

# THE NEW FEMINIST

P. O. Box 597, Station A, Toronto 116, Ontario, Canada

Volume 3, Number 4  
December 1972

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## MAGAZINE COMMITTEE

Christine, Dorothy,  
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Gems from:

## In Times Like These\*

by Nelly McClung

"Every seed has its own little plan  
of escape."

"When a newspaper wishes to disprove  
a woman's contention, or demolish  
her theories, it draws ugly pictures  
of her."

"Evolution when blocked and suppres-  
sed becomes revolution."

"Anyway, chivalry is a poor subs-  
titute for justice, if one cannot  
have both."

"War is the antithesis of all our  
teaching."

"Women who set a low value on them-  
selves make life hard for all women."

"One of the oldest and falsest of  
our beliefs regarding women is that  
they are protected - that some way  
in the battle of life they get the  
best of it."

\*This book first appeared in 1915.  
U. of T. Press 1972



ST. NICHOLAS - by Val Perkins

Jolly old St. Nick!

The spirit of Christmas filled the house  
Spilled out doors to snow-crunchy street  
Followed shoppers as they shivered about  
Searching for last-minute gifts

Toys for the children were carefully hidden  
In cupboards, drawers, like hide-and-go-seek  
Wrapped with love, gay paper, ribbon  
Tagged in the name of St. Nick  
Jolly old St. Nick

At last it was here, The Day of the Year  
The two children were up, recorded carols sang out  
It was time to reveal secrets concealed  
In parcels stacked round the tree  
Natural pine-scented tree

"Hark" The Herald Angels Sang  
As Mary tore open a gift  
"That Barbie Doll, wardrobe and all  
Was presented by St. Nick"  
Love from old St. Nick

"Peace on Earth" the choir sang  
As Johnny unwrapped a gun  
On the inside the tag was inscribed  
Love from old St. Nick  
Kindly old St. Nick

The children's day was spent in play  
New games, new skates, new toys  
Turkey was roasting and pudding was steaming  
Then over-eating, snoozing, dreaming  
Sleepy girl and boy

Through picture window framed in frost  
Two little faces looked  
At sparkling snow, moonlight glow  
Quiet Christmas night  
Cold and chilling night

Suddenly, eerily, wild winds rose  
Skirling, whirling, drifting snow  
The Spirit of Christmas madly danced and twirled  
Spiralled the loves of boy and girl  
North to old St. Nick

# KUBRICK'S "A CLOCKWORK ORANGE" SUPERMAN AS PSYCHOPATH

by Gwen Matheson

The Superman image that haunts the imagination of producer Stanley Kubrick appears in various forms in his fantasy film world. The super-astronaut of "2001" has been succeeded by the psychopathic super-criminal of Kubrick's present production, who will in turn, according to reports, be followed by the film spectacle of Superman as the dictator Napoleon.

"A Clockwork Orange", that pseudo-Nietzchian combination of Brave New World and 1984 based on the 1962 dystopian novel of Anthony Burgess, reveals Kubrick's continuing skill as master manipulator of the mass psyche and interpreter of the ailing Zeitgeist. Exploration into Kubrick's grisly conception of the human "Id" accompanied by the music of Beethoven have proved as successful as deep space pioneering and Strauss in drawing crowds of people, mainly in the under twenty-five category, in half-mile queues, to gratefully receive their latest visions in the popcorn-strewn and smelly temples of contemporary Cinema. And the perversion practised by Burgess and Kubrick upon Beethoven in associating his music with fantasies of orgiastic sadism are reported to have boosted the sales of Ninth Symphony records up to, if not beyond, the popularity of the rock music that is obviously more suited to such themes.

Although the line-ups have gradually become shorter and the film has reached the "regular prices" stage, the fact that it has now been playing in various Canadian cities for at least four months gives evidence of its continuing popular appeal. To those who still manage to do a little thinking in an environment of increasing noise and irrational distraction such a spectacle must have its ominous moments. For this latest triumph of Kubrick's, despite its undisputed technical brilliance and quota of disturbing truth, is from the point of view of audience reception a profoundly sinister phenomenon as well as a basically dishonest production both in theme and presentation.

Perhaps even more sinister is the fact that it has won the New York Film Critics' award and most American reviewers, including those in Newsweek and Saturday Review, have either through fascination with the film's technique or subjection to its mindless spell failed to perceive its essential deception. (It is slightly more reassuring to see that reviews in Canadian magazines, such as Saturday Night and Maclean's have been able to treat the film with a more balanced perspective, although film critic Clyde Gilmour insists on its "greatness".) But reviews such as Paul Zimmerman's particularly fatuous one in Newsweek which describe it as "an odyssey of the human personality" etc. have either missed or refused to comment on the primary fact that Kubrick's "A Clockwork Orange" is what might be called an "anti" film: anti-erotic (in spite of the profusion of pornographic and homosexual overtones), anti-love, anti-intelligence, anti-female, anti-human, and despite its fallacious "message" (if any), also anti-freedom.

The dishonesty of the film lies in the emotional manipulation and intellectual trickery by which it conveys false options and associations: anarchism is seen as the only alternative to fascism, and sexuality is presented as being inseparably connected with brutality and sadism. But perhaps the most subtle form of trickery appears in what Kubrick boasts of as the "stylized" portrayal of violence, assisted by the use of music and various entertainment and mob-appeal devices. The setting and plot line are essentially the same as in Burgess' book - that is, Alex, a young Cockney criminal of the near future, leads his gang in a number of violent drug-enhanced exploits, is arrested and subjected to an almost equally violent deconditioning treatment, meets a certain degree of nemesis at the hands of some of his victims, and finally in a supposedly happy ending is "cured" or restored to his normally psychopathic state so that he can continue his vicious career in the interests of and under the protection of a new and equally totalitarian government. But the murder, beatings, gang wars and rapes that take place are presented to the accompaniment of strains of classical and semi-classical music produced by Carlos Williams' Electric Synthesizer, not to mention a cheerful rendition of "Singin' in the Rain", and in some instances, according to Kubrick, the incidents of violence are executed along the lines of a ballet. Too much blood-and-guts realism in the



presentation of these pastimes would disturb the carefully induced euphoria of the mass audience as well as interfere with the build-up of Alex as a pop hero and consequently a magnetic box-office attraction for the film industry.

The many people who will read Burgess' book as a result of having seen the film will find it to be a more unsettling and honest work of art, in spite of the fact that like the film it is a product of a brilliant but diseased imagination and in the more juvenile school of the "literature of rebellion".

Missing from the film are a much less attractive orgy scene in which the participants are two ten-year old girls on whom the "virile" hero practises all sorts of perversions, a particularly nasty murder of a homosexual prisoner, and a conclusion in which the "cured" Alex instead of reacting with the "cute" film hero's amusing responses to the cartoon association test gives full evidence in his replies that he is ready to continue a life of "ultra-violence".

Missing from the book are an assortment of little entertainment touches that contribute to the film's general mood of light-hearted sex and sadism. One of these is Alex's pet snake that curls cat-like on its owner's bed after writhing suggestively towards the huge drawing of a nude woman, thereby fulfilling the obvious and rather overworked function of a "phallic symbol" among the numerous others that give the suggestion in the film of male sex organs sprouting everywhere, erect and ready for loveless assault.

It is, of course, not quite fair to compare the film with the book since in this case the film is a separate work of art, inspired by the novel rather than being an attempt to faithfully transcribe it. At the same time, although Burgess' book gives a greater impression of a mind at work, its absurd theme has probably found its true medium in the irrational sensory manipulation of film. Also an examination of the literary tradition and climate of opinion of which Burgess' novel is a part provides some insight into its attraction for Kubrick and his use of it in a different medium.

Even a small amount of reading of utopian or anti-utopian literature, particularly in the British tradition, will reveal Burgess' A Clockwork Orange as neither unique nor very profound. (Reviewers have commented on Burgess' lack of intellectual point of view or emotional involvement in this as well as other works.) In a 1967 study of H. G. Wells and the Anti-utopians entitled The Future as Nightmare, M. R. Hellegas categorizes it as one of those novels written in the fifties and sixties that are at the tag-end of a tradition which once included Aldous Huxley, George Orwell, C. S. Lewis, E. M. Forster, and the Russian Zamyatin. It shows chiefly the influence of H. G. Wells, as well as reflecting an increase in technology, the rise of totalitarian states, and a distrust, particularly in the U.S.A. and Britain, of the various forms of planning and socialist control. It is this latter feeling which sometimes reaches the height of paranoia in the U.S.A. that perhaps makes expatriate American producer Kubrick find a particular affinity with the British anti-utopia of Burgess. Burgess' sharp dichotomy between rigid totalitarian law enforcement on the one hand and insane rebellion on the other is made even more pronounced in the film. Works, such as Burgess' and Kubrick's, that are pervaded with the implication that there is no way between the two extremes are essentially dishonest.

In The Dialectic of Sex Shulamith Firestone throws some light on this dystopian tradition which she analyses as follows: "Paradoxically, one reason The 1984 Nightmare occurs so frequently is that it grows directly out of, signifying an exaggeration of, the evils of our present male-supremacist culture." (pp. 210-211, Bantam paperback edition). In other words, technology and cybernation can be harmful rather than beneficial unless they exist in a society that has been completely restructured according to the social vision of revolutionary feminism.

The extreme liberalism which is often presented in dystopian works as a reaction to the exaggerated evils of our present society can lead to anarchist individualism which in turn can produce the fascist Superman or the psychopathic type. It is in keeping with



some of the well-known attitudes of Norman Mailer that he is reported to have described the psychopath as the new man of the future. Whether or not this state is to be praised as the ideal human condition or deplored as a sickness and an aberration, Kubrick's white-suited hero based on Burgess' creation has all the classic symptoms.

The opening of Kubrick's last film "2001" could also serve as prologue to "A Clockwork Orange" in which a man-ape under the effects of the evolution-boosting monolith discovers the supposedly true function of an old bone in smashing in the head of a rival for the water hole -- all to the blaring accompaniment of Strauss' music inspired by Nietzsche's "Thus Spake Zarathustra". The bone is then transformed to a space ship speeding to colonise the universe and eventually becoming in a sense the "sperm" that will produce the super star-embryo. If the young Cookney thug of Kubrick's latest spell-binder is the fully developed version of the astro-~~foetus~~ of his earlier triumph he is at the same time the weapon-wielding anthropoid.

Alex's view of life as illustrated both in the book and the film bears somewhat the same relation to the philosophy of Nietzsche as does fascism, especially in its Nazi form - distorted and vulgarized, yet recognizably similar; and the brief treatment of Nazism in both media clearly implies this relationship. In fact, the one other film that "A Clockwork Orange" recalls most to my mind is the famous but once censored (in Canada, at any rate) Nazi film of the Nuremberg rallies, Triumph des Willens. At the same time what might be called the "zoological approach" to man as promoted by such recently fashionable theorists as Lionel Tiger, Desmond Morris, Konrad Lorenz and others reinforces and often accompanies the neo-Nietzchianism beloved of the whole impotent crew of second-rate sociologists, academics, and assorted literary types, not to mention the average teenager who is mentally undernourished on a diet of unintelligent and violent films. Kubrick himself seems to gain considerable satisfaction from his reported statement that "on the subconscious level we are very little different from our primitive ancestors."

It is in keeping with the neo-Nietzchian and zoological atmosphere of Kubrick's film that it should be profoundly anti-female ...even moreso, if possible, than the book. Under the sociological jargon of Lionel Tiger's Men in Groups there is manifested a thinly veiled back-to-the-apes approach attempting to keep women in their place. Nietzsche himself revealed his contempt and hatred for women throughout his writings, and his whole attitude on the "woman question" is best summed up when he writes that the man of spirit "must conceive of woman as a possession, as property that can be locked, as something predestined for service and achieving her perfection in that". (Beyond Good and Evil p. 167 - Vintage paperback edition) Throughout the film women are depicted as property to be desecrated, as helpless objects and victims. Nowhere is there shown any normal sexual relationship.

The difference between the two women doctors (not appearing in the book) is significant, in that the one assisting with the ruthless "Ludovico" treatment is masculine in appearance and therefore obviously meant to be "bad" or anti-freedom, and the one associated with Alex' "cure" at the conclusion conforms to the "feminine" stereotype and according to the mentality of the film is therefore "good", or in other words, allied with criminal anarchism (in this case for political purposes). The "Cat Woman" who has been made younger than the old lady of the novel and up-dated as a health food addict is the obvious witch figure. She is the only woman in the film (and the book) who shows spirit and fights back with some effect; therefore she must naturally be destroyed in her duel with the anti-hero Alex -- in this case very symbolically by a giant stone phallus, which is also a Kubrick addition to the original story. (Many of the nine million women burned as "witches" in the Middle Ages had too much intelligence and spirit for their subordinate station in life.)

The penis-as-weapon motif symbolizes the association of "masculinity" and virility with sadism and brutality that pervades the film. This amounts to what might be called sexual fascism, a phenomenon recognized by Kate Millet, for instance, in her analysis of the later novels of D.H. Lawrence, such as Aaron's Rod and The Plumed Serpent, where there is a growing association between phallus worship, a certain type of male homo-eroticism, and fascist interests, somewhat in the tradition of neo-Nazi cultism. The whole Super-



Male school of writing, from the inanities of "Bonanza" to the comparative inspiration of our own Irving Layton, manifests with varying degrees of modification the male supremacist and anti-female attitudes at the very core of the art of Burgess and Kubrick. Glorification of the phallus is usually a reaction against unconscious fears of impotence and castration - just as the cod-piece, an article of apparel featured in the film, is for purposes of protection as well as display.

In a more recent box-office success, "The Godfather" (based on Mario Putze's book), some of these themes are made even more explicit than in "A Clockwork Orange". That the mafia may be taken as an example of the ultimate in male supremacist patriarchy is revealed throughout the film and even in its very title. The message comes across quite obviously in the dialogue between Michael and his long-suffering girlfriend when his answer to her protest that presidents and senators don't kill people is a curt "Don't be naive!". The horror of the mafia is that it is a not even exaggerated microcosm of the society against which it claims to rebel. One of the most ironic and well handled parts in this film is the juxtaposition of the christening ritual with the simultaneous slaughter of five heads of the rival mafia "family". Even the church, an all-male hierarchical institution, is another world of which the supposedly "devout" mafia is a brutal parody. The most significant scene in the film is the concluding one when Pat, now become Michael's wife, accepts the lie that he has not engineered the killings and is then brushed aside for the more important companionship of his male colleagues. Through the closing door of the study she sees her husband, now "the godfather", in his "real" male world enjoying the adulation of other men.

It is no coincidence that "The Godfather" is gaining a popularity almost equal to that of "A Clockwork Orange" and that the central figure of the elderly criminal is becoming almost as much of a hero as the young one. In fact it now appears that the movie-going public is going to be treated to the spectacle of Marlon Brando, the classic ape-man figure of Hollywood, grunting

and mumbling his way through a sequel, "The Godfather II" (unless the sequence is chronological and the first "godfather" remains fortunately dead). The success of these and similar films underlines the frightening fact that millions of people apparently enjoy the depiction of male aggression and violence carried to the point of madness and the even worse sight of women reduced to passive and degraded non-entities.

It is not by chance that in the society of the Mafia a man marked for death learns of his fate by a kiss on the mouth from another male. The male homoeroticism appearing in both subtle and overt form in "A Clockwork Orange" is also of the sadistic master-slave variety of the criminal gang. It is, in fact, as sick as the heterosexuality portrayed and is based in the same way on a fear and abhorrence of what is regarded as feminine. This is brought out even more explicitly in Burgess's book when Alex delivers the final death blow to a homosexual fellow prisoner for no other apparent reason than that the latter had offered him the supreme insult of approaching him as he would a woman. Burgess, who seems to have been somewhat obsessed with the topic of homosexuality in his writings, had the perception to detect in its passive manifestations the degradation of the female image.

That homosexuality in itself does not need to assume such a negative form is illustrated in the work of the poet Whitman whose erotic experience is associated with a mystical vision of universal love and unity. One of the chief differences between the erotic imagination of this great American and that expressed in the writings of Burgess and his ilk could be that Whitman, unlike some romantics of the darker school, was not in rebellion against oppressive background influences; one of Burgess's reviewers has described his work as a "continuing theological debate with his irreverent other self." Whitman, whether he was homosexual, bisexual, or whatever the latest theories make him, accepted himself and his fellow human beings. And most important, his lack of hostility towards women and his respect for them as equals (at least in comparison with most of the other attitudes of that time) make him one of the nineteenth century's feminists.



There is one exception to the theme of woman as passive victim in the film. It appears as a fantasy scene at the conclusion (although not in Burgess's more consistent book) in which a nude man and woman surrounded by Victorian-clad spectators are engaging in an act of copulation in which the woman is playing an equally active role with her partner and enjoying herself as much. Possibly this scene along with the modified film version of Alex's response to the cartoon test is Kubrick's attempt to keep the sympathies of the audience and lessen the sinister but more authentic impact conveyed by Burgess's novel. But if this is the case, it is not very effective as an antidote to the general tone of the film and the build-up that has preceded it.

Kubrick's main aim is to plunge his audience into a mindless state of captivation rather than to convey anything to them; but if there is any "message" at all in his production it is the obvious attempt to imply that it is better to be a monster than a robot...to be a real organic orange, no matter how rotten, than a "clockwork orange". But there is a clever sleight-of-hand deception being practised here. For Alex is really an automaton, no more "free" before the Ludovico treatment than immediately after it. Press the buttons marked "lust" or "sadism" and he becomes a clockwork monkey, mechanically responding to his own psychopathic compulsions.

The film, of course, is based on a recognition of some of the main defects and disturbances of Western society that youth is in rebellion against; that it is soft and decadent; that there is a danger of too much regimentation and bureaucracy possibly leading to totalitarianism; that religion and old systems of values are in decay; that males are developing fears of impotence and loss of identity; and that relations between the sexes are generally diseased. But both Kubrick and Burgess either overlook the true causes of this state of affairs or else imply false ones. And to suggest constructive remedies rather than mere senseless and violent rebellion is beyond the irresponsible philosophy, however, is ideally suited to the Hollywood film industry which does not see theatre as a vital part of the cultural life of the community but as a nihilistic distraction calculated to bring in profits.

Film makers who had some sense of commitment to their audiences might fall into what the technique-for-technique's sake and profit-oriented school would regard as the unpardonable error of having something to say. They might suggest remedies for some of the sicknesses of our society as well as merely portraying them. True satire always either implies or states a positive norm from which the various objects of its attack are the deviations.

Popular art should be able to convey to people that it is possible to have intelligent planning and a sense of community without totalitarianism and terror, and that it is possible to have law and order without oppression.

It should also be able to show men that it is possible to be a normal and potent male without being male supremacist and sadistic. If men are suffering a sense of being castrated sexually and otherwise, they should be helped to realize the main causes: one is outlined by Karl Bednarik in The Male in Crisis when he points out that it is not women who are responsible but rather a system that increasingly concentrates decision-making in the hands of a few élite. And the other and even more important reason is that men are clinging to outmoded and false concepts of masculinity. The intelligent remedy, therefore, is not to go around committing rape and murder (or to enjoy these activities vicariously in a movie theatre) but to try to change the system under which we live, as well as to adjust to the changing concepts in sex roles.

To a certain extent Kubrick follows Hamlet's criteria for a play in holding "the mirror up to nature" (i.e. in its worst aspects) and showing "scorn her own image". The chief difference is that he does not at the same time "show virtue her own feature" and he does not, as Hamlet implies with regard to a play's purpose, make "scorn" see its image as ugly. The proof of this was obvious from the giggles and guffaws that broke out in various parts of the theatre at the sight on the screen of a prostrate man being kicked in the stomach while watching



the violation of his wife - all to the accompaniment of Alex loudly bawling "Singin' in the Rain".

To sum up, in authentic art there is usually some sense of purpose and of a directing mind. Although there is some truth in the statement that art is play, it is also something more when at its best. Kubrick's whole attitude seems to be contained in his chilling comment that "A movie studio is the best toy a boy ever had" (*italics mine*).

\*-\*\*\*\*\*

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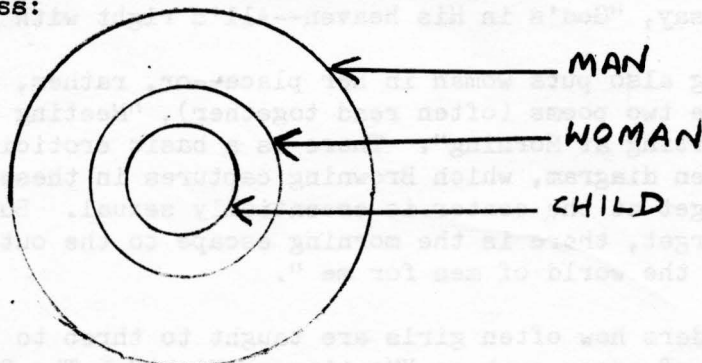
Come down, O maid

Come down, O maid, from yonder mountain height:  
What pleasure lives in height (the shepherd sang)  
In height and cold, the splendour of the hills?  
But cease to move so near the heavens, and cease  
To glide a sunbeam by the blasted Pine,  
To sit a star upon the sparkling spire;  
And come, for Love is of the valley, come,  
For Love is of the valley, come thou down  
And find him; by the happy threshold, he,  
Or hand in hand with Plenty in the maize,  
Or red with spirted purple of the vats,  
Or foxlike in the vine; nor cares to walk  
With Death and Morning on the Silver Horns,  
Nor wilt thou snare him in the white ravine,  
Nor find him dropt upon the firths of ice  
That huddling slant in furrow-cloven falls  
To roll the torrent out of dusky doors:  
But follow; let the torrent dance thee down  
To find him in the valley; let the wild  
Lean-headed Eagles yelp alone, and leave  
The monstrous ledges there to slope, and spill  
Their thousand wreaths of dangling water-smoke  
That like a broken purpose waste in air:  
So waste not thou; but come; for all the vales  
Await thee; azure pillars of the hearth  
Arise to thee; the children call, and I  
Thy shepherd pipe, and sweet is every sound,  
Sweeter thy voice, but every sound is sweet;  
Myriads of rivulets hurrying thro' the lawn,  
The moan of doves in immemorial elms,  
And murmuring of innumerable bees.

Tennyson

Woman's Circumscribed Vision in Two Nineteenth Century Poets  
A Brief Review - by Eleanor M. McDonald

Tennyson's Poem, "Come Down, O Maid!" is a beautiful working-out of the diagrammatic representation of world vision and sexual relatedness:



In this diagram, the child is in the centre, woman next, sheltering the child, and intermediary between child and the man. The outer circle is man, looking outward with unimpeded vision, to the Universe. Or, when he chooses, he looks inward to the woman. Woman, in viewing the Universe, views it through the man, who stands between her and the Beyond. Her direct view is always restricted to the man or the child.

Consider Tennyson's poem in the light of this diagram, Consider the cold, grim peaks, shot with sunbeams and stars. There is an immediacy, a closeness to the Universe symbolized by sun on the peaks and the light of the planets--no place for a woman, according to her "shepherd".

But all she has to do is follow the natural flow of things--the torrent of water--which leads down into the valley, to the man, the hearth, and the child in the centre of her world.

Man is engaged in production: the maize, the "spirted purple of the vats". No hero, he: she won't find him leaping on the cold peaks, nor will he be found "walking with Death and Morning". Even if his place in the scheme of things is on the outer rim,



confronting the Universe, he can confront it just as comfortably and as effectively from the field of grain, from the wine-vats. In her shepherd's order of things, the woman is still between man and the child, her vision still restricted.

She is to find her peace in the cries of the child from the inner circle--and once again all is set in its place. Or, as Browning was to say, "God's in His heaven--All's right with the world".

Browning also puts woman in her place--or, rather, leaves her there --in the two poems (often read together), "Meeting at Night", and "Parting at Morning". There is a basic eroticism implied in the given diagram, which Browning captures in these two poems. The target at the center is essentially sexual. But, having reached that target, there is the morning escape to the outer rim: "the need of the world of men for me".

One wonders how often girls are taught to throb to the erotic imagery of poems such as "Meeting at Night". The Romantic and Early Victorian poets are great favourites of school teachers, especially high school teachers. Perhaps the complex emotion involved in sentimentality aroused by the poets of this period is easier to elicit from adolescents than the intellectual thrill which comes from some of the harder and harsher poets. Perhaps the mere effort of seeking out non-sexist Universals is too much to ask.

\*\*\*\*\*

There's a rumour going around that men are human.

To be "passive" is to be "inert"; to be "inert" is to be "dead".

Men have a Bill of Rights; women have a Bill of Duties (Unpaid)

Pop music tells us so much: The Troglodyte song says a lot about men.

Toodeau or Not Toodeau

by Lois Darroch Milani

Cheri, let me have a bit of money besides the housekeeping money.

Mon dieu, you've only been married a year and you want extra money already? What would you do with it?

I'd like to go to a writers' conference. I feel as if I should be preparing myself for a larger destiny.

I am your destiny. You're married to me.

J'aime beaucoup being married to you. You are the magic in my life. I love your dancing, your skiing, your scuba diving, your fuddle-duddling. J'aime beaucoup being married to you. Here's a great big kiss. Mmmm, ahhhh. You're wonderful ... ohhh ... ahhhh.

Cheri, give me \$750 to go to a Creative Writers' Conference in the Azores. Maybe I'll find my destiny there.

No.

Oh!

....

Cheri, maybe you would give me \$1,000?

One thousand dollars! What would a little girl like you do with one thousand dollars? If you want some new clothes, I'll buy them for you.

Non, merci, je ne desire pas some new clothes. I'd like the cash to give to un nouveau mouvement.

A new movement? Prenez garde. Movements can be dangerous. I went to China once in my youth.

But this one can't be dangerous. It's only run by women. They just need a little money to get started. You know - placards and things.

Placards, he yelped. What's the name of this movement?

Women's Liberation? You'll ruin me.

But cheri, you gave a whole speech on women's rights the night before we were married. What's wrong with \$1,000 for Women's Lib?

I'm hard up right now. I need the money for the business.

What business? You know you live on your inherited income.  
...Then I can't have the \$1,000?

No.

Oh!

....

Cheri, maybe you could give me \$50,000 then?

Fifty thousand dollars! What on earth would you do with fifty thousand dollars?

I'd run for parliament.

Run for parliament - you? Eh bien, pourquoi non? Think of it, husband and wife in parliament at the same time, sitting on the same side of the House, supporting each other. And when the debates are dull, I could look at you and shape the words "I love you" with my lips. O fuddle duddle, it would be marvellous. Besides, it would be one more sure vote for the Liberals.

Cheri, then I may have the \$50,000 then?

Naturally, certainement. I won't give you my own money, of course.



The party will throw a few dinners at \$100 a plate. We'll frug a little for the people, shrug a little, business and pleasure at the same time.

O cheri, merci beaucoup. Je vous donne un autre kiss. Non, non, non, no more. I have to begin work on my platform.

Your platform? Don't worry your pretty head. Just take mine.

Yours? With all the unemployment there is? Never. I've already made up my own. Jobs for every one and hang the expense. It'll cost less than a war. And no bilingualism. I forgot to tell you that I cancelled my French lessons yesterday. If Quebec objects, declare a trilingual country with Italian the third language. Mama mia, if we're going to have Babel from sea to sea, let's make it a real one. And I'll declare Unitarianism the state religion. That'll cover Catholics, Protestants, Jews, Moslems, atheists and the United Empire Loyalists.

Merde! You can't have the \$50,000. I won't even dance with you at the next ball.

Pierre, don't be so strident, or I'll run for the N. D. P.

\*\*\*\*\*

**INDEPENDENCE IS THE BASIC FREEDOM**

**MARRIAGE DESTROYS A WOMAN'S SENSE OF HUMOUR**

**THE RAGE OF WOMEN IS THE MOST JUSTIFIED RAGE IN ALL HISTORY**

**RIDICULE IS A METHOD USED BY FEAR-FILLED PEOPLE TO TRY TO STOP  
CHANGES IN THE STATUS QUO**

**TO FEEL ANGRY ABOUT GROSS INJUSTICES IS A SIGN OF GOOD MENTAL  
HEALTH**

## GIRL WATCHING

By Val Perkins

He is watching the girls walk down the street  
and the look on his face is indiscreet  
His strange expression is worth attention  
as he reveals more than his intention  
There is lust, fear, gloating and hating,  
condescension, amusement, reluctant admiration  
A beautiful girl sweeps him clear off his feet  
I thought the female sex was supposed to be weak!

This one's a dish, a tomato, a peach  
He sizes her up from head to feet  
She surely is built, that's truly some chassis  
36-24-36, real classy  
She's a plum, a honey, looks simply delicious;  
he'd go after that cookie if the time were propitious  
Does he think she's a person young and sweet  
or a product grown for him to eat?

He has decided this one's a lemon, a prune,  
a trifle plain, so he thinks she's a goon,  
a loon or a pig, a cow or a dog,  
a goose, old hen, sow or hog,  
a mouse, old crow or maybe a cat,  
a bird-brain, vixen or ugly old bat  
Does he think she is animal, fruit or bird  
or is he inhuman and trying to hurt?

Now he is watching a painted doll,  
feminine fluff, sexy and small  
She's an angel, a pigeon, a bird, a filly  
a chick in a dress sheer and frilly  
a baby, a kitten soft and young  
a pet who could be a whole night of fun  
Although he professes to desire the good  
the skirt and the flirt are more understood.

This is a career girl, a minx who is stacked  
It might be a challenge to launch an attack  
She looks independent, could be a castrator,  
tease, siren, man-eater, ball-breaker

(Cont.)

That's a spinster, reject, old maid,  
man-hater, prig, prude and pain  
He resents these janes, he thinks they are jerks  
out stealing his God-given right to his work.

Here comes a broad, a hip-swinging frail  
a dame, wench, nice piece of tail  
She's a lay, tart, floozy and trollop  
harpy, hooker, huzzy and harlot  
whore, strumpet, hustler and tramp  
bitch, nympho, slut and vamp  
He heaps scorn on this woman in terms that are endless;  
this 'profession' takes two, but she is defenceless.

Two housewives are next to receive a small mention  
No one else is around, so they win (?) his attention  
The first one is tall, a big battleship  
a shrew, hag, old bag and witch  
The second is matronly, jolly and nice  
accepting her second-class status in life  
Although they are different, he thinks they're the same,  
war-department, battle-axe, big ball-and-chain.

The next one to march in his endless parade  
is a smartly dressed woman, and she really rates  
This is some stuff! She's one of the best  
Is she a play-girl? A tycoon's mistress?  
No. She's more than a bunny, call-girl, play-mate,  
she could be the friend of a Big-Head-of-State  
He's really impressed (but confused and upset,  
is she independent or kept, this stunning brunette?)

Look what has just appeared on the scene,  
a long-haired young girl in faded blue jeans  
It's a Lib' chick for sure, and without any doubt,  
if she felt so inclined, she could stare him right out  
She knows the score; he knows she's Radical,  
it scares him to death and drives him hysterical  
He may laugh, frown, scold or jeer  
but the root of it all is guilt and fear.

The woman now in his field of vision  
is she lawyer, professor, minister, physician,

(Cont.)



psychiatrist, politician, executive, anthropologist???  
As a genuine blue-blooded Canadian male chauvinist  
he finds her threatening, shattering, unnerving  
and he forgets his fear is wholly deserving  
He likes to control his women, thinks he owns them  
but this one could easily disown him.

Here comes the girl who walks off with first prize,  
Here comes the winner, here comes the bride  
She is naturally lovely, vivacious, alive  
with shining brown curls and laughing blue eyes  
She looks gentle and kind, fun-loving discreet,  
perfect for parents and colleagues to meet  
Will her illusions wear off when she sees more of life?  
And if he married this girl, would she turn into a Wife?

Once it was considered bad manners to stare,  
now men brazenly ogle, compare,  
and girls are viewed as part of the scenery,  
like flowers and trees, just more of the greenery  
The way women judge men may appear the same  
but basically it's a different kind of game  
She is Sex, a Possession to all mankind,  
while he is judged mainly as Action and Mind.

\*\*\*\*\*

Sports comumnists seem to be all toooften super-sexists  
and the Globe's Dick Beddoes maintains the tradition. Follow-  
ing are excerpts from one of his columns.

You'll find, men, (assumes readers are men) that southern  
golf galleries are quite eyetractive, made so by an abun-  
dance of women. The ladies are part of the natural ter-  
rain of Cherry Hill but if you happen to hit one of them  
with a tee shot, you get a free drop. The girls might not  
know a five-iron from a steam iron or a sand wedge from  
ham-on-rye, but you won't want to talk golf to them anyway..  
..Lee Trevina has a comic's routine about his wives, of  
which he has had two. A fan once asked if his first wife  
is deceased, and he frankly responded, "No, I tried to  
decease her, but she wouldn't go for it." ... Good luck  
Leland. Golf is so superserious that it requires someone  
like you to fill the balls with laughing gas. (NO COM-  
MENT NOT EVEN ONE ABOUT DICK'S BALLS!)

\*\*\*\*\*

The top thirty songs on the hit parade, permeated as always with songs about love, love affairs, jealousy, and the like have of late burned with rather unusual acidity on my sensitivity. That is to say, they stink with male chauvinism. Since early puberty, it seems, the male of the species has, in our culture, been invited to accept written and spoken theory from adult media on the nature of the female, forsaking his own experience. From this background, and other origins, rise male intellects that turn to songwriting. The results, if they were not so tragic, would be somewhat comic. A two year old child who asserts confidently that the stork brings babies has the same saddening essence. These media-bred artists bear more psuedo-reality.

The song "Brandy (You're a Fine Girl)" by Looking Glass is an example. The song tells of a girl who works as a barmaid in a harbour town. All the world-travelling sailors that drop in for a little company and liquor admire her for her wifely qualittites, says songwriter Lurie.

Brandy, you're a fine girl.  
What a good wife you would be,

Lurie, rather taken in his innocence with the idea that Brandy would be thrilled to death to know she was being considered so favourably by so many men, tells us more of his story. Brandy, in Lurie's day dream, wears a chain and locket given to her by some manly sailor who washed in from questing about. Brandy, (as with all women I imagine Lurie thinks) is quietly rocking on her heels, dizzied by his tales of adventure,

Brandy used to watch his eyes  
As he told his sailor's story.  
She could feel the ocean fall and rise,  
She saw it's raging glory.

and, quite naturally wants to stay submerged in all this manly potency. But, Lurie cautions, men are free as birds in spite of their rushes of fatherly (and phallic) interest. In the story, the sailor sweeps her off her feet, but as inexorably as the tide, sweeps himself back to the sea, leaving the worshipping maiden in a dazzled stupor, pining for his return.

But he had always told the truth  
Lord he was an honest man  
And Brandy does her best to understand.

In the epilogue, after fetching drinks for hundreds of musing sailors, all taken with her admiration of them, Lurie sends her home lost in a reverie centred in her "honest man".

At night when the bars close down  
Brandy walks through a silent town  
And loves a man who's not around  
She still can hear him say

Chorus      She hears him say Brandy you're a fine girl  
What a good wife you would be  
But my life, my love and my lady,  
Is the sea

All this is delivered with a serious air of tragic beauty. Women are alive because men are, we are to understand. I shall give Brandy the last word through a personal addition:

And Brandy said, sailors  
Drink your whisky  
And walk back into the sea  
In two weeks more I'll have the money to  
leave,  
And I'll pawn this chain and be free.

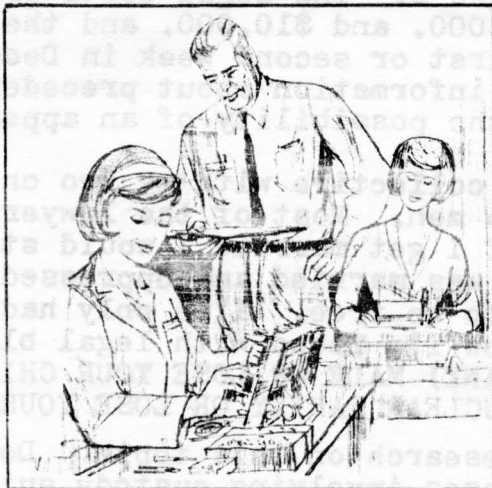
My criticism caricatures a human being. As well as being motivationally suspect, this is uncreative in itself. This songwriter, obscure though his efforts are, is a product as well as a producer. He is a victim, taking what he is told as a truth. Privately, in a dark recess of his mind, lurks no doubt, a fear of his inadequacy and confusion about his humanity. If this is not true, then Brandy must truly exist, and I do not believe that.

---

WE LOOKED FOR THE ENEMY  
AND IT WAS NOT US !



# Managing and Supervising Women For Men Supervisors



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The above advertisement was published by Management Centre of Cambridge (Canada) for a management seminar held in Toronto and Montreal in October. Anyone who wishes, can direct comments to:

Management Centre of Cambridge (Canada)  
176 Riverview, St. Catharines, Ontario

Copy of a letter from Donna Iven, 1226 Greenleaf, Evansville,  
dated November 16, '72 Illinois 60202, (area 312) 886-9695

Dear Sisters,

I am writing to you as a sister politically oppressed by a male-dominated legal system, who is in desperate need of information and loans for legal defense in the State of Missouri in order to retain custody of my two children, Monica aged 8 and Gregory aged 6. The legal costs are estimated to run between \$5,000. and \$10,000. and the trial will probably be held the first or second week in December this year. There is little information about precedents and we need to prepare for the possibility of an appeal.

I am divorced and live in a collective with my two children, one other woman and two men. Most of the lawyers I have sought help from say if I get married I would stand a better chance in court. I was married and oppressed fourteen years, and I want to be free. I've only had my freedom for two years and now I'm faced with legal blackmail! BE SUBSERVIENT TO A (ANY) MALE OR LOSE YOUR CHILDREN! PRESERVE MARRIAGE AND THE NUCLEAR FAMILY OR LOSE YOUR CHILDREN!

I need your thoughts, your research on this topic. Do you have information on other cases involving custody suits lodged against women living unmarried with their children in political communes; and materials relevant for "judicial notice" of changing lifestyles and effects of communal living for children? I need help in raising funds - are there others who may see political consequences of trials like mine? Are there groups or organizations that may give financial support for such trials? Will you help a sister in need?

My own involvement in the women's movement has included; being a sister to other sisters in need; helping organize an entire women's studies program at a Chicago area university designed to cut across sex, race and class lines; helping other schools set up women's programs and courses, speaking with various groups; helped organize a suit for discrimination against women through WEAL. In Sisterhood signed, Donna Iven.

Editorial comment: We thought the best way to answer this letter was to publish it, hoping that women in the movement will support Donna in any way they can. There is so much in this letter to respond to and we would appreciate hearing from you, in sharing the exchange of information.



The Feminist Press have requested that we correct the address in their ad which we used in our last paper to 10920 Battersea Lane, zip code 21044, Columbia, Maryland, and that we add that Life in The Iron Mills by Rebecca Harding Davis, with a Biographical Interpretation by Tillie Olsen, will be available soon at \$1.95. Finally, a free newsletter, bibliographies, teacher's guides can be obtained by writing to The Feminist Press, Box 334, Old Westbury, New York, 11568.

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We have given permission to the WOMEN'S HISTORY RESEARCH CENTRE 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 WRITINGS, IDEAS, COMMENTS.

\*\*\*\*\*

!! FLASH !!  
New Feminist SHERRILL CHEDA is one of the featured writers in the December Chatelaine. She has a good article neatly titled SEE DICK RUN, SEE JANE SIT.

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