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SEX ROLES IN CHILDREN'S BOOKS

By Sherrill Cheda

It wasn't too many years ago that we were told that a child's development is decidedly complete by age six. We currently read that the psychological development and socialization process is almost completed between the ages of two and three. We seem to be getting closer and closer to the ideas of original sin and predestination. Whether our orientation is psychological, astrological, sociological or spiritual or any combination of these, we all realize that there are factors outside of family life that also influence small children, reinforce what they have already learned, and teach them new ideas. In these days of multi-media, children's books still play an important role in children's lives, especially in the lives of the elite minority in the Western world. I think as people interested in books, libraries and children, we are aware, at least in the last ten years, of what it does to the self image of an Indian child to read books which portray their ancestors as pagan scalp hunting savages, or to a black child who constantly sees his blackness in terms of Little Black Sambo. I wonder though, how much thought we have given to what it does to children who look at and read books which constantly reinforce the sex roles of our society. While books often reinforce the status quo, they can also be an instrument of social change. It was with these ideas in mind, that I began to investigate children's books.

Since 1938, the Caldecott award has been given for

the "most distinguished American picture book for children." A quick perusal of these winners immediately reveals that 8 out of 34 feature a female in a major position in the plot. Some of the females are in the animal world and one is Cinderella! A closer look at each of these books shows the following female stereotypes:

Mei Li (1938) is about a Chinese girl in Peking. She is "scrubbing and sweeping and dusting" while her mother is "frying, and baking and chopping" and her brother was "fixing, tasting and mixing." Her brother is preparing to go to the fair. "Mei Li stopped to listen sadly because little girls always had to stay at home." She thinks "If I always have to stay at home what can I be good for?" and so she begs her brother to let her go with him. "What can a girl do at the fair?" questions her brother. Finally she bribes him and he agrees to allow her to accompany him. Mei Li thinks "What fun for a girl to go to the fair!" When they reach the fair and see some actors, her brother jeers "only boys can be real actors." The author further reinforces her role by showing that Mei Li is afraid to throw her own firecracker. Then she gives the last of her three pennies to her brother to throw and he says, entirely excluding her, "Igo (his dog) and I are rich." After they return home, Mei Li learns her rightful place in society as a princess and the story ends with this poem:

"This is the thrifty princess
whose house is always clean
no dirt within her kingdom
is ever to be seen
Her food is fit
for a king to eat
her hair and clothes
are always neat"

The 1942 winner (Make way for ducklings) has Mrs. Mallard teaching her young all they know while Mr. Mallard takes a trip of adventure and exploration. Mrs. Mallard is cautious and protective and always places her young first. While this story is about ducks, it may sound terribly familiar to other fowl (such as birds, chicks, hens and old crows).

In 1944, Princess Lenore is the heroine in Many moons thus continuing a long strain of females as queens, princesses, witches etc.

In 1954 the famous Madeline in Madeline's rescue shows one non-stereotyped trait: "She was not afraid of mice." The following year Cinderella was the selection. Need I say more?

In 1960 (Nine days to Christmas) a girl is the main character but neither she nor her family escapes the traditional roles. Ceci is a little Mexican girl whose father works in an office, and whose mother bathes the baby and she herself play with dolls. The following year

Babouska and the three kings was the Caldecott selection and we've moved from queen and witch to traditional Russian grandmother.

1967 brought us Sam, Bangs and moonshine. Sam is the nickname of Samantha, a rather tom-boyish fisherman's daughter who wears skirts and has a vivid imagination.

The 1970 winner (Sylvester and the magic pebbles) is about a little boy whose mother sweeps and knits while his father reads the paper and goes to work thus bringing up to date the male and female roles in society.

It isn't just award winners that follow this predominately male pattern both in story and illustration. Of 175 picture books which I scanned at Toronto Public Library, with the exception of Madeline series and the Jeanne-marie series, only seven feature females as main characters. The illustrations are also revealing. When females do appear, they are drawn smaller and more in the background and are fairies, witches, princesses, queens or have the definite role of housewife and mother.

Where are the books in which women work outside the home? Where are the single parents who raise children? Are we still trying to pretend that 40% of mothers with school age children don't have jobs, that parents don't separate and divorce, that the role of women is not changing in our society? That in the never never land of books everyone lives their compartmentalized lives ever after?

It is not only that we are presenting life unrealistically to our children but that we continue to reinforce the old stereotyped roles rather than show girls and women who act independently, have careers, lead interesting and yes even exciting lives - women who are human beings first and defined by their sex only later.

It was my intention to develop a comprehensive bibliography of non-sexist children's books as an addenda but I soon became very discouraged when I discovered that many of the books on the U.S. lists are not even available in the library system in Toronto. Following is a short annotated list of picture books for the child under eight years old that I consider non-sexist.

NON-SEXIST BOOKS FOR YOUNG CHILDREN

Ardizzone, Edward

Lucy Brown and Mr. Grimes. Toronto, The Bodley Head, 1970 c1937.

Lucy Brown is cared for by an aunt who is busy typing and hence has little time for Lucy. Lucy meets a rich friendly old man who becomes her friend and guardian. Throughout the book, Lucy acts independently, walks in the park alone, shops for her own wardrobe, all which is very unique in books depicting girls.

Bemelmans, Ludwig

Madeline. New York, Viking Press, 1939.

One of a series about Madeline, an independent, sensible child and her life and adventures in a children's boarding school in Paris.

Burton, Virginia Lee

Katy and the big snow. New York, Houghton, 1943.

One of the few books in which the humanized machine is female. Katy is a tractor who performs the important task of rescuing a snowed in city.

Francoise

Jeanne-Marie

A series of picture books for the very young reader in which a little French girl is the main character. Her life in rural France and the trips she takes portray a very happy little girl.

Martin, Patricia Miles

Kumi and the pearl. New York, Putnam, 1968.

The story of a ten year old Japanese girl who wishes to be taught to dive for pearls but must wait until her baby sister, whom she cares for, walks. Becoming impatient, she teaches herself and due to this training is also able to save her grandfather from drowning. One of the beautiful quotes from this book is "no one in all Japan was happier than a diving girl."

Morrow, Elizabeth

The painted pig: a Mexican picture book. Pictures by Rebe D'Harnoncourt. New York, Knopf, 1930.

The story centers around Pita and her brother Pedro. "Pedro always liked his sister's playthings better than his own." The entire story is a search for a ceramic pig just like Pita's for Pedro.

White, E.B.

Charlotte's web. New York, Harper Row, 1952.

Fern, a headstrong girl fights with her father to save the life of a runt pig. The pig and various other humanized animals, including the spider Charlotte, have an interesting life.

Reuben: "Any woman can!*"

Rachel: "A few men can."

I'd rather suck my thumb!

WHERE ARE YOU GOING

by Val Perkins

Where are you going my pretty maid
I am going to hell
Sir, she said
There's no place here to rest my head
You say I'm mysterious, wicked, evil
A temptress like Eve from times primeval
You say I am deadlier than the male
You hold me down and I am bound to fail
I can't get up. I can't get free
So I'm leaving you now
Please pray for me

Where are you going my pretty maid
I am going to heaven
Sir, she said
There's no place here to rest my head
You say I am gentle, meek and mild
A virgin like Mary, or a mother with child
Take away this pedestal. I want to get down
I can't walk without my feet on the ground
I long to be human, but you will not see
So I'm leaving you now
Please pray for me

Where are you going my pretty maid
I have already gone
Sir, she said
There's no place on earth to rest my head
I'm not a sinner and I'm not a saint
You smothered my life with black or white paint
Few women are left, just bodies around
You have what you want and puppets abound
The stories you tell, are they all really true
If I can find your heaven
I'll pray for you

VIEWING SEXISM

By Rita Mae Brown

Sex is used to sell everything in our country. If you packaged shit, called it "Fabulous Feces" and utilized a woman in the advertising campaign, it would sell. All this rampant commercial sexuality with the focus on women as walking sperm receptacles is incredibly destructive. Damned if I want my body to send a movement male on his butch ego trip. It's one thing if plastic people relate to each other as automatic genitalia but it's a whole other scene if Lesbians are seen as a distorted version of the mass culture. Sexuality is the same whether you are a Maoist, anarchist or reconditioned Goldwaterite. The male seeks to conquer through sex while the woman seeks to communicate. Put the two together and you breed hate . . . neither can break through the preconceived role pattern of the other. If each accepts her or his sexual role, even in hip terms, a cold war develops.

But despite mutual discontent with the opposite sex the male still comes out on "top." His ego can swell up like a bloated tick, gorged on his various conquests. He can parade in front of other males (whether at IBM or the SDS office) holding his much used prick as proof of his manhood, the locus of his identity as a male. Whoever heard of abortion mentioned in these circumstances? Notice that this parading with the typical ignorance of consequences is done for the benefit of other males. This arid homosexuality which uses the hetero-sexual act as the basis for its male supremacist structure is America's answer to the carnage of the Colosseum -- we do it in bed spiritually instead of in the arena bodily.

To define yourself by your genitals is to fall into the trap our sexist society has set for you. It will take men much longer to see this, to discover that sexism is political, than it will for women. Aside from the already mentioned reason that sexism is in his favor, a man can ignore sexism because his entire identity does not depend on sexual function. The boasting of conquest is demanded but he can also expect a life outside of sex -- he can be a senator, a pig or a big time movement leader. Women are defined by sexual function alone . . . in or out of the movement. The usual insensitive male response to Women's Liberation is "All those chicks need is a good lay." We have no other identity in society or in revolutionary counter-society. Our fulfillment is still to mysteriously come via the erect penis.

For a woman to accept this definition of herself is to accept spiritual lobotomy, self amputated before it can grow. For a woman - especially in the Women's Movement - to vocally assert her heterosexual-ity is to emphasize her "goodness" by her sexual activity with men.

That old sexist brainwashing runs deep even into the consciousness of the most ardent feminist who will quickly tell you she loves sleeping with men. In fact, the worst thing you can call a woman in our society (again this also applies to counter-society) is a Lesbian. Most women are so male identified that they quake at the mention of this three-syllable word. The Lesbian is, of course, the woman who has no need of men. When you think about it, what is so terrible about two women loving each other? To the insecure male, this is the supreme offense, the most outrageous blasphemy committed against the sacred scrotum.

After all, just what would happen if we all wound up loving each other? Good things for us but it would mean each man would lose his personal "nigger" ... a real and great loss if you are a man.

Our sexist culture destroys everyone, male and female. It prevents men from really loving anything other than themselves and what brings them pleasure (the female) and it prevents women from the exercise of self. At the root of this sexist culture is intense woman hatred and intense hatred of sexual activity. Our American emphasis on sex is a sad illustration of how false sex is and how commercial. Part of this hatred probably springs from male jealousy over female life-giving functions. Maybe some of it is due to the fact that we have more sexual staying power, especially as we mature. I can't pretend to know where it all comes from but I do know it is there. The male experience of sex is diametrically opposed to the female experience. All of our literature (male literature, they won't publish ours yet) from Melville to Mailer, shows us this inability to enjoy sex as communication, as joy. It is either evil or an ego trip.

In line with this, the traditional male explanation for Lesbianism is a patronizing use of our deepest emotions to explain their needs and fears. Men always explain Lesbianism as a woman turning to another because either she can't get a man or because she has been treated badly by men. They can't seem to cope with the fact that it is a positive response to another human being. To love another woman is an acceptance of sex which is a severe violation of the male culture (sex as exploitation) and therefore carries severe penalties. To really love another woman is to communicate at its best, but, even at its worst (erotic exercise), the idea of conquest is absurd. But the problem is more varied than that. Women have been taught to abdicate the power of their bodies, both physically in athletics and self-defense, and sexually. To sleep with another woman is to confront the beauty and power of your own body as well as hers. You confront the experience of your sexual self knowledge. You also confront another human being without the protective device of role. This may be too painful for most women as many have been so brutalized by heterosexual role play that they cannot begin to comprehend this real power. It is an overwhelming experience. I vulgarize it when I call it a freedom high. No wonder there is such resistance to Lesbianism.

For a man to engage in a homosexual act is not the assertion of self. It may even be a negation of self. For a man in America to love another man and express that love physically is to lose cock privilege - to become a woman in the eyes of that society (again counter-society also) and he is likely to be the only male who has some idea of what it is like to be despised as a woman. Our culture is so sexist, so narrowminded, so frightened that it can only function in terms of roles. These roles are simplified: Male = power and dominance; Female = nurturance and passivity. There is no such thing as human.

The man who wants to sleep with another man has to be a woman - it's the only way mini-minds can handle him. Those men that do manage to break through their fear of confronting their sexual experience and sleeping with other men usually find themselves torn as to who they are. It is a negation of self for many. They have been so brainwashed by sexist culture that they give us the phenomenon of male homosexual promiscuity or the sadist/masochist bars with the "masters" and "slaves" - the logic of our sexist culture carried to its ultimate end. Most male homosexuals I know are desperately clinging to the externals of cock privilege while secretly fearing they aren't really men. One of the ironies that clearly demonstrates this exists within some of the political homosexual groups - they are often male supremacist. The Lesbians are not taken seriously. The more they look like traditional female sex objects, the more accepted they are.

What a pitiable comment on our generation, the males in our society closest to renouncing cock privilege, closest to breaking out of role, retreat to more restrictive roles and still cannot deal with the reality of independent womanhood of the self-directed non-male identified woman. She is as much of a threat to him as to his straight brother. There are a few courageous women fighting this one out with these men but, once again, women's energies are being wasted trying to educate males. Men must educate themselves, Mommy or Queen Chick isn't going to nurture anymore.

And so our sexist culture humps on its exhausted way with the Sexual Ku Klux Klan burning out the beauty in all of us. I do believe women are breaking out and through to each other in fighting sexism. I do believe this will force the culture to examine itself and the backlash will be enormous. This kind of re-examination has to be done in the gut and that means concrete pain. It is a lot easier for men and male-identified women to avoid that pain by hurting the people who are jeopardizing their world axis. Our very lives force people to ask those questions of themselves. I wish I could say something encouraging. I wish I could say that the irrelevant aspects of our beings (color and sex) will fade away in the future. I wish I could say we'd forget black and white and male and female and concentrate on being human, on being beautiful, on being alive. I wish I could say that I didn't receive a phone call from a male that said "You're Rita Mae

Brown, aren't you?" "Yes," ... I answered. "I hear you don't like men, you're a dyke, and I've put a bomb under your stairway." Click. I wish I could say that it didn't hurt.

"Viewing Sexism" by Rita Mae Brown is reprinted from the April/May 1971 issue of THE LADDER, P.O. Box 5025, Washington, Station, Reno, Nevada 89503 - with permission.

LORI LANE PROFILE: THE STUFF OF WHICH GREAT SOAP OPERAS ARE MADE?

The Mirror-Enterprise, a Willowdale weekly newspaper ran an article by Ben Freedman, a staff writer, entitled "Lori Lane socks it to them -- The way the Public expects Lori Lane to act."

Lori Lane is a thirty year-old Willowdale mother of two whose real name is Patrice; she earns over \$15,000 a year as a stripper; has her own place Le Strip on Yonge Street, Toronto. She is billed as the "sexiest girl in town" and says her daughter aged twelve wants to be a psychiatrist but Lori wouldn't mind if she goes into strip-ping. Maryon Kantaroff was invited to reply. Her reply, which was printed in the Mirror-Enterprise, follows:

Ben Freedman's cunningly sympathetic article on the life and work of a stripper (Mirror, June 30) was both surprising and disturbing.

The surprise was that The Mirror would publish an article, which so openly attempts to glorify this activity by using every trick in the book to sympathetically involve the reader. Lori Lane is obviously a clever self-promoter and can't be blamed for her attempts at public self-justification. But what of The Mirror? Surely the reader can't be blamed for regarding the paper as a sensationalist -type rag when it is prepared to give a full two-page spread to a Willowdale housewife in total exposure of her mammalian glory.

We are asked to be touched by Miss Lane's spinal fusions, 285 stitches, appendix scars, polio, Jewish hang-ups, being disowned by her family, disastrous marriage, etc. etc.

It's a wonder she wasn't blind as well, just to complete the picture of total emotional blackmail attempted by both the interviewee and the interviewer.

This is the stuff of which great soap-operas are made. Will Lori Lane ever find true love and happiness past 30? Could there perhaps be some sort of conspiracy here - is The Mirror getting a cut of the proceeds or what?

Much more disturbing, however, is first the view presented of the activity of stripping, and, secondly, Miss Lane's own self-delusions. There is clearly nothing healthy or creative in what Miss Lane is doing (aside from what she is being paid for doing it). Her rationalization that stripping can have class or be an art form is to ignore the very point of what undressing in front of a room full of men is basically all about.

She is there to turn on men, that is, to erotically excite them. That is the extent of her function and her principal aim. It can be done effectively or ineffectively, but in itself it is too limited and sterile to even begin approaching an art. Her job is to give them the 'come on.'

It was sad reading Miss Lane's distaste for women who try to turn on other people's husbands at parties, just to prove their femininity or desirability. She proudly states she doesn't have to do this at parties.

It is not surprising, as she is doing just that - turning on other people's husbands - every night, and getting paid for it to boot. In her desperate attempt to justify that what she is doing isn't dirty, Miss Lane says pathetically "Men look at my body and would like to possess it. That's not a crime. It's a natural male instinct."

It may be a natural instinct to find a loved-one's body beautiful and want to possess it, but there is nothing natural, male or female, with a total stranger prancing about on stage removing her clothes, no matter how 'classily' she may prance. And what of Miss Lane's part in all this?

How natural is it from her point of view to stand in front of dozens or hundreds of strange men and want them to want her? Where is her head? She is openly displaying her sexual availability (not to mention her sense of inferiority), and in effect, offering herself.

The male in the audience is seeing Lori Lane as symbolically offering herself to him. He, for his part, is symbolically 'not taking the offered goods,' - that is, rejecting her, and that is

where his power kick comes from. Where does Miss Lane's "great, groovy feeling" come from; offering herself and being rejected, or turning them on and then not 'coming across.' Are we really expect-ed to accept this farce as natural?

Most sad perhaps was reading about Miss Lane's confusions and delusions about herself and her supposed honesty with her children. One day, when her grown psychiatrist daughter and her university-educated son reject her, she will find herself in the classical 'Jewish mother' position of lamenting her fate - "How can my children be ashamed of me when I have suffered so much and done so much just for them?" A clever promoter can always pull the wool over a journalist's eyes and even the public's eyes, but although you can fool some of the people some of the time, you can't fool kids for long. Take note now Miss Lane - for just as surely as God made little apples, and we shall reap what we sow and etc. and etc. and etc.

MAYBE HUMAN BEINGS SPRANG FROM APES BUT WOMEN SPRANG

FURTHER THAN MEN!

MEN ARE ONLY GOOD FOR ONE THING AND THEY'RE NOT
VERY GOOD AT THAT!

MEN HAVE FUNNY LOOKING BODIES

DAY-CARE CENTRES

by Joan Harries

The lack of interest in day-care centres by the men in Government is not that they are not aware of the great benefit which children would be afforded, but the fact that women would become free to choose an occupation other than nurturing children is a major source of anxiety to these men. It would be the beginning of the collapse of the patriarchy.

These men are so frightened of the participation of women in politics and science that they prefer to pretend that no problem exists. Myopic men have run Governments since Cromwell's days and it is up to women to force their superior wisdom on these men in order to give all children the opportunity to use their talents to the full. The two-year old child is a bundle of craving curiosity and he/she is ready to learn how to read and write. What is now happening is that children from the age of two to five are aimlessly mucking about around the home, desperately trying to find something which will interest him/her. When they whimper and cry, out of boredom, they are told to be quiet by harried mothers and fathers who are unconscious of the emotional needs of the child.

These small children are often alone with the mother who is busy with domestic chores and has no time to read to the child or to show him/her how to hold a pencil and draw letters. Besides, the child is deprived of the emotional need to mix with lots of other children and to learn how to co-operate with others. This two-to-five year old child learns to distrust and exploit others in the nuclear family.

Day-care centres should come under the control of the Board of Education and therefore should be free. In other words, the education of every child should begin at the age of two. To waste the mental energy of the two to five year old child is outrageous.

Dr. William Fowler, a Toronto child expert recently stated in the Telegram that sex discrimination begins in the cradle. He found that "when small girls are exposed to a creative, stimulating, professionally supervised day-care environment they do twice as well as the boys." All the babies studied gained an average of 20 IQ points over the three-year period of study (compared to five points gained by infants being cared for at home). The study also found the girls took on some of the more independent, assertive and active qualities of the boys. The boys, while they developed normally, moved closer towards some of the "interpersonal" qualities usually associated with girls. His report recommends that infant and child care centers devoted to all aspects of child development should be established in every community throughout the province.

WOMEN'S LIBERATION IN THE PRESS, the year of
the woman becomes the decade of the woman

September Esquire featured an article by Germaine Greer on Norman Mailer artfully ~~parodying~~ his style and brilliantly putting him down. Germaine Greer will be in Toronto in October for two CBC television shows, "Take thirty."

October Esquire has an in-depth study on Gloria Steinem which tries to discredit her credibility by quoting old boy friends and question-able "authorities" such as Tom Wolfe. Her main faults seem to be that she is brilliant and beautiful! The very tendencies they criticize (such as she will be no one man's property) are those which endear her to us. This same issue has an article by Senator Javits explaining why the equal rights for women amendment should not pass Congress (it is always so nice to have a man explain things to us!).

August 16 Newsweek featured Gloria Steinem on the cover with a not so in-depth but praising article inside.

Life magazines three part series on Women (August 13, 20, 27) may be one of the biggest things that has happened to us considering that Life has the largest mass circulation in the world reaching four million homes. The first article by Richard Gilman (Yale University theatre professor and critic) was well researched and illustrated and covered the history of women and men's approach to them through out history in a very radical (i.e. honest) way. The second on women's suffrage was factual and well presented but nothing new. The third on the movement today was uneven and confused.

Rape seems to be on peoples minds more than ever with Sept. Ramparts carrying a thorough and excellent article entitled "The Politics of Rape." Sept. Chatelaine also carries an article on rape.

If you are looking around for movement magazines to subscribe to other than our newsletter, you may be interested in:

Aphra; the feminist literary magazine. 4 Jones St.,
New York, New York, 10014. \$4.00 yearly (quarterly Mag.)

The second wave; a magazine of the new feminism. Box
303, Kenmore Square Station, Boston, Mass. 02215. \$3.00.

When we say "man", we don't mean "human beings"

Milford, Nancy. Zelda. paperback, 1971. \$1.50.

A well researched biography of the much misunderstood Zelda Fitzgerald in which the excellent documentation does not intrude. The author spent many years writing this moving story of a woman searching for her own identity independently of her author husband, Scott Fitzgerald. Nancy Milford travelled throughout the United States and Europe following the same path of the Fitzgeralds and had access to some previously unpublished diaries as well as psychiatrists reports from the time. In the first months of their marriage, Scribners approached Zelda to purchase her girlhood diaries but Scott refused to let her sell them as he needed them as source material for his writing. Many stories that Zelda wrote herself were published under Scott's name and often stories that they both wrote bore only his name. After an affair he had with a Hollywood actress in which he told Zelda "at least she does something," Zelda was determined not to be a "third rate talent" as Scott had described her and at thirty began the grueling discipline and schedule of ballet dancing. She often practiced eight hours a day, while also writing and keeping up the busy social life they had which eventually led to both her physical and mental breakdown. But as many people commented at the time, perhaps it really was the alcoholic ego maniac Scott who should have been institutionalized. Nancy Milford investigates schizophrenia with a Laing approach which shows a great deal of compassion for the woman, Zelda Fitzgerald.

Davis, Elizabeth Gould

The first sex. New York Putnam, 1971. \$10.00.

Using archaeology, mythology, history, and anthropology, Ms. Davis, in the first part of her book, proves that almost all of the so called prehistroical societies were matriarchal and that patriarchy is a fairly recent innovation; hence, its brutality and attempts to erase women from history are understandable when one considers how threatened men are by the millenniums of woman power. Studying the Greek and Celto-Ionian world, she traces the influence of these women throughout history and points out the indications of their strength, power and know-how which are still with us. It was Christianity which set the world back 2000 years and which turned patriarchy into the terrible thing it is today. "Yet children are taught in school to believe that the Christian religion brought mercy and enlightenment and justice to a world where people had formerly lived in the darkness of heathendom. They are taught to believe that Christianity saved the world from barbarism; yet it actually created a barbaric culture such as the Western

world had never seen before. And most heinous of all, it had found Western woman free and independent, revered, honored and respected and plunged her into an abyss of serf-like hopelessness and despair from which she has not been able to extricate herself." "Gynikomnemonikothanasia" is the word she used for the erasing of women from history including the woman Pope, Pope Joan, 853-855, who was stoned to death when her sex was discovered. So much for the humanitarianism of Christianity! There are special sections on female circumcision, infibulation (fastening together the labia majora by means of a ring, buckle or a padlock) and the chastity belt. I have only scratched the surface of this book thick with a multitude of facts and information. If you would like to see one book on the history of women on the shelves of your library besides the thousands on men, request The first sex.

M O V I E R E V I E W S

CARNAL KNOWLEDGE, directed by Mike Nichols, screenplay by Jules Fieffer, starring Jack Nicholson, Garfunkel, and Ann Margaret.

As Jules Fieffer has displayed in his satiric cartoons and writing, he has long been aware of just how much men hate women and we now have on screen a true documentation of this overt hate. Just because the men in the film hate women and show this by their constant relationship to a series of women as sex objects, this does not mean that the theme of the film is woman hating but the contrary. This kind of man (ninety per cent of all???), the usual jock with intellectual pretenses, is so realistically portrayed that I was shocked not to see men picketing the theatre when I left. One of the underlying themes of the film is the homosexual attachment between men as they unite and reinforce each other against women for the only continuing relationship in the film is the one between the two men based on their common interest in sexploitation. So, what else is new, you may be thinking but believe me this is an unusual film both in the expertise in which it is executed and in its epose of men.

"illicit love" (????)

KLUTE, starring Jane Fonda and Donald Sutherland.

On one level Klute is a suspense/thriller which involves murder and a hooker but on another level it is an excellently done documentary into the mind of a call girl. Jane Fonda explains to her psychiatrist why she finds it difficult to break away from prostitution to become an actress. She speaks of a good prostitute as being "the best actress of them all" for she plays to the silly fantasies of men and in this one situation is in total control over the male.

MCCABE AND MRS. MILLER directed by Robert Altman, starring Julie Christie and Warren Beatty.

A rather silly frothy story but well acted with a sound track by L. Cohen and the beautiful scenery of British Columbia. At one point, Julie Christie, the madam of a house of prostitution who has more intelligence and business sense than her partner, Warren Beatty, tells a newly widowed recruit not to be shy for while she may have had sex with her husband for room and board, she is now doing it for room and board and a little extra spending money besides.

THE GO-BETWEEN, winner of the Cannes grand prize and starring Julie Christie and Alan Bates.

A beautiful film set in Edwardian England which basically deals with the love affair between a woman of the landed gentry and a local farmer but which perfectly captures a period of time and portrays how locked into this culture women really were. Every shot of a woman is framed so that it shows her as a prisoner of her environment; she sits or stands or watches while the men do things and yet it is only the women who show any emotions or any power in intrapersonal relationships. While a woman could not act independently within the social structure, she was nevertheless very much an individual.

PANIC IN NEEDLE PARK, screen play and production by Joan Didion and John Dunne.

What attracted me to this film was the Joan Didion connection (author of Slouching toward Bethlehem and Play it as it lays). Unless you get your jollies from seeing many close up shots of needles in arm veins or voyeuristically enjoy the seamier side of life in comparison with your own, skip this one.

GERMAINE GREER will be in Toronto on Saturday, October 23rd and will rap with women in the movement at Lord Dufferin School, 303 Berkeley, (near Gerrard and Parliament) 2 to 5 p.m. - so put this date on your calendar and be where it's happening.

There will be a demonstration, probably November 4 (watch for further information as to exact date) by TORONTO GAY ACTION to include not only "sex" but also "sexuality" in the Ontario Human Rights Code. Toronto Gay Action plans to organize this rally and is very interested in support from the Women's Liberation groups. Gay people are also fighting an important battle to become human beings according to the law and many gay women are in our movement so let's get out and demonstrate!

We have given permission to the WOMEN'S HISTORY RESEARCH CENTER LIBRARY to license Bell & Howell Company to film our publication. So henceforth our publication will be on file at the International Women's History Archive, 2325 Oak St., Berkeley, California 94708 and will be available through Bell & Howell, Drawer "E", Wooster, Ohio 44691.

Send us your comments on our letter and any contributions you may have.

SUPPORT THE ABORTION COALITION!!!!

FOR SALE:

Bumper Stickers - female symbol with fist 4"x4"	\$.25
Button red & white - " " " " "	.25
Herstory Synopsis 14 page synopsis of movement - very useful to anyone interested in feminism and particularly so to anyone speaking or writing on women.	.50
Medallion - female symbol and fist.	2.50

It's a recipe I learned from my father.