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All unsolicited material will be read by the editors. For return, enclose self-addressed, stamped envelope with proper postage. Articles should be not more than 10 double spaced, typewritten pages on health, social or political issues by people with hands-on experience in their fields. Professional papers are acceptable. All editing decisions are at the discretion of the editors. Feminist cartoons are also acceptable under the same provisions.

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GAY BASHING: UNENDING AND UBIQUITOUS

Thomas J. Maier in NY Newsday's Magazine: Violence against homosexual men and women is a growing problem not only in America's huge metropolises but also in small towns, cities and outlying neighborhoods.

In Indianapolis last summer, homosexual men began carrying guns to bars after police attributed the killing of 11 young men with ties to the homosexual community over the past decade to an anti-gay murderer. Many experts say the murders are among the most bloody examples of a trend nationwide — the dramatically increasing level of attacks, harassment and other crimes against those believed to be gay.

"We're only beginning to learn what is happening in the small towns and about the level of violence to gays," says Urvashi Vaid, executive director of the National Gay & Lesbian Task Force. "In cities like New York, there are bias police units and groups concerned with the issue...But in places like Indianapolis, anti-gay violence...gets lumped in with general assaults." Nationally, more than 7,000 acts of anti-gay bias — ranging from verbal harassment to violence — were reported, Vaid's group says. Of those, 15 percent involved mention of AIDS. For those who felt threatened by the disease, beating up homosexuals somehow became socially acceptable, the modern day equivalent of stoning lepers.

Part of the reason for the dramatic increase in recent years is the increased willingness of some homosexuals to make their sexual preferences public. "As a general proposition, violence against lesbians and gay men has increased in proportion to the level of visibility," Vaid says.

There is little doubt that the religious and social taboos against homosexuals in American society has abetted the violence against gays. Oh, when will we ever learn?

SUCH BIG, BRAVE HUNTERS!

An AP news dispatch: Fish and game agents have raided a game preserve where hunters paid up to $4,000 to stalk and kill bears and cougars in a fenced area the size of a football field, the authorities say. The officials said the 200 to 300 animals killed in the shooting sprees at the game preserve had been raised in captivity.

"This wasn't hunting; it was target practice," said Herb Hill, who manages the 160-acre Texoma Hunting Wilderness in southeastern Oklahoma and who reported the hunts.

More than two dozen agents raided the refuge on Oct. 10.

"Dealing with animals — this is the worst thing I've ever dealt with," said Sam Cottrell, a state game ranger for 24 years. "You can't even call it a hunt."

Mr. Cottrell said the hunters paid $1,000 to $4,000 to shoot down the animals, and left their names, addresses and pictures of themselves with their kills, information the authorities are pursuing.

The preserve bought grizzly and black bears, cougars and elk from zoos, preserves and at auctions, Mr. Cottrell said.

And since those innocent animals were used to human animals, they didn't even know enough to run. We'd like to send all those "hunters" into the jungle armed only with stones. Let's make this a fair contest!
SHARPER THAN A SERPENT'S TOOTH
Alfred Lubrano, NY Daily News Queens Section: How could an adult child trust an elderly parent brutally, then "steal" the parent's house?

"It's a terrible thing to say," explains Rose Hershberg of the New York City Department of Aging, "but you can't always trust your children."

Abuse of the elderly is on the increase, according to experts. In Queens, NY it is estimated that some 12,000 elderly, mostly women over the age of 75, are abused each year. Social workers identify four categories of elder abuse: Physical, financial, psychological, and neglect.

In Queens, Elder Abuse Project statistics show nearly 37 percent of elder abuse is physical. Not in-
WHILE THE REAL HOMELESS GO UNHOUSED
From the Fort Worth Star-Telegram: Texas businessmen and pastors are living in fashionable homes with Government-subsidized rents because of loopholes in Federal guidelines for housing for the homeless. The Fort Worth Star-Telegram said that people who have too much money to qualify for welfare, food stamps or other housing assistance qualified as homeless under a program intended for the poor.

H.U.D. regulations define a homeless person as virtually anyone without a permanent home, regardless of income, and the agency failed to set limits on size and value of houses.

These are among the examples of abuse cited by the newspaper:

Roy Gray, a businessman and part-time street minister from Keller, rents a $92,500 house in the Dallas suburb of Rowlett for $1 a year.

The net worth of Bill Robinson's nonprofit company will soon exceed $1 million, but the businessman and Baptist minister has moved into a two-story house in Arlington appraised at $92,000.

Robert Holton, a construction contractor, pays $348 a month to rent a four-bedroom, $85,500 house that he "thought would be adequate to house our furniture."

"Obviously, these kinds of abuses are unacceptable," said Walt Sevier, a regional deputy administrator for the Department of Housing and Urban Development. "I don't want to overreact, but that is simply obscene."

This is a definition of obscenity with which we agree.

VICTIM BLAMING, PAR EXCELLENCE!
From news dispatches: A confessed rapist was a free man after a central Florida judge ruled he needed some consideration after getting involved with a "pitiful" woman.

Saying the 40-year-old woman was partly to blame for the attack, Circuit Judge Kenneth Leffler rejected a plea agreement calling for Mark Edward McCulloch to serve four and a half years in prison and 10 years' probation. He ordered McCulloch, 36, freed from jail to serve two years' probation.

The judge, who handled the woman's divorce case several years ago, said during McCulloch's hearing, "Her past conduct has demonstrated to me there is something seriously wrong with this woman. I just have a hard time laying all the blame on him. I don't see how he could take up with her. She was such a pitiful woman."

"The outraged prosecutor said she would appeal."

In this case, perhaps the judge should be doing some time as well. Maybe his consciousness would be raised a little.

ON THE ISSUES SPRING 1991

BLACKS: STILL SEPARATE AND UNEQUAL
From an article by Carlyle C. Douglas, NY Times: Not since such measurements began have Black Americans had life expectancies equal to those of whites. Now, in a development that has alarmed health experts, the life-expectancy gap has begun to grow, primarily because Blacks began to die younger in the 1980s.

In a study released in November, the National Center for Health Statistics said the average Black infant born in 1988, the latest year for which statistics are available, could expect to live 69.2 years, down from 69.4 in 1987. All told since 1984, Black life expectancy has shrunk by half a year, while it has increased among whites, from 75.3 years to 75.6 years.

The gap is widest for Black men, whose average life expectancy fell from 65.2 years in 1987 to 64.9 in 1988, less than retirement age, in 1988. For Black women, life expectancy dropped from 73.6 to 73.4. For white men, it rose slightly to 72.3; for white women it remained level at 78.9.

An unrelated study, reported in the International Journal of Epidemiology, found that Blacks, who account for about 13 percent of the population, account for nearly 80 percent of premature deaths — those occurring between the ages of 15 and 44 — from disorders such as appendicitis, asthma, bladder infections and pneumonia that are normally not fatal if treated early.

The study noted that a disproportionate number of Blacks are among the 37 million Americans who have no access to routine health care services and therefore tend to "postpone seeking primary care until their need for treatment becomes urgent."

And until we institute some form of national health insurance, we will see this trend continue.
WE KNOW MR. ROGERS NEVER JOINED THE KLAN
From AP news dispatches:
Three men have agreed to destroy recordings of racist and anti-gay telephone messages that imitated the voice and speech of "Mister Rogers" from the children's television program.

The men, Adam Troy Mercer, Edward E. Stephens 4th and Michael Brooks, signed agreements with Fred M. Rogers and his Family Communications Inc., owners of the trademark and copyrights that protect the show.

Mr. Rogers and Family Communications sued the men and the White Knights of the Ku Klux Klan in Federal District Court to stop the playing of the tape-recorded messages.

The three agreed to destroy the tapes and not use any materials that imitate the show. The men said in their agreements that they were not Klan members.

A group of religious, civil rights and community leaders denounced recordings that imitated the sound effects and song of the program and Mr. Rogers' voice and speech patterns. On the first tape, the Mr. Rogers impersonator points out a Black youngster on a playground and calls him a "nigger drug pusher." At the end of the tape, the Klan lynches the youth. In a second tape, the Mr. Rogers impersonator ridicules homosexuals and says, "AIDS was divine retribution."

The messages, said Cynthia E. Kernick, a lawyer for Mr. Rogers, "are of racism, white supremacy and bigotry — the antithesis of everything Rogers and Family Communications Inc. stand for."

POWER PLAY
From several sources: A fraternity party that featured a poem describing seven wise men's vision of the perfect female sex organs and male students grabbing their genitals and shouting "feel the power" inspired outraged students and faculty at the University of New Mexico to display a little power themselves. An estimated 250 men and women demonstrated outside UNM's Sigma Chi, including a campus physician sporting a sign reading "Feel the power! Castrate Sigma Chi!" Dr. Amy Llewellyn said she was outraged by the fraternity's skit, but that she was not advocating "any literal interpretation" of the sign on her back.

The university suspended all Sigma Chi activities.

Another fine example of the depths to which bigots sink.

OF HOMELESSNESS, BATTERING AND CHILD ABUSE
From various sources: Of 210 homeless women interviewed in New York City, 21 percent indicated that abuse was the primary reason for their homelessness, according to the Victim Services Agency. Another survey of 50 battered women showed that victims missed an average of three days work per month. Other research shows that children whose mothers are battered are physically abused or neglected 1,500 percent more than the national average. One out of two American women will be in a violent relationship at least once.

Just as frightening: Most of the abusive males will go unpunished.

TV VIEW OF WOMEN ATHLETES
Gerald Secor Couzens in NY Newsday: Television shapes the attitudes of society, but when it comes to presenting women to the public as fit and serious athletes, it has certainly failed, according to the president of the Amateur Athletic Foundation.

"In six weeks of TV sports news sampled for a study of gender stereotyping, men's sports received 92 percent of air time and women's sports only five percent," said Anita L. DeFrancz, speaking at Nike Women's Sports and Fitness Symposium. DeFrancz' organization, located in Los Angeles, commissioned the study.

She said male television commentators regularly point out weaknesses in female athletes while consistently using strength descriptions for male athletes. Adult women athletes were often referred to as "girls," while adult males were called "men," she added.

"The way TV covers women in sports affects the way female athletes are perceived," said DeFrancz. "And it also tells us something about the status of women in our society."

We know about the status of women in our society. We also know the methods to bring pressure to remedy it.
The first time I heard it was in Detroit in 1982. The words shot out at me like bullets, creating an immediate mental image that could not be shared. I had just finished responding to Jerry Falwell on national television. He had asked me how I would feel "meeting my maker with the blood of thousands of babies on my hands" when the TV host turned to the audience for comments. The woman who rose was obviously distraught, her voice shaking. She relayed her own experience with abortion. The guilt still with her, the doctor's coldness, how "they" would not let her see her child—and then, extending her hand and pointing an accusing finger at me, she said "You — you are nothing but a Hitler to me".

Throughout the years, as the frustration, intensity and rhetoric of the antichoice movement has grown, there has been an ever-increasing tendency to liken abortion to the Holocaust. Individual women making private moral decisions are compared to the wholesale slaughter of the Jews during the Second World War. Recently, an abortion clinic in Westchester was labelled "Auschwitz on the Hudson," while antiabortion protesters use Nazi insignias to make their points in front of clinics across the country. Pseudoscientific books have been written detailing Nazi experiments in concentration camps and their supposed similarities to procedures in abortion clinics, while the specter of Hitler's death camps abounds in terminology like "Abortoriums" and "Child Killing Centers."

These analogies are reinforced by radical, right-wing Christian ideology which preaches that "money-hungry Jews" are behind the abortion industry. Many times patients have been accosted outside Choices by the faithful screaming — "They're after blood money." If the patient happens to be African-American she is told, "You are desecrating the legacy of Dr. Martin Luther King."

The power of this rhetoric, backed by the hierarchy of the Catholic Church which gives financial and spiritual succor to participants in Operation Rescue and other radical antiabortion groups, results in clinic bombers stating that they plant bombs in clinics on Christmas to "Give a present to Jesus on His birthday."

This past June, the newly-seated Archbishop of Brooklyn and Queens presented his
antiabortion strategy in front of CHOICES at 7:30 a.m. on a Saturday morning. Telling the press that his intention was not violence but the desire to pray for all the souls of the “murdered unborn,” he and 1000 parishioners rhythmically recited the Hail Mary for two hours as surprised and distressed patients were escorted into the clinic through a gauntlet of religious supplicants!

Responding to my request for a meeting, Bishop Daily stated there was nothing to meet about — “children were being killed.” When a reporter asked about my charges that his “Vigil” was harassment and psychological abuse of women, Bishop Daily replied “I feel badly about that — but think about what happened — someone got killed.” (Long Island Catholic, 6/13/90).

“Someone got killed there?” Lives in struggle, economic deprivation, abuse, anxiety, despair, power, autonomy, love, survival — women’s lives — these were the words that meant abortion to me — not “Someone got killed.” But when you live in difficult places, you don’t close your mind; you listen and you try to understand. Try to understand all the different questions and all the conflicting answers.

Three young Jewish boys on their second day of Hebrew School in Poland, 1938.

It was with these and other questions that I went to meet Elie Wiesel. The day was unusually warm for November. I felt that the strangeness of the weather was somehow symbolic — as if for this special encounter things should not be in their usual places.

I first met Elie Wiesel, as most of the world does, through his writing. As part of my studies in graduate school, I explored the nature of “endings.” As I was sifting through hundreds of graduation speeches, one stopped me, moved me so profoundly that I was amazed. I don’t remember a word of it now. I only remember that, from that moment in time, Elie Wiesel was important to me.

I learned that at the age of 14 he was wrenched from his studious Hasidic life in Sighet in the Carpathian Mountains and deported to Auschwitz for extermination simply because he was a Jew. That his first night in the camps, his mother and sister were gassed; later he watched his father bludgeoned to death, studied the Talmud from memory with another inmate and, after liberation, almost died from food poisoning, yet still managed to survive. For 10 years he lived in Paris, worked, studied, starved and kept silent. But his need for expression — to tell the tale of the Camps, the horrors, the brutality, the unbelievable evil, and his burning desire to help prevent its re-occurrence while insuring that the world would not forget the victims — drove him to write.

And it was to his writings that I turned while following his public and political activities. His appearance at the White House asking President Reagan to cancel his trip to Bitburg, because “his place was with the victims;” his testimony at the Klaus Barbie trial; and his lecture upon receiving the Nobel Prize for Peace in 1986 when he stated “The lesson, the only lesson I have learned from my experiences is twofold; first that there are no plausible answers to what we have endured. There are no theological answers, there are no psychological answers, there are no literary answers, there are no religious answers. The only conceivable answer is a moral answer. Second, that just as despair can be given to me only by another human being, hope too can be given to me only by another human being.”

So I immersed myself in his writing,
reading almost all of his 30 books in the past year. I was continually moved, enthralled and transported by his novels and analytic work which spoke of his inner journey, his continual search for meaning and God in a world filled with evil and despair. His constant commitment to the moral dimension in life, to the "moral answer."

In a recent book, Journey of Faith, Wiesel and John Cardinal O'Connor engage in dialogue. O'Connor said that he agreed with Mother Teresa when she stated during her Nobel Prize ceremony that the "greatest enemy to world peace is abortion," and that "We have created a genocidal slaughter of the Jews?"

Is abortion, and that "We have created a moral answer." Wiesel and John Cardinal O'Connor entend to the dimension in life; to moral issue, and when we see it as such we may come to New York he held a press confer-ence in which he stated that legal abortion are now not "merely kill-ling," but a threat to world peace? Eve is not only to be blamed for the first fall, but for the likely nuclear one as well. Elie Wiesel didn't agree. The violence he was concerned about was the violence of the abortion debate itself. After reading that he had to think more about it and was "Not saying whether he was for or against," I decided that I had to meet with him and discuss it.

It seemed to me that he is a person unlike any other, and yet he shares the fate of millions — and he also is a person of many more questions than answers.

So it was with much conflicting, excited emotions that I got off the elevator on the 26th floor of his New York apartment building. When I turned left, the first thing I saw was an open door revealing a room with shelves and shelves of books. In front of that open door was a small, smiling, intense man. I took his hand, met his eyes and asked my first question.

You have said that you are uncomfortable with the violence of the abortion debate, and that John Cardinal O'Connor first came to New York he held a press confer-ence in which he stated that legal abortion was the "Second Holocaust." How do you feel about abortion being likened to the genocide of the Jewish? I am uncomfortable with the language of this debate. I resent the violence of the language — the words that they use like Holocaust — no it is not a Holocaust. It is blasphemy to reduce a tragedy of such monumental proportions to this human tragedy, and abortion is a human tragedy. What should be done is to give back the human proportion to the abortion issue, and when we see it as such we may be able to have much more understanding for the woman who chooses it.

Women who choose abortion are consistently labelled killers, and I personally have been compared to Hitler and called a great murderer. A woman who feels she cannot go on, and with pain and despair she decides that she has to give up her child, is this woman a killer? Really — really. But look, you cannot let these words hurt you. You have to be strong not to pay any attention because those who do that — call you a Hitler and relate it to the Holocaust — prove that they do not know what the Holocaust was. You speak and write a great deal about silence. The silence of God during The Shoal. The silence of the Pope, of the church as they were slaughtering children. When I read what you wrote about them taking live children and throwing them in the fire, — that an act of "mercy" by an SS guard was to bash their heads against a rock so that they lost consciousness before — this image will haunt me forever. So I wonder if it is at all possible that the church is so vehemently against abortion of this his-torical moment as a response to the indict-ment of their silence during the Holocaust.

I don't like to speak for the church. There are people who will speak for them. But that the church, the hierarchy of the church was silent — yes. There were exceptions of course, there were some good courageous priests. John XXIII spoke out. Of course there were others who saved Jews and/or resisted Nazism.

But not enough.

The church in Rome at that time, the leaders, the Princes of the Church did not speak out. I am convinced if the Pope and the hierarchy had said "save the Jews," many priest in many villages would have done so.

In your conversation with Philippe de-Saint-Cheron [a French journalist] in the recent book Evil & Exile you stated that in the Talmud it is written that it is better not to be born than to be born. It is more comfortable not to live. Can we relate this to abortion? Actually, I was quoting a type of humor in the Talmud. There were two schools of thought among those who had nothing better to do for two-and-one-half years than to argue about whether or not it is better to be born or not to be born. The question is not whether to live or not to live, but whether or not to be born.

Because once you are born, you must live, and according to the Talmud, if you live you must study.

But this is not a question at all of whether or not to have children. The first law, the first commandment in the Bible is to have children.

When abortion was debated in 1977 in the Knesset in Israel, the antiabortionists articulated the feeling that abortion was annihilating the Jewish people, that there were no "unwanted" Jewish children and that how can we after the Holocaust, slaughter Jewish children in the womb? Famines are all the same. These are famines. I am against famines everywhere. I don't understand those words — Abortionist, antiabortionist. Those who live women the right of choice — he or she [sic] is an abortionist? What kind of articulation is that?

There is a feeling that women who choose abortions are not active moral agents. That women's reproductive capacities and women's lives are secondary to political ideology or religious morality.

I don't like generalizations. Some people feel that they need abortion. For them this is their morality. Other people say that for moral reasons they are against abortion. I don't like simplistic definitions.

But you have said that you feel abortion is a tragedy. Why? For me the tragedy is for the mother, and there is a father involved also. I don't think that much about the child. I haven't thought about the child. I have to think it through. I cannot believe that there is a mother who does it lightheartedly. I simply cannot believe it. For the mother, it's very difficult, very difficult, it must be. Therefore, once you accept that it is difficult then it requires more thinking, more soul-searching. As for the child and the question of when is a child a child, this is a different subject which has to be dealt with but for the moment we are dealing with the mother; if she comes to the conclusion that she cannot have this child for whatever reason, then it is a tragedy.

Perhaps one of the greatest tragedies is that the majority of women make the decision of abortion for economic reasons, out of a struggle for survival, and a desire not to bring another child into the world without adequate means of support.

Exactly. We must improve the economic situation of the world, but at the same time, I tell you I understand — I must understand — it is my duty to understand those who are against abortion. I don't like the shouting, I don't like the cursing, I don't like the idea of saying anyone who is for abortion is a Hitler or that abortion is a Holocaust. I am very troubled by this. But their pain, too, must be taken into account.

In a sense I would be uncomfortable if...
people had no ethical dilemmas about abortion. It is a very profound issue.

Of course they should have. And I understand why there is a debate, but I don't want this debate to become so hostile. It is "war." I tell you I am getting letters all the time asking me to speak up against the "Holocaust of abortion." A debate doesn't bother me if it is civilized and humanizing, but just mention the word abortion and flames start to fly.

But there are possible areas of common ground. It would seem that the prevention of unwanted pregnancies would be an issue for both sides to join on, yet many antichoice people, particularly the Catholic Church, are violently against any type of "artificial" birth control.

Sharing sorrows. Lodz, 1937.

Perhaps there should be a high level conference, but a quiet one, without publicity, without shouting.

Why don't you convene it? The leaders of the antichoice movement have refused to meet with us. Neither Cardinal O'Connor nor Bishop Daily will even respond to requests. You held an international conference on hatred recently — was anything learned?

I think so because of the people I invited [Elana Bonner, Nelson Mandela]. My conferences are civilized. There is never a heated or violent word.

Unfortunately, this issue is very heated and has become very violent quite beyond words. Clinics have been firebombed and attacked and women patients are constantly accosted and harassed.

Exactly. I would really like to plead for more comprehension on both sides and stop using certain words.

Recently, to cap the "Year of the Child," there was a children's summit held at the UN where an International Bill of Rights of the Child was drafted and presented for all the countries of the world to sign. President Bush refused to sign it because it did not have an antiabortion platform and called for the abolition of the death penalty for anyone under 18 years of age. Your reaction?

I am crazy about children — any chil-
children, especially Jewish children. When I see a child who is hungry I do whatever I can to help because I have seen too many Jewish children perish. As a result I feel outrage and pain when a child suffers. One of my main motivations for my work is to work for children. All children. And therefore, when I read about this children's summit, on the one hand I said to myself — my God, the world has changed. When I was a child, Jewish children were handed over to the killers. There were no summits, no Presidents, no Prime Ministers to save them. There were times when we could have saved Jewish children for money. There was no money. For a few visas — there were no visas. Nobody cared. Today people do care. There has been a change and I think that's good, but reading about the plight of children today I wish I could do more.

You have written that the very concept of love — that the word itself may fade and disappear. What is your definition of love — and what do you think it's highest form of expression?

There is no real definition of love, for once you define it it disappears. The act of trying to define it diminishes it. It is a mystery, but it is a kind of identification with another person where that other person is as important as yourself and that person's life as important as yours. It means that I would exchange my life for hers. Does it mean sacrifice? Not at all. It means offering. Love is that. Every gesture becomes an offering.

You have also written that "The thing I learned about man in the camps is that evil, like good, is infinite and that the two are combined in man," and also that "one man with a machine gun can kill a thousand sages." So if each one of us holds good and evil within us, aren't we all as individuals responsible for saving or destroying the world?

Absolutely. The purpose inherent in literature and education are human relations and the possibility of imparting the responsibility for one another. Evil is in all of us. No one is perfect — no one is a saint. It is for each of us to fight that evil within. The choice presents itself to us every day. If I sit here with you it is my choice, whether it is the evil part within me (which I hope is small) that faces you, or the good part that faces you. It is also your responsibility to bring out the good part. It is a kind of symphony where all these relationships play their parts, the violins...the cellos...

But who is conducting?

Ah, that is the question, that is the question.

If God's divinity is expressed through humanity and ultimately through love, and, as you have said many times, "Everything died in Auschwitz," how can we expect love to save us?
My favorite words are “and yet.” Everything died in Auschwitz and yet — yes there are reasons for me to despair, and yet — yes there are reasons for me not to believe in God and yet, and yet...

Che Guevera has written that “The true revolutionary is motivated by great feelings of love.” Do you believe it is possible for political systems to address social inequalities? Can politics answer questions of equality and justice?

I am not a politician. I have never been involved in politics. I don’t know much about it.

But you are an activist.

I try to act on politics. I believe in the moral dimension of everything, literature, education, philosophy, whatever it is. Without it we are lost. Politics without moral dimensions are cheap, corrupt procedures. We need the moral dimension to prevent that.

There is a continual debate in this country, particularly acute in the abortion issue about the separation of church and state. There are people who believe that you cannot bring your religion (which many people view as morality) into the political arena.

I am not speaking about religion. I am speaking about morality. I believe when religion becomes politics that is a disaster, and when politics becomes a religion it is also a disaster. We should separate both.

You have never called for hate, love or vengeance as a response to the Holocaust but faith — and then you have written that the only punishment commensurate with the Holocaust is the destruction of the world. Aren’t we coming close to that now with the events in the Middle East?

I am afraid of that but I believe once we get to that point we may never find our way back.

What is your attitude about the current situation in Germany?

I am against it and was one of the few to say so publicly. It was done in haste and with a total insensitivity to those who survived the war. And the money involved. They bought Russia, they bought Eastern Germany. I don’t trust Kohl. After all, he is the man of Bittburg, and what was Bittburg? Bittburg had only one purpose — to whitewash the SS. But he wanted to rationalize it and show that many of these SS were just good soldiers — good soldiers? They were formed a criminal group in the Nuremberg Trials. Kohl wanted to whitewash them and “normalize,” sanitize their actions. A unified Germany in the hands of Kohl bothers me.

You have been severely criticized for not condemning Israel about the intifada. What is your current position on the Palestinian situation?

I have been criticized for many things. Yes, I refuse to systematically condemn Israel.

For anything?

There are certain red lines that I will not cross. If I had known at the time that [Israel] was involved in torturing I would have spoken out, but it was too late. When I found out, a communism had already been formed and justice prevailed, but I don’t feel I have the right to apply public pressure on Israel.

But you have the moral authority. What if I am wrong?

Can’t you afford to be wrong?

Yes, but only if I pay the price. What if I am wrong and they pay the price? What if I apply such pressure on a decision and that decision may bring disaster or at least tragedy to Israel? Do I have the right to do this? It is their children who will pay the price, not mine. I do go to Israel and speak to the leaders — there I can say what I feel. But here, especially...
here. I have no right to speak out publicly. As for the intifada, I have said on television and in an op-ed piece in the New York Times that I understand the young Palestinians. How did it start? It started in December 1987 when there was a high level meeting, a kind of summit meeting in Amman. The last item on the agenda was the Palestinian issue. The Palestinians were non-persons. There is nothing worse than that and that is why I said I understood the young Palestinians. They refused to be non-persons; then the violence started and they began throwing stones. Violence is a language. When there is no other language you use violence. But then I turned to them and pleaded, why don't you use words. Before, no one was listening — now the whole world will listen to you. I did speak to Palestinians but I am offended when I see Jewish intellectuals who all of a sudden remember they are Jews.

Her mother has gone to look for work. Warsaw, 1937

What is your reaction to the assassination of Meir Kahane?
I didn't like Kahane. He was a man of hate and a racist. I was embarrassed by a man of such a reputation and I refused to engage him in debate. He is a Jew. I am a Jew. Something is wrong.

Do you mean to say a Jew cannot hate?
Who should a Jew be in the world today?
A Jew should not hate. A Jew should be a human being. No Jew should be a racist. At the same time I am outraged by the violence that killed him. Those who assassinated him and those who hired the assassin. I am harsher on them than on Kahane, because they were the criminals, the murderers.

To what do you attribute the increasing rise of anti-Semitism in both Europe and the U.S.?
There will always be anti-Semitism. Why?
There are all kinds of answers. We are the world's conscience — envy, jealousy — all of them are true but still...there is something else. It is a complicated issue. It would take hours, days to analyze it here.

You say your teacher of mysticism taught you to love madmen. Explain.
I love madmen — mystical madmen — not those who destroy but those who create.

You say that "In the beginning I thought I could change man. Now I know that I cannot. If I still shut and scream it is to prevent man from changing me." Has man changed you?
People ask me so often if receiving the Noble Prize has changed me. Ten Noble Prizes would not change me — but it has changed my schedule.

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New Poland, 
Old Problems

How could there be anti-Semitism when there were so few Jews?

By Susan Cahn

There are not many Jews left in Poland. Maybe 10,000. There used to be more than three million. The secular American Jews with whom I traveled to Poland in June, 1990, predicted that Polish anti-Semitism would be as weakened and diminished as the numbers of Polish Jews. How could there be anti-Semitism, we reasoned, when there were so few Jews? In the old days, disproportionate numbers of Jews were doctors, lawyers, bankers and professionals. Now, with such small numbers, even if Jews were "overrepresented" their presence in the professions would be so minuscule as to pass almost unnoticed. But my traveling companions and I were wrong.

None of us was wholly unprepared for some anti-Semitism, of course. We had all lost relatives in Poland during World War II. We had all seen Shoah and followed the controversy over its "anti-Polishness." We had read about the Carmelite nuns who had established residence in Auschwitz, creating a violent dispute in 1989 between Jewish organizations and Catholics. We had also noted the anti-Semitic comments of the Polish primate on this issue. Yet my traveling companions and I believed that the anti-Semitic past was truly past. We knew that millions of non-Jews had also died in concentration camps and that Poland had been devastated by the Nazis. We admired the courage of Solidarity leaders and members, and had been watching with interest the efforts of the Polish people to overthrow the Stalinist practices and institutions imposed on them after the war.

Unfortunately, we came to realize that, for many Poles, an important goal of the nation's "democratization" is the restoration of the legitimacy of Polish anti-Semitism. Jews residing in or visiting Poland cannot escape noticing escalating anti-Semitism. On a bus tour of Warsaw, for example, we stopped at many memorials connected to the "glorious Polish past." The tour took us to the memorial to the Warsaw uprising, to churches which had, the guide told us, fought in vain to "save the Polish nation from communism," to statues commemorating Holy Roman Emperor Sigismund's great victory in the 15th century over the infidels. At all these places, the bus stopped and...
the guide directed us to get off to look around; everyone dutifully did. At one spot, however, the guide asked if any passengers wanted the bus to stop so they could get off to look more closely. Here, only a portion of the sightseers disembarked. The spot was the memorial to the Warsaw Ghetto uprising.

Across Poland, we saw campaign posters for the just-completed elections defaced with handwritten Stars of David. Many Catholic candidates, we were told, had been accused of being “secret” Jews. A joke making the rounds during our stay asked if any Catholic candidates, we were told, had been accused of being “secret” Jews. We raised the question of anti-Semitism directly — or at all. They, too, could be accused, as Walesa has also, however, made several comments which feed anti-Semitism. Walesa has also, however, made several comments which feed anti-Semitism. Walesa has also, however, made several comments which feed anti-Semitism. Walesa has also, however, made several comments which feed anti-Semitism.
by Jews, in other words, are worse than useless.

What was so striking about our conversations with the senator and the member of the government’s committee on educational reform is that they are both members of political and intellectual elites that “deplore” anti-Semitism. They are “enlightened” Europeans, opposed, as were many of the Polish people with whom we spoke, to intolerance, to censorship, to discrimination. Indeed, they publicly argued against the return of religious instruction to state schools on these grounds: That instruction in Catholicism might breed divisions and, perhaps, intolerance and discrimination.

Yet religious education has returned to state schools and, thus far, the Polish Catholic Church has not responded to the rise in overt acts of anti-Semitism with a statement of condemnation. Nor have church officials released the promised document combatting, rather than acquiescing in, anti-Semitic stereotypes and folk-beliefs. And even these “enlightened” Poles believe that accusations of Jewishness amount to “fighting words,” that Jews bear responsibility for Polish anti-Semitism, and that the new leadership of Poland has no affirmative obligation to combat it. If this is the attitude of those who oppose anti-Semitism, what can one expect from those who espouse it?

While in Poland, we visited Auschwitz. Millions died in Auschwitz. Jews and non-Jews alike. Auschwitz stands today as a grotesque monument to bigotry, to unreasoning and unreasoned hate. Its most frightening aspect is that Auschwitz does not stand as a monument to a past that is dead and gone.

Susan Cahn is a freelance writer from New York City.
dog-sit on occasion. My grand-dog Tosh (rhymes with Posh) heads towards Madison Park. In front of our loft building I have to restrain him from greeting our newly-planted saplings, Callery Pear Trees, the first trees on our block.

Tosh has no patience. He would pull me into traffic on Fifth Avenue if I were not pulling back on the leash.

We used to have errands on the way to the park in shops that have been gobbled up in the jaws of construction equipment. We no longer chat with the Korean family where we picked up milk and dog food, or walk past the stained-glass maker on Sixth Avenue or stop into the Armenian leather factory on 23rd Street to have a briefcase handle repaired. There are other shops, but they are unwelcoming to dogs, like the gourmet shop on 22nd Street not far from the church where the homeless line up for hot lunches. I still can head downtown to the farmer's market in Union Square but if I turn east away from the park, Tosh gives me the evil eye; Grandmas are supposed to be more obedient.

Tosh is my first dog experience. Because I write, I extrapolate from this singular fellow into the universal, women and dogs. Since I am part of the literary scene, I contemplate women and literature and dogs.

Accompanying my daughter's dog I am part of a whole new community, and I have begun to take on its politics.

Madison Square Park has changed since Madison Green, a 32-story residence, has sprung up on its southeast corner. What was once forbidden is allowed and what was allowed is now forbidden.

It's OK to ride a bike, roller skate and play frisbees, as the sign at the park's entrance once prohibited. But one can no longer romp with one's dog. Leash rules have been imposed. To impose them is the arm of the law, the hidden park police and even the mounted police who chase our dogs on horseback if they're frisking with their friends.

The park used to be Doggy Eden. Tosh would meet Suki, an independent female, or Rosie, a brown-and-white male, despite his name. High-born and low-born shared the park: Pomeranians, spitz, terriers, greyhounds, dachshunds, spaniels, poodles, pugs, bull terriers, corgis, poodles, pugs, all the cuddled, cuddled, barbered and trimmed along with the curious shapes and sizes of our sturdy mutts. Tosh is part Canaani, an Israeli breed. In dog politics, the Canaani is recognized by the American Kennel Club but not yet in the United Kingdom. So there Tosh is, half-recognized, half-Canaani, small, peppy, with his oversized ears and corkscrew tail.

The dogs, now leashed, strain towards one another, snapping, barking, biting. Everyone is short-tempered, and the owners are wary and wily, with the issuing of $50 tickets for dogs off the leash. A new underground has developed to elude the park police. Dog owners carry false ID's and there is a thriving business in fake dog tags.

In former idyllic days we kept the park safe, standing in a circle, talking about this dog's hysterectomy, that one's ear infection or a valuable dog's hip operation. We would quickly break up dog fights, greet one another's pets, and, with our sandwich bags, New York Times business section, New York Post front page, pick up after our animals. As we would leave the park after our nightly walks, the pushers were doing business with the life insurance or court workers and the park-bench sleepers were settling in.

I am introduced to new dogs, that is, newly-found dogs. One has been discovered tied to a mailbox on 23rd Street, another to a parking meter. Dogs are being abandoned in great numbers. Margot found her dog, Noah, tied to a tree in Central Park. Women who never wanted dogs have taken pity. One dog was left in a bar. Others still await their owners outside of supermarkets.

"My dogs taught me to love," says Margot.

Since my dog-sitting days I have become sentimental. I watch Tosh's prancy walk and instantly sign all requests to impeach our state legislator who has imposed the leash laws upon us, or boycott cosmetic companies that test their products on...
Population Control

By Eleanor J. Bader

" Seeing triple?" asks the ad from Zero Population Growth (ZPG). "World population, now at 5.4 billion, could nearly triple to 14 billion in the next century," it explains. "Yet, the impact of our present numbers has already been sufficient to decimate rain forests, hasten wildlife extinction, deplete the ozone layer, pollute our water, and initiate a global warming whose full consequences cannot yet be determined."

"By the year 2010 we will have 10 billion people if we don't get some kind of stabilization in place," agrees Tanya Thomas, Population Activist Coordinator of the National Audubon Society, and former director of the Women of Color program at the National Organization for Women. "There's a real fear that the earth may not be able to carry 10 billion people. Anything you do to protect the future has to deal with population and its continued growth, or you will have too many people overwhelming an already overwhelmed world."

The numbers tell one part of the story: Between 1970 and 1990, world population rose by a whopping 47 percent, from 3.632 to 5.321 billion. More than a quarter of a million people, 264,000, are added every day, 11,000 an hour.

Activists like Anne and Paul Ehrlich (authors of The Population Explosion), Dr. Garrett Hardin, and Susan Weber of ZPG, alongside organizations like the Population Crisis Committee, the Sierra Club and the Population Institute, are sounding a loud and persistent alarm: Reduce world population by any means or the world may, literally, be destroyed.

Clearly, we have all been made aware of the escalating environmental crisis facing us. As ZPG reminds us, our waters are polluted, our air foul. Sea levels are rising, the earth's temperature is higher than it has ever been, rainforests are being destroyed, and 10,000 varieties of animal, insect and plant life are being lost annually. According to the Ehrlichs, each year the world "has billions fewer tons of topsoil, and hundreds of trillions fewer gallons of groundwater with which to grow crops than it had in 1968."

"Scary stuff," they say, and we picture the starving, the malnourished, the desperate. We envision them groveling for food, water and shelter, hoping against hope that there will be enough to go around. "If there were only half as many Americans driving cars, using manufactured devices and consuming electric power," write the Ehrlichs, "acid rain problems would be comparatively negligible."

Half as many people...

While the theory sounds simple — of course five billion people use more natural resources than, say, three billion — getting people the world over to voluntarily reduce family size is not. Tactics and strategies play an enormous role in how successful such policies will be, for unless population planners and those beating the drum of environmental catastrophe pay careful attention to the myriad social, political and cultural reasons people have children, they will court failure. Furthermore, by sidestepping the complex dynamics in the lives of families across the globe, they risk alienating the bulk of the world: People of color and..."
Out of Control?

The consequences of this—the creation of bitter political schisms—are hardly unprecedented. Political splits over advocacy of population control policies have long fractured relations between women of color and white feminists. The failure of many mainstream women’s groups to oppose sterilization abuse in which women, usually African-American, Latina, or Native American, are operated on without their consent or an understanding of the permanent nature of the procedure has led to persistent rifts that have weakened the women’s movement. Likewise, the U.S. policy of pointing the finger at lesser developed countries as the cause of environmental woes has led to charges of classism, imperialism and racism.

“My concern,” says the Audubon Society’s Tanya Thomas, “is that when people talk about population growth they like to focus on the fact that most of the growth is happening in the third world, in developing countries. Sometimes that’s used as a scare tactic. The U.S. is one of the most overpopulated countries in the world, not in terms of numbers, but in terms of what we contribute to environmental degradation. We’re five percent of the world’s population, but we’re responsible for over 50 percent of the consumption of natural resources and the production of waste. Population policies can’t deal only with numbers. The U.S. can sustain its population, but look what we’re doing to destroy the world.”

Nor can population experts ignore the role of women, indeed the role of sexism, when formulating population reduction programs. A variety of questions need to be asked and answered before population diminution can begin: Why do women choose to have child after child, despite risks to both their health and the health of the planet? Or do they choose?

“Deprivation, exclusion, violence, all these serve to keep women (in developing countries) in their place,” writes Betsy Hartmann in Reproductive Rights and Wrongs (Harper and Row, 1987). “And part of being in that place is having children for with no other option but the home or, at best, a low-paying job, women turn to children as their primary source of power. The birth of a first child, especially a son, brings a woman an automatic status that other domestic roles such as cooking and cleaning do not. A child pleases a woman’s husband and her in-laws, the people who control her life. Children are a woman’s constituency within the narrow political world of the family; the more she has, the stronger her clout. If she is infertile, her status plummets and she often falls victim to polygamy, desertion or divorce.” In addition, other forces come into play. Hartman reminds us that Indian women, accepting a preference for sons that is culturally mandated, have an average of 6.3 offspring to ensure the survival of one male into adulthood. Similarly, in the African Sahel women average 10 children apiece, the only way to guarantee that at least one son will survive to age 38.

Hartman is particularly leery of efforts that ignore such variables and which substitute population control for social justice. Improvements in living standards and the position of women, via
more equitable social and economic development, motivate people to want fewer children," she says. "In the absence of such improvements, the scope for voluntary reduction of population growth is limited.

Hartmann grounds her critique in experience. She has lived in Bangladesh and has witnessed firsthand the poverty and the policies that have been crafted to eradicate it. But like much of the so-called third world, Bangladesh remains impoverished. Life expectancy is only 50; infant mortality is 125 per 1000; and nearly half of the babies who survive birth become physically stunted by the time they are four due to malnutrition. More than half the population is chronically unemployed, while 10 percent of the country's households own 50 percent of the arable land.

Part of the Bangladesh government's solution to the nearings economic situation it is in is population control. Although the U.S. Foreign Assistance Act has, since 1969, forbidden the use of U.S. funds to pay for the "performance of voluntary sterilizations as a method of family planning or to coercively provide any financial incentive to any person to undergo sterilization," Hartmann says that the Agency for International Development (AID), has found a way around the financial incentive ban. In Bangladesh AID skirts the law by calling the incentive compensation payments. It maintains that the money is intended to cover transportation, food costs and wages lost due to the operation. The free saris and lungis are justified as 'surgical apparel' since the peasant's clothing is hygienic. In fact, the clothing is often handed out after the operation, providing the lie to the surgical apparel argument. Moreover, free clothing is not handed out after other forms of surgery.

Incentives have been provided to Bangladesh's people since 1976. Not surprisingly, given the country’s economic situation, the majority of people who take advantage of their provision are poor. Seasonal variations have also been noted: Most sterilizations are performed during the months of lowest food stocks and highest rural unemployment. In July 1984, "food month," one researcher documented 357,000 sterilizations in exchange for food— one-fourth as many as were performed between 1972 and 1982.

And it is not only in Bangladesh that such realities exist. India, Java, Kenya, Pakistan, Sri Lanka and Thailand, to name just some of the countries targeted by AID for population reduction, have similar tales to tell.

"I'm concerned about the kinds of contraception being pushed," says Tanya Thomas. "We need to be very careful. We want family planning to be available to all the people who want it. If we can do that we'll bring the population down. But how we do outreach is important. It has to be culturally sensitive.

The issue of choice is central to the world’s women. A 1983 study by the World Bank found that between one-half and one-third of Bangladesh’s women did not know of any way, besides sterilization, to avoid pregnancy. "The mortality rate from IUDs in the third world is roughly double that in the West because of the increased risk from infections, septic abortions and untreated ectopic pregnancies," says Tanya Thomas. "If something isn't done to save it.

Although a variety of agencies and governments can point to "successful" population reduction programs— countries in which up to a third of the population has been sterilized— the rampant and rage engendered by coercive programs has meant that many developing countries refuse to address the environmental impact of population growth. By alienating such people, important allies have already been lost, and a great deal of healing will have to take place before cooperation can be assured.

So where does this leave the environmental and feminist movements? "I think there are going to be a lot of important discussions going on because there’s a lot of overlap," says Patricia Ireland, Executive Vice President of the National Organization for Women. "There are a lot of feminists who are part of the environmental movement, who'll be pushing the debate between women’s rights to individual freedom and the question of how much freedom a woman has to give up for the good of the whole." Ireland also envisions spirited discussions on contraceptive availability. Unlike Hartmann, she believes that some forms of birth control, like the injectable Depo-Provera, may be encouraged despite known risks because the question of safety has to be put into context. "Is it safe? Compared to what? One-hundred-thousand botched abortions?" Tamar Raphael, of the Fund for the Feminist Majority, agrees with Ireland. While she and the Fund advocate a host of reforms to reduce economic injustice, she knows that this is a long-range solution. "Ending poverty is not something we can do overnight. It’s not the root cause of why women want to control the fertility. It’s not only a question of poverty. Nonetheless, she asks some pointed questions that feminists and environmentalists would be wise to address. "Is it moral to force a woman in Ethiopia to have a child when she knows that child will die of starvation before age three? Can society force women — should society force women — to carry a child to term when they know that child will die?"

How we come down on these questions will determine the types of coalitions we build and the types of alliances we make. For some, the question of women’s lives and female access to economic resources and opportunities is central to any discussion of population policies. For others, the question of finite natural resources takes center stage. The two camps have urgent cause for debate and action. "We’ve turned the world into a giant wastebasket," says the Audubon Society’s Tanya Thomas. "If something isn’t done immediately we’ll be past the point of doing something to save it."
The Hand That Rocks The Cradle Can Also Rock The Boat

By Irene Davall

The Dayton Foundation — the giving arm of Dayton Hudson Corporation — announced last summer that its annual grant to Planned Parenthood was being withheld for the first time in 22 years. Executives said the decision stemmed from the foundation's desire not to take sides in the national debate over abortion.

The decision, conveyed to Planned Parenthood last summer, was not made public until August 31, the same day the Twin Cities National Organization for Women rallied outside Dayton's Minneapolis flagship store to call for a boycott of all stores in the Dayton chain.

Peggy Lucas, speaking for the Minnesota Women's Consortium, said: "I think the safest port Dayton had in the abortion storm was the one they abandoned. Donating money that was earmarked for teenage pregnancy counseling. Now, they've worked themselves into a no-win situation."

Arvonne Fraser, Senior Fellow in Public Affairs at the Hubert H. Humphrey Institute, and the Director of the Women's Public Policy and Development Project, wrote the store: "Your venerable old Minnesota institution has just destroyed its credibility with more than me." Along with her letter, Fraser mailed her Dayton credit card, cut neatly in half.

Fraser is also married to the mayor of Minneapolis.

And Fraser's act was not a solitary one. Abortion rights activists got busy, made a few calls to colleagues from the Minnesota Alliance for Choice and by midweek had 10,000 postcards in the mail.

"There really was a groundswell, an outpouring of protest," reported Clare Gravon, chair of the Planned Parenthood board. "There's no way we could have orchestrated this response. People read the article, they knew what they had to do and they did it."

The company received letters and phone calls on both sides of the issue, but acknowledged that most disagreed with the foundation's action. The Human Life Alliance of Minnesota had said it would be sorry if Dayton decided to revoke its decision. "There were a lot of us who had canceled our Dayton accounts. When the foundation withdrew funding our boycott was over. I think if they had waited a little longer, they would have been able to see the results," said an anti-abortion spokesperson.

Dayton executives said the foundation would continue to support other programs aimed at pregnancy prevention. The foundation and its divisions gave away $22.5 million in 1989, including more than $8 million in the Twin Cities.

According to the Women's Consortium, if the foundation had not reinstated their annual contribution by Thanksgiving they planned to take out full-page newspaper ads advocating a Christmas shopping boycott aimed at Dayton and its subsidiaries, including such eminent emporiums as Hudson in Detroit, Marshall Field in Chicago and Mervyn's and Target in California.

Market analysts estimate that retailers — the Dayton chain among them — do about 60 percent of their annual business during the Christmas-Hanukkah season.

Twin Cities securities analysts declared the controversy probably has not harmed the company's bottom line yet, but that could change. "It becomes a national issue, it can have repercussions that Dayton Hudson never imagined. It can cause a lot more than $20,000 worth of damage."

The words seemed prophetic when New York City Comptroller Elizabeth Holtzman notified Dayton of her concern that boycotts and other actions by abortion rights supporters would affect the company's financial position. Her concern was justified; the New York City pension fund holds 438,290 shares of Dayton stock valued at $31.9 million.

On September 20, Dayton announced they were reinstating the $20,000 contribution. This does not mean that Dayton or its Foundation is taking a position on abortion or abortion rights. "We have never taken a position on abortion nor will we. The grant will be put in a restricted education fund and Planned Parenthood has assured us they will add a separate line category for it," they said.

Peter Wilderotter, Planned Parenthood Vice President for Resources, said: "We are pleased by Dayton's decision to reinstate funding, thereby seeing their way to do something about reducing the need for abortion. We welcome anyone, including our opposition, who will join with us in providing education and prevention services."

The Minnesota Women's Consortium summed it up: "Dayton is considered a leader among corporate foundations. Other foundations would like to defund. We have an opportunity to have corporations realize they have more to fear from abortion supporters than opponents."

ON THE ISSUES SPRING 1991
GEEZ, ARE WE REALLY THAT BAD?

Are Women Part of the News That's Fit to Print?

By Junior Bridge

Clearly, Max Frankel was not happy. Neither was Ben Bradlee.

Frankel and Bradlee are the executive editors of two of the nation's most prestigious general-interest newspapers, the New York Times and the Washington Post, respectively. When asked to comment on the results of a national media survey about news coverage of and by women, both men sent short, testy replies.

The New York Times, for the second year in a row, had come out low (the lowest in the 1989 study) in a 1990 media survey which tabulated the number of times female bylines appeared, female proper names were used in stories, and females appeared in photographs on the front pages of 10 major, general-interest newspapers around the country. This is the newspaper that claims boldly on its masthead that it prints "all the news that's fit to print."

The Washington Post fared better. In the first study, the paper's percentages in the aforementioned three categories fell approximately in the middle of the papers surveyed. In the 1990 study, it came out the highest of the papers examined in female appearances in photos, and about the middle range for the remaining categories.

The idea for the survey initially was to make a point: Women have still not arrived on an equal footing with men in this country, women still have much work to do to acquire gender equality. A social indicator was needed that was easily understood and widely accessible. The print media was an obvious choice.

The point was made — starkly. Results from the 1989 survey showed that on average, female bylines appeared on the front pages about 27 percent of the time; females were represented in only 24 percent of the front-page pictures; and references to females were abysmally low: 11 percent.

This despite the fact that females comprise over half the U.S. population, about half of newspaper readership, 45 percent of the total labor force, 60 percent of the new investors in New York Stock Exchange companies, and more than half of all college students.

The newspapers examined were the Atlanta Constitution, Chicago Tribune, Houston Chronicle, Los Angeles Times, Miami Herald, New York Times, St. Louis Post Dispatch, Seattle Times, USA Today, and the Washington Post. Consideration in the selection of papers was primarily given to geographic location. An effort was also made to include papers from states considered to be bellwether areas for social change.

There were days during the study period when there were no female bylines, photographs, or references to females on the front pages of these major general-interest newspapers. Imagine a front page without a male byline, photo, or reference!

In many of the March 1989 news stories that included a female source, the female name was not repeated. Instead, pronouns were used ("she said," rather than "Whitmore said") whereas the names of male sources were repeated frequently.

Another finding was that female reporters don't appear to go to female sources any more often than male writers. Even stories on topics of specific and great concern to women, such as abortion, often contained more quotes from men, and few or no quotes from women.

Most often, females were portrayed as victims of brutal acts, or in terms of their familial relationships, i.e., Mary, the daughter of; his wife, Barbara, or, Joyce, mother of four. It was noted, too, that females were more frequently referred to by their first names; men by their last names.

USA Today averaged higher percentages of female bylines (41 percent), photos (41 percent), and female references (31 percent) than the other papers examined. The New York Times averaged the lowest percentages of female bylines (18 percent) and references (five percent).

The month-long 1990 study was expanded to include 10 additional newspapers with circulations ranging from about 20,000 to 50,000. This was done to see if there is any difference in news coverage of and by women in smaller, non-major-media centers.

Commissioned by the University of Southern California's Media Watch: Women and Men Project, the latest study was released at the Spring 1990 annual meeting of the American Society of Newspaper Editors in Washington, D.C. It showed a gain in coverage of females in photos from the 1989 survey. Little improvement was found, however, in the references to female names in stories or to the number of female bylines on front pages.

Females appeared in front-page photos 32 percent of the time, compared to 24 percent in the first study. Female bylines averaged 28 percent, up one point since 1989. Female names were found in stories 14 percent of the time, as opposed to 11 percent a year earlier. The increase appears due to the inclusion of the smaller....

Continued on pg 41
SOME FEMINISTS ON WAR
JANUARY 25, 1991

These comments were gathered as the war in the Persian Gulf entered its second week and rushed into print immediately prior to our press date.

We watch this war live for the first time in history, at home, on television, sandwiched between MTV and reruns of the “Honeymooners,” the entire world united at last—as disassociated spectators at the ultimate high-tech video game.

As feminists, we had no say in this war. We watch, glued to our screens as earth’s innocent children don masks of terror all over the Middle East. Our emotions are intense and conflicted. What if the world blames the Jews for being as imperfect as everyone else? For defending themselves? For daring to survive? Jews and Israelis, like women and feminists, are held to much higher standards; both groups are expected to be victims, not victors.

Feminists cannot afford to forget the raging war against women which results in a litany of invisible and uncounted victims: Rape, battery, incest, Indian dowry burnings, death from illegal abortion, female infanticide in China, clitoridectomies in Africa and the Middle East, etc. Female lives lived in helplessness and despair—lives lost to poverty and daily crushing oppression.

We remember Hitler and the danger of appeasement. If evil exists, and we believe it does, how do we confront it? Can we do so effectively and nonviolently? If we could deploy a Cruise Missile to stop all rape, should we? If we could destroy the central command posts of the pornographers and pimps, would we? Many on the American left believe that evil can be confronted with dialogue or that half-day marches can speak truth to power. Perhaps violence must be met with a force greater than itself—massive collective, continual, unarmed struggle—like Gandhi’s followers lying their bodies down across British railway lines, like feminists pitching their tents at Greenham Common against nuclear missiles. All our bodies on the front lines— all the time. And, if not, Cruise Missiles will speak for us whether we like it or not.

Those on the American right are well trained in cost benefit analysis. They feel that 50 thousand more American lives lost is not too high a price to pay to maintain control of the world’s oil supply. Blood for oil? Hell yes! (Yours, not mine). After all, Americans, both left and right drive cars and show no willingness to give them up in order to stop this war. We all supported Saddam Hussein: He
paid good money for arms, he was supposedly a bulwark against Iranian fundamentalism, he was a socialist "Robin Hood" who cared about Middle Eastern poverty, inequity and the Palestinians. Now we are left to do deadly battle with a monster we helped create.

As the tortured faces of prisoners of war, refugees and ecological disaster fill our screens we know we are seeing George Bush's "New World Order." One that will be a recapitulation of the old. Regardless of the outcome of the war between nations, patriarchy, racism and anti-Semitism will win and women, children and the poor will lose. Despite this, we must go on record in support of the war against Saddam Hussein.

—Phyllis Chesler and Marie Hoffman

S
o much that is happening in this war is contrary to feminism. There are millions of invisible women victims for whom this war has added another form of violence to their lives. This includes not only Kuwaiti, Iraqi, Saudi, Palestinian and Israeli women but also hundreds of thousands of Asian women workers in the Gulf now displaced as refugees, vulnerable to abuse from soldiers. The U.S. women in the armed forces, not allowed combat "privileges" yet sent to the region to face danger; the anti-democratic nature of the U.S. troops, overwhelmingly made up of racial minorities and the poor, taking the risks for an ill-defined national interest.

Perhaps most unsettling is the cagersness of many on both sides to have it out militarily. Bush and Hussein made no real effort at peace because they wanted to fight. The grip of machismo on our world police in one region, it barters war games and testing war toys, not to mention chose to invest in Tomahawk Cruise Missiles, Apache attack helicopters, Smart warplanes, AI tanks, and intelligence satellites. Instead of education, job training, energy research and development, infrastructure, the needs of the American family. It remains to be seen whether we would have found ourselves in the grip of leadership so unworthy of power if 50 percent of Congress had been women when all these electronic war toys were being appropriated.

—Linda Clarke - Student at Columbia University

Outraged! Filled with incredible sadness, pain and anger, I summon to the wisdom of Martin Luther King, Jr. who in 1967 addressed students at Sacramento State College on "War and Conscience" saying "this way of settling our international disputes is not just... We have again fallen victims to the deadly Western [American led] arrogance and lies that have poisoned the world order for so long." Once again we have built on political myth for economic gain and then shared it up with new violence. Black, Hispanic and poor white youth will die in disproportionate numbers, in a desert where they have no right to be. They will all too soon realize that this war is being fought for the wealthy and the poor to ensure that they remain so through their oil profits. George Bush would see our daughters and sons die by the thousands; risk the very existence of Israel and all its people, and court the most chaotic configuration imaginable in the entire Middle East to maintain this economic power and military control of the privileged few in the West. This is as barbaric — morally and physically — as anything that Saddam Hussein could dream of.

Martin concluded his address by exhorting that "Every man (and woman) of humane convictions must decide on the principle against the madness that best suits his/her convictions" — but protest we must!

—Robin Morgan, Gloria Steinem

I
n the last decade, over one trillion dollars of our tax money was spent developing the high technology weapons systems we now see "being engaged" in the Persian Gulf "campaign.

Twelve major American cities as well as entire states like California and New Jersey are now virtually bankrupt because for 10 years the federal government chose to invest in Tomahawk Cruise Missiles, Apache attack helicopters, Smart warplanes, AI tanks, and intelligence satellites, instead of education, job training, energy research and development, infrastructure, the needs of the American family.

It remains to be seen whether we would have found ourselves in the grip of leadership so unworthy of power if 50 percent of Congress had been women when all these electronic war toys were being appropriated.

—Eleanor Pam is a Professor, Hostos at CUNY.
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SWEDE 1990

October 1, 1990. The flight is uneventful — except that somewhere over the Atlantic I turn 50. I arrive in Stockholm almost “as naked as the day I was born,” i.e., they’ve lost my luggage. It’s chilly, I’m wearing summer clothes, but SAS agrees to give me a clothing allowance.

The Hotel Oden: A welcoming row of lamps, perennially lit against the soft, gray Nordic sky: Happiness — a sauna and a machine that expertly shines your shoes with you still in them — and a sex club just across the street. Norwegian born feminist theologian Eva Lundgren sends Amy Elman, an American born graduate student, to my rescue. We buy the most beautiful coat in all of Stockholm: A really fine birthday present. Over coffee, rich and strong, we discuss, non-stop, the situation of women in Sweden.

Despite its world-class reputation as a humane and enlightened state, and despite the existence of legalized prostitution and pornography, reported rape is on the increase: Only the number of convictions for rape has decreased. So much for the illusion that legal prostitution will limit male sexual violence to the “bad” girls and spare the “good” girls.

Most (80 percent) of Swedish women are segregated into 11 low-paid professions. Women (at least 20 percent, according to one recent study) are also sexually harassed on the job. Those who complain encounter on-the-job retaliation. More important, such harassment is not officially viewed as a problem. By law, men and women are “equal” as workers. If one (female) worker is harassed or raped by another (male) worker there is no redress. The Swedish government does not, as yet, fund research into male violence against women; it funds, but only minimally, the 110 shelters for battered women, some of which have been in existence since 1979. The shelters are largely dependent on female volunteers.

Officially, I’ve been invited by the Swedish Research Council on The Humanities and Social Sciences to participate in a three-day international conference in Stockholm; to give lectures at Uppsala, Sweden’s oldest university; and at Umea, its newest, not far from Lapland.

My first night in Stockholm, I visit the Europe of royalty, the Europe of tourists: The narrow, cobbled streets of the Old City, the fairytale outline of castles and ships against the sky, and dine by candlelight on smoked fish, caviar, wine.

October 2, 1990. Back to reality. I visit Alla Kvinnas Haus, the Stockholm Shelter for Battered Women. Gun Englund, the second-in-command of ROKS, the shelter’s national umbrella group, is my guide and translator. The shelter is a huge three-story building with three separate entrances and enough room for a bookstore, child care center, meeting hall, theater, offices and a kitchen — in addition to the five private apartments that house 17 women and children. Everything is cheerful, brightly painted. I gaze at the lighted windows of the five apartments on free, feminist soil. (Well, not exactly free. Paid for by the city, by membership dues, by the proceeds from the bookstore and from cultural programs.)

Afterwards, dinner with Gun in a nearby cafe. “Have you ever been to a sex club?” I ask her. I’ve begun to ask this of every feminist I meet. Apparently, no one has. Amy Elman once tried, but was told she couldn’t enter without a man.

“Why do you want to go, Phyllis?” Gun asks me.

“Either we’ll go and enjoy ourselves,” I reply (at this, Gun looks horrified), “or we’ll go and feel our feelings: Embarrassment, desire, fear, terror...”


“Right,” I respond. “Maybe we’ll overturn some tables.”

“Oh,” says Gun, smiling. “I’ll call up my boyfriend to come with us so we can get in.” (He won’t, it’s getting late, and we part.) Last year, when I gave a lecture for the 10th anniversary of the Feminist Therapy Clinic in Tokyo I also suggested going over to “hang out” in the red-light district known as Shinju-ku — all 800 of us. (Well, why not? A girl can dream can’t she?)

Continued on pg 42

Mothers on the Run and Other Atrocities

...Scenes from Sweden, 1990

By Phyllis Chesler
THE STRANGE CASE OF MARK CURTIS:

By Fred Pelka

Five months after Mark Stanton Curtis was arrested in Des Moines on charges of sexual abuse and burglary, Detroit Mayor Coleman A. Young sent a letter to the authorities in Iowa charging frame-up and police brutality.

"As an early union organizer," Young wrote on August 18, 1988, "I am concerned that Mr. Curtis may be being harassed for his political beliefs rather than fairly investigated and brought to trial for actual criminal activity."

Young's letter was one of hundreds sent to Des Moines that summer on behalf of Curtis, a 29-year-old member of the Socialist Workers Party (SWP) and an employee at the local Swift meatpacking plant. It echoed a Detroit City Council resolution which stated there was "no evidence" that Curtis beat and raped* a 15-year-old African-American girl in her home on the night of March 4, 1988, and referred to "a brutal attack" on Curtis by "law enforcement officials" of Polk County.

It isn't often that the government of one American city accuses another of holding and beating a political prisoner. So the retractions, when they came, were even more startling.

"I've done some checking on my own," wrote Detroit Councilman Mel Ravitz, in a letter to the victim's father, "and have concluded that it is improbable that Mr. Curtis was framed." Councilmen John Peoples and Nicholas Hood also wrote personal letters of apology for their support of Curtis.

The Socialist Workers Party has devoted an enormous effort to the Curtis case in the three years since his arrest. It has gathered endorsements from more than 8,000 political activists and organizations in and around the world and raised, by its own estimate, $150,000 in living room and union hall fundraisers, and by working the crowds at peace and prochoice rallies across the country. Past and present Curtis endorsers include Ed Asner, Congressmen John Conyers and Ronald Dellums, Angela Davis, the Rev. Daniel Berrigan, Detroit Bishop Thomas Gumbleton, several chapters of NOW, the national chair of Sinn Fein, and members of Parliament and the African National Congress.

But while endorsers around the world see Mark Curtis as a champion of civil rights, his defense committee in Des Moines is picketed by the National Black United Front. While Curtis claims he was framed because of his fight for undocumented Latino workers, activists in the Des Moines Latino community say they never heard of him until his arrest. While his supporters contend Curtis was prosecuted as a warning to labor organizers everywhere, his own union refuses to endorse the effort to free him. And while feminists from North Carolina to Great Britain write letters of support, counselors at the rape crisis center in Des Moines insist on his guilt, and accuse his defense committee of harassing a teenaged rape victim.

Critics charge the Socialist Workers Party with perpetrating a hoax that is rapidly becoming an embarrassing cause celebre. Feminists in particular charge that the success of the Curtis Defense Committee in winning financial and political support reveals a deep streak of sexism among progressives, and an ignorance of the realities of rape. What does it mean, they ask, when so many "politically correct" people are willing to

*[Note: The rape survivor's last name has been changed to protect her confidentiality.]*

PHOTOS BOB NANDELL / COURTESY: THE DES MOINES REGISTER

ON THE ISSUES SPRING 1991
take, at face value, the word of a white man convicted of rape over that of his Black victim?

The case against Mark Curtis rests on the accounts of two key witnesses, 15-year-old Demetria Harris and her 11-year-old brother Jason. According to their testimony, they were home alone on the evening of March 4, 1988, watching TV, when there was a knock at their door. When Demetria asked who it was, a man answered “Mark.” Thinking it might be their big brother Mark, Demetria opened the door to see a “tall and skinny” white man standing on the steps outside their enclosed front porch, asking if “Bonita or Keith” were there, if this was 1545 1Xth Street. The Harris home is at 1529 1Xth Street — just a few houses down. When Demetria told him he had the wrong address, the man asked if her parents were home. Jason, getting bored, went back into the house to watch TV. That’s when “Mark” pushed his way onto the porch.

“He closed the door behind him,” Demetria told the jury, “and he told me — threatened, he said, ‘I have a knife. I’ll hurt your brother and you if you don’t cooperate.’”

Demetria struggled, until “Mark” began punching her in the face and head. Jason, hearing the struggle, came to investigate. Opening the door a moment he saw “Mark” on top of Demetria. Jason went back into the house, armed himself with a kitchen knife, took the phone as far from the porch as he could, and dialed 911.

“Mark” put his hands around Demetria’s throat, “and started choking me, and told me not to say anything.” Gonzales and Glade pushed through the door, and “Mark” pushed them down to the back of the house. Demetria, nude from the waist down and bleeding from the face, told Gonzales, “He just raped me.”

The assailant was cornered in a back bedroom, where, his pants still down around his legs, Mark Stanton Curtis was handcuffed and read his rights.

Demetria positively identified Curtis at her deposition as the man who assaulted her. She and Jason both repeatedly identified him at the trial. Officers Gonzales and Glade identified him as the man they arrested at the Harris house on March 4. Kim Manning testified as to the time the 911 call came in from Jason. The tape of Jason’s whispered message was played to the jury. Dr. Jodie Helmick from the Broadlawns Hospital emergency room testified that Demetria had been beaten, while nurse Jane Brackney described Demetria that night as “crying, pretty upset.” And though no semen was found on Demetria (the entire encounter on the porch lasted less than 10 minutes. It took two minutes

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**The closer one gets to Des Moines, the less luck Curtis has had organizing his broad, political fight**

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from the time Jason called the police to when they arrived; Curtis was interrupted before ejaculation occurred, forensic expert Paul Bush testified that dirt and creases on Demetria’s clothes corroborated her account of the struggle. Curtis’ wallet and keychain were found on the Harris front porch, his car was found parked out front.

Demetria’s hour-long account of the attack was detailed and explicit. “I started getting sick,” she told the jury at one point. “I wanted to throw up, but I couldn’t do it.” Pointing to Curtis, she said, “He’s exactly who did those things to me.”

Most Curtis endorsers have never heard this testimony. In “The Frame-up of Mark Curtis,” a slick video by Hollywood director Nick Castle, Demetria is only allowed to speak for a few seconds. Three days of testimony, much of it damaging to Curtis, are reduced to 30 minutes of tape given largely to descriptions of conditions at the Swift plant, of the beating Curtis received at police headquarters after his arrest, of Curtis as activist, son and husband.

What the video gives us is Curtis’ version of events, as recounted at the trial. According to this, Curtis started the evening at a meeting called by Latino activists to protest the arrest of 17 undocumented workers at a Swift plant earlier that week. After the meeting, Curtis went to a local bar, leaving at 8:30 to go home. At 8:45 he left his house to go shopping. Curtis says that on his way to the store, while stopped at a red light, a teenaged girl demanded that Curtis give her a ride. She told Curtis that someone from the nearby TNT Bar was after her. Curtis let her into his car. She gave him directions to the Harris house. When they arrived she asked him to get out of the car and walk her into the house. She let him in with a key, and then disappeared into the house, never to be seen or heard from again.

“Well, I heard a noise behind me, a ‘bam’ as the door flew open.” It was officer Gonzales. “He handcuffed me, my wrists behind my back, turned me around, sat me down on this bed that was there, he pushed me back onto the bed and he unbuckled my pants and pulled them down...I was — I was — I was flabbergasted. I was — this was crazy. This was wild.”

Curtis’ account at the trial differed from the story he had told in the initial months after his arrest. In the original version, it was Demetria Harris herself who flagged Curtis down near the TNT Bar, and lured him to her home. One month before the trial, however, Curtis changed this story to that of a mystery woman — an unidentified Black teenager who was, according to Curtis, another cog in the police conspiracy against him.

But Curtis was unable to produce a single witness to corroborate the existence of this Black teenager. Neither did Curtis deny during the trial that Demetria was assaulted, (though he has since referred to her as “the alleged victim”), nor did he challenge the authenticity of Jason’s 911 call, or accuse Kim Manning of lying when she said the call came in at 8:51 (a crucial point, since the SWP claims Curtis’ presence at a bar until 8:30 constitutes “an unchallenged alibi”). When asked why Demetria and Jason would falsely identify him, Curtis said nothing about a police frame-up. Instead, he replied, “I don’t know.”

Prosecutor Catherine Thune has made short work of the conspiracy theory. How could the police know, she asked in her summation, when and where Curtis would go shopping, or what route he would take? How could they know that the traffic light where the mystery woman was stationed would turn red just as Curtis reached it? How could they know that Curtis would give this stranger a ride to the Harris house, then leave his car, enter the house, and wait to be arrested? How could they know the Harris children would cooperate in framing a total stranger? And why use children in a frame-up, why use a charge of sexual assault, when such cases are notoriously difficult to prosecute?

Thune has her own theory as to how Curtis wound up at the Harris home that night. Curtis’ former neighbor, named Keith Harrison, had moved the day before to 1545 1Xth Street. Curtis had asked for Keith and his housemate Bonita by name and address when he first spoke with Demetria on March 4. Curtis, ac-
Harrison at 1545 1st St., and instead according to Thune, was looking for Keith wound up on the doorstep of Keith thus caught in a direct lie under oath. Curtis on several occasions. Curtis was called by Thune immediately after Curtis, speaking to either Keith or Bonita. Bonita, got out on bail that he wanted to organize Thune pointed out that he had been fired about his marital status when first taken from a previous job for lying on his re- single when, in fact, he is married. His credibility was further damaged when Thune pointed out that he had been fired because of his radical politics.

For his part, defense attorney Mark Pennington, during his summation, flatly denied that he or his client were claiming frame-up. What this was, Pennington told the jury, was an admittedly improbable case of mistaken identity, combined with a bizarre coincidence (the mystery woman leading Curtis to the scene of the crime), and perhaps some overzealousness on the part of officer Gonzales. The jury found Curtis guilty as charged. Curtis was sentenced by Judge Harry Perkins to 25 years in the Men's Reformatory in Anamosa. In April 1990 the Iowa Court of Appeals rejected his final appeal. "Curtis decided pretty quickly after he got out on bail that he wanted to organize a broad, political fight against what was clearly a frame-up."

From The Frame-up of Mark Curtis: A Packinghouse Worker's Fight for Justice, by Margaret Jayco. But the closer one gets to Des Moines, the less luck Curtis has had organizing his "broad, political fight."

"There aren't many people in the peace and justice community in Des Moines who have bought his story," says Bill Douglas, chair of the Iowa Socialist Party. Rudy Simms, civil rights activist and regional director for the National Conference of Christian and Jews, says Curtis "has no support that I'm aware of in the Black community here. Personally, I can't fathom any civil rights organization or any minority organization supporting Mark Curtis."

A call to Curtis' own union, local 431 of the United Food and Commercial Workers in Davenport, revealed that, other than sending a letter protesting his treat- inment in custody, it has done nothing on behalf of Curtis. When a petition for Curtis was circulated at the Swift plant, none of the workers on his shift signed. Perry J. Chapin, president of the South Central Iowa AFL-CIO, has stated that he would personally denounce any organization or individual who says we should support Mark Curtis.

Calls to the Iowa Federation of Labor, the Des Moines chapter of the NAACP, the American Friends Service Committee, the Catholic Peace Ministry, Des Moines and Iowa NOW, and the League of United Latin American Citizens (LULAC) come up with the same answer.

Curtis says the police simply started beating him, calling him a "Mexican lover"

"The reason they're organizing around the country," said Marti Anderson, director of Polk Country Victim Services at the time of the trial, "is because they can't organize in Des Moines. He's not that important a person. He claimed to have been active in the feminist community, but those of us in the feminist community never heard of him. He claimed to be an activist in the union movement, and the unions in Des Moines aren't supporting him."

"I think there's a lot of resentment here," says Douglas, "over what people see as misrepresentations by the SWP of Curtis' activism."

Two examples of this "activism" are listed by the SWP as the primary reasons for the alleged frame-up. The first is Curtis' participation in a march against police racism in nearby Clive, IA, two weeks before his arrest. Larry W. Carter, president of Des Moines NAACP, was one of the organizers of that demonstration. He says that "Curtis had absolutely nothing to do with organizing that. Maybe he was there, but so were hundreds of other people." Carter himself "believed from day one that [Curtis] was guilty as sin," and "was gratified when his appeal was rejected." Far from seeing Curtis' arrest as a "racist conspiracy," as the SWP has described it, the Des Moines NAACP "told the county attorney's office from the start that we wanted this man prosecuted just as strenuously as we imagine they would prosecute a Black man charged with raping a white teen- ager."

The second reason for framing Curtis is supposed to be the speech he gave at the United Mexican-American Community Center on behalf of the "Swift 17" — the 17 Latino meatpackers picked up earlier that week by the INS. At his trial Curtis testified that he'd spoken in Spanish at the March 4 meeting, just hours before his arrest, about "the need to get the union very involved in defending these workers." He described it as a large meeting. "There were many of us from my department at work, and family members of the arrested workers. The media was there, and so on."

"I don't know that he said anything," says Ila Plasencia, who organized and was present at the meeting. Plasencia, past national vice-president for the Midwest section of LULAC, was a leader in the campaign to free the Swift 17. (Sixteen of the 17 were eventually freed; one was deported to Mexico). "It wasn't a big meeting. There was no press there. No one else who was there remembers Curtis at all. "If he says he's an activist in the Hispanic community," says Plasencia, "I would say no."

Plasencia openly resents the fact that she quoted and LULAC is mentioned in Curtis literature. When asked what she thinks of the theory that Curtis was framed for his advocacy of Latino workers, she pauses a moment, and laughs.

According to Charles Adams, author of Labor Defense and the Mark Curtis Case, Curtis, far from being a threat to the Swift management, was described by his shop steward as "a quiet kind of guy who kept to himself." And when Latino workers walked off the Swift production line to protest the arrest of the Swift 17, Mark Curtis, self-described "militant unionist," "antiracist fighter," and proponent of Latino-Anglo worker solidarity, refused to join them.

"It's all a hoax," says Carter. "There isn't a shred of truth to any of it."

Mark Curtis was literally caught with his pants down, minutes after a 911 call, in the home of a half-nude and bleeding adolescent who insisted that he had just raped her. There was an eyewitness to the assault, and other corroborating evidence: His keychain and wallet, his car parked out front, "Keith and Bonita," together with his proven duplicity under oath. As a result, Curtis' claim of frame-up has little credibility in Des Moines. In fact, there is a good deal of outright animosity to his campaign, especially among African-Americans. How is it then that so many people outside Des Moines, who identify themselves as progressives, and even feminists, have lent their names, their reputations, and, in many cases, their financial support, in an effort to free Mark Curtis?

"The first thing (SWP members) do is ask the personal favors trick," says Barry Shuchter, editorial committee member of the Boston Labor Page. "They say, 'We've been on the line with you, we've come to

Continued on pg 38
This is one person's account of an event that happened in 1979, but had its roots in the turbulent '60s. No picture of those times would be complete without noting that various government agencies were extremely active spying on and attempting to infiltrate and disrupt progressive, radical, and revolutionary organizations. The government's Counterintelligence Program (COINTELPRO) was in full swing, and a favorite tactic was spreading false rumors about particular groups and individuals to break up unity and sow dissension and disillusionment. While we don't know whether or to what extent government forces were involved in the attack on Fay Stender (setting it up, encouraging or carrying it out) and its aftermath, we think it's important for readers to keep this possibility in mind when reading Diana E.H. Russell's article.

Marc Lepine's massacre of 14 female engineering students in Montreal on 6 December 1989 marked the beginning of a new era of misogynist murder — or femicide, as some feminists have named such acts. Although sexist murders are an everyday phenomenon in the United States today (for example, the slaughter of women who reject their husbands, lovers, boyfriends, or admirers), and there has been a dramatic escalation in the number of serial killers of women in the past three decades, mass killings were considered to be gender-neutral forms of murder before Lepine's frenzied shooting of "fucking feminists." Rarely has a murderer of women been so explicit about his hatred of women and his motivation for killing them.

One of the effects of Lepine's mass femicide has been to break through many people's denial of how lethal misogyny often is for women. In contrast, when Fay Stender was shot by a man in 1979, no one asked whether her being a woman was a factor in the attempt to kill her; that is what I will address here.

But first I will describe what happened in the early hours of Memorial Day, and what is known about Stender's would-be assassin.

"It's hard to accept the idea that, in the mind of some would-be assassin, pulling out [of the prison movement] just before she burned out is a sin punishable by the kind of lunatic brutality visited on her in the middle of the night in her own home." — Austin Scott, LA Times, 5 June 1979.

I have chosen to write about the death of Fay Stender, a well-known California attorney, because I was very deeply affected by it. In part this was because I knew her. Her lover was a close friend of mine. In addition, Stender lived in my

FAY STENDER & THE POLITICS OF MURDER

Mass killings were considered gender-neutral before Lepine's frenzied shooting of "fucking feminists"

By Diana E. H. Russell
neighborhood; I was with her only 24 hours before she was shot. As a political radical, I also identified with her. Consequently, I found the attempt to kill her for political reasons particularly horrifying.

Stender was shot six times at point-blank range in her Berkeley home by a man later identified as 27-year-old, ex-convict Edward Brooks. One .38 caliber bullet hit Fay's head, narrowly missing her brain. Three other bullets struck her in the chest, damaging her spinal cord and right lung. The remaining two bullets fractured bones in her arms causing nerve damage. When Brooks ran from Stender's home, he "left her for dead." Stender was 47 years old at the time, a feminist, the mother of two children, Neal and Oriane, and recently separated from her attorney husband, Marvin.

Stender was on the critical list for the next few days and in the intensive care unit at a Berkeley hospital for several weeks. When she was discharged, she was permanently paralyzed from her waist down.

Unable to endure the profound disillusionment and the relentless physical pain, Stender herself eventually completed Brooks' attempt to terminate her life. "I'm just living for this [Brooks'] trial," she told friends. "I want to see him put away." Three months after Brooks was sentenced to 37 years in state prison for attempted murder, an overflowing congregation of grieving family, friends and acquaintances attended Stender's funeral — a year to the day (May 28, 1980) after she was shot.

After pocketing the statement, Brooks asked Stender to identify herself. He then ordered her to sit at the desk.

"Have you ever betrayed anyone?" Brooks asked Stender. She denied that she had.

"Don't you feel you betrayed George Jackson?" Once again, Stender denied that she had. Brooks then ordered her to write the following statement.

"I, Fay Stender, admit I betrayed George Jackson and the prison movement when they needed me most."

Before he was gunned down in a prison escape attempt, Jackson had been a charismatic, political radical and author of the much acclaimed best-seller, Soledad Brother (1970), a passionate and eloquent account of his prison experiences and revolutionary politics. He had also been a longtime client of Stender's.

After starting this coerced confession, Stender protested. "This isn't true. I'm just writing this because you're holding a gun to my head." But she completed the "confession" when Brooks threateningly waved his gun at her.

After pocketing the statement, Brooks requested money. Neal and "Jean Morris" — a pseudonym for the other woman trapped by Brooks in Stender's bedroom — gave him the few dollars they had with them, while Stender told him her money was downstairs in the kitchen. Brooks ordered Neal to tie Morris' hands together. Next, he forced Neal to lie face-down on the bed, tied his hands behind his back, then followed Stender to the kitchen. There, she started to give him the $10 she had stashed away in a drawer, but Brooks suddenly raised his gun, and from a distance of only two feet, shot her six times.

Before his arrest, Brooks had used a woman to gain entrance to Stender's home. Believing her to be in distress, Stender's 20-year-old son, Neal opened the door. Brooks — armed with a gun — then stepped forward and demanded to speak to Stender.

"Please don't hurt us," pleaded Neal.

"Get moving," Brooks insisted, "or I'll blow your fucking head off."

Neal led Brooks upstairs to the bedroom where his mother asleeply answered his knock.

"There's a man with a gun who wants to talk to you," warned Neal. Seeing two women in the bed, Brooks asked Stender to identify herself. He then ordered her to sit at the desk.

"Have you ever betrayed anyone?" Brooks asked Stender. She denied that she had.

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"There's a man with a gun who wants to
those responsible for such atrocious crimes (against the revolution). Although Stender was not mentioned by name, she was almost certainly one of the attorneys the authors had in mind, for Stender had left the movement in 1973; this document was written a year later.

In their 1979 article about the attack on Stender, San Francisco Examiner reporters Tim Reiterman and Don Martinez cited "whistle-blower sources" as reporting that "Stender was one of a half-dozen lawyers named on BGF 'death warrants' issued several years ago, about the time that Stender was dropping her emphasis on prison.

Less than a month after Stender was shot, Charles Cary, a well-known, long-time Black Panther attorney with whom Stender had practiced law for nearly a decade, said that he had been informed by the Department of Corrections in Sacramento that he was also on an assassination hit list, as was attorney Salle Shanes Soladay. Both had been very active in the prison reform movement.

Since police protection was provided both Soladay and Cary, the authorities evidently took this "hit list" very seriously. While many on the left would likely mistrust information that comes from the Department of Corrections, Soladay and Cary did not. The pair were described as "staying in a constant state of preparedness against the chance that they may be the next assassin's target," and Soladay left the Bay Area temporarily because she felt so threatened.

Reporters Collier and Horowitz write that Stender was shot, Fleets Drumgo — one of the Soledad Brothers who had been acquitted of murder after George Jackson's death — appeared in Cary's law offices. "He said he was a member of the Black Guerrilla Family, that he had known of the BGF's plans to shoot Cary two weeks before the event and that he was willing to sell information. He reappeared on several occasions, sometimes wearing a gun in his belt, and named a former prisoner of Brooks as head of the BGF and the man who had ordered the shooting. On one such occasion before Brooks' trial began in January 1970, Drumgo was killed on an Oakland street."

Of course, Drumgo could have manufactured his story in an effort to exploit Cary's fears and get some money out of the attorney. On the other hand, consensus with Drumgo's story is the fact that Stender's daughter Orione had been stabbled in a few days before her mother was shot, and "he had held her someone was looking for her mother." In addition, Stender's mother also "received a death threat in the mail, signed by the BGF."

At the time of Stender's attempted murder, prison officials apparently considered the BGF to have become "a loosely-knit gang with little of its initial political impact." By 1980, this group was described in the San Francisco Chronicle as having completely lost its political dimension, having become instead "active in drug dealing, commercial burglary rings, contract murders, armed robbery gangs and forgery."

In March 1984, almost five years after Brooks shot Stender, he was stabbed nine times and killed by two Folsom Prison

It was Stender who first brought Jackson to public attention

Drums. His murder allegedly occurred "during a fight between factions of a Black Guerrilla Family prison group." According to another source, "officials believe he lost his life because he dropped out of the Black Guerrilla Family."

The irony of this accusation is "almost beyond belief," as reporter Austin Scott pointed out in the Los Angeles Times — since it was Stender who first brought Jackson to public attention. It was she who conceived the notion of Jackson authoring a book, and it was she who was responsible for finding a publisher for what became an influential, passionate and moving bestseller, *Soledad Brother.*

As his attorney, she did everything in his power to get him out of prison before he was killed in 1971.

Many of Jackson's letters to Stender are included in *Soledad Brother.* In some, he expresses great fondness and respect for her. "You are a very intelligent, sensitive and wonderful person," he wrote on March 5, 1970. In April of the same year: "You're like no one I've ever met from across the tracks. I do think a very great deal of you..." He ended this letter, "Pondly and Always," adding that he loved her.

Stender was so dedicated and active in the prison reform movement that Austin Scott described her as having been "nearly consumed" by it from 1969 to 1973. She formed the Prison Law Project in 1971. In 1973 she opened up a private law practice. Subsequent years, she became a feminist — thinking, writing, and organizing on feminist issues. Among other things, she helped to found California Women Lawyers. She also represented Janet Scherr, long-time live-in companion and co-parent of two children, with Max Scherr — founder of the Berkeley Barb — in a paternity case. When they separated, Max refused Janet's claim for a share of the property. Having taken a strong feminist stand on this case, Stender felt stabbled in the back by former leftist friends who failed to support her, and ended up concluding that "the left betrayed me." For Stender this meant the loss of the community that had been her main professional support.

Stender's questioning of herself and her

Continued on pg 40
The NUJ has always been the most successful voice arguing for women's interests within Pergamon, and over the years has managed to secure many benefits for its members, not only in pay but also maternity rights, health and safety measures, sickness benefits, and a clause regarding protection from sexual harassment. Now that the entire union membership has been fired, these benefits have been lost and the workforce is entirely unprotected.

The 23 NUJ members, including 13 women, were fired for participating in a one-day strike on May 24, 1989 over the company's arbitrary decision to deny union representation to one of their members in a grievance hearing. Two of the women fired toured the United States that summer, that revitalized the expressive genre. The sole female of the radical group, Marie Edma under Corot, to intense dedication to the new dynamics, she claimed a central place in the history of art. Compiled from journals, letters and a chronological exhibition history, the book limns an animated feminine sensibility. In its series of points and counterpoints, her story seems destined for contemporary readers.

From earliest years, Morisot struggled with a sense of ambivalence about her work. When, at 33, she married Edouard Manet's brother, Eugene, she found an admiring supporter. Her painting was accepted and given an integral space in their married life. The birth of their daughter Julie, summer 1865, helped her to connect the artist to an even deeper understanding of her own instincts. She wrote to a friend:

"You have everything still to learn; the love of art as you call it, or simply the love, or a taste for whatever work does not diminish with the years. It's really what best enables us to bear wrinkles and white hair. Chichi (Julie) is delightful, but as yet only a taste for whatever work does not diminish with the years. It's really what best enables us to bear wrinkles and white hair. Chichi (Julie) is delightful, but as yet only a taste for whatever work does not diminish with the years.

In 1991, the theme of Berthe Morisot with a Bouquet of Violets in full color is the jacket art. In 19th century France there was an almost iron control chaining the painter to the Academy des Beaux Arts principles and the proscribed subjects of history, myth and religion. Not unlike today's market, promotion offered aesthetic and financial interest. And the academy standards ruled Salon sales. A successful artist belonging to the traditional school received commissions, high prices, medals, seats on committees and the validation of peers. Since genius was considered a masculine prerogative, there were no works by women in the Louvre or sold through the aegis of the Salon. Women prospered as copyists; few dreamed of being more.

But Morisot was a genius. She honed her craft and opened a path like none before. From early studies with her sister Edma under Corot, to intense dedication to the new dynamics, she claimed a central place in the history of art.
mother, often depicting her family in paintings over the years. Morisot had undeniable influence with her peers and is even credited with in-

organizing within a multicultural con-

color in the mid-1870s. And yet this rec-

Albrecht and Rose M. Brewer, New Soci-

CULTURAL ALLIANCES edited by Lisa

BRIDGES OF POWER: WOMEN'S MULTI-

tions. Each essay challenges the reader to think about some issue sur-

Manets' financial crisis after the artist

herself bought many of the masterpieces,

An exhibition. It wasn't successful. Berthe

Morisot had undeniable influence with

exploring and developing an area so

multinational, offering us insight into

Homophobia has become the popular term to

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the most remarkable and, unfortu-

Claire M. Curtin is a poet and a play-

A Guide to Leading Introductory

A G U I D E T O L E A D I N G I N T R O D U C T O R Y

OPENING DOORS TO UNDERSTANDING

Corley's book is a manual for

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The Final Closet: The Gay Parents' Guide for Coming Out to Their Children by Rip Corley. It's aimed primarily at lesbians and gay men whose children are from prior heterosexual relationships. (Children born or adopted into gay households are usually raised in an openly gay environment.) How do children respond when told that a mother or father is gay? Corley notes that the age of the child, how approachable or hostile the parents' relationship is, and the previous parent-child dynamic factor into the way a child takes the news. Corley also addresses issues like custody problems, divorce, grandparents and the various roles played by a parent's gay partner.

FURTHER READING:

Some coming-out books offer structured guidance: Write this letter, make that phone call, plan a visit. In The Final Closet, case histories form a substantial portion of the book. These stories are like the body makeovers in weight loss ads: They're fun to read, provide you with a good tip or two and let you know it can be done. Given the legitimate fears of many parents, this is important. As the histo-

Henriet Alonzo is an assistant professor of history and women's studies at Fitchburg State College.

A GUIDE TO LEADING INTRODUCTORY

OPENING DOORS TO UNDERSTANDING

and power. This enticing section

The second group of essays is a bit

Morisot never ceased painting, strug-

The painting (from 1885) is on the back

of the book jacket in black and white.

This final section, "Building Women's

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Claire M. Curtin

Claire M. Curtin is a poet and a play-

in New York City

B R I D G E S O F P O W E R: W O M E N ' S M U L T I-

CULTURAL ALLIANCES edited by Lisa

paperback)
The keyword for women's studies in the

"multicultural." The commitment to

Address research, teaching and

organizing within a multicultural con-

text has spawned new publications, new

approaches to research and new organiz-

the result is that the discipline is moving in exciting new direc-

tion. Bridges of Power, a volume of ess-

says published in cooperation with the

National Women's Studies Association,

tries to break new paths in women's

multicultural studies. Parts of the book

are more successful than others.

In general, each essay challenges the

reader to think about some issue sur-

rounding a specific racial, ethnic or gen-

der group or the ways in which

multicultural alliances are formed. The

first section of the book addresses the

question of what an alliance is and how

women from different groups can learn to

work together. The essays offer a theo-

retical grounding in group dynamics and

alliance building, concluding with an

exciting contribution by Charlotte

Bunch, "Making Common Cause: Diver-

sity and Coalition."

The second group of essays is a bit

problematic. Entitled "Women's Leader-

ship and Power," this enticing section

gives concrete examples of the work alli-

ances, such as the International Sweet-

hearts of Rhythm, do. Rayna Green's

reprinted talk on Native American women

and Judith McDaniels' essay on lesbian

and peace activist Barbara Deming, offer

insight into a specific culture or women's

experience, but it is unclear how they tie

in with the rest of the book.

The final section, "Building Women's

Multicultural Alliances for Social

Change," is the most exciting. Here, the

reader learns of specific efforts to build

coalitions. Guida West, for one, documents

the conflicts and successes of the welfare

rights movement. This section is also

multinational, offering us insight into

efforts in Canada, Hong Kong, Peru,

Palestine-Israel and the U.S. This

final group of essays is the most

valuable in respect to the intent of the

book. The others, while interesting and

worthwhile reading, do not appear to form a cohesive whole. For those interested in forming or teaching about

multicultural alliances, however, Bridg-

de Power offers a starting point for further study.

---Henriet Alonzo

Henriet Alonzo is an assistant professor of

history and women's studies at Fitchburg

State College.

THE FINAL CLOSET: THE GAY PARENTS'

GUIDE FOR COMING OUT TO THEIR

Children by Rip Corley (Edipress, P.O.

Box 61085, Ph. Atlanti, FL 33261, (305)

940-4749; $8.95)

Homophobia has become the popular term to

express the fear, hatred and oppres-

sion of lesbians and gay men.

(Heterosexism is sometimes used to

describe institutional and cultural oppres-

sion.) Sometimes homophobia is evident

in discriminatory laws or policies which

can be fought with sit-ins, demonstra-

tions, elections and the like. But some of

its most frequent and painful expres-

sions are the words and actions of friends,

family and co-workers. These range from

relatively mild slurs to family arrange-

ment, friends' rejection and lost custody

of one's children. The tensions between

potential liberation and potential loss is

what makes coming out so challenging.

It's also what makes a market for self-

help guides.

Several books have discussed coming out to one's parents, but coming out to one's children is probably even more traumatic. Enter The Final Closet: The Gay Parents' Guide For Coming Out To Their Children by Rip Corley. It's aimed primarily at lesbians and gay men whose children are from prior heterosexual relationships. (Children born or adopted into gay households are usually raised in an openly gay environment.) How do children respond when told that a mother or father is gay? Corley notes that the age of the child, how approachable or hostile the parents' relationship is, and the previous parent-child dynamic factor into the way a child takes the news. Corley also addresses issues like custody problems, divorce, grandparents and the various roles played by a parent's gay partner.

Some coming-out books offer structured guidance: Write this letter, make that phone call, plan a visit. In The Final Closet, case histories form a substantial portion of the book. These stories are like the body makeovers in weight loss ads: They're fun to read, provide you with a good tip or two and let you know it can be done. Given the legitimate fears of many parents, this is important. As the histo-

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While Corley's book is a manual for lesbians and gay men, the workshop guides by Cooper Thompson and Kathy Obear are aimed at mixed audiences and, in particular, at challenging heterosexual relationships. (Children born or adopted into gay households are usually raised in an openly gay environment.) How do children respond when told that a mother or father is gay? Corley notes that the age of the child, how approachable or hostile the parents' relationship is, and the previous parent-child dynamic factor into the way a child takes the news. Corley also addresses issues like custody problems, divorce, grandparents and the various roles played by a parent's gay partner.

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MACHINERY OF DOMINANCE: WOMEN, MEN, AND TECHNICAL KNOW-HOW by Cynthia Cockburn (Northeastern University Press)

Coffee breaks were always the high point of my day as a clerical assistant for the state of Wisconsin. At 10:15 sharp, I'd ride down in the elevator with several of the administrative assistants (all women). I was hired to help. We had 15 minutes to drink our coffee and laugh about whatever our bosses (all men) had done that morning to get on our nerves. While these women struck me as competent and self-effacing, our male bosses tended to be both incompetent and patronizing. Laughing at them in the lunchroom was a great relief.

When news came that our department was to be "computerized" (this was in the early 1980s), we were uneasy. Some supervisory types were presenting the reorganization as a plus for us — we'd learn new skills and upgrade our jobs.

It didn't happen that way. The state's basic scheme was to cut some administrative assistant positions and farm out much of the department's typing work to a new word-processing pool. A couple of administrative assistants lost their jobs. Meanwhile, downstairs, another bunch of women had to spend eight hours staring into computer screens, typing.

This not uncommon workplace experience is the subject of Machinery of Domi-
nance: Women, Men, and Technical Know-
How. Author Cynthia Cockburn, a senior researcher at the City University of London, bases her book on an in-depth study of several worksites in England, and hundreds of interviews with workers.

What she finds is that sex segregation on the job, rampant before new technology is introduced, is just as rampant afterwards. In the industries Cockburn studies, women inevitably find themselves as low-level, underpaid operators of the new technology, while men engineer, manage and repair the new systems. Cockburn describes the unhappiness of women workers at the Delta Maternity Ltd. company, which supplies children's clothing by mail order. In the old days, the packers at Delta, all women, walked around the warehouse pushing carts, collecting the items ordered. Since they worked around each other all day, they got a chance to at least say a few words to each other as they did so.

Under the new "rationalized" system at Delta, the women are now responsible for collecting a much smaller list of items within closer distance. A conveyor does a lot of the moving women used to do; now they mostly stand with their backs to each other. Conversation is much more difficult, and the whole process is closely monitored by supervisors.

For the male employees of Delta, the new technology hasn't been so bad. Men, reports Cockburn, hold all the management and maintenance engineering jobs, as well as the better-paying truck driving and heavy manual jobs. Only men have been hired to fill the newly-created technical jobs necessary to maintain the system. And, as always, jobs held by men are more valued than those held by women.

The same pattern holds true in newly computerized/mechanized clothing factories and hospitals Cockburn investigates.

Many of the workers and managers Cockburn speaks to have deeply internalized the rationales for sex-segregated work. A number of men display shocking attitudes about women. Some insist their jobs are too strenuous and dangerous for women, even as they concede that only a tiny fraction of their work involves brute strength. Technical workers frankly declare women to be mechanically incompetent. One engineer obsessively repeats that women want to stay "nice and clean" on the job. Behind it all is the insistence that women are primarily homemakers and mothers and that their relationship to their paid jobs is petty.

Managers are the worst. One clothing industry boss says women don't need affirmative action to get a step up: "There's only two types of women. Dominant women who get their own way. And soft, cuddly women who get their own way.W" Says another high-level manager: "My job is to know when a woman is the kind who wants her bottom pinched or whether she needs her bottom kicked."

Some women workers have also accepted these sexual stereotypes, portraying

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THE LOONEY BIN TRIP by Kate Millett
(Simon & Schuster, NY; $19.95 hardcover)

The Looney Bin Trip is a stark and intensely personal account of Kate Millett's confinement to mental institutions here and abroad. It chronicles her terror, despair, and cunning in trying to secure her freedom and survive. Referring to her failed marriage, the stigma of psychiatrically diagnosed manic depression, suicidal thoughts and acts, memories of her father, and obsessive relationships with previous lovers, the book also includes a graphic account of a commitment attempt outside Millett's loft in New York City.

From a strictly literary point of view, The Looney Bin Trip, which took Millett four years to write and five years to find a publisher for, is the most beautifully written and realized of her books. The prose is clear, and imaginative — elegant and spare at the same time. Always a formally intelligent writer, Millett offers us a tough, brave, reflective book which takes no prisoners, a psychological thriller of sorts.

The Looney Bin Trip is divided into three parts — The Farm, Ireland, and New York City. The Farm is a woman's art colony, founded years earlier by Millett in Poughkeepsie, NY. The book opens with the author living an idyllic communal life with her lover and "apprentices," who maintain the property and house.
alize her on the West Coast. A Troika of
Intimates in the service of the Establishment — Trojan horses all). Then later
again in New York, this time with an
alternative trio of Significants — younger
sister, different lover, oldest friend.
Underscoring her conundrum are the chill-
ing words of one of the psychiatrists as-
sessing Millett's candidacy for the looney
bin: "Your only mistake was in trusting
the people who brought you here."

The last two chapters of The Looney
Bin Trip continue Millett's cycle of de-
stiny which began the summer after her
freshman year when she worked at St.
Peter's Asylum in Southern Minnesota.
Especially harrowing is the section about
her "capture" in Ireland. The narrative
advances like a dangerous storm in slow
motion. A riveting and suspenseful ad-
venture story, its dramatic conclusion
will leave the reader breathless and re-
lieved.

Seeded throughout The Looney Bin Trip
are Millett's controversial views on many
issues, including psychiatry and drugs
as mechanisms for social control, and the
nature of mental illness itself. Ultimately,
taking dead aim at the professionals in
the field, she questions whether there is
such a thing as mental illness at all. She
asks, "But what if there were something
on the other side of crazy? What if, across
that line, there was a certain under-
standing, a special knowledge?"

Ever the libertarian, Millett pleads for
the mind itself, for its wonder and beauty,
but especially for its right to be free.
"Bring down the madhouse...The human
condition is helped best by being re-
spected." As an artist-advocate, she
apprehends sanity as a spectrum, a rain-
bow, morally indifferent. She argues elo-
quently for the integrity and sanctity of
"places within the great, still-unexplored
country of the mind. None to be forbidden.
None to be punished. None to be feared.
If we go mad — so what?"

The Looney Bin Trip is a powerful and
poignant book, a record of personal fail-
ures and triumphs, an unflinching ex-
namination of an evolving life and psyche.
Provocative in its point of view and as-
tounding candidly, we are offered the
story of an extraordinary woman in ugly
circumstances, struggling against her
many personal demons. Those who have
pursued her have been quieted, but not
necessarily vanquished or identified.

We think we know: Mental illness is
Kate Millett's bete noir.

Or is it capture and confinement in the
looney bin?
Or is it love?
—Eleanor Pam
Eleanor Pam is a professor of Behavioral
and Social Sciences at The City Univer-
sity of New York.

HOW I WROTE JUBILEE edited by
Maryemma Graham (The Feminist Press; $9.95 paperback)

Unfortunately, poet-novelist Margaret
Walker's name is probably known to
very few. What renown she has rests on
two brilliant works: Her 1966 historical
novel, Jubilee, and "For My People" (1942),
the title poem of a volume which won
the Yale Younger Poets Award.
Unfortunately, the neither fish-nor-fowl
character of How I Wrote Jubilee will
probably do little to change her status as
a "minor" writer.

Oddly, the book's editor, Maryemma
Graham, Director of the Afro-American
Novel Project at the University of
Mississippi, has included both personal
essays and essays focused on literary,
political and social matters. It's hard to
 conjure up a potential audience as a
consequence, for the personal information
will interest those already familiar with
Walker's perceptions. Likewise, the
serious reader of literature is probably
already familiar with the literary and
political issues being discussed. More than
likely, although published as a trade book,
this slender (153 page) and very readable
volume will be consigned to college reading
lists.

The first section — the book is divided
into two parts — "Growing Out of
Shadow," includes six essays which
examine the socio-economic circum-
stances of Walker's early life: A rigidly
degraded South; professional parents
insisting on the best possible education
for their children; and early contact with
Langston Hughes and Richard Wright,
both of whom influenced her career.

"How I Wrote Jubilee" is the most
widely known essay in this section, was originally
published as a brochure in 1972. It
chronicles the disruptions, some last-
ing years, which interfered with the research
and writing of how her great grandmother
survived slavery. It is the story of the
woman as artist, a story which, by 1991,
has been told by many others.

"Richard Wright" is a piece dealing with
the mind itself, for its wonder and beauty,
historically and socially. A riveting and
suspenseful adventure story, its dramatic
conclusion will leave the reader breathless and
relieved.

Eleanor Pam is a professor of Behavioral
and Social Sciences at The City Univer-
sity of New York.

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the days before the development of accessible video technology, the materials in this 18-minute video would have made an excellent slide show.

Its purpose is to win people's support for the "Build Homes, Not Bombs" project of the National Jobs with Peace Campaign. It will be more or less effective depending on the particular audience.

It has one simple message. Leona Smith, president of the Philadelphia Union of the Homeless, asks: "Why are there three million homeless people in the nation, while we live in the richest damn country in the world?"

The answer, unsurprisingly, is very simple. As narrator Robin Scott Manna points out, since 1980 military spending has doubled ($150 billion to $300 billion), while federal expenditures for housing development have gone down 80 percent ($35 million to $7 million).

There are, perhaps, fewer more important messages in this period of debate over national priorities and discussion of the "peace dividend." That's why this reviewer wishes that the video had been made with enough imagination to grab an audience's attention. It is probably weakest where it might be most important, with young people. Most of the video is talking heads, some with more interesting things to say than others.

One exception to the "talking heads" approach, footage from a June 1988 action, depicts Jobs with Peace and National Union of the Homeless members building a symbolic shanty on the front lawn of the Pentagon. But even here, despite hearing some speeches and seeing some people getting arrested, we don't really get a sense of how effective the action was, except for a fairly positive TV-news report on a Washington, DC station.

One of the more important points brought out in the video is how many people are only an eyelash — a rent hike, a paycheck, a co-op conversion — away from homelessness.

The reordering of federal spending priorities and the elimination of wasteful and destructive weapons systems are crucial for solving the larger social crisis in the U.S. This video, in the right context with the right audience, could play a role in organizing people around these issues.

For more information about the video or the Build Homes Not Bombs Campaign, contact: Jobs with Peace, 76 Junior Bridge, MA 02110, or tel: 617-338-5783.

Dan Cohen
Dan Cohen is the cultural editor of the Guardian Newsweekly.

THE FOLLOWING VIDEOS ARE AVAILABLE FROM WOMEN MAKE MOVIES, 225 LAFAYETTE STREET, NEW YORK, NY 10012, FOR RENTAL OR PURCHASE

INFORMATION CALL 212-925-0606.

SKIN AND INK: ARTISTS AND COLLECTORS 28-minute video by Barbara Attie, Nora Monroe and Maureen Wellner.

This fascinating video is about women and tattoos: Beautiful tattoos applied by both male and female artists on women. The "collectors" of this artform are covered with indelible, intricate and colorful designs. In the video, women talk about the stigma of being tattooed (one lost her five children in a custody case because "she was tattooed over 60 percent of her body"); the empowerment they feel because of the tattoos; and their enchantment with skin art.

Unfortunately, the poor camera work is very distracting. The subject is such that it would also be worthwhile to ask the "collectors" to explain why they find being tattooed such an empowering experience, why it took being tattooed for some of these individuals to feel more secure about themselves.

HONORED BY THE MOON 14:41-minute video by Mona Smith. Produced by the Minnesota American Indian AIDS Taskforce.

Slow moving, slow talking, mostly head shots, this video concerns homosexuality among Native Americans. The subject is an interesting one in that homosexuality is rarely documented on film, much less discussed by minority ethnic groups. In this instance, the viewer learns that Native Americans considered homosexuality a strangeness, an apartness, deserving of honor. Traditionally, it was seen as a special gift bestowed upon an individual.

Unfortunately, the subject is presented in a somewhat dull fashion, but it did whet the appetite for more information on why Native Americans approached homosexuality the way they did, and made me wonder about current feelings among Native American communities with respect to gays and lesbians.

DIANA'S HAIR EGO 29-minute video by Ellen Spiro.

This video documents one hair stylist's campaign to educate her community about AIDS. Diana's hair salon serves as her campaign headquarters. Her clientele, both male and female, not only get stylish haircuts but get an earful on the issue as well. Unfortunately, the camera work is not good and distracts from an otherwise compelling video.

— Junior Bridge
Junior Bridge is a writer from Alexandria, VA.

RECORDINGS

SINGER IN THE STORM by Holly Near (Produced by Stephen Powers and Holly Near, 1990 Chameleon Records).

The forces behind the flurry of publicity around Holly Near's newly released autobiography, her signing with Chameleon Records, and her portrait on PBS, seem bound and determined to prove that a women's-music artist dedicated to peace and justice can make the switch to mainstream big time. Well, if anyone can do it, Near can. And, certainly, if this album is the test, she hasn't sacrificed her art for fame.

Far superior to her previous album Sky Dances (Redwood Records, 1989), Singer in the Storm is sensual, joyous and full of beauty. Its theme is dreams, but dreams that only action of some sort will make come true — dreams of freedom, of peace, and, yes, even dreams of living on after death, in memory and melody, in stories and their tellers. Particularly moving is Near's work with Mercedes Sosa. Their
powerful voices blend in an urgent alle
mande and link their common cry for the right to be free in Sting's eloquent and moving "Cuesa Sola." They Dance Alone and Victor Heredia's "Todavia Canta-
maus" (Stilt We Sing), "Ella's Song (We Who Believe In Freedom)" by Bernice
Johnson Reagon is also noteworthy. Near's heartfelt, romantic delivery.

"Cueca Sola" (They Dance Alone) and link their common cry for the

"Singing For Our Lives" still have enormous power to move, but I would like to

_pembroke quaker_harems_sting

"Singing For Our Lives" still have enormous power to move, but I would like to

"Singing For Our Lives" still have enormous power to move, but I would like to

near's heartfelt, romantic delivery.

Despite the fact that this album, re-

In the contemporary classic, Elsa
Morante's World War Two epic, History,

bernat's tender arpeggios complement

mendocino, the only place where the two

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A Novel, set in Italy, the fate of
characters to Rome is shared with

The Wanderground.

stir up the dog's name predicts, to be replaced

by the shepherd's Bells, another mother

for little Usoppo. Bella is his adviser,
saves the child from drowning and tells him,
"They'll never be able to separate

us in this world." In the tragic ending,
they are together.

In the genre of mysteries, which women
have taken to writing with energy and
resourcefulness, villains mistreat dogs,
ex-lovers are left for indifference to

them, or Tosh stands at their benches
backing.

We are all of us uncomfortable in the
park, the dogs on short tether, the home-

less who claim a bench as their

retreat and a sleeping bag as furniture.

The animals find something unfamiliar,
unfamilial about these people to avoid

them, or Tosh stands at their benches
backing.

Perhaps in this Garden of Eden of our
nostalgia of our utopian planning, bags
will be declared obsolete, and their own-

ers will blow them up and burst them

loudly in unison. Then, the people on the
bench will leave these pews to return to

their lives, the dog of their album affixed
to their hand, the smile to the face.

In the park whippets will lope, spaniels
will romp and Tosh will remind me of

what it is to unleash the affections.

Prof. E. M. Broner is the author of five
books, including Her Mothers and A
Weave of Women.

Prof. E. M. Broner is the author of five
books, including Her Mothers and A

Weave of Women.
your events. Now we're asking for this
evidence frame-up is the beating Curtis
was a member, contribute to the willing-
ness of the left to support almost anyone
smelled like cigarette smoke when Curtis
doesn't smoke; that Demetria "insisted
he was wearing a belt" when in fact he
wasn't, and so on. Each of these assen-
tions is false. Demetria on numerous
occasions described Curtis as "tall and
skinny" with a mustache, she also de-
scribed the clothes he was wearing. She
ever claimed to have seen a belt. She
said she heard what sounded like a belt
jangling as Curtis pulled off his pants.
This could have been the keychain
attatched to his belt loop, entered as state's
evidence. And Curtis himself admitted
he'd spent several hours at Los
Compadres drinking beer with friends
who were heavy smokers. So it is not at
all unlikely that Curtis smelled, as
Demetria said, like "a combination of
alcohol and cigarettes."
Also cited are "irregularities" in several
of Judge Perkins' rulings, such as his
dismissal before deliberations of the only
Hispanic on the jury. But it was the juror
himself, James Garcia, who asked to be
removed. Perkins refused to admit Curtis'
FBI file, testimony about the FBI's past
harassment of the SWP, or evidence of
the beating Curtis received hours after
his arrest into evidence, ruling that these
were irrelevant to determining whether
or not Mark Curtis attacked Demetria
Smith on March 4. Curtis supporters
alleged Judge Perkins, along with the Des
Moines police, the Polk County Attorney's
office, Polk County Victim Services,
(probably) the management of Swift and
the FBI are all part of the frame-up
conspiracy.
Strange enough, after all the effort
spent discrediting Demetria, the SWP
claims that Curtis was convicted "solely
on the testimony of a cop who was a
proven liar." This is a reference to
Gonzales, who had been suspended 10
years before the Curtis trial for fudging
an arrest report to protect the identity of
an informant. It ignores the testimony of
Demetria, who was heavy smokers. So it is not at
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\[...\]
There is, of course, a long and tragic history of rape survivors being silenced by the criminal justice system, where the most prevalent forms of rape — date rape, marital rape, rape by family or acquaintances of the victim — are almost never prosecuted. This is especially true for women of color, and reflects a dynamic of social denial so virulent that Dr. Judith Herman, author of *Father/Daughter Incest*, has concluded “this society doesn’t prohibit rape, it regulates it.”

What becomes immediately evident in any feminist analysis of the Curtis case is how effectively the *left* has acted to silence the survivor. We know little or nothing about her from reading the CDC material — her age and year in school, for example, are never mentioned. Nor is it mentioned that her parents were active in the civil rights movement in Des Moines in the 1960s, helping to integrate the local Firestone Tire Plant, or that Keith, Demetria’s father, broke the color bar in his union local. Today Keith runs a one-truck hauling company from his home, and Demetria helps by baby-sitting and answering the phone. At the time of the attack Demetria also worked part-time at a local Burger King. Her favorite subject at school was nursing, and the evening of the assault she and Jason had gone for a walk with friends to buy cookies at a neighborhood candy store. All in all, Demetria and her family seem an improbable choice for police/FBI co-conspirators.

Mikel Johnson, a Des Moines feminist and observer of the Curtis case, believes that “there are some very heavy aspects of racism to this case. There were even statements at the time of the trial that it’s impossible for a Black girl to give testimony this good.” Johnson says she was “outraged from the start, because it was apparent that Curtis’ credibility rested primarily on the fact that he is a white man.” Johnson also sees “coastal chauvinism” at work in the way activists from New York, Boston, or L.A. will endorse Curtis without calling anyone in Des Moines. “People in Iowa,” she says bitterly, “couldn’t possibly know what’s going on in their midst.”

Curtis supporters place great credence in the notion that “good men” — that is, men who agree with their politics — don’t rape. Nick Castle’s video discusses Curtis’ pro-labor sympathies, his membership in CISPES, his concern for Native Americans. Curtis’ mother testified about her son’s years as a cub scout and Webelo, and his “normal” dating habits. Jayco in her book tells us that on the night of his arrest Curtis was planning to prepare “a chicken and rice dish, his specialty” — as if to ask: Could a man who cooks be a rapist?

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of them reacting after her release. The defendant had been pulled off a train at random after a racial incident.

There is one similarity, though, between the Curtis case and that of the Scottsboro defendants. In both cases, the prosecution witnesses, women without access to power and unable to tell their stories, were vilified by the left. In 60 years that much, at least, hasn't changed.

"It is a sad story. Besides splitting the energies of the peace movement and diverting resources and attention away from the work we have to do, the Curtis Defense Committee is again raping the victim...by having to call her a liar to create their version."

From "Is the Personal Political? (Comments on Mark Curtis)" by Linda Nelson, from the Lumpy Idea.

The attacks on rape victims by the Curtis Defense Committee have been specific as well as general. According to Demetria's father, these have included the leafleting of Demetria's high school with flyers denouncing her as a thief (Demetria was personally handed a leaflet as she stepped off the bus the morning before the trial), the posting of handbills up and down their street; and the use of money collected through the Curtis Defense Fund to hire a private detective to have the children and their family investigated.

Terry Schack, Demetria's rape crisis counselor, recalls how the SWP packed the courtroom while Demetria was on the stand, moving people in and out during the most difficult part of her testification, telling jokes and carrying on conversations. Schack saw this as "an attempt to intimidate" Demetria. The commotion became so distracting that Judge Perkins stopped the proceedings to ask the bailiff to restore order.

Mikel Johnson refers to "a campaign of harassment," culminating in the burning of a cross on the Harris' front lawn. The Curtis campaign has admitted leafletting Demetria's school. CDC coordinator Stu Stinger is quoted in the Sept. 2, 1988 Des Moines Register, saying that Curtis supporters wouldn't return to Demetria's high school "because we already did, and we don't have to do it again." (The CDC in Des Moines refused to answer questions about this or any other issue. When I called I was told to put my queries in writing. Eight months and several certified letters later, I have yet to receive a reply.) The intention, says Keith Harris, was to embarrass Demetria and her friends.

Keith became so incensed with all this that he went down to the SWP's Pathfinder Bookstore in Des Moines several weeks before the trial. When he found the door locked against him and saw Curtis inside (Curtis was out on bail for the entire six months between his arrest and trial), Keith smashed the plate-glass window with his fist. "I cut my hands, but I wanted them to stay away from my kids."

Like Curtis' activism, this vandalism becomes more significant the further one gets from Des Moines. It is seen by Curtis as an attempt not as the understandable, if violent, reaction of a father whose family has been assaulted, but as more evidence that Keith is a police thug. Endorser Jackie Osbourne, president of the Greensboro North Carolina chapter of NOW, says she discounted Keith's open letter to Curtis supporters because "we understand that he has been responsible for some violence against the Curtis program. Our understanding was if it was something like a mail bomb."

The Curtis Committee claims that the Polk County Attorney's reluctance to prosecute Keith for his vandalism is further proof of collusion. But this anti-Curtis conspiracy doesn't seem to extend to the civil courts. The SWP brought a lawsuit against the Harris family, winning $2,000 for damage to their windows.

How will all this end? No doubt Curtis will be out on parole in a year or two, but whether the Curtis campaign moves beyond embarrassing individuals like Coleman Young and Ed Asner remains to be seen. Claire Kaplan of the National Coalition Against Sexual Assault has not seen any damage to the stop-rape movement on the national level, but fears that "groups will be divided wherever the Curtis story goes."

In their pamphlet, "Who is Mark Curtis?" an SWP supporter is quoted saying, "This is not a case about rape." But the Mark Curtis case is precisely about rape. It is about the insidious and pernicious myths that work to silence rape survivors and protect their abusers. It is about backlash against the stop-rape movement.

"It is about how easy it is for a rapist and his friends to recruit allies in their attack on a courageous young woman who dared to speak out against her abuser."

FAY STENDER from pg. 30

Life opened up to a lesbian relationship with attorney Joan Morris. This relationship was so important that after a lot of soul searching and turmoil, she decided to initiate a separation from Marvin — her husband of 22 years. But her relationship with Morris was cut short by Bomk's bulletins. In the suicide note she sent to her lover from Hong Kong, she wrote: "Know that I tried and at times with you almost thought I might make it, but — I couldn't — every moment of it hurt overwhelmingly — too deep, too pervasively — way beyond acupuncture or psychotherapy."

A great deal of fear was engendered by the attack on Stender. As Berkeley Barb reporter Bill Wallace stated several weeks afterwards: "The atmosphere of fear created by the shooting remains impenetrably thick." Wallace quoted a local prison movement activist as saying, "I'm glad that you're the one doing this story and not me — I want nothing to do with it!"

Like wise, several of my friends expressed anxiety on my behalf simply because of a short article I was writing about Stender's murder for a little-known feminist publication. Many people refused to even talk about the case.

My early attempts to understand this horror story in all its complexity, produced only the most cynical and bitter "insights." For example, I felt that Stender's experience showed that it was foolish — indeed dangerous — to try to work for radical change. That those who do so inevitably could not do enough — incurring criticism, being treated as "the enemy" by some of these critics, and becoming the targets of accumulated hatred and frustration, while the real enemies were ignored. It seemed to be a warning to inactive but politically progressive people not to try to help solve some of the inequalities in society, because if they did so, they might be in danger when they stopped. And for those already in the struggle who hadn't become too well known or hadn't been recognized as too valuable to the movement, the message was: Quit and be safe.

Not surprisingly, I was not the only one to respond so. In this way, Ezra Hendon, a friend and former colleague of Stender in the Prison Law Project, said that Stender's death "marked the end of an era in my life, and I think the end of an era, period. Her conviction that you could be committed to a political goal, work for it and be brilliant in its service — in a clean way — that's over for me. I don't know about the others, but I can't have that belief anymore."

"I guess it would be easy to say," Hendon continued, "that I played with fire, and people who play with fire get burned. But it should count for something, that she wanted to be a force for good in the world, that she was a brilliant, remarkable woman who dedicated her life to others and to making the world a better place."

While appreciating the despair Stender and others felt, my own initial disLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLL LL
She (Stender) felt that "they rapped her off on some level."

It is not uncommon for needy, dependent, ratifugators' men to kill their wives, lovers and girlfriends for walking out on them against their wishes. Perhaps Stender's walking out on male prisoners tapped into this kind of rage against a women they depended on daring to finally put her own interests before theirs.

Interestingly, there were signs as early as 1977 that Stender was concerned about her safety. For example, according to Reitman and Martinez, she and her husband changed their phone number several times and wouldn't give it out to some friends. Stender also apparently had "window wells in her house designed so that no one could climb through the openings." She even told the Examiner in June 1978 "that many people were unhappy that she quit prison reform work, that some believed she had betrayed the prison movement, that threats had been made against her."

As a college professor for 20 years, I have experienced a phenomenon that many of my female colleagues have also observed, particularly those who are feminists. Many of my students feel free to make demands on me — some of which are quite outrageous — that I am so used to them that they don't normally surprise me. For example, one student — a Women's Studies major, I'm sorry to say — recently asked me to move my 35-minute class to another room so that someone who wasn't enrolled in my course could attend it for 20 minutes out of the one-and-a-half hour period. When I refused to accommodate such requests, the response is often that I am being unreasonable, authoritarian, or mean.

Other feminist professors have described this common experience to illustrate how sexism operates in the classroom. But such responses are not confined to academic settings. It is a common experience of women in powerful roles, no matter what their profession — lawyer, politician, business woman, doctor, therapist, employer, minister — even landladies. We are expected to give more than men to our clients/patients/employees/congregations/tenants, to be more accessible to them, to be more willing to listen to and make accommodations for their personal problems.

Furthermore, the reaction of females and males to not getting what they want is also often very different. Males are much more inclined than females to violently act out their dissatisfaction, disappointments, and anger.

I think this phenomenon may be relevant to an understanding of what happened to Stender. Because she was a woman — and whom the prisoners initially saw as a "good mother" who passively wanted to free them on matters what they had done — she became the object of their client's and would be client's expectations, hopes, demands and dreams. When she couldn't or wouldn't fulfill their wishes — for example, the request to supply a gun to George Jackson — she came to be seen as a betrayer, a "bad mother."

I am not maintaining that men in authority are not subject to some of these same dynamics. I am suggesting that these dynamics operate much more strongly with women in positions of authority than with men in such positions. And I am also arguing that the misogynistic attitudes and behavior of many men, whether in authority or subject, is often unleashed when women don't give them what they want — whether we are talking about sex, or witty "duties" such as dinner being prepared on time, or efforts to release them from prison.

Marvin Stender said of Fay: "She loved Jackson; she had said to friends that, outside her own family, he and Newton were the only people she had ever been willing to die for." But she said this at the height of her commitment and belief in them and what they were doing, not after the psychic wounds she was subjected to prior to the savaging of her body and her soul with bullets.

Yes, betrayal is what Stender's story is about. Not the betrayal of George Jackson, but the betrayal of Fay Stender — a Woman.

I would like to acknowledge my indebtedness to Peter Collier and David Horowitz for their well-researched, informative article "Requiem for a Radical" (New West, March 1981), to Joan Morris (pseudonym) for being willing to review this article and lend me her newspaper clippings, to Candida Ellis for her valuable editorial suggestions, and to Phyllis Chester for suggesting I submit it to On the Issues.

-D.E.H.R.

the second study were the Albuquerque Tribune Journal (NM), The Beacon-News (Aurora, IL), The Courier (Findley, OH), Daily Camera (Boulder, CO), Eau Claire News and Eagle (Eau Claire, WI), The Joplin Globe (MO), The News-Times (Danbury, CT), Pine Bluff Commercial (AK), Sun-Journal ( Lewiston, ME), and The Tuskaloosa News (AL).

The Albuquerque Tribune averaged the highest number of female names used in front-page stories, 22 percent, and the highest number of female bylines, 51 percent, among the USA Today's lead in the 1989 study, 21 percent and 41 percent, respectively.

The lowest average, six percent, for female references was found again in the New York Times (five percent in 1989). And the Findlay, OH Courier had no female bylines during the month-long study period.

The Washington Post had the highest average photo coverage of females, 42 percent, one percent more than USA Today's leading average in 1989. The lowest average photo coverage of females was found in the Lewiston, Maine, Sun-Journal, 19 percent.

The initial study was conducted in conjunction with Women, Men and Media — a conference held in April 1989 in Washington, D.C. The conference was sponsored by the University of Southern California and the Gannett Foundation. Co-chair Betty Friedan, founder of the National Organization for Women and a prominent writer/lecturer, formed the Media Watch Women and Men Project as a result of that conference.

Results of the 1990 front-page study were sent to top editors of the 20 newspapers surveyed, with an invitation to comment. Of the 20, only seven responded.

Ben Bradlee wrote: "I am dismayed if I can see what conclusions should be drawn from your findings. The wisdom of the ages appears to cry out for silence." The Washington Post is facing a sex discrimination suit which Bradlee has publically admitted he will have an intense desire to see all newspapers, especially my own, do a better job of representing women in the news pages. No, we don't do nearly the job we should, as the survey shows. We must do better, she admitted.

She then goes on to discuss the goals of the Herald and its parent company, Knight-Ridder Inc, have set to attend to this problem. Knight-Ridder has "established change and progress in pluralism at top priorities" for all of its newspapers. The main suggestion she made about future studies on news coverage of and by women is that they include an examination of the relative differences in story play and content on women and women's issues.

It is clear that these and other media studies on the same subject have touched a nerve, both among the media and among women. The question is: Will they stimulate change?

Both studies were designed and conducted by Junior Bridge, president of Unabridged Communications, a consulting firm in Alexandria, VA.

CHESLER from pg 23

October 3, 1990.

Birgitta Holm, on the faculty in Comparative Literature, drives over to Upsalla, Sweden's Oxford University. Professors in berets ride by on their bicycles in slow motion, as if World War II has yet to happen. Upsalla is where the original Nazi eugenics research was first done. I meet Professors Eva Lundgren and Mona Elinson of the Feminist Research Center; they explain that there is only one full professor in each department in every Swedish university. Always, it's a man.

My lecture is on Human Psychology in the 21st Century, but I focus on female psychology: Colorized, at the heart of culture, yet in exile. I ask: "Has a Nobel Prize ever been given to a woman on behalf of her fight for women's freedom? Don't we have our Nelson Mandelas, our Elie Wiesels?" Mona is enchanted by the educational value of valuing her idea. "For me, I chant to myself, every vote would have to be awarded to many women simultaneously from many countries." We have wine and cheese and, after many happy hours, depart.

Birgitta and I stop in a gas station. A van pulls up and out pile three men in their early 20s. They are tall: Six feet three or four inches, sport an earring in one ear, have bright blonde hair that cascades down their backs. Oh, I am in the land of the Vikings.

October 4. The international conference is at Sodergarn, a retreat on the North Sea. It is damp, windy, already growing dark when I arrive.

There are three women from America, myself included, and 26 women academics from Austria, Denmark, England, France, Germany, Greece, Italy, Norway, Scotland, Sweden and the United States. I'm part of the opening night panel. My colleagues, Eva Lundgren, Rebecca Emerson Dobash, and a philosopher from Paris, are sitting together in the near-dark. The atmosphere is tense. The philosopher arrived two days ago by train (she does not believe in air travel) and has impatiently been waiting for the conference to begin. The philosopher also does not believe in switching on lights — which is why we're sitting in the dark. Nor does she believe in communicating with us in anything less than perfect French; an interpreter has been hired just for her.

We introduce ourselves, try to warm things up a bit. No dice. Our philosopher remains disdainful, aloof, amused. Rebecca speaks about her research on violence against women. Our philosopher interrupts. "But you can't believe that the state actually exists. The state is only an idea. You must respond to this point."

And Rebecca does. "Anyone who thinks the police officer coming to arrest you is only an idea is living in a fantasy of her own."

I introduce myself. The philosopher interrupts me. "My group in Paris decided that with the publication of About Men that Phyllis Chesler was no longer a feminist."

"What was the vote on that?" I interrupt. "Yes, I wisecrack, but politely. This is no laughing matter. This woman is capable of destroying our conference. (Is
she mad? Does it matter?) Now, our philosopher removes a two-page, closely-typed memo from her briefcase and hands it to the interpreter. This, and this alone, is her introduction.

Afterwards, Rebecca says: "We must not let her polarize us, or drain our energy. I've heard this is what she does at conferences." Eva is worried. The Swedish Council, which funded us, has sent two representatives, Bo Ohgren and Bo Sarlvik, to observe the conference. They are men and they are here.

The four of us have two hours to present our papers and lead a discussion. Our philosopher spends one hour reading her paper in French and having it translated aloud, sentence by sentence, into English — this, despite the fact that her paper has already been translated into English and passed out to everyone. She refuses to stop, then abruptly ends by saying that had she known the conference would not be in French she would not have come. ("But our correspondence was all in English," Eva whispers.)

Shoulder to shoulder, we resolve not to confront her. Instead, we try to save what's left of the evening. Eva cuts her presentation short, Rebecca does not present at all, I speak for about 10 minutes, and try to rouse the women's spirits. No one speaks. We're too dispirited.

The philosopher is sly, sadistic, imperious, eccentric, and no doubt brilliant. Were she a man, her interpersonal disasters would be smoothed over by her wife, her mistress, her mother. But she is a woman and must bear the consequences of her actions, alone and immediately. Softly, politely, we avoid philosophy; hardly anyone talks to her for the rest of the conference.

The women are extremely friendly, high-spirited, accomplished, and refreshingly non-competitive; we range in age from our 30s to our 60s. Working together gives me pleasure. Everyone has something of enormous value to contribute. Perhaps not everyone has to be an activist or sacrifice her all to bring a feminist government into being.

October 7, 1990. Umeå, an hour's plane ride north of Stockholm, a university town of 80,000. Ingegard Lundstrom, Maggi Wikstrom and Agneta Lundstrom of the Women's Crisis Center have invited me; their collective is reportedly the most radically feminist in Sweden. They deal with incest, rape, battery. Lately they've had to deal with mothers and children in custody crisis — which is what they want to focus on in our workshop. They've also arranged a lecture for me at the university, which to their surprise, is very well attended.

The Crisis Center women are quite wonderful. Professionally, they are nurses, physicians, psychologists and grassroots leaders. They've been together for 11 years. Agneta has just published a book on incest and sexualized violence against women; Ingegard, a psychologist, was on the faculty at the university, but is now working at the Crisis Center full-time. They've cooked a splendid dinner for us and quite ceremoniously light candles for our workshop. (Even at the university, they light candles in the lecture hall.)

There's a growing custody crisis in Sweden: The Umeå feminists have all read my book, Mothers on Trial, in English. They tell me that the media, the judiciary, and the Parliament are sympathetic to fathers rights and that social workers and psychiatrists are suspicious of any mother who interferes with any father's right to visitation or who accuses a father of incest or child abuse. (Am I surprised? Did I somehow think that Sweden was a feminist paradise?) Nora, in Ibsen's "A Doll's House," knew she wouldn't be allowed to take Helmer's children with her when she left; Ingmar Bergman in "Fanny and Alexander," shows us a typical 19th century Swedish custody battle: A mother's new, legal husband simply kidnaps and imprisons her children as his rightful marital property.

My point is that we don't shed our histories so quickly. Today, there are mothers on the run, mothers in hiding, in Sweden. For example, a mother I'll call Anna, has been in hiding for nearly a year. Divorced since last year, she began to grow concerned when, in 1988, her two- and-a-half-year-old son returned with a red-satin necklace for my birthday — a copy of a recently discovered cave painting nearby. I'll treasure it.

I'm blessed by such feminists in the world. They're the feminist government in exile.

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FEEDBACK

Please direct all comments to:
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WORDS OF THANKS
I am so pleased with your Fall 1990 issue that I would like to order four additional copies to distribute to others (I have a routing list of about 50 people). Thanks! Especially for the “animal compassion” issues discussed. And please don’t discontinue the snappy remarks after each “Win Some * Lose Some” piece.

Brooke L. Manley
St. Paul MN

AUTHOR’S ACKNOWLEDGEMENTS
I am delighted with the editing and presentation of my article, “Susana: The Myth of the Saved Child” (On the Issues, Fall 1990). However, I would appreciate your printing my acknowledgments and thanks to the Ford Foundation, the Maurice Falk Medical Fund and the McDowell Colony for helping to make this article possible.

Naomi Feigelson Chase
Cambridge, MA

A PLACE CALLED H.O.M.E.
I am writing to you in regards to your Summer 1990 publication of On the Issues. In search of a topic for my English assignment, I came across Helen M. Stummer’s article “H.O.M.E.: One Woman’s Approach to Society’s Problems.”

I am a student at the University of North Carolina at Wilmington. I have never had to experience such hardship as Ms. Stummer so descriptively wrote and magnificently portrayed through her photographs of homeless victims.

The organization, H.O.M.E., has become an alternative to homelessness for the lower socio-economic communities. I would have never known such an establishment existed, if not for the concern Ms. Stummer has in this matter. I now have a greater admiration for these people who have the perseverance to better their lives.

I commend you on choosing to publish an article that may educate the public, such as I, and compliment your magazine.

Jennifer L. Gala
Wilmington, NC

NO “CORPORATE PAP”
I would like to thank all of you for providing a genuine alternative to the usual corporate pap dispensed as “journalism” these days. I have long awaited a humanistic publication that is not mealy-mouthed, or which evidences oxygen deprivation in the ethereal heights. Kudos to you for speaking of our children, everyone’s children, and discussing with insight and heart their plight the world over. My only suggestion would be that you provide “action items” that your readers can do with reference to a particular issue. Keep it up!

Shirley Sprague
Mound, MN

I would like more information and/or publications you have to offer. You stand out with flying colors in that you are concerned with the two beings I love most: Women and animals.

Angie Nabrotsky
Salt Lake City, UT

ON SPECIESISM AND EDITORS
When I wrote the essay “On Speciesist Language” (Winter 1990), I used italics or quotation marks to flag all euphemisms and speciesist expressions. These are just a few of the terms that I distinguished from my own usage: pets, owners, master, fur farm, ranch-raised, game species, varmints, subjects, milk-fed seal.

The published version of my essay, however, is missing most of my italics. Removal of these important flags has obscured the meaning of many sentences, dissipated the essay’s originally sustained focus on language, and created the false impression that I myself use speciesist expressions. Most unfortunately, each unmarked speciesist term now insidiously perpetuates the very practice I sought to counter.

Joan Dunayer
Old Bridge, NJ

LET THERE BE LESS LIGHT
I quite agree with most of your “environment savers” (Winter 1990) with one big exception: fluorescent light is a penny-wise/ pound foolish way to save energy. First, it’s an ugly light which visually deforms all that it lights. Morale does, or should, count a lot more than many think. Also, fluorescent gives off radiation. Incandescent does not. We need to use less light to save energy.

Bette Dewing
New York, NY

NAME CHANGE CORRECTION
In “Which Way After Webster?” (Winter 1990) NARAL is referred to as the National Association for Repeal of Abortion Laws. NARAL was changed to the National Abortion Rights League after the Roe v. Wade decision was handed down.

Marcia Fisten
NARAL Volunteer
Chicago, IL

Editors Note: In the period referred to in Irene Davall’s article, NARAL was the National Association for Repeal of Abortion Laws.

ON ANIMAL RESEARCH AND RIGHTS
Many of the concerns raised by Betsy Swart in her excellent article on animal use in addiction research apply to animal research in general. The animal model is fundamentally unsound and virtually incapable of advancing medical science.

The purpose of an experiment is to test a hypothesis, but when animal data contradict an animal researcher’s hypothesis about a human disease, the animal data is dismissed on the grounds that animals differ from humans in anatomy, physiology and presentation of disease processes. When the animal data seem to confirm the hypothesis, it is held aloft as “proof” of the hypothesis!

How can scientists, who are generally intelligent people, be so illogical? The reasons are many, but most often, I am convinced, the motives are financial. In the publish or perish world of science, animal research is fast and easy. Furthermore, those who are trained in animal research techniques would find it difficult, if not impossible, to succeed in another area. Meanwhile, academic institutions, dependent upon federal grants to survive, do not want to rock the lucrative animal research boat, and academicians who dare to challenge the status quo put their careers in jeopardy. The MRMC will gladly supply, upon request, literature that discusses the inherent shortcomings of the animal “model” and that documents the suppression of criticism of animal research.

Stephen Kauffman, M.D.
Vice-Chair, Medical Research Modernization Committee
Box 6036 Grand Central Sta.
New York, NY 10163-6036

I appreciate the articles in the Winter '90 issue on animal rights (Swart and Dunayer) and Merle Hoffman's thoughtful piece in Fall '90 in which you discuss "the connections between women's liberation and animal liberation."

I hope you will continue to keep the animal rights issue on the feminist agenda. From my point of view, work by Carol Adams and Collard and Contrucci and the emergence of Feminists for Animal Rights represent important conceptual and political developments for the animal rights movement.

Kenneth J. Shapiro, Ph.D.
Psychologists for the Ethical Treatment of Animals
New Gloucester, ME
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