue to me
and so did women's dance, poetry and paintings . . .
and soon I realized
I didn't need to know the women well to get a blue tone
because it so often happened with strangers in the supermarket,
or in the ladies room, or on airplanes,
in courtrooms and during business dealings . . .

But I found that women who had been out in the world a long time
and had rubbed shoulders with men
too long had had the blue rubbed out of them
and sometimes they couldn't remember the tone.
When the writer turned the tone on, they said, "nonsense,
don't bother me," or "it isn't true."

Mostly, they said, "don't bother me," because
the blue tone got in the way and set up a sound system
which made other systems more difficult, if not impossible.

The blue tone seemed to dissolve the skin,
so that two people talking blue seemed to be as one,
that is one person entered on the blue tone into the other . . .

But it was also like radio jamming or white noise:
it disrupted competitive systems and power struggles and hierarchies,
stone buildings, products, manufacturing systems,
all that seemed so solid and significant in the world
crumbled
appeared ephemeral
while the blue tone seemed certain and sure.

This writer began going out with the blue tone like a miner descending
into a shaft
and more and more often she met women who sent a blue tone back.
And at the same time she met people who turned away fiercely
or tried to attack the blue tone, to drown it out –
men who had never heard it before
and were afraid and hated it because they didn't have one and because
it stopped them in their tracks for a moment and they lost time.
And women who had decided to leave theirs at home in the closet
among the umbrellas and the unwritten diaries because they needed to
make a living now, or give a speech, or wanted recognition
and they found the blue tone held them back.
Sometimes I met a man with a blue tone. That was rare.
Usually he seemed afraid to turn his on permanently.
It was even more rare to find a man who turned the blue tone on first,
without waiting for my tone, for my invitation, without waiting
to see if it was safe. Most of them turned it on intermittently,
preferring to let it intensify through scarcity,
shining it on for special moments which often disintegrated into sex.
And the men who were afraid to use it with us were even more incapable
of using it with others or with their own kind.
I have never yet met a man who turned it on regularly to another man,
and too rarely have I come across
three men talking privately together in their blue tones. Why?

Because the tone is of such a nature
that it takes absolute priority over everything
and in its glow
expertise and difference diminish
and all the bombs and bullets in each of us dissolve.
It is like a beam of light which can stop time.
It is a tone which travels faster than the speed of light.
Time disintegrates.
The distinctions of yesterday and tomorrow fall away.
Gravity loses its pull.

Of course, at the same moment, everything is possible.
Buildings which have stood for years
crumble
and there is a similar disintegration of other institutions –
universities, banks and armies – anything which lacks flexibility and stretch.

Walls become elastic.
The ground softens in the blue light.

Most men we met that were at all sympathetic and liked the blue light,
liked it for special occasions. Saturday night was preferred, but
any evening in the week would do if the calendar was not too crowded.

But that is not the nature of the blue tone. It is not for party games.
That tone which was packaged and distributed, was a fraud.

The first condition of recognizing or using the blue tone is to give it
absolute priority.

The tone is not all, but it is first.
It is a way of building anew but in the context, always, of this blue light.

So this was the novel I intended to write,
because I couldn't speak to everyone and I wanted to be able to encourage
the women in Des Moines, Minneapolis, Raleigh, Paris, Mexico, Chile,
anywhere, to acknowledge the blue tone.
I wanted to tell them it wasn't a visitation or a dream;
they didn't have to bury it or hide it
because it didn't seem to have currency in the everyday world.
The writer knew that women had resigned themselves to the thought that
the tone was an aberration, a headache, though to live without the tone
was to live in silence.
The deprivation became part of their condition,
something they didn't discuss, like death.
But some could not bear the silence and the ache and they went mad.
And others put on a housedress or a business suit and pretended
to go about their lives as if they had never seen or heard the tone.
And when they shut it permanently in a drawer,
their skin withered a little, and looked just a bit more brittle, thinner
and more likely to break.

So I came away to garner the tone.
And I started writing. And the book didn't come.
I wanted to write in the blue tone
about the blue tone
but it didn't happen.
I wanted to send out a blue signal to penetrate your heart.

Old hands scratch against the old heart. Alma reads slowly and painfully sounding each letter, each word through dry lips. The words fall off her breath. Words like harsh cries of gulls break from her lips.

Other images came. I tried to set them aside.
They wouldn't stay on the assigned page.
The writer tried to lock them in her journal and the pages agitated
and turned as if a wind were caught inside which needed to be released.

The images came up in bubbles from the bottom of the sea
and the writer had no control over the movements which caused such
a sudden geyser of dark light and air.
And the geyser was like a voice, a new voice from the bottom of the sea.
And it did not cease or exhaust itself
and it could not be ignored or stopped.
And it could not be sealed.

But it was not the book. It was not the gift I wanted to offer.
It was darker.
It was not the blue tone but the fumes which acted against the tone.
It was not the light, but the pain of the light being put out.
It was another book and each word emerged with pain and reluctance.
And I didn't want to write it.
And I rebelled against it.
And dreamed at night about the earlier book
and how I was setting that one down,
but in the morning, gripped by terror though I was, I wrote what came.

And I talked to my friends obsessively about the dark things
and the geyser which came up from the bottom of the sea.
And the five of us who had always talked about community
began to talk about madness
and the five of us who were coming to know something about survival –
who still know how to survive –
who still survive –
came to look at death.

And with fear, Alma, with fear. Was it enough what we knew?
To survive, Alma, is it enough?

The book continued. It wasn't a book anymore. It was a force.

The blue tone became more intense and the circle it illuminated
became larger. We developed the tone. We knew that
we needed to be strong to hold out against the other forces.
One person with a blue tone is not enough.
Five are not enough.
Not even twenty.
Sometimes we are afraid we will not find enough to hold the tone.
And we despair.

But someone told us that the inability to hold out against the enemies of
the blue tone is not a personal failure and does not mean
either there is something mechanically wrong with the blue tone,
or that the blue tone is a fraud also. Hardly that.
But only that the evil is so powerful.
So we turn the tone on and on and on, tearing it out of our bodies,
manufacturing it at whatever personal cost
from whatever food, moment, event, sleep, we take in.
Any fuel at all goes to the blue light.
But it is dangerous to move in this direction
because we cannot risk being consumed.
And such determined behavior violates and distorts the tone.
So we look for a way to balance, to find others to share it.
And it is a long process.
And the gulf between us and the others who hate the tone
increases and we struggle against that also.

To this part of the story there is no ending.
It is probably a middle point.
It is the point that the writer has come to at this moment.

Toward a Feminist Imperative: The Art of Joan Snyder

Ruth E. Iskin

The power of art to create connections denied by the intellect working alone, to transform the unnameable into something palpable, sensuous, visible, audible, to take our unexpressed thoughts and desires and fling them with clarity and coherence on the wall, a screen, a sheet of paper, or against the long silence of history – this power has been instinctively recognized by women as a key to our deepest political problem – our deprivation of the power to name. In beginning to create art which claims this right, we begin to create a politics which is a critique of all existing culture, and all existing politics.

– Adrienne Rich

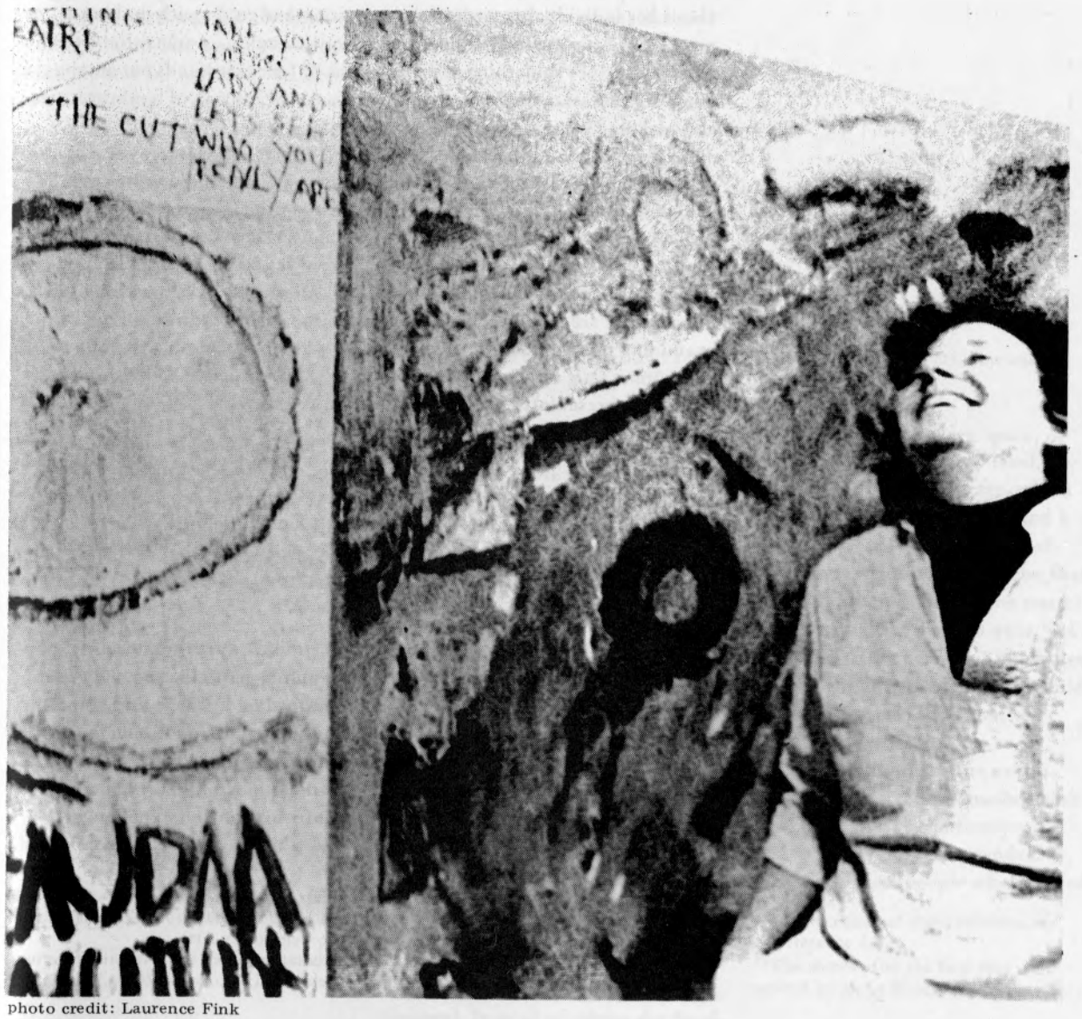


photo credit: Laurence Fink

Joan Snyder's art has been widely exhibited, and she has received major recognition for the excellence of her work since the early 1970's. Born in 1940 and raised in Highland Park, New Jersey, she moved to New York City in 1967 after receiving her M.F.A. from Rutgers University (in 1966). She became involved in the women's art movement at its inception, around 1970, and participated in a consciousness-raising group of women in the arts in New York. In 1974 she moved with her husband, photographer Larry Fink, to a farm in Martins Creek, Pennsylvania, where she had been living and working until recently when she resumed residence in New York City.

The body of work Snyder has produced since 1973/1974 is a testimony to a new phase in the impact the women's movement has had on some of the best women creators in America today. Snyder's well-accepted abstract art has taken a turn toward a highly expressive art, metaphoric yet explicit in articulating the struggles, pain, protest, and emotions that women have experienced and infused into the public domain with the second wave of feminism.* While the subject matter in her early art was not altogether different from that in her more recent work, the earlier paintings were about her individual struggle; "the transition had to do with making a more political statement about women 'out there' . . . a transition from an internal focus to something more universal."** Her art stands out among the work of feminist creators who are forcing a confrontation of feminist issues and making inroads into mainstream culture.

The development of Snyder's art toward expressing women's experiences and dealing with feminist content as a primary concern illustrates the dialectic relationship between the political movement for women's liberation and contemporary women's art: The women's movement influenced female creators who are now rendering new expressions of political realizations in a currently growing women's culture. The sources of the transition in Snyder's art are rooted specifically in the impact of feminism in her life; examining this interaction may provide a way of articulating the history of the women's art movement by looking at a case of personal development which is representative of many women in the arts.

Different schools of painting . . . have often been identified with the geographical location of the artists who founded them. The artists who will come to represent the 1970's inhabit the physical geography of their sex, and like earlier "schools", feminist art has the validity of an emerging historical imperative and a strong mutual support system which has fostered the flowering of a confident, strong, intelligent art.

—Sally Webster

What transformed the art of many women like Snyder was a new experience of oneself as part of a women's community participating in a group identity based on newly realized, shared individual histories and common goals for change. Today women artists have access to a nationwide - in fact international - network that functions similarly to preceding artistic milieus. This network, spontaneous yet intense in its effect, has been created by women in the arts who share information and experiences, arguing passionately diverse points of view while partaking in a communal-

*The body of work Snyder produced over the last three years was recently exhibited in New York (Carl Solway Gallery), in Portland (Oregon Center for the Visual Arts), and in Los Angeles (Los Angeles Institute of Contemporary Art).
**From an interview with Snyder; all further quotations from the artist are from two interviews with her in August 1976 (in Los Angeles) and October 1976 (in New York).

ity of feminist goals. Snyder, like many, has been searching for a new vision of the relationship between art and feminism.

Prior to the women's movement, the situation of the woman artist was primarily that of an individual outsider in the (male) art world (or in a few cases, like Snyder's, she was accepted, but that acceptance implied a privileged exception). Though women artists continue to suffer from discrimination, since the onset of the women's movement this discrimination has become a subject for dialogue and a rallying point for action. Isolation has thus been replaced with a set of new experiences through arenas of interaction for women who have been taking action throughout the world to form organizations designed to meet women's needs. (For the beginning of a historical overview of this development, see refs. 3, 4, and 5.)

The fact that women's art could trigger a major and influential movement, as it did during the early 1970's, was of course not unrelated to the state of the art scene in general. This movement coincided with a widely felt dissatisfaction with the restrictions of the art world. Frustration, by then shared by many, with prevailing formalism and formerly unacknowledged market predicaments in the art field created a situation ripe for change. A need was felt for new sources and viewpoints to regenerate art and criticism. The women's movement, with its fresh enthusiasm, analysis, and impetus for action, presented the possibilities for this regeneration of women artists. A new quality and scope of communication among women in the arts - spurred through consciousness-raising discussions and group activism directed against establishment discrimination and also toward creation of alternatives - had far-reaching implications for women artists' work. What Snyder related in the following interview exemplifies how a newly recognized range of female experiences was both *opened up* for exploration - resulting in reintegration of self and work - and *created* by the experience of participating in the women's movement.



No Skeleton for Evsa, 1971, oil, acrylic on canvas, 6' x 9'; collection of Mr. & Mrs. John Rauh; photo credit: Bevin Davies.

R.I. What was the background for the transition in your work toward explicitly feminist art?

J.S. Consciousness-raising was important (even though I got ideas about feminism from a lot of other sources). What was extremely significant for me was the experience of doing a series of women's shows which I initiated at Douglass College in 1971.* I had been an undergraduate in sociology and a graduate student in art at Douglass - an all-women's school with (at that time) an all-male faculty. One day I met with Daisy Brightenbach, the head librarian, and then talked with Lynn Miller, a librarian at the school; we came up with the idea of doing women's shows at the library in order to expose women students to women artists' work (the male faculty of the Art Department was not exposing the students to any art by women). Instead of asking the faculty for the college gallery space, or approaching them on any level, we did the shows in the library, which was a real coup. Lynn Miller and I worked together on the series of women artists' shows. I had the first show, and then I curated the rest of the shows during the first year.** I chose the artists because I liked their work or thought the students would like it, or because I felt that the artist could use a show.

In conjunction with the exhibitions, we organized discussions with the artists. During the first year (1971) hardly anyone attended. Those six or less people who showed

*For an account of these exhibitions, see reference 6.
**The shows after the first year were curated by Lynn Miller.



Small Symphony for Women I, 1974, oil, acrylic, paper, pencil, ink, on canvas; tryptich, 2' x 2'; each panel; Suellen Snyder collection; photo credit: Libby Turnoch.

up for each discussion did so out of curiosity and didn't understand exactly what was going on. But in 1974, at a panel discussion, 300 people attended! It was *the* most inspiring thing for me to see how suddenly the program I that I had started—and which at the beginning we could barely get any one interested in—became so successful. It was at that point that I went home and did the painting *Small Symphony for Women I* (I think it was the end of 1974.) That painting was the beginning of a lot of my more conscious efforts toward talking about women, women's place in the world, women's pain and strength.

Even though I see my work as gradually growing, *Small Symphony for Women I* was a definite beginning. The imagery became more explicit and the work changed. I think it had to do with a very complicated idea about androgyny.

I was trying to put in everything I was thinking about in terms of ideas and feelings about women and art. The painting has three panels; the first one includes a verbal listing of words, descriptions, political ideas. The second panel is a visual listing of all these phenomena, or rather how I visually talk about the same things that I talked about verbally in the first panel. The third panel forms a resolution of the first two. (The text on the first panel reads: "The politics are at once separated and integrated./ If there is a female sensibility language art/ emerging how can an all male faculty/ at Douglass choose select judge/ women artists who apply? They can 4 they didn't they only/ chose 4 in 20 in 2 years/ They would protest—of course.")

R.I. In addition to the specific rage you expressed as woman/artist at the obliviousness of an all-male art faculty with regard to women artists and students, you also expressed a genuine rage and pain about women.

J.S. I was expressing my own rage and my own pain. There are big letters that say "women hunger, I hunger." There are also several sentences that are almost crossed out, but if you looked carefully you could read them. One such sentence stated: "My love for her was so painful." Some words were also crossed out for artistic reasons.

Much of the content of Snyder's art reflects the new freedom the women's movement has engendered for women artists to open up avenues of self-exploration, vulnerability, contact with one's innermost self as woman—a self that formerly had to be excluded or suppressed from one's art-making: namely, one's experience as woman in a patriarchal world that denies the validity of female experience. In making paintings that are "symphonies" of female experience, Snyder expresses a new kind of pride about being woman/artist, while exposing a devastatingly painful and unglorified inside view of that experience.

Unabashadly, even brutally, these paintings speak of rage, anxiety, love, sex, flesh, pain and sexual politics. They confront the issue of whether there is a female sensibility in art by baring feelings about being a woman with a vehemence and a pictorial clout that make the viewer witness Snyder's experiences at an uncomfortably close vantage point. The paintings do not celebrate female sensibility; rather the subject is the pain of self-awareness and the projection of the artist's own ambivalence about being female. . . . because Snyder never explains or exploits her feelings, self-exploration never becomes cloying self-exposure . . . For all their fearful intimacy, Snyder's paintings are dignified and even majestic. They will continue to unsettle our notions about the quality of female experience as well as the pieties of abstract art.

—Hayden Herrera (Ref. 7, p. 106.)

Snyder expresses the pain, mutilation, and struggles—the experiences which constitute what has been labeled "women's liberation"—the kind of shared feelings that women first explored in CR groups all over the country, the spilling out of individual/common experiences out of which the fabric of our movement has been woven.

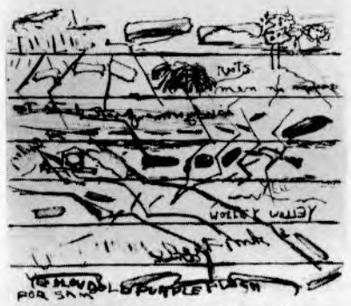
R.I. Was the new openness in dealing with private emotional material in your paintings related to the women's movement and the new experience of closeness with women that has become possible?

J.S. That is absolutely true. It also has to do with the whole issue of bisexuality, one's life with men, with women. It is still confused for me, and the work frequently had to do with that struggle.

My work talks about women's relationships with each other—what women offer each other, and the real problems with male-female relationships now and always. That is why a lot of women can relate to my paintings; no matter what they are doing in their lives, they seem to relate to the paintings very emotionally because we have all experienced the struggles that these paintings express. It has to do with the pain that women feel, wanting to be with men and not finding men who are compassionate or who can respond to women's needs because there aren't many men who can do that. It has to do with all that, and with many art/life ideas and all the formal aspects of art.



Moonshine for D, L, & M, 1973, oil, acrylic on canvas, 5' x 14'; Leslie Collins collection; photo credit: John Ganis.



For Sam, 1973, etching, 8" x 10"; photo credit: Libby Turnoch

The formal qualities of Snyder's art—the scale; use of thick, dripping paint; gestural brushstrokes; and intense emotional content—have often been related to earlier Abstract Expressionist painting. (See, for example, ref. 8, p. 3.) In an extensive analysis of Snyder's work, Marcia Tucker noted some formal differences (despite the obvious similarities) between Snyder's work and Abstract Expressionism. (Ref. 9.) Tucker observed that in contrast to the paintings of the Abstract Expressionists, which the eye takes in all at once, in Snyder's paintings what we first notice is the disparate parts. Tucker also observed that Snyder's paintings are "less formal in an overall sense than most violent Action Painting, and yet more carefully controlled in terms of each specific part." (Ref. 9.) In comparison to the art of Abstract Expressionist Hans Hoffman, to which Snyder's art is most closely related, Tucker observed that Snyder's paintings differ in the sense that her "forms are juxtaposed rather than placed *on* each other," and in Snyder's focus on the "structure of the pigment used" rather than on the cubist approach based on the abstraction of *objects* (ref. 9).

Are any of these formal differences related to the fact that, being a woman, Snyder makes a different statement about the nature of painting than

that typical of the Abstract Expressionists—a male action on canvas? In the work of Abstract Expressionist painters like Pollock or De Kooning, the myth of artistic creation is expressed in the artistic process: The interaction between the male artist and the virgin canvas—"an arena on which to act," * artistically/erotically, often violently.** As a young artist coming from the context of Abstract Expressionism, Snyder would have had either to accept the role of macho man as artist or to create a different concept and process of art. In choosing the latter, she ended up creating art that differs in content and form even from those paintings to which her art is stylistically closest. The relationship between her art and Abstract Expressionism becomes clear when seen in this context. While she uses gestural brushstrokes, these are primarily singular horizontal strokes placed next to each other. The separate identity of each stroke is maintained intact, and her process is that of addition and juxtaposition of strokes rather than forcing the metamorphosis of the canvas into one totality of swirling action, as in Abstract Expressionist paintings. Harmonious layering of horizontal brushstrokes paralleling the two-dimensionality of the canvas thus replaces the illusion of penetrating the canvas from the outside. (This discussion relates primarily to Snyder's earlier work of 1970-1972.) In many of her more recent paintings Snyder physically penetrates the canvas, tearing into it, later sewing parts back together. What is ultimately presented in her paintings, however, is not the act of penetration, but rather that which is penetrated—a metaphoric form of female genitalia as wound. Like an icon, it confronts the spectator, protruding frontally, declaring its vulnerability, mutilation, and almost rotting sensation of overripeness. It is not meant to entice sexually, but to protest, expose, "scream" visually; dramatically like a play, heroically like a symphony. These paintings reveal the notion of artist and canvas identified as one; the active and the acted upon are simultaneous in both. The canvas itself turns into a violent eruption from within. It is as if the artist speaks from the inside out.

*Harold Rosenberg, quoted in reference 9.

**A broader analysis of this issue has appeared in my article in *Womanspace Journal* (ref. 10) and in a lecture by Arlene Raven (ref. 11).

R.I. When looking at your work I got a sense that you identify with the canvas in a special way. This was in fact expressed literally in *Of Flesh/Art* (1973), where the canvas itself (or, more precisely, the piece of canvas pasted on top of the canvas) is like a layer of skin that seals flesh underneath in placement and color. Rather than *thrusting upon* the canvas as the implicit concept of art-making, the sense I got was that the brushstroke appeared to "grow" from the inside, *extending outward.* The metaphor of brushstroke as wound and the implied gesture is an inversion of how male artists, and specifically Abstract Expressionists, have dealt with the brushstroke.



Of Flesh/Art, 1973, oil, acrylic, thread, needle, lentil seeds on canvas; 2' x 2'; collection of the artist; photo credit: Libby Turnoch.

J.S. Yes, in that painting my idea was to pull art out of flesh. So what you are saying is true, and that is really what it was about. I have never thought about it explicitly in comparison to Abstract Expressionism. I think I have also been involved with the thrust on the canvas, but I was always involved in the different layers of seeing raw canvas, seeing pencil lines, seeing under the painting, and seeing all the different layers and levels that exist in one painting.

R.I. The brushstrokes in your earlier paintings and the grids in the following paintings remind me of the way women piece together small sections of material in creating a whole pattern in quilts, in terms of the additive process. It is ultimately a very intricate fusion between content and style.

J.S. I think more about content, and style is after all one's style. It is just like the difference in everyone's handwriting; you don't necessarily think about how your handwriting is, you think about what you are writing. When you are making art you do have to think about what the handwriting looks like, but for me, even though it's very developed and by now a sophisticated language, I always end up approaching the canvas in the most unsophisticated way I possibly can. I might be aware of my past history and what I have done before in terms of style (one's mind adds it all up and puts it all together), but when I stand in front of a blank canvas I don't think about any of that stuff, it just flows at that point, when I am ready to work.



Drawing, 1973, photo credit: Libby Turnoch

R.I. There have been many attempts by women artists to address a content that relates to women's lives and includes a feminist point of view in the work. That message does not always relate to the formal language used.

J.S. I know what you are talking about; you can't have work that is just content alone, that usually ends up pretty boring and trite. I think that has to do with a very slow process of building up language, one's own language. From the moment I started painting, I was beginning to do that. I was a German Expressionist when I started, without knowing what German Expressionism was. For me it was a way to speak, no matter how awkward it was; my color was not so good, my form was horrible, but somehow I was getting across the feeling I intended by making these funny portraits. I went from portraits to landscapes, to people in landscapes, to a symbolic, almost surreal kind of painting; but it was always with the knowledge that to get from one place to another I had to go through certain kinds of work which didn't always get my message out completely, but I was struggling to get it across. I built a visual language which now allows me to say anything.

When I was in graduate school, one of my teachers was Robert Morris, and almost everyone in the school was making boxes and minimal kind of art at the time. I was making a life-size angel (out of plaster and plywood). It had wings and plastic flowers, and it was on wheels. It was the funniest thing, and Morris used to look at it and laugh; he thought it was very funny. Once he said, "That is something I would like to put in my attic, and look at it every six years to make sure it was still there." It was a real joke, but I knew that I couldn't make boxes. Everyone is eclectic, but I have never had too many heroes or heroines in the arts, because I just had to do what I had to do, even though my art relates to certain things. My art is the way it is because of who I am, and it relates to certain art, because somehow I must relate to those people and their lives.

R.I. Could you talk more about your visual language?

J.S. It has to do with color. Different colors mean different things to me. It happens automatically. I use yellow and whites and fleshy colors, and purple and earth colors for different reasons. I use ripping and sewing the canvas for pretty obvious reasons; different kinds of strokes, some bigger strokes that might be loud and outrageous, and other ones that might be delicate. I relate a lot to music in my work. I am definitely more moved by Bach or Bartok than I am by contemporary painting. I look at a lot of it, but there is very little painting that can move me like a symphony can. When I paint I think in terms of making a painting that could be like one of those symphonies, with infinite complexities and sections, sad parts, happy parts, melancholy parts, triumphant parts, and resolutions. I "hear" the paintings; using words has been good too. I use them when I want to say something as a verbal statement, that I put words in; I make poems.

R.I. Do you keep diaries and use material from them in your visual work?

J.S. Yes, I think diaries are very valuable because sometimes I jot things down in diaries when I am not necessarily in that place in my work, but when I look back at my diary I realize I had been thinking about that very idea a year before. Whether I am talking about my life or work, I can then relate it to what I had been doing and thinking about and to why I was doing it; there is a continuity. Sometimes I find that my drawings precede my paintings by years. I will find that two years later I will do a painting on the very same thing that I had done a drawing about earlier without having looked at the drawing. The drawing seems to be the thought, the painting the act.

I don't always write in my diary; at certain times I jot down dreams, painting ideas, things about my life that are pleasing or displeasing me, certain experiences. When I travel I usually write in my diary, just to remember things I did, people I met.

I can see the beginning of my ideas of symphonies for women in my diary, all these feminist ideas, struggling to know how to put them on paper or canvas.

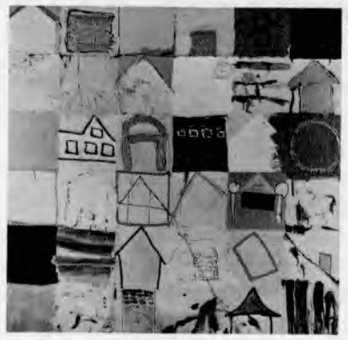
R.I. Did you use words in your earlier work too?

J.S. Yes, in 1971 I was writing on my paintings. Before that I did a painting that had a kind of poem. It was a flock painting I made for a friend's birthday. I talked about colors, why I use certain colors, and it ended up being a poem. It was something like: "Pink was flesh and our souls, yellow a place and red sometimes you, gold to worship, pink was flesh and our spirits." I thought of some of these paintings as being very religious, even though they were sardonic too, they were religious to me and they were about my experience with that friend and his family. That was one of the first times I used words, in that tiny little flock painting. At first I wrote in small private paintings, then slowly a little phrase would appear in a painting.

On one larger painting I did in 1971, I wrote: "We really didn't cuddle today." That was a very personal thing that I wrote on it. Then a few years went by when I didn't write on paintings. I used to write on drawings a lot, describing what I was trying to do.

R.I. Can you talk about the symbolism of the imagery that you use—houses, hearts, cuts?

J.S. It's hard; houses are important; they come from several places, primarily from children's art, because children are always making houses in their art.



Houses, 1972, oil, acrylic on canvas, 4' x 4'; collection of Gene Corman.

The first "house" painting I did was a little square painting, *Houses.* It had to do with all the different houses I ever lived in, and there was one house in that painting that I didn't recognize until two years later when I bought a white stone house, like the one I had put in the painting earlier. Houses are where you live, are intimate; I don't think I ever had a good house, except the one I have now. I recently realized, after having had many dreams about houses, that people's houses were always important to me.

Hearts are pretty easy; that valentine heart I used in *Heart On* was the beginning of my using hearts (maybe the end too); it's just a romantic image, real physical.

The cuts, it's interesting that the cuts came out of a very formal idea, which was that aside from wanting to put paint on the surface of the painting, I wanted to build it out and make it come off the surface in a 45-degree angle; so I tore the canvas open and poured paint in. The painting was called *Soft Pocket Song.* When I started doing that I realized that I was not just pouring paint to make an angle, but I was ripping, tearing into something. So I was doing something else besides that with the original idea. That is how the cut started. *Of Flesh/Art* was really the first time I cut into the canvas. I think that had to do with the whole concept of making art, the art world, being a person, a woman, tearing your heart, your flesh, out and making art of it.



Imagine, 1975, etching (with assistance of Paul Levitt), 9" x 14", edition of 40; photo credit: Libby Turnoch.

R.I. How do you do that physically; do you work on one piece of canvas and then paste it on another?

J.S. Well, I usually know beforehand what I want to do. I know when I want to put pockets in a work, I have to prepare for that, and then when I want to tear out I just make a slash with a razor, pull it out (a slash that doesn't go through both canvases, only one). Recently I did something outrageous, when I painted *Small Symphony for Women II.* In the middle panel I actually burned out part of the canvas. I literally set it afire; it burned, and I controlled it and then had to patch it under the back because it was really fragile. I am interested in using fire on the canvas. For two years I have been planning a big painting on rape. I have been collecting articles from all over the country about the violence against women – rape, mugging, murder. They like to burn women, for some reason; they like to rape them, pour gasoline over them, burn them. For a year now I have been trying to figure out how to integrate all that into the painting; it could be corny if it wasn't done right. The painting will have nine different panels, some very large, some smaller. Each panel will have a different kind of imagery. One large panel will be about violence itself. The last panel will be about women and sensitivity, sensuality, the whole female imagery thing. The first panel will be 2 by 6 feet, listing the names of all these women and how they were murdered. It will be like a memorial, but also a statement about violence against women.

(Later interview): I started the *Rape* painting, and I'm having trouble with it. I was pushing through with it, but I have had a medical interruption (a breast biopsy) which really staggered me. I had trouble with the panel about violence. It came out to be such an ugly painting that it is disturbing to me (not that I wanted it to be a beautiful painting), but it is *so* torn, so brutal and so ugly that it almost doesn't work as a painting. There are a lot of other panels that I still have to work on, but for some reason there is the germ of an idea that I might want to abandon this painting; I haven't resolved that yet. Even before the biopsy operation, there was something that told me that this was going to be the last painting that I was going to rip and tear and that was going to be about all the blood and guts business, that kind of pain. I wanted the work to move into something a bit different, and then this whole breast-cancer scare came up, and for some reason it affected me in such a way that I now felt like abandoning the whole violent trip sooner than I thought I would. It has something to do with vulnerability – cutting up my paintings – but it also has something to do with the fact that I don't think my start on this painting was as successful as I would have liked it to be. It is not that the work is going to change radically, but just that something has to happen; I have to move on in a different way, and I am trying to let it work itself out in my mind.

R.I. It sounds like you are in a period of change, moving back to New York, changing where you are going to live and work, completing a whole period, and of course all that is also going to be reflected in the work you do. One thing that came to my mind when you described what happened with your biopsy operation was that by some strange coincidence, the kind of violence that you were working on in the rape painting was actually inflicted on your body.

J.S. That has been a bizarre thing about my paintings all along. Two months before I did the *Vanishing Theatre* painting and *Heart On* (which also had a lot of cuts and bruises), I had an abortion. Those paintings were very much like cutting into a vagina or the womb, and that was one thing that was so terrifying to me about this breast biopsy, the fear that suddenly I was going to have mine cut. What I had been dealing with in the painting – the violence against women – I suddenly was faced with myself in the most personal way. It's heavy. A few months ago, there were a few people who said to me (while my show was up in New York) that the painting *Of Flesh/Art* looked like a mastectomy. As I was going through those two weeks waiting for the operation to take place, I kept thinking about that. All these paintings have been so predictable in terms of my personal life. In that sense it was also very scary for me, so I am thinking about not cutting up any more canvases.



Vanishing Theatre, 1974 - 1975, oil, acrylic, papier mache, chicken wire, fake fur, thread on canvas; 6' x 12'; collection, Carl Solway Gallery; photo credit: Libby Turnoch.

J.S. This painting was a true catharsis for me. I was actually cutting a very close friend out of my life and sewing up the wound. My relationship with her had become more and more ambiguous; I felt constantly teased and tormented. The phrase "Vanishing Theatre" is from George Eliot's *Middlemarch.* The woman in the book, whose very close friend dies says "the theatre of all my ideas has vanished"; that was the way I felt about my situation, it was just a vanishing theatre. The words on the painting are: "The cut," and at the end: "Take your clothes off lady and let's see who you really are." It was the case of the emperor wearing no clothes. That is what *Vanishing Theatre* was about.

R.I. What I perceived from seeing your exhibition (at the Los Angeles Institute of Contemporary Art) is that in your work over the last two three years you have been focusing on integrating very explicit imagery with abstract construction. There is a predominance of wound-like female genitalia images, expressions of pain. The color symbolism in your work has also become explicit. You use a lot of writing in your paintings. In *Vanishing Theatre* the writing has the visual characteristics of protest writing on the wall, graffiti; but in most works the words look like a diary entry, a very private type of writing that reveals some things and conceals others. The images too speak of a very definite, yet private symbolism, on some levels accessible and on others not entirely. What brought all that about?

J.S. You know this is something that I have never really been explicitly asked about. I have never gone into it when I lecture about my work – even though the work does – the private deep part of why the work is the way it is. It obviously has to do with an involvement with women. The initial involvement with this kind of imagery had to do, as it always does, with things that are happening personally. One of the most significant things in my life was that at the age of 23 I moved in with another family, I changed families. I felt literally and figuratively reborn, and there was a lot of pain involved. So my early paintings had to do with this experience of being reborn again in many ways. I had been brought up in a complete cultural vacuum, with no music, art, or books. The man of the family I moved in with was a writer; the woman was my sociology teacher. She adopted me on many levels – some of them I was unconscious about at the time. They loved my work, they were politically oriented, it was a whole new life for me. My early farm landscape paintings came from the farm we lived on. I became deeply involved with the woman, to the point where it was excruciating for me, it was obsessive. There was no clear definition for me of who I was. At some point after I got married, when I could no longer be her child, our relationship became even more ambiguous. Was I her child, friend, lover? It became complicated. A lot of the early imagery came out of those experiences. It became part of my iconography, and still is in someways even though it is now something of the past.

My work grew enormously and became strong around the time I decided to get married. That was when the grid started in my work; I was putting structure into my life and into my work. My husband was, and still is, extremely supportive of my work; he understands it profoundly. He is the person who encouraged me to exhibit my work when I was still shy about it and didn't know if I was ready.

R.I. How do you see the relationship between your earlier and more recent work?

J.S. A lot of the imagery in my recent work is a compilation of many years of language building. For example, I used many ideas and feelings that I had worked out in the flock/"membrance" paintings of 1968 and 1969. I was really naive then; those paintings were like internal landscapes. The imagery was very organic, anthropomorphic, and body-like. I did them right before I got married. That work was coming out of a naive, sensual, erotic idea of female sexuality. They had to do with desires, needs, internal feelings; but they had nothing to do with what sexuality finally was about for me, or even with sexuality in terms of other lives besides my own. So my paintings "grew up" just as I did, they became more politically oriented because I did, and they therefore probably appeal to a wider audience. My vocabulary is also so much larger and more sophisticated, formally and otherwise, that the paintings are different, even though the subject matter ultimately is not all that different.

The whole idea of female imagery has always been important to me. For me the explanation is very simple. Women's lives and experiences are very different from men's, and therefore their art is going to be different. My art was different when I did my early "membrance" paintings. Those could not have been done by a man, even though there are things that cross over. Some men do female-type imagery, and vice versa.



Small Symphony for Women II, 1976, oil, acrylic, mattress batting, papier maché on canvas; tryptich, each panel 2' x 2'; collection of the artist; photo credit: Libby Turnoch.

R.I. How do you feel as a teacher about the education of women in male-dominated institutions, and how does it relate to your own experience during your student days?

J.S. During my student days teachers didn't pay much attention to women. I think that the male-dominated institutions are terrible for both men and women, except if you are lucky enough to get a good teacher. Young women could realize themselves so much more in a better educational situation than they have in the male-dominated faculties in art departments and it hasn't changed that much. In most places there are still only male teachers. Now, of course, with all the economic problems, women teachers are dropping like flies. They are the last to come and the first to go. So I don't think the situation has changed that much although there are women's studies programs, and there are men who are a little more aware, but mostly they tend to be very patronizing about it.

R.I. Do you think that women are encouraged to do a certain kind of art rather than art that might be closer to their own experience?

J.S. I sure do. I think that men don't understand the female sensibility at all; they don't relate to it and don't identify with it, so how can they work with young women students if the student happens to be doing something that is very personal? They are naturally going to steer them away in a direction they do understand, toward men's art. I taught at Princeton last year and had six women in my class; not one of them was a feminist or had any understanding of what that might be. They were making art that was like Brice Marden or Frank Stella. It had nothing to do with them, it had to do with some male teacher's idea of what art is supposed to be. They were completely brainwashed and I had no way of reaching them. The more sophisticated they are, the harder it is to reach them.

R.I. How did you survive that situation yourself when you were a student?

J.S. Well, I was always independent and very arrogant. I knew what I had to do, and it was naive and silly at times, it wasn't well done, but it was always with a great deal of courage. Perhaps there was no teacher who came down hard on me in terms of what art is supposed to look like. In graduate school (and that is the only schooling I have had in art), there were about ten of us, men and women who were so strong. We supported and helped each other and got pleasure out of each other's work. Each was eccentric in his or her own way and so was I. I just related to what was meaningful to me in art. I was involved with making paintings about people that I loved, places that I lived in, landscapes. It was always from a very personal point of view. So I was relatively unaffected by anything that was sophisticated when I was in school. Now students are much more affected because of all the media and focus on careers. They are very aware of "I have to make it," making an image that sells. That takes them right outside of themselves into the art world, i.e., into something that is meaningless to them. If they don't start from their own internal voices they will usually dry up in a few years.

R.I. As a result of the women's movement there has been a lot of permission in recent years to make art out of people's feelings, but it hasn't yet changed art schools, which are usually behind by quite a few years. What do you think the potential power of your art is, in terms of who it reaches and what it means "out there"?

J.S. I think my work has for quite a while now had influence on a lot of artists and on a lot of women artists. It gives them a certain kind of freedom to expose themselves in ways that perhaps they wouldn't have had available before. As far as reaching the rest of the world besides the art world, I don't hold too much hope for that at this moment. I think artists are isolated. Art is essentially an elitist activity, even though I know a lot of people who aren't artists can look at my work and relate to it in one way or another. I think film can reach more people than paintings. I thought about making film recently, but I am not thinking of art films (those don't reach many more people than paintings), but rather of major motion pictures. I don't know if they will ever get off the ground. Art is not going to change the world, that's for sure.

R.I. Have you experienced more support from women artists since the women's movement?

J.S. I have gotten enormous kinds of support as an artist over the years. Before the women's movement I was a baby in terms of being an artist (the first time I ever painted was in 1963). Yes, of course, it has changed a lot. The very beginning of my career, however, had nothing to do with being a woman artist. From about 1971 on, I began to be involved in the women's art movement; I was invited to be in more group shows, women's shows. The gallery I was in originally (Paley & Lowe) had an equal number of women and men artists. I never had any grudges, personally I always felt accepted as an artist because my work was good. But I was sympathetic about the fact that there was a lot of prejudice around against women and women artists. My heart has always gone out to other women besides women artists. I feel infinitely more sympathy for women in general: women out in the world, in the country, anywhere, mothers, grandmothers, women who have to work, women who aren't working, women who are just suffering, trying to figure out things more or less in a vacuum; those are the women I would like to reach and for whom I would like things to change. I always used to say in the group that if we could somehow go to Highland Park, New Jersey, where my mother lives, and deal with the women in that community, then we would be doing something. The problem of women artists and galleries is real, yet there are all kinds of alternative solutions. I have always felt that the important thing is not necessarily to become part of the system, but to change the system; not to want a piece of the pie, but to change the quality of it. I am in a funny position to be saying that because I am accepted as part of the system, the male art world.



Heart On, 1975, oil, acrylic, cheesecloth, papier maché, mattress batting, thread, on canvas, 6' x 8'; Carl Solway Gallery; photo credit: Libby Turnoch.

R.I. Being accepted allows one to take that position. Women artists in all fields are in a position to contribute to real change by creating a women's culture which expresses women's experiences and points of view. Women's oppression cannot ultimately cease, even if discrimination in the legal and economic spheres as long as culture and ideology are exclusively male.

J.S. I agree; one of the things I feel good about is that since I am so accepted in the art world I can say whatever I want to say and be heard; my paintings are definitely a voice.

R.I. Did you feel in the past that being a woman made it in some ways more difficult or easier as an artist in terms of your relationship with the art world?

J.S. No, even though for male artists I think I was kind of a phenomenon in being someone they accepted as a very strong artist who was also a woman. I myself did not feel excluded or inferior because I was a woman in the art world. I wasn't ever one of the boys and didn't want to be one of the boys. To me the boys of my generation were not such terrific artists anyway.

R.I. Did you receive that kind of acceptance for your recent work, the work that is so explicitly feminist?

J.S. No, the boys didn't like it.

R.I. What kind of responses did you get?

J.S. I didn't get all that much feedback, but I heard enough to know that some people were very startled by the new work. My earlier work was in an accepted category of slightly impersonal, contemporary, emotionally evocative painting. My new work is no longer in the category of what can possibly be accepted in the art world. My new work suddenly put me in the category of being feminist also.

R.I. One typical kind of response that I heard was "Well, the feminist stuff doesn't really matter, she is such a good painter"—in other words, accepting the work as good while dismissing a very important part of it.

J.S. I don't think that anyone can dismiss it, as hard as they may try. I am moved by people who like my work a great deal, and it is amusing to me when people don't. I don't feel in a vulnerable position in terms of my work. I am not deeply hurt when someone whose opinion matters to me doesn't say anything at all. I like people to tell me if they don't like it and what they don't like about it.

Women's art has been shown and written about more in the last six years than over many decades. We are now faced with a shift in the focus of negative attitudes. Whereas, previously, objections to women artists were made simply on the ground of sex, currently a more commonly voiced cirticism is of feminist content and style in women's art. When women infuse their own point of view into art, that is what is ultimately threatening to patriarchal culture. Snyder's recent work is a clear case in point. Formerly accepted without qualification, her ability as a "good painter" is still readily granted by any objectors to the feminism of her work. The latter is either dismissed or tolerated, as long as the focus is on the quality of her painting. Yet her present work makes it impossible – or oddly irrelevant – to simply discuss its formal means, as was indeed more relevant in 1971/1972.



photo credit: Laurence Fink

Snyder's early involvement with a CR group (1971) comprised mainly of women in the arts was important to her in realizing concretely for the first time "how common certain kinds of problems were." Yet her association with the group was compounded by difficulties—and coincidentally, she was at that time "beginning to retreat from the art world and my own success."

R.I. What contributed to your retreat?

J.S. It was around the time I was looking for property out of the city. Suddenly my life had become flooded with a lot of people, some of whom I cared about a great deal and some of whom I didn't. The situation had become very confusing to me in terms of me the painter and me the friend. The fact that New York is so much about people's careers and so little about friendship and intimacy became very disturbing to me. Except for fame and fortune, the art world has offered me very little. It hasn't offered me friendship on a meaningful level. So I guess fame and fortune is enough, if that is what you want. It was not what I was looking for, it is what happened. It is a strange place; I suppose any kind of professional world is a strange, huge world that is hard to understand in terms of one's personal needs. Everybody wants you; that is what happened to me. Everyone wanted me, a piece of me; they wanted to be around me, touch me, be near something that was exciting, successful. In my sensitivity and need to be open to people I was giving everybody what they wanted, on a certain level, and then I realized that I was getting completely drained in the process. I wasn't getting what I needed, I wasn't getting fed back in the art world. So I got to the point where I was giving it out too much and had to retreat. My idea was that if I had a place in the country I could have a certain privacy, if not anonymity, for a while, and clear the air in terms of who needed me, who I needed, who wanted me, and who I wanted.

Another thing that happened was that because of the women's movement I became a token painter. Any time anyone needed a strong woman artist to do anything, they called me; to make decisions for them, to show a painting, whatever it was, I was called up. So I tried very hard at that time to filter a lot of things out to other women; to get others into galleries, etc.; but it had nothing to do with my painting. Life got so complicated and busy, and it had very little to do with me as an artist. It was at that point that I fled.

This is a process with which many feminists are only too familiar: Initial involvement in the women's movement, and—after feeling one's life taken over to an unbearable extent and experiencing the painfulness of intense interactions among women—pulling back into a period of withdrawal. At various points after a period of self-replenishment and inwardness, many feminists have reentered feminist group activities with a renewed desire and ability to both give and receive nourishment from a group.

R.I. And now two years later, what is it that draws you to move back to New York?

J.S. It has to do with people that I want to make contact with again. Women friends that I don't have out in the country. I am more mature as a person and as an artist. I now know where I can be used effectively and where not. I learned to say no; that is an important thing for a professional person to learn. There are a lot of reasons why I want to be back in New York that don't completely have to do with my career, but rather with me personally, even though I think it is good for my career. It is exciting to me, it is like starting over. I feel almost like I felt when I moved to New York for the first time, 8 years ago. Also my involvement with *Heresies* [a collective of women artists and critics producing a publication] is important to me. *Heresies* for me means a reentry; a reinvolvement with a women's collective and with the whole issue of women, women's art and women's sensibility. Initially I was interested more in being involved with the group than the magazine itself. It is a very dynamic group of people who got together after being separated for several years, each doing our own thing, while being supportive of the women's movement. Now we are coming together again to refocus our energies and our ideas and make something of it.

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1.

Remind me how we walked
trying the planetary rock
for foothold

testing the rims of canyons
fields of sheer
ice in the midnight sun

smelling the rains before they came
feeling the fullness of the moon
before moonrise

unbalanced by the life
moving in us, then lightened
yet weighted still

by children on our backs
at our hips, as we made fire
scooped clay lifted water

Remind me how the stream
wetted the clay between our palms
and how the flame

licked it to mineral colors
how we traced our signs by torchlight
in the deep chambers of the caves

and how we drew the quills
of porcupines between our teeth
to a keen thinness

and brushed the twisted raffia into velvet
and bled our lunar knowledge thirteen times
upon the furrows

I know by heart and still
I need to have you tell me
hold me, remind me

2.

Remind me how we loved our mother's body
our mouths drawing the first
thin sweetness from her nipples

our faces dreaming hour on hour
in the salt smell of her lap
how her touch melted childgrief

how she floated great and tender in our dark
or stood guard over us
against our willing

and how we thought she loved
the strange male body first
that took, that took, whose taking seemed a law

and how she sent us weeping
into that law
how we re-met her in our childbirth visions

erect, enthroned, above
a spiral stair
and crawled and panted toward her

I know, I remember, but
hold me, remind me
of how her woman's flesh was made taboo to us

3.

And how beneath the veil
black gauze or white, the dragging
bangles, the amulets, we dreamed And how beneath

the strange male bodies
we sank in terror or in resignation
and how we taught them tenderness–

the holding-back, the play,
the floating of a finger
the secrets of the nipple

And how we ate and drank
their leavings, how we served them
in silence, how we told

among ourselves our secrets, wept and laughed
passed bark and root and berry
from hand to hand, whispering each one's power

washing the bodies of the dead
making celebrations of doing laundry
piecing our lore in quilted galaxies

how we dwelt in two worlds
the daughters and the mothers
in the kingdom of the sons

4.

Tell me again because I need to know
how we bore our mother-secrets
straight to the end

tied in unlawful rags
between our breasts
muttered in blood

in looks exchanged at the feast
where the fathers sucked the bones
and struck their bargains

in the open square when noon
battered our shaven heads
and the flames curled transparent in the sun

in boats of skin on the ice-floe
–the pregnant set to drift,
too many mouths for feeding–

how sister gazed at sister
reaching through mirrored pupils
back to the mother

5.

"C. had a son on June 18th . . . I feel acutely that we are strangers, my sister and I; we don't get through to each other, or say what we really feel. This depressed me violently on that occasion, when I wanted to have only generous and simple feelings toward her, pleasure in her joy, affection for all that was hers. But we are not really friends, and act the part of sisters. I don't know what really gives her pain or joy, nor does she know how I am happy or how I suffer." (1963)

There were years you and I
hardly spoke to each other

then one whole night
our father dying upstairs

we burned our childhood, reams of paper,
talking till the birds sang

Your face across a table now: dark
with illumination

This face I have watched changing
for forty years

has watched me changing
this mind has wrenched my thought

I feel the separateness
of cells in us, split-second choice

of one ovum for one sperm?
We have seized different weapons

our hair has fallen long
or short at different times

words flash from you I never thought of
we are translations into different dialects

of a text still being written
in the original

yet our eyes drink from each other
our lives were driven down the same dark canal

6.

We have returned so far
that house of childhood seems absurd

its secrets a fallen hair, a grain of dust
on the photographic plate

we are eternally exposing to the universe
I call you from another planet –

to tell a dream
Lightyears away, you weep with me

The daughters never were
true brides of the father

the daughters were to begin with
brides of the mother

then brides of each other
under a different law

Let me hold and tell you



photo credit: Susan Rennie

I.

There has always been something strange about
how gracefully six-foot-two you are, something too fragile
about your gold skin that dulls
quick as a smile turns to a mouth
gaping pain. In
California, between cold mountains and
the black-blue ocean, you left your college room, moved into
a glass house I've never seen –
no roommates, your own space. Your first
night alone, through
the glass in the black, a flat face, an arm
moving. Something splurts across glass, I am not there. You turn
off the lights, see a man's bare
legs flashing, running, disappear.
You telephone
a boyfriend, crack open the first ice frozen
in your own house. Drink. Wait. He plays the alto sax, he has
very white teeth, not teeth blotched
like yours, neon-white, when some drug
cooled an infant
fever. A Mediterranean beach
burning, you flat, gold hair spread, body going dark - when your
mother died, you took your first
trip across an ocean - sixteen,
with a best friend:
Italy, France, Spain, Morocco - she stayed,
you blazed home. The acid North Africa sun did not bleach
the stained front teeth, but your skin
stayed gold for weeks. His mother is
dying, she has
cancer. A die-press crushed the father's arm,
he can't work. The boyfriend, twenty and very poor, can't know
what's hit him. You are trying
to teach him and stay standing, but
this cold first night
your solitude is terror shoving,
pressing in. You hear the bicycle, he bends through the door,
hands over two stolen sheets.
Together you loop a white curtain
the length of glass,
sleep. When you wake up wrapped in each other,
you can't see the ocean, but you have forgotten the fear.

II.

Too fast.
bones through skin. Two bones break, leave
sharp points to pierce skin, skin turns
dead-white, holes bleed.
Bright sun or clouds or rain. The morning or
night, you don't say. I am not there. A truck coming, curving

down a mountain. You riding
behind a man on a motor-
cycle, your knees
sticking gracefully out. Not the one who
plays alto sax. A party, a picnic, your hair pulled back -
maybe blue on your eyelids,
a scarf swirling purple on your
neck on the way
to the top. I am not there. Coming down
the steep road fast, the truck slips too close to the white line, knicks
your left knee, breaks the leg twice -
above the knee, and below it
near the ankle.
"My knee - skin graft - conscious the whole time - I'm
all right." I put the phone receiver back in its cradle
a continent away. All day
bones in my head press against
my brain: a dance
class on a beach, you bending, stretching your
perfect leotard-black legs.

III.

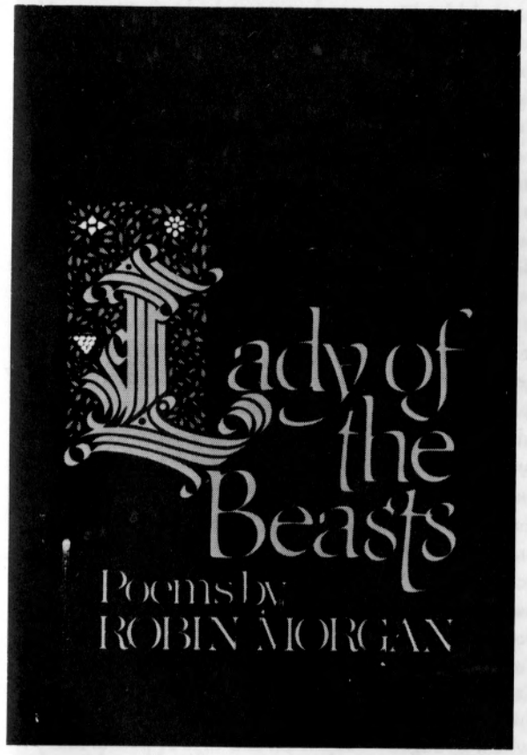
I sit next to you, watch your face,
avoid the leg:
two giant casts, steel-hinged together, skin
graft exposed, oozing blood, pus. You exclaim its progress
like a mother. "It's March, late
night cool, no rain yet . . ." you write from
Santa Cruz. "And
also, I want you to trust me." A man's
cracked voice sings stereo next to your bed. I watch your face
mouthing his words, "I'm easy . . ."
Trust you. If I were to look at
your knee longer
than an instant, if I were to swab clean
the square jagged wound like the nurse does with cool cotton, if
I touched your leg too long, if
I signed it like a high school friend,
that would mean I
accept, and it's too fast. Trust you. What if
that man that first dark night, after seeing you - blond, distant -
had come up the beach with some
blunt dark weapon, had smashed through
glass, your see-through
walls, had approached, with the weapon, you alone
in your own house. I did not see his face, can't look at yours -
the strain - as your long arms lift,
guide the weighted leg carefully
to the floor, then
grasp an overhead bar and trapeze you
into the wheelchair. "Something in our relationship is
confused," you write. "And also

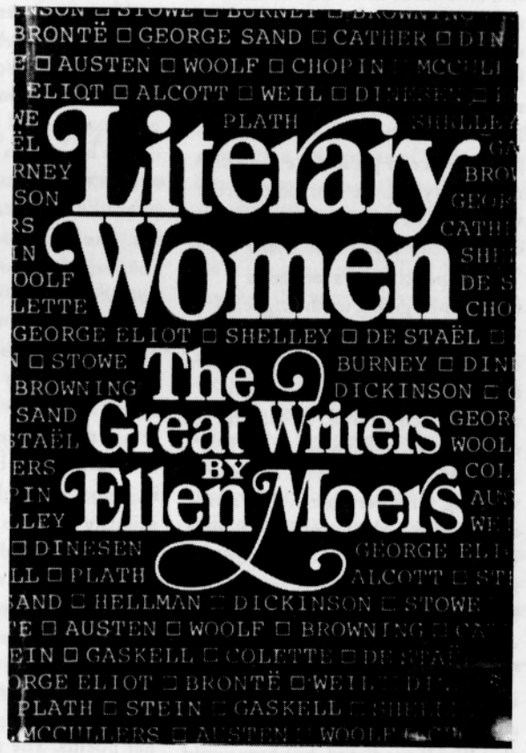
I want you to trust me." How
do I trust you?
You let yourself break, leaned too far and broke
like a red amaryllis pulled over by the new weight
of its huge blooms. And something
else - we sisters have been a wall,
not against, just
standing, and part fell, and the man driving
the motorcycle broke a bone that didn't need a cast
and didn't bleed. If the truck
had jumped the line completely, you
would not have lived -
What is the strength of a woman against
a truck? Against speed on a road? There has always been something
strange about how gracefully
six-foot-two you are, too graceful.
What is the strength
of a woman nineteen against dark nights
alone?

IV.

Your thick green letter resting on the window sill,
the demand, "and also, I want
you to trust me." Blood coming out
of the knee, and
pus; the dark jagged outline of the graft,
your leg shrivelled to the shape of a bannister peg, you -
part of the structure of my
future - stand: image, evidence
that future is
vulnerable. "Hope you are well," you write,
"all my love." Once when I was a child clenching my hands to
fists at the movies, a drop
of sweat burned a brown stain inside
my left ring
finger. I felt the sharp point of heat, but
the mark surprised me. Yesterday, Jane, a friend not seen
for ten years, visited here from
Canada, left leg just out of
- a cast. They say
she'll ski in three years, but she's a dancer . . .
leg smashed, a car's back fender, forty m.p.h., two months
after yours. "The leg may be
slightly shorter," they tell you -
I am not there -
"has to wear a lift, may have a slight limp
when exhausted." Blood vessels grow back, but can a bone stretch?
If the truck had jumped the line
completely, you would not have lived;
a year later -
the neon-blotches, your imperfect teeth,
you in my mind. Last winter when the amaryllis
fell and split in two, I bound

its green stalk with Scotch Magic Tape.
It grew, healed back
together - a slight lump, but from a distance
whole. And the flowers came - huge white trumpets with pink edges -
anyway. You at a distance
whole, but more complicated than
my idea of
perfection. The mullion's shadow, a line
across the green first page of your letter. I take it from
the window sill, there is no
shadow. Jane's feet rest, in orange
sandals, on the
Oriental rug. "Does it hurt?" She says
"I don't know hurt anymore, but I do feel it," and pulls
her long purple skirt to her
knee. I look, want to slide my hand
along the scar
blurred through the tight surface of her stocking,
but am afraid. Bones through skin, two bones break, leave sharp
points to pierce skin. You are
twenty. What you
mean by trust is letting go. How graceful
you are. Three thousand miles from here bones knit like stalks, a square
jagged scar is healing, a
chiropractor rectifies a
spine strained to the
left by the weight of two casts. You write "It
hurts less." When I see you, we will sit in the sun, your bleached
denim skirt pulled up, and
I will massage your leg, your knee,
June heat beating
down on my thirty-year-old hands, my veins
in blue relief, brown stain on a left ring finger faded.
Change. I will rub the flaccid
calf muscles, the dark scar streaks. I
will be careful
not to hurt. I will rub only the edge
of the skin graft, shutting my eyes, seeing it turn lighter
as the sun turns your leg dark
leaving, imbedded in your knee
like a metal
pattern in Moroccan wood, a jagged
silver square, impervious to ultra-violet rays.


Lady of the Beasts
Poems by
ROBIN MORGAN


BRONTË □ GEORGE SAND □ CATHER □
□ AUSTEN □ WOOLF □ CHOPIN
ELIOT □ ALCOTT □ WEIL
PLATH
Literary Women
GEORGE ELIOT □ SHELLEY □ DE STAËL
STOWE
BROWNING
The Great Writers
BY
Ellen Moers
DINESEN
PLATH
SAND □ HELLMAN □ DICKINSON □ STOWE
AUSTEN □ WOOLF □ BROWNING
GASKELL □ COLETTE
PLATH □ STEIN □ GASKELL

Lady of the Beasts
by Robin Morgan, New York: Random House, 1976
(hardcover, $8.95; paperback, $3.95)

In this second Elizabethan age, so different in the character of its monarch from the first that one hesitates to give it such a title, we may be at the beginning of another renaissance without knowing it. (Do contemporaries *ever* know such a thing?) This second Elizabeth is often scorned as bland in comparison to her ancestor – a leader of armies, an inspiration to brilliant and ambitious men. But doesn't her very blandness, felt as an absence of the male or male-identified ruler, have the effect of an encouragement to women? And not just an absence: Isn't there a nonthreatening maternal *presence,* a prescience of benign matriarchy, whose neutrality provides an environment in which women's arts can dare to flourish?

I am speaking of a *women's* renaissance giving us the right to hope that Virginia Woolf's prophesy of the rebirth of Shakespeare's sister, the poet who died too young to write, will come true. Woolf said she would come "if we worked for her," and God knows, we have all been working very, very hard! The number of books, the number of poems we have written! The consciousness-raising we have done to develop "the habit of freedom and the courage to write exactly what we think"; to "face the fact . . . that our relation is to the world of reality . . ."! Just a few years, not the century or more that Woolf predicted, but how could she have known that time itself would contract with the advent of instantaneous communication, that what happens among a group of women rapping in New York today could affect the parliament of India tomorrow?

It was such wild leaps of time and space and possibility that my mind took when I finished reading, for the first time, Robin Morgan's *Lady of the Beasts.* And I thought, "Oh, no, this will never do!" And I laughed at myself as sober people do when confronted with the miraculous. And still the feeling persisted: This poetry, in such modern dress, has a virtuosity, a sureness which invites this fantasy – that Shakespeare's sister has come back in the bluejeans of Robin Morgan.

And just why, I wondered, is this so absurd? Shakespeare was, after all, quite mortal, an actor turned poet, a common family man – a bit androgynous, perhaps – a shade opportunistic, who had a gift for holding the mirror up to nature. It was an extraordinary gift, but Woolf is probably right in thinking that others have been equally endowed except that the circumstances didn't permit full realization of their potential. The question is, are some of us now beginning to realize this potential?

Robin Morgan is an actor turned poet. Her sense of theater as one familiar with the stage, as one for whom it is a natural place to walk, brings to her work a dramatic intuition which goes beyond craft: That is, it goes beyond what she consciously controls. This gift for drama breaks through the mundanity which 20th-century Americans affect as survival armor and shows us that we, too – as much as Juliet or Portia (or Puck!) – are mythological beings.

Much *is* in Morgan's control – more than previously, in this collection of her poems. The wit which wrought knots and twists in her intricate sequence of sonnets in *Monster,* her first collection, is used here with greater clarity and precision, so that without forgoing subtlety, these poems elicit immediate recognition. Short and long, they are crowd-pleasers (Morgan has always had an eye for the audience). I think we have all been trained to worry too much when faced with a dazzling surface. We are so used to glitter giving way, in the Hollywood axiom, to more glitter, that we tend to mistrust any beauty which meets the eye – and the ear – at once. I am as skeptical as any of facility – but, oh, I am so bored with the moribund restraint of so many timid "little" verses; with the self-righteousness of the heavy-footed "big" poems weighted with white space as if stammering will impart gravity!

Morgan speaks. Each word carries its special weight and meaning, and she trusts it to know its job. She dances without looking at her feet. (I am mixing metaphors like crazy here, but yes, poetry sets all the responses going in the brain, and so, yes, she speaks and sings and paints pictures all at once.) Nary a sense goes wanting, and all the while one's intelligence works with hers, following the logic, trying to grasp the whole which is always so much more than its parts that one can seldom recall a line without also recalling the one before and the one after, from which it is inextricable.

A major departure in *Lady of the Beasts* is Morgan's deepening understanding of the complexity of life. She says (in "Easter Island"), "Love, we maintain, is more complex than theory" and connects this insight later in the poem with

Support was to have been
more intricate than jargon.

This is a welcome awakening to the profound difference between the essential character of modern feminism and that of patriarchal revolutionary movements. We once made a promise to listen to each other and not to judge. Out of this listening would come the universals which might lead to action. We were sworn to oppose rhetoric, and yet, educated in the melodrama of male history, it has been hard for us not to yield to impatience. Morgan was, previously, one of those whose energy and revolutionary zeal sometimes pushed her toward untenable immediate solutions. Men often regard impetuousness as heroism, and in their prejudiced admiration for cocksure youth have said, "Don't trust anyone over thirty," knowing that, by that age, accumulation of experience tends to chasten people into reflection. One of the accomplishments of the women's movement is our respect for maturity as well as youth. The exchange of strengths and weaknesses between older and younger sisters creates a solid, implacable motion.

It's easy to forget how very young Morgan was in the late 60's when the new wave of feminism began, and when her brilliant pronouncements shook us with the fervor we needed to jog our consciousness. Now we are hearing a mature voice, equally brilliant, in which she "affirms all [her] transformations" but understands that there is more in life than she guessed as a gung-ho young revolutionary. Self-aware, she is ready to speak about her deepening questions and her growing power as an artist. Let's have it, then, in her own words. (I will illustrate with only three poems. The world which opens in this volume is wide, and I hope to concentrate here on a few specific concerns important to feminism as well as poetry.)

The long autobiographical poem, "The Network of the Imaginary Mother," begins with her mother's challenge to her when she was a child:

There is nothing you cannot be,
she said crossly, if you want to be it
enough.

(Would there were more mothers speaking so "crossly" to their daughters!) Then she goes on:

Now she stood scrying for me whole
worlds
of what no one could stop me from
becoming:
art, music, science, wealth, influence
fame,
each threaded hook tugging at my
child's excitement
as we fed the ducks in Bronxville
Pond
and watched our bread sink upon
their waters,
a propitiation to the waterlilies'
soot-grey petals.

And then, considering her mother's advice against the evidence of her own maturing body:

This blood was not of my making.
These breasts were not of my willing.
There is nothing you cannot be if
you want it enough.

She had lied more than once.

The poem fills out, discovering the relationships closest to her: In addition to the mother, there is the consort, the sister, the child, the self. It weaves disturbingly through complexities of feeling, counterpointed with musings on more general implications, in the form of variations on this verse:

And this is the fragrance, almost
forgotten,
that warms the deepest dreams of
us all–
even the large male children who
grow
to fear, or conquer, or imitate its
power;
even the large female children who
find ourselves
rocking each other, or men, or
babies–
we, the living totems of that rhyth-
mic breast
that rocked us, and which we have
become,
yet long for still.

and by litanies of witch-burnings, as if Morgan wishes to remind herself, in her new-found sense of possibilities, of the pain women have endured before her and continue to suffer. (These last I found irritating impositions, like my mother's nervous warnings to "knock on wood.") It moves toward a fugue, not quite making it, but valiant in the attempt, with material of such personal honesty, to arrive at a conclusion which seems wholly justified:

There is nothing I have not been,
and I am come into my power.

There is nothing I cannot be.

For me, "Networks" is the crucial poem in *Lady of the Beasts.* It is here that the screw turns, the cat jumps out of the bag, the genius emerges. This is a birth poem, and birth poems are the essential genre of our renaissance, foreshadowed, perhaps, by Anaïs Nin's powerful description of a stillbirth in her *Diary.* Morgan's labor is fruitful. By now there are armies of midwives at her side to restrain the well-meaning relatives whose helpfulness, at this point, could only impede the delivery. (Is it for spiritual aid that Morgan invokes the witches through this trial?) The final and triumphant poem, "Voices From Six Tapestries," would not have been possible without the agonizing in "Networks," where she most emphatically declares her love for her husband – a love which she has reason to fear will outrage the more parochial elements of the women's movement. This fear is vital to Morgan because the movement is as necessary to her life as the man she loves. To lose either would be to destroy her as a poet and as a person. Taking her fear in her hands, she dares this:

Say what you will, there is this man.
Correct or incorrect, father-figure,
faggot, fool,
or any other pat conclusion you
assume be damned.
There is this man.
I who hate the class of men have
loved this man
for almost half my life. Nothing,
not even him, will stop me now.

Nothing more would be possible from her with that unstated. It is the truth of her life at this time, and only the truth can move her forward. It is not the truth of *all* of our lives, but in the name of that sisterhood which Morgan, as much as any of us, embodies, must we not accept each other as we are? Is any development possible with less than the truth between us? Can there be love and progress within tyranny, even the well-meant tyranny of one sister over the life-choices of another? And how can we be sure, so early in our renaissance, where our changes will lead?

Morgan affirms some directions in this book which have been contemplated often by feminists when considering the "female principle": Compassion, for instance, which is certainly a focus for debate among us – as is the validity of the "female principle" itself. We are trying so hard, it seems to me, to strike a balance between our female training to be "good" and our efforts to liberate ourselves, which must include self-assertion – even aggression. We want to create a better world, and yet we must press for our own survival within the corrupt and annihilating framework we inhabit. We want radical change and we want peace. These are the conflicts which animate our lives, and in the poem, "To a Widow," in a section dedicated to Jane Alpert, Morgan offers this:

And who am I, who watch you now,
awed at such courage
that balances between a mourning
for your vision of what might have
been
transformed,
and a determination to tear off the
widow's weeds
for what remained unchanged –
who am I
to dance upon his grave?
No.
No, I should bring flowers
and stand in dumb grief
at such a tragedy:

that he could visit your life
unmoved and desperate
as a blind man in a cathedral
peering across vast vaulted arches
at the echo-ache that whispers
of a rose-window-glory
he cannot understand.

I should tear my hair above his grave,
and wail:
"Here lies proud ignorance."
I should strew lilies of the valley
there,
if ever, for one moment, oh my sister,
you thought him worthy of your love.

It's a way out – the compassion that comes from strength. Compassion for the blindness of men: It's there in our best moments, isn't it, even when we choose to deny it, feeling it to be some kind of a trap? Is it possible, at last, to increase our strength through it? Or is it a way of deluding ourselves to believe in a power we don't yet possess?

Don't go to *Lady of the Beasts* for answers. For once, in a work by Robin Morgan, they aren't there – and, in Shakespeare's words, "For this relief, much thanks." In the greatest of literature there are no answers, only the myths on which we base our questions. Morgan is vulnerable here as she has never been before. Vulnerable and self-contained at once. Poetry is a terrible gift, like life, which tears the soul apart, and when the last answer has been found and proved false, it fills the emptiness with something beyond our powers of hoping. Truth is not an answer; it's only ourselves. And certainly no woman's truth will come in the form of an abstraction. It must be grounded in life, as are the figures in the six tapestries hanging in the Musee de Cluny in Paris which comprise the work of art called *La Dame á la Licorne.* These are the tapestries Morgan has made her own.

She speaks for the weavers:

Knowing all this, we labor still –
weaving for the weave's sake, and to
trace clues
covered and recovered in the
execution
as they unreel themselves.

This matters more to us
than realizing nothing
someday may remain at all –
not even fragments
of the story we have lived
in all its versions,
and still relive,
and here set down.

She speaks for the handmaiden:

Lady, how long must we believe in
love?
How long labor here, delivering
your vision?
What can you bring to bear in such
a grove as this?
Whom do you seek beneath hooves,
hide, and horn?
Why do you risk scarring your
maidenhood. . .

and:

You could spare us both, my Lady.
Come, come away, come now.
You almost seem to hear me.
Yet your next note, like an arrow
from your throat's arched bow,
sings along the air, obsessed,
to your one desire.

I pulled these quotations out almost randomly, but for the purposes of this discussion I leaned toward the expository lines. As great a delight are those passages which bring us into the visual life of the tapestries – the foliage, the animals, the banners, the color. It hardly matters where one's eye chances. These words are to be memorized, and they will be. They are for our daughters to cut their teeth upon – and for our sons, too.

For we will have both, those of us who choose to have children at all. We will determine our own lives and freely enjoy our productivity – whatever forms it takes. We will conceive and labor and deliver and nurse and wean and weave and sing and recreate the world according to our own design. We have the hearts, souls, bodies, minds for that – and our poets to prove it:

Unicorn, I have a mirror in my
other hand.
Look in the glass and know what I
have always seen:
birth, initiation, consummation,
repose, and death,
the five conscious senses, your
incandescence,
and my love: these glimpses of the
mystery.
There is nothing more, anywhere,
ever,
except the myth a world will make
of us.

Robin Morgan speaks, finally, to a need that goes deeper than our need for answers.

– Leah Fritz



Tapestry, *The Lady and the Unicorn – Sight,* Musee de Cluny, France.

Literary Women
by Ellen Moers, New York: Doubleday, 1976
(hardcover, $10.00)

Dear Rachel,
In spite of the negative (or lukewarm) reviews that have kept you from reading Ellen Moers' *Literary Women,* I want to persuade you to read it. Now that I've read it I'll never read women's writing the same way again. That's high praise, but I don't think I'm exaggerating. The book gives us, or begins to give us, our own previously unacknowledged literary traditions. The subject matter that most deeply interests women often bores men, or even offends them. And since the books that get passed from one generation to another and from one century to another are chosen by men (who after all have always constituted the literary establishment and determined its values), the result has usually been that what concerns women most, and what they have written out of their deepest needs, has been (inadvertently or deliberately) hidden, often permanently lost to us.

In addition, as Moers illustrates profusely, men often don't understand the significance of what they do read; they distort its meaning and therefore generally undervalue what women write. For this reason, Moers attempts to limit her analyses of women's works to what has been ignored or misunderstood:

From the start my approach has been essentially practical. If there seemed something new worth saying about Jane Austen as a woman writer (there is – her concern with money) instead of just as a writer, that is what I say here; that is what determines which works I discuss, and in what thematic context. The literary women themselves, their language, their concerns, have done the organizing of this book. First I



Emily Dickinson

thought that not all, that far from all women writers would require or benefit by a critical approach through the fact of their sex; to my surprise, many more than I expected came to life for me as women writers as they had not done before. Mrs. Gaskell and Anne Brontë had once bored me; Emily Dickinson was an irritating puzzle, as much as a genius; I could barely read Mary Shelley and Mrs. Browning. Reading them anew as women writers taught me how to get excited about these five, and others as well.

What are some of the "new" things? There is the concern of women writers with work and economics, their identification with the oppressed (*Uncle Tom's Cabin* and Elizabeth Barrett's slavery poems), the intense sexual experience of Victorian spinsters in the nursery (Emily Brontë, Christina Rossetti), the Gothic novel as a kind of travel for women, love-hate relationships between mothers and daughters, daughters who are able to see their mothers "simultaneously afar and near" (Woolf, Cather, Colette, Stein, and many others), Mary Shelley's *Frankenstein* as a peculiarly female birth fantasy, the unrecognized sexual metaphors in many women's fictional and poetic landscapes (Cather, Barrett, Sand), and too many others to mention now.

Perhaps the most important section for me as poet (and for you as poet and *teacher*) is the chapter about the influence of women writers on each other. When Emily Dickinson wrote her editor, at his request, the names of her literary influences, they were Keats, Browning, Ruskin, Sir Thomas Browne, and the Book of Revelations. She did not mention any women to him, though in fact, according to her letters, she read women writers with keen attention. "The real scandal of Emily Dickinson's life," as Moers points out,

is not the romances upon which biographers try vainly to speculate, but her embarrassing ignorance of American literature. She knew Emerson's poetry well, and perhaps a little of Thoreau and Hawthorne; but she pretended at least not to have read a line of Whitman, no Melville, no Holmes, no Poe, no Irving. Instead she read every Anglo-American woman writer of her time: Helen Hunt Jackson and Lydia Maria Child and Harriet Beecher Stowe and Lady Georgina Fullerton and Dinah Maria Craik and Elizabeth Stuart Phelps and Rebecca Harding Davis and everything that George Eliot and Mrs. Browning and all the Brontes wrote. "Mrs. Hunt's poems," Dickinson wrote in an astonishing letter of 1871, "are stronger than any written by Women since Mrs. Browning with the exception of Mrs. Lewes." . . . Who but Emily Dickinson cared so much for rating women poets? Or cared to read anything by Helen Hunt Jackson other than Ramona? Or cared for George Eliot's poetry? Or took care to call her Mrs. Lewes?

Moers discusses the accusation made by a critic named John Evangeline Walsh that Dickinson had plagiarized *Aurora Leigh*. She took care to investigate thoroughly and found the charges entirely false. What she did find was that *Aurora Leigh* had a powerful influence on Dickinson's writing, but it could not remotely be considered plagiarism:

Dickinson's use of Mrs. Browning is a case of tradition in the best T.S. Eliot sense, and were the two poets men rather than women even Mr. Walsh would never discuss their relationship in so coarse a tone; he treats the whole business of Emily Dickinson's reliance on a woman's literary tradition as a dirty secret.

That's one of the many instances in which Moers documents the importance of a female literary tradition to women writers. I'm bitter on this subject because I've been personally involved in trying to get professors in creative writing programs to teach the work of women writers (other than the "token women" the literary establishment has decided are acceptable) to their students, or to their women students at the very least!

In one program I'm familiar with, the faculty even questioned the inclusion of Colette as a "major" author fit for study in the master's orals program. Feminist critics are asking "major" questions about this kind of hierarchy, and it's time we did. Moers doesn't really *ask* these questions; she just goes blithely on her way ignoring them, but they have to be asked. More on that later.

The chapter called "Money, the Job, and Little Women" delighted me. It answers the criticism we often read of Austen and others which says that their concern with money and the incomes of prospective husbands is vulgar. Moers demonstrates the very good reasons women writers have had for being "excessively" (according to the critics) concerned with the precise amounts of their male characters' incomes, with the precise nature of their employment or lack of it, in fact with their attention to whole "workaday" world that male writers have treated very differently. She says:

All of Jane Austen's opening paragraphs, and the best of her first sentences, have money in them; this may be the first obviously feminine thing about her novels, for money and its making were characteristically female rather than male concerns in English fiction. . . .

The particular Austen touch is precision. While (other) heroines are merely vaguely, gloriously rich, Emma has precisely 30,000 pounds. . . .

Marriage makes money a serious business in Austen's fiction; her seriousness about money makes marriage important, as in fact it was in the England of her day.

Because a good marriage, a bad marriage, or spinsterhood were the only choices for women until recently, the accusations of vulgarity that were made against Austen by her contemporaries and Victorian followers were hardly justified. Men are sentimental in these matters:

Emerson's famous diatribe against Austen as "vulgar in tone" makes clear that it was her forthright association of marrying with money-getting that primarily offended him. "The one problem in the mind of the writer," he wrote, . . . "is marriageableness. All that interests in any character introduced is . . . Has he the money to marry with, and conditions conforming." Surely outraged masculinity as well as outraged gentility prompted Emerson's final outburst: "Suicide is more respectable!"

Since the lives of a woman's children as well as herself depended upon the economic situation of the man she married, and there were no second chances till death did them part, concern with the "economic life of her [Austen's] heroes" seems hardly vulgar. Moers points out that both "Jane Austen and George Eliot are harsher on women who ignore financial realities, for good or evil reasons, than they are on those who think of nothing else."

In *Uncle Tom's Cabin*, Harriet Beecher Stowe points out that Mrs. Shelby, the wife of Uncle Tom's kind owner, is as much at fault as her husband in the economically necessary sale of the beloved slave. Her "genteel ignorance of the financial realities of her married life is, just as much as the sinister trade that Haley plies, a cause of the perpetuation of slavery." She didn't know that her husband had gone into debt to keep up the standard of living which included kindness to their slaves. When they had to sell Uncle Tom she was upset; but her ignorance of their financial situation contributed to their difficulties.

Moers demonstrates the life-and-death importance to women, both for themselves and for their children, of financial considerations even in the supposedly romantic world of courtship. She distinguishes between "courtship" (it implies something a man does to a woman and can include adultery) and "marriageship":

. . . the cautious investigation of a field of eligible males, the delicate maneuvering to meet them . . . and the careful management, at the end of the story, which turns idle flirtation into a firm offer of marriage and a good settlement for life. All this must be carried on in such a way that the heroine maintains her self respect, her moral dignity, her character as daughter, sister, friend, and neighbor, and her youth; it must be done swiftly, in a year or two, before her bloom fades. . . . Marriageship is one of those literary subjects that must be read imaginatively from the woman's point of view, which here differs from the man's.

This male failure of imagination brings to my mind Susan Griffin's poem, *I Like To Think of Harriet Tubman:*

. . . sometimes
I think of the President
and other men,
who practise the law,
who revere the law,
who make the law,
who enforce the law,
who live behind
and operate through
and feed themselves
at the expense of
starving children
because of the law,

men who sit in paneled offices
and think about vacations
and tell women
whose care it is
to feed children
not to be hysterical . . .
not to care,
not to bother the men
because they want to think
of other things
and do not want
to take the women seriously . . .

Another remarkable example of the difference between female and male priorities emerges from a long correspondence between Charlotte Brontë and George Henry Lewes on the subject of realism. Moers describes it as "not in the theoretical terms familiar to us from Continental criticism, but in sexual terms both expressed and misunderstood."

Whenever Lewes thought about women's literature, as he often did, the Real to him meant mainly the passions. While to Charlotte Brontë, whose passions fed on her imagination, the Real meant what it meant to all Victorian women: the workaday world.



Elizabeth Barrett

One chapter of Moers' book, the one called "Female Gothic," has been universally discussed and praised by the critics. You've probably read about it by now: Frankenstein as a horrifying birth fantasy of Mary Shelley, who, at 19, an unwed mother, had had miscarriages and stillbirths, had been involved in broken marriages and suicides, and, of course, had the sad knowledge of her own mother's death at her birth.

Frankenstein, the scientist, runs away and abandons the newborn monster, who is and remains nameless. Here, I think, is where Mary Shelley's book is most interesting, most powerful, and most feminine: in the motif of revulsion against new-born life, and the drama of guilt, dread, and flight surrounding birth and its consequences. Most of the novel, roughly two of its three volumes, can be said to deal with the retribution visited upon the monster and creator for deficient infant care. Frankenstein *seems to be distinctly a* woman's *mythmaking on the subject of birth precisely because its emphasis is not upon what precedes birth, not upon the birth itself, but upon what follows birth: the trauma of the afterbirth.*

Fear and guilt, depression and anxiety are commonplace reactions to the birth of a baby, and well within the normal range of experience. But more deeply rooted in our cultural mythology, and certainly in our literature, are the happy maternal reactions: the ecstasy, the sense of fulfillment, and the rush of nourishing love which sweep over the new mother when she first holds her baby in her arms.

Mario Praz and many other critics have implied that Mary Shelley was merely a "transparent medium" for the ideas that were all around her in her very literary world. Praz said, "All Mrs. Shelley did was to provide a passive reflection of some of the wild fantasies that were living in the air around her" *(Romantic Agony,* trans. Davidson, 1951, p. 114). But Moers powerfully disagrees:

Surely no outside influence need be sought to explain Mary Shelley's fantasy of the newborn as at once monstrous agent of destruction and piteous victim of parental abandonment. . . .

The sources of this Gothic conception which still has power to "curdle the blood and quicken the beatings of the heart" were surely the anxieties of a woman who, as daughter, mistress, and mother, was the bearer of death.

It's difficult not to keep quoting. When Moers is good she's hard to paraphrase; her language is compelling. And all these quotes are really just pointers to ideas and concepts she develops carefully and with superb scholarship throughout the book. "Scholarship" is a tricky word; *Literary Women* is not a "scholarly" book, if that means slow-going and boring. Moers' tone is breezy (sometimes too breezy), always direct and lively, and she lets you know where she's going.

Sometimes, in so doing, she leaves out certain complexities. Maureen Howard in the *N.Y. Times* faults her for this and recommends that we turn to Patricia Meyer Spack's book, *Female Imagination,* to find discussion that admits all complexities. I was curious, so I did.

Howard is particularly critical of Moers' treatment of the ending of *Jane Eyre.* Moers says:

It is only a Rochester reduced from glory—impoverished, crippled, and blinded—that Jane can give herself to in the pride of her soul, saying: "My dear master—I am Jane Eyre; I have found you out—I am come back to you."

Moers is discussing this episode in the context of the problem of self-love ("in the pride of her soul") in women who are totally dependent. She implies that it is only a rich woman who has choices and can *act out* self-love, or, as in this case, a woman whose lover becomes the dependent one. (The same ending occurs, interestingly, in *Aurora Leigh).* Spack brings in the fact that to Jane, in her deep fantasy, Rochester is still her masculine hero, so that the crass emotion of power isn't as pure as Moers implies. But in fact the essential meaning is not changed by Spack; and in general I found her book less lively, less original, less exciting, and not significantly more scholarly than *Literary Women.* Spack's work seemed more conservative, basically without a point of view, a book that won't "scare the horses." And since some men (and women too) even take issue with conservative statements about the female imagination, one might as well scare the horses.

The trouble is, Moers doesn't seem to realize how radical she really is. She writes as if traditional aesthetic standards don't exist. For some readers this is a relief; they are not threatened by a new feminist theory if no one calls it a theory, so in some ways the tactic is successful (although I'm not sure Moers intends it as a "tactic"). But calling Elizabeth Barrett, Harriet Beecher Stowe, and Mary Wollstonecraft "great writers" without defining the term brings the establishment down on her head unnecessarily. In this study she is not primarily concerned with aesthetics, but rather with history. I think this is probably a legitimate position for a feminist critic to take, as the discussion of a female aesthetic is complex and may necessarily have to *follow* the kind of work Moers does. But I think she should know what she is doing and say so.

My suspicion is that while she was writing the book she became more of a feminist, aesthetically, than she had been: she is not consistent in her approach. For example, she says about *Frankenstein,* that if it was "not a great novel [it] was unquestionably an original one." But Harriet Beecher Stowe, Elizabeth Barrett, Mary Wollstonecraft, and others of equally variable reputations, she calls "great" without hesitation. Women are having a close look these days at the words "major" and "art" and "political" and "rhetorical" and "aesthetic distance" and are reevaluating them. I can sympathize with Moers' apparent wish not to antagonize her nonfeminist (or aesthetically nonfeminist) readers, but the book is already in defiance of the traditional standards, and, without a theory, many people will not take her seriously.

I can't, myself, agree that Mary Wollstonecraft should be considered "one of the great prose writers of the language." I read *Maria,* and, although I found it a fascinating and politically important book, its *prose* seems exaggerated and sentimental to me. And in an area where I'm more at home, poetry, I'm appalled by some of her aesthetic judgments. She doesn't seem to think that *Sonnets From the Portuguese* and *Aurora Leigh* are anything but great poetic language. But much of *Aurora Leigh* (though not its best parts) has passages like this:

. . . Not my headlong leaps
Of waters, that cry out for joy or fear
In leaping through the palpitating pines,
Like a white soul tossed out to eternity
With thrills of time upon it. Not indeed
My multitudinous mountains, sitting in
The magic circle, with mutual touch
Electric, panting from their full deep hearts
Beneath the influent heavens, and waiting for
Communion and commission. Italy
Is one thing. England one.

Moers herself quotes this passage as an illustration of the frequency of water imagery in women's landscapes, so it is certainly fair to quote it as an illustration of the strange "ear" for language I find reflected in many parts of her book. (It's typical of the proximity of faults and virtues in this book that has made its reviews such a problem, that this section, on female metaphors, is one of the best in the whole book!)

In general, the language in this poem seems to me to be a "ladylike" imitation of Victorian poetic style. But having said that, and having found an excess of examples (in fact, a majority of *Aurora Leigh's* chapters have long passages of boring, imitative language), it's important to say that when it's good, this poem is overwhelming. As a woman's cry, a poet's cry, a passionate presentation of the dilemma of a woman artist, it is possibly unsurpassed. Its language becomes powerful and moving and—a risky word that I won't try to define in this letter—beautiful. For example, in the second book Aurora Leigh is remembering the day in her youth when she refused to marry a man she did not love, though every practical and traditional consideration would have urged her to do so:

. . . If he had loved,
Ay, loved me, with that retributive face, . . .
I might have been a common woman now,
And happier, less known and less left alone;
Perhaps a better woman after all . . .

. . . I, who spoke the truth then, stand upright,
Still worthy of having spoken out the truth,
By being content I spoke it, though it set
Him there, me here.—O woman's vile remorse,
To hanker after a mere name, a show,
A supposition, a potential love!
Does every man who names love in our lives,
Become a power for that? Is love's true thing
So much best to us, that what personates love
Is next best? . . .

For all its virtues (and without denying its defects), this poem should be brought back into print, and talked about and read by us all, even if not primarily for the beauty of its language. *Aurora Leigh,* like so many women's writings, was dropped, as soon as a decade or two had passed, by the publishing establishment. It largely disappeared. Each new generation of women writers has had to begin without any shoulders to stand on, or few that we have been allowed to consider "respectable" art and use, as Dickinson did, to fuel our own creativity.

Here the question of whether there may be a separate female aesthetic arises, and it's touchy. We've talked about it. Women who are otherwise dedicated feminists are often upset by such an idea. But I want to tell you about a friend of mine who recently wrote a powerful poem about a snake. It began with a fear shared by a woman friend and herself, and went on to embody her phobia in a series of devastating images, ending with her friend again who refused even to think about her terror. She read the poem aloud to a workshop of four women poets (two with books published, one highly acclaimed nationally, three of them teachers in colleges). They all liked the poem, talked about it at length, made a few suggestions.

A few weeks later she read it to a mixed group of poets, women and men, a workshop she'd been invited to participate in. The men all criticized the poem for being "anticlimactic" and said she should take out the last stanza. In the past, she told me later, she would have been intimidated and deleted the stanza; but this time she remembered with curiosity that *none* of the women in her earlier group had made such a criticism.

She began to think about "climax" and "anticlimax"—what these words mean in female and male associations, the way women can have multiple orgasms, the way women often subside more slowly from passion, wanting to talk, or somehow to continue a connection, and the ways our endings often differ from those of the men we make love with.

And it further occurred to her that men don't consider women's relationships with *each other* very important, and that the end of the poem was about the very important relationship with her friend who shared her phobia but would not talk about it. It began to be clear to her that female experience can demand different *formal* expression than that demanded by male experience, a possibility that she had always rejected. She said, "Frances, you've been saying it for some time, but now I've seen it from my own experience." A very fine Italian poet, Dacia Maraini (born 1936) said in a statement that appeared in *Ms.* some time ago (Jan. 1975):

A woman who writes poetry and knows she is a woman has no choice but to hang on tight to contents because sophistication of forms is something that belongs to power and the power that woman has is always an un-power, a scorching inheritance never entirely hers. Her voice may be hard and earthen but it is the voice of a lioness that has been reared too long a sensible sheep . . .

These days women are writing a great deal about their mothers. Moers' chapter on mothers, "Educating Heroinism: Governess to Governor," got closer to my troubled mother-daughter center than much I've read so far on this subject. I feel I'm an "unnatural mother" and that my own mother's love for only the sick and weak has kept me sick all my life. Sometimes in my meditations I see a woman appear who reminds me of an Easter-Island statue (if the Easter-Island statues had been female). She sits down near me and doesn't move or smile, and I'm able then to perfectly relax. When I read Moers' description of her own fantasy of the four "mothers of us all" (from the book by Gertrude Stein), Stein, Cather, Woolf, and Colette, in a Henry-Moore grouping, "massive sculptural forms, somber, solid, and remote, with heavy shoulders, strongly modeled skulls, and perhaps a hole—in the Moore style—where the heart is," I felt at home. Maureen Howard (the *Times* critic) took particular exception to this passage: "Some musings are not to be tolerated . . . these are idle words."

But Howard missed the point. This is not an arbitrary self-indulgence. It is used to illustrate the resonance in Moers herself with the stony images of their own mothers that these four groundbreaking 20th-century women have given us. Moers says she came to this fantasy, probably, through the memory of Stein's libretto, *The Mother of Us All,* in which Stein turns Susan B. Anthony to stone and puts her on a pedestal. One of the male characters comes in and says, "Does it really mean that women are as white and cold as marble does it really mean that?"

In Woolf's *Voyage Out* there's another stone mother. It's not so much the beauty of Mrs. Ambrose, "but," Woolf says, "her largeness and simplicity which make her stand out from the rest like a great stone woman." I think Moers' words are far from "idle"; Howard's misreading is typical of the kind of critical obtuseness *Literary Women* has received.

The chapter on mothers is probably my favorite in the book; Moers puts her finger on the fact that women perceive mothers differently from the way men do. In what I think is a particularly brilliant passage, she says:

The creation of great women characters as symbols of civilization is hardly limited to women's literature; Swann's Way *is strewn with such figures,* Howard's End *entombs one, and every Rosenkavalier has his Marschallin. But to see such women both as objects of inspiration and as threats to selfhood; to see them simultaneously afar and near—from within the female mind and body, within the nursery, the kitchen, the dressing table—is the woman writer's gift to modern literature.*

Colette's aging courtesans, Cather's mother-figures who die, Woolf's anguish, pain, and passion in her repeated portraits of her mother—all these make extraordinary reading. I want to read them again with all Moers' insights to help me.

Although there are real faults in *Literary Women,* I don't think they are very important. Still, I should warn you: Moers has very little understanding of today's young women, from rock fans to radical feminists. And she seems unable to be candid about lesbianism in women writers; she hints.

In places her language gets unbearably cute. And in one instance she assumes that her reader is a member of a privileged happy family living in 19th-century style: "Nohant [Sand's home] was a messy household, full of laughter and games and theatricals and music—just like yours and mine"!!! I searched for any hint of conscious irony, but I'm afraid there is none intended. This and other occasional lapses are startling.

Still, I've barely touched the original and critically insightful gifts the book had for me, such as the section on Mme. de Stael's *Corinne.* It leads the chapter on "Performing Heroinism" and has this remarkable aside: "Sometime in the future television may prove to be an invention as liberating for women as was the typewriter, by providing, not jobs, but something to look at in the home other than little girls."

She discusses the differences between male writers' Gothic heroines (weak, swooning, needing to be saved) and Anne Radcliffe's (stable, full of integrity, concerned about money, sometimes even growing older). One of her most striking insights concerns the female landscapes writers like Dinesen, Lessing, Cather, Emily Brontë, and Sand have given us: undulating, limited uplands, sky, horizontal vistas, clefts, shrubs. Moers suggests that what these landscapes represent is woman's experience of her own sexual geography. Not hidden passageways or caves, but "external, accessible, a prominent, even terrain." She points out that there is no equivalent female word for "phallic," which is an iconographic term with little anatomical reference remaining, and that to understand many female landscapes, we need such a term.

Literary Women should be read, talked about, argued with. Women should read it; writers (male as well as female) should read it. And teachers above all should read it. With all its faults. I hope you will, and I hope you'll share it with your students.

Love, Frances

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