

FIFTH ANNUAL WOMEN'S ISSUE

35¢

Northwest Passage

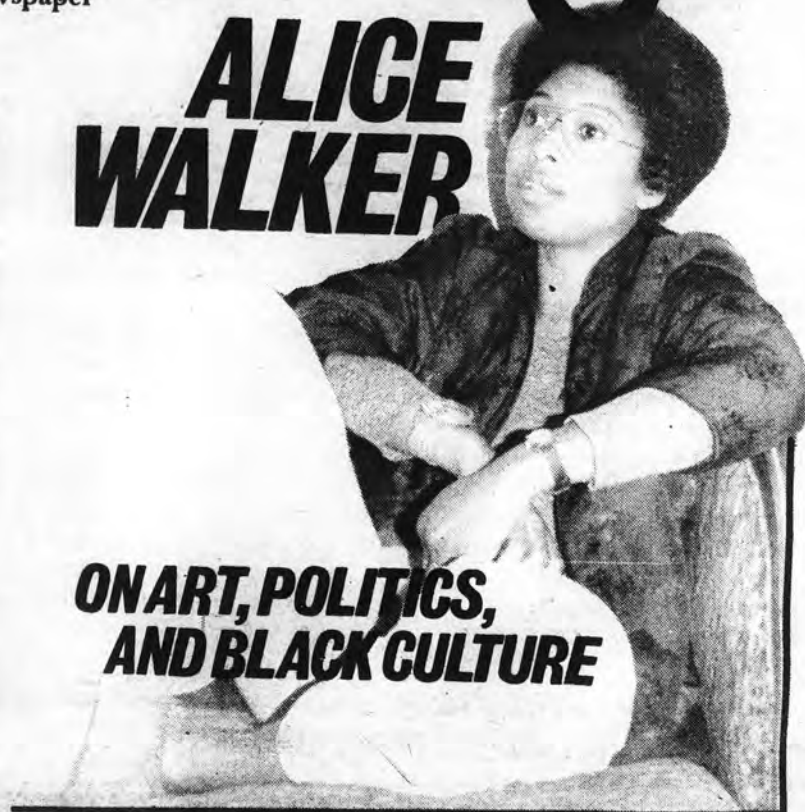
Volume 18 No. 7 September 19-October 9 Washington's Feminist Newspaper

A FISHERWOMAN'S STORY



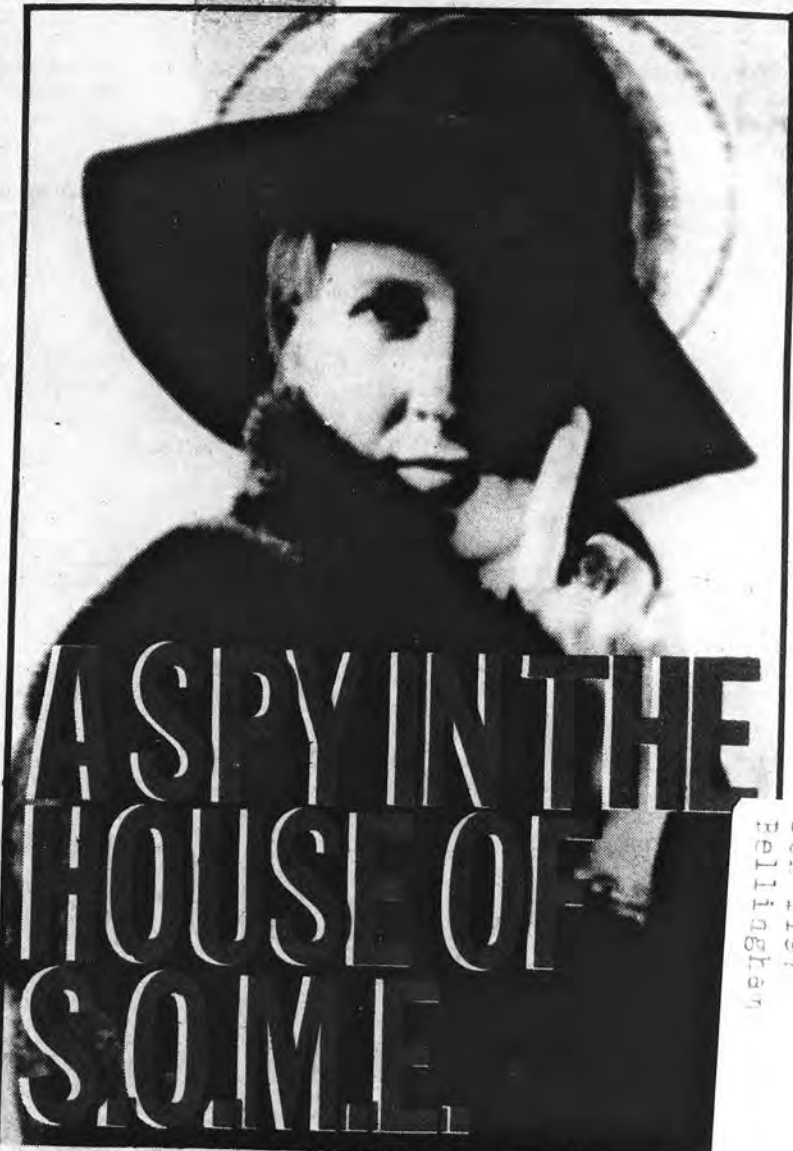
ALICE WALKER

ON ART, POLITICS, AND BLACK CULTURE



A SPY IN THE HOUSE OF SOME

Teri Sanders looked like a dame who could pass...



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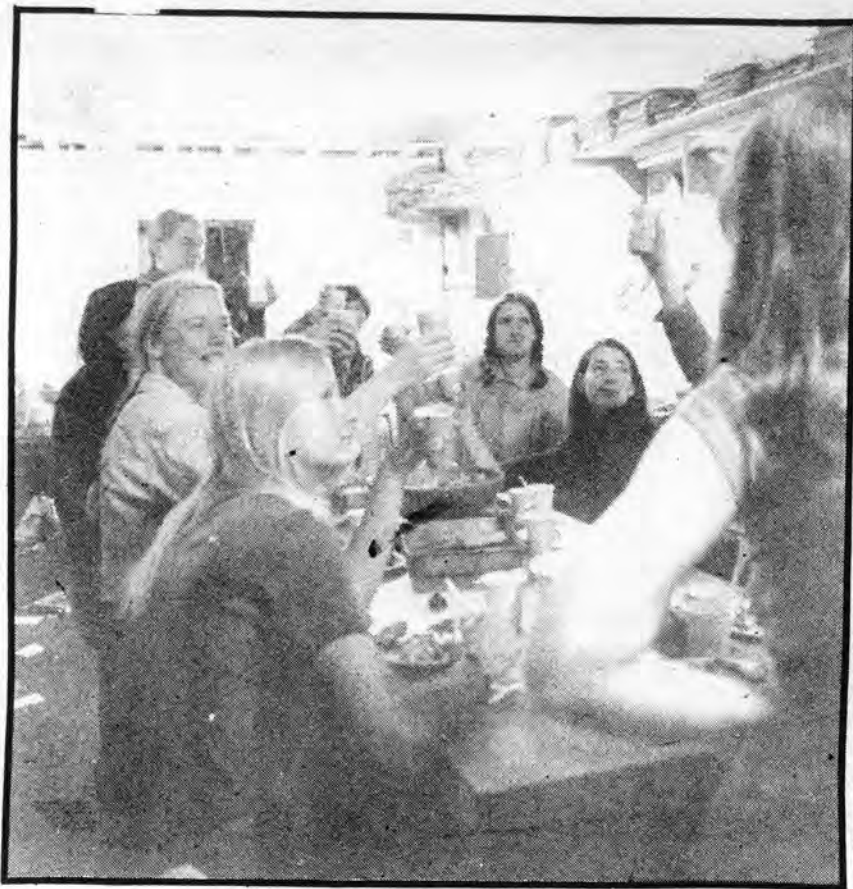


Photo by J. Penelope Goforth

"and I've discovered something inside myself that is blossoming" (from the editorial page of the first women's issue)

In 1974 the women of the *NWP Collective* put out the first women's issue. Looking over the issues of the past four years, we find many of the same themes repeated: sexuality, art, work, imprisonment. Most of the same things that concern us as women today.

The first women's issue had a review of *Small Changes* by Marge Piercy. In four years there have indeed been changes in women's status, some small, some large, not all of them for the better. This issue explores some of the effects of the current backlash against women and minorities.

But it also celebrates our growth as feminists, both individually and as a movement that gains strength daily all over the world. An affirmation. Struggling to understand, unite and change our collective lives.

Northwest Passage

The Northwest Passage is an independent radical newsjournal laid-out and printed in Seattle by a regional staff collective every third Monday. Second class postage paid in Seattle, Wa. 98122.

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Letters

Dear Passage Collective:

A huge, pleased, proud congratulations to you all on the collective process you have been continuing to build! I was immensely glad to hear of your recent decision NOT to run the full page (paid, I presume) Mao Celebration ad for the Revolutionary Communist Party.

Knowing the financial status of the *NWP* can hardly be the rock of Gibraltar, hearing of your discussion and decision speaks very well of your decision-making process. As it is no secret the RCP party line holds homosexuality in less than a dim light, the *NWP* could not have chosen a better time to stand up for gay rights. As Seattle's gay community gears up for the long haul before the election, joined by the Left and hopefully a lot of other folks, let's hope this city can be the first to turn the tide around and defeat I3!

The moral support the *NWP Collective* showed in your refusal to run the ad is a welcome shot in the arm.

Keep up the fine, fine work and Thanks!

Spring Zoog

Dear Passage Staff:

Please refer to June 13-July 10 issue, page 20, 3rd column, GJB story.

A glaring error: 'They will be tried for robbing banks...' Correction: 'They will be tried for having radical political views, or rather, sentenced for same.'

Your statement portrays the U.S. courts as benevolently paternalistic, the just father carefully following the letter of the law. I can see that you think the GJB is wrong, but your enthusiastic support of their captors is strange to see in a left journal.

P.S.: I buy the *NWP* locally pretty regularly. I find the point of view refreshing. Especially I appreciate Ed Newbold's articles.

A Spokane Fan

Dear Northwest Passage!

Recently we found your article about Germany in No. 6:78 and were very glad about it. On one hand the article itself is very good and thoroughly written and on the other hand it didn't happen too often that we found much information about foreign countries in US newspapers.

We went to the US to get some distance of what is going on in Germany and to see other ways of survival and living and to make up our minds about what we're going to do when we are back, because we don't want to become teachers anymore since it is very difficult to find a job because of being involved in leftist activities.

So we are very concerned about the development in Germany, the political repression, the so-called suicides of Staunheim (everything indicates that Baade, Ensslin, Raspe were killed), about the Nazis getting strong again, being protected by police and old Nazis in the government (as happened recently when police injured at least 100 left-wing demonstrators who wanted to prevent a Nazi rally in Frankfurt.

Still, we're far away from Germany,

but we already have to think about it again, about the ways to fight repression.

And we realize that the US people have their own problems with a development to the right (ERA, I3, abortion, etc.).

Peacefully, Two German Travelers

Dear Tom Robbins:

While I have no sizeable quarrel with the term 'nookie', I do take issue with your paraphrase of the slogan: Make Love Not War. Since women are made responsible for unplanned pregnancy, birth control--risking cancer, punctured uterus, fallopian pregnancy, PID, etc.--and recalling that in the '60's women were involved in a gruelling fight to legalize abortion--a right we are now having to fight to maintain, and regain for those women who need it most--I have never felt any particular affinity for this slogan and have none for your version of it, either.

I am willing to trust your contributions to feminist causes have not been gratuitous or guilt-inspired. But this does not exempt you from criticism; if that were the case we may as well applaud the Founding Fathers for their largesse with the Native Americans. This is no specious analogy considering your final rebuttal in the *Weekly* of July 19: 'What good is it,' you ask, 'for us to replace our male chauffeur with a woman if she's only going to drive us to the same old places in the same old car?' By this you imply a wish to maintain two classes: de ones who drives and de fat cats--and clearly you enjoy the latter class. Next, you reveal the tiresome assumption so many men have that it is upon women to liberate us all single-handedly from the rather desperate straits the male culture has brought us to.

As for your books you so proudly claim 'celebrate the feminine spirit': however well-intended your wish to create a character women could finally identify with, your first book is riddled with assumptions that women are cosmic creatures of the pedestal. Who among us, after all, could claim we were that earthy, articulate, astute of judgment, even-tempered, satisfied, unquestioning and competent in our roles of helpmate and handmaiden? Who among us had ever experienced a two-minute orgasm, let alone from a man on his knees in worship of us?

There is no question that in the feminist movement a fringe element exists that is so distraught over present conditions that they have lost their sense of humor and I agree that this is tragic. But you magnify this fringe and attempt to depict the whole movement as deranged. Perhaps it's because we do not think you are funny. But this is a criticism of your humor, not our ability to laugh.

You contradict yourself on the idea of feminism. Originally you claim it is responsible for the degeneration of the feminist movement. Next you say it is the nature of movements and politics to degenerate. In your rebuttal you dust off feminism and seem to wish we had more of it--that it isn't enough of a threat. This is the sort of dull, meandering and facile logic I find so irritating.

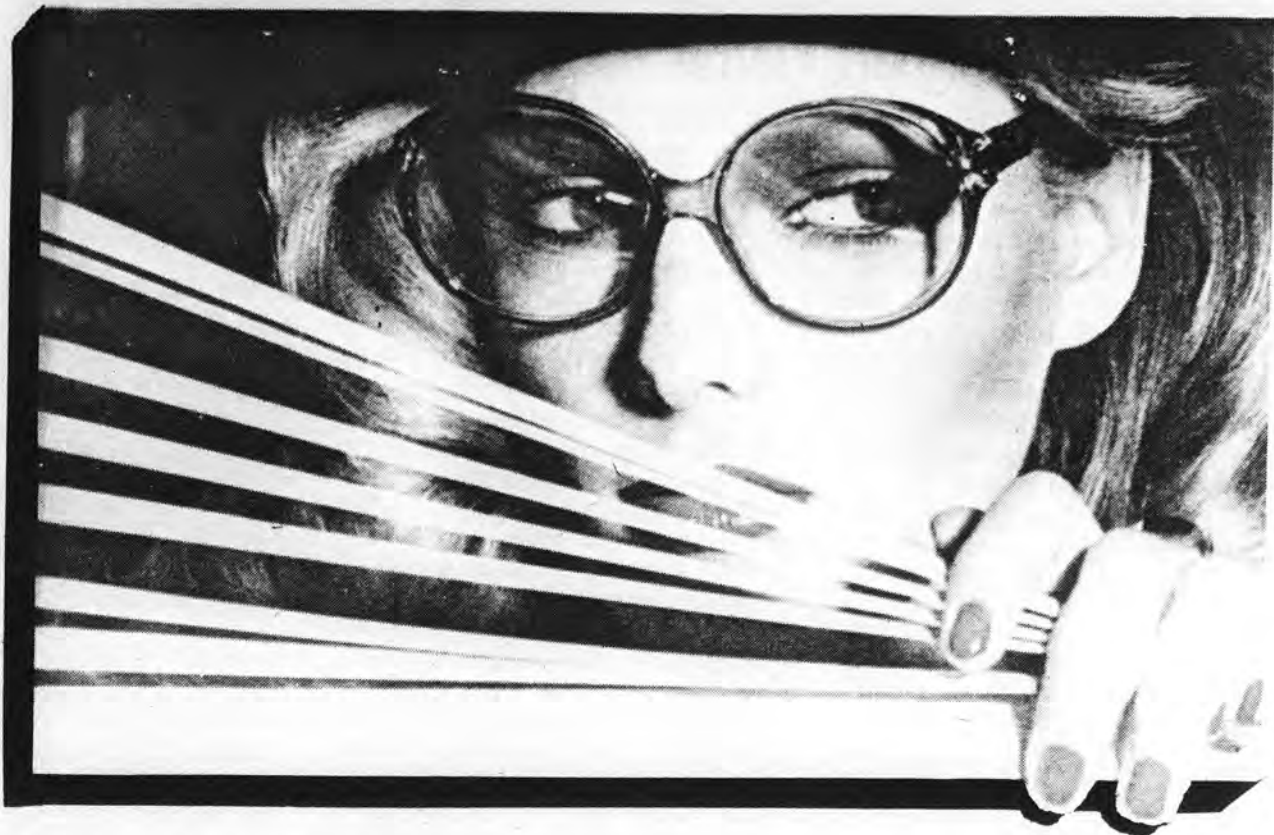
But I like your basic style--I just wish you'd do something constructive with it for a change.

Hylah Jacques

letters continued on page 24

Spy in the house of SOME

by Michelle Calman



Teri Sanders looked like a dame who could pass. Tall and Nordic, her blue blood camouflaged by the Northwest wholesome look, she said it had been easy. Almost too easy. Just five months ago, she had worn make-up, shaved her legs and encased them in nylons, put a ring on her finger and gone down to volunteer at the SOME (Save Our Moral Ethics) offices. Now she was sitting in my living room, slipping off her moccasins, sipping white wine and nervously fingering her thin blonde hair as she told me the story of her months of undercover work.

Teri hadn't been sure what she was looking for when she drove to the anti-gay initiative headquarters. Maybe just some kicks.

But she also wanted to find out how many signatures they'd gotten, see what was in the files and do a little sabotage. She said she wanted to talk to the campaign's leaders. Just listen to the words roll out and try to make some sense of them.

Teri Sanders had her reasons. For starters, she had a gay brother who wasn't happy about it. He blamed it on her, an older sister he thought domineering and aggressive. The second reason was almost academic. Formerly a student in philosophy, she was curious about the religious base and appeal of homophobia. Well, those were the reasons she gave anyway.

Now she'd come to tell me the whole campaign was sexist, more than anything else. I wasn't surprised. Teri is a feminist, so when she said Initiative 13 was more than just "who fucks who" and when she revealed that in SOME's eyes, women were so negligible that they didn't even consider lesbians—only gay men—in their files and conversations, I tended to believe her. But there wasn't anything I could do. Thanks to the Mormons, the Birchers and a couple of police, it would be on the ballot in November. The rest was up to the voters, who hadn't had a real good record lately of standing up for anybody's rights.

Teri's story began on a Wednesday afternoon last April. She drove her gold Datsun to Lake City and circled the building which housed the offices of SOME. But she had to park a couple of blocks away; her bumper sticker didn't fit the decor. It read "Stop Nuclear Power". In front of the modern red brick offices, sprouting from the lawn, was a sign of a different breed. It said "Keep US Out of the UN".

No one was there on her first trip, so she left her name and number and asked them to call.

It didn't take long for the phone to ring. "I thought it was such a formidable opposition," Teri recalled. "But after talking to this woman for five minutes, I realized there was nobody working for them."

"Originally it was Initiative 12, just taking protection for 'sexual orientation' out of the city housing and job ordinances," Teri explained. Her theory was that the cops who started the campaign didn't have anybody to do the office work, so the anti-feminist women of WIN (Women for Integrity in the Nation) offered to help if they'd get rid of the enforcement powers of the Office of Women's Rights. That's what Initiative 13 does, but Teri wasn't quite right when she called this "sexist". It was more than that. It was also racist. Now the Women's Rights cases would be transferred to the Department of Human Rights, adding to its already backlogged caseload of racial discrimination cases, as well as those for sexual discrimination.

Three women from WIN were staffing SOME's offices when Teri walked in her first day. She explained she was engaged to be married and working to save money to buy a mobile home. The story cinched her acceptance. Soon afterwards, one of the women gave Teri their line.

"The eyes of the nation are on Seattle. There are 18½ million homosexuals in the United States and if Initiative 13 doesn't pass, they'll all come to live in Seattle," stated Allyn Carol, president of WIN, in a matter-of-fact tone common to most zealots.

"But if they couldn't get jobs and housing," she continued, "they would cease to be homosexuals." The strategy had a certain convoluted logic of its own. But it belied the Christian ideology it had become so wound up with. Was that any way to treat these so-called "wayward children of God"? I wondered to myself.

Teri worked for SOME before two lesbians walked into that office and poured blood on the files. But she told me there had always been some trepidation on the part of the staff that they were in danger.

Dennis Falk, the co-sponsor of Initiative 13 and a policeman whose most recent claim to fame was shooting a mentally retarded black man in the back in what police like to call "the line of duty", told the women not to worry. "We have guns" was his blunt reassurance.

But it had made Teri nervous. It seems she was nervous a lot. She was still nervous, just sitting there on the couch, talking about cops and guns. I felt myself getting impatient; I wanted to punch the kid. Instead I blurted out, "Well, what'd you expect from a long-time Bircher who used to beat up student radicals in the 60's and is also leading another campaign to ease the trigger fingers on the force?" She got quiet.

And then when she wasn't nervous, Teri started giving long plaintive looks and shook her head when she talked about the women she met who were "really very nice, sweet women." Maybe she was really a sap. She brought them homemade chocolate chip cookies and was impressed by their aggressiveness and intelligence. By this time in her storytelling I was thinking this was probably the most important thing she learned there. But maybe not.

Teri said her sabotage lay in her typing skills. When mailings had to get out, she simply changed the digits. When phone numbers were to be looked up, she improvised. She even volunteered to petition her precinct—but didn't—and said if more like-minded people had done the same, SOME might not have gotten its required number of signatures. As it was, in early spring they were way behind. Teri knew; she had counted.

And then there were the files. One of the staff women, Dotti Roberts, Teri said, had taken her under her wing and opened up the "homosexual literature" file.

"Don't be alarmed," Dotti cautioned. "When I saw it, I was sick for a week, an entire week."

"She showed me these 'hot cock' magazines; it was awful," grimaced Teri. "It was the most humiliating kind of pornography I'd ever seen. I was so shocked I almost told her it was as bad as an heterosexual literature I'd seen." But she held her fiesty tongue. Luckily.

For two days a week after work, Teri was left alone in the SOME offices. "When they were there, I'd be typing away—vroommm—and when she left I'd be

(Continued on page 16)

Police Justice? Falk Found 'Reasonable'

Predictably, a coroner's inquest has concluded that police officer Dennis Falk acted "reasonably" in the killing of black burglary suspect John Rodney on August 19. The split 4-2 decision handed down by six white jurors was based on the police department's archaic shooting policy which allows an officer to shoot to kill any fleeing felony suspect, if the suspect might otherwise escape.

A new, more humane shooting policy, which would have clearly ruled out Falk's action, has been passed by the city council but will not go into effect until November.

The new policy is already being challenged in the November elections by police-sponsored Initiative 15, which, if passed, will bring back the old policy—with its blank check for police to kill.

Inquest testimony may have inadvertently revealed that Rodney died when Falk realized he couldn't negotiate a tall fence which Rodney easily cleared. Falk,

who described his body build as "stout on the heavy side," said, "The fence was so high that if he got over this fence, I would lose sight of him and lose him if I did not fire...by finding a slot in the fence where I could place my revolver I [got a] second chance to stop him."

Falk, a 14 year member of the John Birch Society, was previously co-sponsor of Initiative 13, the anti-gay initiative designed to strip gays and lesbians of their rights to housing and jobs. Recently, however, Falk was removed from overt leadership of the group.

The shooting of Rodney, a five year resident of the Rainier School for the retarded in Buckley, has illustrated the discrimination inherent in shooting any suspect who flees. According to the Public Defenders office, Rodney not only had a pattern of fleeing whenever confronted by police, but also had a difficult time with commands, such as, perhaps, Falk's "Stop, or I'll shoot."



photo by Terri Suss

But then there remains the question of whether or not Falk did yell "Stop, or I'll shoot." Inquest testimony revealed that none of the five witnesses (4 policemen and the owner of the house on whose lawn Rodney died) who heard the shots, heard the alleged warnings...

-C.W./NWP

Herbicidal Miscarriages in Oregon?

In April of this year, eight women from the Alsea area of Oregon informed the Forest Service that among them they have had eleven miscarriages since 1973. The miscarriages occurred in the spring during the same months the Forest Service annually sprays herbicides containing dioxin on the local watersheds.

All of the women had been under the care of a physician and none of the doctors were able to explain the miscarriages when they occurred.

The women wrote to the Forest Service urging a local medical investigation and a halt to spraying until herbicides are proven safe for use in watersheds.

A month later the Alsea Ranger District reported there was nothing that could be done on the local level.

When the story was picked up by a local reporter, it was included in a mid-July CBS telecast on the effects of herbicides. By the end of July, the environmental Protection Agency arranged to meet with the women.

Exercising its usual caution, the EPA maintains that the agency is "uncertain" whether the herbicides are responsible for the miscarriage.

If the agency decides there is a connection between herbicidal spraying and miscarriages it will "consider a broader study of the problem."

---Cascade Magazine

Women v.s. the New York Times

For years the *New York Times* has carefully cultivated its image as the Number One newspaper of record and influential editorialist of liberal establishment values. Recently, however, women employees of the *Times* have filed a discrimination suit which threatens to air the dirty linen of the newspaper's employment practices.

It all began five years ago when a group of *Times* women began meeting among themselves and later with publisher Arthur Sulzberger to discuss their grievances. It was only after they became convinced that they would find no redress through informal "gentlemanly" channels that they contacted attorneys Harriet Rabb and Howard Rubin, directors of Columbia Law School's Employment Rights Project.

Several women formally filed charges with the Equal Employment Opportunity Commission in the spring of 1973, and won a significant point when the federal court ruled that theirs was a class action suit, which meant that they could act on behalf of all female *Times* employees.

According to one male former *Times* executive, sexism does indeed exist there, but in genteel form in keeping with the overall

tone of the paper: "The editors look around furtively before they make their tits-and-ass cracks." Since the initiation of the women's suit, he added, *Times* executives have given a great deal of lip service to hiring and promoting women. But he's skeptical: "Abe Rosenthal (executive editor) would get up at meetings, and moan about 'our problem' and how he wanted to see some blacks and women around the place. Then last year he personally hired three people—all white, middle-class men."

The upcoming trial will at least in part be a war of numbers. Harriet Rabb and her colleagues have amassed a staggering array of statistics purporting to show that the *Times* discriminates against women at all levels, from editors to cleaning women, in hiring, promotions, pay, and assignments.

Rabb's research also turned up a number of less-than-enlightened interoffice memos. One evaluated the "work" of a woman in the circulation department this way: "Very pleasant. Good at shorthand and typing. Her chief ambition is probably to get married. Has a good figure and is not restrained about dressing it to advantage." Another was a response from the Sunday editor

to a *Times* employee who had recommended a female job applicant: "What does she look like? Twiggy? Lynn Redgrave? Perhaps you should send over her vital statistics, or a picture in a bikini." Another point brought forth in a proposed pre-trial order was the fact that a female foreign correspondent—one of the few ever for the *Times*—was once ordered out of Vietnam to cover the Paris fashion collections, something no male war correspondent was ever assigned to do.

For its part the *Times* has marshalled its own statistical analysis which maintains that "there is no systematic pattern of underutilization of women." It is expected that while Harriet Rabb will attempt to prove a pattern of discrimination at the *Times*, the paper's attorney will in many cases be countering that a specific woman didn't get a specific job, raise, or assignment because she just plain wasn't good enough. "The idea of going to trial doesn't fill me with radical fervor, admitted one *Times* woman, But at this point our basic contention is so clear-cut there's just no question of turning back."

-Ms. Magazine

Bite the Bullet

In light of recent attacks on social services in Washington State, legal services are under the gun.

Two Evergreen Legal Services projects are up for refunding this fall and could be easy targets for the governor. Some observers point out that Dixy may not be particularly sympathetic to legal services, especially in view of legal challenges of temporary welfare grants last summer. (See NWP July 31). The State Supreme Court will hear the case brought on behalf of the temporary welfare recipients in early October.

Meanwhile, the Employment Law Project which provides legal services to low income people in Manpower training should be closely watched. Although it has been recommended for refunding by an independent advisory committee, the governor has discretion over program funds.

The Institutional Law Project is also being closely scrutinized and is subject to the governor's recommendation to the legislature when it reconvenes.

In Bellingham, Legal Services Attorneys have other problems. With little local support they are "broke, busted and disgusted" as staff shrinks from eleven to five this fall.

Money from Congress supports the base bones legal services program, paralegal Kathleen Keller explained, while additional support is dependent on local revenue sharing or private contributions. But the local money just isn't coming.

When legal services sued the city of Bellingham over utility shut-offs of low-income residents, local officials withdrew its revenue sharing allocation.

If state and local officials continue to redirect federal monies, Legal Services, like so many other social agencies, will suffer from the paradox of living near a stream and having no water to drink.

---T.S./NWP

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Another Spy Story

"The weakening of the heterosexual bond is ominous", warned the keynote speaker at the National Right to Life Committee convention held last summer in St. Louis, Mo. which attracted over 2,000 participants. Although conventioners were predominately women, men dominated the direction, speakers, and discussions.

The convention launched a "pro-life" movement with two strategies: To elect a majority of "pro-lifers" to Congress; and to organize for a constitutional convention to pass a "Human Life Amendment."

Speakers held training sessions on "how to win power" and offered the best of Madison Avenue selling-techniques to the future activists.

One of the speakers who led these "nuts and bolts" workshops was the director of the Committee for the Survival of a Free Congress, founded by Joseph Coors, to support candidates who oppose busing, abortion, gun control and other liberal legislation.

Another speaker, Robert Sassone, unabashedly encouraged infiltration: "Espionage is not illegal or immoral, have some of your members join NOW. You don't think we'd have gotten this far without people at the top of the opposition... Don't reveal who you are, smile, be friendly and work with them." --CARASA newsletter



photo from In These Times

Not Near Cuba

Holly Near, the singer known for both her leftist, topical songs and her involvement in contemporary women's music, was denied a seat on the U.S. Cultural Delegation to the World Youth Festival in Havana, Cuba, held this month.

The National Preparatory Committee, which organized the 270-person U.S. delegation, cited Ms. Near's lesbianism as a reason for refusing to allow her to participate in the Cuban trip. The committee voted 28 to 3 against her.

-In These Times



Barefoot porters, near Bardomal—photo from *In the Throne Room of Mt. Gods*, G. Rowell.

Whittaker's Strikebreakers on K2

Like the Huskies on their way to the Rose Bowl or the Sonics in their drive for last year's championship, the American mountaineering team on K-2 has been cheered on to greater heights by the dailies. When the first two climbers reached the top, the *P-I*, for instance, rejoiced in front page headlines: "Seattle Team Scales Mighty Mountain."

Led by Jim Whittaker, Seattleite who once sat atop Everest and now sits atop the world's largest recreational equipment business (R.E.I.), the team eventually placed four on the K-2 summit—a first for Americans on this 28,000 foot mountain on the Pakistan-Chinese border.

But amidst all the excitement it can be forgotten that such expeditions, very much an adventure for those involved, are also business ventures. And like any business which needs a large labor force to achieve its goals, such expeditions must negotiate to get the most out of its labor force at the lowest feasible cost.

While the full story of the 1978 expedition is not yet told, an account written by a member (Galen Rowell) of a 1975 expedition with similar aspirations and much the same cast of climbers, reveals how our U.S. mountaineers dealt with their managerial role.

Over 800 men from isolated villages around the Karakoram range gathered hopefully on hiring day in 1975 to carry the 600 loads for the K-2 expedition. The \$4/day job they lined up for would require them to walk over snow and ice for weeks and Rowell notes that it was not possible to make more than a cursory check of their clothing, footwear, or health before moving on the trail. Rowell described their footwear: Some wore only open sandals and others had cheap plastic oxfords, usually without laces and always without socks. Some men actually walked barefoot, and water froze in the cracks of the soles and created large bleeding fissures which healed slowly and painfully."

Backpacks were not of R.E.I. quality... "The porters tied their loads with rope woven from animal hair. Shoulder straps were made of the same narrow ropes; they cut off circulation and limited the carries to only a few minutes before rest was required."

Labor unrest was a problem for the Whittaker expedition. Porters struck soon after the march began and again at Urdukas, the last camp at the glacier's edge. Initial demands included an increase in basic wages, 1/2 pay on layover days and pay for days spent walking back to the villages at the expedition's end. At Urdukas, Rowell termed their requests for higher pay, boots, socks, sunglasses, and tents, "heartrending, but peripheral to the issue...to provide their own supplies and to honor their contract to carry us to the base camp."

The U.S. team grudgingly gave in to a compromise, but not without complaint. Even Joe Coors might have admired brother Lou Whittaker's strike breaking tactics: According to Rowell, Lou told the porters that if the expedition failed at at Ghoro, they would burn all of the equipment and money on the spot and go home empty-handed, without paying them. To underscore the threat, Jim Whittaker took some money from the payroll sack and burned it before the porters' eyes. By the next day virtually all the porters had agreed to go on.

But there was one dissenter to the hard line negotiating team on expedition—Dianne Roberts (the only woman and J. Whittaker's wife) who wrote the following comments in her diary:

"Team members talking about how we're getting ripped off. What shit!... We'll still leave this country with far more than we've given the people here... We invade their land, their culture and expect everything to run the way it goes in America...we need some humility, both towards the people and the mountain. What arrogant, cold bastards we can be."

—Chris Wagner

A Women's 'Welcome Place' in Skid Road

"When I came here to Skid Road, what I first heard was 'There are no families living here. There are no children in Skid Road,' said Thelma Willaford, director of the Lutheran Compass Center (LCC). The center, located in the Pioneer Square area of Seattle, has been serving up shelter, food, referrals, and friendship to Skid Road men since the early 1920's.

"But we knew there were women out there too. We could see them sometimes hanging around," continued Thelma, "They're just not as visible as the men. There were times when men would come to the Wed. night dinners and take home extra food for the woman there who was too embarrassed to come."

So Thelma and two other center women workers got together to see what they could do to provide services to women.

"I started by approaching United Way," explained Thelma. (United Way, Church contributions, and some city dollars are the major funding sources of LCC). "The response we got was that we would have to prove there were women out there who needed services." The women, then began devoting time to collecting the statistical information and going around to hotels and taverns to meet with women. And they found that there were women living in Skid Road, most with children, and many who are in need of some type of emergency shelter, food, medical or referral services.

"The greatest need for anyone is emergency low cost housing and food," stressed Thelma. Unfortunately LCC is unable to provide one of these services to women.

"We have a 68-bed dormitory style temporary housing facility which is available to men only and 10 single rooms which we proposed be used for women, but the board decided to reinstate a residential alcohol resocialization program instead." "The only thing we know of for women needing emergency housing is the "Friendly Inn" down the street and if it were a hotel there would always be a no vacancy sign outside."

LCC has now been provided with funds to begin a woman's service program—"Woman's Welcome Place." Though still small it has been able to begin offering information and assistance in medical and legal services, housing, employment, nutrition, and importantly a supportive atmosphere in which positive self-images can grow.

"We are trying to assist them in reordering and reclaiming their lives," said Thelma, "And when trust is developed, most want very much a chance to escape and to determine a new way of life for themselves."

Response to the program is slow, but growing, says another LCC worker. "Many of the street women aren't aware of it yet. Our past approach of leaflets and posting flyers just doesn't reach them. The direct outreach methods of hanging out and talking to people has been successful, but it takes time to build the needed rapport."

And having more services for women has had an effect on the men at LCC too. "Sure they complain about having to make way for the women every Thursday. But there's a difference in them that day you can't fail to notice. They really take a lively interest in things." Best yet, last



Lonely alleyway in Skid Road, Seattle
Photo by Madeline Magone

week when some women and their children came to "Women's Welcome Place," a group of men did the child care, turning up crayons and paper, and providing money for milk from their own pockets.

—C.W./NWP

Hetero-Assault

According to national and regional reports, the vast majority of child molesters are male heterosexuals who attack female children.

The Seattle Sexual Assault Project at Harborview Medical Center has reviewed over 1,000 cases in the past 4 1/2 years. Their findings show that over 95% of all child molestation is committed by heterosexual men. Of the 251 cases reviewed in 1977, it was found that 90% of the victims were female and 10% male. The male victims were molested primarily by men who were heterosexually oriented.

—Women against Thirteen

Frank talks by Ed #2

Run from your life!
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by Hylah Jacques

Alice Walker was in Seattle over Labor Day weekend to give a reading at Bumbershoot. I had an opportunity to speak with her afterward, and although the business of catching a plane limited our time together we were soon in the thick of a variety of subjects.

Ms. Walker's impressive diversity of published work has received critical acclaim and earned for her a well-deserved reputation. *Revolutionary Petunias & Other Poems* was nominated for a National Book Award in 1974 and her collection of short stories, *In Love & Trouble*, won. The National Institute of Arts & Letters presented its Richard and Hinda Rosenthal Award for literary achievement to her novel *Meridian*. She has also written *Once*, a collection of poems, *The Third Life of Grange Copeland*, her first novel, and *Langston Hughes, American Poet*, a biography for children. Her essays and articles have appeared in numerous journals and magazines, and she has been a contributing editor of *Ms*.

If you did not have the opportunity to hear Alice Walker's fine reading at the City Arts Festival, it will be broadcast on KRAB-FM on Tuesday, October

HJ: When did you start writing?

AW: I've written for almost as long as I can remember but I started keeping it when I was eight. I started publishing when I was at Spelman College and that first story I read, "To Hell With Dying", was published when I was a senior at Sarah Lawrence--so I've been publishing since then.

HJ: You grew up in the South?

AW: Yes.

HJ: How do you feel about the South as it is today, particularly in terms of the racism? Has it changed substantially from the time you were growing up to the way it is now?

AW: Oh yeah; there's no question about it. It's changed very much. In fact, if all of the losses that we sustained during the 60's did anything, it changed the South. But New York City is racist too. What you think of as racism is really a sort of anonymity that gets termed racism. It's like expecting after so many years and years of abuse that people are going to turn around and accept you for what you say you are and what you say you mean.

HJ: How did you get into politics? Was there a particular key incident that opened your eyes?

AW: I think without a doubt in '60 or '61--whenever we got a television set-- I would come home from school and watch Martin Luther King and students being beaten and jailed. That made it impossible for me not to be political. Although I don't have any blind faith in the "group" or the "leader". There have been some that I have admired and respected more than others.

HJ: How did you feel about King?

AW: Oh, I loved him.

HJ: And did you agree with his philosophy of non-violence?

AW: I agreed with it because I knew that it was correct for the place and time that he applied it. Nothing else would have worked in the South. Absolutely nothing. He knew that and I think that's part of the genius of his mind and his feelings. It would not--and in fact it didn't--work in the North. You have to apply what would work and I don't know what would work in the North.

HJ: What effect do you think the riots in Detroit, Chicago and Watts had?

AW: I think that one of the effects was that the government, in trying to squelch the rioting and bring us back to a low profile, gave us dollars, dribbles and dabs of assistance. But of course as soon as things quieted down they took it back. I don't really see that the rioting did a whole lot of long range good and I don't see that the government's response did anything but make us as distrustful as we were before. And it was clear at all times that the police functioned as the military arm of the government. So while they were establishing daycare centers or whatever, the cops were there to keep order.

HJ: What's going on now and what do you think is needed?

Alice Walker

"... the poetry helps me through the night, the short stories are art, and the novels are real life."

AW: I know that there's a backlash against minorities and women. It's very clear that we have to be much more organized, but I have such a reluctance to embrace the system that I can't get excited about people getting into it. For example women and what is happening to us: we want very much to be in control and be a part of things but that very eagerness often means that we aren't going to change anything--we'll just be there very much the way men have. I think that feminists have not looked deeply enough into themselves to try to counter that. It's very disheartening for example to know that even though it's supposed to be impossible to be feminist and racist that in fact there are racist feminists.

HJ: That's something I've recently become aware of in myself. I've never considered myself in any way to be a racist and yet I've had difficulty feeling comfortable with Black women. Black men I have no trouble with, but Black women I have felt some sort of obstacle.

AW: Probably because you didn't have the trouble with the Black men. If you'd had more trouble with Black men you would have had less trouble with Black women. This is something that white feminists will really have to look at because they cannot have it both ways. It's historically impossible.

HJ: In *Meridian* you deal with the idea

of ambivalence. I'm thinking of the passage where Truman says, "Your ambivalence will always be deplored by revolutionists and your unorthodox behavior will cause traditionalists to gnash their teeth." What do you mean by this in terms of action taken toward changing the system?

AW: I think that ambivalence is probably the artist's ambivalence. There are people who can stand by their ambivalence because they have a long range view of getting in and making changes. Women have to get into these positions, and maybe they won't be as slack as a man. It's just that so far things look bleak. *Meridian's* ambivalence is that which anyone would have to have knowing human nature and history, and seeing that not all revolutionaries are good. For every Fidel Castro, whom I consider a good revolutionary, there are a handful of South American dictators who could care less about the people--they're just dictators. But they too had a revolution. So, ambivalence.

HJ: Another theme I admire in your work is the struggle of the people--of inch by inch...

AW: Half an inch, sometimes...

HJ: Yes, over generations...

AW: Well, that's it, you see: the people that I admire are long-haul people and I



Photo by Terri Sues

have nothing but dislike and disregard for anyone who thinks changing society takes less than years and generations. One of our problems has been that we are so conditioned to believe in the instant we have made short range gains and then had them wiped out. This happens with all minorities and women and a lot of it isn't our fault...we have worked hard and long...but sometimes it's a matter of insufficiently raised consciousness...All oppressed people at some point fight.

HJ: What I find most admirable about your novels, particularly the *Third Life of Grange Copeland*, is your ability to get to the heart of the very sensitive and tragic conditions under which Black people have lived in the South. It's incredible to me that you got yourself to a point where you could be objective and unflinching in the portrayal of it.

AW: Well, for many years after I wrote that book I was not able to read it--except for little marginal sections that don't engage what the real positions are--and the same is true of *Meridian*. In fact, I brought both of those novels on this trip to Seattle thinking that at some point I really have to begin reading from them. But I think I am working my way toward that. It's not easy. But it's not as painful as it was. If I had to describe the forms that I write in--and I write in all forms except plays--I would say that the poetry helps get me through the night, the short stories are art, and the novels are real life; not always *my* real life, but they are true to life. You know, art per-

mits you to stand back in a way that reality does not. Life really gets a hold on you!

HJ: So it's the creative process that helps you objectify it.

AW: I think if didn't write I wouldn't exist. I don't think I'd live without some form of putting a distance between me and it.

HJ: In your novels and short stories you often portray a sort of warrior strength in the child. Where does your affinity for the child come from?

AW: At the center of my morality, as I've often said, is the child. My first reaction to anything is: what will this do to the child? If I plan a novel a child is somewhere at the center of it because the child is at the center of life. And I think they have to be warriors. Children can so easily grow up unformed psychologically and often physically because of what they encounter in the culture.

HJ: You've travelled to Uganda and Kenya. How long were you in Africa?

AW: A summer.

HJ: What was it like?

AW: Uganda is very beautiful. Lots of green hills and mist comes and covers the tops of them. I was living on top of a hill and it was like living in a cloud. The people--beautiful and graceful people--are, as you know, being decimated at an alarming rate by Idi Amin. I thought the family I lived with had been killed and I went back to Uganda to find out what had happened to them. I learned that they had

is done in the name of white America as any part of my heritage. I have a distinct cultural and political history in this country of which I am very proud. And the best way I can show that is by saying I am a *Black American*--not American, which people always think of as white. I was once in Finland and someone said to me, 'You're a *Black American*? Gee...I didn't know they had any!' They of course think of Americans as blonde, blue-eyed, rather British types.

HJ: How do you feel about the metamorphic qualities of the Black dialect and having it available to you as a Black writer?

AW: I do think that part of the beauty of the Black culture is the flexibility of language. I don't use any Northern hip slang for example in my writing because the beauty of the language that I know is Southern where it's just as creative. The rhythms within the Black culture are very different. What throws people about the Southern dialect is that you just have to slow down. My mother's natural way of speaking is to embroider what she says with metaphors and parables. I think the most remarkable difference, along with the language, is the music. It's interesting though that as an oppressed group we just get ripped off all the time. It puts us in a different place altogether. I think it's possible that what oppression does is make you tenacious about what you want to do. If it's singing you just keep singing. And then there's the whole thing of people thinking they can actually *steal* music. They steal some things but they can't steal the truthness. So, to be exact about what I am, there's no other way of saying it: Black American. The aim of many Americans seems to be to merge and lose all the distinct qualities that make one person unique from another. Many Americans feel it is unnecessary to know anything about their heritage beyond two generations. But I think that's ridiculous. You need to be as much yourself as you can possibly be.

HJ: And that entails knowing where you've come from...

AW: Oh yes. You know, I have a picture of my great-great-great-grandmother who lived to be 125 years old and I take it with me everywhere I go. She was a slave who walked from Virginia to Georgia carrying two children--and needless to say nobody offered her a ride or thought she might be tired. And when she got there she was sold for \$2,000. Then she proceeded to outlive everybody in the county. And the secret of longevity, according to her, is that you never cover up your throat. So I have a picture of this woman that was taken when she was 90, leaning on a cane with her throat exposed! And when I look at her and think of her life, she's not anywhere near what white America is. That's my heritage.

In These Dissenting Times

To acknowledge our ancestors means we are aware that we did not make ourselves, that the line stretches all the way back, perhaps, to God; or to Gods. We remember them because it is an easy thing to forget: that we are not the first to suffer, rebel, fight, love and die. The grace with which we embrace life, in spite of the pain, the sorrows, is always a measure of what has gone before.

—Alice Walker, *Fundamental Difference*

Fighting For Crumbs

by Terri Sues

"Tax revolt" is spelling one thing for an already oppressed women's rights movement-- disaster. As property owners and their representatives in Congress and the state legislature (mostly men) talk of "belt tightening", "paying one's own way" and of "cutbacks in social services", they are talking of further eroding poor peoples' (read: women and children's) channels for escaping poverty.

It may come as some surprise, but there is poverty in the Great Northwest. And poverty here, as well as nationwide, is distinctly a women's problem. It is fundamental to all women's rights because the profile of poverty is often the profile of a single woman with children. Women are poorer if they choose to have children and then find themselves trying to raise them alone. Women who, for many different reasons, live away from a man and his earning power often find that they do not have access to education, meaningful work, comparable wages, or adequate child care. That's three strikes against women with children, trying to live their own lives.

Kay Thode of the Seattle Urban League has been a constant champion of rights and programs to benefit all those who have been excluded from decent food, clothing, shelter, education and jobs. She has done exhaustive research to describe who the poor are and what they are up against. And she supports a tax program to raise more, not less, money to meet the public service needs of all citizens as well as the special needs of those who do not have access to financially rewarding jobs.

One good indicator of poverty is how much money an individual or family has to spend to meet basic needs. In the U.S. today the poverty level as set by the Community Services Administration for a family of four is \$6,200.

As Kay Thode explains, "The poverty level was initially based on three times the cost of the U.S. Depart. of Agriculture's Economy Diet -- a diet intended for temporary emergency use which will not sustain good nutrition. Later the method of deriving the poverty figure was revised and tied to the cost of living index. Today, under that formula, the poverty level is even less than the three times the Economy Diet and has declined from 49 per cent of the median family income in 1959 to 36.8 per cent of median family income today."

It's important to remember that poor people are not only those trying to survive on welfare and unemployment. Our society has a large number of persons who are working at minimum wage, \$2.65 an hour, 40 hours per week for 50 weeks a year and are earning \$5,300 per year. That's roughly \$1,000 less than the defined poverty level.

It's easy to imagine that a good percentage of these "working poor" are women, when we stop to consider that on the average women earn only 75 percent of what men earn for comparable work in Washington State. Nationally, it's 60 percent.

According to 1975 statistics, 8.5 percent of the people in Washington state -- over 300,000 people, most of them women and children-- were living on incomes below the poverty level.

Those who can't find a minimum wage job have the option of going on welfare. But as low as the poverty level is, the welfare grants are even lower. After all, businesses must have some "incentive" to keep people working at less than poverty-level wages.

In Washington State this year, the \$439 monthly grant for a family of four is \$5,268 per year or only 85 percent of the 1978 poverty income level. As Kay Thode explains: A welfare grant of \$439 per month for a family of four allows \$144 per month for rent. Where does one find a house or apartment for a family with children in a city with a one percent vacancy rate for that kind of money? It allows \$179 per month for food. That's little over \$10 per week per person. And \$33 per month for clothing.

on minimum wage, corporate profits in Washington State and nationally are breaking records.

In 1977 Pacific Northwest Bell's earnings after taxes totalled over \$122 million -- up 17 percent from 1976. Boise Cascade Corporation reports record earnings for the second quarter of 1978 -- netting over \$40 million. Nationally, Common Cause reports \$136 billion is lost each year through tax loopholes for the rich. And in 1976, 17 major corporations with combined incomes of \$2.5 billion paid no federal income tax.

Consider who is carrying the tax burden: Between 1941 and 1970 working people's proportion of federal taxes increased from 45 to 68 per cent while corporations' share declined from 55 to 32 percent!

No wonder working people are susceptible to "tax revolt" talk. But there is a missing link. It's not that the entire tax role needs to be reduced to "ward off welfare chislers". It's that our subsidies to defense contractors and the highway contractors need to be shifted toward labor intensive programs such as education, social/legal/ and health services, and public transportation. And the rich should be paying their fair share



"We have guaranteed poverty to almost 100,000 children, the 45,000 aged, blind and disabled and 50,000 to 60,000 other adults in this state who depend on public assistance for their subsistence," she said.

"And the working poor earning less than poverty level incomes working full time, year round at minimum wage are even worse off, she added, "since they frequently do not have access to services available to welfare poor."

With the current tax revolt sentiment urging that public services for all be cut back, it is women with children working at low wages or fighting the maze of welfare red tape who are hit the hardest. The poor have no alternatives to public transportation, public education, subsidized legal services and health care.

In Seattle between February 1968 to February 1978 the Consumer Price Index for all items rose 81.9 percent. While few working people have seen such increases in their wages, Kay Thode points out, people on welfare are having an even harder time getting by one monthly grants that have risen only 49.4 percent in the past ten years. Some call it "starvation on the installment plan", Kay Thode calls it "state-sanctioned child abuse."

According to further research, Kay Thode has found that the total federal public assistance payments amount to less than \$10 billion per year out of a total federal budget of \$465 billion.

In Washington State the total commitment to public assistance amounts to 4.7 percent of the total state budget. Yet, while people are trying to wade through the red-tape of welfare or make ends meet

as we move to a more human society.

Considering the tax relief of the past ten years, with reduced levies and the elimination of sales tax on food, Kay Thode foresees a time when the state will have to adopt an income tax. She is working closely with People for Fair Taxes to find an equitable tax structure that will raise enough money to meet the public service needs for poor and non-poor alike. But the battle to win equitable taxes will be a long one, she says. And in the meantime, people depending on state services to supplement their low incomes and those depending on welfare will be finding themselves to be much poorer.

"It's just to a lot of peoples' advantage to keep the poor disunited and fighting for crumbs," she said. "Current funding for public services and for welfare is totally inadequate and people are being led down the garden path by Proposition 13. The only ones who will be better off with tax cuts are large property holders. The slight reduction in property taxes individuals will receive will eliminate services for needy people to everyone's detriment. I know of a family in California who will be saving \$500 on taxes, but they'll now have to spend \$2,500 a year for the deaf child's education."

"People in power like to capitalize on the taxpayers' fears and anxiety, to keep them working harder and harder to stay where they are. It's easy to make the poor the scapegoat. It's much more comfortable to believe the poor are the problem, and to identify with those in power. It's a defense mechanism -- and certainly it's working very well today."

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Classified for Life:

The Dilemma For Interracial Children

by Jean Williams

School days got off to a confusing start this fall; mass busing, total integration (though not necessarily in the classroom) and the teachers' strike. Seeing the inevitability of it, Seattleites have accepted it all with little fuss. An integral part of this overall complex program is the federal forms for racial designation. The parents and/or students choose one racial category, and just one, to place their child federally and permanently in a racial group. It is the insistence of checking only one racial category which is the concern of the recently formed group, Citizens for Classification of Interracial Children (CCIC).

Members of CCIC take exception to the federal government's classifications of race and are asking that provisions be made to identify inter-racial children—to acknowledge that they do, in fact, exist.

Chances of reaching their goals by the 1980 census were good at the beginning but time is quickly running out. However, there will be another count of persons in 1985 and CCIC members believe they'll win an "inter-racial" classification by then.

This would seem to affect a small group but in fact the number of children of dual or plural racial heritage and products of mixed marriages is growing. Especially in Seattle the number of these children seems more evident each year. There is a need for them to define themselves. The catch-all category "other" is not acceptable as a definition. Nor will the authorities allow you to label yourself a "minority"; you must break it down with one of the chosen titles.



Jean French and son

Photo by Madeline Magone

With these given choices, and the federal government demanding this definition, racism in this country has become institutionalized. Labeling the child by merely looking at its physical appearance or by automatically grouping the child with the minority parent is a hold-over from slavery.

During slavery times one 'drop of Black blood' was enough to be considered Black. The majority of the mothers at the time were minority women when an inter-racial child was conceived. White women were 'protected' by law and vigilante measures from sexual contact with minority men but heads were discretely turned should a white man have a minority mistress or casual encounter resulting in pregnancy.

Today, mothers and fathers are both white and minority. They feel an equal responsibility and love. They want their children to be a part of both their heritages, whatever those may be. They want their child to be known as inter-racial.

Keeping track of the races

When a child chooses to be identified with one culture he rejects the other. This causes a divisiveness within the family unit, similar to the divisiveness set up by the welfare system. This divisiveness is being perpetrated by the school forms.

The need for any categories has been questioned. The answer is, 'to keep track of the races'. How accurate is this when there is no category for interracial children? Not only are there no categories for children who have one minority and one majority parent, neither are there categories for the many other possibilities such as Black/Japanese. Not only must the person filling out the forms choose between backgrounds they may be equally attached to, but this decision stays with them for life, documented by the federal government.

These children and their families desire a sanctioned identity which is long past due. There should be nothing startling in their request. They are merely asking the rest of the country to catch up. If not, these children will continue to be pawns of economic and social trend-caught in the middle, literally.

The issue is being ignored and treated as superficial and frivolous. Whites are asking, "why all the fuss? They would still be labeled as minorities". Black groups range from just playing it safe (taking no stand) to being concerned about losing federal monies should many persons presently called 'Black' be siphoned off into another category. Other minority groups, such as Native Americans, share the same fear.

What is being done? Well, thanks to a local woman with a flair for reaching the media and getting results, much is being done.

Jean French, herself the mother of an inter-racial child and President of CCIC, began this crusade for personal reasons. But many parents of inter-racial children who have had similar experiences have joined her.

It is not unusual to find Jean at the head of CCIC. She has had a lifetime of taking action to support her beliefs. She lived in the South from 1967-74 with a Black husband and in a Black-oriented world. During that time she worked professionally with jazz musicians and wrote a regular column in the jazz magazine "It's About Time". She has had many successful years as a promoter and publicist. At one time she organized a

successful benefit for Dr. Martin Luther King.

Though she has lived a more quiet public life since moving to Seattle, she certainly has not been idle. In 1977 she persuaded the mayor to proclaim Big Brothers' Day. Her son and his big brother, Brad Doyle, local attorney, promoted it on television and in the papers. Later, when Rainier Bank wouldn't accept her son's account due to lack of I.D. (he was seven or eight at the time) she contacted the papers and as a result received an account and an apology.

When she was sent a letter in the mail from the school with a copy of her son's record, a letter which showed 'inter-racial' scratched out and the title 'Black' written in by some unknown hand, "I believe it was just a matter of the right person being in the right place at the desired time to take action," she protested. Thinking that it was 'Black' she disliked, the school changed it to 'White'. Angry at the confusion and lack of understanding, she called the newspapers and they in turn called the school district. Saturday she and her son made the papers, Sunday the story and picture were in the other local newspapers and Monday she received a call from student relations. Another woman had voiced the same discontent, they said. Perhaps they could work together. The coalition was formed.

A letter and telegram have been sent to President Carter, without an answer. Many people in government are backing this issue however. The school board says they are supportive but claim to be stopped by federal limitations. She and CCIC have had tremendous support from individuals through phone calls and letters promising interest and help. KRAB radio has offered to accept mail for her and has taped a broadcast dealing with the issue.

Sixty-five households are now members. Membership is determined by the family since this is a family issue. There are also single members, single parent members and not all members are inter-racial or have inter-racial children.

She is hampered by time and money. At the time of this writing the budget consists of \$84.84. This amount was given with a rueful smile but far from a defeatist attitude.

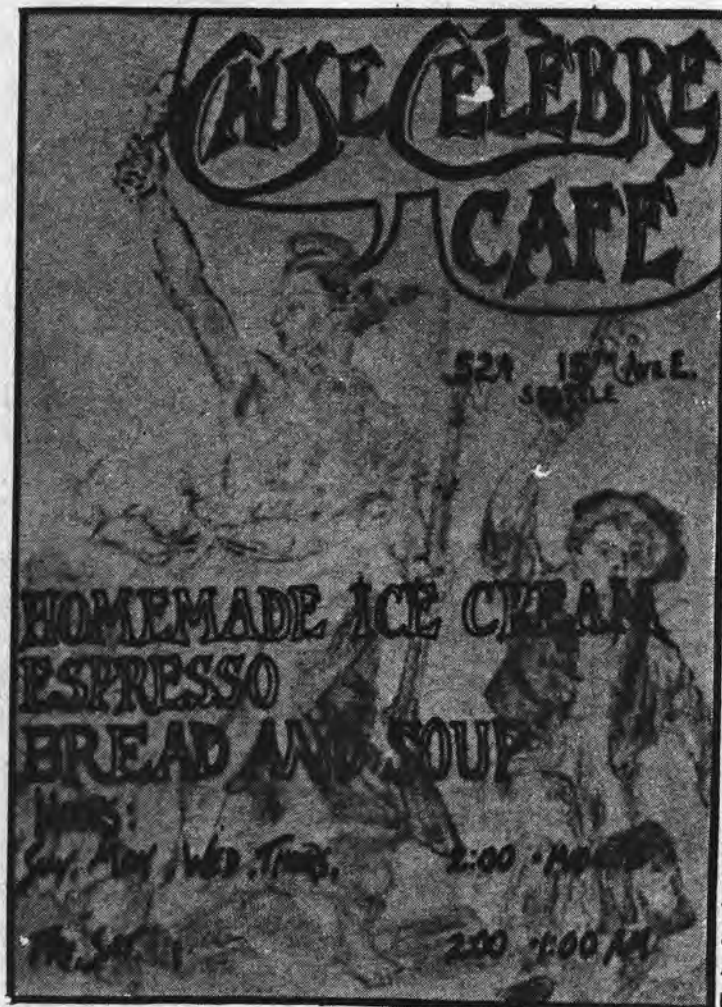
I saw Ms. French first when she was speaking at a CCIC meeting. I wanted to speak with her, interested in the subject and its impact on federal regulations and funds. She was an engaging speaker who seemed to know her facts. Meeting her at her home a week later I saw the other side of her which is rich in life and warmly accepting.

Though Jean fights for what she believes, she is extremely non-judging. She feels the category 'inter-racial' needs to be included so that these persons can totally accept themselves for who they are.

"When you accept yourself, then, you can live in today's society," she says. She is doing this for her son and others like him.

"While I have two hands and a heart that's still beating, I'm going to do something. I don't have much money to leave him, but I want to leave my son his own identity when I die."

It is a big task and one that when resolved may have long-range implications. "Which is more important," she asks, "people or government and rules?" Someone forgot to tell Ms. French about not fighting city hall; she says, "One of his parents does not exist—Me! Who is the government to tell me, after fifty years on this earth, that I do not exist?"



WOMEN IN OFFICES TALK BACK

No respect . . . and no free lunches

by Sally Kinney

The associate chairman of the department I work in at the UW strode into my office and stood in front of my desk.

'What's this I hear about you not going to lunch with us Tuesday?'

Here we go. 'It isn't anything personal, I would just rather not...'

'What's the matter with me and Professor C. taking you girls...excuse me, women...out to lunch for National Secretaries Week?'

'It's a nice gesture, but isn't it up to us whether we go or not?' (Attempt at a laugh) 'Actually, if you want to show appreciation, I need a raise.' I really wasn't joking.

'Well, so does everyone. I haven't had one for a while.' He makes about \$40,000 a year. 'Of course, you never do go to lunch with us, do you?'

'OK, if he doesn't want to be nice, neither do I. 'Yes, I do, when I want to and when it seems appropriate. This doesn't seem appropriate any more. You don't do this for the guys in the shops, do you? And we don't ever take you out to lunch, do we?'

'Well, hell, what's the matter with being gentlemanly? You gals want to take all the fun out of...'

'Did you ask us what we might like as a token of appreciation? If you had, maybe we...' Maybe I'd better shut up before I suggest very bluntly that he and the chairman shouldn't assume that their company at lunch was such a treat.

'Well, I hope you realize that you're the only one not going.' He marched out.

I found out later that only two of six women staff members went to the lunch. The others who didn't go made plausible excuses, or simply no excuse. The two who went thought the rest of us were nuts for turning down a free lunch. We thought they were nuts for thinking it was 'free.'

(Author's personal experience)

Several weeks after I had the preceding encounter, I read a book called *Women, Money and Power* by Phyllis Chesler. The reasons why my boss and I communicated so poorly seemed a little clearer after I had read the book.

Chesler suggests that clerical workers are often seen by the men they work with as being 'family' women--that is, they are the office equivalents of the men's mothers or wives, performing needed services, perhaps given indulgent affection by the men, but not taken seriously as far as work is concerned. Men (and, unfortunately, some managerial and professional women) who hold this view of female office workers cannot conceive of them actually deriving any real satisfaction from their work per se. So clerical workers' satisfaction (and their necessary 'adjustment' to their office roles) must be spurred by institutionalized personal gestures, such as the boss taking them out to lunch. When women reject these gestures, it screws the whole system up. It makes our bosses wonder what we want *instead*.

Actually, we're very seldom asked what we want. We're usually told--by management and, recently, by women who either have never worked in offices or have gone on to more traditionally 'male' jobs. Management lets us know, covertly, that we are low-status employees, while overtly we're told they can't 'afford' to pay us more. And our rising sisters say we should get out of the office, because we're simply pandering to the male power structure.

I thought it might be interesting to find out directly what clerical workers feel, by asking them. I talked with some friends who've held a wide variety of office jobs during their lives, and the following accounts are a few shortened versions of those conversations.



Gail:
"They
Don't
Know How To Do
What We Do..."

Gail is now 33, doing part-time bookkeeping while her third child is still an infant. She has 17 years' experience in offices, the last nine of those years being spent as a single mother, the sole support of her children.

'I generally get a good feeling from my work. But I did a lot of things for years that I would never do now, because I was taught it was my 'place' to do them. I took blame for things that weren't my fault.

'Now I won't let it be put on me. I have more self-confidence because I've realized what I can actually do. When you're just starting out in office work, you make one mistake and go home and say to yourself, 'I'm not earning the money I'm making.' Unless you work with really aware people--and years ago they weren't--you have to give yourself praise because they won't.

'There is definitely not enough respect given to clerical workers in general. One day while I was working at the UW a graduate student said to me, 'Well, after all, you can make mistakes because you're just a secretary.' As though he was infallible because he was a graduate student, even though he behaved like a real bastard. So I told him I would endeavor, while he was there, to train him to be respectful of the secretary he would probably have someday. That would be part of his graduate school training.

'His attitude is typical, and it affects how we see ourselves as workers. When we go to a party and someone says, 'What do you do?' and we'd rather say *anything* than 'I'm a secretary', something's wrong.

'For us to command respect for what we do, we'll have to stop apologizing for it. Or downgrading the skills we've acquired by saying, 'I'm just doing this until I can find something better', or 'until I get my degree' or various other excuses.'

'If all the clerical workers quit tomorrow, the whole society would shut down. Because they don't know *how* to do what we do.'

Sue:

"I've Felt
Unused"

At 24, Sue has 4 years' experience and will get her BA in psychology next year. She's worked entirely on college campuses where she has been studying, in both straight-clerical and research-clerical jobs, in the fields of psychiatry, nursing and engineering.

'As far as people's attitudes toward me as an office worker, it helps when they know I'm in school training for a 'real' career. Most jobs I've had, everyone's known I'm a student, so I've never been 'known' as a secretary. When I worked for a psychiatrist, he would give me journal articles to read that he knew I'd be interested in, and he'd get me in on sessions they had, so it wasn't just clerical work. But on this job (receptionist), I'm treated like a part-time flunky. When I worked in Nursing there was an all-female staff and they had a different feeling--we were all real close. A lot of them had been secretaries before and they knew what it was like. But with all-male engineers, none of them know what it's like, and few care.'

'I don't know what can be done about attitudes toward clerical workers. Women who've gone to college can flaunt their degrees and that brings attention to the fact that they might have something on the ball. But that doesn't help women who *don't* have degrees. Getting some comradeship among ourselves would help. And we should dress to be seen more seriously.. not jeans and stuff, but suit jackets, tailored stuff.

'In this job, I've felt 'unused'. I've done outside thesis typing to help myself feel I was really working, using my typing skills. It's been a way of making myself feel good about working--the only way, really.'

Judy: "Show Me Some Respect"

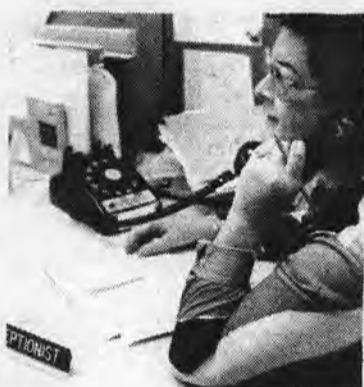


Judy is a black woman of 38 who has a regal, imperturbable beauty that belies the frustration she feels with some of the conditions of her life. A single mother of two daughters, essentially their sole support, she has been working in offices for about 20 years.

'Because I've done secretarial work so long, I've gotten efficient. But people make it hard to get pleasure from it. One day a friend came into the office and I was through with everything, and he said, 'Oh, you've really been working', and I said, 'Yes, I'm very efficient', kind of joking but I meant it, and then he said, 'Well, they just haven't given you enough.' Usually, you really don't *start* anything yourself. What you're responsible for is what someone else has already initiated and written down; you just get to type it up. What's frustrating me is that I work for someone now who has a PhD but who is, I'm really convinced, completely incompetent. He's reached the Peter Principle point, he's not doing anything but wasting money and time. But because I'm a secretary, nobody's going to listen to me. And I feel I have some really good ideas, if they'd listen. They buy equipment that I have to use, and it's a waste of money, but I'm not asked about it. And I'm not asked about the arrangement of the room I have to work in.

'There's only one job I've had that offered any real satisfaction, working for a woman. I felt like I was really an important part of the operation. But generally, we're just treated like different grades of flunkies. That will only change when men start getting into these jobs. The titles will change, they will get paid better, there'll be respect for it.

'As far as what we can do about it, I only know what I'm going to do on an individual basis. I'm going to decide how I want to be treated. I'm going to say, 'I don't want to be treated like a piece of furniture. I don't work for you but *with* you. Show me some respect. I give it to you, not because you're my boss, but because you're a human being. I want the same thing from you.'



Sharon: "We Can Define Our Jobs"

Sharon is 38 and has been working in offices in both clerical and 'men's' jobs for 20 years. During her working years, she also obtained her librarianship degree, but there are few openings in this field and she expects to do some form of office work indefinitely. She is an extremely competent person in a number of areas, with a mechanical aptitude that outstrips that of some of the mechanical engineering professors she types for.

'When I was doing 'men's' jobs, I was given automatic respect, much more than when I was doing clerical work. But I like clerical work, because it's production. You can take this rough mess at point A, and end up over here at point B with a very well-done, esthetically pleasing job. You can measure what you've done; your *in-basket* is a foot high and at the end of the day it can be empty, or half-full; you can see what you've done.

'Clerical work takes skill. There are a lot of people I don't want to work with because they have no pride in their work, and that just emphasizes the fact that

there *is* skill involved. To become a good production typist, or to work with graphics, or word processing machines--any type of specialty--takes skill and brains. A lot of people are stuck on the secretary-model that was given them in the old 40's radio show, 'My Friend Irma', the blond who did office work because she was too dumb to do anything else. Some women are *still* acting like Irma because they think they have to play that part.

'I worked with a man who once said that women in the clerical field were a necessary evil. They did jobs men wouldn't do. Maybe today's men *would* want to do some of these jobs, if they got good *PAY* and respect, but watching how women are treated and underpaid, it sure doesn't encourage them.

'We've got to re-educate society about clerical work. After all, men did this for thousands of years; they were the clerks, the scribes. Then when the typewriter came in in the early 1900's, and men left for World War I, women started moving into offices. And men figured what the women were doing was no longer suitable for them, it was 'beneath' them. So what is now considered traditional women's work was historically *men's* work--and then it was respected, and rewarded.

'Women themselves have got to change their own attitudes. We've got to stop doing the things we find detrimental to our professionalism, just because a man (or woman, if she's boss) asks us to. *We* can define our jobs, just as other professionals do.'

"...The Social Value Of The Worker..."

The four women quoted above are, from my experience, fairly representative of today's office women. They are far more representative than the two traditional stereotypes most often connected with the

phrases 'clerical worker' or 'secretary': the private secretary who is a handmaiden to her (usually male) boss, or the plodding clerk who has worked at the same desk in the same office doing the same tasks for 40 years. These two cliched images are dying due equally, I think, to the rise of feminism and the realization by management that these particular roles are an inefficient use of manpower.

But generally, though office workers' attitudes are becoming more assertive and/or frustrated, management attitudes are still lagging behind. The comparatively low pay scale of the clerical worker persists despite recent efforts to implement comparable-worth job studies. As Gloria Steinem said in the March 77 Ms. '...(female workers) are paid according to the social value of the worker, not the intrinsic nature of the work.' Steinem went on to note also that clerical jobs, along with other 'work areas traditionally occupied by women, are usually non-unionized. Even such existing unions that, would or could organize such workers are rarely helpful.' She concludes with the theory that 'the work revolution we need isn't the toleration of a few women in 'male' professions. It will begin with the rise of the pink-collar workers.'

My clerical worker friends appear to agree with this theory. Most display a strong, practical feminism, but they don't think the answer to their job problems is to become carpenters or machinists (or managers) unless they really *want* to do that kind of work. Some do, and are using clerical work as a means of temporary support. Others view it as a career, and they, especially, resent the growing tendency of other women to tell them they should get out of the field entirely. After years of being devalued by the men they work with, they don't need that from women too. Sexism compounded with classism takes a heavy toll of these women, emotionally and financially.

As far as what can be done, the women I talked with are not sure, and certainly are not unanimous in their choices of action. Most, at this point, distrust the worth of unions to them, and feel that individual action is the only clear course. But though their feelings about their particular jobs and the treatment they've received vary, a common thread runs through their comments.

All feel they have skills. They feel these skills are often undervalued, and underpaid.

And they don't want to be treated like 'family' women any more.

Giving Credit Where Credit Is Due

What local financial institution is closed on February 15? (Hint: it's Susan B. Anthony's birthday.)

What local financial institution will loan you money for a divorce, or an abortion, or a second-hand car?

What local financial institution uses the word 'sisters' in its newsletters, as in 'helping your sisters'?

You can bet it's not SeaFirst.

The Washington State Feminist Federal Credit Union was chartered in January 1967 by its founder, Berna Dene Maxie. She ran it for almost a year out of her basement. Now the FCU has almost 900 members, an office near the Space Needle, three paid staff positions and has loaned around half a million dollars. It is a federally insured member of the Credit Union National Association, Inc.

But just what is a credit union anyway? If you work for any large business you may know already. You may have tried to get a loan there for instance (I have) and failed (I have), simply because you were a woman and had no credit. Credit unions were formed initially because people had trouble getting loans from banks. As a financial cooperative, credit unions are owned by the members, whose savings go to make loans to other qualified members. The interest borrowers pay on the loan

is used to pay operating expenses and dividends to members on their savings. Unlike banks, credit unions share their profits among members.

The Feminist Credit Union is different from most credit unions, however, in that it has a political philosophy, and a heart. Recognizing that most women have little or no credit and that the things they need money for are often considered illegitimate, the FCU extends loans that officers at SeaFirst would laugh at.

'We don't make money when we loan a woman \$100 for an abortion,' explains Mary Brumder, President of the Board, a volunteer position. 'The paperwork takes all the profit. But it's something we believe in.'

The credit union loans money for used cars, often the only form of transportation women can afford, for women returning to school, for vacations, for moving, even for starting a business. Recent business loans (to individuals, not organizations) have been made to women starting a new magazine, a theatrical make-up business and a legal transcribing service.

'If we decide not to give a loan for some reason, Vice-President Jan Nelson notes, 'We're honest. We tell the woman why, which is more than a bank does, and try and help her understand her financial situation.'

The Feminist Credit Union presently pays 4-1/2% on savings, less than banks and other credit unions. The dividend is declared monthly and paid quarterly. The average account is \$325 right now, according to Mary Brumder, but as the accounts increase, so will the dividends. 'The most important thing is that members have a say in where their money goes and how it is spent. Banks may pay more interest, but they're making money off you too.'

In spite of the many loans (\$200,000 this year alone), Mary Brumder says that there is a very low rate of default. Confidence in women seems to breed confidence and trust. As Susan B. Anthony doubtless would have said if she'd ever heard of the Feminist Credit Union, 'Join now.'

-- by Barbara Wilson

Paradia women's health center

is now offering Fertility Awareness classes the fourth Wednesday of every month at 7:30 p.m. Cost is \$5 and no appointment is necessary.

We also regularly offer our complete Routine Gynecological Care in English and Spanish in our cozy Capitol Hill house.
1827 - 12th Ave. Seattle 323-9388

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The Erosion of Abortion Rights

by Deejah Sherman-Peterson
Chairperson, Washington State NARAL

A 19-year-old childhood victim of physical and sexual abuse by her alcoholic stepfather was determined to give good care to her much wanted 15-month-old daughter. When she became pregnant again while using oral contraception, she sought an abortion, which was not possible at her publicly funded municipal hospital. The child was born prematurely, before adoption arrangements had been finalized and she had had to take the child home against her wishes. It was winter, and the infant had respiratory problems. Five weeks later, while her petition to place the child for adoption was still pending, the infant was found dead - it had been left outside-- it was winter. (Kentucky Department of Human Resources, Louisville, Kentucky)

The case above illustrates what has been happening in the United States since recent court decisions and legislation have eroded a woman's right to choose a safe, legal abortion in accordance with her personal religious or moral beliefs.

In 1973, the Supreme Court of the United States, with the *Roe vs. Wade* decision, restored the right to choose legal abortion to American women. The Supreme Court refused to speculate on when life (i.e., personhood) begins, noting that those trained in medicine, philosophy, and theology have been unable to arrive at a consensus throughout history. The court went on to say, "We recognize the right of the individual, married or single, to be free from unwarranted governmental intrusion into matters so fundamentally affecting a person as the decision whether to bear or beget a child. That right necessarily includes the right of a woman to decide whether or not to terminate her pregnancy."

In 1976, the Supreme Court handed down additional abortion-related decisions. The court ruled that a woman may have an abortion without her husband's consent and that "...the State may not impose a *blanket* provision (emphasis added) ...requiring the consent of a parent or person *in loco parentis* as a condition for abortion of an unmarried minor during the first 12 weeks of her pregnancy." The court also ruled that states may require written informed consent from the woman prior to an abortion, that states may not prohibit the use of the saline amniocentesis method of abortion after the first trimester of pregnancy, that health facilities and doctors could be required by the state to collect data on abortions provided that the information was kept confidential, and that the requirements were not unduly burdensome. The court also said clearly that it was the function of the physician, not the legislature or the courts, to place viability at a specific point in gestation and that this point "may vary with each pregnancy" rather than being a constant for all pregnancies.

1977 SUPREME COURT SETBACKS

So far so good. But in 1977 the Supreme Court ruled that states do not have to fund nontherapeutic abortions when they fund childbirth. At that time, a court case dealing with federal funding of abortions for poor women was pending in a federal district court. The Supreme Court asked that the district court, which had ruled that the federal government must pay for such abortions, re-examine its findings in light of the decision involving state monies. The district court judge then had to reverse his ruling and an anti-abortion amendment to the Labor-HEW Appropriations Bill, the Hyde Amendment, went into effect, denying nearly all poor women in need of abortions the money to obtain them. Also on June

20, 1977, the Supreme Court stated that "...we find no constitutional violation by the city of St. Louis in electing, as a policy choice, to provide publicly financed hospital services for childbirth without providing corresponding services for nontherapeutic abortions." At that time, fewer than 15% of public hospitals provided abortion services. Undoubtedly, the number has dropped since the Supreme Court decision.

What does this mean for American women and the men who care about them? It means that if a woman has money and knowledge of where to obtain an abortion, she can get a safe one. If she has neither the money nor the knowledge, she is forced to either go into debt, attempt a dangerous illegal abortion, or bear a child she neither wants nor, very likely, can care for. Approximately 300,000 women obtained Medicaid abortion the last year they were funded. That number has dropped 98% since the Hyde Amendment went into effect and since nearly all states have stopped funding "nontherapeutic" abortions. Washington is one of about a half dozen states which have continued funding--but watch out, our time may be coming for a funding halt!

Of course, the majority of women have been able to get safe, legal abortions and that is probably a main reason why there has been no loud outcry of protest. But our turn is coming, according to Rep. Henry Hyde, author of the Hyde anti-abortion amendment.

A CONSTITUTIONAL AMENDMENT

The only way to completely nullify the 1973 Supreme Court decision, instead of attaching anti-abortion amendments to various pieces of federal legislation and enacting anti-abortion laws at the state and local levels, is to pass a constitutional amendment. And the anti-choice people have several in the works already. The one they most desire creates a legal person "from the moment of conception until the time of natural death." What does this mean? It means that abortion will not be the crime of abortion; it will be the premeditated murder of a legal person--and homicide is punishable in some states by the death penalty. IUDs will also be outlawed since they work after conception to prevent implantation of the embryo in the uterine lining. Will more than 1 million American women be jailed or condemned to death each year? Will another 3-4 million American women be forced to have their IUDs pulled out? What happens if the women are not jailed or are allowed to retain their IUDs? Prohibition in the 1920's didn't work and taught widespread disrespect for the law besides introducing organized crime into America on a big scale. Will we have the same with an abortion-is murder law?

A constitutional amendment can be passed by one of two methods: congressional vote and ratification by 2/3 of the states, or by a constitutional convention and the subsequent 3/4 state ratification. So far anti-abortion people have been unsuccessful in steering the amendment through Congress. However, they have launched a campaign to hold a constitutional convention. Already 13 states have passed resolutions asking Congress to convene such a convention and only 2/3 of the states, or 34 are required to call a convention.

But until the constitutional amendment passes, the anti-choice faction continues to tack piecemeal amendments to legislation.

SOCIAL IMPLICATIONS

What happens to medical treatment for pregnant women since some medications, notably cancer chemotherapy drugs, can harm a fetus while acting to prolong or preserve a woman's life? What about the spontaneous abortions which occur in about 30% of pregnancies? Will these be investigated by the government to determine that they were not caused by negligence on the woman's part? Will we be forced to bury or cremate these embryos (most often about 1 inch long) with appropriate ceremonies--not to mention expenses? And will medical malpractice insurance increase even more to protect doctors

Continued next page . . .

Continued from preceding page.

against claims of patients that not enough care or proper care was given to the embryo or fetus? Will vital statistics such as births, the historically recognized beginning of a legal person, and deaths, the end of the person, be identified with conceptions and "miscarriages"?

Missing is the main issue: the right of a woman to control her body (so reasonably defined by the Supreme Court in 1973) and the separation of religion and state, guaranteed under the First Amendment in the Bill of Rights.

LEGISLATIVE AMENDMENTS

In Congress in the month of September, 1978, there are anti-abortion amendments on the Labor-HEW Appropriations Bill (H.R. 12929), the yearly bill for the departments of Labor and Health, Education and Welfare and the source of Medicaid funding for abortions for poor women; Title X (H.R. 12370), a family-planning bill; the Foreign Assistance Act (H.R. 12931), which funds the Peace Corps; and the Department of Defense Appropriations Bill (H.R. 13635), which involves funding for medical treatment for servicemen and servicewomen and their dependents. Also under attack is the U.S. Civil Rights Commission Extension Bill (H.R. 12432) since the Civil Rights Commission supported freedom of choice in 1975 in a report entitled *Constitutional Aspects of the Right to Limit Childbearing*. And the Administration Teen-Age Pregnancy Bill (H.R. 13146 and S. 2910) and the Pregnancy Disability Bill (H.R. 6075) have been targets of anti-choice amendments which would eliminate a woman's right to unbiased counseling and insurance coverage.

IN WASHINGTON STATE

In Washington state, the anti-choice people are pressuring those hospitals still providing abortion services to stop. A recent example is Valley General Hospital in Renton which, so far, is continuing to provide abortion services. Another attempt to restrict availability of abortion is going on in Richland, where the city council is trying to legislate a newly-opened abortion clinic out of existence. These are just skirmishes; the real warfare begins when the newly elected state legislature convenes in January. Then we may expect to see bills introduced to stop state funding of abortions for poor women, a resolution calling for a national constitutional convention to adopt a compulsory pregnancy constitutional amendment, an effort to cut insurance coverage regarding abortions, attempts to require spousal and parental notification of an abortion, and many other restrictions.

Those of us who favor freedom of choice according to the dictates of one's conscience, religious, or moral beliefs must work now to defend our freedom to choose safe, legal abortion.

Although we are a majority of American citizens and although more than 50 religious organizations and denominations support this freedom of conscience, not to mention medical and social organizations, WE ARE LOSING.

A well-organized and well-funded minority is dedicated to enacting their religious viewpoint into law for all of us. If you won't defend your right to choose, no one else will.

Join a pro-choice organization such as Washington State NARAL today. Educate yourself and others with the facts before it is too late. We have recently surveyed congressional candidates regarding their stance on abortion rights. If you want to know the candidates' positions, call us. We also issue a monthly newsletter, informing our readers of pending legislation and the facts about legal abortion. In addition we have a large reference library and a speakers' bureau. Write us at P.O. Box 15549, Seattle, WA 98115, or call us at 363-4694. We are an affiliate of the National Abortion Rights Action League.

You may have forgotten how it was in the good old days before the Supreme Court legalized abortion. You may have become complacent about the liberty of choice you and your loved ones enjoy. But now your freedom to decide when to have a child is being threatened. Those who would take away that freedom are growing ever more vocal and ever more violent.

How was it before?

You may have forgotten that rich women used to fly to Sweden or Puerto Rico to have their abortions when abortion was illegal. You may have forgotten what happened to poorer women. They mutilated themselves with coathangers and poisoned themselves to end the pregnancy. They put their bodies in the hands of ignorant and unfeeling people. They paid exorbitant fees to butchers who cared only about their money. They had their abortions under the most appalling conditions. They suffered, they bled and they died.

"Pro-Abortion" & "Pro-Life": They couldn't be more wrongly named.

We are not "pro-abortion." We are pro-choice and that's what we should be called. We simply support a woman's right to decide. If our dreams come

They have one answer to everything.

"You must have that baby whether you like it or not!"

"But I'm only 12 years old."

"You must have that baby!"

"I have 7 children already."

"You must have that baby!"

"I was raped."

"You must have that baby!"

"We'll have to go on relief."

"You must have that baby!"

"My father will kill me."

"You must have that baby!"

"The doctor says it will die before its two."

"You must have that baby!"

"My IUD failed."

"You must have that baby!"

"I'm 50. I thought I couldn't get pregnant."

"You must have that baby!"

There are dozens of reasons why, for both men and women, having an unwanted child could be a disaster. But for the compulsory pregnancy people, the answer is the same. "You must have that baby!"

Watch out America, here comes compulsory pregnancy again.

true, there would never be an abortion again on this earth. Ideally, there would never be the need for abortion.

But we live in the real world. We live in a world where, in the United States alone, one million teenagers become pregnant each year, where half the brides under 18 are pregnant at marriage, where sex screams from the magazines, the ads, the newspapers, the billboards, the TV sets, the movies. Unwanted pregnancies are going to happen, and nothing will stop women from getting abortions. An estimated 1,000,000 a year received abortions before abortion was legalized.

Who are we? We are you. We are part of the overwhelming majority of Americans who are pro-choice today. We encourage nobody to have an abortion, and we certainly don't force anybody to have an abortion. We're delighted that 75% of Americans are happy with their pregnancies and want to have children. (We want and love our own.) But we cannot see subjecting a person to mental anguish and physical suffering by compelling them to have a child.

Who are the so-called 'pro-life' people? They are the COMPULSORY PREGNANCY people, and that's what they should be called. Whose life are they 'pro'? Certainly not the life of the woman. Certainly not the life of a child born into poverty. Certainly not the life of a child certain to be born with severe defects. Do they show you women in the death throes of peritonitis? Do they show you the pain, the suicides, the wrecked lives? Do they show you the cost to the taxpayers for raising unwanted children to adulthood? Do they show you the neglected children who go wrong, who fill the jails and perpetuate poverty? Where is their responsibility after they compel a birth? Sudd only, 'pro-life' doesn't sound so noble anymore.

Abortion is a personal decision. That's what we say, and most Americans agree. That the fertilized egg and fetus are complete human beings is a religious belief not shared by most religions. The attempt to foist this viewpoint on Americans in the form of COMPULSORY PREGNANCY LEGISLATION goes counter to the separation of church and state guaranteed by the Constitution.

The same people who demand COMPULSORY PREGNANCY are often the very ones who oppose the dissemination of contraceptive information - the very thing that would do the most to prevent abortion.

Will you help?

Your legislators are under attack by the COMPULSORY PREGNANCY people. The poorest women are being denied State and Federal funding for abortion. And that's not all. Clinics, where clean, safe conditions are assured, have been bombed and set afire. Fanatics inflamed by COMPULSORY PREGNANCY propaganda are picketing and attacking abortion clinics and terrorizing women.

Help us. Join our organization, so that we can keep you informed. We will voice your concern to your legislators and support them against COMPULSORY PREGNANCY pressures. Help us defend the just and sensible decision of the Supreme Court that made abortion legal!

You or your loved ones may never need an abortion, but can you be sure?

National Abortion Rights Action League (NARAL)

Washington State NARAL
P.O. Box 15549
Seattle, WA 98115
(206) 363-4604

Yes, I want to help NARAL fight compulsory pregnancy. Enclosed are my membership dues.

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Sustaining \$20
Family \$10
Regular \$7

Student or limited income \$5
Optional membership in National NARAL \$7.50 extra (highly recommended)

Finding A New Life



In Old Ways

Photo by J. Penelope Goforth

A Gillnetter In Puget Sound

By Karen Reed

In 1974, I engaged in a gillnet fishery in Commencement Bay with gear I leased from my brother, and with the help of an Indian male friend. My friend, Steven, and I had fished before but we had never been in complete control of our own destiny on the water. We began with an eighteen-foot skiff, a 75-horsepower outboard motor, and a net which was 1200 feet long and 40 feet deep. Steve pulled this net in by hand and I picked the fish, from two to three times a night. In six weeks we made \$5,000 each and paid \$5,000 to lease the gear. I have since fished on larger boats, helped my brother buy a gillnetter, and purchased a home on an acre of land which borders the Puyallup River.

Fishing involves almost living in another world: waking at 6 PM, eating, gearing up, and starting out to the fishing grounds at 8 or 9 o'clock. The night on the water is long, the work strenuous, and the waiting long and cold, and it seems to take forever for the sun to creep up over the horizon, the signal to begin picking up the last set. The morning is spent marketing salmon, not eating or sleeping sometimes before noon. Toward the end of the season, I would drop my son off on Sunday night and leave him until Thursday when fishing was done for a few days. Housework, motherhood, and other duties came second to my new-found love—fishing.

The personal satisfaction I felt as a native of the Northwest engaged in fishing has sparked a fire in me. This fire has been with my ancestors, my father, my brothers and sisters, and, hopefully, it will be with our grandchildren and their children. The importance of fishing in our culture has not been merely economic, but it has been important in every respect of individual and community life.

The legends says the Doktobil, or the Changer, came to Puget Sound; he showed the people how to make tools, weave baskets and mats, and how to hunt and fish. The methods of gathering food during pre-contact time were very sophisticated and highly effective. And this access to vast amounts of foodstuffs was reflected in native culture, through the arts, religion, and class structure.

The effect of fishing on my economic life has been very far-reaching. At the time I began fishing, I was on welfare. I chose to stay single when I became pregnant in 1972, so I was the sole support of my young son. Because I wanted to nurse my baby, I was unable to work to support us and at that time received no help. The status of welfare methods in America is probably the topic of many conversations and is certainly not unique to the native woman, but my situation was unique to me.

The food stamp program was in effect and I had to use medical coupons for doctor's visits, medications, and for the hospital bills. There is no pride for the welfare mother and certainly no status. I was lucky to have some university background and strived to be independent of welfare.

After one year of outstanding academic achievement following one fishing season, I was able to get my BIA Grant increased and was able to get full funding from the UW, which completely eliminated my need to be on Welfare.

The academic achievement was the direct result of the improvement of my financial situation. One cannot study if one cannot eat; that is a fact of life. With money from fishing I was able to buy reliable transportation get clothes and furniture for my son, and to move from the city.

That white fisherman over there . . . We know each other and we like each other. But they've got us in the papers fighting against each other. And it's a lie. It's the big guys who want to take over the fisheries. And they're backed by the sportsfisherman — a lot of those guys are multi-millionaires. . . . Fishing is nothing but a toy to them.

From fishing income, independence from the welfare system was possible, and because I was no longer tied to poverty, my attitudes changed.

I no longer purchased the cheapest foods available,

but instead bought natural and organic foods from whole grains, and nutritious staples. My attitudes about spending for everything changed—I wanted the best, not the cheapest.

With my new views on money, I saw more clearly what dominant society's dollar system is doing to all minorities. With no economic base, natives are left with virtually no voice in community, state, or national affairs. It has been so with welfare mothers; the dominant society gives no heed to the cries of poverty babies—they can't vote and they don't pay taxes.

And yet, society does not take into account that it does not make jobs, provide housing adequate for even the barest needs, or make room in educational systems for the underprivileged or minority members. Fishing filled that economic gap for me. It provided a career within society but allowed me to remain independent of dominating, unjust systems.

For tribal members, fishing is a non-taxable enterprise, guaranteed by the Medicine Creek Treaty. As one of the only women to operate a gillnetter in Puget Sound, I was immediately aware that men were not accustomed to seeing women with the same economic advantages that they are used to. Pastuds (whites) have traditionally abused their power over women and sometimes humor was the only thing I had to save me.

But economics is not a laughing matter, and whites have traditionally had economic advantages that are just not there for the native. They've been able to finance boats and equipment—through family connections that Indians just don't have. If Indians in Washington State invested every penny available in fishing, their fleet could not begin to compete with the non-Indian fleet.

In Washington, the salmon industry supports purse seine, troll, and gillnetter fleets and, of course, ye olde sportsfishermen.

Sport fishing alone is a multi-million dollar industry. The Sportsmen's Association and the commercial fisheries both lobby on behalf of their interests at all levels of the judicial and political structure. They have formed an economic base with which to influence public opinion, political decisions, and court decisions. They do not understand that the right to fish for a livelihood has been the salvation of many young people in my family and tribe. There are just not enough jobs for the natives in today's economic environment. And they don't understand that fishing gives a link to the past.

You can feel the earth's harvest as you pull in salmon, and for a fleeting moment you know the spirit is with you, for your net is full.

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But working in what non-Indians consider a traditionally man's profession has at times been difficult. When cashing very large checks from fish buyers, I was often treated like a common criminal, and on occasion, was refused cashing privileges at banks.

Women were equally uptight about my money and I can only attribute it to years of brainwashing.

When I applied to FHA to buy my house, my application was refused three times before finally being approved. I ended up typing and submitting my own recommendations, income verification, and other forms, as the mortgage company somehow overlooked these small details.

I speculated that the board who approved loans must have been 99.9% sportsfishermen, and the mortgage company representative, a woman, a product of white society's overall prejudice directed against all minorities and women.

The dominant whites want to stamp out Indian fishing and one battleground has been the courts. When State authorities tried to exert jurisdiction over off-reservation fishing, I was one who persisted in exercising my right to harvest salmon. I have begun a court battle, which to this day has not been resolved. Many of us fishing people feel the only way to preserve the right to fish is to keep on fishing. We will not easily abandon something so long cherished by our people.

One thing I found in dealing with non-Indians is that they do not understand Indian philosophy. Values which mean one thing to non-Indians are often incomprehensible or multi-faceted to the Indian. It is a special feeling to wake after a short snooze in the early morning, to see the sun come over Mt. Rainier (traditionally Puyallup territory), and to have salmon in your net. You know the Spirit has been with you through the night. I once had a sportsman ask me why the nets were full, when he couldn't find any salmon out there. He was aghast when I retorted, 'I prayed all night long.'

I am of Salish-Chinook descent, my great-grandfathers on both sides of my family signed the treaties of 1855. My great-grandfather, Henry Allen, was a chief near Hoods Canal. My Puyallup grandfather, Silas Cross, was a leader who fought to save Cushman Hospital, where my grandmother worked until it closed. On both sides of my family you will find basket makers, another of my own favorite pastimes. Pride in my family and self-determination have given me the most strength and the power to overcome fear.

Cultural life in pre-contact times was centered around salmon. Salmon was the main food staple of the Northwest Coast Salish, of which the Puyallup are a group. The first salmon caught was ceremoniously treated and distributed to every member of the group. After the first fish ceremony, as many salmon as possible were caught, processed, and stored in caches.

I have seen a picture of Puget Sound in the old days, and as the waves came in they were so full of salmon they appeared to be waves of salmon instead of waves of water. Now the native is lucky to catch 8 to 11% of the harvestable salmon, and the determination of harvestable salmon comes from the Department of Fisheries.

By the time the salmon reaches the Sound today they have been fished extensively by the Japanese and Russian poachers on the continental shelf. The salmon feed and grow for four years on the shelf while they are away from the rivers. The troll and sports fishery on the continental shelf reduces the returning salmon by great numbers. Then when the salmon come into the Strait of Juan de Fuca, they are preyed upon by the gillnetter fleet.

By then, the run has been so decimated there is a danger of not having a sufficient return to spawn.

The Indian, then, is the scapegoat of the fish industry. We are the ones accused of not taking adequate steps to ensure that there will be salmon in the future. A result of these attitudes has been an infringement of Indian fishing rights.

There has been no sensitivity by non-Indians even though they realize the importance of salmon to the Indian culture. Highest priorities are given to the big money interests of the State.

The work of fishing is easiest when you're waiting between sets and work is hardest when the catch is big or when you are in big trouble--as when your boat goes over the top of the net and the web gets caught in the prop. The physical work of hauling nets and picking salmon was exhausting at first but the more I did it the better I got.

We are a family of perfectionists but when you are out to sea you cannot be too careful. The forces that determine your destination can often be in so minor a tool as a screwdriver or a battery for the flashlight.

Even if Indians in Washington State invested every available penny in fishing, their fleet couldn't begin to compete with the non-Indian fleet.



We will not easily abandon something so long cherished by our people.

When the tide is rushing, your boat won't start, and the shore is looking closer all the time, it can get harrowing.

The water was for me a new experience, an awe-awakening experience. Nulge, the Indian name for the Sound, has much strength and abundance. The wind, too, became sharply alive and a new awareness had to be learned.

One night, late in the season, a storm broke out when Steve, my brother, Tim, and I were on the other side of the Sound. We were in a gillnetter built in 1917, but made with good craftsmanship by a boat builder who knew Puget Sound.

We made it through the storm, through two hours of night-marish hell, among 30 foot swells with a wind from the north that was gusting up to 50 miles an hour. When we reached the port, my sister, my brother-in-law, my brother and my father were all sitting there waiting for us.

I never prayed and thanked the Spirit more than that morning--to see the morning come and to be on land again.

As I jumped in the cab of my father's truck, he said, 'What took you guys so long?' I knew that his wait must have been one of the hardest of his life, sitting in the truck with his son and daughter out on the storm. Even so, he said, 'I knew you'd make it, she's a good boat and Timmy knows what he's doing.'

I've painted this picture without the grease and grime, the blood and guts, sweat and spit of everyday fishing. Yet, it hasn't been easy being a woman gillnetter of Indian descent in 1978.

The men in my family have been an exception to all the rules, and this is indicative of Indian culture, because in traditional times it would not have seemed strange for a woman to jump in a canoe and go get fish when her man was not there to provide for the family. This has been my situation and I felt I had to deal with it in a manner where I could maintain some dignity and a sense of identity for myself and my son.

Klamath tribes challenge illegal restrictions

By Terri Suess

As the natives of Puget Sound work to preserve their treaty rights to fish, the 750 Hoopas and 3,500 Yurok Indians on the Klamath Reservation in California are under siege by federal agents for rejecting new BIA fishing regulations.

The Hoopa Tribal Council and Hoopa tribe meeting in council, have unanimously declared a state of emergency because the new regulations conflict with their ability to obtain their basic food and conflict with their sovereign right of self-government.

Both Hoopa and Yurok Indians continue to fish as they have for 4,000 years even though the BIA now requires fishing ID cards; has closed fishing at the mouth of the river; and limited fishing to 5 days a week on the upper river.

Needless to say, the ire of the people in power has been inspired and they've responded with traditional "overkill"—Indians say there may be as many as 150 agents on the 12 square mile reservation and on the land a mile on either side of the river stretching 60 miles to the Pacific Ocean.

Paul Centolella, Seattle attorney, working with the Lawyer's Guild Committee on Native American Struggle, represented four Indians arrested for fishing in violation of the regulations. He saw over 12 armed agents training M-16's and riot guns on the small group of Indians as he approached.

Cecil Andrus, Secretary of the Interior, began intervening in the Hoopa fishery management in 1977 with fishing regulations. Further complex regulations were instituted this summer with no consultation with the tribe. All protests have been ignored.

And why, the Indians ask, is there suddenly heavy regulation of their fishing practices. If the federal and state agents were really interested in protecting and managing the fishery, as they say, why are they not challenging poor logging practices, the use of herbicides, construction of Lewiston Dam, the harvest of 80% of the fishery by traders, the tribal council asks.

Some suspect there is new interest in oil and natural gas reserves off the mouth of Klamath River. Others say that the Bureau of Land Reclamation wants to flood the valley and divert water to other parts of the state.

But the Hoopa and Yurok are standing their ground—organizing among themselves and continuing to fish in the face of military-style intimidation. Paul Centolella reports arrests since August have been pure harassment and illegal, Centolella continued, "Fishing regulations are civil regulations—and you can't jail people for them . . . And state regulations (pertaining to "loitering in public streets") have no effect on the reservation . . . the Agents are just trying to force a confrontation, so they'll

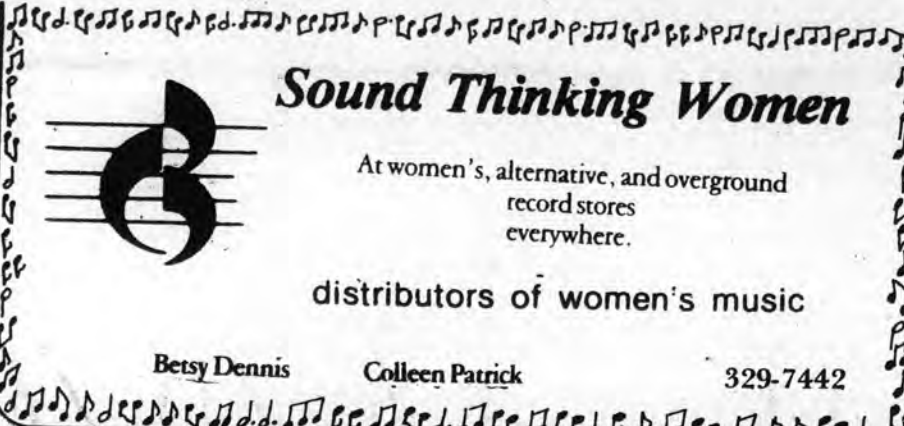
have a rationale for bringing in troops."

In the face of all this, there are strong women in the area responsible for key decisions and holding fishing camps together, Centolella said.

Margaret Carlson, is an outspoken traditional Yurok leader. In spite of years of planes buzzing her encampment, verbal abuse and white fishing boats running her nets, she is determined to continue to fish. She has been pulling support groups of Indians from the Bay Area Reservations to support Yuroks in their struggle.

Joyce Croy, traditional Hoopa leader, works to organize a large fishing camp where people also are refusing to obey the newly imposed regulations. "I've been waiting a long time for this and it finally happened . . . I'm a fifth generation from this village. Because of our actions our people will be free to do whatever they want and just to live. We have fruit; we have berries; we have anything you can imagine that's edible right here in this valley and I feel very proud to be a Hoopa Indian."

"It's going to mean we can really live," another woman told Centolella. "When I was young we had no brothers to fish or hunt for us, and my sisters and I fished and hunted with our father. But now I've got a lot of sons and I want them to be able to fish always and my grandchildren too."



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Spicy

(Continued from page 3)

going 'clunk, clunk, clunk'. Now she was trying to make her story a comedy act. I wasn't laughing.

But what I wanted to know--and Teri wasn't telling--was what made these folks tick. What was it about the right wing that appealed to people's emotional needs? You could say that liberalism was bankrupt, that human rights wasn't a convincing enough argument with people who felt the very fabric of modern life was torn asunder. You could say that the family and religion were necessary for survival, that it was all people had left, that they clung to it fiercely as it crumbled in their hands, and their lives seemed empty and meaningless in an increasingly alienated world.

And you could say that homosexuality was an easy target.

Or you could say they were fighting its presence in themselves. That's one thing Teri was saying. She had found a clue floating around the office: attached to a New Yorker cartoon of a fairy with a wand and wings was a note to the other cop-sponsor, David Estes: 'Now come on, admit it, don't you think some of them are cute?'

Well, you could say lots of things. And lots of people were. Teri had another idea. She thought they had the words discriminating and discriminatory mixed up. One of the letters she'd read in the SOME files pointed in that direction. A man had written in support of SOME, saying that everybody discriminates, like it was a way of making choices about how you live your life. But choice wasn't the issue, or if it was, the SOME people intended to put a stop to it. It just wasn't logical, Teri decreed, as though she expected it to be otherwise.

Teri didn't have any answers for me, and I didn't have any for her. And that's how these kinds of stories end.

The violence is psychological, and the culprits are known, though they certainly won't end up in jail. There aren't any heroes, or heroines, except maybe those who are trying to point out the lies of the SOME campaign, by talking to co-workers and neighbors. Who might even be beginning to change the notion of sin from a criticism of how people love, in all its varied forms, to how they treat each other as human beings.

Yes, that's the end. You could just say I'm sentimental. Lots of people say that, too.

(Terri Sanders is a pseudonym.)

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S.O.M.E. new tactics

Those who have been following the issues surrounding Initiative 13 slated for the ballot in November may have recently noted some new tactics in the campaign being waged by pro-13 Save Our Moral Ethics (SOME).

Denying, now, that Initiative 13 is a homosexual issue at all, Save Our Moral Ethics is changing its campaign tactics along with its leadership. As Dennis Falk exits to the right after shooting John Rodney, Wayne Perryman enters with a new style.

Perryman, a labor law consultant, makes his living defending employers in equal opportunity discrimination cases. SOME now says the proposed deletion of 'sexual orientation' in the housing and employment ordinance is not intended as an attack on gays.

But the Initiative has been identified as a gay issue, they say, because the homosexual community has been its most vocal opponent.

When asked about the blatant anti-gay literature and ads used during the signature drive, SOME members say the campaign wasn't run by professionals then--but now it is. But they still refuse to retract their earlier positions.

SOME's new line attacks 'big government'. Government has no business regulating anyone's sexual conduct, they say, and the initiative merely intends to reduce government intervention into private matters.

SOME maintains Initiative 13 singles out a special group for protection. SOME also says that there has been no significant discrimination against lesbians and gays in Seattle, nor will there be any if 13 passes. (In fact, gay people have a long history of discrimination, WAT points out, and there have been reports of increased harassment in cities that have repealed gay rights ordinances.)

Initiative 13 will also strip the office of Women's Rights of its enforcement powers. The Department of Human Rights would be forced to add all cases of sexual discrimination to its ten-month backlog of racial, handicapped and age discrimination complaints. If sex discrimination cases are added, how effective can the department be in enforcing any anti-discrimination laws, WAT asks.

The Office of Women's Rights has received 59 sexual orientation complaints since 1973--one-third of which were found to be 'of merit'. (The same ratio for other types of discrimination.) Who can say how many cases were prevented by the existence of the law? And more importantly, the existence of the Office of Women's Rights afforded many peace of mind

Be on the lookout for SOME's new tactics.
-T.S./NWP

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Eva Rubenstein, from "Women See Woman"

AVIVA

Aviva. To life. The following pages are dedicated to the creative life. From an interview with a women's jazz group to reviews of feminist presses, from poetry to explorations of gender and sexuality. Aviva!

Talkin' Jazz

by Penelope Goforth

"Music can express and enhance cultural identity. The growing strength of confidence in women's personal feelings and abilities is forming a new direction in the evolution of our culture. Women performing their music not only express this change but contribute to it by generating enthusiasm about the unique creativity of women" wrote Sue Ann Roberts of Gila, a women's acoustical jazz band from Olympia. The group, composed of Sue Ann, Lorree Knutson, Jane Kaufman and Barbara Morino, has been playing together for about two years; they do traditional jazz numbers, latin jazz and mostly their own compositions. Inspired by such groups as Alive!, Jzquierda Ensemble, Sweet Honey in the Rock, and Baba Yaga (all women groups), they are representative of a new bloom of women in music. Their music is lyrical and light, inviting you to float freely into their experience with a variety of instruments- alto sax, flute, clarinet, guitar, congas, piano, string bass and a suitcase filled with various other odd musical instruments.

Having known Gila since their inception and seen them evolve, I asked them to talk about what it is to be women and musicians.

"This is a women's group not just by chance and that's important", said Barbara, "We are all women and there's something we have in common. Music thru us as women thru our experiences which also have differences in class and cultural background. We have a lot of contact between us; sensitivity on stage when we play. I know

where we're going as a group. I know the rhythm. It's an energy that's there. That attention to each other. Men are capable of it but due to our socialization we're closer to it, I think."

"We want to make music that is beautiful to the ears," added Lorree, "That's another thing we have in common, we love soft music."

Gila (the name by the way means 'crazy' in Indonesian) began with Lorree, Barbara and Hanny Soedibio playing just for themselves. "We got together just to make some music for ourselves" explained Lorree, "We used to play at night at Evergreen (TESC) and there was this cleaning lady who would come and take her break by where we were playing. She'd just sit there and smile. 'That's good, very good,' she'd say. Then we were asked to play for a benefit then at the Evergreen Coffeehouse. We were scared. We used to apologize even before we played!" They performed recently at the Northwest Women's Music Festival in Portland, getting a lot of support.

"Seeing women up there on the stage playing good jazz really impressed me. We got exposure as women musicians with other women musicians. There was a lot of support. You feel it onstage, spoken or unspoken," said Sue Ann. "To earn the applause of women who are musically experienced as players was really high. We are applauding each others lives."

"Not just, 'O, wow, that was a good chop on the sax!' It's more than that," interjected Barbara, "It's not competitive, it's sharing."

"You know how hard it is to have a part time job, ('sweeping the man's floor' commented Barbara to accompanying nods) get together for practice, find transportation to gigs, and so on." To surmount all those mundane obstacles and be able to make music, fine music, in spite of it all really is an accomplishment. We continued on speaking of obstacles.

"...mostly in our own self image." Lorree said, "All the confidence we do have, however much or little, has come about slowly. We are always finding fault with what we're doing. We try to support each other. Much of our confidence comes from the community."

"Right," broke in Sue Ann, "Not a record company or a professor but people who play and appreciate music themselves and who can tell a unique sound, hear the spirit when it's there."

"Another obstacle is that there's not much societal support for being a musician. As a woman it's harder," continued Barbara heatedly, "It's hard in the jazz field because it's dominated by men. The ones who have made it have either been married (or daughters of) jazz men. Many black women have made it on their own merits as vocalists but I'm speaking of instrumentalists."

I asked them how people reacted to seeing a group of women musicians.

"You can tell when you walk into a place what it's going to be," said Jane wryly.

"Here's four women, what are they going to sound like? It's a novelty when people see us setting up we have such a variety of instruments," added Sue Ann.

"The first reaction we usually get is 'look at the cute girls!' In taverns it's usually, 'Are you married?' mimicked Lorree eloquently. There was



Jane/Photo by J. Penelope Gofarth

a round of knowing groans. "They come up and take your hand and tell you how much they enjoyed the music."

"That is an obstacle I have a really hard time with," stated Barbara emphatically, "Because in one sense they might really be sincere in expressing their enjoyment of what we play or they might just be..."

"They just want to hold our hands," said Lorree and they all started laughing.

"...as a woman, lots of men think that's an automatic 'I'm going to play with this person.' But then if I was a man and they respected my music they might not even talk to me. They might just put me up on a pedestal and not say anything, you know the macho thing. I think that's why I like playing for women a lot. I don't have so many questions," finished Barbara.

"Women will think you're cute but they'll keep it in. They won't come up and fondle you, much as they might want to. So many women have been objectified they don't want to do that to another woman," said Lorree seriously, "We do have our groupies tho. I let them get away with things I might not accept from a man such as giving them my address."

"But there are some women out there who are just after your ass!" Jane stated flatly. "But not very many!" countered Barbara amid the laughter.

About playing at MacNeil Prison: "What the hell are we doing in a men's prison? As a lesbian, I asked myself this question. I mean, I know they were all oppressed men, people. But then we played and talked with them and I saw what was happening. Then I knew why we were there and I'll go again," exploded Barbara. I could see by their faces it had been very weird. "After a silence Lorree said;

"I understand the need for prisons, that's where people who commit heavy crimes have to go but it was so weird, to meet these people that were playing music with us and you could look in their eyes and see a different consciousness. They weren't just criminals, they were...people." She continued, "One guy sang. We did a flat blues and he improvised this beautiful prison blues song about *THERE*,

THEN. We heard later he got hassled for singing this right on song about the conditions there."

"It was wierd there especially as this was the time they were worried about someone trying to spring some member of the GJB," agreed Barbara. (Shortly after this afternoon Gila played at Purdy, the woman's prison. When I ran into Lorree I asked her how it went. "Oh, it was strange. Most of the women seemed really out of it. Like heavy thiazine or something.")

Back in February and again in April, Gila performed with three poets from Olympia, Marian Gonzales, Jean-vi Lenthe and Sharon Lea Ryals and dancers Wendy Schoefield and Patty Dobrowski. Called *Codas Women Weaving Poetry & Music*, they all wove an enchanting, intense evening to a packed house at the Gnu Deli restaurant.

"In other cultures, music, dance and poetry are one. Real images related to real life experiences. I want my music, in concert, to reach people with real images that relate to their personal experience thru poetry and dance as well as music," said Sue Ann.

"At the Women's Music Festival we saw the Wallflower Dance collective. They did this whole thing on prisons and oppression and it was so real, I mean I understood what they were saying with their dance...and the poetry and music just seem to go together," added Barbara.

"Coming from the prison gig just the week before this, it was amazing everyone was just crying and screaming releasing all that stuff about prisons," continued Sue Ann. "We got to leave and they didn't."

"Some one once came up to us after a performance and said 'It's not what you play or how you play it's what you're attempting to play that's really nice,'" related Lorree. Amid the diversity of comment that aroused, "That seems condescending to me," "I took it as a compliment" Jane began playing around with some bells and Sue Ann said "I love that, Jane. Let's do something with it." As she moved to the piano, the talking turned into playing and Lorree picked up the bass.



**B'Lieve I'll Run On, See What the End's Gonna Be
Sweet Honey in the Rock
Redwood Records**

One of the nine songs on Sweet Honey in the Rock's newly released second album is a tribute to Fannie Lou Hamer, a woman who stood up for her civil rights in Mississippi when the name of the struggle was desegregation. In the introduction to that song, Bernice Reagon says, "We acknowledge that we are here today because of something someone did before we came." This thought, and the respect it reflects for the many people whose work continues, is carried throughout the album. For those who have heard Sweet Honey in the Rock in person this will be a welcome opportunity to bring back the sounds and energy of their concerts. If not -here they are, meeting you on no uncertain terms.

Sweet Honey in the Rock is a group of four black women from Washington, D.C. who sing their music unaccompanied, except for rhythm percussion, in a variety of forms gleaned from the Black tradition-gospel, blues, a repetitious litany of work song/lullaby.

The title song of the album, "Believe I'll Run on, See What the End's Gonna Be", is a renewed version of a spiritual. It starts with God's warning to Noah after the creatures on the Ark escape the flood ("No more water, there'll be fire next time"), but moves quickly to the present day to discuss the bombing of Hiroshima and Nagasaki, nuclear proliferation and Carter's relation to the neutron bomb. It is quite exciting to experience the music of a traditional idiom with lyrics that apply to a current issue-saying 'yes, many people have gone before us, but we are here today and there are things that have to be dealt with now on new terms.' The song shifts at the end to address people's tendencies to become involved in their own particular causes: "If the bombs begin to fall all over the world, Your particular oppression will be lost in the swirl." It's real sound advice ("If we want to live to struggle another day, We've got to wake up to this common cause we face"), all the more pertinent when followed by the persistence of the chorus, "See what the end's gonna be." Every time I listen to this song I start shaking a little, just knowing it's true.

The song "Every Woman", another by Bernice Reagon, starts with its chorus:

*Every woman who ever loved a woman
You oughta stand up and call her name
Mama- sister- daughter- lover
Every woman who ever loved a woman
You oughta stand up right now and call her name.*

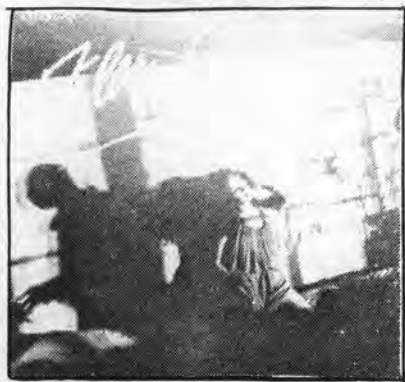
Each of the four verses talks of love and support shared in one of these relationships-mother, sister, daughter, lover.

Music

The song is a striking reminder that relationships with women travel through all of our lives and are basic to growing and sustaining strength. I'm grateful for this song; it seems so natural to celebrate and certainly timeless that all women love women. How often do we stand up and call their names?

Included in this album is an insert book containing pictures and biographical sketches of group members as well as a "Coalition Statement" between Sweet Honey and the women of Redwood Records, who produced the album. The "Statement" affirms a shared commitment to work for social/political change through cultural means while recognizing personal differences in the coalition. But the need to work together is stressed; or, as Sweet Honey sang on their first album, "Doin' things together is what I need."

The album is faced with some production/mixing problems, and there is a need for improvement on the lyrics. But these problems aside, it is a refreshing thing to hear women playing clean, light jazz. And as the groups play together longer a tighter, clearer style should emerge. A personal note--Baba Yaga should be heard in person; their performances have an energy which isn't captured on record.



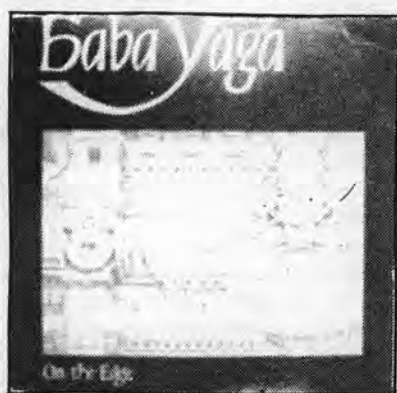
Everyday/Everynight
Flora Purim
Warner Brothers

Disco Samba. Flora Purim's latest album is an upbeat combination of Brazilian pop accented by a jazz funk disco beat. Purim's vocal versatility ranging from whispered croonings, nasal twang to free-falling improvisation is a refreshing surprise in the pop music genre. Purim maintains her jazz oriented musical integrity with a cavalcade of excellent musicians. The distinctive techniques of guitarist Lee Ritenour (Weather Report), basists Alphonso Johnson and Jacos Pastorius, combined with the sophisticated horns of Michael and Randy Brecker and smooth background vocals, give the album a commercial sound-- unlike any of Purim's work thus far. The highpoint, though, of *Everyday/Everynight* is sax player David Sanborn. Sanborn's remote urban-bluesy playing provides a remarkable balance to Purim's vocals.

The album is the product of a collaboration between Purim and French composer/arranger Michel Columbeir whose current hit rock-opera *Wings* explains the album's tendency towards over-orchestration. But Purim's rawness and infectious Latin beat integrate well with Columbeir's musical sophistication. The title cut "Samba Michel" and "Walking Away" are especially snappy, refined disco samba tunes.

On the flip side, three pieces "In Brasil", "Las Olas" and "Blues Ballad" give us a taste of vintage Flora, a la Purim's *500 Miles High at Montreux* (Milestone M-9070). On "Las Olas" Herbie Hancock on acoustic piano and Jacos Pastorius on bass develop an integral backdrop to Purim's soaring vocal flights. Purim's lyric strength lies in her use of Portuguese, her native tongue. On "Blues Ballad" she manipulates the nuances of the language with characteristic Purim pathos, while achieving an intimate vocal/horn dialogue with Sanborn's sax.

But then "Overture", a fast paced, slick piece, is pure movie soundtrack material-- so buy the album or not. If you like Latin music and funky jazz, you'll like this one.



On the Edge
Baba Yaga
Bloodleaf Records
Distributed by Olivia

First albums by your favorite local talents are probably the hardest to review. There is the desire to be overly enthusiastic and also the problem of distinguishing the recorded version from memories of exciting live performances. And so it is with this first release by Baba Yaga, a six-piece woman's band from Portland, Oregon.

The music collective takes its roots in traditional jazz and latin forms, areas not traditionally explored by women instrumentalists. *On the Edge* demonstrates the potential of Baba Yaga as a whole and the versatility of its members--Barbara Galloway on guitar; Patti Vincent, sax; Bonnie Kovaleff, trumpet and trombone; Kiera O'Hara, piano; Susan Colson, electric bass and classical guitar; and Jan Cornell, percussion.

The album starts out strong with a tight, catchy, up-tempo jazz instrumental, *Charlotte's Web*, written by and demonstrating the ability of trumpeter Bonnie Kovaleff. A personal favorite is *Terra*, the only song not original to the group, with its fine blending of flute and Spanish vocals. This haunting, yet lively Brazilian folksong captures a spirit of strength in the struggle to overcome oppression combined with a giving nature, which characterizes the group's image. Baba Yaga takes its name from a Russian witch and herbal healer known for her compassion in helping others, yet fiercely competent in defending herself. The rest of the ten cuts are a mixture of instrumentals and vocals in diverse jazz and latin styles. Such diversity can be a problem with songs such as *Monogamy-Shbedogamy*, a humorous poke at monogamous relationships to the rhythm of a Greek folkdance, disrupting the more melodic flow of the album.

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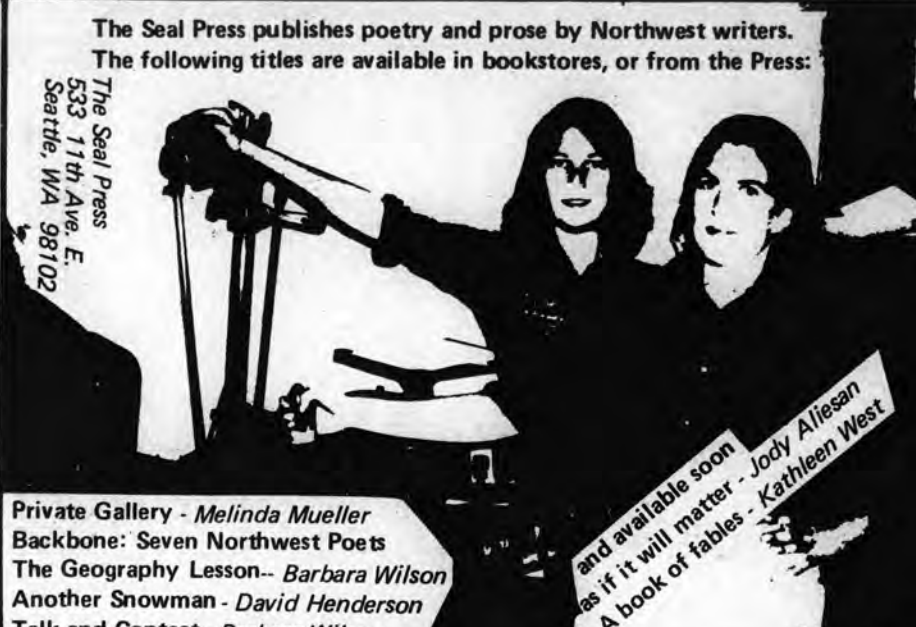
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Feminist Press Books

"Are these for sale?" "How much is this?" we heard over and over this year at Bumbershoot's Small Press Book Fair. Women and men stopped at the display of feminist books, browsed, read and asked questions.

Regrettably, nothing was for sale. One of the first projects of the newly formed Seattle chapter of the Feminist Writers' Guild was to write to a variety of feminist presses around the country asking for examples of their work. The response was gratifying. Fifteen presses sent catalogues, brochures, posters and books for our table. The quantity and quality of the material was strong evidence that feminist publishing is flourishing. So flourishing, in fact, that distribution has a hard time keeping up. Some of the books are available locally—but most people at Bumbershoot were seeing them for the first time.

The following is a partial review list of the books, arranged by press. The copies themselves will go to form the nucleus of a library for the Feminist Writers Guild.

(for more info about the Guild call Hylah at 329-1847).

THE FEMINIST PRESS

Box 334
Old Westbury, New York 11568

Kathe Kollwitz—Woman and Artist, by Martha Kearns. 1976.

"While I drew, and wept along with the terrified children I was drawing, I really felt the burden I am bearing. I felt that I have no right to withdraw from the responsibility of being an advocate. It is my duty to voice the sufferings... the never-ending sufferings heaped mountain-high."—Kathe Kollwitz.

The first major feminist biography of the artist whose prints and drawings record the lives of women and children in war-torn Germany. Kearns relies heavily on Kollwitz's diaries and letters to create a sense of her struggle as an artist and as a woman.

Profusely illustrated.

The Woman and the Myth—Margaret Fuller's Life and Writings by Bell Gale Chevigny. 1976. \$6.95.

The Feminist Press has performed a necessary and welcome service in making Margaret Fuller's work available again. Long disregarded, this important literary figure was a Transcendentalist, the editor of the "Dial," and the author of *Women in the 19th Century*. Excerpts from her writings are presented in chronological order, along with historical/biographical information by Chevigny, and juxtaposed with the patronizing comments of her male critics.

The Girl Sleuth—A Feminist Guide, by Bobbie Ann Mason. 1975. \$3.95.

Remember Nancy Drew and the Bobsey Twins? Bobbie Ann Mason does, with respect and dismay at how they shaped her feminist consciousness. She also remembers Honey Bunch, Judy Bolton, Beverly Gray, Cherry Ames, and Vicki Barr—independent heroines and girl sleuths whose adventures centered around solving mysteries. A fascinating guide to the series books that were created by writing factories, sold (and sell) in the millions and were never in your school library.

LES FEMMES

231 Adrian Road
Millbrae, California

Conversations—Working Women Talk about Doing a Man's Job, by Terry Wetherby. 1977. \$4.95.

Studs Terkel popularized a new kind of interview with his book *Working*—asking people what their jobs were like and how they felt about them. The interviews in this book are all with women who are doing jobs previously felt to be men's province. Some of the jobs are unusual for women to hold because they pay big money: bank president, law school dean, television vice-president. Others have been (are) considered to be too physically demanding for most women: welder, truckdriver, electrical mechanic. *Conversations* may be especially helpful for women thinking about new and different careers.

Women and Creativity, by Joelynn Snyder-Ott.

This book traces contributions women have made historically to the world of art. It explores women's involvement in pre-Christian fertility cults, and offers thought-provoking theories on the emergence of certain classic imagery. The author's final chapters are devoted to modern-day women's experience in art schools and outline a procedure for establishing feminist art schools at a grass-roots level.

PRESS GANG PUBLISHERS

821 East Hastings St.
Vancouver, B.C., Canada

Women Look at Psychiatry, or I'm Not Mad, I'm Angry, edited by Dorothy E. Smith and Sara J. David.

What effect does living in an oppressive patriarchal society which limits woman's potential and forces demeaning or constrictive roles on women have? This book is a collection of articles which takes a critical look at the psychiatric institution and its perpetuation of mental disorders in women, and suggests alternate non-sexist models of treatment.

OUT & OUT BOOKS

476 Second St.
Brooklyn, New York 11215

Housework, by Joan Larkin.

"Elsewhere, I have written of coming out and of the opening of the doors to many stuffy rooms in my life. Since this is a first collection of poems, it includes some of those early rooms: ways of seeing and feeling I gave shapes to in poems before I learned their real names and could leave them."—Joan Larkin.

MONTHLY REVIEW PRESS

62 West 14th Street
New York, New York 10011

Toward An Anthropology of Women. Edited by Rayna R. Reiter

This collection of papers concerning the anthropology of women and the sex-bias prevalent in traditional anthropological theories and dogma looks at human evolution, the evolution of the family, the evolution of sex differences, matriarchal societies, women and economic development, and includes case studies on the status of women in such diverse cultures as Nigeria, Italy, the Dominican Republic and rural China.

Advice To Female Robber Barons



by Barbara Wilson

Only the powerless live in a money culture and know nothing about money. Ignorance about money and power is not an effective means of acquiring, re-defining or redistributing them.

Women, Money and Power

Games Mother Never Taught You
Corporate Gamesmanship for Women
Betty Lehan Harragan
Warner Books, 1978 \$2.50

The Managerial Woman
Margaret Hennig and Anne Jardim
Anchor Press/Doubleday, 1978 \$2.50

Woman, Money and Power
Phyllis Chesler and Emily Jane Goodman
Bantam, 1977 \$2.50

"Corporate Gamesmanship," I said when I first saw this book. "Whatnext?" But I picked it up nevertheless—fascinated. It's only in the last few years that we've been seeing words like "money", "power", "managerial" and "corporate" linked with "women." Like many feminists I have wondered what that trend presages for the movement. In each of these books I've found a different answer. One is an unabashedly ambitious self-help manual; another is based on a sociological study of women who "made it"; a third is an impassioned treatise on economic inequality.

At top corporate levels men outnumber women something like 600 to 1. No women control the biggest corporations. Eight of "The Ten Highest-Ranking Women in Big Business", a study conducted in 1973 by *Fortune* Magazine, either inherited their wealth or married it. And yet we all know that corporations in this country hold most of the wealth and power, make most of the major decisions about our lives. Who are the few women who have entered the ranks of the ruling class, how did they get there, and what does that mean for the rest of us?

WHO

The Managerial Woman is based on a series of interviews with twenty-five women who advanced to the executive rank. Margaret Hennig, who did the interviews, was interested in finding out, in a world where so few women are able to advance, just what was different about these women's lives. She found striking similarities among them.

All of the twenty-five came from upper-middle class families where the father was in business and the mother, though well-educated, did not work. They were generally the oldest child, sometimes the only child, in a family without boys. From childhood their fathers treated them like sons and gave them constant support and encouragement.

All the women went to college and many were encouraged to major in business and economics. After college they began to work as secretaries for the most part, not as management trainees; however, they were fortunate enough to work for men on the move. These bosses generally gave the women the same kind of support that their fathers had, and when they moved upward in the corporate hierarchy, the women followed. Gradually the women began to look around and wonder if they could advance by themselves. Bear in mind that all this time, none of the twenty-five had married and indeed had very little social life. They were as willing as men, more willing in fact, to sacrifice the pleasures of family life to achieve their ambition. None of the women ever had children. Although some of them eventually married, it was to widowers or divorced men with grown children.

The Managerial Woman documents the incredible difficulties women face in being accepted by big business. Hennig also did interviews with a number of women who did not make it—who started out with the same advantages but gave up under pressure before reaching their goal.

The authors of **The Managerial Woman** take a cautiously optimistic view of the future. They fear that women will be pushed into management roles before they're ready for them, especially if the ERA passes. One of the reasons this book was written apparently was to offer hints about how to get ahead, how to understand the male corporate structure. But **Games Mother Never Taught You**, does a much better job of it.

HOW TO

It is important that women don't get deflected, distracted or discouraged simply because they don't know the ground rules of what is essentially a childish and heretofore strictly a boys' game—playing corporate politics.

"Corporate Gamesmanship for Women" is the most engaging of all the books, written in a no-nonsense, often remarkably light-hearted style by a woman who seems to know corporations inside and out, certainly from the inside. It is marred by two things: one, the schizophrenia evident in the above quote—that corporate politics is at once childish, a mere boys' game, and yet is worth spending your life on; two, that getting ahead is easy, even if you're a woman, if you just understand how it works.

This book is full of long, carefully thought-out and deadly analogies. For instance, that corporate structure is a hierarchy based on the military, where orders are carried out via a rigid chain of command and the important thing is not how you do your work but what your position is. But corporate life is also akin to sports, especially football. Harragan points out:

"Men understand sports, appreciate the intricacies and enjoy the competitive atmosphere surrounding organized games.

As employees in a sports-imitative milieu, they feel comfortable, part of the organization of the fellows. They have gone through preliminary training on the school teams and Pee Wee leagues years before; they sense what is expected of them; they are bonded in familiar male camaraderie. They feel they have finally grown up to "be a man" and made it into the major leagues—the wage earners' team."

Included in Harragan's discussion of sports is a guide to locker room language and how it makes men resent having to work with women. "Men literally cannot talk to each other in a business situation if they feel pressured to purge their language of all the phrases that are derogatory or place women

tone, makes many of the same assumptions. Don't ask what the power is used for, just get your share. Being a woman makes it harder, almost impossible, but you can do it if you set your mind to it and learn the rules.

Woman, Money and Power, on its way to becoming a feminist classic, is concerned with the same issues, but in a far different way. Chesler, a psychologist and the author of **Women and Madness**, and Goodman, a lawyer, trace the lies and myths that surround the economics of being a woman. They list and describe twelve major forms of power besides money: physical, technological, scientific, military, consumer, the power of both organized religions and secu-

Gaining access to or control of resources and institutions of power, in other words, gaining power is only a means to an end, and is an uncertain means because power, once achieved, is not voluntarily relinquished; rather, it is dedicated to its own preservation.

as degraded sexual objects which are endlessly fascinating but must be "cut down to size."

You may violently disagree with Harragan's assumptions that women should study football to learn how to be a better team player or that women need to know the difference between a sergeant and a lieutenant to grasp that people who entered the company straight out of Harvard Business School are different from those who began as mail clerks, but it's hard not to be impressed by her understanding of what goes on in enemy territory. She offers advice on how to dress, how to ask for raises. "how to tell the players apart" ("how you are paid, what time you report to work, where you eat, the mail you get, your working location"). There have been exposés of corporate life before, but none done so jauntily and viciously.

Harragan calls herself a feminist. She has a chapter on what to do if you're a corporate lesbian. She is also a staunch advocate of supporting other women whenever you get the chance. But what she calls feminism is really only egalitarianism, not revolution. The unspoken question that runs like a thread through her guide to success, the question she doesn't dare deal with is...

WHAT FOR?

The chilling thing about **Games** is that it exists in a void of individualism, where questions are never asked about the kind of work, the meaning of the work one does. Its subtitle might better be "Advice to Female Robber Barons". **The Managerial Woman**, though drier and more liberal in

lar institutions, all of which are almost totally controlled by men; social position and influence, which may be controlled by women; and beauty, sexuality and motherhood, which are almost exclusively female, but are manipulated by men.

Chesler and Goodman are not optimistic. Their book is a compendium of statistics and facts about the IRS, alimony, wages, work, credit, volunteerism, the "psychoeconomics of Beauty," all of which prove that women are at the bottom of every class and that things aren't getting any better. They question even whether things can get any better, given the capitalist class structure. They are even cynical about revolution, wondering: "If wealth is redistributed, will it still be among men? And if there is a redistribution of some wealth to women, will there still be monopoly by the upper classes, even if it becomes domination by the men and women of that class?"

The most that Chesler and Goodman hold out for is a new and growing understanding by women of economics. Over and over again they write about women's terrifying ignorance of the forces that control their lives in this money culture.

You may not want to become a corporate executive or a managerial woman, but books which discuss success and corporate structure aren't to be dismissed out of hand. The threat that feminism can be coopted by capitalism is very real and these books, especially the first two, can help us understand how that is happening. At the very least, these books offer valuable insights into the workings of a male world we never made.

"I've only seen the worse"

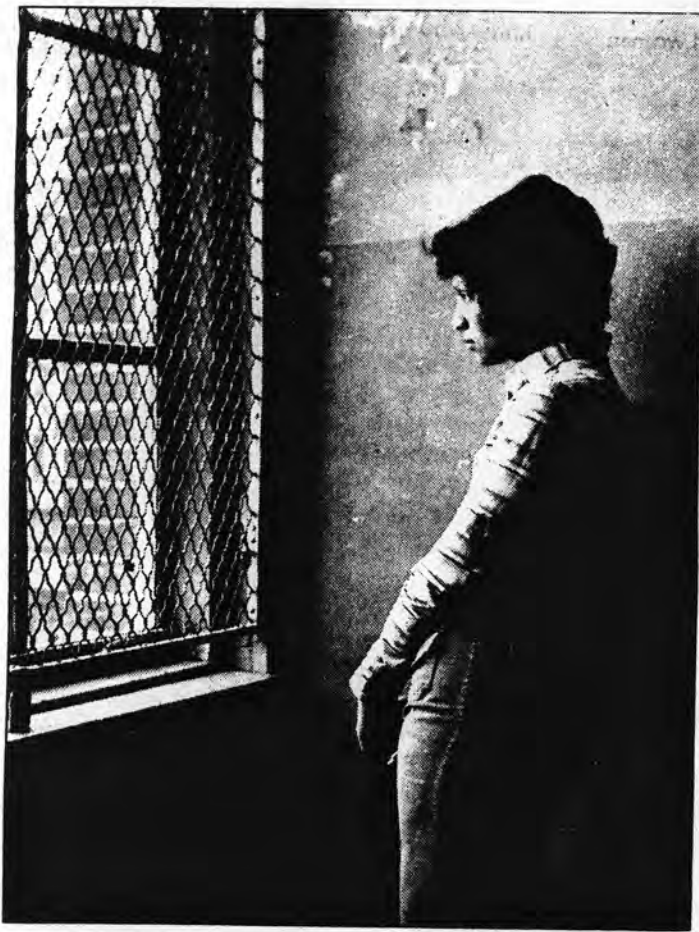
The First Fight Back

The following are pieces written by 3 sixteen year-old women.

Help you and I who are behind bars,
listening to the sound of trucks and cars,
waiting patiently to be out and free,
you live out there where we now cannot see.

Give us the rivers and the blue skies.
Give us freedom and watch us fly.
Blow the wind free and cool.
Throw away your fucked up rules.

Sabrina Wood



I was working and when I came home the dinner dishes were not done. My sister's turn was up for dishes that night; so I told her to get up and do them. My mother was passed out in her room which I did not know.

Well, how it started was that I was tired and sick and started yelling at my sister to get off her lazy ass and get the dishes done, for I had been doing them for the past month. As it turned out my mother woke up and heard me yelling at my sister, so she started hitting me. I let her hit me for about ten minutes. After the hits in the back and stomach I was going to run because her fist was getting angrier and madder. Then with all her weight she hit me in the face. She fell on her back and just laid there moaning. I thought I hurt her bad, so I turned to call the hospital. As soon as I picked up the phone, she got up and threw a chair at me.

I blacked out for a minute and when I came to, she was kicking me in the stomach, yelling to get up. Well, as soon as she realized that I was aware again, she said that she was going to get the black leather belt that my dad made. I knew that the belt would hurt because she had used it many times before this. As soon as she left for the belt, I staggered to the front door and ran with all I could to hide from her. I could hear her yelling, "If I find you, I'll kill you."

I fell down in the park and vomited blood for what seemed an hour. I thought that I would call the cops to help me. So I ran to a friend's house. As she opened the door, I started crying and fainted in the front room. Her mother and father knew exactly what had happened because I ran to them all the time. They were like a second family. I woke up with Gail's mother saying if I wanted to call the cops. I shook my head and she left to call. All the time I was in a haze and a pain I will never forget. Finally the cop came and asked me questions about what happened and about pressing

charges. He also said that I couldn't stay there, but he would put me into protective custody. He carried me to the car and drove me to the hospital. A doctor examined me and said that I had internal injuries, four cracked ribs and multiple bruises and scratches. The cop locked me up in the D.H. after the trip to the hospital.

The next day I woke up to a man saying that my mother was there. I finally had a chance to realize where I was. I looked at the four pink walls that had people's names scratched on them and other things. There was a metal framed bed screwed to the floor, a wall which separated the toilet from the sink where there was more writing. On the door there was a locking slot and a small plastic window. I thought to myself how caged animals felt. The only thing I wanted was out.

The man came back after I had dressed and took me down to his office where my mother and the cop who picked me up were sitting. The man's name was Terry Mackie. He told me about the situation and then turned to me, asking me to repeat the story about the night before. I repeated it and started crying. My mother looked at me as if she was going to act out the night before all over again. Mr. Mackie asked my mother if what I said was true. She looked at him and said in her Sunday best voice, "I wouldn't do something that terrible to her. I think her boy friend and her got into another fight."

I couldn't believe what she was saying. Then he turned to me and asked me if that was true. Here I was locked up for something I didn't do in a god forbid-ding place. I wanted out and I didn't care where, just out. So I said, yes, and about an hour later I was at home, packing my bags to go to Spokane.

I never saw my mother again or ever heard from her. Maybe I should've stayed at home and took the beatings of hell instead of living in hell.

Growing Up

She wakes up and looks at the clock. It's 3:00 A.M. What is Ma in there yelling about? She gets up and sits in the chair. She hates listening to her mom in there crying out like she is falling down an endless tunnel. She is yelling as usual, "Russ! Russ!" That is her ex-husband's name. Soon she will come out saying, "Leslie, where's your father?" Alison will ignore her and get stoned and go back to sleep. After getting stoned and sleeping about 15 minutes—Boom. She hears the light fall and says, "Ma, I'm laying here. Don't fall on me." She watches her mom wobble closer and then she starts to fall on her. "Ma!! Get the hell off me."

Her ma lays and asks for help. She reminds her she is dying of cancer as she always does and adds about how much medication the doctors make her take. Alison remembers how many times she has heard this. A fire starts burning inside her and she clenches her teeth.

She spends so much of her time with her teeth clenched wished she could push the woman into the wall. Touching her, making food for her, and helping her walk rips her guts apart.

Alison Helms

5-19-77

Jenny Coleman

What's life you ask
Well the only life I know
Is the life behind locked doors
What is life you ask
Well I don't know
I've only seen the worse
What is life you ask
I've only had it a short time
It was happiness yet sorrows too
Why did it end you ask
Because that's life
You love one thing and they take it from you
Why is life so cold

They don't care about it
Why
Because they have it
So they don't care if we do
Why'd you lose what you loved
Because people didn't want me to love
Is that why you really don't care
Yes that's why
Oh one more thing who is they
They are the people who think they're doing
you good when they're not

Birth Of An Anarchist Amphibian

What ARE You Anyway?



'Women have often felt insane when cleaving to the truth of their experience. Our future depends on the sanity of all of us, and we have a profound stake, beyond the personal, in the project of describing our reality as fully as we can to each other.'
(Adrienne Rich, Women and Honor)

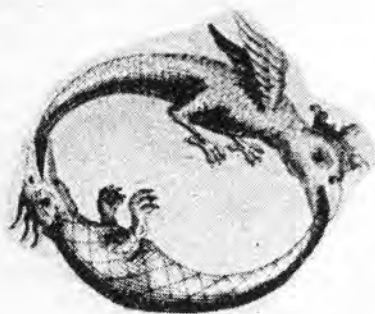
By Guila Howard

This article espouses only one thing: the necessity for women to think for ourselves if we want true societal change. The perceptions, analyses, and preferences are mine. I claim to speak for no one but myself, and only from my own experience. This was a frightening but exhilarating article to write. I hope it will spur other women to start making their own experiences and theories public, so that we begin to have as many 'correct' theories as there are women who think for themselves--and so that we can know the true breadth of our options.

In previous years, when I was surrounded by political people though not political myself, I saw a particular phenomenon time and again. My friends, as they explored ways to change the world, discovered Marxism. *'Marxism is a method,'* I heard over and over, but somewhere along the line, the method always stopped being a tool for active discovery and started becoming an end in itself. My friends transcribed their own perceptions into certain phrases that became increasingly overused to meet an 'objective' criteria of 'correctness'. There was no such thing as a 'self-or-collectively-made' theory, one constructed not only from reading but from experience, and suited to the problems at hand. There was suddenly a Right way and a Wrong way to think, and it was all in the book already.

I feel that something similar occurs in the Seattle women's community--not so blatantly, perhaps, as there is no Red Book of Political Womanhood that I know of. But the 'correctness' strived for can be just as externally defined, and sometimes just as simplistic and dogmatic.

I began to realize that the women's community held pure separatists (those who remove themselves entirely from men and envision a world of women) in esteem for a long time, because of their purity of thought and action. Separatists gave the spectrum of feminist options a visible end. The separatist's theory and dress sifted down into the women's community, diluted but still embraced as the Ideal, even when incongruous to individual women's lives. As more and more women entered into the community, the distinct thread between dressing like a separatist in visible agreement and alignment with separatist theory became weaker and weaker. Dress was no longer a 'method' or manifestation of the Ideal; as it was popularized it became a reality unto itself: a style, a standard. The separatists didn't enforce the standards of correctness. They lived their theories and preached them, but other women enforced them by choosing unquestioning imitation in place of their own self-definition--and then judging other women by the extent of their imitation.



I continued working with both men and women, in an organization whose goal I very much felt on a gut level. I became more and more frustrated and angry with the sexually mixed Left--with many men's lip-service to feminism, and the listing of patriarchy toward the bottom of a long list of oppressions. First I tried to get more women into the organization--believing numbers would give us power. More women did come, but little seemed to change. I slowly realized my kind of politics just weren't there--the acknowledgement of hierarchy, especially patriarchy, as an integral part of all oppression, that must be fought all the time--not just as a side issue, but as a major part of any issue. I felt this idea would be shared most naturally in an all-women's group, a lesbian group. Now, finally, was the time to take the plunge into the women's community.

I began working in an all-women's group. I felt on edge, pressured. The pressure felt familiar to me--like any societal pressure, the reward was acceptance by the group. But reward for what? For changing myself in some way that would make me more palatable. How much of this pressure I felt come from the women (all lesbians except one) and how much from myself, it was impossible to say--by that time we had all swallowed the same dogma. I seemed if I wanted acceptance as a human being, I'd somehow have to prove myself worthy of it. The easiest way would be to cut off my braids, and if asked, elaborate on my previous friendships, allegiances and sexual experiences with women. Even if I hadn't asked, my appearance would invite assumptions that would forestall any hideous truths, at least for a while.

At a political rally, I had once heard a lesbian say about another with a hand-wave of dismissal, 'Well, she's been discredited long ago.' I wondered what would happen to me in the community if the truth were known: I not only slept platonically with a very treasured male friend, but had occasional hedonistic jaunts with another. If 'even' a dyke's entire existence could be discredited so easily, what about mine?

Saying 'I don't sleep with my oppressors, male or female' seemed nonsensical in the context I perceived many dykes to be coming from: that if the human being has a penis, he may fight against patriarchy but the fight is useless, a sham; that because he's male, he IS patriarchy in human form.

The idea of cutting out my sexual activities wasn't impossible at all, but cutting out time spent with my dear male friend filled me with sadness. As a lesbian desiring correctness, wouldn't that be expected of me too? Was there a whole road of expectations and regu-

lations fraught with paths that an innocent could wander onto and become, even with all her commitment, 'discredited' anyway?

A stubborn voice inside me still said, all I want to do is love women, be loved by women, and work with women. Are all the shenanigans necessary? I figured I'd be so tense from trying to be correct that by the time I was loved and trusted, I would have lost more of my being than I'd strengthened.

I quit the women's group and stewed in my own juices.

'... We are all self-appointed to speak our own minds. Each of us is, in that sense, alone, and if there is terror in that knowledge there is also relief...No one else can discredit my life if it is in my own hands. When I really stand alone, I realize what remarkably good and large company I am in.'

(Jane Rule, With All Due Respect)

My experiences force me to create my own definition. I am not a lesbian, not a dyke, the way I feel lesbianism and dykehood exist now, the 'tyranny of correctness' running through. But I am not 'straight' either. All these visions are visions I do not totally share, and my exclusion from them forces me to create my own.

If I had to describe myself I might call myself a women-identified 'bisexual'. Or preferably an anarchist amphibian. (I don't like the word 'bisexual'. I don't like its vagueness which allows almost any connotation. I dislike its stress on just the sexual. It is a clinical, apolitical word--but unlike 'homosexual', which has 'dyke', 'faggot', etc. to help clarify it, 'bisexual' has as yet no political synonyms.)

My transformation from 'I-don't-know-what-I-am-but-I-know-it's-wrong' to 'I-know-what-I-am-and-I-know-why' has taken almost a year. As I grew closer to my Self, I discovered to my surprise that by no means was I alone because of my choices--to the contrary, I discovered the 'good and large company' of assertive, loving women. At this time in my life I've chosen not to deal with men sexually. But certain men are definitely part of my life and support system.



'A bisexual woman still benefits from the status, societal approval, and access to dollars and resources that women receive from relating to men...in times of crisis, she always has heterosexual privilege to fall back on.'

(Gay theory Work Group, Gay Oppression and Liberation)

I've heard remarks like this many times. There is an assumption among certain political lesbians that a woman is incapable of choosing freedom of choice as being most congruous to her politics--that 'bisexuality' is only something she drifts mindlessly into on the way from There to Here, reaping the benefits of the heterosexual world as she steals energy from other women.

This assumption angers me. An integral part of my political thought and action is the destruction of patriarchy--its ideas, institutions, and authority. The idea of using a man for societal approval literally sickens me.

But it's assumed that because I deal with men, I accept patriarchy. It's assumed I use my energy fighting men's battles, and then falling back on men's protective shoulders when the going gets rough--not to mention the assumption that I accept the duty of teaching men about feminism, the need for their own self-sufficiency, etc.

Continued on page 24



I moved to Seattle from Sacramento nearly two years ago, excited by my preliminary readings in anarchism. I had worked in feminist organizations in Sacramento, but had no political or sexual definition of myself. I wanted to live and work in a women's community. My sexual experiences had been basically heterosexual, although I retained strong friendships with women and had related sexually with some.

The first thing I did in Seattle was to join an anarchist study group made up of men and women. Because I didn't gyrate immediately toward the women's community, I met and talked to many different kinds of women, new to Seattle or new to politics. Many were frustrated and insecure as they tried to fit in. The basic things that seemed necessary for some sort of acknowledgement by (not to mention entrance into) the political women's community were superficial: wearing clothes simulating classic dyke attire even if you weren't a dyke, cutting your hair in imitation of those women Who Belonged. Women who wanted to work with other women did these things to pass.

ODE TO A SPONGE

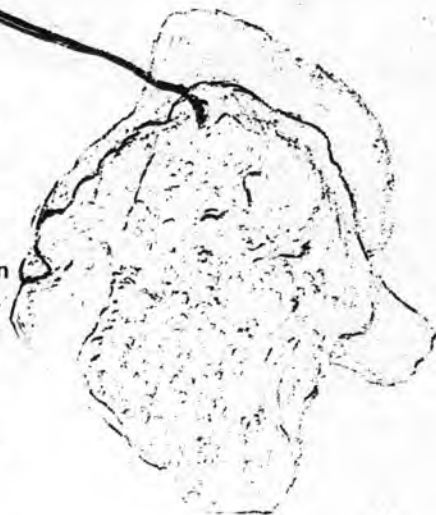
by J. Penelope Goforth

I have heard rumors that the Tampax Company uses certain chemical additives on their product designed to stimulate the flow of blood (and thereby sell more tampax). I don't know if this is true or not; certainly it is a scary thought. It's bad enough that the damn things carve a rut in the vaginal walls--to have a Chemically Impregnated sterile bullet of cotton inserted into my private parts is almost more than I can stand to think of. However I don't worry about it any more. I haven't used a tampax in 5 lunations and I probably never will use one again. No I haven't started my menopause, nor had a sex change operation, nor am I pregnant.

The Sponge has entered my life. The Sponge. I never looked forward to having my period until the advent of the Sponge into my life. Now I can hardly wait for the coming of the new moon, it's become a greater event even than the full moon!

In spite of my liberation and all I still never really did get to the point where I actually enjoyed having my period, you know. Somewhere back there was always the feeling that it was kind of--well, dirty, that I was unclean during that week, no matter how many showers I took. When my first period started at age 12 or so my mother explained it all to me and got me on Kotex. God, it was very hard to feel clean on Kotex, and then all those nasty jokes about riding the horse and being on the rag. Yeech, I felt resentful that my carefree days of tree climbing and rope swinging were curtailed for at least a bloody week. Then too, even the older women that my mother hung out with talked about menstruation in such a negative way. The Curse. That's how I related to it, from the first; The Curse.

Then about age 17 my best friend in high school turned me onto the somewhat racy tampax. I remember laughing when she told me about it at first. "What if it gets stuck?" was my first question. "How do you put it in?" I locked the bathroom door and with my foot on the edge of the toilet tried to arrange my 45 degrees to a more horizontal position (as my friend had carefully instructed me, otherwise it gets stuck where you pee and hurts a lot.) and tried to ease the damn thing in. Luckily I was not a virgin



and in fact the thought occurred to me that I must be moving up on the scale (whatever scale these things are gauged by) because a virgin obviously would not be able to use Tampax. As a matter of fact, after a number of false starts I found the only way to get it in was to pretend it was a penis: and presto! in it slid. If you think that was gross, believe me, I did too. But my brother was banging on the door trying to get in and I had been there for at least a good half hour and the pressure of his knocking was actually what did it. Usually I did not have such thoughts, but as they say necessity is the Mother of invention. Well, moving right along here. . . .

My relationship with tampax had its ins and outs, like it was great for tree climbing and motorcycling (which I had graduated to) but still when you had to pull it out . . . and sometimes I misjudged the timing . . . well, it was very comfortable. And when I did get it out and looked at it . . . definitely it was something to throw away without much inspection. It looked hideous. And then there was the groove after all the years of use. And it is usually cold, that cardboard is just cold. Now and then it would get stuck and you have to reach your fingers all the way up and try to pull the damn thing out or then the string would come undone . . . and horror of horrors, there were those rare occasions when you forgot to take out the last one and it got stuck so high up there jammed against the cervix that

you didn't even feel until the most embarrassing moment . . . uh, how come I can't get it all the way in . . . groan and struggle . . . what?? what do you mean you -- oh shit, hang on a minute I'll be right back; and after twenty minutes or so of fumbling around (you have to trim your fingernails first) you finally get the rotten damn thing out and the stink. oh god how fuckin awful. Well, those days are far behind me now. I didn't really mean to bad mouth tampax. I mean it was an improvement over "the rag" but it really has nothing on the The Sponge. That organic delight, that soft warmth, that . . . but I wax sentimental, forgive me while I regain my rational composure.

The Sponge. Yes, the Mad Lesbian from Tucson (who shall remain unnamed altho she is infamous on both coasts) on her yearly pilgrimage to my country sanctuary brought One with her and when I started making period noises she drew me aside and with great reverence brought forth her own and presented it to me with great ceremony. "This is a Sponge and you must use it!" It was a small very porous looking plain artist's sponge; like the kind you smooth out gouges in newly thrown pots with. It sat snugly, expectantly in the palm of my hand vibrating with 'a great goodness to come' feeling. Her instructions to me were as follows:

Always boil it for at least 5 minutes before the start of the period. That is to make sure it is clean and will not harbor any trich or yeast cultures. Then using the middle finger of your right hand gently push it up inside your vagina to a comfortable spot. Rinse it out with hot, very hot water each time you feel the need to change. About as often as you would change a tampax, maybe a little oftener, you'll know when it's time. Watch the laughing and sneezing tho, a full Sponge will leak. (She was so right!) Then boil it again when you are thru and put it away for the month, in a box or pouch where it won't get disturbed.

Excitedly I boiled it the next morning. Then while it was still warm I put my

foot up on the edge of the bathtub and with my middle finger gently pushed The Sponge into my vagina, just past relaxed muscles. Ahh, the delightful feel of something soft and yielding and oh so warm going into a place a part of me that was equally warm soft yielding!!! That first day I changed it quite frequently as I flow heavily the first two days. The first time I felt the need to change it I reached in gently (with trimmed fingernails) and pulled it out easily (it is just as easy to attach a short string on one end of the Sponge also) and squeezed it into the sink, the white porcelain sink splattered now with red blood but suddenly all the concepts I had carried with me about menstrual blood washed away as I looked at this Blood. Rich red life giving! This is the Blood of the nest! Juice of the womb! The stuff of Life; in fact, if I wasn't doing astrological birth control religiously, this very Blood would have nourished another human being. This Blood has the Power of Life! I reverently rinsed it, thus enlightened, down the drain. It certainly never inspired such respect in me vulgarly soaked into kotex or a tampax. That first day I stayed home (being unemployed anyway) and waited, just waited around to rinse my Sponge. Now of course, I have become more used to it and I don't always stay home. In fact, I use those first few days fully in women's restrooms around the city. Calmly, proudly, I rinse my Sponge in the gleaming porcelain sinks and with missionary zeal proselytize my sisters as they come upon me at my ablutions.

The Sponge is available at most artist supply shops; be sure to get the real Sponge, the one from Mother's own womb, the ocean. Oh, I might mention size and shape; altho the Sponge will conform to you I have found that One slightly triangular fits the nicest and absorbs quite well in an inverted triangle position. And remember, Sisters, cleanliness is next to Goddessliness. Bleed in peace.

Amphibian (continued)

Because my hair is long, I supposedly embrace male privilege. I'm 'accepted by society'. The fact that I work *against* this society (and *like* my hair) is inessential. I get called 'dyke queer' etc. just as any lesbian does who walks holding her friend's arm. I'm as vulnerable as any lesbian to being fired or evicted if we are both up-front about our lives.

Yet I'm told I want male privilege. The assumption seems to be that women are basically weak-weak enough to disregard their own principles at the drop of a hat. I can think of nothing more debilitating to collective women's strength than these unanalyzed but accepted beliefs.

My vision of the perfect world is shared by Marxists, transvestites, anarchists, science-fiction writers, school teachers, mail-deliverers -- all kinds of people: that of an androgynous society, where people love and mate with whomever they choose without any sort of coercion. I believe there will always be people who choose to make love with only one sex--but in an andro-

gynous society the choice will be made freely. I must say I question the present possibility in this culture of a sizeable contingent of truly 'bisexual' people. The authoritarianism of each side of the sexual spectrum is too strong, the general differences between male and female energy and consciousness too severe.

But working for and believing in this end now doesn't make me a sell-out or a 'victim of patriarchy'. I agree with the need for separatism, whether purely sexual or all-encompassing, at some time in most peoples lives, to see and analyze oppression from the outside in, and to realize how much of our lives have depended on the other sex, whether financially, psychically, sexually, or otherwise. But I don't believe that separatism, or the attempted adherence to its theories, can be an end in itself IF an androgynous society is a vision we share. *The means determines the ends.* Coercion of any sort slows and undermines the hard journey towards those ends.

We must think for ourselves.

OPEN LETTER TO WOMEN OF COLOR:

We are the three women of color who helped coordinate the Second Annual Pacific Northwest Women's Music Festival, held here in Portland July 7, 8 and 9.

The general racism of our society extends into our cultural events. We were disappointed at the lack of participation and attendance by women of color at the Festival. We feel that fear, lack of information and lack of bridges between various ethnic communities all contribute to producing white-dominated cultural events. We find it unfortunate that this racism continues to be true in women-organized events as well.

In an effort to change this old and tired reality, we are initiating the creation of a NETWORK of women of color in the Pacific Northwest (incl. Idaho, Montana, N. Calif., Oregon, Wash., B.C.) to introduce us to each other and to share our skills, especially those skills relating to cultural production--e.g. graphics, performing arts, workshops, audio-visual, publicity, community organizing, childcare, counseling, trans-

lating, signing for deaf, site-management, security and technical skills (sound, lights, video, photography, etc.). We are asking for your help and participation in this process.

Please write for information to:

Niobeh Erebor
2803 SE Taylor
Portland, OR 97214
or call (503) 236-4566.

We appreciate any contributions to the cost of printing and mailing.

QUOTE OF THE MONTH

The quote of the month comes from North Carolina Guilford County Commissioner Gaston Faison. Faison, in discussing that county's need for a shelter for battered women, compared women to unruly horses.

Said Faison: "If the county takes in a woman who is abused, then what are we going to do when some farmer calls in who can't tame his wild horses? Are we going to tame it for him?"

HerSay/Borrowed Times

TWO POETS

While attending the Northwest Women's Action Conference in Seattle in June of 1978, Emily Cannell was critically wounded by a sniper's bullet. After two operations her condition steadily improved and she is expected to make a full recovery.

FOR EMILY

We need our own international feminist government-in-exile....
Phyllis Chesler

She is stricken while the horizon
wring of blue bleeds
carnelian into the woman-warm
evening--shots of
color limn rustling shrubs, shroud manicured branches, lap
the grainy strata of their own
shadows; tangled in the stunned
greeting & clustering conflux toward the auditorium, the heady
lifessmell--Spring

erupting. She skims and gulps it, wholly
involved--a scrawl on the ground. Blood
weeps--congealing on
cement--her spine restrained
in its shedding of
the skin of life
by the abrupt imperative I will
not die I will not
die I will not die

the
hollow staccato
of air
cracking
open
catches up. Someone is asking her can she
wiggle her toes tells her
she is not crippled--women encircle her--see
that others are unharmed--protection
demanded while into the turbid
senses gunfire's repercussive
signature descends askance more like
a loaded question than settling
silt...her back...just a matter of
aim &...my back: these were random shots

News surfacing still
in the first speech, fragments
of the mother tongue: Barbara's dream that night
of getting knifed in the back; mine of
three shots pumping me
awake. Before we read the headlines
we knew empathy
is our telegraph in exile

Hylah Jacques

*This poem is available as a separate
broadside from The Seal Press,
533 11th East, Seattle, WA 98102
\$1.00 donation.*



photo: Eileen K. Berger from Women See Women



photo: Bobbi Carey from Women See Women

I move into the view
And it widens away from me

I step into the bath
And it rises about me

I touch your face
And it fades like the past in my hands.

This is the way of all dimension:
The red scarf between
bull and toreador seduces both.
Columbus and Cortez scale the world
completing the circle with the
balls of their own foot soles.
King Midas touches his daughter
and she turns to gold.

In closing one shape I open another.
I draw these careful letters on
the page and fit myself together
like a Chinese tangram. I drive
into the view as it widens
away from me. I drive
as these words turn
on ball bearings through my mouth.
I turn into the view as I
drive.

This is the way of all locomotion:
As I steer the wheel my hands
leave the scenery behind.
Leaving I fall
forward into the picture.
The tunnel of my throat opens - From my mouth many
white swimmers emerge stroking the air.
They cover the windshield
An umbrella of words opening
against the glass. Swept
up in the rushing wake they take off
behind the moving car.
In the rear view mirror
I see them moving off like geese.
Behind me words rain over the wedding
of the mountains and the highway like white rice.

Susan Gevirtz

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by Tracy Smith

Are you finding in this age of feminism, strong, independent women, and liberated men that you are still getting trashed out in your meaningful relationships? Are you still unable to have a relationship with a man for more than a few months? Do you still feel as miserable now as you did in high school when he doesn't call? Do you believe that with all the talk about equality, loving men would be more fulfilling, nurturing, and mature than your pre-feminist relationships had been? Do you feel that the only difference now is that you are racked with guilt because you seem to yourself a weak and dependent person? And, do you fear that perhaps you are not truly liberated after all?

If these questions elicit an affirmative response, you'll be interested in the handy, tear-out section that has been provided below. This is to be used as a ready reference whenever you are unsure of what has just transpired in your relationship.

This first section of the guide lists classic male lines compiled from a recent survey of heterosexual feminists. Its purpose is to help you determine if you have been handed a line or not. It is also interesting from a sociological point of view.

The first group is called the Five-Easy-Pieces-Script-Category. In order of frequency heard, they are:

- Don't fall in love with me, I'll only hurt you.
- I'm not the kind of guy to get tied down.
- I don't want to be hurt again.
- I gotta move on.
- I'm a loner.
- Let's keep this relationship casual.
- I can't make any promises.
- I hope you don't have any expectations.
- I'm busy.
- I just had to get you out of my system.
- I'm still seeing my ex-wife, but things are pretty much over.
- I don't want to be involved, but I still want to see you and sleep with you.
- I guess I'm not monogamous, you'll just have to understand.
- Don't get involved with me I'm cursed.
- I'm just a bastard. (pick one)
- You are so nice, I don't deserve you.
- you make me feel guilty. (pick one)
- If you only knew what I was really like.
- I'll call you sometime.
- You know someday I'll probably come crawling back to you.
- I couldn't resist you. (Or the popular variation: You were too much of a temptation.
- The war did some tragic things to me.

The second classification, "We're-All-Liberated-If-You-Know-What-I-Mean" Category, consists of lines that are particularly popular with men who are trying to relate to feminists:

- You are the kind of woman who chews men up and spits them out.
- You can get any man you want.
- I don't want to possess anyone. (This is a favorite with Socialists)
- You think like a man.
- You are so strong and independent.

This second section "translates" a few of the more common or confusing lines. Many of the translations may seem repetitious, but that's because the situations usually are.

DON'T FALL IN LOVE WITH ME, I'LL ONLY HURT YOU.

Translation: *Don't fall in love with him, he'll only hurt you.*

I'LL CALL YOU SOMETIME.

Translation: *I'll call you sometime, if there's nobody else.*
I'll call you sometime, when my girlfriend goes out of town.
I'll call you sometime, when I think of it.
I'll call you sometime, but don't hold your breath.
I'll call you sometime, if I don't run into you someplace.
I'll call you sometime, because I want to be in control.

Although this phrase appears innocent on the surface, it is heavy with meaning. Usually the last complete sentence spoken, it frequently means "goodbye." In most female/male relationships there is an uneven balance of power in the man's favor. The "I'll call you sometime" line is an indication of this power imbalance. He is control, because he is the one who stops and starts the relationship.

YOU ARE SO STRONG AND INDEPENDENT.

Translation: *You are so strong and independent, I know you'll leave me alone.*
You are so strong and independent, you won't care if I move on.
You are so strong and independent, you won't make any demands on me.
You are so strong and independent, when I leave it won't hurt you.
You are so strong and independent, you can take it and I won't feel guilty.

This is a tricky one. On the surface this line appears complimentary. Everybody wants to believe that they are strong and independent. However many men believe because a woman is strong and independent she has the same attitude about relationships that they do themselves. That is, if you are an independent person you must be like me, a man. And because I don't want to get emotionally involved, I'm sure that you don't either.

WHY TALK ABOUT HETEROSEXUAL RELATIONSHIPS?

Women who love men are not any less strong than women who do not. But because women are involved with the very sex that they are trying so hard not to be undone or devastated by, their situation needs to be understood. Heterosexuality is here to stay. People will soon accept the fact that heterosexuality is not a condition that will wither like the state. It is a real and necessary form of human relationships. It is nothing to be ashamed of.

Feminism hasn't addressed itself adequately to the madness of women loving men. The battered wife and the equal heterosexual partnership have been discussed. In some circles the topic of heterosexual relationships other than these two is rarely discussed for fear that it is not politically correct. Talking about loving men is often considered an admission of non-liberation. The movement has ignored a world in which women are fucking men and falling in love with men despite sexism. Strong feminist women who are basically heterosexual are in a different situation. If you complain about your problems with men you are a victim, a contradiction to your strength and independence. But there is nothing more exciting, interesting, or important than talking about your obsession. The problem is that passion is not logical and defies analysis. You can be sure that if passion and politics co-exist in your life, you won't be bored.

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Arts

THE WOMEN'S CULTURAL CENTER at the University Y.W.C.A. features Anne M. Patterson's batiques and textiles and Jody Aliesan's poetry thru Sept 29. For info: 938-1884. 4224 University Way N.E.

BENEFIT ART SALE for the Shelter Runaway Center from Sept 18-23, 9 am-9 pm. at the University Village Arcade Mall. Call 364-4085

Sept 22 and 23, Crime and the Offs, both San Francisco bands will play at The Bird, 915 E. Pine St. Call 325-0214

Fri Sept 22, 8 pm. Musica Viva Trio will play Schubert, Bach and Bartok at the Seattle Concert Theatre, corner of Fairview N. and John. Tickets \$3.50 general \$2.50 student/seniors. Call 624-2770

Fri Sept 22 8pm. WILDERNESS CONCERT TO BENEFIT CITIZENS FOR WASHINGTON WILDERNESS at the Russian Cultural Center. Tickets \$3.50 available from Friends of the Earth and R.E.I. Call 633-1661

"One Sings the Other Doesn't", a film about the friendship between 2 women in France of the '70's is at the Seven Gables, N.E. 50th and Roosevelt. Call 632-8820

Sept 22,23,24, VANCOUVER WOMEN'S VIDEO AND FILM FESTIVAL at Mt. Pleasant Community Center, 3161 Ontario St. Vancouver, BC. \$5 for 3 days, \$2 for 1 day. Showing women-produced films and video. Featuring films which haven't received wide distribution. Call 604-872-2250

Sun Sept 24, "Songs of the Romantic Heart," a duo Lieder concert featuring Mimi O'Neill and baritone Robert Cowan, at the Seattle Concert Theatre at 3 pm. \$3 general, \$2 students and seniors

vention and home remedies, self-breast exam and self-pelvic exams. At Blackwell, 203 W Holly St. Room M-12, B'ham.

An "Introduction to the NORTHWEST PASSAGE," a meeting for people interested in getting involved in the paper, will be held Mon. Oct 2, 7:30 pm. at the Passage office, 1017 E Pike in Seattle. The Passage also offers a class thru the Experimental College and will train people in layout and darkroom skills. For info call Doug: 633-1635 eves.

Tues Oct 3 Blackwell Women's Health Center sponsors Gena Corea speaking on "Medicine is Masculine" and "Scientific Obstetrics" at Fairhaven Auditorium, B'ham. Tea, snacks and discussion after talk. Call: 734-8592. Wed Oct 4 2 pm. is a training/orientation session for volunteers at Blackwell. Call for more details.

Thurs Oct 12, Radical Women Meeting, discussion and update on organizing efforts around murder of John Rodney. 7:30 pm. Freeway Hall, 3815 5th Ave NE. Dinner at 6:30 pm. For transportation, child care and info, call: 632-1815/7449 or 325-0350.

Thurs Oct 12, 6:30 pm. Native American Solidarity Committee presents "International Day of Solidarity with American Indians". Includes exhibition and sale of Indian crafts, light dinner, Marie Sanchez speaking, music and pow-wow. Seattle Masonic Temple, Pine and Harvard, Donation \$2. Childcare call: 324-7738

Thurs Oct 26, Radical Women meeting. Discussion and update on united from efforts in Seattle against the right wing. 7:30 pm. at Freeway Hall, 3815 5th Ave N.E. Dinner at 6:30 pm.

Nov 17-19, Women Against Violence in Pornography and Media (WAVPM) holds the first National Feminist Conference on Pornography. Conference will take place in San Francisco and focus on deepening an analysis of pornography. WAVPM invites feminists interested in the effects of media violence against women and victim advocacy (rape, child molestation, battered women, incest). Write: WAVPM, P.O. Box 14614, San Francisco CA 94114.

Wed Sept 27, 9pm. "Making Television Dance" featuring Twyla Tharp and co. will be aired on KCTS Ch. 9.

Fri Oct 6, 7:30-11 pm. MEN'S SQUARE DANCE, University Friends Center. Benefit for Seattle Committee Against Thirteen by Seattle Men's Center Collective. Men of all sexual preference welcome.

Mon Oct 9, 11 pm-midnight, TREASURES OF TUTANKHAMUN can be viewed as a BENEFIT FOR THE RAPE PREVENTION FORUM. Tickets \$15 incl wine and cheese buffet. 682-4945

ILLUMINATUS! PART 1, Sept 20-Oct 15 at the Empty Space, 919 E. Pike. 325-4443

Events

SCAT will be holding orientations to prepare people to canvass against I. 13. Call 292-9172 for info or drop by 407 E. Pike. SCAT meets the 1st and 3rd Thurs of each month, 7:30 pm. Capital Hill Methodist Church, 16th Ave and E. John.

Thurs Sept 21, 7:30-9:30 pm. Rainier Vista Community Health Clinic sponsors the 1st of 2 forums arranged by METROCENTER Y.M.C.A. on Domestic Violence at the Community Bldg, S. Columbian Way and South Empire. Dr. Lynne Iglitzin of the U.W. and Karil Klingball of the Dept. of Social Services at Harborview Hospital will speak on socio-cultural roots of violence and the effect of the battering syndrome on children. Free

Fri Sept 22 Freedom Socialist Party sponsors FORUM: "INITIATIVES 13 & 14, DOUBLE BARREL ATTACK FROM THE RIGHT WING." Gay, Feminist, & Minority speakers. 8pm. Freeway Hall 3815 5th Ave N.E. Social hr 7-8 pm. Childcare, call 632-7449/1815

INNERSPACE WOMYN'S COFFEE HOUSE 5241 University Way N.E. in the basement invites women to coffee houses every Fri night. Rap, games, poetry. 8 pm.-midnight Call 324-8254 about special programs.

Sat Sept 23, 9:30 pm. "The Rosenberg Sobell Case Revisited" on KCTS Ch. 9

Sat Sept 23 Friends of the Filipino People and Anti-Martial Law Coalition observe 6th anniversary of martial law in the Philippines with caravan and rally. Car caravan leaves from 23rd & Madison or S. Beacon & S. Spokane 11 am. Rally at Seward Pk. 2 pm. All welcome. 723-5277

Sat Sept 23 7:30 pm. Revolutionary Communist Party holds 1st Forum for Mao Month: "The Cultural Revolution" Langston Hughes Center, 17th & Yesler. \$2

Starting Mon. Sept 25 is a Pre-Organic Women's Group offered at SISTER The group is for women who are currently not experiencing orgasms and who want to learn how. For info call 522-8588

Tues Sept 26, 10 pm. on KCTS Ch.9 "Does Equality Exist in America," featuring Gloria Steinem, Marabel Morgan, Sen. Fred Harris, Jesse Jackson, Jeremy Rifkin and members of the Nazi Party and KKK airs.

Wed Sept 27, 2nd of 2 forums arranged by METROCENTER on Domestic Violence. Douglass/Truth Branch of the Seattle Public Library from 7-8:30 pm. Susan Watkins and Kay Frank will speak on historical development of laws relating to marital violence and on battered women and the legal system. FREE.

Thurs. Sept 28, Sharon Lea Ryals will do a reading of her poetry at 8 pm at the Cafe Intermezzo on 4th Ave in Olympia.

Sept 28-30, Margaret Randall will be available to read her poetry and talk about her perspectives on Cuba where she lived and worked as a poet and writer for the past 9 yrs. People interested in sponsoring or attending, call Ellen and Mike Withey at home: 324-1971; work: 464-7694/682-1948.



BOOKS — ORGANIC HEALTH PRODUCTS

PEGGY GOLDBERG ■ 218-1/2 W. 4th Olympia, Wa. 357-9470

JANICE LEIGHTON ■

Fri Sept 29, 7 pm. at the Evergreen State College, Library 4300, is an "Olympia Women's Evening." Program includes dessert, music, poetry and a demonstration by the Feminist Karate Union. Women from Thurston County Rape Relief, Tides of Change Productions, Olympia Women's Center for Health, Women's Shelter Project, Lesbian Caucus, TESC Women of Color, and others, will be there to describe their activities. Free childcare. Bring desserts and beverages to share potluck.



Jody Aliesan, poet and author of "Soul Claiming" and soon to be released, "as if it will matter," and Barbara Wilson, author of "Talk and Contact" will read against Initiative 13 at the Friends Center Fri Sept 29, 8 pm. \$2 donation.

Sat. Sept 30, 1-4 pm. Pacific Northwest Women's Music Festival Organizational Meeting will be held. Women interested in site selection, planning, and organization of next year's festival should come to Innerspace Womyn's Coffee House, 5241 University Way NE Seattle. Call: 525-0999/325-3691.

Weekend of Sept. 30, METROCENTER Y.M.C.A. is sponsoring a "Retreat For Men," dealing with issues of Men's Liberation. Workshops on men's intimacy, men and women together, fathers and parenting, the men's movement. Advance reg. fee \$20 covers food and housing. Limited space. Call Men's Programs unit at "Y": 447-4551.

"Run Against 13," a fundraiser sponsored by S.C.A.T. will be held Sun Oct 1 at Seward Pk. 9:30 am. 2-miler; 10 am. 5-miler. \$5 pre-registration, \$6 the day of run. The first 200 in 2-miler and the first 300 in 5-miler receive a T-shirt. For info, call S.C.A.T.: 292-9172.

Sun Oct 1, 10 am.-2 pm., Blackwell Women's Health Resource Center sponsors "Self-help class for Women." Class will address women's health problems and dealing with them. Includes pre-



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Connexions



JOBS

VW mechanic wanted. Experienced with tools, good pay. Call Black Duck Motors, worker controlled autor repair shop, MU 2-1432, or drop by at 710 S. Jackson St.

PHOTOGRAPHERS needed for on-call, photo-journalism and/or darkroom work for NWP.

2 COMMUNITY ORGANIZERS, full time in low-moderate income Everett neighborhoods. VISTA \$250 month & medical. Send resume: Jean Anderson, Council for Greater Everett, 1717 Lombard, Everett, WA 98201.

VOLUNTEERS needed at the CRISIS CLINIC 1530 Eastlake E. Suite 301. Work 4 1/2 hr phone shifts wkly. Call Julie Pryor: 328-1882.

CHALLENGING CAREER opportunity for person with savvy for "high finance," thirst for adventure, love of working co-operatively with other dedicated workers, and patience to endure the struggles of a growing collective. Is that you? If so, the Northwest Passage is hiring an advertising manager. Roughly full time. \$150 base salary plus commission (about \$250-300/month altogether). Call or write NWP: 1017 E Pike, Sea 98122; 323-0354. Also, a position will open for a person with bookkeeping/office organization skills. Full/part-time. \$250/month.

ANNOUNCEMENTS

Now available on Videotape COOA: A tapestry of music and poetry feature poets Jean-vi Lenthe, Sharon Lea Ryals, Marian Gonzales with music by GILA, a women's jazz group. 1-hr program can be leased. Contact Sharon Ryals: P.O. Box 1932, Olympia, WA 98507.

OLD TIME CIDER PRESS is available for community use at the Food Bank, 406 Gladstone in B'ham. To reserve time, call 676-0392-9-4.

HOME FOOD DEHYDRATORS available for loan to low-income families in B'ham. 1 wk loan w/\$10 deposit. Call Wahcom County Oppty. Council 1 wk ahead to reserve: 734-5121. 314 E. Holly st. B'ham, WA 98225.

S.O.I.C., Seattle Opportunities Industrialization Center, offering 24-wk classes on SOLAR-related vocational training. Write 315-22nd Ave. S. Seattle, 98144 or call 223-2828.

UNION W.A.G.E.; Union Women's Alliance to GAIN EQUALITY, offers these publications: "Labor Heroines, 10 Women Who Led the Struggle" by Sarah Bagley, 75c; "Organize! A Working Women's Handbook" how to set up your own union, about \$2.50; and "The Fight For Rank and File Democracy" Jean Maddox, \$1, about trusteeship and union democracy. 35c for postage and handling; to order Union Wage Educational Committee, P.O. Box 462, Berkeley, CA 94701.

STRONGFORCE, INC. offers publications of interest to community/worker controlled non-profit businesses: "Women Taking Charge: New Ways to Economic Power" \$4.50; "Democracy in the Workplace, Worker Control in America" \$5; "Non-Profit Food Stores: Resource Manual" \$3; "The How to Start Folder for Self-Managed Businesses, 50c. Write: 2121 Decatur Pl, NW Wash. D.C. 2008. Mail orders inc. .50c postage.

MEDITATION class FOR AN EXPLOITATION FREE HUMAN SOCIETY. Free. Call Provst Universal: 322-2453.

WOMEN AGAINST THIRTEEN offers non-rehthorical, poignant, play 45 mins, dealing with Nov. 7 election and its potential effects on people. Performances can be booked thru Karen Kay at EA 3-6911.

SEATTLE THEATRE ARTS offers musical theatre workshops for beginning and intermediate actors. Classes begin Sept. 25; call 524-2722.

Subscribe to the FREEDOM SOCIALIST, a quarterly tabloid. Intern'l coverage of labor, minority, gay and women's struggles. Individuals \$2/yr; institutions \$5. Freeway Hall, 3815 5th Ave. NE, Seattle, WA 98105.

OUSPENSKY/GURDJIEFF CENTERS accepting students. 285-3560 and (604) 266-7578.

Someone You Know Is Gay

Save her home and job on Nov. 7

VOTE ON THE ISSUES! This year in Seattle there are issues on the ballot, not just candidates and two-party politics.

WHAT IS INITIATIVE 13?

Initiative 13 will surely affect all lesbians and gay men. They could be evicted from their homes and fired from their jobs simply because of their private lifestyles. Initiative 13 will seriously jeopardize the rights of all women and minorities through the discontinuation of Seattle's Office of Women's Rights. Who's next? You? The label homosexual is easy to apply. Anyone could be accused of being gay, and you could be fired and/or evicted on that accusation alone.

WHAT YOU CAN DO TO DEFEAT 13

* NEIGHBORHOOD CANVASSERS are desperately needed. Training sessions will be offered continuously over the next several weeks. No time commitment is too small. Call the W.A.T. office for details.

* REGISTER TO VOTE by October 7th. Call W.A.T. Office for details on where and how to register. It's easy, quick and free.

* VOLUNTEERS are urgently needed on all W.A.T. committees as the pace increases. Outreach, Education, Research, Media, Publicity and others all need your help. Call the Volunteer Hotline (292-9390) with your energy and ideas.

* MONEY! Political campaigns cost money. We are fighting a well-financed opponent. Send in your donations today. (Contributions under \$10 are not subject to public disclosure. Public disclosure laws do require that your name and address be included with all donations.)

* VOTE! Let's make Seattle the first city to turn the tide against right wing attacks on lesbians, gays, women and minorities. Out of the closets and into the voting booths!

Vote No To Bigotry Vote No On 13

Women Against 13

407 East Pike Street, Seattle, WA 98122

Phone: 292-9390 (9am to 8pm)

Connexions



PERSONALS

I'm fine, Esolda, and how are you dear? Bill NADIENE: I love you. MARSUPIAL.

Losing your buttons? Call Ann for mending. Creative Patches: 325-6939.

The following prisoners have written the NWP saying they would like to receive letters from anyone interested in writing:

Mr. Robert Speth-148-170
P.O. Box 69
London, Ohio 43140

Michael B. Wilson-625154-6-E-6
P.O. Box 520
Walla Walla, WA 99362

James B. Thomas 02462-135
Box No. 1000
Steilacoom, WA 98388

David Boyd
No. 07821
P.O. Box 1000
Lewisburg, Pennsylvania 17837

Paul J. Griffin Jr.
No. 97086-131
P.O. Box 1000
Leavenworth, Kansas 66048

A. L. Ray
No. 24303-149
P.O. Box 1500
El Reno, Oklahoma 73036

Jerry Davis
No. 531114
P.O. Box 520
Walla Walla, WA 99362

Male Housemate Wanted. 2-house co-op, PLU area, Tacoma/Parkland. Non-smoker. Large private room, gardening. \$100 + utilities. 845-6353 or 537-4433. Ask for Mary.

FOR WOMEN

The Olympia Women's Center for Health offers services for women by women. Call 943-6924. 218 1/2 W 4th St. Olympia: T,W,Th: 12 pm-4pm; Wed. eves 6-8 pm; Sat. 10 am-1pm.

The Rainier Vista Community Health Clinic in SE Seattle offers various monthly workshops as well as general health services. 3006 S. Oregon, Seattle 98118. Call 723-6151 for info.

Blackwell Women's Health Resource Center, 203 W Holly M-12 B'ham, WA 98225 offers medical referral, health info. For more info, call 734-85-92. Open 8-5 weekdays, Wed. eves special till 9; Sat. 10 am-2pm.

University Y.W.C.A., 4224 University Way N.E. offers fall classes: carpentry, career planning, Investing in the Stock Market, Living Alone, and exercise classes. Call 632-4747 for more info on classes and programs.

Downtown Y.W.C.A., 1118 5th Ave, offers adult education, physical fitness, low-cost residency and overnight accommodations at 5th and Seneca. Employment services & Women's resource Center. Fall classes include: "Your Salary: Your Worth," "The Challenge of Being Single," "Nutrition and Disease" and language classes. For more info, call 447-4866.

Women's programs are offered this fall at Everett Community College, 801 Wetmore Ave, Everett, WA 98201: courses incl. "Solo parenting", "Household & Auto Repair for Beginners" Day care offered 2 1/2-5. Call Sue Durr at 259-7151 x 225 for day care. For more info on programs, call Women's Resource Center at 259-7151, x 246.

2 valuable directories which list resources are: "Women's Directory for the Puget Sound Area" available for \$3.50 from PANDORA, a Washington Women's News Journal, P.O. Box 5094, Seattle, WA 98105 or 414 1/2 W 3rd Ave. Seattle 98119 or call 283-1130.

"Seattle People's Yellow Pages" \$3, can be found at Left Bank Books, Red and Black Books and other bookstores or purchased at Metrocenter Y.M.C.A. 909 4th Seattle, WA 98104; or call 447-4551.