COMPAÑERAS
Latina Lesbians (An Anthology)
Edited by Juanita Ramos
"Compañeras is one of the most exciting books I've picked up in a long time. The stories are well told and compelling and the entire collection is rich with the excitement of women speaking the truth about their lives, with breaking silences, with saying in print what has never been said before."
—Feminist Bookstore News
This groundbreaking collection, originally published in 1987 by the Latina Lesbian History Project, allows women to speak about what it means to be Latina and lesbian in their communities. Throughout, the voices in the book explore the process of self-commitment to a political struggle to end all forms of oppression and to offer a moving testimony that helps to break the silence surrounding the lives and opinions of Latina lesbians.
288 pp $45.00/hb $14.95/pb

UNWOMANLY CONDUCT
The Challenges of Intentional Childlessness
Carolyn M. Morell
"In time-honored feminist tradition, Morell wrote the book she needed to read, presenting the voices of women who are not-mothers. In so doing she elucidates and legitimizes their lives and their choices, while showing us how motherhood and maternalism are naturalized in dominant culture. It is a book all of us, mothers and not-mothers, would do well to read."
—Barbara Katz Rothman, author of In Labor and Recreating Motherhood, Ideology and Technology in a Patriarchal Society
"Unwomanly Conduct is a pathbreaking study of married women who have decided not to have children, and have often felt stigmatized by that choice. Morell's analysis of how academic, medical, and feminist discourses have constructed our understandings of motherhood and childlessness is insightful and challenging."
—Mary L. Shanley, Vassar College
Unwomanly Conduct is a provocative and much needed study of women whose decision not to become mothers challenges the very meaning of the word "woman" in our society. Grounded in her own experiences as a non-mothering woman, a social worker and a feminist activist, Carolyn Morell's work offers both a vibrant account of the experience of childlessness and a theoretical examination of how society's idealization of motherhood is dependent upon the negative counterpoint of childlessness.
256 pp $55.00/hb $16.95/pb

UNEQUAL SISTERS
A Multicultural Reader in U.S. Women's History
Second Edition
Edited by Ellen Carol DuBois, University of California at Los Angeles and Vicki L. Ruiz Claremont Graduate School, Harvey Mudd College
"DuBois and Ruiz, with Unequal Sisters, provide us with the bricks we need to build a solid house of women's history in America. They have been guided not only by a desire for range of inclusion and for the significant, but, happily, for the eminently readable as well."
—Belle Lettres
"What most distinguishes Unequal Sisters is that it conveys the extraordinariness of everyday life, its moments of self-recognition, accomplishment, and empowerment."
—The Village Voice
With this second edition, Unequal Sisters will undoubtedly continue to be the foremost work on women's history that addresses issues of race, ethnicity, region and sexuality in its attempt to provide a more accurate and more inclusive history of women in the United States.
576 pp $22.50
## Features

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Column</th>
<th>Page</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>OTI DIALOGUE: LET’S GET TOUGH ON RAPE</td>
<td>13</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Former Prosecutors Liz Holtzman and Alice Vachss Explain Why Rapists Go Free</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>DEGREES OF SEPARATION</td>
<td>18</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Setting Boundaries in Relationships</td>
<td>By Mary E. Hunt</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>NEEDED: A FEMINIST IMMIGRATION POLICY</td>
<td>22</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>By Eleanor Pam</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>SMOKE YOURSELF THIN</td>
<td>29</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>By Suzanne Levine</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>BORN-AGAIN CONSUMERS</td>
<td>32</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>By Lillian Africano</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>JUDY CHICAGO: THE ARTIST CRITICS LOVE TO HATE</td>
<td>35</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>By Arlene Raven</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>IT’S NOT EASY BEING BAD</td>
<td>41</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>A Visit to the Bad Girls Art Show</td>
<td>By Suzanne Messing</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>STUDY WAR NO MORE</td>
<td>26</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>CO’s of the Gulf War</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>By Marlene C. Piturro</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>HOFFMAN</td>
<td>3</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Praise the Lord and Kill the Doctor</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>CHESLER</td>
<td>9</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>When They Call You Crazy</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>RAPPING</td>
<td>11</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>What’s Left of Sex?</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>TALKING FEMINIST</td>
<td>44</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Is The Piano A Feminist Film?</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>“Yes”</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>“No”</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>By Rebecca Shugrue</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>By Carolyn Gage</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

## Columns

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Column</th>
<th>Page</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>HOFFMAN</td>
<td>3</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>CHESLER</td>
<td>9</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>RAPPING</td>
<td>11</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>TALKING FEMINIST</td>
<td>44</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

## Departments

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Column</th>
<th>Page</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>FRONT LINES</td>
<td>2</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>WIN SOME/LOSE SOME</td>
<td>5</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>BOOK REVIEWS</td>
<td>46</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>FEEDBACK</td>
<td>54</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>CUTTING SOME SLACK</td>
<td>60</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>ON THE COVER</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

## Cover

A detail from “The Holocaust Project: From Darkness Into Light” by Judy Chicago and Donald Woodman
RONNI SANDROFF

GOOD FENCES MAKE GOOD FEMINISTS

S he was as bubbly as a park water fountain—chatty, confiding, not much older than myself. I felt so relaxed around my first female boss. We communed about our menstrual cramps, our quarrels with our husbands, our self-doubts. I told her all my trade secrets. I confessed that my job made me yawn.

After just a few weeks, I was shocked to discover that she was not what she seemed. She had deceived me into accepting a salary that was less (much less) than her budget allowed. And she treacherously passed along my admission of job boredom to the big boss, who never let me forget it (as in: “Are we boring you around here, Sandroff?”).

I was aghast. I had survived similar foul play from male bosses. But this woman was a friend, a pal, an ally, a SHE... and I was naive enough to think that her conversation style somehow obviated the boss–worker relationship.

That was my first, tough lesson in the need for clear personal boundaries in the workplace. Since then, I’ve learned to enjoy the intimate, confiding talk that often marks woman–woman conversations, and still watch my back. I no longer mistake a boss (the one who signs your check) for a friend (the one who has nothing to gain or lose but the relationship itself).

In “Degrees of Separation,” theologian Mary E. Hunt dissects the problems women—and especially feminists—have with setting boundaries and limits on personal relationships. She argues that the power inequalities that separate teachers and students, pastors and parishioners, therapists and patients, and parents and children demand clear limits on those relationships. Too much boundary fluidity can damage women’s ability to function, threaten their safety, and rob them of their rightful identity.

Learning to draw boundaries in the political arena, to more tightly define what we want and how we can achieve it, is another feminist task. In “Needed: A Feminist Immigration Policy,” Eleanor Pam grapples with her sympathies for “come one/come all” immigration rules for women political refugees, and her understanding of the limits of our nation’s ability to absorb the flood.

In the first of a new, ongoing series, “ON THE ISSUES Dialogue,” publisher Merle Hoffman and the editors brought two experienced rape prosecutors, Liz Holtzman and Alice Vachs, together to explore how we can draw the line on rape. Is it possible to change the legal system’s collaboration with rapists? To improve on the two percent conviction rate of rapists? Yes—our experts insist—but only if women voters send a “do your job or lose it” message to elected prosecutors, judges, and representatives.

I hope I’m not overstepping my boundaries when I confess that I’ve never been bored on this job!
Question: What would you do if you found yourself in a room with Hitler, Mussolini, and an abortionist, and you had a gun with only two bullets?

Answer: Shoot the abortionist twice.” (From Bottom-Feeder, an anti-abortion cartoon book)

Dr. David Gunn, protesting an anti-abortion demonstration in Montgomery, Alabama a year before his murder.

Just for good measure, Dr. David Gunn was shot three times in the back by rabid pro-lifer Michael Griffin as he was leaving a Pensacola, Florida abortion clinic in March of 1993. As soon as I heard that the National Coalition of Abortion Providers was arranging a one-year memorial service in Gunn’s memory, I knew I had to be there.

I had never met David, but I had met his brother. One week after his murder, we shared a platform on the Montel Williams show along with John Burt, the former Ku Klux Klan member turned born-again anti-abortionist. Burt was the leader of Advocates for Life Ministries, the radical “pro-life” group that Michael Griffin had joined shortly before he murdered Gunn. I remember the rage I swallowed listening to his rhetoric about how physicians who performed abortions were murderers, and that stopping them by any means possible was justifiable homicide. I felt for David’s brother who had chosen to put himself in the position of answering those charges publicly, as if there were some objective reality to them, as if it were necessary to defend a physician who travelled hundreds of miles each week to provide access to abortion services to women who would otherwise have none. But by the immutable laws of television, Williams was intent on giving everyone equal time to “debate.”

I knew that by going to Pensacola I was going into enemy territory. There had been a rash of clinic bombings, and the radical fringe of the anti-abortion movement was particularly active in the area. Their most recent offensive was successful: last August after ten years in practice, The Women’s Clinic of Fort Lauderdale lost its lease—a result of the continuous anti-abortion demonstrations, vandalism, and death threats to families of staff members. My personal safety was not an issue. I was used to living in a war zone; my own clinic has been picketed repeatedly and I have received a number of death threats during the 23 years that I have directed Choices.

I was surprised, however, when Ellie Smeal, president of the Feminist Majority, got on the plane with me and after a quick hello told me sotto voce that Paul Hill, a notorious anti-abortion activist, was sighted at our hotel with two unknown aides. An anonymous threat had been made the night before on television by a man whose face was covered by a large, blue dot; we could expect a mass murder, he predicted—something so big that it would surprise both sides—something like Hebron or Beirut. And my old TV debating opponent, John Burt, was quoted on the Pensacola evening news to the effect that he would be getting out of town because the “spectacle” of two- to three-hundred abortionists in one place was too much of an incentive for mass murder. He would put himself out of the way of “temptation.”

As if this were not enough, word came down that the FBI had intercepted someone in a car loaded with a cache of weapons, including explosives, headed for the hotel where we were all to
stay. Now this was a little more than even I was used to.

Upon arriving at the hotel I was told that people planning to attend the memorial were on "high alert." They were aware that threats had been made, and the rumors surrounding the capture of the loaded car made everyone a bit edgy. I subsequently learned that agents in Houston, Texas had arrested a local anti-abortion activist, Daniel Ware, on weapons charges. At his arraignment, evidence was presented to show that Ware had gone to Pensacola armed with explosives (as well as three guns, one a .357 Magnum, and about 2500 rounds of ammunition) with the stated intention of staging a Beirut-style suicide attack on the abortion providers gathered there.

At the hotel that afternoon the question of whether to go to the memorial service became an "issue" for the providers. Arrangements had been made for most of us to go to the service in buses, yet many felt that would make us moving targets; there would be no question of "innocent bystanders" being at risk—something that might give the right wing Christian terrorists pause —everyone in the bus would be considered "hard core" pro-choice. The police had been notified and we were told that we could expect a full armed escort all the way to the service.

The morning of the memorial a special meeting was called to discuss defensive strategy. It was agreed that a decision not to go would be respected. Many people were frightened—but stronger even than their fear was the bold fact that by not going to the memorial they would be giving in to the terrorists—whose greatest weapon is fear. No one stayed away.

It was sunny and warm when we left for the memorial. But the weather was no balm for the soul, for stationed outside the hotel were armed police, members of the F.B.I., and the Bureau of Alcohol Tobacco and Firearms. The reality of driving to a memorial service for a murdered gynecologist in a procession interspersed with motorcycle cops and police cars was one of the more Kafkaesque experiences of my life.

The service was held in an amphitheater opposite the clinic. Given the weather, I was surprised to see Smeal wearing a turtleneck sweater along with a long, dark blue raincoat. Only after a few minutes of looking at her carefully and noticing that she looked rather "boxy" did it occur to me that she was wearing a bulletproof vest. She was not the only one: two male physicians were outfitted with vests, but they were making no secret of it. Smeal, however, was almost apologetic. She mentioned more than once that she was wearing it because her son was worried about her, and had insisted on it. I thought it strange that a feminist leader felt it necessary to make an excuse for protecting herself in a dangerous situation—she was "doing it for her children," not herself. The men, however, had no such sensibilities. They did not have to apologize to anyone: they wore their macho on their bulletproof vests. One, in fact, walked within 20 feet of a lone picketer holding a sign that read "The wages of sin is death" and "Abortion is murder." And, as everyone watched, the doctor pounded his chest screaming, "Why don't you just do it—come and get me—you don't have the guts." During this display of righteous passion and provocation, Smeal and I stood next to each other scanning the windows that faced the stage, looking for the butts of rifles.

The service was intense and moving. Gunn's son, just 23, spoke of his pain and loss and pride. A condole message from President Clinton was read; he wrote of rededicating "ourselves to strengthening the freedoms of choice and privacy," but I thought the words rang hollow. Even with more governmental legislative and popular support for pro-choice policies, the difficulties in providing abortion services have been growing. A new survey by the Feminist Majority revealed that 50.2% of clinics experienced severe anti-abortion violence in the first 7 months of 1993. Clinics and health care workers face death threats, stalkers, chemical attacks, arson, bomb threats, invasions, and blockades. Physicians who perform abortions say that they are increasingly outcast in their profession. There has been a steady decline in abortion training for medical students in the last 6 years. Less than 12% of medical schools now provide first-trimester abortion instruction as part of the required curriculum. That was why Dr. David Gunn had to travel; he was the only abortion provider available within a few hundred miles of his clinic.

After the service, a few of us went to lunch at a local restaurant. In the ladies room I watched with amazement as Ellie Smeal nonchalantly ripped of her raincoat and sweater to reveal the heavy white vest over her bra which she then quickly removed. I had the strong feeling that I was in a parallel universe; one that, unfortunately, I seem to have become more at home in than the so-called "real one." I've had this feeling before, most powerfully in the early days of 1988 when Operation Rescue came to New York, and I found myself one five a.m. facing a few hundred people chained together in front of a clinic on the east side singing "Amazing Grace." Everything was going on around me as if it were a day like any other. People were on their way to work, walking their dogs, eating their breakfasts, except I was living in a war zone. Here it was happening again. Families were coming into the restaurant for their after-church lunch, their children in their Sunday best; while Smeal and I, like two old soldiers, discussed strategic advantages of various anti-terrorist initiatives and exchanged battle stories.

Upon my return to New York, I learned that "Shelly" Shannon, an anti-abortion activist, had been convicted of attempted murder in Wichita, Kansas after she admitted to shooting—though not fatally—Dr. George Tiller last August. Tiller is one of the few physicians in the U.S. who specializes in third-trimester abortions, performing them only when the fetus is deformed or the mother's life is in danger. Shannon, it would appear, had a role model for murder. Copies of letters she sent to Michael Griffin while he was in jail awaiting trial praised him as a "hero of our time." She wrote, "I know you did the right thing. It was not murder... I believe in you and what you did." After she learned that Tiller, whom she shot in both arms, had survived the attack, Shannon considered resorting to explosives to blow up his clinic.

And in Alabama, a Roman Catholic
American girls learn at an early age that their bodies are a target, not a temple. Pulling bra straps or using sexually derogatory language has long been conduct excused by the old standby, "boys will be boys." But casually brushing off such damaging behavior as "teasing," "flirting," or "initiation rites" conditions boys and girls to accept sexual harassment as normal and acceptable behavior. "Sexual harassment is tolerated as a true-blooded, healthy American phenomenon, a normal stage in adolescent development," notes Dr. Nan Stein, director of the Sexual Harassment in Schools Project of the Center for Research on Women at Wellesley College. Sexual harassment is disturbingly common in elementary and secondary schools, according to a survey of 4,200 girls. The study by the Center for Research on Women, conducted by means of a questionnaire published in Seventeen magazine, concluded that widespread sexual harassment is a significant barrier to the personal and academic achievement of female students. Most girls (89%) had experienced unwanted sexual comments, gestures, or looks, and almost as many (83%) said they had been touched, pinched, or grabbed in a school setting. Significant numbers had been leaned over or cornered (47%) and pressured or forced to perform sexual acts (37%).

Girls are most often harassed by fellow students, but 4% reported being harassed by teachers, administrators, or other school staff. The effect of donations from insurance companies and physician groups is being monitored by Public Citizen's Congresswatch. The group supports single-payer health insurance, a plan modeled on the Canadian system. It reports that numerous polls and interviews show that most Americans believe in at least one aspect of the single-payer plan—that the key to saving money on health care is to limit the role of the insurance companies.

—Ronni Sandroff
Population experts have discovered the obvious: "contraceptives are the best contraceptive." Fertility levels in developing countries, it turns out, have dropped most sharply where family planning services have most dramatically increased. Mass media campaigns to encourage the use of modern contraception in such nations as Thailand, Columbia, and Morocco have created what population analysts are calling a "reproductive revolution."

Traditional population theory holds that economic development is the best way for an impoverished country to reduce its fertility rate. The theory is based on the experience of Europe and North America at the turn of the century, when rapid population growth stabilized as nations improved living conditions, health care, and education. But it pre-dates modern contraceptive methods.

The most recent data about fertility in developing countries over the past eight years shows that women are having fewer children even in the absence of economic improvement. Since the mid-1960's, the overall birth rates in the 22 countries surveyed have declined by one-third.

According to Bryant Robey of the Johns Hopkins School of Hygiene and Public Health and editor of American

Demographics magazine, the statistics have extraordinary implications for future efforts to slow population growth. In Thailand the fertility rate was cut in half between 1975 and 1987; in Colombia women had an average of 4.7 children in 1976 and 2.8 children in 1990; in Indonesia the birth rate declined 46% between 1971 and 1991; in Morocco the rate dropped 31% between 1980 and 1992.

Thanks to the efforts of government and donor agencies to lower many of the economic barriers to health care, 38% of married women in their childbearing years in developing countries (excluding China) now practice family planning. But the demand for contraception still exceeds the supply. More than 120 million married women of reproductive age are not using contraception, even though they told researchers that they want to avoid pregnancy.

"Gestalt Sisters" (so known because the whole is greater than its parts).

Some accomplishments: uniting to help pass the ban on assault weapons, expanding abortion rights to prisons, V.A. hospitals, and the District of Columbia; including insurance coverage for abortion in the Federal Civil Service insurance policies, which are used as a model for other plans.

Worst setback: failing to defeat the Hyde Amendment, which prohibits the use of Medicaid money for abortions.

Fearless predictions: Mikulski believes a health care bill will be passed by Labor Day and that it will be close to the Clinton plan "with maybe some changes in the employer mandate." Welfare reform will be put off until after the health care debate is resolved. Mikulski points out we wouldn't need as much welfare if we had better strategies for helping abused women and providing health care for children.

Mikulski's explanation for attacks on Hillary Rodham Clinton? "She's too effective."

—Carol Wheeler
NEW MOON RISING

We are what we read. Harvard professor Carol Gilligan is convinced that one of the roots of adolescent girls' drop in self-esteem is the gap between how the girls see themselves and how the media presents girls and women. If young girls are reading about waif fashion models and murderous cheerleaders, how can they grow up to be astronauts and presidents?

Nancy Gruver, a Duluth, MN regional planner and mother of twin daughters, and her husband, Joe Kelly, tried to raise strong, self-confident adolescent daughters. Like many mothers she worried that her daughter's self-confidence would wane as her own did as she entered high school.

She looked for stories reinforcing what she had always told her daughters: you can be whatever you want when you grow up. When they scanned the newsstands looking for good reads, they came home empty-handed. Even if the articles appeared promising, the ads undermined the message. So the Gruver-Kelly family sat down to create a magazine of girls, by girls, and for girls.

Today an editorial board of 25 girls and two parents produce New Moon, a bi-monthly magazine to encourage girls, aged 8 to 14, to hold on to their strengths, voices, and dreams. New Moon offers a timely and lively alternative to negative media influence on girl's self-esteem. Enthusiasm, creativity, and energy seem to bounce off the colorful pages. Already the magazine has its admirers. Lyn Mikel Brown, assistant professor at Colby College and author of Meeting at the Crossroads: Women's Psychology and Girls Development, believes that New Moon provides an important alternative to the torrent of negative messages exerted on girls.

The 25 girls who put out New Moon have a lot more on their minds than boys and clothes. A recent issue included articles on Melissa Poe, founder and CEO of Kids for a Clean Environment; older mentors like Elizabeth Bryenton, a teenage inventor who started her own company, Child and Elder Care Insights; and characters out of herstory such as Semiramis, queen of Assyria. One of the most impassioned pages is "How Aggravating," a column where readers can share insights: "Why do you get a bachelor's degree when you graduate from college." "I hate it when people say, 'That was man-made.' How come it's not human-made?" This is a hands-on practical training ground for future feminists. In 10 months circulation has grown to more than 7,000—all by word of mouth. And, as New Moon tells its readers, the sky's the limit.

For more information about the magazine or New Moon Parenting, a companion newsletter, write to New Moon Publishing, P.O. Box 3587, Duluth, MN 55803-3387. A one-year subscription is $25.

—Michele Bevis

POWER CHATTING

We're Women Who Notice Too Much, blessed with the curse of a love of equality and what makes matters worse, the walls legally broken against prejudice and misogyny were invisibly rebuilt as a glass ceilinged economy.

We're tattling old secrets of power misuses No longer believers of flimsy excuses.

Notices get called whiners, ball busters, meanies and bitches.

That's progress! In the old days they'd have burned us as witches!

—Libby Reid

ON THE ISSUES SUMMER 1994
The language is gender-neutral, with no pronouns meaning "he" or "she." Both boys and girls carry their younger siblings around and fathers share in childcare. The women enjoy the same sexual freedom as the men. And although the god of creation, Rodyo, is male, powerful female spirits and "wise women" are part of the religion and there are no special meeting houses or cult activities that bar women.

The 2,300 residents of this remote South Sea island have had little contact with the outside world. Dr. Lepowsky, of the University of Wisconsin at Madison, told the New York Times that Vanatinai "is not a place where men and women live in perfect harmony and where the privileges and burdens of both sexes are exactly equal, but it comes close." Now that the secret is out, let's hope the rest of the world leaves them alone to enjoy it.

---RS

Gearing Up for Beijing

"If you want revolution, you have to act." Gertrude Mongella, Secretary General for the United Nation's Fourth World Conference on Women in 1995 and former Tanzanian Minister of State, paused to choose her next words.

"We have to make a drastic change in the position of women worldwide. And we have to make sure we initiate that change," she said.

Mongella wasn't calling women to arms. The "revolution" she talked about comes directly from the people; it's a real, systemic change from the bottom up.

"I don't see our revolution happening any other way. We have to take the initiative," she stressed.

"Let me tell you, we are too generous about keeping quiet." Mongella is about to make herself heard. In fact, she has already started by mapping out the issues and problems women face all over the world. And she wants to give the activists and government officials who will attend the Fourth World Conference on Women in Beijing in 1995 something to think about.

During a recent fact-finding visit to Australia, Mongella attended the Women in Asia Conference at Melbourne's Monash University.

She articulated some of the formidable problems she has identified. "In my travels, economic issues [for women] are emerging more and more," she pointed out.

There is great concern about women's role in the decision-making process from micro to macro, and from family to national levels. And linked to this, she explained, "is the issue of increasing violence against women, our non-participation in politics, and the issues of human rights."

As an African, Mongella is particularly distressed by the feminization of poverty. She said that although she has found instances of this in all countries, it is most widely prevalent in Third World nations.

"Women are working too much for too little," she said. "They are locked into poverty by the type of work they do. I see everywhere that the people controlling companies are men, but the lowest workers are women."

"We have to work out the solution ourselves," Mongella stressed. "We have to struggle for it. This is the essence of the Beijing Conference—action. And this action has to come from women."

---Julie Beun-Chown, Bulli, New South Wales, Women's Feature Service

I Am Woman, Watch Me Vote

"I'm pro-choice, and I vote." Once a bumper sticker, the slogan is now a powerful organizing tool. In the 1992 elections, 60 pro-choice groups nationwide (many on shoestring budgets) were able to identify and mobilize nearly 900,000 voters for local pro-choice candidates. They can point to results: 54% of the elections involved were won.

Their method is one that groups around the country can adopt. First, telephone canvassing is used to develop a database of voters who say they are pro-choice and will vote on the issue. Organizers then approach electoral candidates with an offer to mobilize this voting block if the candidate will speak out effectively on the issue.

The ProChoice Resource Center in Mamaroneck, New York is helping organizations across the country develop one-issue organizing strategies to turn reproductive health into a "bottom line" issue. The Center, which began as an outgrowth of the Westchester Coalition for Legal Abortion, provides on-site training workshops and ongoing help on how to: build and maintain a list of pro-choice supporters; continue to educate and activate the people on the list; work with pro-choice legislators and create a powerful pro-choice legislative bloc; attract, coordinate and motivate volunteers; and design and implement a fund-raising plan.

The only organization of its kind nationwide, the Center offers a step-by-step handbook, ProChoice Power, with tips on canvassing, targeting districts, and working with candidates. For more information, call the ProChoice Resource Center at (800) 733-1973. ---SL
IN MY VIEW

PHYLLIS CHESLER

WHEN THEY CALL YOU CRAZY

Like Navy Secretary John Dalton, my blood “boiled” when military women revealed that they’d been punished for “complaining” about sexual harassment, post-Tailhook. In 1994, the women testified before the House Armed Services Committee that once they’d filed sexual harassment grievances, they were ostracized, brutally questioned about their private sex lives, transferred to dead-end jobs, and forced out of the armed services. In addition, after Lieutenant Darlene Simmons, a Navy lawyer, accused her commander of harassment, she was ordered to take a psychiatric exam. A psychiatric exam? How absurd, how chilling, how familiar.

Dr. Margaret Jensvold, herself a psychiatrist and the winner of a prestigious fellowship at the National Institutes of Health (NIH), claimed that her supervisor, Dr. David Rubinow, repeatedly denied her—but not her male colleagues—opportunities to conduct scientific research and to publish her findings. Jensvold also accused Rubinow of making sexist comments that created a sexually hostile work environment. The response to her complaints? Rubinow “advised” Jensvold to see a psychotherapist if she wished to stay at NIH. Ultimately, Jensvold was fired. She is suing.

Jensvold is at least the second female researcher who has filed discrimination and harassment charges against NIH. Psychiatrist Jean Hamilton, who settled an EEOC complaint in 1986 against the same supervisor, testified on Jensvold’s behalf that women researchers are routinely called names like “Witch,” “Wicked Bitch,” “Booby Lady,” and, more benignly, “Sugar.”

Why are so many women still being routinely referred to psychiatrists when they face discrimination on the job, sexual harassment, horrendous divorces, menopause, breast cancer or chronic illness?

Psychiatry is still being used as a weapon to silence and intimidate women; our double standards of mental illness still prevail. John Wayne Bobbitt wasn’t diagnosed or convicted as “insane” for raping and beating his wife; Lorena Bobbitt wasn’t diagnosed or convicted as “insane” for staying with her tormenter and torturer. She was convicted of “insanity” only for trying to get the pain to stop, and, of course, for taking the weapon away from the offender.

William and Betsy Stern were not seen as “crazy” for having signed the same surrogacy contract that Mary Beth Whitehead did, nor were they diagnostically labelled for having Mary Beth arrested for “kidnapping” Baby M. Mary Beth Whitehead, however, was seen as “crazy,” “narcissistic,” “borderline,” and an “unfit” mother, because she thought the child she’d given birth to was “hers,” and because she’d run away rather than surrender the child whom she’d been breast-feeding for four months.

In 1992, when a former president of a state NOW chapter developed mysterious, medical symptoms, she, too, was sent to a psychiatrist. “Phyllis, I just want you to know that I brought a very underlined copy of Women and Madness along with me. I was determined to show the doctor that I wouldn’t take his diagno-
sis lying down.” “Oh,” I laughed, “I wish I’d thought of that.” The year before, when I was felled by Chronic Fatigue Immune Dysfunction Syndrome, my insurance company suggested that women with my initial symptoms—severe joint pain, “malarial” nights fraught with high fevers and chills, neurological and cognitive deficits, and constant flu-like symptoms—were actually “psychiatrically disturbed.” They demanded a psychiatric evaluation. I took my curriculum vitae along and made sure that the psychiatrist knew I would not “go down diagnostically” without a major fight.

So I guess I should be the last woman in the republic to be surprised (outraged, yes; surprised, no) by the persistent use of psychiatry, psychology, and psychotherapy as a political weapon against women.

In 1970—nearly a quarter of a century ago—I demanded one million dollars in reparations, a “token sum,” from the assembled members of the American Psychological Association on behalf of those women who had never been helped by the mental health professions but who had, in fact, been further abused: punitively labelled; ordered to “adjust” to their lives as second and third class citizens (and blamed when they failed to do so); overly tranquilized; sexually seduced while in treatment; hospitalized (often against their will); given shock and insulin coma therapy, or lobotomies; strait-jacketed (both physically and chemically); and used as slave labor in state mental asylums. “Maybe our newly formed Association for Women in Psychology can set up an alternative to a mental hospital with the money,” I suggested, “or a shelter for runaway wives.”

Two thousand of my colleagues were in the audience. They seemed shocked. Many laughed. Loudly. Nervously. Some looked embarrassed; others relieved. Quite obviously, I was “crazy.” Afterward, someone told me that jokes had been made about my “penis envy.” Friends—this was 1970—not 1870. And I was a colleague on the platform and at the podium.

I went home and wrote Women and Madness, which was published in 1972 and embraced instantly by other feminists, both male and female, and by many women in general. However, my analysis of how diagnostic labels were used to stigmatize women, why women were involved in “careers” as psychiatric patients, and what a “liberated” psychology for both men and women might be like was either ignored or treated as a passing sensation by those in positions of power within the psychiatric and psychological professions.

Women and Madness has remained in print ever since, but radical feminist views have not yet shaped what most graduate, nursing, medical, counseling, social work, and pastoral students learn. Instead, valuable feminist insights have been marginalized, ignored, sometimes debated, but essentially “disappeared.”

Those who don’t know their own history are bound to repeat it. Last year, Dr. Maxine Harris and Dr. Jeffrey Geller asked me to write the introduction to an anthology of first person accounts by women who had been psychiatrically hospitalized in the United States from 1840-1945. I am amazed and saddened that I was able to complete my formal education and write Women and Madness without knowing more than a handful of the stories gathered together in Women of the Asylum: Voices From Behind the Wall.

These 27 first person accounts are lucid, sometimes brilliant, always heartbreaking, and utterly principled, even heroic. Incredibly, these women were not broken or silenced by their lengthy sojourns in hell. They bear witness to what was done to them and to those less fortunate than themselves, who did not survive the brutal beatings, near-drownings, forced-feedings, body-restraints, and the long periods in their own filth and in solitary confinement which passed for “treatment.” None were treated with any reason, kindness, or medical or spiritual expertise. These historical accounts brought tears to my eyes. Remembering these women’s ordeals helps us understand why we must remain vigilant about psychiatric diagnoses and “cures.”

Why were most of these women in asylums? It is inconceivable and outrageous, but Elizabeth T. Stone (1842) of Massachusetts and Elizabeth Packard (1860) of Illinois were incarcerated because they dared to express views that angered their brothers or husbands.

Phebe B. Davis’ crime (1865) was to dare to think for herself in the state of Massachusetts and her judge-friend sentenced Brinckle...
As everyone must surely have been reminded more than once by now, this summer marks the 25th anniversary of Woodstock. The four-day rock concert phenomenon has come to signify the very essence of that nation-shaking, if not actually revolutionary, decade “The Sixties” to those too young or unhip to have participated.

The mass media, in its zeal to gobble up and regurgitate in its own image everything in its path, has pretty much insured that Woodstock will stand in our collective memory as the heart of “The Sixties.” “Drugs, free love and rioting” are what my students believe it was all about; what they envy and resent my generation for having been allowed to enjoy so freely and with (in their view) so few negative consequences. For them, of course, it’s AIDS, recession, “Say No,” and political despair. And if we failed to accept these rules, we got all the “bad” sexual adjectives and were in danger of losing our “reputations,” our livelihoods, our physical safety, our very lives.

Those are still the things progressive feminists fight for in our political and personal lives. But the going is hard. And as the bombardment of soft core, wet dream, Woodstock imagery makes clear in the area of sexual (as opposed to more general) gender equity, we have not come a very long way at all.

Feminism, for sure, has made its sexual values and demands felt. But the dominant male response has been hardcore resistance, rooted in anger and fear. You see it everywhere you look these days, from Fatal Attraction to Snoop Dogg to “Mike Tyson will be back!” T-shirts. It’s the Easy Rider, Jim Morrison, “the proper position of women is prone” aspect of Sixties sexual politics that thrives today, not the kinder, gentler feminist version.

If you want more proof and can handle some really depressing male attitude, check out last February’s “special Valentine’s Day issue” of Esquire and GQ, in which women (and hold your breath, now) feminism were boldly featured as the main subject matter. “Ah, women, what do they want? What do they want from us? …and why are they so damned angry?” sighed GQ on its cover, which featured Geena Davis in a largely unbuttoned shirt, touting an article called “Geena on Top.”

And it gets worse. Esquire offered a 22-page special supplement on women,
headed by a lengthy piece on “The New ‘Do Me’ Feminism.” It also featured a poll in which one-thousand 18 to 25(!) year-old women answered questions like “Are you more sophisticated sexually than your father” and “Who would be sexier to men: Dianne Sawyer or Connie Chung?”

The emphasis on sex in this poll is far from atypical. Along with sports and such celebrity role models as Eastwood and Stallone, sex is what men’s magazines push. And what a retro brand of sex it is. All “wham, bam,” “heh heh,” “that’s cool” juvenility and bravado. “What I wouldn’t give to be a black lesbian with a pierced navel,” comments one writer. And this pretty much typifies the tone and perspective of most of the articles by men which try to figure out what feminism is all about and how to deal with it.

After “lesbian envy” the most common response to feminism seems to be an irritation about any attempt to communicate about sexual relationships. In a critique of the new Antioch College code for sexual behavior (in which verbal permission must be given before sex acts occur), for example, the author expresses exasperation that the code means: “you have to ask my permission to cop a feel.”

Which brings me, with tears in my eyes and fire in my blood, to “The New ‘Do Me’ Feminism,” wherein a wildly mixed bag of prominent women writers—ranging from lesbian-feminists bell hooks and Susie Bright to pseudo-feminists Katie Roiphe and Camille Paglia—uniformly declare themselves to be “pro-sex” and “pro-men” to the wild cheers of the editors.

That these women represent political and sexual beliefs which put them in different universes of discourse was conveniently ignored by the editors. They managed to edit the words of the women, and pose and identify them all, in a way which led one to believe that they were indeed talking about the same kinds of issues and writing from the same perspective. “We love men, we love sex, we hate traditional, puritanical, fuddy-duddy old feminists.”

Rebecca Walker, a founder of the feminist group Third Wave, is quoted as saying: “Feminism is a tool everyone should have, right next to the dildo.”

The bell hooks quote was the most outrageous. “We need a versatile dick who...can negotiate rough sex on Monday, eating pussy on Tuesday, and cuddling on Wednesday.” This excerpt from her work no doubt fueled the fantasies of a lot of men who would not understand a word hooks said to them if they actually met her.

Next to hooks’ article is one by Katie Roiphe warning (yet again) of the dangers of “rape crisis feminism” and its hysteria over male sexual aggression which, she is here to tell you, doesn’t exist at Princeton. And then there’s Rene Denenfeld, author of The New Victorians: Why Young Women are Abandoning Feminism—same reasons, no good sex—followed by Susie Bright, sexily posed and identified as a “sex guru.”

I am not blaming hooks or Bright for the confusion and misogyny of this journalistic outrage. They—as we who have read their works understand—are speaking from a feminist perspective which assumes, automatically, that sex and gender issues are socially constructed and negotiated. They are calling for a sexual climate in which women will control their own sexuality and act upon their own desires.

But reading how the editors used and abused their names, words, photos and activism in the slick and lascivious pages made me cringe with frustration and even shame. We are a long way, it seems, from the utopian days—when it will be possible to talk seriously about our sexual desires on male turf and feel safe—much less understood and respected.

Which brings me back to Woodstock and the counterculture and what has been happening to sex and gender relations, not only in popular culture but everywhere, ever since those lush, decontextualized images entered the public domain, and came to symbolize the “Sexual Revolution” of The Sixties. Somehow we have come to a place where feminism has come to mean—in the public understanding—you’re either anti-sex or pro-sex. And the definition of “sex” in this equation makes us losers no matter which side we choose.

The headlines bring this home to us in bloody detail every day. In counterpoint to the raffish Woodstock images, the media run daily reports of atrocity done to women by individual madmen and others, considered sane, who tend to run in packs and get younger every year. The Glen Ridge sexual assault case, in which a retarded woman was brutalized and raped; the Spur Posse case in which high school boys scored points for every sexual encounter—voluntary or forced—with a girl; the swimming pool assaults on young girls by gangs of boys; the astounding figures on sexual harassment within grade schools; all of these and more would seem to be inconceivable in a civilized, much less feminist-influenced, world.

Of course, apologists and reactionaries of all stripes will simple blame the “permissiveness” and “moral anarchism” of The Sixties themselves for these incidents, citing media-generated ideas about “free sex” and “godless feminism” to explain the epidemic of misogyny. “They pass out condoms, teach sex education and pregnancy-this, pregnancy-that, but they don’t teach us any rules,” one member of the Spur Posse told Jane Gross of the New York Times.

Nor are these arguments wholly false. Indeed we did, we feminists, demand that women be given access to resources and services which would enable us to live our sexual and reproductive lives “freely” as we saw fit. And that—no matter what the right may insist—was a moral, politically healthy demand. But as the sorry picture I’ve just drawn makes clear, none of these demands has, in fact, led to the feminist sexual heaven we envisioned. And that’s because men—who still control most of the money, media, and resources—refused to hear or take seriously what we were actually saying.

So, Happy Twenty-Fifth Anniversary, Woodstock Nation! I’m going to celebrate not with peace, love, and flower memorabilia, but with much gutsier, angrier, cultural iconography. I’ll be listening to Liz Phair’s “Exile in Guyville,” and watching Thelma and Louise. It might seem more appropriate to dig out Joni Mitchell’s optimistic ode to Woodstock, the refrain of which goes, “We are stardust, we are golden...and we’ve got to get ourselves back to the Garden.” But the times, unfortunately, call for less sweet-toned sounds and thoughts. •

Elayne Rapping’s latest book is Mediations: Forays into the Culture and Gender Wars.
WHY

haven't candidates, especially women candidates, made violence against women—and specifically rape—a central issue in election campaigns? And how can women's groups formulate a political agenda to attack the problem? To find out, the editors of ON THE ISSUES invited two well-known prosecutors of rape cases to discuss the issue and generate ideas on how women can move forward on this issue.

Liz Holtzman served eight years as the first woman district attorney in New York City, as part of her long career in public service. Alice Vachss is the author of Sex Crimes: Ten Years on the Front Lines Prosecuting Rapists and Confronting Their Collaborators.

OTI: How do we stop rape? How do we cure the disease?

HOLTZMAN: We have to start at the beginning and change basic attitudes. My eyes were opened by a poll published in a New York newspaper in the late 1980's. Someone had surveyed a group of Rhode Island junior high school kids on their attitudes toward sex. An overwhelming number of boys—more than 60%—said it was okay to use force against a girl if they had spent 50 cents on her or if they had been seeing her for six months! More troubling, a substantial percentage of girls agreed. Not only do boys devalue girls, but girls believe that in the end they have no alternative. They have to start influencing the boys' frame of mind as well as the girls'. You cannot solve the problem of rape by focusing on a woman's sense of self-worth. You have to start by dealing with men's attitudes about violence and their definition of their manhood. That was something that came up in the Central Park jogger case and other gang-rape cases; the victim is only a pretext for the men to show each other how macho they are. They're using violence against another human being as part of their self-definition. That's what's horrible. When women have a lower status than men, they are demeaned and dehumanized. Rape becomes part of the spoils of war. We see this in Bosnia today. The idea of woman as property is deeply rooted in our civilization. Rape is part of this phenomenon and we've got to free ourselves from that. It's very deep-seated because it means changing men and women's self-image as well as their attitudes toward the other sex.

OTI: Alice, you've been on college campuses, doing public-

We argued specifically on the point that the origin of the idea of the exemption of marital rape was in the notion of the woman as property. So when we talk about rape and deplore it, we must be willing to admit that married women still do not have the right of bodily autonomy in many places in this country.

OTI: Most people still think rape is about sex. But you both seem to agree that it's about power, it's about possession.

VACHSS: One serial rapist I prosecuted used an insanity plea. He was supposedly hypnotized by the defense to relive the rapes. He said, "I looked for women who looked happy because I wanted to take that away from them." And he did. That's what rape's about.

OTI: Alice, before the interview you used the term "sexual misconduct." This terms implies levels or degrees of rape—it seems almost a diminution of the whole thing. It's like a sliding scale.

VACHSS: You're right. Rape can be prosecuted and punished two ways: as the second highest felony, a B-felony, or as a misdemeanor. The misdemeanor rape statute is called sexual misconduct. There should be no such thing as a misdemeanor rape. That values one victim over another.

OTI: The magazine followed the Aileen Wuornos case, a
prostitute who killed six Johns in self-defense, and was labeled the first female serial killer. Now, apart from the question of how you can kill six people in self-defense, people ask how can a prostitute be raped?

HOLTZMAN: In New York State you have no rape protection for prostitutes. They are viewed as the dregs of this earth. You can try to prosecute the rape of a prostitute, but the defense can bring in every single prior sexual act she’s ever had, on the theory that if she’s ever said “yes” once, she’ll say “yes” again. The rapist’s prior rape convictions, on the other hand, won’t be admissible.

OTI: Beyond targeting deep-seated attitudes, how do we attack the problem, the behavior?

HOLTZMAN: We need tough laws. We need sensitive prosecutors. We need judges who understand that rape is not a joke. We need police officers who are properly trained. We need counseling services. We need a panoply of services throughout the criminal justice system, and we’re not there yet. When I was prosecutor, there was a case involving a rape victim who was allegedly asked to get down on her hands and knees in the courtroom and re-enact the rape. And under oath, the assistant district attorney said that the rape victim had done that. And when I raised an objection, I was chastised for publicly questioning the conduct of a judge. The criminal justice system doesn’t take rape seriously enough.

There was another rape case in which a guy broke into a house with a stocking mask over his face and raped a woman. The judge gave him an extremely lenient sentence saying, “Well, you know, maybe it started out as a rape but obviously the two of them...”

OTI: Enjoyed it?

HOLTZMAN: Yes, it had to be, because women presumably want to be raped. That’s part of the mythology. That’s why we have juries that won’t convict; judges who won’t sentence; prosecutors who won’t prosecute. They all reflect society’s deep-seated attitudes.

OTI: What about date rape cases?

HOLTZMAN: That’s when the double standard kicks in. Date rapes, or acquaintance rapes, are one of the most difficult kinds of cases to prosecute because women are held to an extraordinarily high standard. Let’s say a woman allows a man to walk her home from a bar. He says, “Gee, I’m going home, but can I just use your phone for a second?” If she lets him in, forget it! You’re not going to get a conviction because the jury’s going to say she should have known better. Why was she walking home after dark? In robbery cases nobody asks what were you doing in the subway at seven o’clock at night.

VACHSS: One of the underlying attitudes is, “she asked for it, she deserved it.”

OTI: Alice, how can we change things?

VACHSS: We need to up the stakes across the board and hold our elected officials accountable. The people I’ve talked to while I’ve been touring can no longer tolerate the sexual violence in this country. But they have this abiding despair that they have no ability to change it. And I’ve been telling people that we can change it in the voting booth. For the most part, prosecutors are elected. We should say to them, “Do your job or lose your job.”
Please enter my subscription to ON THE ISSUES: The Progressive Woman's Quarterly for the term and savings checked.

☐ 1 year (4 issues) - only $14.95
☐ 2 years (8 issues) - only $24.95 (save 16% off cover price)
☐ 3 years (12 issues) - only $34.95 (save 26% off cover price)
☐ Payment enclosed ☐ Bill me ____________

Initial

Name (please print)
Institution (if applicable)
Address Apt. #
City State Zip

Savings off $3.95 cover price. Institutional rate: add $10 first year; $5 each additional. Canadian subscriptions add $4 per year; other foreign add $7 (surface mail) or $20 per year (airmail). Payable in US funds.
tivity to the seriousness of rape, it raises another issue: the victims themselves having the courage to come forward. A lot of people who come to the rape treatment center at Choices for counseling are absolutely terrified of bringing these cases forward. They risk being victimized again, this time by the court system.

When I wrote my book, which is about sex crimes, I got mail from women who'd never told anyone they'd been raped. Every single one of them said the same thing, “I didn’t think anybody would believe me.” That’s the basic reason women don’t report rape. And, they have a good basis for that. We don’t believe victims when they come forward.

Why don’t we?

At common law, a woman’s word was worthless. She could not be believed on the issue of rape unless she had a corroborating witness. Why? Number one, women really want to be raped, so they can’t be trusted. Number two, they’re liars, because if they get pregnant, they can protect their reputation by saying they were raped. This was the law of the land until the late 1960’s and early 1970’s. Laws began to change but it’s still very difficult if it’s a woman’s word against a man’s word. I remember when I became the D.A.; we had to go and train doctors because they would write on the hospital records, ‘no evidence of rape.’ Her word wasn’t evidence of rape. And if there were no bruises there’s no evidence of rape, they thought. But they were wrong and their analysis helped botch cases.

People dismiss it as a “he said, she said” kind of case. Well, most robberies are “he said, she said.” Whoever believes that rape charges are easily made and hard to disprove has never talked to a rape victim.

But just to show you how the laws demean women, when I became a D.A. in the early 1980’s the basic rape law said that it could not be a rape by law unless a woman put up what was known as “earnest resistance,” a Victorian phrase. So, unless a woman could show that she fought back, it wasn’t a rape by law.

There’s a lot of collaboration with rapists in the criminal justice system. There are people who are not rapists themselves but who literally create a support system for rapists. People in the criminal justice system have the power to literally free rapists. Rapists believe that every man would rape if he had the guts. And they find support for that belief in judges who say, “You know, it wasn’t violent. She’d been raped before so we’ll give him less of a penalty.” And prosecutors say, “I’d rather protect my conviction rate than go after a rapist.”

I'm really amazed to hear that you think people in the system are pro-rape.

Let me give you an example. There was a case in Texas where the guy broke into a woman’s apartment at knife point and raped her. They presented the case to the grand jury and the grand jury refused to indict after hearing that the woman had asked the rapist to use a condom. Everyone was critical of the grand jury but the grand jury foreman went on one of the talk shows afterward. It turns out, the prosecutor didn’t ask for a burglary charge, didn’t put the knife or the rapist’s confession into evidence. To top it off, he didn’t put the victim on the witness stand and he allowed the grand jury to laugh about the condom request. When asked about the dismissal, the grand juror said, “We thought that’s what the prosecutor wanted.” But when the story made national news, it put pressure on the prosecutor to present it to a second grand jury, which did indict and the guy was eventually convicted.

You’re saying they throw these cases.

This is the way cases are thrown. Fortunately this time it was in Texas, which happens to be a state where you can put the case back in the grand jury.

That’s what you meant when you said that people in the criminal justice system collaborate with rapists. The prosecutor didn’t even use the tools or the evidence he had. That’s startling.

But it happens.

But what do you do when the rape victim

ON THE ISSUES SUMMER 1994
doesn't want to proceed? They're reluctant to expose themselves to the brutality of the defense. That's why we actually had counselors going into the courtroom with the rape victim. We created a whole apparatus of counseling, and I think it was very successful.

**VACHSS:** Half the time victims are betrayed in the name of the victim. I think prosecutors use victim vulnerability as an excuse, and also that they fail to do what they can to help victims overcome their fears. You get a case where it's a strict identification issue and the victim is worried about having worn a seductive shade of lipstick. She thinks that the cross-examination is going to be awful, because that's what she's seen on TV. But many times cross-examination, though difficult in other ways, is not the confrontational thing that victims imagine. So what you need, before the victim makes the decision that she doesn't have the strength to do this, is a prosecutor saying, "I'm going to be with you every step of the way."

**OTI:** When women run for office, they're often thought of as weak on law and order. Why aren't women candidates able to move the process forward and to run on the law and order issue—as in, "I will be strong on violence against women." I imagine you could point to women prosecutors and judges around the country who have very good reputations and have done a lot of good work over the years.

**HOLTZMAN:** There are very few women who are seeking the office of prosecutor or who are prosecutors. The number of women who are attorneys in general in this country is still minuscule.

**OTI:** I mean running for Congress or Senate or City Council. **VACHSS:** I don't think that gender alone solves this issue. I've seen too many horrendous women judges, women prosecutors, women politicians at high levels, who are betraying victims. Gender's not necessarily the answer.

**OTI:** Given the epidemic of violence against women—harassment, abuse, battery, rape—why wouldn't a political platform that says, "Yes, I'm gonna get tough on this and on the laws of state sentencing," resonate with the population?

**HOLTZMAN:** We did a radio ad on rape when I ran for comptroller. Our follow-up poll showed that there was very strong support for prosecuting rapists and helping rape victims.

**OTI:** So maybe this issue is resonating. Maybe women are getting more conscious of the disparity between the idea of equality and the reality of how the criminal justice system deals with the crime of rape.

**VACHSS:** Violence against women needs to be looked at for its own sake. But I also think there's a kind of sociopathic violence in this country that's growing. I used to make a distinction between "did he hit you over the head and then take your money?" or "did he take your money and then gratuitously hit you over the head?" As a country, we're getting more and more intolerant of this sociopathic gratuitous violence, whether it's car-jackings or bombings or rape. When we tolerate sexual violence between two people who know each other, we invite sexual violence between strangers. That's the logical next step. I think plenty of people are finally beginning to say that sexual violence is...
not only a women's issue. Violence is an issue for all of us. In that way, it might become a viable political issue.

OTI: Yes, it affects all of us. It affects the perpetrators as well as the victims.

VACHSS: I don’t care about perpetrators, I really don’t. I don’t care about their history, their problems.

HOLTZMAN: Well, I differ with you. We haven’t paid enough attention to the question—I mean aside from incarceration—of whether there’s any way to deal with these people. Let’s say they’re 20 years old and in jail for 10 years. They’ll be out at the age of 30 and then what happens? Adolescents who are convicted are probably not going to get a long sentence. What do you do? There’s very little research on whether there’s any kind of treatment, counseling, or say, “They’ve proven enough, we’re not to give them anymore chances.” Somebody who does a series of rapes; gets out; does a second series of rapes; may very well be released in his lifetime to do a third series of rapes. That’s obscene.

HOLTZMAN: We still have a long way to go. It’s two steps forward and one step back.

VACHSS: But, we’re going, we’re moving. I don’t believe prosecutors will change all that much; they’ll still work on self-interest like they always have. We need to change their ideas of what self-interest really is. That’s why I believe so much in the voting booth. If we define the criteria for reelection, we can change things. We haven’t yet, but we can.

Liz Holtzman began her distinguished career in public service when she won a seat in the U.S. House of Representatives in 1972 as the youngest woman ever elected to Congress, a record she still holds. In 1980 Holtzman became the first woman in New York State to be nominated for the U.S. Senate by a major party and was elected Brooklyn District Attorney in 1981, where she served for eight years as the first woman D.A. in New York City. Liz Holtzman is the author of the federal rape privacy law as well as laws allowing better treatment of child sex-abuse victims through two-way video in the courtroom and allowing videotapes of victim testimony instead of live testimony in the grand jury. She is co-founder and co-chair of Congresswomen’s Caucus. Currently, she is counsel to Herrick, Feinstein, a New York law firm.

Alice Vachss is the author of Sex Crimes: Ten Years on the Front Lines Prosecuting Rapists and Confronting Their Collaborators (due out in paperback in September 1994 by Holt), which details her experiences as a prosecutor trying the toughest rape cases and as Chief of the Special Victims Bureau in the Queens District Attorney’s office. Currently she lectures on college campuses on the issue of sexual assault.
DEGREES
OF
SEPARATION
GOOD BOUNDARIES
SUPPORT GOOD RELATIONSHIPS

By Mary E. Hunt
Patricia M. is a history and women’s studies professor at a university where feminism is still a dirty word—except to her seminar students. Her students look to her as a role model, a feminist academic who has “made it.” They believe her when she speaks about justice and equality. One young woman made a particular effort to invite Patricia to join her for a drink after class. She longed to be her friend, to discuss her personal life, to solicit career advice. But while Patricia welcomes students in her office to discuss classwork, she consistently turns down their social invitations and steers them away from personal discussions. Some students feel hurt and wonder about her feminism.

Patricia lives with the tension many feminists feel: the tug between wanting to claim that we’re all in the same boat, and knowing that in certain circumstances, some of us steer the boat and others do the rowing. Creating boundaries and setting limits to relationships are particularly important when there are differences in power and status.

Boundaries are ways of saying, “Here is where I stop and you start,” or “Our relationship is this and this, but not that.” Boundaries mark the outer edges of our social roles and help everyone know where they stand. Boundaries don’t have to be so rigid and impenetrable that they feel like prisons. But neither should they be so fluid that they feel like mist!

To acquit ourselves justly, I believe that those who have the most power also shoulder the greatest obligation to set boundaries. The sheep must be off limits to the shepherd. The divorce lawyer should not seduce clients. The single mother should not date her daughter’s boyfriend.

How feminist professionals should deal with boundaries is the subject of a book being discussed by feminists: When Boundaries Betray Us, by the Reverend Carter Heyward, an Episcopal priest and theologian. As one of the first, and still very influential, “out” lesbian theologians, Heyward’s work demands serious attention. Her book tells the story of her 18 months of therapy with a psychiatrist who is also a lesbian. Upon the completion of their work, Heyward wished to form a friendship (implicitly, a love relationship). Elizabeth (a pseudonym for the therapist who declined any involvement in the book) did not seem to share Heyward’s desire for a personal relationship and refused, plunging Heyward into despair.

Heyward’s effort to rethink boundaries is entangled in this painful episode, which seems to me to prove that at least in the instance described, even stricter boundaries, not more porous ones, are what is needed. Still, her major themes highlight the question we need to ask about boundaries. Heyward challenges the “prevailing assumption among psychotherapists that they must maintain their ‘professional boundaries’ in order not to harm those who seek help.” She believes that this “tightly constricted” sense of “political correctness” interferes with and distorts the creative, caring connection between patient and therapist. “There is something wrong with a system of treatment that notices greater potential for harm than healing in authentic relationships... and that fails to notice as harmful those rules and boundaries that block authenticity,” she argues. The book concludes with responses by friends and colleagues. Unfortunately, none of them adequately raised the hard
questions necessary to rethink and reconstruct boundaries.

While I strongly disagree with most of Heyward’s conclusions, I believe she helpfully raises the important question of whether traditional notions of boundaries are adequate for a feminist future. Do feminist ideals break down in practice? Can feminists rethink boundaries so that they work for all people rather than against some of us?

**Inequalities Among Women**

Heyward correctly notes that our notions of boundaries have emerged from patriarchy. Most power arrangements in patriarchy are predicated on a male in power and a female beholden to him. But what happens when both people involved are women? Does this cancel the power imbalance? I believe that parallel power dynamics apply. Transgression of boundaries can occur in both patriarchal and feminist settings. Feminists have not always been explicit in spelling this out, but we need to do so if we are to live safely and responsibly.

Women in patriarchy have learned to pay attention to power imbalances and to safeguard those who are vulnerable. This is not patronizing nor matronizing. Whether the power imbalance is racial, economic, predicated on role or some other difference, it is real. It is simply feminist common sense to admit that gender is but one of many categories which determine power.

Between and among women even more care needs to be paid to inequalities of power. The dynamics can be subtle, or can surface as a raw need for approval, support, or caring. The myth that equality means sameness—a boundaryless, ‘we are all one’ state—needs analysis. All women have been conditioned by patriarchy and we have a great deal of unlearning to do in order to move into healthy patterns with one another. Such a process is fraught with risk, and thus, safeguards help. This argues for more careful attention to differences and inequalities in professional relationships, rather than a blurring of the lines.

The admission of differences by feminists need not result in alienation, but in the full use of one another’s skills in healthy interactions. Otherwise, why see a lawyer, go to a doctor, consult a professor, engage a therapist, or talk with a priest in their professional capacities rather than simply becoming friends with them? Friendship is not therapy. No professional I know has the time or emotional energy for so many such friendships. Heyward sought a therapist; her therapist did not seek a friend.

Many young women seek role models not friends, mentors not lovers. Such needs are nothing to trifle with and something to fulfill with utmost care. As a theological ethicist, and as a professional who has been involved in trying to eradicate the human misery caused by priests and ministers who have overstepped sexual and professional boundaries, I believe in erring on the side of caution as we work to clarify feminist boundaries.

Feminist relationships should be characterized by mutual respect and equality. A medical model in which the doctor knows best, without regard for the patient’s sense of herself, is clearly not feminist. But neither is a wholesale assumption that there are no differences in our roles and responsibilities. Valuing difference in a nonhierarchical way does not eliminate the need for boundaries. It simply challenges us to develop better ones.

**Safety and Mutuality**

In a violent society, safety is the major boundary concern. To achieve physical and emotional safety in therapy, religious institutions, health care settings and classrooms, it is necessary to work within known, implicitly agreed upon limits. Feminists seek to redefine hierarchical relationships and voluntarily share power, but this should not mean abdicating safety.

Breaches of safety, frequent occurrences in patriarchy— notably by clergy or mental health professionals—are a major source of trauma for those whose trust has been betrayed. Heyward strongly emphasizes the concept of “mutuality,” an idea that I also value. As I understand it, mutuality means that both persons in a relationship, especially a potential friendship, have an equal say in whether and how that relationship will progress. Mutuality is also predicated on the fact that both parties need to be aware that they come into the relationship with differences. All of the good will in the world will not change the structural givens of age, race, class or position, among other differences.

Mothers act mutually with their daughters—not by expecting to be their daughters as in the dish detergent commercials—but by acknowledging their roles and inviting their daughters to do the same. Professionals and students need to keep before them the fact that one grades and recommends, and the other does not. Too often, psychiatrists and clients, where the former is sought out and paid for a particular job, which requires limits for effectiveness.

Professional ethics committees can now benefit from feminist insights as they establish guidelines. The Center for the Prevention of Sexual and Domestic Violence in Seattle and the Feminist Therapy Institute’s Code of Ethics deserve credit for their clear “no means no” approach. These efforts are not rigid and reactionary, but fair and feminist in their wisdom.

Feminist boundary setting is important because honesty about differences is missing in patriarchy, allowing those with power to mask, ignore, or manipulate it, as in the male minister who seduces his parishioner in the name of God, or the therapist who takes advantage of her client.

Mutuality means that each person has the right to make choices. Sometimes people make choices with which we disagree or by which we feel hurt. But to claim a lack of mutuality because someone does not reciprocate the offer of friendship, as in the Heyward book, strikes me as mistaken at best. From my feminist ethical perspective, “no” is one of the answers that healthy adults learn to say and to hear. Mutuality is not necessarily agreement, but respect for choices, and above all, respect for the choosers.

Role clarity is another essential element of boundaries which is conducive to safety. Unlike Carter Heyward, I believe that boundaries themselves cannot betray us. People betray each other. Boundaries are mutually agreed upon within the framework of roles so that a specific task, such as therapy, can be accomplished.

In a patriarchal society we are used to roles as distancing devices or power plays such as, “Wait until your father gets home,” i.e., a father’s role is to exert control. But feminist...
clarity about roles, especially efforts to treat one another fairly but sensibly, has a different result. It establishes boundaries which are, or ought to be, designed for mutual benefit and mutual protection.

A therapist is due as much protection as a client so that she can do her job and live her life. A minister needs her privacy just as parishioners need theirs. A mother deserves her life, while a daughter is encouraged to live hers. I work hard to right those situations where therapists or ministers have transgressed boundaries, or where mothers have become overly identified with their daughters. While these interactions should be friendly, they are not the same as friendships—which are predicated on equality, which is inherently impossible in these situations.

Some feminist professional groups, like those in therapy and ministry, are developing norms and guidelines for feminist boundaries. I join those who acknowledge that there are professional relationships, such as therapy and pastoral counselling, which are not ethically appropriate springboards for intimate relationships. The power differences and the kind of sharing which goes on in these settings preclude the conditions for romantic friendship. In the case that Carter Heyward describes, when the client is so clearly in love, I hope all therapists would have the good sense to decline politely, recognizing the emotional and ethical land mines ahead. I believe that her psychiatrist acquitted her feminist professional obligations correctly, prioritizing her role as healer; even though she may have made some questionable moves along the way. Professional conduct is her right as well as her responsibility and it should be respected.

Clarifying and keeping reasonable role expectations, and not investing a professional relationship with expectations appropriate to friendship will help to keep everyone safe. Life is not without its risks, of course, but feminist attention to boundaries, mutuality, and role clarity, can help to reduce those risks.

Transcendental Boundaries

The result of Heyward’s effort to dissolve the boundaries set by her therapist led to a confusion in the therapeutic work. Heyward describes two instances of childhood abuse which she deals with effectively in therapy. Then, given her relational problems with the therapist, Heyward decides that the abuse did not take place as she had thought. It is impossible to know what really happened, of course, but Heyward seems to use the incident to discredit the therapist (who is an expert on abuse issues) and also to blur the boundaries between pain experienced by an individual and that experienced by others.

Heyward sidesteps the trap of so-called False Memory Syndrome but goes another step down a similar road suggesting that “as a sister earthcreature, I was being drawn into experiencing as my own the effects of violence and brokenness in the world... My pain was beginning to open me to a larger realm of suffering.” She explains, “In effect, I was immersed mystically in the violence and abuse that result from our fear of our own most sacred relational power.”

I do not think this confusion of individual and group pain is useful or correct.

Violence is so widespread in our society as to form part of its very fabric, but it does not have an identical impact on all of us. When violence occurs in the form of sexual abuse or physical assault, it is very specific. Of course sensitive people, especially those of us who struggle to eradicate violence in both its contextual and episodic forms, feel the effects of it. But we are not somehow channels. We are survivors or, alternatively, those who luckily have been spared the worst, at least for now.

To mystify violence as if it could be picked up through osmosis by some people, especially religious professionals, seems to me a wrong and dangerous move. Theoretically, it sets up the religious professional as a mediator of experiences, hardly the stuff of empowerment for women. Practically, it spiritualizes something which is very concrete. “False Memory Syndrome” is a growing form of backlash against anti-violence work, so to elevate memory changes to the mystical realm does not help. Memory is a tricky thing. But, in fact, far more violence is forgotten than redressed, so offering a quasi-religious way out is no solution.

Rather, after protecting victims from further harm, careful work needs to be done to understand who did what to whom, and to hold those accountable who have acted unethically. bell hooks in Sisters of the Yam: Black Women and Self-Recovery offers a model of integration of difficult personal experiences and political analysis. She does not back off from what happened, nor does she privatize or spiritualize it. She names it, claims it, and seeks to get rid of it.

Setting boundaries can have positive ripple effects. To return to the story of the women’s studies teacher, I believe that Patricia’s students will learn more about healthy relationships from noting her clearly drawn limits than they would if she pretended to be a power-equal and a friend. Role clarity means that Patricia is available to the students as their professor, to teach and counsel, and to grade and recommend, without any suggestion of partiality or favoritism; that is why they pay tuition. Patricia’s continued reflections on the sources of her own boundary configurations assure that she is not mindlessly mirroring patriarchal dictates, but that she is bringing her growing feminist wisdom to the questions.

The students will eventually understand that her choice not to socialize with them is not a personal insult, but rather an expression of mutuality. Patricia has a circle of respected friends. Her seminar attendees are her equally respected students. This is a model of healthy feminist boundaries at work.●

Mary E. Hunt, Ph.D. is a feminist theologian who is the co-founder and co-director of the Women’s Alliance for Theology, Ethics and Ritual (WATER) in Silver Spring, Maryland. She is the author of Fierce Tenderness: A Feminist Theology of Friendship, which won the Crossroad Women’s Studies Award in 1991.
When Lawton Chiles, Governor of Florida, recently announced that his state would deny foster care to undocumented immigrant children, he became one of a growing number of public officials to confront the federal government over cost issues involving illegal aliens. Chiles is now suing the Federal Government for more than $1 billion in reimbursement for services the state has been required to provide for illegal aliens. New York and other states are considering similar action.

Tight budgets, overburdened social services, an uncertain economy, and nativist interest groups have precipitated an explosion of negativity about political refugees and immigrants (legal or not). They are seen as a drain on taxpayers, especially in the areas of welfare, education, health care, housing, and prison costs. The new crackdown initiatives are falling hardest on children. And women.

The smallest hostages are an indeterminate number of juvenile aliens languishing indefinitely in state detention facilities, often commingled with criminal detainees. These children have no family contact and receive no education. They have little or no access to legal representation, pending long delayed asylum and other adjudications.

Jenny Lisette Flores, at age 14, was held, along with oth-
RATION POLICY

ers in their pre- to early teens, in Immigration and Naturalization Service (INS) detention facilities. They had committed no crime and had been charged with no violations of law. All were detained indefinitely, awaiting an INS hearing, because no adult relative or other INS "approved" custodian were able or willing to come forward.

For Jenny and the others, the INS has rejected alternative custodial arrangements, even to clearly qualified unrelated adults or charitable placement organizations. Yet these children pose no threat to the community or risk of flight.

When Jenny Flores, as lead plaintiff in a class action, sued for release pending her immigration hearing, the case went to the U.S. Supreme Court in 1992. The American Bar Association (ABA), in an amicus brief, argued that the indefinite detention of juveniles...without even the most rudimentary procedural safeguards, is directly contrary to fundamental concepts of due process...and violated ABA guidelines standards for the welfare of children. The Court found for the government. Lock 'em up.

Due process for detained undocumented minors has become even more ambiguous since the 1992 Flores decision. Denial of foster care to immigrant children is a reality as well as a symbol and a signal to those still abroad: illegal is illegal, regardless of age.

Fear and resentment, however, not legal arguments, are fueling the current public debate about immigration rights, including those for minors. Alien minors and their elders are viewed as part of a bruising population implosion, an invasion that has compromised our standard of living and quality of life, threatening to transform America itself into a third world country.

In many regions the children of undocumented aliens clog the schools, transforming the curriculum, and sparking confrontations about bilingualism and multiculturalism. Systematic efforts by pregnant undocumented foreign nationals who come here to give birth (thus gaining automatic U.S. citizenship for the children) has exacerbated the situation. The burden of their hospital and medical costs is on the taxpayer. Some see alien infants as yet another group benefiting from a zip-off of the system; Trojan horses in utero, the advance-guard for hoards of parasite progenitors.

These diapered opportunists are themselves a source of threat, a focus for hostility.

Is It a "Woman's Issue?"

For the past three decades, women have constituted a consistent majority of all documented and undocumented immigrants to the U.S. Many seek political asylum for abuses specific to their gender. These include rape, forced marriage, infanticide, genital mutilation, bride-burning, sexual abuse, domestic violence, forced sterilization, and forced abortion.

On these shores, recent changes in the 1952 Immigration and Nationality Act have created new perils for women. Previously, aliens could become legal permanent residents by marrying U.S. citizens or legal permanent residents. But as concerns about sham marriages increased, Congress changed the statutory and regulatory framework. Since 1986, the permanent resident spouse alone can petition for the alien partner to win only "Conditional Resident Status." If the marriage does not survive two years from the date of the conditional status, the divorced spouse can become deportable.

Since beneficiary spouses are primarily female, the male petitioner currently enjoys a power disparity. For two years there is a built-in unprecedented opportunity for victimization. Abusive husbands can effectively hold their alien spouses hostage under threat of loss of the right to stay in the U.S. The wife is completely dependent on the husband’s continued goodwill to avoid deportation. By legislative design, husbands acquired a powerful mechanism of control. The right to stay in America has become both the carrot and the instrument of battery.

Alien spouses often come from two categories: military brides and mail-order brides. Their special vulnerability to domestic violence is worth review.

According to an article in the Yale Law Journal by Michelle J. Anderson, abuse in military families is far greater than in civilian families, perhaps because of the inherent aggressiveness of the military’s social strata. In the service, men in the military who batter often use weapons against their wives (almost twice as often as civilian batterers), and typically the battering may be life-endangering.

Many immigrant wives of servicemen are hampered by isolation, fear, and insecurity, as well as cultural and linguistic differences. Under the circumstances, it is unlikely that such women would report spousal abuse to the authorities, especially to the military police.

Anderson also reports that as of 1990, approximately 200 companies operated mail-order bride businesses in the U.S. Most of the brides came from extremely impoverished areas in Asia, many from the Philippines. Brought up in traditional patriarchal cultures, such women are typically submissive and obedient. When trapped in coercive relationships, they rarely seek remedies in law or outside authority. It is painful to imagine these alien wives shackled to their tormentors by legal, psychological, and economic hoops of steel, trying to survive in America; for them an increasingly inhospitable land.

In its credit, Congress sought to create legal options for immigrant women when these issues were raised. In the Immigration Act of 1990 it provided that both battery and extreme cruelty, if proven, could qualify as grounds for ending the marriage without compromising legal residency. Unfortunately, this ameliorating legislation is shrouded with qualifications that make it difficult to implement in practice. Evidentiary requirements are stringent and intimidating, especially for bruised and battered immigrant women living in cultural and linguistic isolation.

Beyond that, the immigrant's natural fear of bureaucratic involvement acts as a deterrent to seeking relief. Delay tactics indefinitely prolong a batterer's control over his wife. And finally, the legislation and amended regulations apply only to those whose husbands have already petitioned the INS to end their conditional status. If the husband refuses to do so, the wife falls into the abyss and has no remedy at all.
Toward a Feminist Policy

A feminist analysis of immigration is sorely needed. How can we better protect the alien children and military and mail order brides once they're on our soil? What shall our position be regarding women who seek asylum from China because of their country's policy of restricting allowable births to one child per family? Their desire to flee China is not equivalent to a refugee's right to settle indefinitely in the U.S. (or elsewhere). While forced abortion is assuredly a feminist issue, it is daunting to imagine untold millions of such women alighting on our shores with the express intention of reproducing multiple children. Similarly, can we absorb the alarming number of women who would like to seek asylum to escape genital mutilation?

Also of concern to feminists is the matter of family reunification, a cornerstone of current policy. It produces chain migration—a brother brings in a brother, who then brings in his wife, who then brings in her elderly father. (The elderly father can obtain the same welfare and medical benefits as indigent citizens who have lived here all their lives and "paid into" the system). Indeed, four-fifths of today's legal immigration involves uniting relatives with a U.S. citizen or a lawful permanent resident, often after years of waiting abroad. Because families won't stay separated and many won't await the delays abroad, there is often an inducement to gun-jumping (coming without papers or with false papers and other forms of illegality) even for eligible aliens.

Dan Stein, Executive Director of the Federation for American Immigration Reform (FAIR), a privately funded group working to reduce immigration, is pointed in his criticism of the existing law and the related practice and expectations fostered. "Every immigrant, having established a beachhead by his physical presence in this country, thinks that all his relatives and nuclear relatives are entitled to join him."

While family unity is a desideratum in principle, feminists are caught in a squeeze between their libertarian impulses and the increasing recognition of a compassion-fatigued media and nation. We, too, are taxpayers. We, too, suffer from cuts in government services. We need to think through our views and acknowledge that the present economic conditions, cultural climate, and resources simply will not support America's implementing of every global feminist issue.

I find myself listening sympathetically to those who complain that our immigration policies are a mess, that draconian measures must be taken to reverse a mounting problem, and that those making the laws appear to be isolated from those impacted by them.

It is estimated that approximately a million immigrants, legal and illegal, come to this country every year. In the February, 1994 issue of the National Review Lawrence Auster maintains that America is headed for a social catastrophe; the nation does not have an infinite capacity for absorbing racially and culturally diverse people into its national fabric. In Auster's view, multiculturalism has reached critical mass and is destroying our national identity.

This argument pits social reality against my own natural sympathies. Nearly 70 years ago my father, his parents, and four younger brothers came to the United States from Eastern Europe. Because of the move, they escaped the holocaust. Everyone else in his family perished in Europe. Growing up, I was taught to be grateful for the hospitality and generosity of this country. We were safe here, sheltered by a powerful nation that not only tolerated us, but welcomed our presence. So I was told; so I believed. How can I not be in favor of the same welcoming policy for others?

I was less than 3 years old when the St. Louis sailed from Germany in 1939 laden with 930 Jewish refugees, of which more than 400 were woman and children. The ship was bound for Cuba, but America was the ultimate destination for 734 passengers who had fulfilled U.S. Immigration requirements. Both countries denied the ship sanctuary. Although the St. Louis had come close enough to Miami to see the lights of the city, under instructions from Washington the U.S. Coast Guard made sure the ship sailed back to Europe where most of the refugees perished in the German gas chambers. Remembering the St. Louis, how can I not be in favor of immigration, especially for refugees fleeing oppression and persecution?

And yet, I'm not sure anymore.

Divisions Growing

Today there is a backlog of almost 364,000 asylum applications. Claiming fear of persecution, immigrants are arriving in overwhelming numbers, especially from such countries as Guatemala, El Salvador, the former Yugoslavia, the former Soviet Union, China, Cuba, Haiti, and Liberia. Last year alone, 150,386 people from 154 nations claimed asylum, swelling backlogs by almost 50,000, with no end in sight. Many applicants will skip their hearings and disappear into the underground economy.

Americans do not enjoy feeling like suckers and victims. Backlash is here. The earthquake in California: seldom has any national catastrophe dramatized so acutely the collision of compassion with harsh reality. Victims were divided into categories of those lawfully entitled to emergency relief and those who are not; western rough justice. This time—for a change—citizens and the documented come out ahead.

Our Haitian "policy": bad George Bush turned back the leaky boats packed with refugees in the middle of the ocean. Candidate Bill Clinton, a humanitarian, promised to give the Haitians hearings, due process, and sanctuary. But the elected Bill Clinton did things no differently than George. Without much excuse it was the promise, not the policy, that came to be quietly rescinded. The public seems relieved.

appointees. A year later, nominee Bobby Ray Inman for the position of Secretary of Defense admitted a similar "problem," Who cares! The national agenda had obviously changed; issues involving illegal employment at substandard wages were now off-center stage, at least for male nominees.

Latinos are poled by the national media, interest groups, and political analysts. According to the Latino National Political Survey, conducted in 1992 by top Hispanic academics and advocates, up to 84% (of whom have recently arrived) favored restrictions and controls that would limit immigration into the United States. Repressive reform of due process measures for the undocumented? Most Latinos favor that as well. Tightening the borders is preferable toFK10000000

Such contradictions and mood swings abound, backlash against immigrants is coming; is here. More stringent proof of lawful status is being proposed, even for driver's licenses, in California. Texas is fed up. Florida is suing. New York is drowning in the blood of ted talk. People are afraid.

The backlash is undisguised, unapologetic, and growing darker. Not only in the U.S., but in those Western European nations where problems and standards of living echo our own. The effect of all this—as ever—impacts severely on women and children.

The politicians are considering broad-stroke restrictive policies. Congress and state legislative halls hum with activity. The mantra is loud and straightforward: secure our borders, increase INS funding, deport criminal aliens forthwith, expedite and short circuit asylum and deportation procedures, fingerprint entitlement applicants, delay alien work authorizations, and promote a national identity card. In short, keep the bums out. If that doesn't work, throw them out.

This winter, the INS took action, announcing that the U.S. would become the first nation in the world to charge those seeking political asylum a fee for filing an asylum application ($130 per applicant or $650 for a family of five). It instituted a delay of 150 days before issuing work permits for asylum applicants. The aim: to deter fraud and reduce hearing backlogs. Proponents of stricter laws attack the changes as inadequate; immigrant advocates find the new rules too restrictive. Both sides agree that they are ineffective.

Our immigration policy, predicated upon cold-war policies, is now obsolete and riddled with inequities as communism withers. Yet we continue to grant immediate and unconditional sanctuary for those fleeing from communist countries, ignoring the diminution of the red menace as our national boogeyman.

Recently, a ship landed on the Miami shores filled with equal numbers of Cuban and Haitian refugees. The Cubans were welcomed and received into the bosom of the nation; the Haitians were summarily, without an opportunity for appeal, returned to Haiti. General Cedras, and his military goons. As the Haitian situation continues to test the conscience of America, it is difficult not to be reminded of the St. Louis, difficult not to appreciate the questions that many raise when they wonder if racism, not cold-war politics, is the real subtext in our government's response to these refugees.

For now, the outcry is selective, without enough force and moral passion to command change. At this point in history, the American public is content to leave things as they are, to say not to at least one group of immigrants—and have it stick.

What of the tired, the poor, and the huddled masses? There is a discernable shuffling down of the moral debate. The melting pot has had it: closed ranks, closed wallets, closed borders.

What Is To Be Done?

We're faced with fundamental questions: What should our immigration policy be? How can we reform the system?

Duke Austin, senior spokesman for the INS, was blunt, "The problem is in our processes and procedures. People rarely get deported. There is no penalty for overstaying, no penalty for illegality—giving the signal that if you come—nothing will happen to you if you are caught. This is analogous to having open borders. There is an absence of national will to deport aliens. But we must enforce the difference between legal and illegal.

Eleanor Pam, Ph.D., is a professor and Chairperson of the Behavioral and Social Science Department at City University of New York. She is a long-standing participant in immigration-related activities within academia and the legal profession.
In retrospect, it's a wonder that the convictions of Capt. Yolanda Huet-Vaughn, M.D., didn't get her in trouble long before the Gulf War. A feminist and ERA advocate, a founding member of Kansas Physicians for Social Responsibility, an outspoken opponent of nuclear and biological warfare and of the Vietnam war, she served five years of a seven-year hitch in the Army, leaving with an honorable discharge in 1982.

Seven years later, the Berlin Wall fell and Huet-Vaughn—wife, mother of three and family doctor at Humana Health Care in Kansas City—suddenly remembered that, although she had been discharged, she really still owed the Army two years of service. "I wanted to be part of the 'New World Order,'" she told THE ISSUES.

She re-enlisted in the Army reserves. When Iraq invaded Kuwait, Huet-Vaughn was called to active duty with her unit, the 416th Evacuation Hospital, set to deploy for Saudi Arabia.

Her military (and militant) background began to clash with a slowly emerging pacifism. Huet-Vaughn's father was a doctor; he was also a soldier. A Mexican immigrant who was raised as a staunch Catholic, she idolized Joan of Arc as a martyred soldier of faith. She and two friends had joined the Army Reserve in college partly to make ends meet, partly as an adventure and perhaps partly out of a family history of militant patriotism.

**Stunning Change of Heart**

The contradictions of Huet-Vaughn's history were not equal to a new world order that included war. Her life impinged; she went AWOL. And she went public, saying, "I am refusing orders to be an accomplice in what I consider an immoral, inhumane, and unconstitutional act, namely an offensive military mobilization in the Middle East. My oath as a citizen-soldier to defend the Constitution, my oath as a physician to preserve life and prevent disease, and my responsibility as a human being to the preservation of this planet would be violated if I cooperate with Operation Desert Shield."

For refusing orders Huet-Vaughn was branded as a deserter by the Army. She was held under house arrest for four months, court-martialed, and incarcerated in Fort Leavenworth for eight months of a thirty month sentence. She was one of at least 229 soldiers to refuse service in the Gulf War. The only other member of the military to receive such a long sentence was Enrique Gonzalez, another Hispanic deeply involved in the Catholic church. Huet-Vaughn sensed discrimination in those harsh sentences. She says she "never felt that Hispanics and Catholics had the standing in the eyes of the military that others do."

Huet-Vaughn's outspoken dissent was at odds with the Army's flag-waving juggernaut. As she says, "I was punished as harshly as possible because I made myself as visible as possible. The Army could not silence or control me. I love America and expect our leaders to act honorably. I had to speak out against a war fought not for democracy, but to keep on the throne a Kuwaiti king with 75 wives. I was right to do this and I wish I was even more successful in getting my message across. I regret that I couldn't help stop the deaths from hunger and poor sanitation of 50,000 Iraqi children in 1992—collateral casualties of our war on them."

**Becoming a Pariah**

Among the slurs Huet-Vaughn endured back home were suggestions that she accepted years of Army pay but bailed out when faced with danger. A local cartoonist was so outraged at Huet-Vaughn's defection that he lambasted her in print five times, once depicting her as a rat being sent into space. More seriously, Dr. Thomas Simmons, a Kansas City internist who gave Huet-Vaughn a reference letter when she reenlisted, and a fellow member of PSR and colleague at Humana Health Care, said he thought she'd returned to the Army to earn extra money. Huet-Vaughn says Simmons' remarks as an attempt to distance himself from her. She points to the patriotic fervor for the Gulf War in Kansas in general and at Humana in particular (everyone there who went to the Gulf got a $1,000 bonus and a two-week vacation) and says it made Simmons nervous. After all, Huet-Vaughn says in her own defense, "As a Humana doctor I made as much for one eight-hour weekend urgent care shift as I did for 48 hours in the Reserves. I reenlisted because I felt morally obligated," she says.

How could Huet-Vaughn have such a radical change of heart about the military? And why did the Army respond as it did? Although the armed forces don't mention it in recruiting sessions, all the services recognize that people can legitimately change their minds. Through a process called "crystallization," a soldier may at any time become aware of something, realize what it means, and that this means he must refuse to serve in the conflict. Dr. Deborah Kirkpatrick, a former ACLU lawyer and board member now in private practice in Manhattan explains that crystallization occurs when someone realizes what it means to take a human life and says "I cannot do that." She adds that the law requires releasing a proven conscientious objector from military service.

**In U.S.: All or Nothing**

The U.S. military requires that the crystallization and the objection apply to all wars, but international organizations, including the United Nations and Amnesty International, allow for conscientious objection to a particular war. In 1992, Congressman Ronald Dellums of California introduced a bill...
to bring U.S. policy into line with international standards, but no action has yet been taken).

The Army acknowledges that crystallization does occur, turning soldiers into pacifists. According to an Army spokesperson, there were 229 Gulf War conscientious objector applications, of which 140 were granted after review. William Yolton, director of the Washington-based National Interreligious Service Board for Conscientious Objectors (NISBCO), disputes the Army's low figure. NISBCO received over 3,600 inquiries from military people during the Gulf War crisis.

The spokesperson says that the Army usually responds within three or four months to conscientious objector applications. Applicants say it takes much longer, noting that suicides are allegedly common among soldiers who can't bear the pain of being in the military once they have become pacifists. James Corrado, for example, is an Army medic who waited three years for a discharge based on conscientious objection to war. He recalls the horror of having to fire a gun during target practice, fearing that he might be shot in the back by an unsympathetic officer. Captian David Wiggins, an Army physician and friend of Huet-Vaughn, was sent to Riyadh after he made his application for conscientious objector status, which was denied. He went on a hunger strike, removed his uniform, asked the Army to release him to serve in the Red Cross (denied), was arrested and sent to a psychiatric hospital. His case was then assessed at a $25,000 penalty plus the amount of his Army scholarship.

**Crystallized Beliefs**

Unlike Wiggins, Huet-Vaughn refused to go. To understand how her objection to the Gulf War "crystallized," it may help to compare her to other conscientious objectors. Deborah Kirkpatkin, the ex-ACLU lawyer, notes that most problems arise during recruitment or basic training. Pressured to meet quotas, recruiters either steamroll possible qualms about the military or lie outright to applicants. Kirkpatkin sees mostly teenagers or young adults who sour quickly on military discipline. But she also saw a Chinese-speaking immigrant whose English was so poor that she didn't understand what was going on. After signing up for and an 18-year-old who became conscientious objector status, which was denied. He went on a hunger strike, removed his uniform, asked the Army to release him to serve in the Red Cross (denied), was arrested and sent to a psychiatric hospital. His case was then assessed at a $25,000 penalty plus the amount of his Army scholarship.

Putting Huet-Vaughn behind bars quickly escalated into an international scandal. Amnesty International certified her as a prisoner of conscience. Former Attorney General Ramsey Clark spoke in her defense. While in jail she was given the Edward J. Burns Award by the Physicians Forum, in recognition of her "political integrity and personal courage in defending the public health by refusing active duty."

Under pressure, the Army suddenly released her on April 7, 1992. But her ordeal was far from over. Although a military appeals court had overturned her desertion conviction, the Kansas Board of Healing Arts tried to revoke her medical license. Debra Billingsley, the board's attorney, argued that Huet-Vaughn should lose her license because she had committed a felony by deserting, and broken her contract with the Army. John Exdell, a philosophy professor at Kansas State University who met with Huet-Vaughn, said that her misconduct in violating her oath had no bearing on her competence to practice medicine. "She must be found to have lacking integrity in a way that threatens her patients," he concluded. Judge Michael Barbara heard Huet-Vaughn's case and ruled in December, 1993 that there were no grounds for revoking her medical license. But that was not enough for the Kansas Board. It has reopened the case, leaving Huet-Vaughn in professional limbo.

**"Lynch Mob Mentality"**

Why have the Army and the medical board gone so far to punish this woman? Her outspokenness is what did it, according to Tod Ensign, a lawyer and director of Citizen Soldier, a non-profit GI and veterans' assistance group. Ensign, who helped in Huet-Vaughn's defense, comments, "there is no question that if she had kept quiet she would have been granted a routine c/o."

"Ensign adds that there were "hundreds of doctors with lucrative practices who ignored their orders to report and were not prosecuted" and says that Huet-Vaughn's prosecution was a "serious ethical breach stemming from a lynch mob mentality."

Perhaps Huet-Vaughn's status in the community and her break with the military after a long association with it was what drew such harsh reprisals. Perhaps there was outrage against someone who knew what the military had to offer, took it for many years, and then turned critic.

What the Army offered the 20-year-old Chicana and other feminists of her generation in the 1970s was a way for women to prove they were equal to men in a macho setting. Such opportunities are greater than ever today since General Gordon Sullivan, the Army's Chief of Staff, recently opened many direct combat positions to women.

While the Huet-Vaughn of 20 years ago would have applauded the Army's move to integrate women into combat roles, the 1994 version does not believe that women in combat is a litmus test for equality. Recently she said, "Proving that you can equally support a death-wielding structure like the military is not what feminism should be about. We need to create life-engendering structures and invite men to join."

**Back to Real Life**

With memories of the Gulf War fading along with the wave of publicity for her case, Huet-Vaughn is back home in Kansas. The prison ordeal and the talk show circuit are behind her, as is, for now anyway, the good job at Humana Health Care. She practices medicine at a 22-bed hospital two and a half hours from home. Still in military limbo as an inactive ready Reserve with no pay, no conscientious objector ruling, no discharge, and no decision on her medical license, she waits.

Most of her current patients either don't know or don't care about her Gulf War firestorm. As interest in the Gulf War fades, and as more and more people begin to question why America was there at all, she hopes she may regain some of what she lost. Sometimes she and her husband David contemplate starting afresh by moving away from Kansas. Then the backbone reappears, "This is our home and our community. My roots are here and there is still a great deal of publicity for her case, Huet-Vaughn is back home in Kansas. The prison ordeal and the talk show circuit are behind her, as is, for now anyway, the good job at Humana Health Care. She practices medicine at a 22-bed hospital two and a half hours from home. Still in military limbo as an inactive ready Reserve with no pay, no conscientious objector ruling, no discharge, and no decision on her medical license, she waits.

Most of her current patients either don't know or don't care about her Gulf War firestorm. As interest in the Gulf War fades, and as more and more people begin to question why America was there at all, she hopes she may regain some of what she lost. Sometimes she and her husband David contemplate starting afresh by moving away from Kansas. Then the backbone reappears, "This is our home and our community. My roots are here and there is still a great deal of publicity for her case, Huet-Vaughn is back home in Kansas. The prison ordeal and the talk show circuit are behind her, as is, for now anyway, the good job at Humana Health Care. She practices medicine at a 22-bed hospital two and a half hours from home. Still in military limbo as an inactive ready Reserve with no pay, no conscientious objector ruling, no discharge, and no decision on her medical license, she waits.

Most of her current patients either don't know or don't care about her Gulf War firestorm. As interest in the Gulf War fades, and as more and more people begin to question why America was there at all, she hopes she may regain some of what she lost. Sometimes she and her husband David contemplate starting afresh by moving away from Kansas. Then the backbone reappears, "This is our home and our community. My roots are here and there is still a great deal of publicity for her case, Huet-Vaughn is back home in Kansas. The prison ordeal and the talk show circuit are behind her, as is, for now anyway, the good job at Humana Health Care. She practices medicine at a 22-bed hospital two and a half hours from home. Still in military limbo as an inactive ready Reserve with no pay, no conscientious objector ruling, no discharge, and no decision on her medical license, she waits.

Freelance journalist Marlene C. Pipano lives in Hastings-on-Hudson, New York. She is a long-term pacifist and Quaker.
To keep a slender figure
No one can deny...

Reach for a LUCKY
instead of a sweet

"It's toasted"

As early as this 1925 Lucky Strike campaign, advertisers have appealed to women by associating cigarettes with slenderness.

SMOKE YOURSELF THIN

By Suzanne Levine
Longing to be independent, exuberant, popular, sexy, and slim? The tobacco industry spends more than $4 billion dollars a year in advertising to show you the way. Advertising has turned the cigarette into one of the most popular products of the 20th century. The method sophisticated marketers use is called "image-based advertising," a kind of cultural magic in which the scenario depicted in an ad is associated in the consumer mind with the benefits of the product. Bombarded by ad images exploiting and reinforcing cultural ideals of happiness and beauty, a woman may be subtlety encouraged to light up a smoke as a means of achieving instant social acceptance.

"Smoking is a feminist issue," says Ellen Gritz, M.D., of the M.D. Anderson Cancer Center in Houston. No other product of comparable danger is so vigorously promoted to women through the popular media. The tobacco industry's intensive efforts to promote smoking among women and girls is foremost among the factors influencing females to smoke, according to the American Medical Association's 1993 Final Conference Report on Tobacco Use. It's a deadly business. As a direct result of the increased use of tobacco products, lung cancer now surpasses breast cancer as the number one cause of cancer deaths among women. Not only do women smokers face the same health-related diseases as men, they are also at increased risk of complications during pregnancy and postpartum.

The major women's magazines, which rely heavily on revenues from tobacco advertisements, contain remarkably little on the dangers of smoking. "A major focus of these magazines is to address health issues," comments Dr. Gritz, "yet there remains very heavy editorial pressure, direct or indirect, to specifically avoid mentioning the hazards of smoking." This can leave readers with the false impression that smoking is actually healthy.

One way the tobacco companies exert a powerful editorial hold is by routinely requesting that they be informed of any anti-smoking articles in advance, so as to be given a chance to pull their ads from that issue. "Until you become sensitized to the self-censorship in magazines, it's hard to notice the omissions," says Dr. Gritz.

The Magic of Marketing

Weight-reduction, desire for independence, and appeals to youthfulness are three of the common ploys tobacco marketers use to attract women. The association of cigarettes with femininity began well before 1925, Dr. Gritz points out, when Lucky Strike launched the "Reach for a Lucky Instead of a Sweet" campaign, using testimonials from such famous women as Amelia Earhart and Jean Harlow. Today, the theme is expressed more subtly, with many women's brands using code words for weight control such as "thin," "slim," "superslim," and "long."

The emphasis on thinness by the industry has intensified over time, according to Dr. Gritz. "Many advertisements today no longer depict a beautiful woman, but a figure which has become so thin and elongated that it's wavy, drawn-out, almost grotesque," she says. "It reminds me of the distortion in body-image that accompanies eating disorders."

The effect of the relationship between weight control and smoking on adolescent girls is alarming. Dr. Gritz notes that research studies found that:

- Adolescents intending to begin smoking had ideal self-images that more closely resembled the models pictured in cigarette ads than did intended nonsmokers.
- Smoking rates are higher among females with eating disorders.
- The use of diet pills and amphetamines to control weight is greater among female smokers than nonsmokers.
- The belief that cigarette smoking is a means of weight control is much more prevalent in smokers.

The first cigarette brand designed exclusively for women was Virginia Slims, launched by Philip Morris in 1967, with its "You've Come a Long Way, Baby" campaign. "In girls younger than 18 years, smoking initiation increased abruptly around 1967, when tobacco advertising aimed at selling specific brands to women were introduced," according to a new study in the Journal of the American Medical Association. Smoking initiation rates for adolescent boys showed little change during the entire study period.

Ironically, the tobacco industry has taken advantage of the advances of women in society by the use of provocative "feminist" themes in cigarette ads. They reduce young women to a "liberation" quick-fix, selling cheaply that which we have not yet fully achieved.

Current campaigns, such as the Virginia Slims promotion of a "classic cool" charm bracelet FREE with fifty proofs of purchase, are clearly enticing to the underage set. R.J. Reynolds' child-appealing cartoon character "Joe Camel" has been attacked since its 1987 debut. This February, "Josephine Camel" was introduced for the first time, in an effort which critics call an attempt to broaden the brand's appeal to women smokers. "I wish the Federal Trade Commission had acted on the recommendation [to ban "Joe Camel"]," former Surgeon General Antonia C. Novello told the Wall Street Journal. "It's my hope that the introduction of a female camel will be the straw that breaks the camel's back on public and policy opinion."

The women's movement is just beginning to look at tobacco control as a feminist issue, though the National Organization for Women stopped accepting tobacco industry contributions years ago. In 1992 the First International Conference on Women and Smoking was held. It called for a comprehensive women-centered global strategy to reduce the exploitation of women by the cultivation, production, and marketing of tobacco.

Women and Girls Against Tobacco (WAGAT), formed in 1992, is working to persuade magazine publishers not to run tobacco ads. It is also working with People, Essence, and Glamour, national magazines with a large female adolescent readership, to increase the coverage of tobacco-related issues. The American Medical Women's Association has taken an organized stand against smoking by training members in tobacco-control media advocacy. And the International Network of Women Against Tobacco was founded in 1990 to unite women in action to prevent tobacco use.

To overcome the power of advertising, creative feminists need to cultivate immunity against marketed images and the ingenuity to cast new ones. While the number of adult women smokers is on the decline, Dr. Gritz observes that "a convincing image of the nonsmoker that can rival the tobacco industry's female smoker is not yet in place."

Suzanne Levine is an assistant editor on this magazine.

50 ON THE ISSUES SUMMER 1994
Doctors no longer appear in tobacco ads, but today smoking is linked to good health through images of fitness, activity, and exuberance.

Research shows that women are more likely than men to smoke to reduce tension and displace emotional discomfort.

Since 1967, Virginia Slims' advertisements have linked smoking with themes of women's social progress, emancipation, and independence.

Note the woman in this ad appears pregnant. Despite the risks, it is estimated that one out of five pregnant women smokes throughout her pregnancy.
A
d ionizer for $29? A beaded sweater for $39? A diamond ring for $299? As the bright, glittery images flashed on my television screen at slightly past 3 a.m., I paused in my channel surfing somewhere between B-movies I'd seen and those I didn't want to see. And that was my introduction to the H.S.C.

Almost in spite of myself, I was drawn into the host's high-energy pitch ("What fire! What brilliance! And I have less than a hundred of these beauties!") and became fascinated by all the people who called in to sing the praises of Home Shopping Club's jewelry. Was all of America awake? And shopping?

The diamond ring gave way to a set of ultrasonic pest repellers. I didn't think I needed them—actually I never knew they existed. But after the host and a half dozen callers swore they could rid a home of anything that flew or crawled, I stumbled out of bed and dialed the 800-number. (I did, after all, have a family of mice that shuttled regularly between my terrace and my apartment, neatly evading the glue traps my super provided.)

And with that first purchase, I became a full-fledged 'member' of the H.S.C., with my own 'personal and confidential' number. More purchases followed.

Some lived up to their billing; the skin care products sold under the Connie Stevens label were pleasantly fragrant and light to the touch. While they may not have taken 10 years off my face, they did indeed smooth and refine my complexion.

Some items were downright laughable. The portable spa that was supposed to turn my ordinary bathtub into a soothing, relaxing whirlpool emitted the deafening roar of an outboard motor run amok.

The spa went back, but H.S.C. hadn't lost its draw. What's unique about H.S.C. aren't the radar detectors or the headlight-size cubic zirconia, but rather the merchandising techniques that have turned this Florida-based operation into a nationwide bazaar that reaches 60 million homes.

H.S.C. is catalog shopping, television commercial, and electronic church all rolled into one, its hosts trained in the traditions of snake oil salesmen and old-time revivalists.

"Come one, come all," the hosts invite; the shopping church brings together all kinds of people in electronic communion. The "doors" are open 24 hours a day but no one gets tired.

Members of this congregation are loyal and steadfast; they call in purchases from their homes, from the homes of relatives, from work, from filling stations when they're on the road—even from hospital rooms.

They proudly declare that they've been part of H.S.C. for three, or five, or eight years. So eager are some members to
participate that they even do homework before calling in, preparing themselves with catalogs and store ads, so they can "testify"—like born-again shoppers who have seen the light—that Macy's or Service Merchandise is selling the very same watch, the very same necklace for many, many dollars more.

After placing orders, some members may be invited to hold. Many do wait—for up to 20 minutes or more—with a reverential excitement generated by the honor of getting to talk to a host and enjoying the privilege of a blessed few moments of on-air conversation that can go like this:

Host: Tell me, Mary, why did you pick up the garnet ring at $69.95?

Mary: "Well, Dan, it's my birthstone, and the setting looks so pretty on the screen."

Host: "It's a real beauty, no doubt about that. What would you have to pay for a ring like this in Chicago, Mary?"

Mary: "Oh, I don't even go to the stores any more..."

Host: "I don't blame you. Why should you go out when you can shop in the comfort of your own home? But if you did go to a store...?"

Mary: "Oh, I'm sure it would cost at least $300."

Host: "HOW MUCH?"

Mary: "At least $300."

Host: "Wow, that's amazing! And what would you say to your fellow club members, Mary?"

Mary: "Buy it now or you'll be sorry."

Clearly, the home shopping church has its own convention for testifying.

Though it's been suggested that some callers are shills, I think there are plenty of 'honest' club members, painfully eager to give testimonials just to get a bit of attention and approval. Many are shut-ins, many elderly, others just plain lonely. If a malcontent should somehow get through—this does happen occasionally—and start to complain, she is 'accidentally' disconnected. Excommunicated!

Whenever possible, H.S.C. hosts invoke family and Christian values. When crosses, religious statues, or bibles are sold, the hosts sprinkle their patter liberally with "God Bless Yous" and other pieties—language suggesting that purchasing is a religious act.

The H.S.C. hosts aren't salespeople, making money on what customers spend; no, they're personal friends to every H.S.C. member, ready to share details of their lives with viewers. Mindy and Robynne have discussed their pregnancies. When hosts Chris and Alan told viewers they were getting married, and to each other, viewers could scarcely contain their excitement. The Club magazine profiles the hosts as if they are celebrities. It faithfully describes their families and pets, favorite foods, likes, dislikes, and hobbies. Members respond to all this sharing with gifts, good wishes and advice—and more importantly, with trust.

Never is the true function of the hosts acknowledged: to make a public service; to showcase merchandise at unbeatable prices; to protect club members from the hassles of shopping, parking problems, crime, and inclement weather.

To add excitement to the lives of members, to give them a chance to meet and perhaps talk to someone famous, there are H.S.C.'s many celebrity lines of merchandise. Omar Sharif shamelessly coos at Gladys or Cynthia from Memphis. "It took a very long time to create this very special fragrance," he croons. "I wanted it to be perfect, just for you."

In her wonderfully accented English, Ivana trumpets flashy costume-jewelry and suits. Vanna wheels and deals in dolls, clothing, and other products. To his fans who have aged a bit since the beach blanket movies, Frankie Avalon hawks pain-relieving liniment.

When H.S.C. runs a clearance sale (it's called a 'Bargathon') they create a warehouse-look on the set and with two hosts working together infuse a holiday atmosphere. But the business at hand is getting people to buy stuff, sometimes very expensive stuff, like $1000 diamond bracelets or $1200 computers on a final-sale basis—without even the option of examining them at home—an extraordinary feat in the "don't-blink" land of telemarketing.

Just as gambling casinos create their own imaginary playland countries, giving out chips to replace money, H.S.C., too, creates an atmosphere of unreality by making the game the focus; and there's little sense of actual money being spent. The word money, in fact, is almost never mentioned on the H.S.N. Instead hosts talk about, "picking up on the deal...getting in on the bargain...grabbing this opportunity!"

If reality should intrude with the mention by an H.S.C. member that she's max'ed out on her credit cards, bought ten rings already this month, or turned into an H.S.C. junkie (oh where can she seek salvation?), the host will chuckle and say something to the effect of, "But think of all the savings you've enjoyed" and quickly get rid of her. What H.S.C. knows all too well is that Americans get a psychic fix from shopping—and the last thing they want is someone to remind them of the price.

Do they go too far? I thought so when during the Gulf War H.S.C. sold tens of thousands of Desert Storm shirts with hosts cheer-leading customers into feeling that each purchase was an act of patriotism, implying that the proceeds would somehow help 'our boys.'

And while creating markets is an accepted practice, is it all right to tout miniscule gold coins, mass-produced sports memorabilia and expensive dolls as 'investments' that are bound to go up in value? Is it up to the buyer to beware: the elderly woman who says she's investing some of her savings in the Club's 'collectibles'; or the young father who says he's bought some sports plaques to put aside for his son's college education?

Shopping at home is a $2.5 million billion business; it's estimated that by the year 2000, the figures will reach between $20- and $100 billion. As cable systems upgrade and as new interactive technologies proliferate, actual video malls are stretching out to us from the near future. But if this is what it's all about-reaching into our homes to sell us things we didn't know we needed—then I cast a nostalgic vote for the good old days of elbow-to-elbow shopping at Loehmann's.

Lillian Afrkano is a journalist whose articles have appeared in the New York Times, The Nation, and the National Review, among others. She is the author of eleven books.
Judy Chicago

The Artist Critics Love To Hate

By Arlene Raven
I admit it.

I was there. I attended the premiere of Judy Chicago’s “The Holocaust Project: From Darkness into Light,” at the Spertus Museum of Judaica, Chicago, in October, 1993. Fact is, I have witnessed just about every celebration of Chicago’s work since 1972. Because we are longtime friends and colleagues, I approach the Holocaust Project as an art critic, but with an open heart. Already I am on slippery ground.

Should I scamper for “critical distance?” Or is the obligatory removal of the traditional modern critic from the modernist artist the source of the often sour critical footnotes to major shows? Art critics must, of course, be critical. But Judy Chicago seems to draw out an especially poisonous analytical bile from writers’ pens.

Sometimes bile without analysis, or without perception at all, as Michael Nutkiewicz (then Director of the Museum of the Holocaust in Los Angeles), reveals. Nutkiewicz evaluated the project before it actually existed. Sight unseen, he first pronounced Chicago’s plan a complete bust, “After our first meeting I thought: Judy Chicago may be a famous artist, but she is the wrong person to attempt a monumental work on the Holocaust. Trivialization, sensationalism, or simply mediocrity would be the result.”

Chicago’s critical catastrophes started early as “female troubles.” In her 1975 autobiography, Through the Flower: My Struggle as a Woman Artist, she recalls that as a graduate student she received a critical “message” from her male teachers because “I was putting something into my work that wasn’t supposed to be there.” What could the offending ingredient be? Vagina? Sometimes referred to as “cunts on plates,” “The Dinner Party” of 1979, a feminist reinterpretation of The Last Supper, remains a scandal to this day in some quarters (including the chambers of the U.S. Congress, where it was denounced as obscene).

The Holocaust Project is no less feminist in its perspective. The eight-year collaboration between artist Judy Chicago and photographer Donald Woodman consists of sixteen separate multi-paneled works. The exhibit includes a large-scale tapestry, two stained-glass designs, tableaux combining painting and photography, and an audio tour of the work. There is also a room of wall texts and images that describe the making of the work, a documentary videotape of the process, a book with an essay, and journals by Chicago on the project’s creation. The project is introduced by a pictorial weaving in the grand medieval traditions of the Unicorn and Cluny cycles that tells of the extended historical context of the Holocaust and makes iconographic, linguistic, and temporal connections between anti-Semitism and anti-feminism. One would think that the creative expression of a feminine eye—and every other imaginable “offense”—has already been committed, forgiven, and assimilated at this point in 20th-century art. Some of Chicago’s contemporaries include racist, sexist, and homophobic slurs in their work, without comment. Others use feces, blood, and vomit as their medium, without reason. Still others carelessly fling myopic and obscure contents embodied in ill-considered forms into our collective societal face. However flawed, these...
Woodman. Sprayed acrylic, oil, and Marshall photo oils on photolinen, mounted on aluminum (above and detail, below, right).
Sprayed acrylic, oil, and photography on photolinen.
artworks, in the public realm of galleries and museums, are still being given serious critical consideration. Although Chicago has received extensive print coverage for her large-scale projects of the past 15 years, critics have dismissed her over and over as an altogether "bad" artist. "Failure" is the harsh word used to describe the process of producing "bad" results. "Failure" is used repeatedly by writers to characterize Chicago's monumental collaborations. During World War II, SS officers and citizens of Struthof, France, sit in a cafe together three kilometers from the concentration camp Natzweiler where naked victims are herded into a bathhouse used as a gas chamber. Surely this scene represents a "failure" of consciousness in Struthof of the 1940's. In "Banality of Evil" Struthof, Chicago and Woodman combine a site photo with painted forms and figures to emphasize the historical reality and emotional horror of this evil—carried on in the face of indifference.

But in "The Banality of Badness" (titled for parody) in The Chicago Reader, Fred Camper fired off "failure" three times in his pan of the Holocaust Project. Despite the extensive process of thought and preparation for each image configured, Camper assumes that Chicago and Woodman are "...bad artists [who] go on...creating literal images that merely illustrate whatever ideas the artist[s have] latched onto at the moment." In the service of this view, Chicago's most enthusiastic audiences are routinely discredited. Elizabeth Hess, my colleague at the Village Voice and a longtime champion of feminist and socially engaged art, attended a pre-Holocaust-opening dinner, where she observed that "a fan club has followed the artist from project to project since the opening of 'The Dinner Party' in 1979."

More than thirty guests, like Loretta Barrett (the artist's former editor at Doubleday and currently her literary agent), took exception to this description in letters to the Voice, "...supporters of Ms. Chicago... included museum directors, art collectors, editors, writers, and authors... To describe us as fans is... insulting."

When Chicago responded to the same critique, she acknowledged that pans in art world print were the norm for her work, "The Voice could have saved itself a considerable amount of expense money and a significant amount of column inches if you had been more succinct in your repetition of the decade-old New York dogma regarding my work: i.e., Judy Chicago is a bad artist and the hundreds of people who have worked with her; the thousands of people who have supported her; the hundreds of thousands of people around the world who have seen and been moved by her work; along with the people who are now appreciating the Holocaust Project, as well as the people who responded deeply at the opening weekend, are either merely members of a fan club or just plain wrong!"

Critics are, if nothing else, professionals "entitled" to their opinions. But criticism, like the visual art it addresses, is not only a matter of opinion. In my view, it is a kind of analytical creative writing that confronts the truth inherent in a work of art, the struggle between empathy and antipathy.

Feminist criticism, moreover, must ultimately have a partnership relationship of at least "good faith" with the art of feminists—even when highly critical. In defense of the "goodness" of ethical values and social concerns expressed in feminist and multi-cultural art, senior critic Lucy Lippard wrote that "An art that believes, an art that bears witness,
an art that brings people together, an art that envisions a better world should be able to take its place alongside of (or merge with) other kinds of art that are also formally, intellectually, psychically, or psychologically provocative.

The Holocaust Project is indeed provocative. Some of its rub, though, seems to be in its didactic intent. About the audio tour, Hess wonders “Are we in school? As soon as Woodman and Chicago are out of sight, I rip off the head-set.”

Chicago and Woodman sought to understand the far-reaching ramifications of the deliberate destruction of European Jewry. After traveling to New York to see Claude Lanzman’s epic documentary film, Shoah, in 1985, they studied with Rabbi Lynn Gottlieb in Albuquerque, New Mexico and were guided in their inquiry into Jewish history by Holocaust educator Isaiah Kuperstein. I am deeply grateful to Woodman and Chicago for the eight years they gave me in these three hours.

“Bones of Treblinka,” one of the first images I see, is an exact representation of my own experience in Germany almost thirty years ago. I crossed the border on a train. On German soil for the first time, I felt bones under the earth from the moving car. My ancestors. Then I could see them, just as Chicago depicted.

Treblinka in eastern Poland is a death site turned into a memorial. The blank stones commemorating the Holocaust dead have been inscribed in “Bones of Treblinka” with names. Under the earth, people crowd together among the bones of their contemporaries and claw upwards toward the horizon.

In my family, children were warned not to look at the number of tattoos on the arms of older relatives, and silence on the subject of the Holocaust was strictly enforced. There is actually no such thing as “critical distance” if you have lived more than a minute. Three decades ago, my panic forced me to leave Germany in less than 24 hours. Nine years ago, I sat in the lobby of a New York theater during most of Shoah. But now, for the first time, I—a Jew with a Holocaust family history—am no longer so terrorized to look. I trust Judy Chicago and Donald Woodman to carry me through to the light. A progression of colored triangles in the stained glass logo that introduces the show is surrounded by barbed wire and flames. The center is yellow, after badges Jews were forced to wear as concentration camp inmates; but inverted, point up, to ultimately “turn around” the horror with awareness and hope. Chicago and Woodman have been called down, most of all, for formal failings: for the literalness and the lack of literalness (!)...of her figuration; for the naturalism of her rendering of the bones, musculature, features, and contours of her representations. The realistic photographs, films, and written accounts of survivors and victims that attempt to be entirely and only “factual” can prevent approaching the Holocaust and informing oneself of its terrible details. Abstract art about this piece of horrific history can remain so vague that the historical specificity of the generating events is lost. The nonnaturalistic nature, and light, clear colors of some of Chicago’s figures and images when combined with stark historical photographs and contemporary photographs by Woodman see, in my opinion, simply, thoughtfully appropriate to their subject. The “formal analyses” that always add up to Chicago’s inadequacy seem to stand in some way as a cover for an emotional attack of unstated content and intensity. When she demonstrates that the architects of the Third Reich were almost all men, she is said to be caught in a Venus “victim trap.” When she identifies the oppressed as not only Jews but homosexuals, lesbians, and women, she is accused of straying from her subject. When she insists that Nazi murder began with Jews but did not end with them, and that ramifications of the philosophy and politics of the Holocaust are ever with us, she is labeled “self-involved” and “self-servng.” Because this artist has a solid history of in-your-face presentations on issues of power and victimization, she finds herself a target once again, but for new reasons. Naomi Wolf, in her Fire with Fire, defines “victim feminism” as women seeking power “through an identity of powerlessness.” Two features of “victim feminism” according to Wolf are: identifying with powerlessness even at the expense of taking responsibility for the power women do possess; and putting community first, hence being hostile toward individual achievement. Although such definitions have virtually no application to Chicago, neo-feminist news-speak positions her as a pathological victimologist.

In the final analysis, it is, curiously, Chicago’s claim to achievement that provokes most. Undercover and at dead center of the negative criticism of her work, burns a kind of outrage. This artist dares to claim value for herself and her work, value that is reserved for Renaissance men like Leonardo and Michelangelo.

Chicago’s unusual sense of female self, encouraged in her family, was later undermined by “learning” repeatedly in schools that women had not achieved “greatness.” “The Dinner Party” therefore honored great women who contributed to our cultural history but instead of being cherished by their cultures, were ignored, maligned, or obscured. Chicago’s art stands against history repeating itself. Like other artists, she wants her work to find a place in New York’s Museum of Modern Art. Unlike many, she has the tenacity to believe she should be there.

Art historian Arlene Raven, Ph.D., has published six books on contemporary art. She writes criticism for the Village Voice and a variety of art magazines and academic journals. Raven was a founder of the LA Women’s Art Workshop and Chrysalis magazine. She wishes to acknowledge Evelyn Anderson for her help during the writing of this essay.
IT’S NOT EASY BEING BAD
A VISIT TO THE BAD GIRLS ART SHOW
By Suzanne Messing

WHEN I SAW PORTIA MUNSON’S installation “Pink Project” at The New Museum for Contemporary Art in Manhattan, I thought: whoever decided that pink is for girls got his comeuppance at last. “Pink Project” is a vast table measuring 144 x 168 inches, covered with a total of 2,000 pieces of girl stuff—from combs, brushes and hair ornaments, to little girls’ mirrors and toys, to baby bottles and dildos—all in one or another shade of plastic pink. Despite the use of pink to symbolize everything girlish and babyish, Munson, a feminist, is in love with the color. The objects displayed are just a small part of her pink collection. Munson says she’s not “making a value judgment. I’m not saying that pink for girls is good or bad. Sophisticated viewers might see the work as political; children might like it just because it’s pink.”

Either reaction is fine with Munson, but to her pink is “a stronger color than blue, and when you see it in an accumulation, pink becomes much more aggressive.” Munson’s assemblage was part of a show at the New Museum called “Bad Girl.” According to Marcia Tucker, the Museum’s director and curator of the show, “The exhibition’s ultimate intent is to try to see gender roles from a fresh perspective, using humor as both a seductive and a subversive force.” The show included audio tapes, videos, comic books, and posters. Simultaneously, a West Coast “Bad Girls” exhibition, at UCLA’s Wight Art Gallery tackled “aspects of the world according to Hollywood: body image, gender roles, relationships, fashion, aging, sexuality, celebrity and art-making itself.”

**A Few Favorites**

Among the most impressive and beautiful works in the New York show was Ann Agee’s interpretation of the Sheboygan, Wisconsin waste water treatment plan, a 9’ x 11’ wall of elegant blue-and-white porcelain tiles. The same tiles are used to make matching bathroom fixtures—sink, urinal, and bidet—and looking closely, the viewer sees diagrams of kidneys and of the digestive system with relevant quotes, like this one from Freud: “the contents of the bowels clearly are treated as a part of the infant’s own body and represents his first gift.” Totally different but equally striking and memorable was Renee Cox’s larger-than-life (99.5” x 63.5”) nude photograph of herself and her baby, “Mother and Child.” Elizabeth Berdann’s “Topless Hall of Fame” is a group of 48 paintings of breasts on small copper discs, interspersed with engraved tags of names, which are both the stage names of strippers working in a show near her studio and slang terms which have been used to demean women: “Rocky Mountains, Alyssa Alps, Montana Mounds, Suzy Boobies.” Carrie Mae Weems’s “Bride” with her mouth taped (multimedia) and Sue Williams’s “Try To Be More Accommodating” (acrylic) are powerful feminist statements, while Betty Semme’s enormous hanging garments and Jackie Hayden’s exuberant photographs of large, naked, elderly women protest the tyranny of our culture’s ideal for the female body (as in “You can’t be too rich or too thin [or too young!”]).

Sex performer Cammie Toloui asked some of her customers if she could photograph them while they were looking at her. The results can be viewed in her peep show installation. A work I liked very much was Millie Wilson’s “Mistress,” an elaborate wig which, because of its title, I assumed to be an ironic view of a mistress. The Museum press material, however, described it as “sexualizing the lesbian body.” Oh.

**Crocheted Dreams**

The installation in the Museum’s window was an impressive and delightful ten foot high crocheted dwelling called “Sistah Paradise’s Rival Tent.” It is Zenobia Bailey’s first major artistic endeavor. Bailey, who studied industrial design at Pratt Institute, learned to crochet after she finished school. She was looking for a reasonably-priced medium. As she says, “When
you mess up with crochet you can take it out” and use it over.

You can also earn your living with it; Bailey makes and sells her crocheted hats and other apparel, all the while dreaming of other creations. Someday she hopes to produce an entire village. The tent in the window, which resembles a huge headdress, took ten months to prepare. To go with her creation, Bailey has invented the myth of Sistah Paradise, a faith healer and a BMW—a Black Magic Woman. She is a saint of escape and rescue.

Bailey’s color palette is thoroughly modern—red, yellow, and green for African revolutionary colors; yellow to represent the West Indies; red, white, and blue for the U.S.—in all a spectrum of the African-American experience.

Besides her plan for a crocheted village, Bailey dreams of creating a papier-maché African city of the imagination. “I’ve always been fascinated by the Taj Mahal,” she says. Obviously she aspires to the monumental.

Not That Funny

The printed matter accompanying the show relentlessly touts its humor. Director Tucker writes, “In recent years I’ve seen an increasing number of artists who are dealing with feminist issues in new and refreshing ways. . . . The work that particularly fascinated me and pushed me to rethink the ways which feminist concerns had historically been addressed had two characteristics in common. It was funny, really funny, and it went too far.”

Well, the exhibit wasn’t riotously funny, but there were a few laughs. Keith Broadwee’s large photograph combined little toy people with his own genitals for amusing images. Cindy Smith’s altered Nancy Drew covers giving lesbian overtones to the novels were witty, as were the posters of the Guerrilla Girls, the women’s protest art group. They listed some of the advantages of being a woman artist, “Working without the pressure of success” and “Not having to undergo the embarrassment of being called a genius.”

Two installations were based solely on the written word. Erika Rothenberg’s exhibit consists of a poster and two buttons from the male point of view. “I’m not allowed to express my emotions,” one button reads; and another, “Part of my sex organ was amputated at birth.” Sybil Adelman Sage’s bon mots, on signs hung throughout the exhibit, tell us the difference between a bad girl and a good girl. A bad girl would “rather be on welfare than under Donald Trump.” A good girl is “embarrassed by almost everything Roseanne Arnold says.”

Funny or not, this exhibit was worth seeing, not least because it offered a look at what newer feminist artists are doing now. For me, Munson’s conflicting feelings about pink have helped me name some of my own contradictions. Now, if I decide to skip an important meeting because one of my children is visiting from out-of-town, I will say “Oh, you know, it’s one of my pink things.” It has become the color of my ambivalence.

Journalist Suzanne Messing was an associate editor of New Directions for Women.
By Rebecca Shugrue

bell hooks argues in Z Magazine that The Piano falls short of being a feminist film because it advances the sexist assumption that heterosexual women will give up artistic practice to find “true love.” But I believe that the mute Ada makes no such sacrifice. If anything, her desire for the rough-hewn neighbor Baines, who purchases Ada’s piano as a means to lure her presence, illustrates an ambition to “have it all”: love, sex, and self-fulfillment through art. The fact that Ada loses interest in music when she is locked away and made a prisoner by her husband is understandably human. She is, after all, depressed and heartstricken; temporarily powerless to act.

Nevertheless, Ada is far from weak. From the moment we are introduced to the Scottish widow, it is clear that she is strong-willed and self-sufficient. Her daughter and her piano fulfill her needs for companionship and expression. Unfortunately, when she arrives in New Zealand for an arranged marriage, her husband has a complete lack of understanding as to the central role of music in her life. Stewart thinks that, like a pet, Ada will somehow come to love him if he simply acts the part of a man—caring for her material, but none of her emotional needs. Leaving her piano on the beach he tells her, “I’ll be back in three days; perhaps we can start fresh then.” He, like Baines, wants Ada to show him some affection. But unlike Baines, he wants her not because she moves him, but because she is his wife.

In the bartering scenes, where Ada uses her sexuality in order to buy her piano back from Baines, his physical size suggests he has power and she does not. Rape is clearly his prerogative. Yet somehow Ada holds him against him. Forget her “pale and corpse-like” body described by hooks; when Ada plays for Baines, her music is her strength, her will; her power is her passion.

Listening to Ada, Baines desires to be the object of that passion. This is what makes the bartering scene so powerful. Ada wants her piano and is willing to sacrifice her body to get it. How much her body is worth, how far she is willing to go, is up to him. Take away the fact that Baines is physically bigger for a minute, and it becomes clear that Ada really has the upper hand. She is getting what she wants; Baines is not. The more assertive she is, the more despondent Baines becomes. “I want you to care for me, but you can’t. So go,” he tells her, later giving her back the piano. Suddenly, without an audience to play for, Ada predictably falls for him.

These scenes raise the fundamental issue of equality in the bedroom. Campion addresses the problem of romantic love within the context of a sexist and misogynist world, where domination (by men) and submission (of women) is both eroticized and considered normal. By casting tiny Holly Hunter with stocky over-built Harvey Keitel, the physical inequality inherent in this relationship is striking. The specter of rape is ever present.

In my view, The Piano is a feminist film because it gives us a version of female sexuality that is much more than a woman’s “positive surrender” to men. It shows us the power of female passion to make music, touch souls, and defy hierarchy in the bedroom. In short, it shows the power of women to be heard, and whole, in a man’s world.

Rebecca Shugru is a graduate student at the University of Massachusetts, Boston studying the role of women in politics.

By Carolyn Gage

The Piano is a gorgeously shot, utterly repellent film about a woman trapped between two rapists: a sleazy, blackmailing rapist and a violent, possessive rapist. The woman “chooses” the sleazy, blackmailing rapist, falls deeply in love with him (apparently because her experience of coerced sex was so hot) and ends up blissfully married to him in a cozy English cottage. And in case the misogyny of this scenario isn’t enough to turn you off, there is an extra fillip of able-ism at the end: the woman, who is mute and communicates very effectively through sign language, is taught to speak by the sleazy rapist—thereby consolidating the film’s claim to a happy ending.

So why am I wasting paper reviewing this silly film? Because it is by a woman, because this woman is obviously a brilliant cinematographer, and because she started to say something important.

What she started to say was something about a woman in patriarchy who decides to stop speaking and channels all of her passion and all of her love into her piano and her daughter. Jane Campion, the filmmaker and screenwriter, started to say something about male trivialization and appropriation of women’s art. She started to say something very important about men as enemies, as colonizers.

The violent rapist—the woman’s husband by an arranged marriage—refuses to pay for her piano to be transported to his home. The sleazy rapist then buys it from the violent rapist, transports it to his bungalow, and allows the woman to play it as long as he can masturbate to the music—or to the sight of her bare elbow, or to the feel of the hole in her stockings—or whatever it is that turns him on.

This is the first 20 minutes. Campion, a woman artist with a passion and a gift, is telling us something. And then she forgets what it is she was saying as the film deteriorates into sex, violence, and the romanticizing of rape. Or does Campion really forget?

Let’s look at the scene right before the movie details into a pro-rape piece of hetero-patriarchal propaganda. The woman has finally confronted the fact that the sleazy rapist is not really interested in piano lessons. He has taken the piano hostage to force her to submit to his sexual torture. We see a few moments of her literally unspeakable agony at the horror of what men do to us around the things we love. And then she makes up her mind: she will play along. In fact, she quickly transforms herself into a hardened negotiator. She will “buy” back her own piano one key at a time. She learns to negotiate for more keys as he escalates his sexual demands.

Freeze frame. What is this scene saying?

It is saying that a piano is a heavy, valuable object—one that women cannot move by ourselves. One that takes man-power, man-money to move. Like, say, a feature film.

And Campion is saying we have to...
accept that there will be a price extorted for having access to that piano. And that price is that we will not be allowed to play for our own pleasure, but that as we play, we will have to find a way to titillate and gratify the men who paid for moving it. And perhaps—melody by melody, film by film—we will one day be able to buy back our own autonomy.

And as Jane Campion plays her magnificently beautiful grand piano of a film, the men in theaters all over the world can engorge themselves on the messages of male supremacy in the film.

And the women in the audience? We will have to console ourselves with the usual last-minute lies: the lie that the victim’s mute reproach will be sufficient to stop the most violent of rapists in mid-zip; the lie that the violent rapist—after it’s too late—will come under the spell of the mute woman’s moral integrity; the lie that a woman can exercise control over her victimization by willing herself to fall in love with the least violent victimizer. And finally, the lie that she will be abundantly rewarded for all of her passive suffering and for the sacrifice of her daughter by converting the rapist into a savior who will take her away from his world of self-created horror; who will replace her mutilated body parts with lovingly-crafted sterling silver prostheses; who will cherish her daughter; who will encourage the art he debased as an instrument of prostitution; and who will help her find her voice through his language.

And will we women be consoled? Alas, yes. Not because we are stupid. Because, like the woman in the film, we are colonized.

So Jane Campion tells us what she is going to have to do right before she does it. And for her selfish pleasure of exercising her cinematographer’s art at the highest level of resources, she has degraded herself and her art by putting both at the service of the rapist-pornographers of the culture. What has she gotten for her pains? First place at Cannes. That should be good for at least two keys, if not three.

But heed your own metaphor, Jane, lest along the way to buying back your art, you should end up like your heroine—with your faculties amputated by the rapists. And there will be no sterling silver prosthesis for a woman’s severed soul.

Carolyn Gage is a lesbian playwright and screenwriter based in Sonoma County, California.
Dr. Ireland is interested in women who don’t conceive. She wants us to notice that we think of childless women in terms of absence rather than something absent in how we think of women. The fundamental equation in patriarchal society that femininity equals motherhood constrains all women, for even women who choose motherhood are not only mothers.

A favorite rhetorical device of the pro-life speakers in attacking the idea of choice is to ask the audience, “who here was ‘wanted’ by their parents?” The point being that since lots of people have been born who were not wanted by their parents naturally we should force women to bear children, wanted or not. Dr. Ireland’s book puts an interesting spin on this because she asks—implicitly—how are women free to choose anything other than mothering if the equation of maternity and femininity stands? A woman may want a child, yet her wish itself is formed in a coercive cultural matrix.

Dr. Ireland begins by developing a typology of women who are not mothers, based on interviews with 100 women. The three major categories are: 1) Childless (the traditional woman who wanted children but could not have them); 2) Child-free and childless (the transitional woman who delayed having children); 3) Child-free (the transformative woman who chose not to have children).

For traditional women who wanted children but who could not have them, the task of grieving is enormously important and, of course, made even more difficult if all other of their life choices are seen as mere substitutes for motherhood. However among the traditional women Dr. Ireland interviewed, many were able to “reform [their] adult female identity without motherhood as part of its meaning.” They were able to dislodge the feminine from its reproductive functions. When these women are not able to make this shift they remain in a state of what Dr. Ireland calls “pathological grief.” Such women feel their feminine selves to be damaged and their lives diminished.

The developmental task that the transitional women in Dr. Ireland’s study face is to become more conscious about the meaning of having delayed childbearing so that they may become more fully agents in their own lives. Understanding their own ambivalence seems to be as central a concern as grieving might be said to be the concern for traditional women. Transitional women show us “the tension and conflict of multiple desires.” In them we find both the wish to be a mother and its opposite, the wish to be child-free. In a society embedded in the feminine/maternal equation, this conflict is often viewed as a neurotic problem rooted in having been inadequately mothered, or other pathological circumstances. But Dr. Ireland’s research shows us that many women in this category are not neurotically conflicted and have had strong loving mothers. Indeed, such conflicting desires seem a natural response to the human condition.

The transformative women in Dr. Ireland’s research are ambitious, independent, and creative. They live their lives “in the world.” Of course, in contemporary America such traits are widely accepted in women, yet many women struggle valiantly to hold on to these values and devote themselves...
to mothering and domestic life at the same time. In the past, transformative women paid a price for their choice, even as they might have been envied for having gotten away with something. Often seen as too masculine, or in psychoanalytic terms labeled with the diagnosis “masculinity complex,” they were simply seen as abnormal. In more down to earth circles they might be seen as selfish, odd, or pitiable. Despite social prohibitions, many studies have shown that women who possess so-called masculine traits tend to have higher self-esteem than women who are highly identified with traditional feminine traits. Implicitly in the patriarchal world-view, what is normative for women is depression and dependence. Transformative women are threatening precisely because their existence contradicts this.

I find the theoretical chapters the most compelling part of the book. Dr. Ireland’s interest is in psychoanalysis, broadly conceived. In particular she is at her best in weaving the contributions of the British object-relations school—Klein and Winnicott—with the French Lacanian school. She writes, “Female identity and femininity have been and remain the Bermuda Triangle of psychoanalytic theory.” This is because psychoanalytic theory has uncritically and unconsciously subscribed to mainstream cultural ideas about gender. Common sense tells that femininity is what females do and masculinity is what males do. It doesn’t ask why, when did this start, what is immutable; common sense doesn’t look at itself. Common sense says that what is has to be or it wouldn’t be what is. Like feminism, psychoanalysis, as Freud himself said, is the enemy of common sense. So, the Bermuda Triangle of psychoanalytic theory is the place in psychoanalytic theory where the ships of critical thinking sail into common sense and are engulfed by it. Then what happens is that psychoanalytic theory is used to support what is. The wonderfully subversive element in analytic critical thinking becomes the gobbledy-gook of masculinity complex, penis envy, clitoral orgasm, inferior female development, and so on.

For many years, however, psychoanalytic feminists have been using the subversive methods of psychoanalysis to dissolve the reification of gender. When a concept is reified it is used to define and explain itself. Take the following

**VALUED VOLUMES**

Women’s Studies professors pick the feminist books that have had the most impact on them—and their students.

**JANICE RAYMOND**

is Professor of Women’s Studies and Medical Ethics at the University of Massachusetts. The longtime feminist activist is author of five books, of which the most recent is Women as Homs: Reproductive Technologies and the Battle Over Women’s Freedom (Harper, San Francisco). She is currently working on a book connecting sexual and reproductive politics, as well as a novel.


The first and still the most definitive study of international sex trafficking and prostitution, examining its background and history, and the larger social, political and economic issues.


A classic. This book does not flinch from telling the truth about pornography, and was responsible for the current feminist anti-pornography movement.


A monumental work connecting feminism and environmentalism—not in the sentimental sense that women are closer to nature—but by assessing the impact of technology and environmental change on women; revealing women’s role in saving the environment; and by developing a feminist environmental policy.

**YENLIN KU**

is a Professor of Feminist Studies at National Chiao Tung University in Hsinchu, Taiwan.


Delphy’s forceful argument that women constitute a class is a new perspective for students in Taiwan. This thought-provoking analysis of gender relations engages my students thoroughly.


This book sheds light on the positive side of “femininity.” It helps beginning students re-evaluate cultural stereotypes.


This book provokes male students to think of alternatives to conventional gender role expectations and lifestyles. It has the potential to change their values and behaviors.
women do not think logically; therefore there are few women mathematicians. (This is another way to say that women aren’t logical because women aren’t logical.) Notice how the terms of the discussion fold in upon themselves. A “third term” is needed to pry open the enfolded terms by reflecting on the structure or the context of the statements. If we ask a series of questions: Do women think logically? If so, in whose interest is it to perpetuate a false statement? If not, is this a biological or a cultural outcome? What other reasons might there be that few women are mathematicians? We are thereby reflecting on the theory and the commonsensical glue that holds it together begins to dissolve.

In psychoanalytic theory the notion of the “third term” derives from both British and French schools and Dr. Ireland has made a powerful contribution in using the third term to reflect on the maternal/feminine construct. In British object-relations theory, the idea of transitional or potential space is a third term. It is the space that is created when an infant begins to see itself as separate from its mother. In Lacanian theory, language is the medium through which differentiation occurs and it is itself the third term. If to be a mature woman is simply to live out a biological imperative to reproduce, consciousness is irrelevant. Women in this sense need never reflect, need never choose, need never enter the world. The insertion of the third term loosens the bonds of reification.

Now it happens that in the real world women who are not mothers are living out other possibilities for women. They are “other” women—a third term which breaks the symbiotic duality of male and female. They create space between men and women and, just as importantly, between mothers and daughters. These are daughters without children who do not simply take their mothers’ places to live out the patriarchal schema. As these women escape the various designations of pathology and tragedy and simply live their lives as human beings, they subvert the order of the fathers and suggest a time when all women will escape the designation: [m]other.

Leslye Russell is a psychotherapist who practices and teaches in Berkeley, California.

A GUARDED LIFE

CURRICULUM VITAE:

AUTOBIOGRAPHY

by Muriel Spark (Houghton Mifflin Company, N.Y.; $22.95 hardcover)

By Alexandra Wasiqulla

In her autobiographical Curriculum Vitae, Muriel Spark, author of several widely acclaimed novels, including the internationally renowned The Prime of Miss Jean Brodie—which was adapted for stage and screen—has at last offered up the official version of her early life. It is a kaleidoscopic memoir that begins with her sepiatinted childhood in post-Victorian Edinburgh and goes through to age 39, when she leaves off at the Caprice Restaurant in 1957, triumphantly celebrating the publication of her first novel, The Comforters. And what a rainbow of mosaic chips she has sown in between! “It is all,” Mrs. Spark states in her introduction, “intended to put the record straight.” She makes it abundantly clear, throughout, that she is impatient with the falsehoods that have buzzed “like fleas” around her life and work. She cites as an example a recent biography, “which showed me to be a flourishing hostess when I was little known and poor...it showed me to have among my guests two notable people who at that time I did not know.”

It is the damage done to truth and scholarship that most appalls her. To that end she determined that everything she has written here be rigorously documentable. To achieve this, she has relied in part on the recollections of her brother, Philip. Lifelong friends have chipped in to corroborate and substantiate elsewhere. Her treasure trove of letters, diaries, bills, notes—she apparently squirrel away everything written on paper—has further helped buttress the narrative.

Muriel Camberg Spark was born in Edinburgh in 1918 of a Scottish-Jewish Father and an English mother. She portrays her family life as idyllic and tight-knit, her parents gathering to sing songs and play the piano in the parlour in the evenings. There were the annual summer pilgrimages to visit her mother’s relatives; and lest we be too lulled by her delicious depictions of the comforting clanks of rail cars and bird walks with her grandfather, she balances this familial reverie by taking potshots at her own parents’ habits. Of her mother’s winter coat trimmed in fox she tartly remarks [she] “ought to have worn tweed.” And when Mrs. Camberg donned peach-colored stockings, her daughter reprimands, it should have been “lisle thread, grey.” But she reserves pointed barbs for the occasional bad behavior or out-and-out betrayals of friends and acquaintances, as she finally settles scores with those that have done her wrong.

Early contraception expert, Dr. Marie Stopes, for example, was a vice-president of the Poetry Society and editor of their journal The Poetry Review. The two sparred nastily about what should go into print. But now Spark has the last word. Stopes, she writes, “...had been living with Lord Alfred Douglas, the fatal lover of Oscar Wilde, an arrangement which I imagine would satisfy any woman’s craving for birth control.”

Nevertheless she paints warm, affectionate, and grateful pictures of others who were loyal or nudged her supportively along her chosen path. Most notable, of course, was the original inspiration for Miss Jean Brodie, Christina Kay. Miss Kay came on the scene very early in Spark’s life; in fact she was 11 years old when they met. For 2 years in the classroom at James Gillespie’s High School for Girls in Edinburgh, Spark and Kay...well...sparkled. “What filled our minds with wonder and made Christina Kay so memorable,” Spark writes, “was the personal drama and poetry within which everything in her classroom happened.” She recalls that Miss Kay, who had to look after her widowed mother, went to the Edinburgh gas office with a query about a bill. “Our class of girls, incipient feminists, was totally enthralled by Miss Kay’s account of how the clerks tittered and nudged each other; a female desiring to discuss details of a gas bill! ‘But,’ said Miss Kay, ‘I went through the bill with the clerk, point by point. He at first said
he couldn’t see any mistake. But when I asked to see the manager he had another look at the bill. He consulted with one of his colleagues. Finally he came to me with a very long face. He admitted there had been an error in calculation. I made them amend the bill, and I paid it then and there. ‘That,’ said Miss Kay, with her sweet, wise smile, ‘taught them to sneer at a business-like young woman.’” As described by the author, Christina Kay sounds wonderfully flinty and spirited, just as upbeat and inspirational as her fictional counterpart, Jean Brodie.

Judging by this book, Spark seemed on course from a very early age for the literary life. She accrued school prizes and awards for her writing. The habit stayed with her. After an unhappy seven-year interlude in southern Africa, where she married and gave birth to a son, she managed, in 1944, to return to England on a troop ship. A stint at the Foreign Office followed. There she helped to broadcast false, sometimes riotously funny newscasts into Germany to demoralize the Nazis.

In 1946, she took over as editor of The Poetry Review, where she endured the outrageous caprices of the magazine’s contributors and supporters. Much to the reader’s delight, Spark pulls the pin on more fireworks here, for she saw the absurdity of the things she had to tolerate. Also, she was quietly collecting string to put to good use further along in Loitering with Intent (1981) and A Far Cry From Kensington (1988).

A momentous landmark in her life came in May, 1954 when Muriel Spark converted to Catholicism. The autobiography culminates with the publication of The Comforters (1957). With that, the hardships and sacrifices begin to recede, and she begins to achieve success.

Despite Spark’s claim that “truth by itself is neutral and has its own dear beauty,” I do feel a bit short-changed by Curriculum Vitae. Spark has led a full and interesting life; and yet there are certain inner sanctums to which she has flatly refused us admission. Some of the people or events that surely played an influential role in her life and work are either dismissed in a remarkably detached manner or not mentioned at all. No doubt for reasons of privacy, she skirts fairly gingerly around the African years. Of her husband, Sydney Oswald Spark, she writes, “I don’t know why I mar-
COUCH REVERSAL

THE PATIENT WHO CURED HIS THERAPIST:
AND OTHER TALES OF THERAPY
by Stanley Siegel and Ed Lowe, Jr.
(Plume Books, N.Y.; $10 paperback)

By Janet Ades

The 12 stories in this collection are taken from the professional experiences of Stanley Siegel, a therapist and teacher of therapists. Siegel and co-author Ed Lowe have written stories that are fun to read—something of a feat since they are grouped around such themes as love, failure, and illusion—themes that in a psychological context are often dealt with ponderously. Here, they are presented as mysteries to be solved.

Siegel draws us into his method, showing us what he observes and how that observed behavior itself clues him into what is really going on. The first case we see is that of a couple who want to adopt a baby and have just been turned down by an adoption agency. They have no idea why. Siegel observes that the couple "... seem to be joined—Krazy Glued—at the hips, thighs, and triceps." Joined at the hips, this man and woman are unable to procreate; there is no room for a child to be conceived.

Much of the professional literature concerns the different mental illnesses and character disorders from which people suffer and how these contribute to their difficulties. In explicating them, the stereotypical story is concerned with uncovering events which first distorted the patient's views and responses to stress. Siegel, however, is not relying on a cathartic reliving of formative events in his patients' lives. He posits a therapy that moves quickly, helps right now, and is directed at the problem which the patient perceives. As in, "How can the glued-together couple have children?"

To accomplish this, Siegel shifts the focus from the individual and her pathology to relationships, and how people manage (and, perhaps, mismanage) them. His techniques come out of the professional developments of the 1970s—the Gestalt movement and its relatives. He uses the stories presented here as a teaching method to recreate how the therapist experiences the patient. In this way the reader, too, may try to intuit the dynamics of what is going on.

As the title suggests, Siegel is interested in paradoxes and in the ways that turning something upside down enables us to see what we have not, until then, discerned. The current jargon for families with problems is "dysfunctional." Siegel, without using the word, inverts our viewpoint about it. For each behavioral symptom or problem he asks, "what use does it serve? How is it functional?" And thus we learn about the "functional failures," people who are holding their families together by their "dysfunctional" behavior. My favorite story in this vein is in the section "Achieving Failure." It concerns a client who is generally disliked by the staff at her treatment agency; they have been unable over a period of several years to make any progress with her.

Despite the cautionary experience of a few arrests, Myrna shoplifts. And she keeps on shoplifting. When she was "barely pubescent" she was molested by an uncle; and at fifteen she was raped. As a result, she has a child with Down's syndrome, whom she has refused to institutionalize. And, despite her therapist's warnings that risking incarceration by shoplifting is tantamount to abandoning her children, Myrna holds fast to her ways. But Siegel treats her with what I can only characterize as loving creativity. Without berating the case workers for being judgmental, yet in front of them, Siegel praises Myrna for raising her three children, including her Down's syndrome eldest; for taking care of her husband and sick mother as well; and for having the "wits to keep everybody" for whom she is responsible, clothed, fed, and reasonably well-cared for. Thus, rather than disparage Myrna's shoplifting, which turns out to be the continual, regular way she supports her family, Siegel praises what she accomplishes with her "symptom." This praise—which is actually a recognition of her symptom's function, its positive use for her—inverts our judgment of her; and more importantly, inverts her judgment of herself. The inversion enables Myrna to honor herself and find her own way out.

No attempt at diagnosis on the part of the staff had been useful in helping Myrna perceive her difficulties. She is only led to a resolution when she can define the problem. That patients can define and even choose their problems was an issue raised in different form and with considerable furor several decades ago by Thomas Szasz. Noting that patients choose to think and act crazy he suggested that they are, therefore, not truly mentally ill. Siegel makes short shrift of Szasz's proposition, which both he and a patient describe with the
metaphor of a mess of pasta. The “Two Spaghetti Stories” (which I will not retell here) are vivid descriptions of the mix of choice and inevitability in human behavior. They are part of a section about conundrums experienced by therapists and appropriately named “Transcending Illusions.” As you may by now expect, it is the therapist’s illusions which most concern Siegel.

A major way in which therapists figure out what is wrong and how to fix it is by examining their own responses to a patient’s history and circumstances. In essence, the therapist imagines himself as the patient and uses the vicarious experience to develop insight. When the therapist cannot do this, the therapy gets stuck, and that is the situation in Siegel’s title story.

The patient in this zany tale comes to the agency because his girlfriend demands that he relate better; the therapist agrees with the complaint. After two years in therapy little progress has been made. The therapist and girlfriend are dissatisfied; but Tom, the patient, remains uncommunicative and serene. Siegel is called into the case and goes to work. Siegel, who acknowledges that he is “fundamentally irreverent about the rules of psychotherapy,” actually does have rules. A most important one is that the person who defines the problem has the problem. It may be a bit of smoke and mirrors, but mirroring yields a reverse-image. The flip side of dysfunction is true function. By having Tom, the patient, and his therapist exchange roles—with Tom questioning her negative view of his serenity and of him—he becomes articulate, “openly communicating with one of the women who were trying to get him to do just that.” During the course of this exchange Siegel teaches the therapist to discern that her intolerance of the man’s serenity is, in ways that have to do with her personal history, a problem of her own. In the therapeutic setting, as evidenced by the title of his book, Siegel’s point of view is revolutionary. He is not concerned with whether one’s status is patient or therapist; his reverence is for the problem. And his foremost irreverent axiom is: whoever has the problem should get the cure.

Janet Ades, C.S.W, is the Social Work Bureau Chief at the Legal Aid Society of Nassau County, Hempstead, NY.
to 28 years in a psychiatric hospital. Of course, some women were suffering psychologically and exhibited “symptoms.” For example, the talented and well-connected Catherine Beecher (1855) and the feminist writer Charlotte Perkins Gilman (1886) sought help for their overwhelming fatigue and depression. Beecher, after years of domestic drudgery, and Gilman, after giving birth, found themselves domestically disabled. Gilman couldn’t care for her infant daughter; Beecher could no longer sew, mend, fold, cook, clean, serve, or entertain. Nevertheless, both women blamed themselves; neither viewed their symptoms as possibly the only way they could (unconsciously) resist or protest their traditional “feminine” work—or overwork.

Beecher and Gilman described how they weren’t helped; how their various psychiatric cures damaged them even further. In Gilman’s words, Dr. S. Mitchell pronounced her to: ‘Live as domestic a life as possible. Have your child with you all the time.’ (Be it remarked that if I did but dress the baby it left me shaking and crying—certainly far from a healthy companionship for her, to say nothing of the effect on me.) ‘Lie down an hour after each meal. Have but two hours’ intellectual life a day. And never touch pen, brush or pencil as long as you live.’

This regime only made things worse. A desperate Gilman decided to leave her husband and infant to spend the winter with friends. Ironically, she writes, “from the moment the wheels began to turn, the train move, I felt better.”

Adjustment to the “feminine” role was the measure of female morality, mental health, and psychiatric progress. Adeline T.P. Lunt (1871) writes that the patient must “suppress a natural characteristic flow of spirits or talk ... [she must] sit in lady-like attire, pretty straight in a chair, with a book or work before [her], ‘inverteate in virtue’, and that this will result in being patted panegyrically on the head, and pronounced ‘better’.”

The Women of the Asylum feared, correctly, that they might be driven mad by the brutality of the asylum itself, and by their lack of legal rights as women and as prisoners. Were these women exaggerating or lying? Were they deluded? Apparently not. Each account confirms the other. Here is a typical one from the Hollywood actress Frances Farmer whose mother had her psychiatrically imprisoned:

During those years [1943-1950], I detestored into a wild, frightened creature, intent only on survival... But I did survive. The three thousand and forty days I spent as an insane inflected wounds to my spirit that could not heal... I learned there is no victory in survival—only grief... Where I was, wild-eyed patients were made trustees... Sadists ruled wards. Orderlies raped at will. So did doctors. Many women were given medical care only when abortions were performed. Some of the orderlies pimped, set up prostitution rings within the institution, smuggling men into the outbuildings and supplying them with women.

There must be a twisted perversion in having an insane woman, and anything was permitted against them, for it is a common belief that “crazy people” do not know what is happening to them.

Do these accounts of institutional brutality and torture mean that mental illness does not exist or that women [or men] in distress don’t need “help”? Do they mean that recent advances in psycho-pharmacology, or insights gained from psychoanalysis or from grassroots feminist work with the victims of male sexual and family violence, are invalid, or useless? Not at all.

What these accounts document is that most women in asylums were not insane; that “help” was not to be found in doctor-headed, attendant-staffed, state-run patriarchal institutions in neither the nineteenth nor twentieth centuries; that what we call “madness” can also be caused or exacerbated by injustice and cruelty, within the family, within society, and in asylums; and that personal freedom, radical legal reform, and political struggle are enduringly crucial to individual mental and societal moral health.

The Women of the Asylum document the fact that power is invariably abused; that fathers, brothers, husbands, judges, asylum doctors, and asylum attendants will do anything that We The People allow them to get away with; and that women’s oppression, both within the family and within state institutions, remained constant for more than a century in the United States. (It still exists today in private psychiatric offices as well as in private and state institutions.)

What do these Women of the Asylum think helped them—or would help others—in their position? Friends, neighbors, and sons sometimes rescued the women. Their daughters couldn’t—they were...
like Prozac (which often work wonders), however, such drugs also help us understand our problems and return people from the brink of suicide. Certainly, problems are given (and increasingly prescribed) cosmetic pharmacology; drugs like Prozac (which often work wonders) and return people from the brink of suicide. However, such drugs also help us “adjust” to an unjust and “crazy” society.

Clearly, rage and enormous sadness do accompany oppression, trauma, physical pain, and chronic disability; I am not suggesting that psychiatric medication and/or psychotherapy are always useless. However, there’s a fine line between recognizing the kinds of support women in crisis may need and invalidating, minimizing, denying, and devaluing women’s pain through psychiatric labelling.

What must be done? Preventing and punishing male violence would help. Since our resources for social services are, unfortunately, so limited, and because there is no cure for men who rape, batter, or kill, I am ambivalent about using our scant resources to “study” the perpetrators as opposed to helping the victims. Either we should seriously consider detaining all violent criminals for life—or we should, right now, spend money on prevention, rather than on more jails, longer jail-terms, more wardens, and ineffective victim services.

Equally urgent is the funding of humane “Houses of Peace” for the female victims of incest, rape, battery, and prostitution; whose victimization mainly turns them against themselves and their own children, and more rarely, against adult male strangers. Doing nothing condemns a huge percentage of our female population to self-and woman-hatred and to chronic suffering and disability. And twelve weeks of psychotherapy in a managed health care program won’t accomplish much.

The medical and other professional establishments also need to overcome their phobia about feminism—and their hatred of women. Feminist theory and practice should become an integral part of advanced training programs. Feminist clinicians should be subsidized to keep teaching the mental health professions that patriarchal oppression “really” exists, it isn’t imaginary; that depression and other symptoms constitute a normal human response to oppression; and that such “symptoms” can only be alleviated by revolutionary legal, economic, and political changes. In addition, we need hands-on radical kindness, patience, humility, and feminist understanding. That’s my Rx.

Editor-at-large Phyllis Chesler, Ph.D., is the author of six books, including Women and Madness and Mothers on Trial.
"WOMEN OFTEN COMPROMISE THEIR OWN SELFHOOD TO REASSURE A MAN HE'S IN CHARGE."

"SUICIDE TO ME IS AN ACT OF REVENGE. SHE WAS SAYING, 'THAT'LL SHOW YOU; YOU'LL BE SORRY.'"
yourself as a self is to live conscientiously as an ally of everyone’s selfhood—includ-
ing your own. It means becoming personally and politically committed to ending all interpersonal injustice and all social policies enacted to make mankind [that is, stereotypes] seem true.”

Carolyn Singer
Cascades, CA

STEREOTYPES WITHIN

I don’t think a man’s internal and/or external dialogue about his manhood (John Stoltenberg’s article “He Said / He Said,” Winter 1994) is that hidden from women or unique to men. Women very often consciously compromise their own selfhood to reassure a man he’s “in charge.” It’s an artifact of the power imbalance. This dynamic can range from an unconscious trade-off, each person giving away self to maintain male and female roles, to cynical manipulation of gender roles.

Women also have a mental panel of judges, made up of female relatives, friends and stereotypes, against which they measure their success as women, workers or partners, mothers, daughters, etc. Other women, men and children become hostages in the battle to prop up their upper body strength is less than that of the average man, but because men choose to batter

Thus the authors not only inadvertently place the blame on women, but they also fail to identify the cultural ideologies which lead men to believe they have a “right” to treat women as property. Moreover, the general statements that women are “rapable” and “beatable” simply reinforce the notion that rape and battering are inevitable. Let’s be more aware of the ramifications of our language.

Mary Goldschmidt
Keene, NH

PEOPLE NOT PROPERTY

As a feminist and children’s rights activist, I was appalled by Lorraine Dusky’s argument (Winter 1994) to minimize the very real injustice and pain inflicted upon children like Jessica DeBoer by the barbaric presumption that the so-called “rights” of biological parents should come first in adoption and custody cases.

Contrary to Dusky’s analysis, class and economics are not the issue in today’s “adoption frenzy”; children’s most basic rights—including the right to be heard, and the right to a stable, loving family—are too many. Children have been torn from the arms of loving foster or would-be adoptive parents and forced back into the clutch of parents whose only real tie to them is biological. Many such children are then harmed or killed. Even when biological parents provide adequate physical care, the psychological and emotional trauma inflicted upon such children by these “transfers” is often worse than physical or sexual abuse!

Children, like women, have long been oppressed by a legal and social system which ignores their rights, their needs, and their very humanity. We need to make adoption easier, not harder. Above all, we need to recognize and treat children not as property, but as people.

Scott Enk
Milwaukee, WI

I was pleased to read Lorraine Dusky’s “May the Richest Parents Win,” which gave long overdue recognition to the fact that today’s adoption system serves useful purposes, not children.

Today’s me-first attitude assumes would-be adopters who have more money or advantages—old white people—be treated more favorably, and is a higher social class are entitled to adopt children. This attitude turns babies into property to be advertised and shipped off, purchased and owned. Deriving children’s family relationships when it suits the wishes of outsiders ignores children’s rights, their needs, and their very humanity. Modern adoption agencies are disposable—like Lisa Steinberg, murdered by her adopters.

ON THE ISSUES SUBSCRIBER SERVICE

What every woman needs to know about breast cancer

Tamoxifen and Breast Cancer

Michael W. DeGregorio and Valerie J. Wiebe

This vitally important book discusses how breast cancer is diagnosed and the risks, benefits and limitations of treatment alternatives. The book focuses on tamoxifen, a widely prescribed drug that has been successful in treating postmenopausal women at nearly all stages of breast cancer and is now being considered as a prophylactic drug for healthy premenopausal women who are at high risk of developing breast cancer.

The book is an invaluable aid to women faced with decisions about treatment or prevention of breast cancer.

doth $22.50; paper $10.00
At fine bookstores
or call 1-800-YUP-READ

Yale University Press
The DeBoers expertly manipulated the media to hide the fact that they knew from the time Anna/Jessica was less than a month old that her parents wanted her and that the Schmids were almost certainly prevail in court. They fought for two and one half years to keep this child from going home. As a recent Newsweek article shows, Anna Schmidt is now happy with her own loving family. If Anna had permanently lost her loving parents, sister, grandparents, aunts, uncles, and heritage to make the DeBoers happy it would have been a real tragedy—one that has already harmed far too many families.

Carole J. Anderson
Bettendorf, IA

As an experienced director of an adoption agency, I read Lorraine Dusky's article with great interest. Although I am in basic agreement, I would point out one difference. Ms. Dusky states that it is, in some fundamental way, wrong for a woman to relinquish a child for adoption by strangers. I question that. Adoption is as old as civilization itself; it has always been, and will always be, with us. I believe that all attempts should be made to help children remain in their own families, because of the psychological importance of that connection. Children should be placed with strangers only as a last resort, and then with open access to their heritage throughout life. Most countries in the world, and most societies through the ages, place great deal more emphasis on family connections, and are horrified in the cavalier way in which we dismiss lineage and genealogy.

Adoption should focus on the needs of children for a permanent, loving stable place to grow up where the kinship support system is unavailable. It is not the sentimental, romantic plot of fairy tales and prince and pauper fantasies.

RIMLAND'S ALTERNATIVES

I must take issue with Phyllis Chesler's conclusion that Marcia Rimbald and her alternative to the murder/suicide of her daughter and herself (Winter 1994). I am not very religious but I believe that "where there's life, there's hope." Suicide, to me, is an act of revenge. She was saying, "There! I'll show you; you'll be sorry!" to her ex-husband and all the others who dealt badly with her. The fact that she was a lawyer and knew the system does not excuse her act. The only thing I can conclude is that she must have been clinically insane to take the way out that she did.

I also want to say that I really liked the article "Searching for Mary." I am an ex-Catholic, and now that I am an adult I have been reading things that explain how the church became the way it is.

Evelyn Shepard
Howland, HI

BEYOND SENECA FALLS

I am appalled at the remarks made by Lynn Phillips in the article on our foremothers (Winter 1994). She engages in a diatribe against Stanton and Anthony, who were only defending the right of women to equal representation with men in government.

To give the vote to men of another race than their own and simultaneously withhold it from the women of both races was a gratuitous insult we should never forgive. The Fourteenth Amendment was calculated to lock women out of government forever.

If these two great feminists caused blacks to mistrust white women, then one black misogynist should have caused white and black women able to mistrust black men.

Ms. Phillips conveniently forgets to place the blame where it chiefly belongs—on the white men!

Dorothy H. Samuels
New York, NY

One of the reasons On The Issues grabbed my interest so forcefully was your determination not to let upscale, Euro-perspectives dominate your discussions. But the Winter 1994 issue made me gulp. Foremothering at Seneca Falls! Ginsburg's Supreme radical? Worse, grass-roots feminists literally depicted as gun-toting mamas? Are your allegiances shifting, or was it just the earth beneath my feet?

Look, the majority of us out here do not have roots in the fundamentalist Christianity of the Seneca Falls movement nor does our closure lie in "making peace" with fascists and racists who never renounced their bigotry. We should not feel pressured to "reclaim" phony foremothers. Real foremothers of vision and courage abound, but we must look for them among Native American women of the woodlands, whose participatory governments modeled for the U.S. Constitution among the Jewish women.
Discover the ad-free Ms. & get Gloria Steinem’s newest book FREE!

Get a hardcover copy of Gloria’s powerful new book, Moving Beyond Words, FREE. It’s our gift to you for discovering the power of the revolutionary new Ms.

With no advertising and 100 pages of fresh, frank editorial in every issue, it’s a Ms. of substance, sustenance, and spirit. It’s a Ms. of breakthrough investigative reporting, crucial political insights and actions, fiction, poetry, the great feminist voices of the world.

It’s Ms. as it was meant to be: a clear, true voice linking feminists worldwide. Take advantage of this special introductory offer!

Yes! Send my FREE hardcover copy of Moving Beyond Words (retail value $23) and enter my introductory subscription to the ad-free Ms. I’ll get 6 big bimonthly issues with 100 pages in each for only $35. That’s a total value of $68 for only $35.

Your Name: ___________________________  Please print
Address: _______________________________
City/State/Zip: ____________________________

☐ Payment enclosed.  ☐ Bill me.
Charge my:  ☐ Visa  ☐ MasterCard
Card # _______ Exp. Date _______
Signature: ____________________________

Canada:  ☐ 1 yr. $42  ☐ 1 yr. surface mail $42
Foreign:  ☐ 1 yr. airmail $78

Payment must be in U.S. funds.

The no-advertising, editorially free magaBook.

Mail to Ms., P.O. Box 57132, Boulder, CO 80322
Book will be shipped upon receipt of payment. Allow 4-6 weeks for delivery.

Regular Ms. subscription price is $45 for 1 year (6 bimonthly issues).

Book available at Waldenbooks and wherever fine books are sold.
THE WISE WOMAN
2441 Cordova Street
Oakland, CA 94602
(510) 536-3174

THE WISE WOMAN, a national journal, focuses on feminist issues, Goddess lore, feminist spirituality, and Feminist Witchcraft. Published quarterly since 1980 by Ann Forfreedom. Includes: women's history, news, analysis, reviews, art, photos, poetry, cartoons by Bulbui, exclusive interviews, and original research on witch-hunts, women's heritage, and women today. Subscription: $15 yr./$27 for 2 yrs./$38 for 3 yrs. (U.S. funds). Sample copy or back issue: $4 (U.S. funds). Microfilm: available in the Alternative Press Collection of University Microfilms International. Contact: UMI, University Microfilms, Inc., 300 North Zeeb Road, Ann Arbor, MI 48106-1348.

The Wise Woman -- Timely, Yet Timeless.

Feminists for Animal Rights
works to raise consciousness about the twin oppressions of women and animals in patriarchal society.

For more information including how to join FAR, please send a self-addressed stamped envelop to:
FAR • P.O. Bux 16425 • Chapel Hill, NC • 27516

FACT Overall, women write 27% of front-page articles in major newspapers in the United States.
FACT Only 11% of first-page news stories are dedicated to women's lives.

SEND LETTERS TO THE EDITOR TO:
On the Issues
CHOICES MEDICAL CENTER, INC.
97-77 Queens Boulevard
Flushing, NY 11374-3317

ON THE ISSUES SUMMER 1994
priest, David Trosch, tried to place an ad in the Mobile Register that endorsed the killing of doctors. The ad shows a man pointing a gun at a doctor who is holding a knife over a pregnant woman. Two words accompany the picture: "Justifiable Homicide."

George Tiller is a friend of mine. For many years I have referred women to his clinic for difficult therapeutic late-term abortions, and each of us have shared in subsidizing a young girl’s travel, hotel, and medical bills because George was her only and last chance for an abortion. Some months ago, he told me that he always wears a bulletproof vest, and that he drives to work in an armored car.

Two days after the Tiller shooting, Dr. G. Wayne Patterson, owner of six abortion clinics and one of the few physicians to perform abortions in the Mobile-Pensacola area, was killed as he returned to his car in the nightclub district of Mobile. Police attribute his murder to a robbery gone awry, but reports reveal that nothing was stolen from Patterson, his body was left with his wallet on it. Dr. Patterson was a partner of Dr. David Gunn; he owned the clinic at which Gunn was murdered. As of this writing the murder is still officially listed on the police blotter as a robbery.

Joseph L. Foreman, a Presbyterian minister who helped found Operation Rescue and now leads the Milwaukee-based Missionaries to the Preborn, has written, "The transcendent question being forced upon the pro-life movement is, do you really think this is murder? You know it would be right if your family was defended from murderers by someone using lethal force. Why not a fetus? To say that it's not murder would be right if your family was defended from murderers by someone using lethal force. Why not a fetus? To say that it's not murder would be right if your family was defended from murderers by someone using lethal force.

This thinking is not limited to the right. A group called the Seamless Garment has placed ads in traditionally "left" magazines like Mother Jones, in which they compare the violence of environmental degradation, nuclear war, and capital punishment with abortion. Language that compares great movements for social justice with the anti-abortion cause and militant rhetoric that praises murderers, calls clinics "abortion mills" and their doctors "child-slaughterters," has created an environment that facilitates terrorism. Murderers begin to see themselves as saints. "Is it really so bad?" Shannon was quoted after the killing of Dr. Gunn. "People cheered when Hitler was killed, and the abortionists were a mass murderer."

Dallas Blanchard, author of Religious Violence and Abortion, has studied the profiles of those arrested for violent acts against clinics. He says they are split between long-time activists, frustrated at their lack of success and those with only a short-term involvement in the movement who are hungry for celebrity or martyrdom. "I think the violence in the future will continue to come from both directions," Blanchard says. "The dam has a hole in it now." This "hole" will be filled to some extent by the recent Supreme Court ruling that allows abortion clinics to invoke the Federal racketeering law in suing violent anti-abortion groups for damages. The recently passed FACE Bill—Federal Access To Clinic Entrances—which makes it a federal offense to block people's access to the clinics should help, too. But they are not enough. For ter-

Women Living Women

For a change in your life, we invite you to try: THE WISHING WELL. Featuring current members' self-descriptions (listed by name, letters, photos, resumes, letters, and more), subscription $5.00 and discount first class. A beautiful, tender, loving alternative to "The Well of Loneliness." Confident, sincere, supportive, dignified. Very personal. Regularly repub-

The Elizabeth Stone House

Dr. Elizabeth Stone House is dedicated to providing support, understanding, and companionship to all women and girls in a non-judgmental, non-blaming, non-prescriptive environment.

PO Box 713090
Sunnyvale, CA 94089
(408) 432-4818

Dr. Elizabeth Stone House

Women's PAC

And more from a pro-choice, progressive perspective! Change Subscriptions (1 Year Monthly) Send 1 check showen [ ] Bill Me

Name

Address

City

St Zip

Women's PAC

Women and Girls. Rent or purchase. Available for $29.95 plus postage.

Women's PAC

Women in Congress • Upcoming Races

Women in the Cabinet • Legislation

Women's PAC

And more from a pro-choice, progressive perspective! Change Subscriptions (1 Year Monthly) Send 1 check showen [ ] Bill Me

Name

Address

City

St Zip

Women's PAC

Women's PAC

Women in Congress • Upcoming Races

Women in the Cabinet • Legislation

Women's PAC

And more from a pro-choice, progressive perspective! Change Subscriptions (1 Year Monthly) Send 1 check showen [ ] Bill Me

Name

Address

City

St Zip

Women's PAC

Women's PAC

Women in Congress • Upcoming Races

Women in the Cabinet • Legislation

Women's PAC

And more from a pro-choice, progressive perspective! Change Subscriptions (1 Year Monthly) Send 1 check showen [ ] Bill Me

Name

Address

City

St Zip

Women's PAC

Women's PAC

Women in Congress • Upcoming Races

Women in the Cabinet • Legislation

Women's PAC

And more from a pro-choice, progressive perspective! Change Subscriptions (1 Year Monthly) Send 1 check showen [ ] Bill Me

Name

Address

City

St Zip

Women's PAC

Women's PAC

Women in Congress • Upcoming Races

Women in the Cabinet • Legislation

Women's PAC

And more from a pro-choice, progressive perspective! Change Subscriptions (1 Year Monthly) Send 1 check showen [ ] Bill Me

Name

Address

City

St Zip

Women's PAC

Women's PAC

Women in Congress • Upcoming Races

Women in the Cabinet • Legislation

Women's PAC

And more from a pro-choice, progressive perspective! Change Subscriptions (1 Year Monthly) Send 1 check showen [ ] Bill Me

Name

Address

City

St Zip

Women's PAC

Women's PAC

Women in Congress • Upcoming Races

Women in the Cabinet • Legislation

Women's PAC

And more from a pro-choice, progressive perspective! Change Subscriptions (1 Year Monthly) Send 1 check showen [ ] Bill Me

Name

Address

City

St Zip

Women's PAC

Women's PAC

Women in Congress • Upcoming Races

Women in the Cabinet • Legislation

Women's PAC

And more from a pro-choice, progressive perspective! Change Subscriptions (1 Year Monthly) Send 1 check showen [ ] Bill Me

Name

Address

City

St Zip

Women's PAC

Women's PAC

Women in Congress • Upcoming Races

Women in the Cabinet • Legislation

Women's PAC

And more from a pro-choice, progressive perspective! Change Subscriptions (1 Year Monthly) Send 1 check showen [ ] Bill Me

Name

Address

City

St Zip

Women's PAC

Women's PAC

Women in Congress • Upcoming Races

Women in the Cabinet • Legislation

Women's PAC

And more from a pro-choice, progressive perspective! Change Subscriptions (1 Year Monthly) Send 1 check showen [ ] Bill Me

Name

Address

City

St Zip

Women's PAC

Women's PAC

Women in Congress • Upcoming Races

Women in the Cabinet • Legislation

Women's PAC

And more from a pro-choice, progressive perspective! Change Subscriptions (1 Year Monthly) Send 1 check showen [ ] Bill Me

Name

Address

City

St Zip

Women's PAC

Women's PAC

Women in Congress • Upcoming Races

Women in the Cabinet • Legislation

Women's PAC

And more from a pro-choice, progressive perspective! Change Subscriptions (1 Year Monthly) Send 1 check showen [ ] Bill Me

Name

Address

City

St Zip

Women's PAC

Women's PAC

Women in Congress • Upcoming Races

Women in the Cabinet • Legislation

Women's PAC

And more from a pro-choice, progressive perspective! Change Subscriptions (1 Year Monthly) Send 1 check showen [ ] Bill Me

Name

Address

City

St Zip

Women's PAC

Women's PAC

Women in Congress • Upcoming Races

Women in the Cabinet • Legislation

Women's PAC

And more from a pro-choice, progressive perspective! Change Subscriptions (1 Year Monthly) Send 1 check showen [ ] Bill Me

Name

Address

City

St Zip

Women's PAC

Women's PAC

Women in Congress • Upcoming Races

Women in the Cabinet • Legislation

Women's PAC

And more from a pro-choice, progressive perspective! Change Subscriptions (1 Year Monthly) Send 1 check showen [ ] Bill Me

Name

Address

City

St Zip

Women's PAC

Women's PAC

Women in Congress • Upcoming Races

Women in the Cabinet • Legislation

Women's PAC

And more from a pro-choice, progressive perspective! Change Subscriptions (1 Year Monthly) Send 1 check showen [ ] Bill Me

Name

Address

City

St Zip

Women's PAC

Women's PAC

Women in Congress • Upcoming Races

Women in the Cabinet • Legislation

Women's PAC

And more from a pro-choice, progressive perspective! Change Subscriptions (1 Year Monthly) Send 1 check showen [ ] Bill Me

Name

Address

City

St Zip

Women's PAC

Women's PAC

Women in Congress • Upcoming Races

Women in the Cabinet • Legislation

Women's PAC

And more from a pro-choice, progressive perspective! Change Subscriptions (1 Year Monthly) Send 1 check showen [ ] Bill Me

Name

Address

City

St Zip

Women's PAC

Women's PAC

Women in Congress • Upcoming Races

Women in the Cabinet • Legislation

Women's PAC

And more from a pro-choice, progressive perspective! Change Subscriptions (1 Year Monthly) Send 1 check showen [ ] Bill Me

Name

Address

City

St Zip

Women's PAC

Women's PAC

Women in Congress • Upcoming Races

Women in the Cabinet • Legislation

Women's PAC

And more from a pro-choice, progressive perspective! Change Subscriptions (1 Year Monthly) Send 1 check showen [ ] Bill Me

Name

Address

City

St Zip

Women's PAC

Women's PAC

Women in Congress • Upcoming Races

Women in the Cabinet • Legislation

Women's PAC

And more from a pro-choice, progressive perspective! Change Subscriptions (1 Year Monthly) Send 1 check showen [ ] Bill Me

Name

Address

City

St Zip

Women's PAC

Women's PAC

Women in Congress • Upcoming Races

Women in the Cabinet • Legislation

Women's PAC

And more from a pro-choice, progressive perspective! Change Subscriptions (1 Year Monthly) Send 1 check showen [ ] Bill Me

Name

Address

City

St Zip
Is it better to be pretty or smart?"

I was asked that question by my 10-year-old daughter and this is why every feminist who does not have children should run right out and get some. If you think women have made great strides in this society and are thought of as equals, if you actually believe we are now judged by what we are and not by what we look like: listen to your children. Not insulated by self-delusion and thrown into the common heap, they speak the reality born of school yard savvy.

Up to this point my daughter had competed one-on-one with any boy. In sports and academics she considered herself an equal; not a girl, but a fellow kid. But Adam said her teeth are too big and her legs too skinny, and she wishes she was blond like her friend Erin. Erin doesn't get the straight A's as she does, but Erin got Adam. So is it better to be pretty or smart?

I was afraid of this. At age ten I, too, was deemed ugly. Sure I was smart, but the boys were so unmerciful (I had big teeth, skinny legs, wasn't blond) that I began an intensive beauty regimen that took up most of my study time. Hair rollers went up and my grades went down; I was more concerned about the length of my skirt than Moby Dick. But after gallons of Dippity Do and countless restive nights on three-inch rollers and rising before dawn to Neet my upper lip, I was finally granted admittance to the boys' good company. They liked me because I looked like Marlo Thomas in the television show That Girl. Thank heavens I was somehow able to pull my grades out of a six-year nosedive just in time to make college.

And now I see history repeat itself with my Alison—once so confident—now shy and uncertain. She asks if I would let her get a perm; if I would let her wear nail polish; if I would let her wear lipstick. I tell her she's beautiful; thick glossy chestnut brown hair and flashing dark eyes. She doesn't believe me. She believes Adam. And though I can empathize with her wanting to be admired, I encourage her to find a way to painlessly evolve into what she wants to look like without sacrificing academic proficiency.

What happens to fifth grade girls? Is it physiological? I loved math until I got my period. Is it "learning is over, let the childbearing begin"?

Is it societal? Are young boys given the nod to taunt girls, thus undermining their confidence and academic future? Does society, by way of fashion and trends, make young girls feel inadequate if they cannot achieve the current mien? The very purpose of fashion is to undermine confidence. Fashion's prime targets will always be women. And women in this society are rewarded for beauty first, then smarts. My grandmother was yanked out of school by her mother because she was considered "too smart." I was appalled by this story when it was first told to me, and it was always recanted with great bitterness. According to my grandmother, the schoolmaster paid a special visit to her home (circa 1900) to inform her parents they had a very gifted child. My grandmother never again entered a classroom. "What good is it to be smart when you're a woman?" she was told. "You'll only be frustrated." As ignorant as that may seem, the notion persists nearly one hundred years later.

I never recovered from my fall from scholastic grace. Oh, I suppose I suffered minimal damage, but I know there is a skipped rung on this ladder that cannot be retrieved.

Of course there were the brainy girls who pulled their hair back in a bun and didn't give a hoot about style and looks. They were roiled by girls in fishnet stockings and go-go boots but continued reading Emile Zola (on their own volition!) in study hall while the rest of us painted our fingernails white and passed notes. I want to apologize to those studious ones right here and now: Sorry—you win.

Men will argue that puberty also takes them down a peg or two on the academic scale. It's true that we all remember the smart clean-cut boy in grammar school who wound up in the principal's office in junior high for smoking in the boy's room and stuffing the toilets. But their transition isn't as profound and debilitating as it is for women. Try being attentive after five hours in high heels.

So I'm determined to nip this thing—whatever its cause—in the bud. No, my daughter's future will not be compromised. This wall—this turning point—will not happen to my Alison. But she scored "50" on her last geometry exam and refuses to finish reading The Secret Garden. And that's not like her—at all.

Lorraine LaFemina is editor for The Women's Record in Greenvale, Long Island and a freelance writer for Newsday.
BE SOCIALLY RESPONSIBLE.

Talk ON THE PHONE.

What if you could help build a better world just by talking on the phone? And what if you could save money at the same time?

Welcome to the socially responsible network of Working Assets Long Distance. Every time you call, we give 1% of your charges (at no cost to you) to groups like Amnesty International, Planned Parenthood and Greenpeace. Groups you help choose.

Now for the money-saving part. Working Assets' basic interstate rates are lower than AT&T®, MCI® and Sprint®. And Working Assets is the only phone company that saves you an additional 25% on calls to friends, relatives or anyone else on our 100,000-member network.

Naturally, we also give you clear sound, easy direct dialing, 24-hour operators and everything else you need from a phone company.

Intrigued? Try us for three months and get 60 minutes FREE. Just call our toll-free number to get connected. Then, simply by talking on the phone, you'll be contributing to a better world. On our dime, not yours.

TRY WORKING ASSETS AND GET 60 MINUTES FREE — CALL: 1 800 788 8588

The Small Print: By joining, you authorize Working Assets Long Distance to be your primary long distance carrier. Your local phone company may apply a one-time switching fee. Working Assets will give you a credit equal to 60 free minutes of interstate calling. The credit will be at the 3,000 mile night/weekend rate and will be issued after your third full month of service. Offer void where prohibited. Rate comparisons effective 11/93 and subject to change. Working Assets Long Distance, 701 Montgomery Street, Fourth Floor, San Francisco, CA 94111