

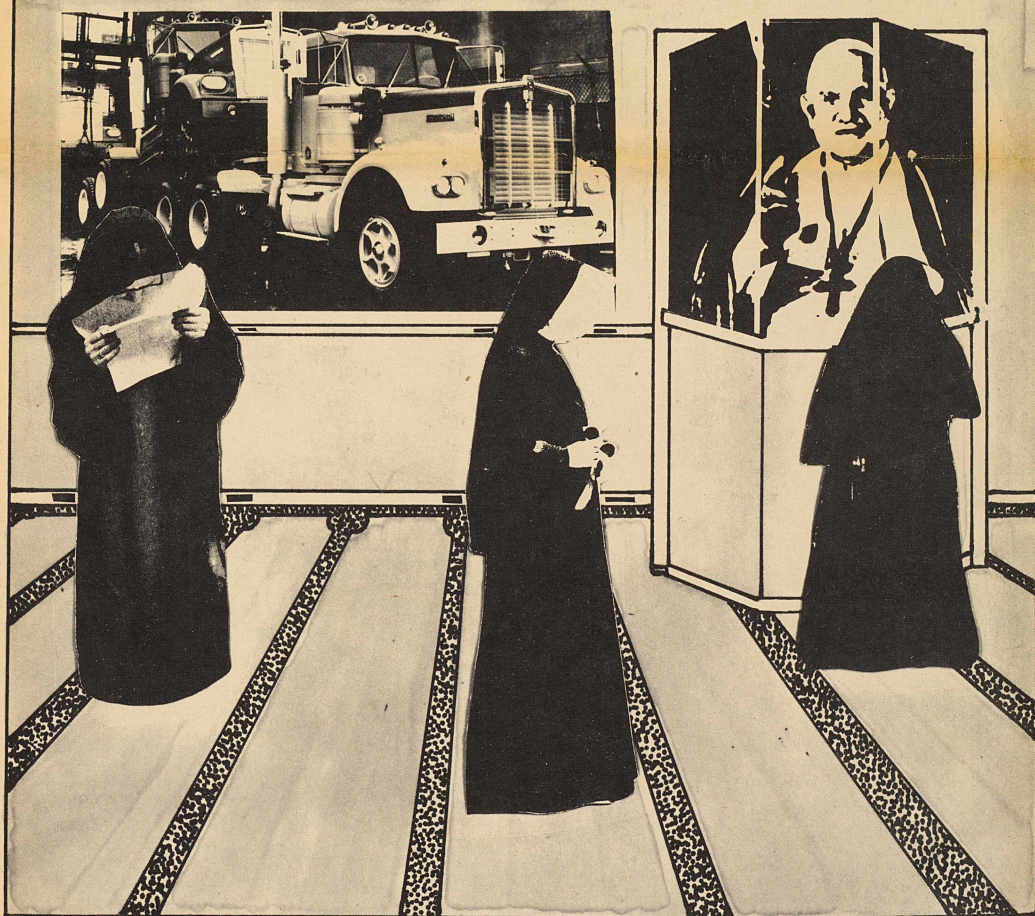
sensor's warning: concerned entirely with
religion and pornography

PEDDLE

THE VANCOUVER WOMEN'S
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PORNOGRAPHY AND

My definition of pornography is brutalized and de-humanized sexual behavior and the depiction of such sado-masochistic sexuality that is designed to stimulate -- designed, that is, for those who have been so repressed that they can not respond sexually to loving interaction among people but must force or be forced, at least in fantasy, in order to become aroused. Other articles in this issue will probably use other definitions.

Pornography is not a function of religion per se. Most of the world's religions, in fact, have worshipped the Life Force and its most obvious symbols, the Lingam and Yoni, male and female genitals, the most sacred symbol-being the two in conjunction. (Grottoes were more suited to sacred rituals than caves or streams alone, though these were also sacred, because in grottoes the water lies within the cave.) It is only with the rise of State society and the adoption of State religions as a form of social control that religion became repressive. If people's lives are going to be controlled, if they are going to work for others and live under the direction of others, their own creative and re-creative power must be repressed and diminished. Just as the people's religions saw sexuality as the most powerful creative urge, so too did the State religions. But where people's religions fostered and developed this urge to its fullest potential, equating it with the fertility of the earth and of mental life, State religions attempted to repress and control it in the interests of creating a malleable, exploitable population.

This of course, was not an easy task. "At first society, not excluding the priests themselves, merely ignored the prohibitions, Then, as the Church stepped up its activity and as the parasitic guilt-culture which it was trying to impose on a tolerant and matristic society began to take a hold, the sexual energy of the people was transformed into every kind of undesirable form of psychoneurotic behavior -- hysterical attacks, erotic illusions, incubi and succubi, witch-hunts and witchcraft (in that sequence), flagellomania, psychic impotence, etc. etc. etc"

(from Phallism: A Description of the Worship of Lingam-Yoni in Various Parts of the World and in Different Ages, With an Account of Ancient and Modern Crosses particularly of the Crux Ansata (a Handed Cross) and Other Symbols Connected With the Mysteries of Sex Worship--privately printed in London in 1889.)

Even as late as Greco-Roman times, when civilization was already beginning to rot from the puritan-prurience syndrome, there were still 50 gods and goddesses left over from former times assigned to sexual love. These Deities of Love were gradually transformed and divided into virginal angels and lewd devils, as the mind was divided from the body, men from women, children from adults. Because State societies have up until now been patriarchal, the subsequent degradation of bodily functions and especially sexuality involved the degradation also of male sex-objects, women and homosexuals. Shame, fear, and antipathy replaced love as the correlative emotions of sexuality.

The shame and fear connected with sexual activity and feeling, the inability to openly and freely express sexuality or learn anything about it, forced the sexual impulse into weird and uncharted channels. Everywhere, the obverse side of the shining coin of puritanism was the filthiest pornography. The culture that produced the *Chemise caquille* -- "... a kind of heavy nightshirt with a single, suitably placed hole through which, when it was necessary for the husband to impregnate his wife, copulation could be effected with the minimum of possible

contact and pleasure..." also produced thousands and thousands of V.D. riddled children, little boys and girls being the favourite inmates of whore-houses. V.D. was also spread through the religious and legal prohibition again. women refusing men -- in Volume vii of the *Elementa Theologia Moralis*, Turin argues that a wife may not refuse her husband even if he has syphilis, as it may not be passed on to a child and may result in another soul for God. He also recommends cauterization or amputation of the clitoris to cure lesbianism, which is particularly odd in view of the belief that women were incapable of sexual feeling. Indeed, this belief provided a major rationalization of sadism -- pain is the only thing that will "convulse" a woman sufficiently to give a man pleasure. Bloch describes the favourite victim of Victorian pornography, actual and depicted, as "sensitive, well-bred and refined" i.e. "weak and confiding." She is so pure that she must be tied and gagged to allow a man near her. She is then subjected to the grossest cruelties

-- "And yet immediately their paroxysm is over, they will treat their wretched victim with the utmost kindness and buttoning up their frock coats, appear once more as affable kind gentlemen."



Illustration from a morally uplifting book from the time of Charles II. No attempt was made to conceal what Christian good-folk should avoid; one showed as unequivocally as one could the character of the danger that threatened.

PURITAN RELIGION

Working women with no man to depend on and "protect" them were considered fair game -- if she had to be out on the street alone, or, not being so puritanized as the precious sisters and daughters of the upper classes, considered that she had a right to look sexually attractive, she was, then as now, "asking for it". The contradiction between considering her fair game because she was asking for it but still having to be forced was, like all the other intimate contradictions between puritanism and pornography, not considered in patriarchal philosophy.

The bible-belt South displays even more lurid pornographic elements. Hernton, in his book *Sex and Racism in America*, says, "... the southern white woman remains a victimized product of her culture, with nobody on whom to avenge her sexual rage except the socially accepted scapegoat, the Negro ... Her preoccupation with rape was (and is) not only a grotesque fantasy, but also an accurate index of her sexual deprivation." Puritan-pornography is obviously a major element in

racism as well as sexism. Hernton goes on to say and to demonstrate with many examples, "There is in the psyche of the racist ... an inordinate disposition for sexual atrocity. He sees in the Negro the essence of his own sexuality, that is, those qualities he wishes for but fears he does not possess," is not, indeed, allowed to possess if he is to achieve the Kingdom of Heaven. The horrible genital mutilation of lynch victims stems from the same kind of sex energy turned into rage through repression that motivated the Victorian priests who jumped up and down on the bodies of children to drive the devil out of them, and the doctors who recommended keeping babies in strait-jackets to prevent their playing with themselves. This rage is inevitably directed against those banned from the Kingdom of Heaven, outside of "proper" society and therefore assumed to be freely enjoying what is denied the Puritan -- black people, hippies, homosexuals, bra-less or otherwise visibly liberated women.

Because we are one of the groups most subjected to the sneers, insults, lewdness, and actual physical damage from those influenced by the puritan-pornographic syndrome, there is some danger that we will come to associate sexual expressiveness itself with these dangers.

The point I would like to make is that, if we give in to our fear and disgust of pornographic behavior by inhibiting our own sexuality, we are not only allowing ourselves to be "put in our place" by these Creepies, we are in danger of becoming as repressed and savage as they are.

This is therefore a plea to resist being boxed and labelled by the definitions and attitudes of a sick patriarchal society, to resist defining ourselves in its terms, and in particular to resist guilting each other for whatever kind of sexual expressiveness suits us. We must stay beautiful, open, sensuous, loving -- liberated, in fact, sweet sisters.

BY LIZ RUPERT

An Analysis Of Religion & Pornography by Judith

The standard images of women in our society are made up of a blend of two opposites. That these two opposites are mutually exclusive by nature, and at the same time both negative images is probably responsible for the sort of sexual alienation that is accepted as normal female behavior.

One extreme can be called the religious image - puritan, pious, good mother, devoted wife, martyr and saint. The other is pornographic - prostitute, sex kitten, good sport, provider for male sexual needs. Both images require a total disintegration of the whole person - splitting the body from the self, in one case to repress the body, in the other to repress the mind. Neither admit the possibility of sexual integration, so this can never result from any synthesis of the two extremes.

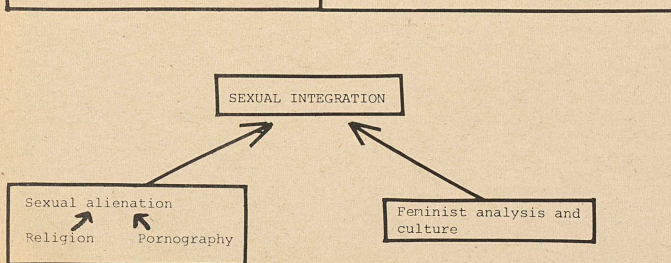
What does result, when women are faced with the need to fit both moulds simultaneously is a state of schizophrenia - manifesting itself to varying degrees depending on other circumstances (class advantages, level of submission to male values, family influences etc.)

Both religion and pornography, as has been stated, deny a complete female experience, thus serving to reinforce the predominant male culture. In other words they are only in opposition from a male point of view - from a feminist point of view religion vs. pornography is a false dialectic - existing to set women against each other and obscure the true dialectic of male vs. female.

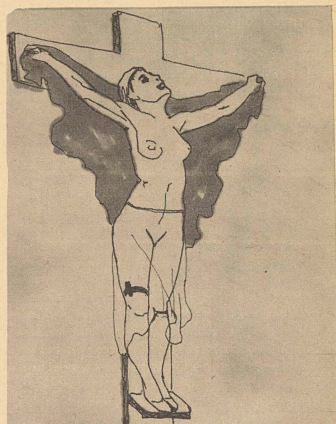
Women become righteous or defensive about their position on a sliding scale of puritanism and eroticism.

As feminists, we must uncover this propaganda device and neutralize it. We must overcome our learned resentments and fears around our more pious or looser sisters. We must recognize the common ground on which we stand as women - being oppressed by a culture which does not even allow us to develop sexually integrated definitions of ourselves. And we must explore these definitions together, building up a feminist counter-culture which can challenge male dominance and analyse its workings.

DIAGRAM OF RELIGION - PORNOGRAPHY DIALECTIC



Joan of Arc was a Lesbian



"The good fortune of the family lies primarily in the unassuming role of the wife, who looks after the welfare of the family and food for the sacrifice... The woman of the family balances the income and expenditures, enriching the well-being and peace of the family... It is the father's character which eventually determines order and unity in the family. He should be sincere and majestic..." (I Ching - The Chia Jen Hexagram).

So we are women, and eternal salvation depends on our passivity, docility and weakness. If we are raped, we must pray for forgiveness. If we are pregnant, we must defend the seed of man within us. If we hate ourselves, we can rest assured that we aren't alone - God hates us too! We must allow our husbands to use us as they wish, and recite a litany or two if the whole process turns us off. In fact, we must not be turned on, for fear of becoming, 'The Evil Woman', a tendency which we have inherited from Eve.

And now that religion is passe, and science has taken over, anthropologists are allowed to dig up the facts that prove the original link between matriarchies and religious development. Religion is the woman's sphere. Earth mothers and Moon children. Rebirth of witch religions. Religion is no longer POWER. So now it is female.

"When choosing a friend, look one step above yourself. When choosing a wife, look one step below." (The Talmud).

The role of religion is primarily directed towards the child. Woman-children are encouraged to identify with the Virgin. She was the Ideal Woman. She knelt on a cushion, and let the Holy Ghost impregnate her. No resistance. No feeling. He never even touched her - perfect! And all she could say about it was "My soul doth magnify the Lord" to her sister, who was also pregnant. She lived quietly with Joseph, did what she was told, and waited for her son to make her famous. Jesus, apparently, learned nothing at his mother's knee. His inspiration came from his father. Not bad, considering he was a bastard!

What little boys learn is how to be dynamic. They can be active in the rituals and identify with the Omnipotent, Omniscient Being. They are the little gods. They are born winners by divine right. They are the perfect work of God.

"Man was created for the glory of God, and woman for the glory of man." (The Bible).

Later, religion fades as an important influence. Dirty jokes take over. Women learn how to be sexy. Men learn how to demand sexual satisfaction. Marriage, which is the ultimate fulfillment of the woman's role - a highly religious and spiritual experience, is for the man, preceded by a stag party put on by his male friends, where pornographic movies, if available, or a stripper, if financially feasible, are the highlights of the evening. He is expected to get drunk and sow his wild oats, in one last fling before facing the drudgery of monogamous sexuality. He is nevertheless allowed a mistress or six, as long as he is a good family man, taking wife and kiddies to church on Sundays, or leading the household in prayer. Religion restricts women. Then pornography defines the boundaries of that restriction. Religion tells women to be pious and productive. Then pornography takes it all back, and sells us black negligees and padded bras. Religion keeps us in our places, and pornography tells us what those places are. Pornography is male religion. And religion is female pornography. Raping the nuns is the ultimate crime and the ultimate satisfaction. Pornography deals with phallic crosses in vaginal chalices - an all-time best-seller.

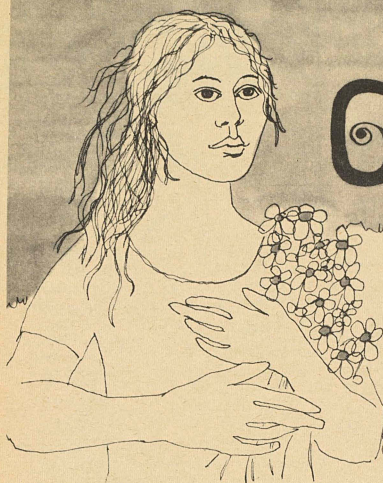
See the great male god do it to his mother. Raise the Holy Eucharist, and ram it up the minds of womankind. Stop off the flow of life from the eternal womb. This is control. Religion used to be woman-centred, but so did life in general. When patriarchal attitudes were developing, it was necessary to purge the religious woman-reality and replace it with maleness. Abraham tried hard. Jesus tried harder. The Brahmins engineered an exquisite take-over. The Chou dynasty and Confucius completed the process. Witches were burned. Joan of Arc was a lesbian. Mary Magdalene was forgiven after wiping the feet of the Lord with tears of remorse. Athena was bought off to support the male camp, condoning matricide, and dispelling the Furies' curse. And all through this, women were becoming erotic. Inquisitors raped their victims before turning them over to the torturers. The snake and the cross were the payoff, and Freud made them irresistible. Martyrdom was sanctified, then presented to women for every day use.

"The man is the head of the woman. Wives, submit to your husbands." (St. Paul).

And if he can't get it on after all that, try lace stockings, or a whip. Sound advice from psychiatrists, the new priests and spokesmen for God.

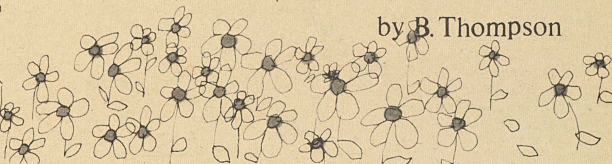
Women, be holy. You are a hole. You can be whole if you do what you're told.

by Judith



GOD IS LOVE

by B. Thompson



Across the street from us in the Kitsilano District of Vancouver, up the hill from the beach and close to Fourth Avenue, were two duplexes. Aside from the old lady and her fat white dog who lived in one of the four units forever, a series of young families came and went for the first few years we lived on Yew Street. The Kits area had been one of reasonably low rents for many years and so artists, pensioners and single mothers lived there as well as owners of modest homes and renters of modest duplexes. In 1964 I had rented a nice comfortable shabby little brown shingled house for \$80 a month. Two bedrooms, one for each child, and the living room for me to sleep in.

After the landlords in the area caught on to the fact that the land was becoming more valuable than the houses they were renting, they began to let them out to groups of young people. Sometimes the houses got wrecked, sometimes the kids spruced up the paint and dug gardens. One thing most of us had in common was long grass; hardly anyone owned a lawn-mower. In the communal houses that sprang up, welfare cheques and paycheques were pooled and so were tasks (and God knows what else, the old lady said to her dog).

THE TASK OF THE NEW GENERATION IS TO BE THE TEACHERS OF THEIR FELLOW MEN AND WOMEN, SO THAT THE GREAT LIBERATING PROCESS OF RECOVERY OF SELF, STARTED BY OUR YOUTH, CAN BECOME THE MEANS OF LIBERATION FOR ALL AMERICANS; AND SO THAT THE DOMINATION OF SELF BY FALSE GOALS AND FALSE CONSCIOUSNESS MAY BE ENDED

FOR ALL AMERICANS. WHEN SELF IS RECOVERED, THE POWER OF THE CORPORATE STATE WILL BE ENDED, AS MIRACULOUSLY AS A KISS BREAKS A WITCH'S EVIL ENCHANTMENT.

PAGE 318 THE GREENING OF AMERICA by Charles Reich

One Easter Sunday morning, eating chocolate rabbits and marshmallow eggs and rooting around the house in our pajamas, we heard bells tinkling outside intermittently, and finally looked out to see beautiful young people decked out like Rosetti madonnas and Robin Hood pixies floating past the house and down the hill, some holding daffodils. I thought they must be going to perform in a Spring Pageant, they were so carefully costumed and so different from the trussed-up white-gloved Easter-outfitted church goers who were walking in the opposite direction up the hill. Several were carrying instruments, and one or two played flutes as they walked past.

In the Monday paper we read about the first Vancouver Easter "Be-In" and from then on became accustomed to seeing the carbon-copy Frisco-style hippies around. They seemed friendly and gentle and interesting; we liked them as neighbours after the initial childhood fear of 'bearded strangers' wore off. Years later, I read a book by Charles Reich called The Greening of America and it was a puzzle to me from beginning to end. Reich lined up lots of descriptive material about youth and came to conclusions that seemed to bear no relation to reality, but I couldn't exactly tell why.

Back then, all I had known about the counter-culture was what I had read in Time magazine. I worried that my kids were smoking marijuana and finding out about LSD firsthand; that they would end up with a six-month stretch in jail, labeled for life, etc. etc. Friends from West Vancouver came for the evening the same night the kids had seen an ambulance take away a woman from next door. She had cut her wrists while on a head trip. "You are so lucky," said my friends from the affluent hill. "You may not think so now, but this is why: in this district, your children see the effects of drug-taking first-hand. Where we live, it's all so much more attractive and they never see the seamy side." It was a long, LONG time ago, can't you tell?

BELL BOTTOMS HAVE TO BE WORN TO BE UNDERSTOOD. THEY EXPRESS THE BODY AS JEANS DO, BUT THEY SAY MUCH MORE. THEY GIVE THE ANKLES A SPECIAL FREEDOM AS IF TO INVITE DANCING RIGHT ON THE STREET. THEY BRING DANCE BACK INTO OUR SOBER LIVES. A TOUCH FOOTBALL GAME, IF THE PLAYERS ARE WEARING BELL BOTTOMS, IS LIKE A FOLK DANCE OR BALLET. BELL BOTTOMS, ON GIRLS OR BOYS, ARE HAPPY AND COMIC, ROLLICKING. NO ONE CAN TAKE HIMSELF SERIOUSLY IN BELL BOTTOMS. IMAGINE A CONSCIOUSNESS II UNIVERSITY PROFESSOR, OR EVEN A COLLEGE ATHLETE, IN BELL BOTTOMS, AND ALL OF HIS PRETENSIONS BECOME FUNNY; HE HAS TO LAUGH AT HIMSELF.

PAGE 225 THE GREENING OF AMERICA by Charles Reich

mother
pushed
porn

ROMANCE AS PORNOGRAPHY

Pornography is that material which arouses or excites the sexual imagination.

"They differ from a work of literature in that the purpose of literary art is to arouse emotions and to discharge those emotions as part of the artistic experience."-- Birgess.

The majority of available pornography (hard or soft core) is male - male written, male oriented. That which is said to arouse "the sexual imagination" is in fact that which arouses "the male sexual imagination." In the work itself, women are the passive vehicles of active male fantasy, or the active vehicles of passive male fantasy. In legislation concerning pornography, a work may be declared pornographic if a man will testify that it aroused him. If no man is willing to so declare, judgement may then be passed citing the possibility of 'deviant' or 'ignorant' males (read homosexual or working class) reading or seeing the stuff and attacking some poor harmless (read passive) woman or child.

Seldom are women asked if any material is arousing to them; in fact seldom if ever, is the notion of women's sexuality in relation to pornography introduced. Legally, as pornographically, women are the vehicle, the responsibility for whom men sacrifice their titillation.

"As usual, in the event of emergency, it is women and children first. But such data as we have (eg. the Kinsey Report, and the Gluek Studies for the Harvard Law School) indicate that pornography has little or no effect on women or children. There is probably a psychic thrill..."

Pornography then, has no erotic appeal to women, which seems sensible, since both legally, pornographically, and in reality, they are presented as its victims. But what is pornographic to women? What serves the function of "arousing or exciting the sexual imagination?" The male sexual imagination is, one is to believe, aroused by various stories (or pictures) of sexual activity. "The male sexual imagination" is a culturally well defined, separate and active part of a man's identity. Women's sexual imagination, like women's sexual identity, is diffuse, vague and mixed up with being 'sexy'--

with her passive sexual image. Woman is inculturated to search for an acceptable person for whom to become the sex image of his choice. The myth reads that this search is carried on emotionally.

"Emma Bovary shows that a mind deluded by romance will make a bad job of reality. That is the danger of romance or fantasy whenever and in whatever way it dominates the mind. And pornography is a kind of romance." Michelson.

Likewise, for women romance becomes a kind of pornography. That which is to arouse and excite the sexual imagination must first, and perhaps only, excite the emotional imagination in certain ways directly related to the nature of woman's (cultural) sexuality.

Hard core pornography is that form which has no other purpose than the arousal of sexual interest or fantasy, as accepted from soft core which has some other primary plot -- like a spy thriller and as further excepted from art pornography which 'serves some social good'. Hard core pornographic literature is often castigated for its repetition of themes; its flimsy plots; in short, for its concentration upon its salient object: the titillation of the male sexual imagination. The cheap 'woman's' romance as typified by the Harlequin novel has similarly been castigated: for its repetition of themes, its flimsy plot and for its concentration on its single purpose, which I believe to be the titillation of the female emotional/sexual imagination.

The standard romance consists of: one young woman -- usually spirited or willful. This means she is calm, capable, attractive in an ordinary way, has a weird (Brioni) or ordinary name, (Jane), but underneath it all there's a smouldering temper. This temper I find an interesting and suggestive euphemism, strongly suggestive of sexuality, and coincidentally enough, 'laid to rest' by 'the man'. The temper, such as it is, is usually aroused by her first contact with 'the man' who may be one of three types. First, he may be big, strong and uncultured. In this case he is usually Australian or Canadian (the frontier image) and the woman upper or middle class. Secondly, he may be tall, saturnine and cultured; in which

case she's a mere working girl. Thirdly, he may be polite, detached and foreign, in which case she's very English -- usually a clergyman's daughter. It may be noted that all three bear one signal resemblance -- they are all utterly foreign (enigmatic) to the protagonist.

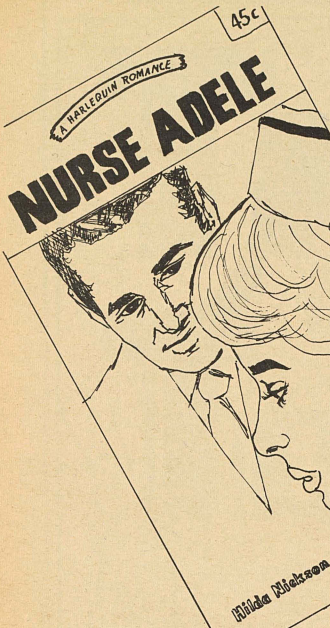
Occasionally there will exist a third party who is either a beautiful woman with a mean mind who is also after The Man, or a kind but utterly boring man from the girl's home town. It is interesting that the most gentle male, the one with whom the woman has most in common, with whom she has any remote degree of friendship is depicted as utterly boring. He loses. Always. The women are friends if they are old, ugly or prepubescent, competitors if not.

The plot, such as it is, is the process through which these two (or three or four) are inextricably thrown together in some compromising situation or other and separately discover, conceal, and finally reveal their new-burgeoned lifelong passion.

It is interesting to examine the stereotypic romance format in contrast to available sexual fantasies of women. What I mean by available are those I have had, heard, read and believe. The romance already contains some directly erotic elements. Firstly there is the eroticism of suggestion; that eroticism which is manifested in meaningful glances, burning glances, innuendo, secret understandings and misunderstandings. (The misunderstandings are the most interesting -- without them the whole thing would be over in three pages.)

Secondly, it utilizes the eroticism of suspense -- the amplification of suggestion through suspense. Via this method, an existing attraction/repulsion is dragged out to finally reach its none too juicy fruition. The conclusion of a romance is always suggestive, ending on the couples' first or second passionate kiss and embrace "and as the sun sank into the valley of Llywthrion, Fiona knew ...". Thus by the definition of Birgess: that pornographic works do not discharge within themselves those emotions they arouse, an essential part of the structure of the romance novel is pornographic.

However, the main erotic characteristics are the suggestions themselves. As in the pornographic novel, the plot is chiefly concerned with devising accidents whereby the famed two can be alone. The operative word is accident -- nobody is responsible for whatever may take place. Nonetheless, the heroine usually lifts up her skirt and runs after the second innuendo, thus providing the novel with sufficient blood to carry on. (Because she regrets it later, that's why!)



Virginia Fergusson's love life
was becoming
more than a little chaotic—
so much so that she suddenly
decided to run away,
to a new city
and a new life of her own.
And that was *before* she met
Nicholas Muir!



The character of the man is one of the few sops to individual taste. His most consistent characteristics are that he is older -- often much older than the protagonist, bigger than her, and completely aloof. This can be related to the fantasy of an experienced lover (or father) who will 'teach a woman all there is to know about love'. It also relates closely to the fantasy of sexual relations with a stranger -- within given limits of taste. This fantasy is purely fantasy, just because of those 'given limits of taste'. Its nice to fantasize about the anonymity of fucking strangers until you're propositioned by a greaser jerk in a car. Likewise, the 'older' man is a lovely fantasy -- in practice boring, out of touch and overbearing. But he is not designed to be a real character -- he is not a person to relate to, he merely serves (in the novel or in fantasy) to assume responsibility for the woman's sexual fantasy and, in overcoming her, of satisfying that fantasy without any responsibility and concomitant guilt, fear or danger on her part.

The quality of the wooing, seduction or entrapment in romance and in romance and in fantasy is the same; by nature or design the woman is reduced to utter helplessness and is rescued by the man. From all of the possible dangers she is rescued -- particularly those she got herself into.

This state of helplessness is perhaps the most salient feature of the romance. In the novel, the woman becomes incapacitated in some manner and is physically rescued by the man. At this point, and at this point only does he declare his undying devotion. There are two possible points to this: she is physically weakened and vulnerable to him, she is full of gratitude

for him. Thus, he takes the initiative and in time-honoured fashion can be said to 'take advantage of her'. So she wins both ways -- he is not the greaser jerk, he is the ideal; she is not responsible, she is overcome and she doesn't have to figure out what to do, he takes the initiative. Out of twenty years of education to be passive, idealistic and ignorant; what more could one ask for?

Many sexual fantasies seem to likewise relinquish responsibility for behaviour: the fantasy of being bound, the fantasy of being seduced or raped. (I'd like to point out that this last is not like the male fantasy of violent rape, but essentially a less devious seduction fantasy. Again, it has nothing to do with the reality of the greaser jerks.)

Helplessness seems to be erotic in two senses. Firstly it removes responsibility for active sexual fantasy thus reinforcing passive feminine behaviour while satisfying active desires. The second seems to be helplessness for helplessness' sake. That is, in some way, helplessness itself becomes erotic. This I can only compare to the roller-coaster thrill, the kind of excitement which comes from having no control over what's going to happen next. It seems that the guilt of active sexuality is worse than the danger of being helpless and totally at the mercy of another person.

This of course, is further culturally reinforced by the notion women are raised with: that they are to be seduced, that they have no active passion and if they love and trust someone, he'll arouse their hitherto sleeping sexuality.

It may be argued that none of the examples cited above are pornographic, but simply romantic. However, if pornography is defined as that which arouses or excites the sexual imagination and if women culturally experience sexuality in terms of emotion; it then follows that that which appears to only stimulate emotionally can also stimulate sexually and does so in this case as corroborated by the similarity between romance structures and women's fantasies.

By ratifying the emotional states which are related to certain sexual states the cheap romance typifies a particular norm of sexual expectation as thoroughly as Playboy typifies sex identifications for men. They are equally harmful, equally destructive.

Help keep your mother out of the dirty book section.

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by marian vaughn



THE STORY OF JUDITH OR HOW HOLOFERNES LOST HIS HEAD BY JUDITH (WITH HELP FROM MACCHABEES)

Nebuchadnezzar was a prince of Assyria a long time ago. For nine years he thought he was a cow, and grazed peacefully in the royal fields. On the tenth year he decided he would be king of the whole world. So he called Holofernes, his trusty general and said, "I will be king of the whole world and you will lead my army."

So Holofernes gathered an army of a hundred and twenty thousand men and a further twelve thousand bowmen. He then secured vast numbers of camels, donkeys and mules to carry the baggage, and innumerable sheep and oxen and goat. He then set out with his chariots to overwhelm the whole world and make Nebuchadnezzar king.

Holofernes' army defeated all the countries they passed through, and many surrendered, vowing allegiance to King Nebuchadnezzar. But when they arrived at the land called Israel, he saw that the people were armed and ready to fight. He laughed and said, "They can never resist the strength of our cavalry."

But an officer said to him, "Do not engage them in pitched battle, and then you will not lose a single man. Stay in camp while your servants seize the spring which rises at the foot of the mountain, since that is what provides the population with their water supply.

Thirst will then force them to surrender their town."

So the army set up camp and surrounded the water points and springs. For thirty-four days the town was surrounded so that no one could get out and no water could get in.

The people were desperately thirsty. They got sick and weak, and many of them died. So all the men in the town called a meeting and decided to surrender to Holofernes and let Nebuchadnezzar be their king. But the women were angry and said, "If you let the army come into the town, they will rape all the women and beat the children. We will not let you surrender."

Then Judith, who was a very strong woman indeed, said that she would go and talk to Holofernes. She took her friend, Alice, and they went to the camp and asked to see the general.

Holofernes invited them into his tent, because he decided that Judith was very beautiful, and Judith said to him, "Will you leave our plains and mountains so that we can live in peace?" And Holofernes, who thought that he would like to seduce Judith, said, "Will you stay and drink some wine with me, and we will talk it over?"

Now Judith was a most clever woman, as well as being very brave, so she

didn't argue, but said that she would be pleased to drink some wine with him. She had already figured out how to get him drunk, so she kept filling up his glass, while she emptied hers on the tent floor.

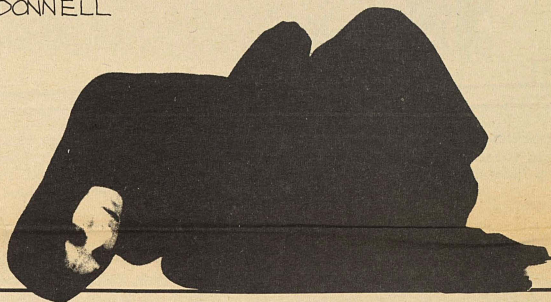
Holofernes, seeing that she was not affected by the alcohol, determined that he would not be out-drunk by a woman, and had more and more wine, until he passed out on the bed.

Then Judith, who was a terribly bold woman, as well as being most clever and very brave, took Holofernes' sword out of its scabbard, and with one mighty swoop (for she was also extremely strong), cut off Holofernes' head.

Alice put it in the picnic basket which they had brought along with them, and they returned to the town. When the army saw that Holofernes was dead they were seized with great fear, and left the plains and mountains and never came back. Meanwhile, Judith and Alice told the people what they had done, and showed them Holofernes' head, and everyone was overjoyed and said, "Judith and Alice are surely the bravest and strongest of us all." And they ran to the water springs and drank and drank, and then they splashed each other, and swam and paddled and bathed and played, and Judith and Alice joined with them and they were all wonderfully happy.

Theatre Talk

TRANSCRIBED BY D.J. O'DONNELL



PEDESTAL: And the similarities.

MARYNOWSKA: There are great differences for he is in the field of dramatic theatre, that is people talk, even though the words are not the essential thing in his theatre. He has something of our style, the expressive movements, the body expression. One can't say he took it from us, but he has some of our methods. Our theatre is mime, that is there are no words.

PEDESTAL: You use some of his methods and exercises too?

MARYNOWSKA: The exercises he learned from us. Tomaszewski was a dancer in the opera of _____ and he began mime as a hobby. Some young men and women, dancers, actors, students. An amateur group. Their second performance was a great success, so they went to the USSR to the Youth Festival in 1958. The Polish government gave us money to develop our theatre, for costumes, sets, travel money, etc.

(Marynowska and Tomaszewski talk in Polish.)

PEDESTAL: Is your company and Grotowski's part of the same theatre movement?

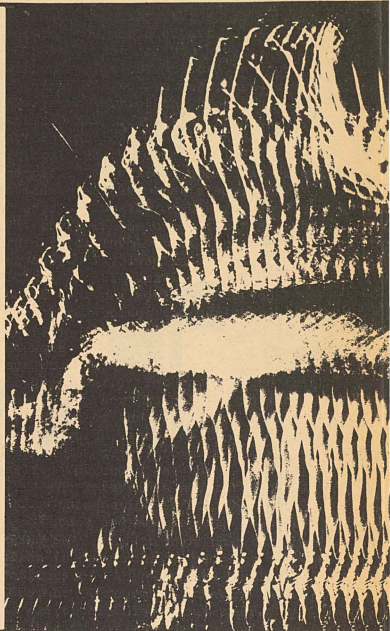
MARYNOWSKA: His is a theatre of the voice, ours a theatre of movement. From an aesthetic point of view, our styles are different also.

While the Polish Mime Theatre Company was in Vancouver, February 26, 1973, two women were fortunate to interview Krystyna Marynowska. Tomaszewski, creator and director of the Company was part of the first half of the interview. He spoke Polish and German, Marynowska spoke Polish and French, D.J. O'Donnell spoke French and Antoinette Nartens spoke French and German.

Transcribing the interview was difficult because what is important is the contact between women despite the barriers of language and culture. We ask you as reader to bear with the language problems. We print this interview to help develop ideas of what feminist theatre can become.

PEDESTAL: My first question is what is the relationship between your theatre company and the theatre of GROTOWSKI? (Grotowski is a Polish director whose methods concentrate on voice and body training. It is a theatre of Ritual systematized in the paperback book TOWARDS A POOR THEATRE, which is available at Duties).

MARYNOWSKA: The differences?



(Marynowska and Tomaszewski talk in Polish, the discussion is animated.)

MARYNOWSKA: He is afraid that I will misconstrue our company's relationship to Grotowski.

TOMASZEWSKI: (in German) We use our bodies as a language. The words aren't used. There is a big difference.

MARYNOWSKA: Tomaszewski feels that one difference is that Grotowski thinks it is only him that is competent to speak of his theatre, that he is egotistical.

PEDESTAL: Grotowski is someone that Tomaszewski knows personally? Is it a conflict between colleagues?

MARYNOWSKA: Between directors.

PEDESTAL: Do you understand your theatre as political?

MARYNOWSKA: No! (she translates) Not at all.

PEDESTAL: Why? The Programme says: Tomaszowski admits to a touch of capitalism in his price structure: 'We have a growing, aware audience and never have an empty seat, so naturally feel we can charge a bit more than everyone else.'

MARYNOWSKA: I don't know who wrote the Programme. What we were trying to say is that as the audience for our kind of theatre grows we'll get more government funding. Not that we want more money for ourselves. (They talk in Polish) It's a problem of bad translation. There's no capitalism in our country.

PEDESTAL: We're generally of the opinion that you can't talk of art distinct from politics, that all art is connected to the interests of one class or another.

MARYNOWSKA: You're right about that.

PEDESTAL: In Canada, art and theatre are art and theatre for the rich.

There are small feminist theatre groups like the one at the Women's Centre. There are small revolutionary theatre movements among blacks, women, chicanos, anti war groups, puppet street theatre. But the arts in general here, are not like that. We thought maybe why your performance wasn't 'political' was because it was an exchange between nations.

MARYNOWSKA: You're right. We can't attack Nixon in New York.

PEDESTAL: I'm wondering though, what about at home, without the problem of foreigners, for we are a problem, us North Americans. Inside your country do you have the idea of explaining, of giving a sense of the revolution to the people who are your audience?

MARYNOWSKA: I will ask Tomaszewski his opinion. (They talk)

MARYNOWSKA: (Translating him) He is interested in human questions, but in general. The dynamics between people. The objectives, the motives, which move people. General questions, not political questions.

PEDESTAL: Not sectarian questions.

MARYNOWSKA: Grotowski is not interested in political questions either. The same thing as us. The question Tomaszewski develops are philosophic problems, essential but very general.

PEDESTAL: One philosophic question which interests us, and is also political is the situation of women in all human affairs. The PEDESTAL, a Women's Paper opposes the war in Vietnam for instance.

(Marynowska and Tomaszewski talk)

MARYNOWSKA: In your country Vietnam is a political question. In ours though, it is a human question. At home we don't have to struggle about it because the decision has already been taken.

(Translating Tomaszewski): Dramatic theatre addresses political problems. We do have political theatre in Poland, and more important, student theatre. Polish students do lots of theatre, each university, each town has a number of theatre groups. Some of them are political. Dramatic theatre does revolutionary plays, American plays, Russian plays, plays from all over the world. Dramatic theatre is form which gives ideas to people. Our theatre, Tomaszewski and Grotowski's, is concerned with the world of art.

PEDESTAL: But can you have art without politics? Before in your country, and now in ours, art is always the art of the rich.

MARYNOWSKA: (Translated then says): As distinctions; we also have traditional theatre made to distract the people. Television, operettas, light comedy. We have that also in our country. Theatre of Distraction. But there is the other theatre. The Theatre of Involvement (Theatre engagé). Involved in an idea, politics, social questions. It is the theatre of the world, concerned with human beings and our possibilities. (They talk in Polish)

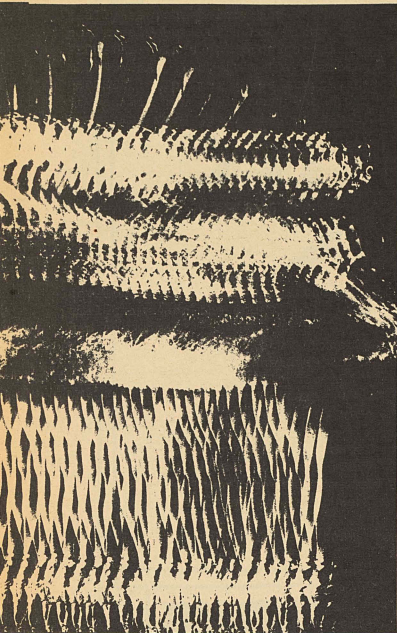
He wants me to give the example of our production of FAUST (performed in Vancouver). You may want to think the reason for the play is to show the death of the old era of individualism which wants you to reach the top at all price, to make it by yourself. You could say that.

(He interrupts her throughout this period in Polish, they talk and she reports it to us)

MARYNOWSKA: ... to show that individualism is dangerous to people. The conflicts of Faust and the Devil.

PEDESTAL: I remember thinking that one political thing about that play was that it was anti-religious.

MARYNOWSKA: Not just anti-religious.



Against the things that are not real, the things that are bad. Individualism which pits people against each other. Each for himself, and always afraid of going to hell.

PEDESTAL: The second piece LABYRINTH addressed the question of the individual and the collective. Each individual in turn dropped out but it was always the collective which was lasting and strong.

MARYNOWSKA: You're right. You really saw the point; and it is political, but it is not direct.

PEDESTAL: It's not propaganda.

MARYNOWSKA: Yes, it's for thinking. PEDESTAL: For me, I was struck that it was all men. All men, who did something very good, without sexist roles, but without women.

MARYNOWSKA: The first piece didn't have any women in it either.

PEDESTAL: The second piece had no women, and so no stereotypes of "masculine" and "feminine", and it is always a problem in theatre that women are stereotyped, the feminine role. The question is how can we develop a play which shows the collective and the individual, with men and women?

MARYNOWSKA: As a society. Exactly, egalitarian. (She translates to Polish. They talk avidly for 15 minutes as we wait. They are clearly arguing. From time to time she turns to us and says:) Very complicated question. Please understand me taking so long. Very complicated. I want to know exactly how to translate what he says, we must listen to what he says.

(In a few minutes she returns to French and she says:)

What he says is that it is a question of anatomy. The action of man is different than woman. It is active, anatomically. And the action of women, he thinks, him, it is not my opinion, ... the natural

movement for women is passive, and the movements are always long and graceful. And he says that when he wants to convey action, he finds it necessary to use as material, the male body.

PEDESTAL: But the roles, the stereotypes "male" and "female" are social. (She translates, they talk.)

PEDESTAL: I know there are some anatomical differences, men can jump higher and lift longer in ballet. But in the things essential to theatre, women can do much more than we've ever been allowed to do. In all the companies, all over the world, men get the good parts and women don't.

MARYNOWSKA: Yes, it's certainly true. (They talk in Polish.)

He says it is not a social question.

PEDESTAL: We have to create new roles for women ...

MARYNOWSKA: That's exactly my opinion.

PEDESTAL: ... where we can explore our potential.

MARYNOWSKA: But you would have to have a woman director, not a man.

(She translates that to him; they talk in Polish for a long time.)

MARYNOWSKA: He says to tell you that we have in our programme a piece. FELLICIA. We did not do it in Vancouver because the props were all left in New York. It is a piece in which the whole thing, 87 minutes to be exact, has a woman as the star. But in my opinion, it is not

woman's theatre.

(She returns to talking with Tomaszewski.)

PEDESTAL: In the course of the Cultural Revolution in China, the theatre came under heavy attack. People demanded that art serve revolutionary politics, and not stand off distinct and distant from the people. Specific criticism of the WHITE

HAired GIRL ended in eventually changing the play. How do you feel about the need for a connection between art and politics?

MARYNOWSKA: Very interesting. It was the Chinese that developed those ideas? Well, that's very nice. The international situation certainly is complex.

PEDESTAL: It certainly is.

(During the last part Tomaszewski has put on his coat and we say goodbye, shake hands and he leaves. At this point the interview becomes much more relaxed and intense.)

MARYNOWSKI: You know it is so very difficult working with that man, because he is really horrible to women. And so it's difficult with me. He has come to accept me after eight years, to treat me as "one of the boys". He will accept more from me than other women because we have history in the ballet together, even before the Mime Company was established in 1955. When I joined the company in '64, it was all men with no real place in it for women. And I've been fighting with him about it ever since. Even now there are only five women in this big company. Lots of fights to get those five. They are young girls, (Marynowski is about forty), and I am their teacher. I'm mostly a teacher, though I still dance. I teach the younger women what I know.

PEDESTAL: So you are a director too? MARYNOWSKI: Of the women. It has long been my objective to get together a women's theatre. But it's so difficult. Not with the government. I'm sure if I had a women's theatre group, the government would give us sufficient funding, for the sets, costumes, travel expenses, facilities. That's not the problem. It's getting the group together. So hard with women.

PEDESTAL: Yes, we have all those problems with the feminist theatre group at the Women's Centre.



AND REALLY IT IS WOMEN WHO CAN CHANGE THINGS

MARYNOWSKA: So hard, so little time. Being on this tour is like a vacation for me. (Laughter.) It's true. I've always been for things of women. The rights of women in every way. I would like to have women's theatre in Poland. But I'm very busy. At home I have workshops in the day and performances and my son to care for. I find when all that is done at the end of the day, I don't have time to sit down and write the thoughts in my head - let alone get together with other women.

PEDESTAL: Yes, it's very deep this problem.

MARYNOWSKA: This conversation would almost make me want to stay here and join your feminist theatre. But rather I will return to Poland and talk there with people about it.

PEDESTAL: That would be wonderful.

MARYNOWSKA: But to have a theatre group you must have a director. Like M. Tomaszewski. But the director must be a woman. It is impossible

without it. The Director must have the ...

PEDESTAL: Technical skills?

MARYNOWSKA: No, no, the technical skills are easy. It is the creative, the art. She must have a good heart. Without a heart it's ...

PEDESTAL: It's nothing without the heart.

MARYNOWSKA: It's impossible. Too much work, practice, problems, so much time. The obstacles can't be overcome unless your whole heart is in it.

PEDESTAL: It's important that you talk with the women in your Company about this. And the women in GROTOWSKI's company.

MARYNOWSKA: They only have 2 women. We have 5.

PEDESTAL: 2 is better than nothing.

MARYNOWSKA: Yes, it's a start.

(Laughter.) It really is true that politics is part of day to day living. Not governments and elections. But you have to be subtle about politics. The Polish Mime Theatre Company is not explicitly socialist. Some of

the student groups are explicitly revolutionary but we find you don't say you are political, but try to change people's way of thinking, their attitudes.

PEDESTAL: I understand that here, where the people in power are against socialist ideas. The Royal Winnipeg Ballet couldn't attack Nixon. But why there, where socialist ideas are around?

MARYNOWSKA: Those ideas have all been said. But the art continues. We want to touch what is human. Our company is not explicitly socialist, but in our performances we examine certain themes, myths, archetypes which are universally human. Certain human problems. Individualism, for instance as we said earlier. FAUST, for instance. Written in the old era, it examines good and evil. Angels and devils, they called them. Well, angels and devils don't exist. We make that clear. Our production begins with the young people now. THEY ARE BORED AND ALIENATED. They try to explore the new ways. The old form trying to convey the new ideas.

PEDESTAL: Why did you use the music of SANTANA? It's American music.

MARYNOWSKA: We thought of it as North American. You in Canada would notice that it was American. We used it as the modern music, not specifically American but the music young people everywhere like to listen to - which young people have chosen for their own.

PEDESTAL: But to talk about youth culture is political.

MARYNOWSKA: Look at it from my point of view for a minute. Poland wants to show ourselves to the world. To Canada, America, Italy, France, Sweden, anywhere, to say that Poland exists. It is not the theatre of the Soviet Union, it is our own theatre. And it is as good as any other theatre. So we make tours like these. It's political in that way too. Friendship between nations. I want you to know that people in Poland have very good feelings towards Canadians.



We decided that the interview was finished, arranged to leave the cafe, and we asked her if she had any final words for the women's movement here.

MARYNOWSKA: I think it is very important that you are doing this concentration on the problems of women in Canada. Women are equal in Poland, yes, yes, that is true, all the laws and regulations are quite explicit about women's equality but there are certain practical problems. It is that way with women everywhere. And so I wish you GOOD LUCK and COURAGE. And never forget your heart. That is the essence of theatre. For so long they've all been saying women are less than men, less than men. Always less. I think they - I mean we - are more.

PEDESTAL: So you think there is potential for feminist theatre?

MARYNOWSKA: Certainly. For women understand the things of the heart, we have a feeling for the people of the whole world, and really it is women who can change things. I wish you, us, GOOD LUCK and COURAGE.

Continued from page 5 GOD IS LOVE

Mary and Chris took their mattresses off their beds a few years later and slept at floor-level, storing the dismantled beds in the basement where they could get scratched and lose their bolts and casters. I protested that sleeping on the floor was not good for them, that they would catch cold and inhale germs from the dust rolling around their heads. They did, too. The very first time they caught colds I pointed out that my predictions had come true, and they turned around and asked why then did I have a cold too.

This was about the time they were mastering logic and beginning to discover my feet, ankles and shins of clay, a very tough period in our lives.

Across the street in Ecology House lived Hugo and his merry band. Ecology House had for a short time the blessing of SPEC; it was to be an example to the community of good living (even among the hippies!) Hugo wore no shoes in summer or winter, except in deep snow, and seemed to be the epitome of the gentle hippie flower-child that I had read about, except that he was twenty-eight. His hair and beard were beautiful and clean and blond and flowing, and he favoured white in his clothing. He looked so like the rather sappily-smiling Jesus-pictures that had graced the walls of my childhood home that it came as no surprise when Mary told me he had a great store of wisdom. She was in a position to know, being 15 at the time and capable of evaluating stores of wisdom; she had checked out mine and found it low, and was pretty modest about her own. Hugo began to share his wisdom with Mary, and she spent a great deal of time across the street or down on the beach walks with the people from Ecology House.

She was glowing with pleasure the winter day she told me that Hugo had studied her astrological signs and told her she was an Earth person, just as he was. I did not glow with pleasure and apprehensively asked whether they had discussed anything about Earth mothers. "I can look after myself," Mary said huffily and went to her room.

The girls from Ecology House dropped over one day in early spring and drank tea in the sun on our front steps. "Hugo has been teaching me to feel the sidewalk and the stones

with my feet," said one. "I'm really getting into nature." Later: "It sure would be wonderful to cook just one meal and eat it myself, without someone coming into the kitchen beforehand saying Mmmmm that smells good and eating it too." We talked on, and one said that she hoped Hugo did not make her go get wood at the beach that evening. "Are the tasks allotted?" I asked, sniffing out a benign influence on my children. "Well, in a way. Hugo sort of sees what needs to be done and when he says 'Someone is coming with me to get wood' if we are low on it and points his finger and says; 'You' and we go."

One evening Hugo dropped over to bring the Good Word during dinner. Friends from my office were eating with us. Hugo sat down and ate something too, when asked, and told us about the wastefulness of contemporary society. His fluty, soft voice droned on about how one could live well out of garbage pails in North America, and how he had done so one time for six months, with only the occasional in-put from a meal like this one with friends. "You should do that," he suddenly said to Jeannine, who put down her fork and stopped chewing. They discussed the idea at length, Jeannine saying that perhaps there had been something lacking in her upbringing, maybe she was to hide-bound, but she just did not like

eating stuff from garbage pails. We were all stunned and interested and Gordon got a little hysterical with suppressed mirth as he does very easily. I worried that Hugo would turn nasty because we were sort of laughing, but he didn't; he just droned on and on and didn't leave and the game of Crazy Eights we had planned was not happening. We waited, had more coffee, made swipes at washing the dishes, waited, and listened to Hugo. The kids slid away from the table and out the back door. Gordon's good humour faded and he tried to get a little serious conversation into the spiel. Hugo was explaining about impurities in food such as coffee and how our genes were being bent, or something. I had the feeling that as hostess I was responsible for getting rid of Hugo, but the only thing that came to mind was to yell "FIRE!" and I knew no one would believe me. Had I been able to afford a pair of bell bottoms I am dead positive they would not have made me feel like dancing with joy. Deadening habit made me too polite to say how I felt. "How do you manage with so little money?" I asked, drinking my dirty coffee and bending my chromosomes.

IN THESE MANY DIFFERENT WAYS, THE NEW CLOTHES MAKE IT POSSIBLE FOR PEOPLE TO BE AS DIRECT, HONEST AND NATURAL WITH EACH OTHER AS POSSIBLE, GIVEN OTHER BARRIERS. TO THE EXTENT THAT CLOTHES CAN DO IT, PEOPLE HAVE THE OPPORTUNITY TO MEET ONE ANOTHER AS REAL, TOTAL PERSONS, MIND, FACE AND BODY, NOT DEFENDED OR WALLED OFF BY ANY BARRIERS OR CERTIFICATIONS. THERE IS NO AUTOMATIC RESPECT OR DEFERENCE, SUCH AS THE EXECUTIVE EXPECTS WHEN HE WALKS INTO HIS CLUB AND RECEIVES OBEQUIOUS BOWS FROM THE STEWARD, BUT PEOPLE ARE MORE CLEARLY VISIBLE TO EACH OTHER, AND THEY CAN BE RESPECTED JUST AS PEOPLE.

PAGE 256 THE GREENING OF AMERICA By Charles Reich

"You don't need money to live, you just need to know HOW to live," Hugo said as though he really knew. We waited to find out how. "I haven't had money for two years," he said. "The longer you work for the System, the longer it will continue to destroy the world. He explained how easily a communal house can function if the vibrations are right, and I maliciously repeated what the two girls had said about wanting just once to eat alone something they had cooked for themselves. Hugo said those particular two girls did not yet have vibes that were completely compatible with the house. He said he himself was a very high-energy person and this energy he was able to spread around the house so that others were eager to make a contribution to the co-operative effort. It sounded fine, and I was embarrassed to hear Gordon explode into a snort of mirth.

Jeannine got back to the garbage pails. "What if you have children, you can't have them eating out of garbage pails. They really need a lot of things that cost money." Jeannine and I were both husbandless working mothers.

"I have children," Hugo said to my surprise, and that stopped us dead. Gordon sobered up and Jeannine strode into the pantry to wash the dishes once and for all. Knowing Hugo's penchant for symbolic speech and euphoric brotherhood with all mankind, I did not ask if the children were his own, for whom he must provide food and clothing, or all children. I wanted him to get the hell out and leave me to my card game. Hugo left politely when Jeannine called us to dry the dishes.

Came election time, we learned that another way of fighting the capitalist system that Hugo commended was to "freak out" the establishment by not voting. Just boycotting the

elections. Walking our feet off and wheezing up and down front steps canvassing for votes to turf out the Socreds (which we didn't, back then, they were not ready to be turfed out), a couple of us old squares muttered, "Far out. Groovy. That'll show 'em. What an impact." Hugo did not really approve of the long-haired activists who swelled the ranks of the canvassers. I think he thought they were selling out, too. Old pros in the party said: "Make them cut their hair; they frighten the voters," and when we lost the election they said, "You see?" Four years later they didn't object to the long-hairs since all of our sons and daughters by then had hair down to their third and fourth vertebrae and so did the sons and daughters of those we canvassed

A CHANGE OF CONSCIOUSNESS MUST PRECEDE NEW AND ENLARGED UNDERSTANDING OF OUR SOCIETY, JUST AS IT HAS IN THE CASE OF OUR YOUNG PEOPLE, WHO HAVE CHANGED THEIR HEADS AND THEN GOT NEW INSIGHT INTO THE NATURE OF THE CORPORATE STATE. RADICALIZATION COMES ONLY AFTER A CHANGE OF CONSCIOUSNESS

PAGE 318 THE GREENING OF AMERICA by Charles Reich

Later in the summer, Hugo brought around an old grizzle-bearded fellow wearing khaki shorts, introducing him as Homer. No surname. Hugo had a fine Dutch surname and several middle names, but Homer just had the one. Homer told us he was leader of the Diggers, an ancient band of people who found homes for the improvident and impoverished. He had found a wonderful place (free) where he and his fellow diggers were going to make a home for old men from Skid Row and young freaked-out homeless street people. He said they did not need money or food that evening, just warm blankets. After tea and discussion we gave them three blankets and said we would need them back when it got cold in the fall. Later on Homer came into the pantry where I was washing up, to explain that Gagliardi was not such a bad person because he was going to give them money. "There is good in everyone, and we have found the good in him," he said, The Truth beaming out of his eyes in a way that put me off my dishwashing. Saviours make me sour. We made our way to the front porch for farewells, and Homer blessed us as he left and told me (in my

sweaty jeans and messy hair) that I was a beautiful, beautiful person, full of love and humanity. He kissed me on the lips and I felt a rush of embarrassment and a sneaking feeling that maybe I had been conned. This was not an unfamiliar feeling for me and I forgot about it right away. The blankets were gone forever.

Two days later Mary phoned me at the office to say that she knew what she wanted to do with her life: she wanted to help people, and she was now officially a Digger, would get a digger card, and had been busy all day waiting in Social Welfare offices. "Aren't you in school?" I yelled as quietly as possible. "That's what I phoned for, I didn't want you to get mad," she said. She was just skipping school for that day.

She made a little book with paper and staples, for planning and organizing classes to reclaim and rehabilitate street people, drug takers and alcoholics, and wrote some phone numbers in it such as the Welfare Office and Information Centres and the Salvation Army and the wonderful free house where the people were to stay. I was irritated that the child was worrying me, and she was irritated that I allowed myself to worry.

The landlord of the wonderful free house became upset when he found that twenty-six people were sleeping in the house rather than the five he had specified. The man who was paying the rent had SAID it was all right, Mary said. For the first time in my life I argued on the side of a landlord.

After a week, Mary seemed to lose enthusiasm; there were hassles at the house and the funds were not instantly forthcoming from the government and social agencies. Welfare wanted to check things out first, she said scornfully, and those poor people had no place to stay. She dismissed the other hostels as too horrible for anyone to return to, and they did sound terrible when she described them.

The next startling development was that both Homer and Hugo were arrested and put in jail. The story was very confused, and what we were initially most concerned about was that the police would beat the shit out of them as a police reporter had told a friend they did regularly down there in the jail. However Hugo was happily knocking on our door the next day and we all embraced him and were glad he was unharmed. He said he had had a beautiful time in jail and had brought happiness there to both the prisoners and the police. I think it was at this point that I turned off Hugo forever.

When finally Mary and I were alone, I asked if she had yet found out the charge, and why Homer was not out of jail too.

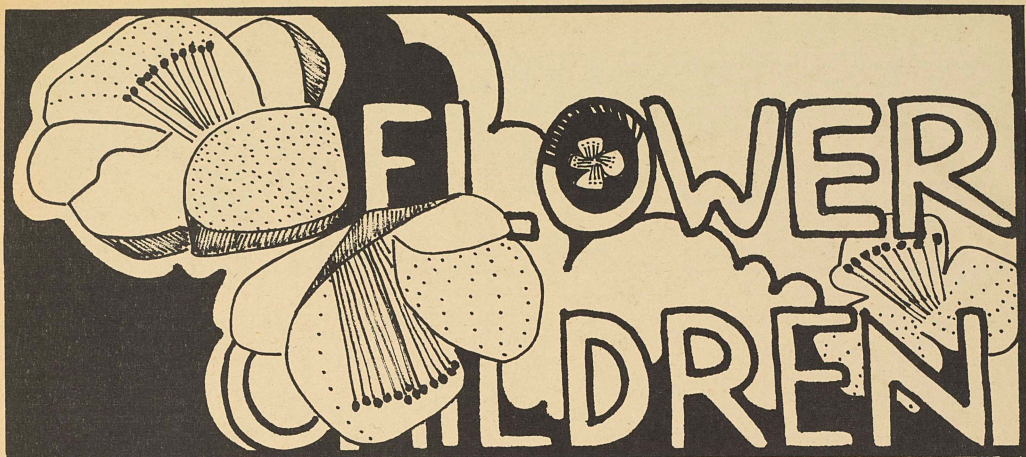
"Well, Hugo was just there because he was a witness, Mom, and they were afraid he would leave before he made a statement." A witness to what? "If I tell you, you won't understand." Yes I will, I'll try.

Homer had been sexually intimate with Hugo's two "children" -- who turned out to be little girls he had befriended and whom he took on occasional outings, since they were practically orphans. Their mother was in Riverview mental hospital and came home on rare weekends, and the mother's boyfriend was glad of help with the children. The older was eleven and her sister was nine.

"They called it rape," Mary said, "but it wasn't the first time; the oldest one had been with a man before. It might have been her mother's boyfriend, I'm not sure." MY GOD, how was Hugo involved? "I told you, he was a witness. I won't talk to you any more, I knew you'd get mad," Mary said and started to cry.

We left it like that. Homer's hearing was delayed twice for psychiatric studies, and he was eventually committed to the same hospital where the girl's mother was a patient. The Children's Aid took over the little girls. Mary and Hugo visited them together once, but they preferred Mary to Hugo by then and after that Mary went to see them alone a couple of times. She told me that she had talked to Hugo about his passive part in the incident. "I disagree very strongly with what he did, but he had reasons that he believed in, she said. He had told her that the reason he had not interfered was because he felt that all people should be free to make their own choices, especially children, and he thought that perhaps the children would enjoy the experience with Homer. After all, it was not the first time.

The man whose house Homer had pre-empted paid a call on me one evening and told me that all the people Homer had collected were now back where he had first found them, a little more disoriented than they had been before. He said he too had first thought Homer was okay and had given him permission to bring two friends for the night. It had become twenty strangers for two weeks. Homer had talked to him very convincingly and produced his special Digger cards for him and let him be an honorary digger. He began to be very confused and worried when Homer told him of his visions and the messages he was receiving, and that he could eat glass and digest it with no trouble because he was God. With the last piece of information, the young man had been jolted back to reality and had begun to try to extricate himself and the other people from Homer.



A week after Homer's hearing, the Georgia Straight ran a story about the persecution of this saintly man by the police, and the slanderous lies that were being circulated about him. I felt a small sympathy for the police, another first, and decided that even the underground press is not to be trusted.

Hugo stopped coming to the house after I scotched his plans for a summer hitch-hiking safari around B.C. with Mary. Scotched isn't really the word. I just told him in a cold way that Mary could not travel with him because he was not responsible about young people. I asked him if he felt protective about Mary, and he said he did not feel protective toward any human being, he had too much love for people. We stood on the porch talking and I did not invite him in. I was not at all a person of love and humanity. For a week I waited nervously wondering if Mary would go anyway, but Hugo left alone. Not until this year did I learn that Mary on her own initiative had broken with Hugo after he had slapped her face for refusing to swim nude at Kitsilano Beach rather than the customary Wreck Beach which is more private.

That summer the two little girls ran away one time from the Children's Aid and came to our house. It was Sunday and Mary was off at Stanley Park for the day. The girls and I walked down to the beach with some other friends and talked, but there was no way I could keep two more children, and the Children's Aid took them back in the evening. A quiet young long-haired worker came to pick them up in his Volkswagen. The

girls clung to the vines on our porch for a while, and after we convinced them there was no way they could stay till Mary got home, they got into the VW, sitting as far away from the social worker as they could.

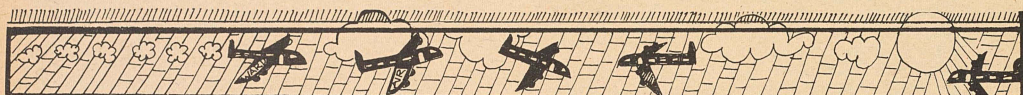
As the summer progressed, we all lived our lives more out of doors, on our steps or porches or patches of long grass. We straggled up and down the hill, and back and forth across the street. We got to know Stephen up the hill and he showed us his paintings and the neat vegetable patch beside Pooh House (so named for the dog, Pooh, who had lived there longer than anyone else).

Odd things were happening at Ecology House -- bitter quarrels erupted over who should pay what proportion of the rent. Hugo remained serene and confident, but took to wearing nothing but a codpiece held by a G-string in his casual saunters around the neighbourhood. Litter, of all things, began to sully the tidy area in front of his duplex, and one day a newcomer to the flock placed an old toilet bowl filled with flowers on the front lawn. When the flowers faded they stayed on in the bowl and withered. Kids were fascinated and whooped around the shrine. Hugo was a sensation at the summer Festival of Life in his G-string and smile. Whenever I would mention him, Mary would shrug and say she was too busy these days with her holidays to see him.

Instead, we saw more and more of Stephen, whose hair was just as long and beautiful as Hugo's, and whose feet were equally bare. Stephen sounded like a New England farmer and said he was from Nova Scotia, which made me feel related since my mother was born in Truro. He was teaching himself to make enamelled jewelry which he fired in a tiny borrowed kiln, and he cooked nourishing meals (said Mary) on his \$95 a month welfare cheque, and even saved some money. I did not believe her at first, and when invited for a meal went reluctantly to Pooh House. The menu was far more elaborate than ours ever was, and the food tasted better (most food does) than mine. After supper I asked Stephen what he thought it took to make a communal house function well, and he smoked for a little and then said, "Not sitting around on your ass." Right then I knew he was a good influence on Mary.

The last time I saw Hugo was two summers ago, walking down Georgia Street against the traffic at 3 p.m. in the afternoon when I was out for coffee break; he was walking on the ROAD for Chrissake, in long flowing white robes, both arms held back like the wings of an angel, his beautiful, beautiful hair and beard blowing back like his garments. His feet were bare and he was gazing skyward. He was all alone, walking against the traffic in all his supreme simplicity, smiling sappily.

WORKING WOMEN ACT UP!!! DENNY'S AND WARDAIR TAKEN BY SURPRISE!!!



The stewardesses at Wardair have a contract. Their union, the Canadian Airline Flight Attendants CALFA has won a first contract from Max Ward, founder and head of Wardair.

In the first week of March, the stewardesses set up a picket line at the Cannery in Point Roberts. Wardair was training 40 scabs there, after the workers at AIR CANADA, the Biltmore Hotel and Quilchena Golf course all forced their bosses to kick out the strikebreaking school.

Max Ward was in Point Roberts one day of the picketting. He refused to talk to the stewardesses on the line. Instead he picked up a sign which read - MAX WARD *SLAVE* DRIVER. He said he was 'taking it as a souvenir'. That kind of arrogance caused negotiations to break down in the first week of February. They were not resumed until March 8, when it was clear that Wardair was having difficulty getting strike-breaking stewardesses to staff the flights in the SPRING SUMMER HOLIDAY CHARTER season to come.

There were 120 women who work as Wardair stewardesses. 99% of them voted for strike action January 11, after the company walked out of 14 months of negotiations. Since the strike began all flights going in and out of Vancouver were leafletted by the Working Women's Association. (The leaflet was similar to pg. 3 January Pedestal with the added sentence: "When any group of women workers are forced to strike to win basic rights they deserve your support." Write Wardair urging them to settle the strike. Some of the passengers were very sympathetic to the strike,

many of them said they would write letters. Because Wardair is a low cost charter, most of the passengers are ordinary working women and men.

In the month of February the only strike activity was the WWA leafletting. The company would not negotiate. Towards the end of the month the stewardesses came out to the airport in uniform and distributed leaflets to the passengers with the WWA. The stewardesses had been told earlier not to put up a picket line because the International Association of Machinists would not respect it.

On February 3, Ray Haynes of the B.C. Federation, told a member of the Working Women's Association that, 'We've been thinking of shutting down the airport.' But it never happened. In Edmonton and Toronto where Wardair flights originate, C.A.L.F.A. picketted and the ground crews serviced the planes anyway.

In B.C., which has a much stronger labour movement the only concrete support the stewardesses received was around the question of training scabs. That support was clear and militant. Union and public outrage at using facilities in Vancouver to train scabs was such that Wardair was forced to run across the border to do the training.

But the ground crews (IAM) landed all the scab flights. The immigration officers (Public Service Alliance) serviced the flights. The pilots flew the planes.

The pilots have a company union (not the same one as AIR CANADA/CFAIR). They signed a contract 3

days after the stewardesses' strike began. Returning to work to leave the struggle against Max Ward up to the women. Wardair stewardesses made 40-78% the wages of Air Canada CPAIR stewardesses. But the pilots make 90% what the other pilots make. So the Wardair pilots, caught up in notions of phoney 'professionalism' and male privilege, betrayed the basic trade union principle of solidarity.

IT WAS THE LONDON GROUND CREW WHO UNDERSTOOD WHAT INTERNATIONALISM IS REALLY ABOUT. THEY REFUSED TO LAND THE WARDAIR FLIGHTS WHICH WERE STAFFED BY SCABS.

Across the ocean, without being 'affiliated' or bureaucratically connected to the Canadian stewardesses they expressed their support in the way that matters, by stopping the planes.

The inspiration given us by the London workers' internationalism is unfortunately offset by the sobering realization of the deficiencies of the Canadian trade union movement.

The situation at Denny's in some ways points to similar conclusions. As we go to press, the waitresses have just received an offer to negotiate from Denny's Restaurants Inc. Negotiations will begin Monday March 19, five weeks after the staff walked out and 15 workers were fired. The negotiations offer is a huge victory which makes clear that "If you support us - we can win," (headline of WWA Boycott leaflet).

Denny's has been suffering from the boycott. In the 4 days



the waitresses picketted business was cut more than 60%. For that reason, and because the strike was 'illegal', an injunction was granted Feb 14, naming the fired employees and prohibiting picketting by 'all who have knowledge of the injunction!' (The injunction was limited to the Vancouver area.)

In the month after the injunction was granted, the people named didn't picket. Citizens' pickets organized by the Working Women's Association defied the injunction and built the boycott. The W.W.A. printed beautiful Boycott Posters available through the W.W.A. or the Women's Bookstore.

The Day-Care Occupation Forces, The Grape Collective, U.B.C. A.M.S., Burrard NDP, NDP Women's Committee, SWAC, Women's Centre, took turns on an information picket at Denny's on Broadway most evenings of the week.

Support and financial assistance came from many unions. Among them the CBRT, UFAW, Fishermen, IWA *Loc. 217 (Woodworkers), Hospital Employees Union, B.C. Yukon Building Trades Council, IBEW, (Electrical Workers), CALMAW, and more.

The women are not unionized and they cannot form a union until they are back at work.

SO THE SUPPORT FROM EXISTING UNIONS HAS BEEN OF A UNIQUE TYPE: DIRECT SOLIDARITY AND SUPPORT FOR THE RIGHT OF UN-ORGANIZED WORKERS TO PROTEST WORKING CONDITIONS; OPPOSITION TO THE ANTI-LABOUR LAWS WHICH PREVENT WORKING WOMEN AND MEN FROM ORGANIZING

But the importance of these struggles will only be real for other working women if they hear about them. Other waitresses should hear about Denny's and also hear that when they can't stand their jobs, rather than quit or walk out, they should form a legal trade union.

A crucial breakthrough in the Denny's struggle happened in the second week of March. Citizens pickets in Vancouver had built the boycott, preventing the GRAND OPENING of Denny's on Burrard, March 9. The following Tuesday, the fired employees and members of the WWA, picketted the Cariboo Shopping

Centre in Coquitlam where a new Denny's was under construction.

The men respected the picket line for 2 hours till their Business Agent told them to go back to work. They reluctantly did, but they told the employees to go to the meeting of the B.C. Yukon Building Trades Council that evening, to get their authorization. Jackie Ainsworth, one of the fired employees, spoke at the meeting and got the enthusiastic support of the 120 rank and file construction workers there. The next morning, Wednesday, the 25 construction workers at the Coquitlam site refused to work and construction was halted for three days until Denny's agreed to negotiate. The meeting of the business agents of the council voted \$100.00 to the Boycott campaign.

The solidarity between workers at the construction site was direct. As one carpenter put it, "The trade union movement has lost a lot of its principles but there is one thing we still hold on to, that is, we'd never cross any picket line." Some of the younger guys were concerned about losing a day's pay. The older ones talked to them about how it was solidarity between workers that had won for them the high wages they now have. As one of them said, "Do you realize that those women have to work for tips. Do you know what tips are? It means that in order to pay the rent you have to grovel in front of some creep to get money."

THE VICTORIES AT DENNY'S AND WARDAIR ARE IMPORTANT ONES FOR ALL WORKING WOMEN. EXAMPLES OF HOW WITH UNITY AND MILITANCY, WE CAN ORGANIZE OURSELVES TO IMPROVE OUR WAGES AND WORKING CONDITIONS.

The HOTEL RESTAURANT EMPLOYEES UNION is totally uninterested in unorganized waitresses (see previous Pedestals - Smitties etc.) It is pointless to organize into it. That is why SERVICE OFFICE AND RETAIL WORKERS OF CANADA (SORWOC) was founded in October 1972. It was founded by unorganized women workers with the understanding that, "We cannot wait for governments to legislate improvements, or international unions to 'decide' that we exist. We must organize ourselves." 80% of women workers

have not trade union protection, have been excluded from the trade union movement. This means that they receive the lowest pay, lousy working conditions (including the prospect of sexual innuendo from customers and bosses.)

The twenty percent of working women who are organized have their advantages and their responsibilities. Most organized women are in Canadian unions, notably CUPE, and PSA, (Federal employees), MREU, (Civic employees), B.C. Government Employees Union, Hospital Employees Union, B.C. Teacher's Federation, CALFA, Federation of Telephone Operators.

WITHIN THESE UNIONS THERE ARE ALL KINDS OF DIFFICULT PROBLEMS, ALIENATION FROM THE UNION, MALE DOMINATION, BUREAUCRATIZATION, ETC. IT IS IMPORTANT THAT WOMEN'S CAUCUSES WITHIN THESE UNIONS DEVELOP TO BRING CONTROL OF THESE UNIONS INTO THE HANDS OF THE MEMBERSHIP WHO ARE WOMEN.

To make these unions fight for women's rights, to unite women who work in different sectors of the economy to build a working women's movement. This is what the Working Women's Association is trying to do. But because most women are unorganized, most of the members of the Working Women's Association are not members of a trade union. Because unionized women have experience and information about how the trade union movement works, have an understanding of trade union principles, it is important that they become part of the W.W.A. and aid the struggles of unorganized women.

Wardair and Denny's have taught us much. They have also taken an incredible amount of energy, time and money. W.W.A. has no money, many of the six month pledges have run out and have not been renewed. If you are working, we ask that you pledge some amount of money each month to the organization. If you are not working, we need people to staff the office every day, and to do 3 or 300 other things. Come down to the office, 12 - 5 Monday to Friday, at #3-45 Kingsway, or phone 872-1824. If you could staff evenings we would eventually like to have the office open then. You can also become a member, and receive our monthly newsletter. Remember - WITH YOUR SUPPORT -- WE CAN WIN.

LETTERS

WE HAVE RECEIVED LETTERS FROM SISTERS IN RESPONSE TO OUR LAST ISSUE OF THE PEDESTAL ON SICKNESS AND SANITY. MANY OF THESE PEOPLE TALKED OF THEIR ATTITUDES TOWARD SEX AND SEXUALITY. WE FEEL IT'S BETTER TO WITHHOLD PRINTING THESE LETTERS RECOMMEND READING..... WOMEN, A JOURNAL OF LIBERATION. VOL.3 NO.1 ON SEXUALITY. BACK ISSUES ARE AVAILABLE SINGLE ISSUES 1.00 EA. SUBSCRIPTIONS BY VOLUME (4 ISSUES PER VOLUME) ARE \$5.00 FROM WOMEN 3028 GREEN MOUNT AVE. BALTIMORE MARYLAND 21218 U.S.A. ALSO AVAILABLE AT THE WOMEN'S CENTRE, 130 WEST HASTINGS.

Dear Publishers of the Pedestal:

Have any of you read "The Sacred Mushroom and the Cross" by John M. Allegro? I'd like to know what other women think of it. Here is a passage from his book. "The ability of a woman even by her physical presence to induce a man's sex organs to stir into life apparently without any control on its owner's part, must have been a source of great wonder to the ancients. It was sorcery and as such viewed with apprehension and distrust by men generally, not unmixed with religious awe. This was particularly the case with those mystic orders which made use of the sexual power of women for their secret rites. Of the Essene Josephus says, "They do not; indeed, on principal, condemn wedlock and the propagation of the human race, but they wish to protect themselves against woman's wantonness, being persuaded that none of the sex keeps her plighted troth to one man." Of that order of Essenes who did marry, he said, "They think that those who decline to marry cut off the chief function of life, the propagation of the race, and what is more, that, were all to adopt the same view, the whole race would die out. They give their wives, however, three years' probation, and only marry them after they have, by 3 periods of purification, given proof of fecundity. They have no intercourse with them during pregnancy, thus showing that their motive for marrying is not self-indulgence but the procreation of children." One is reminded of the church's oft reiterated edict that the purpose of marriage is the procreation of children. It comes as something of a shock to us in the Western world, after centuries of religiously inspired puritanism to learn that the ancients attributed the greater inclination toward sexual indulgence to women. It is said that the seer Teiresias was chosen by Zeus and Hera to decide on the question whether the male or

the female derived most pleasure from sexual intercourse. He replied that 'of the ten parts of coitus, a man enjoys only one; but a woman's senses enjoy all ten to the full.'

There is no doubt that the sexual powers of women was vital to the mystery cults, and accounts in large measure for their attractiveness to women from the earliest times. It also has much to do with the antagonism towards sexuality generally and the distrust of women displayed by the later church and the readiness by which supposed witches were hounded by Christians until quite recent times. The telepathic control over people's minds exercised by such females, known the world over as "the evil eye", came originally from this ability to arouse men's passions. The Latin "fascinus", from which our "fascination" comes, as well as meaning "betwitching" was also the proper name of a deity whose emblem was the erect penis, and this indeed as we can now appreciate, is the original source of this word and the Greek "baskanos", sorcerer. It was believed that the malign influence of "fascination" which came to be extended to any form of mental dominance, could be averted by wearing on the person a model penis, rather as the Christian symbol of the cross is currently displayed by those within and without the Church to ward off evil. The worship of Fascinus was entrusted to the Vestal Virgins, a further indication of the sexual nature of their sacred fire.

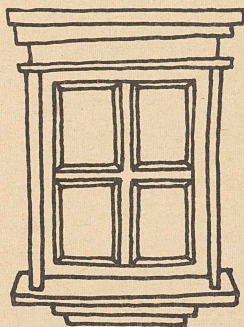
A similar connection between sexual influence and sorcery appears in the derivation of our word "magic". Its immediate source is the Latin "magus", representing the old Persian "magush", the title of a religious official whose power of mind and body earned him a reputation for sorcery. We have met the Magi earlier as one of the prime sources in the ancient writings for plant names and medicinal folk-lore. Their title may now

be traced to a Sumarian phrase for "big penis" and seen to be cognate with the Greek "pharmakos", enchanter, wizard, from which comes our "pharmacist".

Women then had an important part to play in the mushroom cult. It made them at once respected and feared. Their power over men and particularly over the male organ seemed magical, and the technical term for this influence: "fascination", became extended to any form of mental dominance, usually of a malign character.

Love, Tania

THE PEDESTAL COLLECTIVE FEELS THIS IS JUST ONE ANGLE OF A VERY EXTENSIVE SUBJECT, MAY WE RECOMMEND LIZ RUPERT'S ARTICLE ON PAGE 2 AND 3.



QUESTION
WHY DID YOU LEAVE SO EARLY THIS MORNING
THINKING I WAS NOT AWAKE?
WHAT WAS YOUR HURRY?
THE SUN DRIES UP THE DEW IN GOOD TIME.

PENELOPE SUESS



WOMEN'S BOOKSTORE

WE'RE PLANNING AN OPENING PARTY IN THE MIDDLE OF MAY. WE ARE GOING TO HAVE:

A READING ROOM

SECOND HAND BOOKS

BOOKS, POETRY, NEWSPAPERS, MAGAZINES, NOVELS, ANTHOLOGIES, BIOGRAPHIES, CHILDREN'S BOOKS, ALL BY AND ABOUT WOMEN.

WE HAVE A FEW THINGS NOW, AND WE NEED HELP TO SET UP -

- 1) MONEY - LOANS OR DONATIONS
- 2) SUGGESTIONS, ESPECIALLY OF CANADIAN FEMINIST WRITERS AND NON SEXIST CHILDREN'S BOOKS.
- 3) WOMEN TO STAFF THE BOOK STORE.
- 4) BOOKS, OF ANY SORT

VANCOUVER WOMEN'S BOOKSTORE

130 W. HASTINGS

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684-0523

JOSIE, BEVERLY, COLETTE, & DIANA ARE LOOKING FOR A SPACE TO RENT FOR A PRINT WORKSHOP AND PERHAPS A SMALL PRINT GALLERY. IF YOU KNOW OF SUCH A PLACE LEAVE A MESSAGE AT THE WOMEN'S CENTRE. 684-0523

CYNDI MELLON IS PUTTING TOGETHER AN ANTHOLOGY OF WORKS BY B.C. WOMEN. PLEASE SEND HER YOUR POETRY, SHORT FICTION OR NON-FICTION AND GRAPHICS.

CYNDI MELLON
GENERAL DELIVERY
ROBERTS CREEK, B.C.

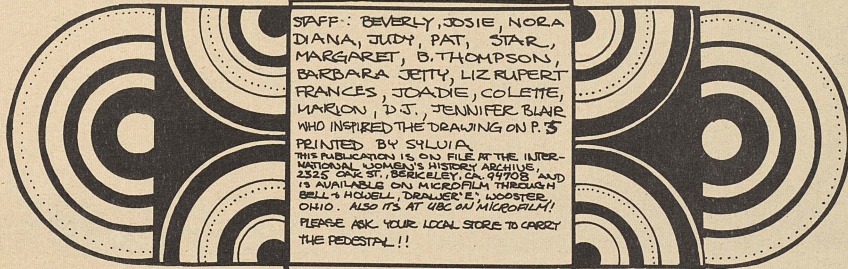
IF YOU ARE INTERESTED IN JOINING A "RAP" GROUP, WE WANT TO START ONE. CALL LEJA AT 254-4685 FOR FURTHER INFORMATION.

"THREE PHOTOGRAPHIC ATTITUDES" SHOW AT THE VANCOUVER ART GALLERY. FRED DOUGLAS/LYNN PHIPS/NINA RAGINSKY/ IT'S FREE !!

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April 1973

SUNDAY	MONDAY	TUESDAY	WEDNESDAY	THURSDAY	FRIDAY	SATURDAY
PEDESTAL MEETING 11:00 at 130 W. HASTINGS 1	2	3	4	5	WOMEN'S SELF-HELP CLINIC 6:30-9:00 6	7
PEDESTAL MEETING 11:00 8	9	10	11	12	WOMEN'S SELF-HELP CLINIC 6:30-9:30 13	14
PEDESTAL MEETING 11:00 15	16	17	18	19	WOMEN'S SELF-HELP CLINIC 6:30-9:00 20	21
PEDESTAL MEETING 11:00 22	23	24	25	26	Good Friday—All Canada SORWAC #3 7:30 45 KINGSWAY WOMEN'S SELF-HELP CLINIC 6:30-9:00 27	28
PEDESTAL MEETING 11:00 29	30	1	2	3	WOMEN'S SELF-HELP CLINIC 6:30-9:00 4	5

