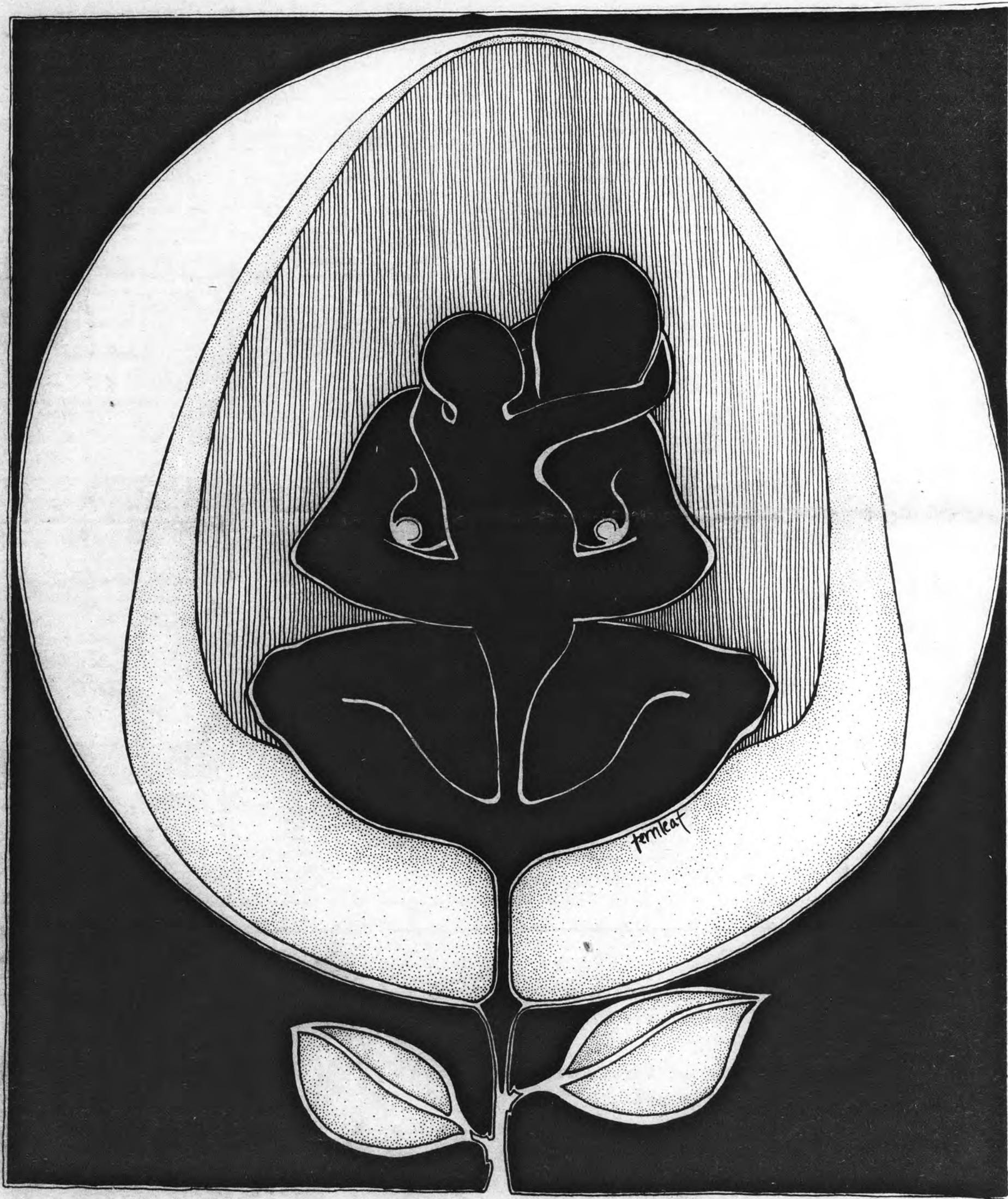


EIGHTH ANNUAL WOMEN'S ISSUE

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Letters

Battle Must Continue

Dear Northwest Passage,

We've done it! Thanks to the thousands of individuals and many groups and organizations who donated their time, energy and dollars, Initiative 394 was approved by a strong three-to-two margin on November 3rd. This means the people of Washington will now have a direct voice in their own energy future. The victory is an important one for this state's voters. It proves that the people can be heard on such important issues. It also proves that the initiative process is alive and well in Washington state. By approving Initiative 394, the voters flexed their democratic muscles and made it clear that they cannot be bought off by special interest money. The \$1.3 million dollar campaign waged by the opponents was the most expensive in state history. Yet the voters were able to see through their deceptive and deceitful media blitz. In the end they voted wisely, independently and in their own best interest.

The response to the initiative campaign was gratifying. There were those who said it could not be done, that big money would win in the end, despite the merits of the initiative. We should all be encouraged by the fact that this was not the case. It is heartening to know that even though the supporters were outspent seven-to-one, the combination of a strong, dedicated grassroots organization with a well-targeted media campaign was able to get our message out to the voters. This is nothing less than a resounding reaffirmation of the power of the people to take control of the system when it is being abused.

Passage of Initiative 394 is also significant on the national level. It has put the energy industry—particularly the nuclear industry—on notice. The people will no longer support a laissez-faire energy policy. We will no longer support "energy" at any cost." Future energy expenditures must be proven to be necessary and cost-effective. Our experience in this state with the disastrous mismanagement of the Washington Public Power Supply System (WPPSS) can now serve as a warning to those who have previously seen the nuclear power industry as a "sacred cow." National

media reports following the victory of I-394 have speculated that increased doubts about the cost-effectiveness of nuclear power, combined with continued concerns about safety, have begun to spell the end of the nuclear industry. In any case, it is now clear that the people who pay the bills for these plants are no longer willing to accept the risks without being involved in the decision-making process.

As exciting as it is to have won such a hard-fought campaign, the battle must continue. The WPPSS contractors and the other out-of-state interests who tried so hard to defeat the measure at the ballot box will not easily accept

the will of the people. It appears likely that they will challenge Initiative 394 in court. To avoid any slick legal maneuvers that could threaten the measure, we are forming a legal defense fund to protect the initiative. The Don't Bankrupt Washington Committee will continue to exist to insure that Initiative 394 is implemented and that the public will receive the full benefit of its passage. We will continue to be active as a watchdog on WPPSS and will be participating in PUD commissioner races around the state. If you would like to contribute your time, energy or money to this on-going work, please contact Steve Zemke c/o Don't Bankrupt Washington, 1812 E. Madison, Seattle, WA, 98122.

And again, congratulations and thank-you to all for your support in this vital campaign. It could never have happened without people like you joining together all over the state and working hard to restore accountability and order to the public power system in Washington.

Maggie King
Don't Bankrupt
Washington

Re—Bent

Comrades,

In her review of The Empty Space's production of *Bent*, last issue, Kris Fulsas had a valid point when she argued that we need more culture works showing us how to resist fascism, not more works showing the victims of fascism. However, I think she missed the core point of the play, the point which wrenched into me in an almost inexplicable fashion.

This is not simply another work about victims of the Nazi holocaust: it shows us the experience of a faggot caught up in that horrible nightmare. As such, it is one of perhaps three or four such works in existence in English. The torture and slaughter of thousands of gay men in the Nazi concentration camps has not been documented for one overriding reason: as far as heterosexuals are concerned, we were reasonable victims of an unreasonable system.

There is one memoir of an openly gay concentration camp survivor, Heinz Heger's *The Men with the Pink Triangle* which Alyson Press issued last year. This Austrian man explains that he waited until the early 1970s to share his story because it was made clear by the British and American "liberators" of the camps that the gay men in them deserved to be there. Until very, very recently it has remained a crime to be gay in every part of the English-speaking world. Heterosexuals may deplore the brutality of the Nazi prisons, but they agree with the Nazis that gay men (and lesbians, these days) belong in prisons.

Bent is a harrowing experience for a gay man, but an absolutely vital one. The central character is twisted by his experience into something ugly, raising truly frightening questions of our own capacity to avoid such dehumanization. Fulsas is correct in calling for more examination of how to fight back against the rising forces of fascism in this country? *Bent* helps explain to gay men why it is so vitally in our interest to do so.

Denys Howard

Planting Trees

Dear Northwest Passage,

Take a hoedad in your hands, a bag of 3 to 500 trees on your shoulders, a few sandwiches, apples, oranges and tahini in your butt pack, a raincoat and pants (especially if you're anywhere near the coast), a good pair of rubber or cork boots for some heavy stompin' and stamina, gut-level determination and an uninhibited mind to pass those grueling hours away, and then take notice 'cause you're probably planting trees! As opposed to straight jobs, a womyn in the woods, or better yet, wimmin working in the woods, does inspire vivid, tantalizing notions.


My planting experience was with a collective of about 30-35 with as close to a gender balance as we could keep. We wimmin formed a tight bond for emotional support, sharing our herstories both on and off the slopes (meaning ground anywhere from flat to vertical). An all-wimmin group does exist in Oregon, but men still make up the primary work force in collective and forest service groups.

Sleeping night after night in a white walled tent and spending the evening drying out the cottons and wools (only to get wet tomorrow) over your wood-burning stove are a major part of camp life. Why would a womyn willingly choose to be a tree planter, you may ask. Money wouldn't be an incentive for all the weather conditions and intense physical labor that one endures. Working in a collective or cooperative, usually pays much less than working for a private contractor would, but living in the woods and spending maybe \$5 a day on food does save up the money. Another reason for planting trees might be the pure and innocent love of the outdoors. The beauty of the woods doesn't exist in a clear-cut, but there is the feeling of just "being outside," living in constant contact with the earth, birds, rivers and all the other missing links that we lose when confined to the office. Wimmin have seldom been given the opportunity to be forestry workers, but the forest beckons everone and tree planting is an alternative for wimmin.

Melanie Hammond

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for centuries wimmin grinding grain, wheat, corn, and rice between stone against stone - strong hands working the grain with water, deft hands patting out tortillas or chapatis or thick encrusted loaves. wimmin hefting flour sacks and scooping grain, wimmin repairing machines and unloading hundreds of loaves from an 8-rack rotary oven. and always the dough alive, active beneath our skillful hands. in Cuba, the most derogatory word for lesbian is tortillera - tortilla maker.



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And thanks also to our generous creditors:

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*Thanks for help with Dec. 19 bake sale benefit.

We also appreciate the patronage of:

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Special thanks to Jerry Deines for a thankless task, and to Rudi Hill for knowing his business.

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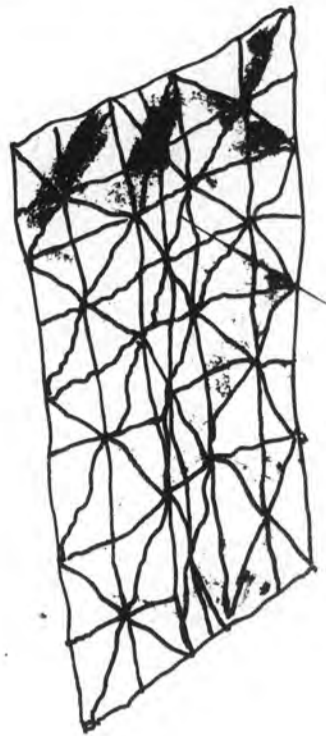
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Our Own Damn Column

The following column is here with the idea of getting you more involved and informed about who and what the Northwest Passage Collective is and does. Volunteers of all varieties are more than welcome. You can get involved by: showing up at a meeting (don't worry, there are usually several new faces at meetings); writing us a letter, short article, poetry, long articles, fiction, etc.; sending us some snapshots of interesting things happening around the Northwest; volunteering to help with production; and so on. No special experience or skills are needed (we almost all started working here with little or no practical experience in journalism or producing a newspaper), just willingness to learn and put up with an all-volunteer and thus "slightly flaky organization that is really working hard to provide an alternative to the canned news media." You can call the office at 323-0354 and leave a message on the tape; we will get back to you. Or you can drop us a note at 1017 E. Pike, Seattle, WA, 98122, and we'll be happy to answer questions, put you on our mailing list for notes and meeting announcements, or whatever.

READ ALL ABOUT IT

The NWP receives a lot of magazines, newspapers, and newsletters in trade. The current issues of many of them are

on display in the office, and should be considered a resource for our readers. Of particular interest to women are the following titles:

Big Mama Rag, "A Monthly Feminist News Journal," covering national news, out of Denver. *Connexions*, "A journal of translations by, for, and about women," a new quarterly seeking to help build an international women's movement. *Matrix*, "Olympia's Feminist/Lesbian Magazine," published quarterly. *off our backs*, an important

newspaper covering national and international women's issues, published in Washington, D.C. *Out and About*, the monthly Seattle lesbian feminist newsletter. *Union Wage*, a bimonthly newspaper-format magazine focusing on working women. Give us a call to make sure someone's in the office, and drop by for some browsing or researching.

PORTLAND

We need more news and articles from Portland. We know there's a Portland Black United Front and a Committee to Support the BUF. We know some folks are beginning to organize a Portland Anti-Klan Network. We'd like to share this and other news with the rest of the northwest, but we need the help of our Portland readers to do so. Send articles to our address or give us a call. If you have calendar items, contact Nancy Nixon in Portland at 235-9777, and they'll get into the next issue (remember we're now a monthly publication).

CHEAP! CHEAP!

The NWP rents out our office/layout space for \$15 per day, including cheap composer and darkroom use. Three light tables, 30 feet of drafting and layout tables, waxer, t-squares, etc., are available.

UPCOMING DATES OF SUPREME IMPORTANCE:

For the February issue (on the streets by Feb. 1st):

Next Collective Meeting: all welcome. Tuesday, January 5, 7:30 p.m.

Next Editorial Deadline: Friday, January 15th.

Next Advertising and Calendar Announcement Deadline: Wednesday, January 20th.

Next production weekend: stop by and help. January 23 and 24.



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News

Simmons Acquitted

On December 9th, in a courtroom in Walla Walla, James Dexter Simmons was declared not guilty of all charges against him. The prison administration, the Walla Walla prosecutor, the Walla Walla police and the state of Washington had originally attempted to have James executed on the false accusation that he had killed a prison guard in June of 1979.

James Simmons, a Muckleshoot/Rogue River Indian, was held in segregation and isolation cells for two and one half years while he awaited trial. Originally James asked the Native American Prisoner Support Group to assist him in his legal defense, and later the Simmons Brothers Defense Committee was formed to organize around his case. James Simmons was given a court-appointed attorney who had never defended a death penalty client or even a felony case. When James fired this attorney, the court refused to appoint another lawyer and James became his own lawyer for four months. Eventually Lenny Weinglass, John Wolfe, and Mary Wrasman volunteered to be Jimi's lawyers.

Jimi's case set many precedents through pre-trial motions. He successfully chal-

lenged the constitutionality of the death penalty. He won the first change of venue for a prison case in Walla Walla (a decision which was later reversed), and he established a prisoner's right to a legal hearing before he could be chained in a courtroom.

Selecting jurors for James' trial took five days. Ninety potential jurors were called, all of them were white and all had previous knowledge of the case due to the extensive negative publicity in the local papers. Over one half of the potential jurors were eliminated because they were related to or friends with a prison guard.

At three points during the trial it was discovered that the prosecution had illegally withheld evidence from the defense. The defense motioned for a mistrial or a dismissal on the grounds that the legal strategy would have been different if it had seen this new evidence previously. Despite the fact that the prosecution had clearly broken the law, the judge refused all mistrial motions.

The jury evidently saw through the prosecution's efforts to arrange the "truth" to convict James Simmons.

After only seven hours of deliberation, the jury returned not guilty verdicts on both first and second degree murder charges.

On hearing the verdict James said, "I wish everybody could be as lucky as I've been." He thanked his supporters for "the offerings and prayers sent to the Creator. If everybody could receive the attorney of their choice everybody would have a lot more fair chance. The criminal justice system is not particularly balanced. Poor people often don't have the chance to be represented adequately."

Later Jimi wrote to his supporters, "This case could have ended with a quick conviction, if it had not been for all of us concerned. It is not hard for the system to build a conviction around an innocent person. Our strength lies within our numbers on the streets. Without your support we would be unheard and unseen. I should ask you all to remember my brother George Simmons, for he told me many times that it would be like this. I share this with him because he is still here with us all in spirit. I share this victory with all of you. It is important to understand that we must continue to support those who are struggling to make it better for our children and those yet to come. We must support all our Brothers and Sisters who are being held behind prison walls."

Victories seem to be few and far between, but this time through community support the state's attempt to railroad yet another Indian prisoner did not work out as planned. Jimi writes, "To all of you who showed

concern and support, I want you to know that you will always be remembered in my prayers and offerings."

-K. Rudolph

James Simmons' original release date was 1982. He has been informed that he will have a disciplinary hearing before the parole board sometime after January 1. He is being threatened with having time added to his sentence. Once again we must ask for your support. We won in the courtroom, now we must cement that victory by showing the prison administration and the parole board that James Simmons has the support of people on the outside. We are asking that you write letters to Superintendent Kastama and the parole board in support of James Simmons. Please send them to the Simmons Brothers Defense Committee, 1818 - 20th, no. 105, Seattle, WA, 98122. We will make copies and send them on so that they cannot pretend they didn't receive them.



Rank and File Seek to Build Solidarity

"We're out on the front," says Lois Danks. "The attacks coming down on workers are coming down on public employees first."

"We want to communicate to the public that their needs are the same as ours—we're providing the services that make this place livable," says Scott Winslow.

Winslow and Danks are members of Public Employees to Save Our Services (PESOS), a loose coalition formed to fight budget cuts and protect jobs and services. PESOS' strategy is to educate union members and the public on the value of public employees, their unions, and the important services they provide. They are committed to forging links with public employee unions, private unions, and citizen's activist groups. Education focuses on the status of

public employees as workers. Since they are employed by the government public employees are expected to work as public "servants," serving their country replaces the need and desire for better wages and working conditions. Historically, public employees have been denied the right to collective bargaining and the right to strike, the most effective means to win better wages and benefits. Winslow stresses that public employees are, first and foremost workers, not servants, and should have the same rights as all workers.

As workers, the strength of public employees *vis a vis* the government lies in their ability to build alliances. With unions so heavily under attack, no group will be able to win anything alone. Coalition with other groups, and the strength of a political organ-

ization, are the keys to effective action, PESOS feels.

PESOS has received union endorsements toward that goal, including that of the Washington Federation of State Employees Local 435 (Employment Security), Local 843 (Department of Social and Health Services), and Local 2083 (Library Employees). The United Food and Commercial Workers Local 1001, and the United Workers Union (Independent) have also given official endorsement.

PESOS has recently sponsored two major events. The first was a forum entitled "Images of Public Employees," in conjunction with the "Images of Labor" art exhibit at the Museum of History and Industry. They also sponsored a performance of the Portland Labor

Players in "Season of Silence," a play of life and labor in the Oregon City Woolen Mills at the turn of the century.

PESOS is open to all public employee unions and public employees. For more information, write PESOS, PO Box 18208, Seattle, Washington, 98118, or call 722-4133.

-Debra Savelle

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New Alliance for Social Change

The Alliance for Social Change was launched in June, 1980, to develop a formal working relationship between progressive individuals and organizations in the Portland area. Toward this end, the Alliance sponsored several forums and other events in 1980 and early 1981, and in June of this year called for the first Portland Community Assembly.

Held at the First United Methodist Church, the first Assembly was an unprecedented and historic event. Assessments of the day varied, but everyone seemed to agree they had taken part in the *beginning* of something.

Over 175 activists were brought together to explore new ways of working together. They represented a dizzying variety of constituencies and issues.

It was a full day with lively discussions which focused on strategies for

working together formally, everything from undertaking "networking" projects to strengthen communications and resource-sharing, to developing electoral strategies for the future.

While opinions and strategies differed, it was clear that time permitted only a small beginning on each of these discussions and the idea of an alliance needed to be taken to the larger community.

The Assembly participants voted unanimously to reconvene and elected a Steering Committee to guide the newly-formed Alliance for Social Change toward the Fall Assembly. The day's hope and idealism was entrusted to a twenty-eight member committee for the purpose of transforming the Alliance's promises into a plan, and the dialogue into direction. This active, broad-based group has

been working hard laying a solid foundation for the next Assembly, nurturing and encouraging the progressive spirit given birth during the June Assembly.

The Alliance is now at a critical stage. There is a strong sense that we must move slowly, carefully and methodically — building trust, commitment and recognition of the power of collective action. At the same time there is an equally strong sense that the Alliance must act and support actions which challenge the right-wing threat to our lives and liberty (not to speak of our pursuit of happiness!). The Long-Range Development committee has developed proposals for our purpose, democratic organizational structure, membership, and action strategy after consulting with over fifty individuals. These proposals

will be further discussed and revised through a series of House Meetings coordinated by the Outreach Committee. Over twenty meetings were scheduled during October alone, and we hope to have many more. Now is the time to become involved with this project; building a broad-based alliance takes time and reflection.

If you would like to come to a House Meeting, or would be willing to host one for your friends and fellow activists, all you have to do is call (222-4479) and be scheduled at the Alliance office.

The Report from the Portland Community Assembly is available for \$2.00 from the Alliance for Social Change, 519 SW 3rd, Room 810, Portland, Oregon 97204.

Clara Fraser Update

King County Superior Court Judge Coleman ruled on December 9 that Clara Fraser cannot pursue an investigation of the selection and qualifications of hearing panel members who overturned a Hearing Examiner's favorable ruling in her discrimination suit against Seattle City Light. The City Hearing Examiner originally found that City Light had discriminated against Fraser for her socialist/feminist politics when they fired her in 1975.

Fraser was in court on Wednesday to request: lowering the cost of deposing witnesses involved in the selection of panelists for her 1980 city hearing; and a speedy production of hearing panel lists and other Seattle Women's Commission documents pertaining to hearing panel selection. The Commission has been unable to locate these documents since Fraser first requested them last August.

Judge Coleman denied both of Fraser's motions and instead granted the city protection from Fraser's inquiry into panel selection. His ruling also limits Fraser's investigation of the panel members' bias and prejudice.

Fraser's attorney, Frederick Hyde, told the court that Fraser has the right to discover how and why the two dissenting panelists, Darlene Allison and Beverly Stanton were chosen, when the Women's Commission passed over many more qualified applicants. Assistant City Attorney Rod Kaseguma argued that Fraser had waived her

right to question panel selection by not objecting during the original hearing.

"It is hypocritical for the city to say this," protested Hyde, "because when Ms. Fraser tried to speak up in the hearing, the city objected vociferously and prevented her from participating." Hyde also contends that Fraser's decision in 1977 to let HRD represent her did not mean she waived her right to a fair hearing in 1980.

Fraser's attorney objected to the city's violation of a court rule that requires all motions to be filed 5 days in advance. They city filed its counter motion and lengthy memorandum the day before the hearing, leaving no time for Fraser to research and respond to the city's arguments. Judge Coleman did not explain why he ignored the court's own rules by granting the city's belated motions.

"This is only the latest in a series of attempts by the city to interfere with my trial preparations and to obstruct my right to present my case," said Fraser. "Not only am I being denied free speech on the job, but in the court as well."

Fraser will ask Judge Coleman to reconsider his decision because the depositions and documents are needed for the preparation of her main trial brief, which is to be filed in January.



Men Against Rape

Men Against Rape, a group of Seattle men attempting to educate other men about sexual assault, has announced a conference to explore further the issues of sexism and rape. Tentatively titled, "Rape is Violence Not Sex: Confronting the Rape Epidemic," the conference is planned for late February.

Although geared towards men, the conference will be open to all. Agenda items will include a panel discussion on how our community can stem the rising rape statistics, a workshop on men and pornography (with the possible screening of a new Canadian film called "Not a Love Story") and men's, women's and mixed discussion groups on rape.

For Men Against Rape the conference will be another of their many efforts at focusing public attention on the problem of rape in Seattle. Other recent activities have included public speaking before community organizations, printing and selling t-shirts and buttons emblazoned with anti-rape slogans, co-sponsoring a prisoner's anti-rape group, and supporting women's rights to self-defense against sexual assault.

The philosophy of Men Against Rape can best be summed up by quoting from their brochure. "Since rape is an act of violence that men perpetrate, men must also take action to end it. Men must make the choice between cooperating with the sexism that permits rape or accepting the responsibility to challenge actively this sexism in ourselves and others."

For more information on the conference or the group, write to:
Men Against Rape
1425 E. Prospect, no. 1
Seattle, WA 98112

Feminism and Socialism

On December 4th, an *ad hoc* coalition of women produced a public forum on Feminism and Socialism at the Central Area Motivation Project. An audience of about 250 persons, primarily white women, attended. A four-member panel began the program by presenting their respective points of view. This was followed by a vigorous discussion period.

Marilyn Skerbeck, a reproductive rights activist, spoke of her involvement in the women's movement, pointing out how class differences had changed the movement; for example, how the National Organization for Women pushes the Equal Rights Amendment rather than issues of abortion rights and sterilization abuse.

Representing Women Acting Together, Deborah Gay called for a synthesis of the theories of radical feminism, Marxism, and anarchism.

Megan Cornish, of Radical Women, talked of our communal, matriarchal history which was overthrown by men, and which was the source of medicine, agriculture, science, and technology. She advocated socialist revolution under the leadership of the most oppressed people: Third World women and lesbians.

Women's oppression is linked to class oppression under capitalism, according to Linda Roman from Line of March's Women's Commission. She called upon communists to take up the demands of women as part of any truly revolutionary program. Based on her analysis of women's oppression, she concluded that women need socialism as a necessary condition for their liberation but that working class seizure of state power will not automatically mean the end of women's oppression. (During Linda's speech, the recall of the Cannery Workers Union local president Tony Baruso was announced, which brought shouts of joy from the audience.)

The following discussion period covered a wide range of topics including questions on rape; whether all women are "sisters" or whether race, class, and sexual orientation divide the women's movement; if socialism could cure women's oppression; and which is the enemy: men or male supremacy.

The meeting ended with people saying that the high quality of the dialogue provided a good basis for further discussion and brought forward a lot of positive energy about the women's movement in Seattle.

P. Lemman

Northwest Women in Print Media

Are you interested in printing and graphic arts? Last month, Northwest Women In Print Media was formed. Its purpose is to promote interest and participation in the printing and graphic arts industries. Certain priorities are being set, which include:

*Teaching and learning new skills through workshops and speakers.

*Developing woman-owned businesses.

*Networking among women in printing and graphic arts.

In order to encourage employment opportunities, goals will include a future working relationship with the Printing and Graphic Communications Union. The next meeting will be January 21, 1981, at Seattle Central Community College, Room 3202, at 7:00 p.m. Any woman who is interested is invited to attend.

Two Women's Lives

by Patricia Hadley



This is the story of two wommin's lives. Two wommin who lived together for seventeen years as strangers. The wommin are my mother and myself. The story is difficult to write because emotionally there is still a lot of pain, personally for me, about the way she treated me. This story is difficult because as a feminist there is a lot of emotional pain for me, as I can now see the many ways in which her life was filled with oppression, and the ways that oppression took her away from me, in our everyday lives, and finally in her death forever....

It is the season with the highest suicide rate of the year. When I was seventeen years old I almost became part of that statistic. On that Christmas Eve I slashed my wrists with a razor blade 25 times and laid down in bed to die. It had been a bad year for me. In February my mother had her right leg amputated. The doctors told both her and me that she had diabetes. In July of that same year she died. I thought it was my fault because I hadn't taken good enough care of her. In November, John F. Kennedy was assassinated in Dallas. On Christmas Eve, while my sister and her family were at Midnight Mass, I drank my first alcohol. The combination of Christmas music, guilt, pain, loneliness, and booze were too much for me to handle and I decided I wanted to be dead. I would have been if my sister hadn't looked into my room when she got home and saw the pool of blood on the floor beside my bed. Today, at 36, I'm glad to be alive, but it was a long, hard road getting here.

My mother was forty-seven years old when she gave birth to me on June 13, 1945. The atomic bomb would not be dropped on Japan for two months. I was what is called a "change-of-life" baby. She had been warned that I might be mentally retarded. She had no recourse other than to have me since legal abortions were not available in those days. My sister was married and had a baby of her own by the time I was born.

I don't remember much of my life until I was five years old, when I got polio. I was very sick. I was hospitalized for a year and a half. It took me another six months at home to learn how to walk again.

My father was an alcoholic. He only sporadically held down a job and then for no longer than a couple of weeks at a time. My mother always worked and was our main source of financial support. She was sewing at a factory during this time. I remember her always complaining about the unfairness of piece work. When I was seven years old and just back on my feet again, I remember my mother and father screaming at one another in the kitchen. I remember being frightened. I ran out to the kitchen. My father had a butcher knife in his hand raised at my mother. I jumped in front of her screaming, "No, Dad". He stabbed the knife into the table and disappeared upstairs. He lived in the attic. I slept with my mom downstairs.

I had been an incest victim. I never told anyone the things my father did to me. I was ashamed and frightened. The day after the incident in the kitchen my mother came home from work early and caught my father in bed with me. My father left that night and I have never seen him again. I don't know if he is dead or alive today.

My mother and I began to grow apart after that. She never again touched me. She never again hugged me. She never told me she loved me. I don't know if she blamed me for what my father had done to me, if she blamed me for his leaving, but for years there was mainly silence between us.

She worked hard. She changed jobs. She went to work on an assembly line putting together transformers for Western Electric (a subsidiary of Bell Telephone). We moved into an upper working class neighborhood which she really couldn't afford. She paid for dance lessons to help build up the strength in my weakened legs. She spent more money she didn't have sending me to an expensive Catholic school. She often pointed out to me she wanted me to have a better life than she had; meet a nice boy who would marry me so I wouldn't have to

work all my life like she had to do. She wouldn't go for welfare because she had too much pride. Instead she worked herself to death.

We ate a lot of fried bologna. I wore a lot of patched clothes. It didn't work out the way my mom wanted at all. The kids in the neighborhood shunned me because we were so poor. I started to make friends with the kids who lived a few blocks away in the poorer section, but my mom found out and forbade it. She said she wasn't going to let me turn into a bum, even though that was what I obviously wanted. I still played with them until she caught me one day and beat me so badly that she broke a broom handle over my back. After that I played alone.

The apartment house that we lived in caught fire. We lived on the third floor. It was the middle of the night and I was asleep. My mother smelled smoke and went downstairs to investigate. The first floor was on fire. My mother went in and saved the two little girls who were sleeping there. I woke up and the smoke was so thick I couldn't see a foot in front of me. I tried to get out. I tripped over the leg of the stove and was knocked unconscious. My mother never told the firemen that I was up there. The woman on the second floor was hollering frantically for her cat. The firemen were looking for the cat when they found me. If she hadn't been screaming for that cat I probably would have died in that fire. My mother was conscious and standing outside (the fireman told me). Was she in shock? Or did she want me to die? Like a lot of other things about our relationship, I'll never know, I never asked, I've tried to stop wondering.

Life went on silently again between us. She'd come home from work exhausted, drink a couple of beers, watch a few t.v. shows, and go to bed. She'd be gone in the morning before I got up for school.

When I got into junior high school I finally made friends with some of the richer girls and boys. I started going to their neighborhoods, their parks. I played basketball and went to the Saturday night C.Y.O. (Catholic Youth Organization) dances. I assumed my mom was pleased about my new collection of friends. Although she never said anything, it was always by the absence of displeasure that I guessed I was doing okay.

At fourteen I got my first present from a boy, a heart pendant. At fourteen-and-a-half my mother took me to

the doctors to have my first internal examination to find out if I was having sex with boys.

All the kids were beginning to have parties, at their nice, big, expensive, well-furnished homes. I was ashamed to invite anyone over to our one bedroom, poorly furnished apartment. I had to wear the same dress to every dance and party. I felt ashamed about myself. I stopped seeing them. I started skipping school.

By the age of fifteen my mother had become overtly hostile towards me. I was, according to her, alternately retarded because of my birth, or a tramp "screwing" every boy in town (which I wasn't).

One night I was supposed to be home by 9:00 p.m. Just out of pure perversity I sat outside on the back porch, smoked my first cigarette, and came in at 9:15 p.m. I walked into the kitchen. The steam kettle was whistling. My mother picked it up, threatening me with it. I ran into the pantry, crouching under the sink. She began throwing the boiling water on me. She was screaming that she was going to scar my face for life. I would be so ugly, she screamed, no man would ever look at me again. I had my arms over my face. My arms were blistered for weeks. The freckles on my arms didn't come back for years.

I ran away from home that night. I stayed with a woman for whom I had babysat. When she saw my arms she wanted to call the police about my mother. I begged her not to. I went home a week later. My mother had a warrant out for my arrest as a "stubborn child." The police took me away. I went to court the next day. My mother didn't even show up. The judge read all of her complaints about me. Most of them weren't even true. I didn't get a chance to say anything. I probably wouldn't have anyway. I hid my burnt arms under a sweater. They sent me to the Youth Service Board Detention Center.

I spent the next two-and-a-half years of my life in a convent. The first year my mother visited me once a week. Then she started getting sick and couldn't make the bus trip. It was on my seventeenth birthday that they let me go home. Even after the amputation my mother was getting weaker and she needed my help.

But by this time I hated her. I'd sit across the room from this stranger with an artificial leg and hate her. I'd make her bed, cook her meals and want to vomit when I had to help her bathe. When she was in bed for the night, I'd set the clock on her bedside table back a few hours so that I could stay out as late as I wanted. I'd just go out and walk, walk all alone until one or two o'clock. Then I'd go home and set the clock back to the right time.

On July 3 she died, three weeks after I came home. I don't think we spoke more than a couple of dozen words during those weeks.

When I didn't die I was glad that I wasn't dead. I never attempted suicide again. I did live for years hating her, feeling guilty about her death, hating myself for feeling the way I did. It wasn't until twelve years later when my sister told me she had died of cancer (my sister had assumed that I'd known) that I was able to let a lot of SHIT go.

The passages of my feelings about my mom are many and fill the span of my life. I tried, for awhile, to convince myself that I could cut her out, cut out that whole part of my life: after all it was only an accident of birth that made her my mother. I was able to stop feeling guilty about her death. I was able to begin to believe that I wasn't a "bad" girl, that everything that went wrong between us wasn't my fault.

She was screaming that she was going to scar my face for life. . . No man would ever look at me again.

When I was a socialist I blamed capitalism for destroying our family. This system made her work so hard, for so long she was too exhausted to have any feeling left for me, except resentment.

I hated, still hate, the doctors and the hospital who patronizingly denied her the knowledge of her own dying; who denied that knowledge to me. How many hours I have spent wishing and dreaming we had known we had so few days left together. Could we have finally spoken the truth to one another? Could we have had one last chance? Could I have hugged her goodbye?

I can't cut her out of my life. The more I read of other wommin's lives, the more I talk to wommin friends, the less I want to let her go. The more I want to understand this woman, this stranger who was my mother. This is where patriarchy stings the most for me.

Two wommin, mother and daughter, lost to one another in the language of silence and rage. It's only been during the last couple of years that I've begun to have compassion and understanding for the hell her life must have been. It's only now that I find warmth in a thought of her, in these written words, in the arms of my own daughter. When I hug and kiss her, when I tell her I love her I am (in some special part of me) a child again and I finally touch my mom.

Welfare and Women

by Carlin Chrisman

The following article is based on facts gathered in Oregon; however, we feel that this is a situation similar to welfare systems in most states, Washington included. Many thanks to Woman's Place Newsletter, where this article first appeared. — Editorial Board

Beginning October 1, a new series of welfare cuts and regulations hit 23,000 people in Oregon, mostly women and children. About 3,000 women and children were pushed off welfare, losing payments and health care.

It would be easy to get caught up in an analysis of welfare without even talking to women receiving it, but that would be a mistake. I have been following the issue for about a year, ever since I carried a candle and a tape recorder in a march protesting the state welfare budget cuts imposed by Governor Victor Atiyeh last fall. The march was sponsored by a coalition including Parents and Children for Survival, a group of welfare recipients. At the march and at subsequent meetings of Parents and Children for Survival, I met Bonnie, who is partially disabled by osteo-arthritis and the mother of an eight-year-old son.

Nearly one year later, we met at Bonnie's home in northeast Portland, with her friend Barbara. Bonnie has been politicized by her involvement in welfare-related issues. She keeps a resource file of newspaper clippings, welfare documents, and other pertinent information. She explains the new regulations and talks animatedly about their effects on the lives of women she knows. She believes she has been harassed by case-workers for networking with other women: passing out information and collecting phone numbers at the welfare office. She attends meetings and speaks at hearings on welfare and related issues. For her, political involvement has been a means of struggling to take power in her own life.

As Bonnie and Barbara speak, it becomes clear that the welfare system, though, is *not* about taking power

trying for months to attain a medical exemption from the WIN program, so far unsuccessfully.

According to the women, the WIN program is totally inadequate as a job-search program. "We had an orientation which consisted of watching a movie called *Packing Your Own Parachute*, basically telling us we can do anything if we're self-motivated," recalls Barbara. "Then we practiced making phone calls to ask about job openings."

"There was no effort to help us prepare resumes, and no testing for job skills or aptitude," continues Bonnie. The office has a few forms with job tips, like how to dress for an interview, but even these forms aren't pointed out to women. "I know a gal who, if she could just take a six-week typing brush-up course, could get a secretarial job. Instead, they make her put in her time in the WIN office. Even women in school are expected to participate."

The women also revealed that women who bring children to the office are labeled "uncooperative", and that for many women transportation is a big problem. "They're supposed to provide transportation funds, but getting a few bus tickets from them is like pulling teeth," says Barbara.

Given the immense problems these women find in the WIN program, welfare administrators (parroting Reagan's) remarks about the "work ethic" would be laughable if they weren't so infuriating. When women receive support to train for well-paying, non-traditional jobs; when traditional jobs for women cease to be low-status and low-paying jobs; when women earn a dollar for every dollar men make, instead of 59¢; when quality and affordable daycare is available for all children; and when child-rearing becomes valued work in our society; in sum, when women become independent, self-determining individuals, then the work ethic may have some relevance to women's lives.

Meanwhile, the welfare system finds more and more ways to harass its clients and lower their grants. Some of the new regulations are:

- * The allowable-resource limit has been lowered from \$1,700 to \$1,000 per household. This means that no family receiving welfare may own more than \$1,000 in personal property assets, excluding home and car but including all household goods and personal effects. The regulations may actually be too difficult to enforce, but Bonnie and Barbara shudder at the spectre of case-workers examining their homes. "It's like the old days of 'hide the toaster, the welfare worker is coming'," says Bonnie.

- * Persons participating in a strike may not be eligible for cash or medical assistance. This applies to any member of a family receiving assistance.

Another possibility that worries the women is a move to have employees of welfare administer the support checks for women in the WIN program, instead of the state employment division. "This means that the agency that grants the checks will have the power to withhold them," says Bonnie. "That gives them a lot of power."

Already, the women have little confidence in many of the welfare workers. "When we do manage to help ourselves, it's usually in spite of caseworkers, not because of them," says Barbara. "When I told my caseworker I had planted a garden, she said, 'See, you could work in a nursery.' I told her I couldn't do all the heavy work required in a job like that — it was my friends and my

sons who rototilled and carried the big sacks of fertilizer around."

Barbara has received a monthly grant of \$30 since 1977. She had been successfully supporting four children on child-support payments from her husband for many years, but when these went down to \$200 per month she needed some assistance. In 1978 she had back surgery and a complete hysterectomy, and has only recently begun to regain her strength. She hates being on welfare, but continues to receive the low grant because she desperately needs the medical benefits to which it entitles her. This is a very common dilemma faced by women who do manage to find jobs but who have continuing medical needs.

In the face of the new cuts and regulations, what are these women going to do? They are survivors. They'll probably continue to survive, as they always have, on their own resources. "Trying to live on a welfare income is a full-time job," Barbara chuckles ruefully. They buy all their clothes second-hand. "I've been going to Goodwill for years," says Bonnie. "Then Barbara told me about the Goodwill 'as-is',

MUM SAYS SOCIAL WORKERS ARE EMPLOYED TO TELL US THE AUTHORITIES CAN'T AFFORD TO HELP US

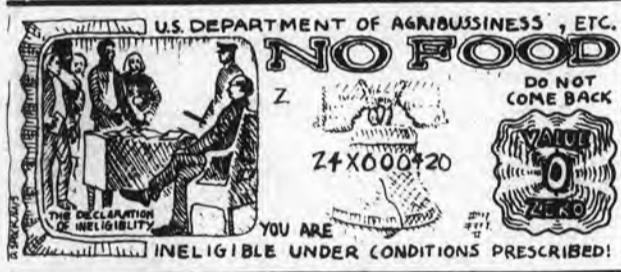


where you can buy clothing for 47¢ a pound." She proudly holds up a little polyester suit in good condition that she found for her son Danny, complete with a shirt, for 67¢.

Both women have participated in and praise the gleaning program, where low-income people could go into fields after the major portion of a crop had been picked, and glean the remainder. "I'll put up 100 qts of tomatoes for the winter," says Barbara. "That really helps fill out your meals." Unfortunately, the gleaning program has been terminated and will only continue if the participants can manage to pull it together without technical assistance. This is one example of the low priority placed on self-sufficiency programs by the government.

By networking with each other and sharing resources, the women manage to get by. Bonnie heats her house with salvaged wood: "As much as I can pile into my Vega costs me about \$5. But I can't chop it myself." Bonnie told Barbara about Sno-CAP, a clothing and emergency food center coordinated by local churches, which the women turned to one month when their food stamps didn't come.

It is ironic that the women manage to survive largely because of the existence of mutual aid and self-help programs which the poor have erected in previous generations to help their communities. The proliferation of government programs caused the destruction of so many of these efforts, and with them the self-respect and self-sufficiency of many communities. It is to be hoped that a return to community-based assistance would lessen the need for dependency on the state, which has proven itself unwilling and unable to deal with the problems it was designed to address.



in one's life, but about maintaining dependence on a system with rapidly diminishing resources. Much of their criticism centered on the WIN (work-incentive) program, in which mothers of children aged three and older are required to participate. (Before October 1, women weren't required to participate until their youngest child was six.)

"We are bidding our time down there, four days a week, two hours a day with a telephone book," says Barbara. "We are supposed to make ten telephone calls to try to get an interview." The women are expected to interview for any job, no matter how inappropriate, low-paying, dangerous, or far from home it is. "They wanted to terminate my welfare and make me take a telephone solicitation job, with no salary, only commission," says Bonnie. She has severe medical problems which make her very uncomfortable either standing or sitting for even short periods of time. She has been

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Courtesy of Maureen and Jim Krupke, Olympia, Wa.

Women Have Always Worked Washington Women's Heritage Project

by Susan Starbuck

One of the startling things about the Washington Women's Heritage Exhibit "Working and Caring" is the way it upsets the usual assumption that we are the latest and hence the best, the most progressive, the most aware and the most productive generation of women yet on this earth. A fourteen-panel display of historic pictures and quotations from oral histories, letters and diaries, the Heritage Exhibit was assembled from materials collected under a grant from the National Endowment for the Humanities. The grant gave women in our state an opportunity to collect from archives, libraries, historical societies, private attics, and basements. The wealth of these documents belies the common assumption that women have no history, embedded as it is in family and household life, is inaccessible to historians.

The Heritage project has been in progress for two years now. Community women and academic historians have created an alliance to locate documents illustrating Washington women's history, and to present some of these to the public in a travelling exhibit. The exhibit covers all women in our region: Native Americans who were here when Euro-American settlers "Invaded", the first settlers, and the successive waves of immigrants, both urban and rural, from Black Americans to Scandinavians, Asians, and more recently, Hispanic peoples.

Touring Washington State at sixteen sites during 1982, the Heritage Exhibit arrives in Seattle in February to stay through April. In honor of the Exhibit, International Women's Day March 8, and National Women's History week March 7-14, city, county, and state government officials are declaring March 1982 "Women's Heritage Month." Women here are planning extensive celebrations of our history and heritage. During March you can see and hear a variety of programs which demonstrate, display, and perform the contributions Washington women have made to our state economically, politically, culturally, and spiritually.

Many of the oral histories taken by the Washington Women's Heritage project follow this form: Interviewer: "Did you work?" Interviewee: "Oh, no, no. I never worked, I was just a housewife." Then, in the course of the interview it turns out that the woman did soul-and-back breaking labor for 60 or 70 years, beginning when she was nine or ten years old and ending when...no, never ending, since as grandmother and great-grandmother she was very often responsible for children right to her death. Obviously our usual definition of work must be skewed, for these women to deny their life's work when asked to reflect about it.

After seeing the Heritage pictures from the part of the exhibit on "Housework", it would be hard for anyone in or out of that line of work to say "Oh, ... just a housewife." Being a housewife in early state history often meant running a farm, singlehandedly. The oral histories tell many stories of women whose husbands were off for several years— or for good— to Alaska or California where they had heard, you didn't have to scab for the railroads; or where, they had heard, logging operations paid higher wages. Meanwhile, who was left on the homestead? Mother, and maybe her mother, and maybe her mother to help out. And what did they do? Cleaning, washing, ironing, baking, preserving, canning, sewing, quilting, knitting, vegetable gardening, eggs, butter, livestock, planting, mowing, harvesting, and of course, childcare and basic education, midwifery, school and church support.

The range and complexity of women's work presented in the Heritage pictures is leading to a re-evaluation of

historical generalizations about Pacific Northwest history. In fact, when women's experiences are considered "historical," a whole new framework for research into the past emerges. A capsule history of our state might go like this: Lured by vast natural resources, waters teeming with salmon, old growth forests, deep loamy soil for fruit and wheat, men came to Washington Territory. They came to grab the dandling plums: to fish (out) the waters, to (over) cut the forests, and to plow (too deep) the soils.

"Their" women came along, for in those days there weren't many alternatives to matrimony. Many wouldn't have chosen to leave their families, their pianos, their wardrobes, and the beloved landscapes in which they felt rooted. But most of them never considered that they had a choice.

They adapted, first to nomadic existence, then to starting life over again, often losing class and status the process: Where back in Illinois or Ohio mamma had had servants and directed a household, gone to club meetings and helped to found the first local college, her daughter was running a farm and packing apples during the season for extra cash. Later, when she moved farther west to Washington State coast, she might have been packing salmon while her man went out long months on the fishing boats.

The women who came to Washington State came to do work essentially different from that of men; work that since pioneer days hasn't been recompensed the way men's work has. It's not as if they didn't realize it. In June, 1910, the publication "Votes for Women" pointed out: "Housewives who wash and iron and scrub and bake and sew for children are put down in the census as having no occupation!" And in "Women's New Sphere or Women in Politics," September 26, 1912, an astute observer wrote, "Why should we not have an economic system that allows a housewife wages for her work?"



Tending the chickens on a farm near Pullman, Washington. Circa 1907. Courtesy of Maureen and Jim Krupke.

Working and Caring

The work that women did was human, social work: bearing and rearing children, clothing them, feeding them, nurturing them— and husbands too— reading to them, being the pillar of stability and culture in a society based on strip-and-run-with-the-cash attitudes. The cutting edge of civilization here was shaped by the men, the adventurers, the capitalists eager to get at the resources in this last unexploited corner of the great American frontier. The women were left to create a civilization and a culture out of whatever was left over. They built and staffed the schools, acted as midwives for each other, saw to it that poor families had enough to eat and to wear, planned the family gatherings and rituals, cooked for the feasts, gathered the pictures and momentos into scrapbooks. Then a few of them, those who, incredibly had energy left over from this mind and bodybreaking toil, kept diaries, the beginnings of personal artistic expression they would pass on to their daughters, who would in the next generation become writers, teachers, artists, secretaries, nurses, clerks in department stores, and telephone operators. For these were the only occupations open to them prior to World War 2 if they didn't join those working in laundries, canning and packing industries, sewing and knitting mills, or commercial food preparation. Women were expected to maintain their household as well.

Isn't it strange the way history reports just the opposite of what was true? Women who say they "never worked" and were just "housewives" did the essential economic tasks in society. But what did it feel like three generations ago? What were these women thinking who did such a range of tasks, who had so many diverse skills— care of animals, weaving, quilting, baking, and childcare, for example? When we look at their diaries, perhaps we late twentieth-century self-actualizers expect to see an emotional outpouring, the chance for individual expression that their lives lacked on the outside. Perhaps we expect to see them using their diaries as confidants, as places to analyze their situation, and to complain. What the diaries actually contain is far more valuable: raw lists of chores.

Dorothy Burr writes about her mother's diary that was found beginning on January 23, 1907, when her mother was ten years old. Several entries are as follows:

January 23, I fed the chickens today.

January 24, Went after water and made ice cream.

January 25, Went after water, washed my dolly clothes in the forenoon and in the afternoon went after water twice.

January 27, It snowed a little in the forenoon and in the afternoon.

January 29, We hauled dirt in our sled and went after water twice. Brownie (the horse) has one of his bad spells on him tonight.

January 30, Papa made some bits for Brownie.

January 31, It rained in the forenoon some and in the evening it blowed and I brought in Brownie once.

February 1, Went after carrots in the afternoon.

February 6, Turned the old sheep out today.

February 8, Cleaned out Brownie's stall and buried the little lamb today.

February 11, Went after bark in the afternoon and made a fire under the meat.

February 12, Dried dishes and put wood on the fire.

February 23, Swept sitting room.

March 9, Piled wood most of the day. Went after dirt for plants.

April 9, Washed and dried dishes and churned. (Many entries of this).
 April 22, Fixed a place for the pigs to stay in and went after cows.
 April 25, Pumped water wheel.
 May 1, Set some duck eggs.
 June 5, Pumped water and picked strawberries.
 June 10, Dried dishes twice, split wood and planted popcorn.
 June 21, Washed and dried dishes and milked cow.
 July 8, Washed dishes and picked blackberries in the woods.
 July 10, Helped Mama wash clothes.
 July 18, Washed dishes and hauled a load of hay for calves and sheep.
 August 19, Washed dishes and picked beans in the garden.
 August 20, Washed dishes and dug potatoes.

January 1, 1913, Washed dishes three times and made doughnuts.
 January 2, Ironed and did dishes three times.
 January 4, Made a cake, got dinner, and cleaned my room. (The dishes are always mentioned in addition to other chores.)
 May 13, Cleaned the yard and got part of the supper, put horse in barn and fed him.
 June 5, Did all the evening chores and stemmed currants.
 June 26, Led horse in potato patch, planted kale, and patched some socks.
 July 19, Helped with dinner, seven men were here for dinner, and six for supper (field workers).
 July 21, Picked raspberries.
 July 22, Picked blackberries.
 July 29, Hauled hay.
 August 1, Did all the dishes and all the ironing.

June 19, 1915, Pitted cherries and picked currants.
 June 23, Cut out dress and stemmed strawberries.
 June 24, Cut out dress and picked raspberries.
 June 26, Swept upstairs and sewed dress.
 July 31, Did dishes three times, swept upstairs, made cookies and two cakes, helped with the meals, made two freezers of ice cream and dipped it from freezer to ice bucket to take it on the picnic tomorrow, and also mopped the kitchen.

Such a diary is itself a poem, an unselfconscious mirror of the grace and rhythm women put into their work. At first the words seem stark and emotionless, but the effect is a rhythmic welding of desire and acceptance that shows how completely our foremothers grasped their fate and tried to create a life of dignity within severe constraints.

One young woman's need for self-expression culminated in letters distinguished by their restraint and humility, to Alice W. Barland, editor of a regular feature column, "Family Circle Girls," in *The Washington Farmer*, April 9, 1925 in the middle of the decade when women professionals made their greatest gains in American history. She wrote:

Dear Mrs. Barland,
 Maybe you don't remember me, but I have written before and am the motherless girl who has sisters and brothers to care for. We still live on the ranch and at present I am milking three fresh cows and my two sisters each milk one. We have seven cows and five young head of stock.

We have 60 pullets from last fall and the last of March shall have 100 chicks sent from Seattle. All this makes work.

Today I baked five big loaves of bread and have two kettles of apple butter cooking. We use a good deal of it. I have four lunches to put up for the children going to school and apple butter keeps sandwiches moist. I do the sewing, washing, ironing, cleaning and cooking, besides all the other things that a farmer's girl like me finds to do.

It keeps me busy and at times I do get discouraged with my lot, but I remember that it is my duty to do the best I can. I try to count my blessings and remember that we have always been provided for and I try to be satisfied. But, dear Mrs. Barland, I still miss my dear mother. It has been 2 1/2 years since she went away and I am 17 years old; shall be 18 in July.

I haven't been anywhere for seven years, but have always stayed here on the farm. I haven't been away even over night since I was 12 years old.

I have two brothers living in Seattle and should like to go and visit them, but I don't think I can get away... H.C., Washington

(I am glad to hear again from this brave girl, who takes her responsibilities with such a cheerful spirit A.W.B.)

The most powerful theme emerging from this Heritage exhibit and reinforced by these excerpts from diaries and letters is *women have always worked*. Although civilization may prize and pay only for "work" that breaks the connections between human and nature, plant, animal and soils, our society is finally based on those activities that women have done—creating the sense of connectedness between people and people, between people and environment, reaching for emotional continuity in relationships, and wrestling meaning out of natural rhythms.

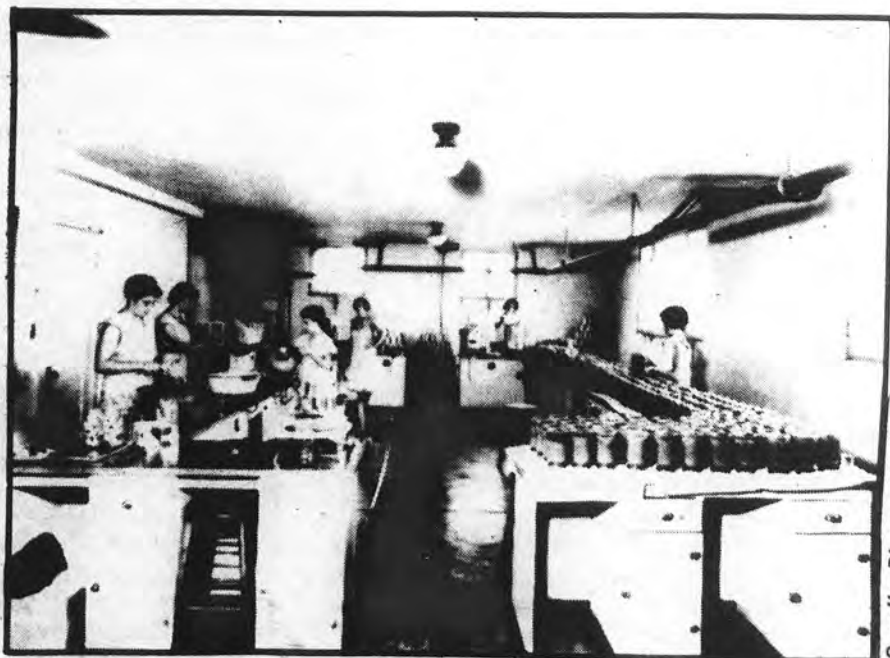


These and many other women spent long days harvesting tomatoes. c. 1950. Ted Bronstein, Washington State Department of Commerce News Bureau.

July 19, Helped with dinner, seven men were here for dinner, and six for supper
 July 21, Picked raspberries.
 July 22, Picked blackberries.
 July 29, Hauled hay.
 August 1, Did all the dishes and all the ironing.



A 1937 Works Progress Administration course taught these women the fundamentals of carrying dishes. Suzallo Picture Archives, U. of W.



Women working in the canneries.

Suzallo Picture Archives

Getting Free

Interview with Ginny

by Mary Hambly

Over the last 10 years, Ginny Nicarity Crow has led groups and done individual counseling with women who have been the victims of personal violence through rape and domestic battering. Three years ago she began working on "Getting Free", a book directed at women who live with the reality of abuse, designed to help them work through the process of getting out. In the spring of 1982, the Seal Press of Seattle will publish "Getting Free". The following is an interview with Ginny as counselor, author, activist, and woman. We began by talking about her childhood in California, and her early career.

GC: I grew up in Redwood City, California, in a large, stable Catholic family, which I always thought was quite boring. I was a bad girl, as bad as I could figure out how to be. I didn't have many bad models, which was probably a good thing. I got out of high school and shed my little brown uniform and went to

to her. I felt terrible, but I went out and did my best, and when I came back the supervisor asked me if she was satisfied. I asked how she was supposed to "feel satisfied". She had to pay for our mistake. According to him it was my job to go out and make her feel all right, satisfied with such a rule. Those are the situations that stand out for me. In ten months I never felt like I could really do anything for anyone, and there seemed to be 20 times more people than resources.

MH: You began, with a group of women, to establish Seattle Rape Relief about the same time you went back to earn your MSW. How did your experience counseling rape victims work on your awareness and attitudes of violence against women?

GC: As I look back on it, my starting Rape Relief was an accident that was really no accident. I was looking for a place to do some counseling, just to sort of get my feet into it. I had been actively involved in both the Civil Rights and Peace movements of the 60s and subsequently the Women's movement, but I had not had involvement with the rape issue. I was swept up in it immediately. It took nearly a year of training ourselves and talking before we actually opened our

Women I counseled were talking about their boyfriends and the men they love raping them, This is a whole different thing than the guy who jumps out of the bushes.

work at some dull job in a gift shop, mindlessly, not knowing what I wanted to do. It's all so dreary to remember. You know it's just like so many young people continue to do, going along, getting some job, any job, and not thinking very seriously about anything. Finally, at 22, I began to get my act together and went to City College in San Francisco and ended up at UCLA.

MH: Did you want to go somewhere with your education?

GC: Yes. At UCLA, in fact, I was considering a PhD in Anthropology. It was like a fantasy and seemed almost grandiose. I must have been 24 years old and I remember saying, "But I will be 30 or 31 by the time I get the PhD and I will be ancient." I just couldn't take in the idea. I never knew any men who had that sort of advanced degree, let alone any women, so I just felt it would be impossible and I would be too old. Well, as it turned out, I got a BA in History at 27, a teaching credential at 37, and an MSW at 47. I love telling that story to women who think they are ancient at 29 or 35 or whatever age. Sometimes I think I should get that PhD just for the hell of it. If I worked real fast I could get it by my 57th birthday, but that would be cutting it close!

MH: How did your career in counseling and social work come about?

GC: At age 29 I found myself divorced with a child to support, and making something like \$1.03 an hour as an aide in a private psychiatric hospital. The jobs I'd had ran the gamut from baseball park usherette to cocktail waitress to telegram delivery person for Western Union. I decided I had to do something sensible so I went to work for the welfare department as a caseworker and spent ten of the longest months of my life. I hated it: the bureaucracy, the paperwork. The system was so inflexible. I remember the case of one woman whose grant had been incorrectly calculated by the caseworker before me. The error probably amounted to \$10 per check in her favor. Innocently, I went to my supervisor to correct her grant. Right? Wrong! He said she would have to pay back the overage. It wasn't her fault or her error, but that was the rule. On top of that I had to go out and explain the situation

doors. I learned to really understand the fears that almost all women have. And, I was furious. It was something for all of us to learn the very personal nature of oppression in this situation, the oppression of one male against one female and its part in the larger picture of political oppression of women by men.

The single most important thing I learned was that rape was being committed by relatives, friends and family members. Women I counseled were talking about their boyfriends and the men they loved raping them. This is a whole different thing than the guy who jumps out of the bushes. I began to get a picture that this was a very different world than the one in which I thought I had been living.

MH: What moved you to start the group for abused women that you began in 1976 through the Women's Institute?

GC: The funny thing is, I don't know what prompted me. The issue of domestic violence had begun to appear more often in the news and I was waiting for someone to start a group. When no one did, I decided I had better give it a try. The groups were hard to get going. I spent many hours sitting in a room with a group of one or two or none. In those early groups most of the women had left the batterer — it might have been last night or a month ago or 5 years ago. These women had very few job skills, little money, were socially isolated and many times on welfare. The make-up of the group varied tremendously: the middle class woman, the poor woman, the skilled woman and unskilled woman, the middle-aged woman, the young woman . . . over time they all appeared in the groups.

MH: There must have been patterns you could define over the years of talking with women, hearing them and helping them.

GC: When I first started doing this work I thought women stayed in abusive relationships because of a combination of social and economic reasons; because they were attached to the children, they had low-paying jobs, dead-end jobs or no jobs at all, they had the feeling that society would be harder on them for being divorced and single. All of this is both important and true. But more and more as I talked with abused



in Getting F

Having learned to anticipate it from an early age, a woman can experience romantic love as a special kind of high, in which the "oneness" of being a couple instantly banishes loneliness and the sense of alienation many of us suffer. If the woman has a good feeling about herself and some other solid connections through work or friends, she may realize that she's in love with the idea of love rather than the actual person. If the man stops loving her, she might go through a period of mourning, but she won't let the break-up destroy her perceptions of herself. Nor will she imagine her lost love is the only man in the world for her.

But a woman who values herself less or needs love more will go a step beyond that romantic love into addiction. In addition to the characteristics of romantic love, she'll be certain she can't survive without the man's love and that she wouldn't even want to, because there wouldn't be anything to live for. Her world has shrunk, and if the man stops loving her, she will feel abandoned and desolate. If he periodically neglects or abuses her, she'll allow herself to be persuaded each time that it didn't really happen, it was her fault, or that it was a one-time aberration that will never happen again.

The degree to which she is vulnerable to this script depends upon how suggestible she is and the extent to which society — her friends, family, advertisements, songs, movies — have coached her into expecting that

being in love

by her lover

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e with Ginny NicCarthy Crow



Rachel DaSilva

Getting Free

being in love will bring ecstasy and that being abandoned by her lover must be a tragedy.

The man that believes he can't survive without love often fears that his woman will become involved with someone else if she goes to the grocery store alone or may work himself into a jealous rage if she happens to be away from the telephone when he calls. He wants to exercise total control over her life; if she refuses, or seems to refuse it, his fear of being abandoned may lead to psychological or physical abuse of the woman he loves.

The more a woman's world becomes centered on an addiction to a man, the more narrow it becomes; the more narrow her world, the more it centers on her addiction. When a couple is mutually addicted, they can sometimes work out a tolerable relationship, though it makes for very confined lives. When one person is a batterer, it is a deadly, dangerous relationship.

GETTING FREE will be published in May, 1982. Seal Press is deliberately keeping the price as low as they can, to make the book available to the women who need it. They are looking for donors and volunteers to the project. Contact them at 624-5262. Or order a copy of the book today. Pre-publication price is \$5.00, including postage. Orders over 10 receive a 20% discount. Orders over 50 receive 40%.

women who did not necessarily have these social and economic sanctions against leaving abattering relationship, women who had decent jobs, no children with the man, a reasonably good sense of themselves, the more I witnessed similar patterns in both kinds of women. So there was some other factor at work here.

One day in a group, I suddenly realized it was like listening to an alcoholic play a game about drinking. And so I began to listen differently and I began to hear mixed messages over and over. I began to talk with women about their "addictive love" and they recognized the pattern immediately. They talked about withdrawal periods . . . knowing that leaving is what they had to do and not wanting to be with the batterer, yet experiencing terrible pain — and the only relief for it being with the man. This seems to me to be a most common feeling about being away from a batterer.

The addiction is partly an addiction to a man and partly an addiction to the idea of a relationship: you are only part of a person if you are not in a relationship; there is something wrong with you if you are not coupled.

Like other addictions, the more you depend on the

often has been so terribly abused — how to build toward getting out.

Third, what is it like after leaving? What are the problems? It discusses how to deal with the process any woman would face in leaving a man, compounded by the violence and the abuse that have worked against her body and spirit. This final section is a series of interviews with nine women who have gotten out and stayed away for at least a year. These are meant to be an inspiration because, while their lives have not been easy, none of them have regrets about leaving.

MH: Was the Seal Press the first publisher you approached with the book?

GC: Far from it, although they are the publishers who had the wit to see its need, and once they saw it they agreed to do it right away. "Getting Free" initially made the rounds of 20 or 25 publishers. Most of them said it was just great, a fine book, it was definitely needed — and they didn't have any interest in publishing it. They gave all sorts of reasons like not enough of a market or too many books out on the subject already. Though the book is different from others on domestic violence because it is directed at the battered woman

The addiction is partly an addiction to a man and partly an addiction to the idea of a relationship.

substance, a man, the less you are involved with other people and interests. The less you are involved in the world outside, the more you need the substance, the man. Now, there are a lot of addictive relationships that do not become battering situations, but they lend themselves to battering because they lend themselves to desperate holding on and to imagining the other person is going to leave, to jealousy and possessiveness. If a person has a tendency toward violence, he may use it to keep his partner there. Ironically, it works, even though it doesn't keep her there and loving him the way he wants — which breeds more frustration and violence.

MH: Did these patterns lead to the idea for writing "Getting Free"?

GC: In the beginning I think we felt the shelters were going to be magic, that women could go to a shelter, heal wounds, find support and then get on with their lives. But the truth is that in the first year a great deal is needed, especially by those women who have been isolated. Something more was needed other than what a group or a phone call could offer. Part of me kept waiting for "the book" to come out. Books came out, but none were directed at the women themselves. They continued to be research-oriented and directed to professionals, but not in the area of how help could be provided to battered women.

So I started the book. That was three years ago. And although it has changed a great deal in writing and re-writing, it still has basically three components. The first deals with how to decide whether to stay or leave the abusive relationship. A major part of making that decision is looking at the politics and the sociology of abuse, how it fits and reflects the society in which it exists. This includes looking at the idea of "addictive love" which has become central to my thinking on battering.

Second is how to be your own counselor. Countless numbers of women will be working toward getting free without groups or counselors. They will not have access to any other human being for help, so "Getting Free" considers how to deal with self-esteem, how to treat yourself well, how to build the inner spirit that

herself, I had a book half written and still no publisher.

One of my final hopes was that a feminist press would pick it up. So, apprehensively, I phoned Barbara Wilson and Rachel da Silva of Seal Press. They read it and responded right away. We have rewritten and cut and built over the past year and I think have developed an even more comprehensive, practical, and helpful resource.

MH: There are relationships in which physical battering does not occur, but the emotional abuse is just as staggering in its own way. Will women in these relationships find help in "Getting Free"?

GC: In my experience of listening to abused women, they report almost without exception that the emotional abuse is the worst part. Even those who have been terribly physically brutalized say this. A woman may not really believe she is being abused unless it is physical and when it is, she might take steps to get out. The emotional stuff is harder to deal with. It's not like having a broken nose. And again, if she is isolated and doesn't have any outside reflection she may not see the damage. "Getting Free" can be just as useful for emotionally battered women in terms of deciding whether to stay or leave, in building self-esteem, in finding help, and in creating an end to isolation.

MH: As you talk, I am struck by how complicated and entangled the battering relationship is psychologically, economically and socially. It increases the sense of importance of a book like "Getting Free" for separating and defining the web of issues.

GC: When I do counseling or in the groups, I try to create the feeling of a group as opposed to the feeling of isolation. I try to convey a similar feeling in the book by telling stories, relating things I have read — whatever I can do to help the woman see that she is *not the only one*. She is not just one more passive, submissive woman who stupidly got herself into this. It is not just other women who get out. She may think she is too old, too unemployable, too sick, too scared. But I try to help her see that a lot of other women are, too — and they get out. One of the women interviewed for "Getting Free" is 63 years old, married for 42 years, and she got out!

Reclaiming Nonviolence For Feminist Women Who Used to be Nonviolent



"So, I love with one hand and fight with the other. In some of my dreams though, I love with both hands and the fighting is over." Monica Bachmann

By Jane Myerding

Is a commitment to radical feminism incompatible with nonviolence? I believe, to the contrary, that the analyses which underlie feminism and nonviolence greatly illuminate and complement one another. On the other hand, I certainly can understand why many womyn who have become radical feminists have found it necessary to *unbecome* members of nonviolence groups, movements, and/or communities.

It seems to me that the most basic reason why many of us radical feminists find it necessary to turn away from nonviolence is our acceptance of — our failure to challenge — traditional limitations on nonviolence theory and practice. Our experiences of nonviolent actions may have led us to form some unfortunately simplistic assumptions.

Q: How do you go about being a nonviolent activist?

A: You join a group doing nonviolent action.

Q: What is nonviolent action?

A: Civil disobedience (preferably mass, and on TV) against war, the military, nuclear power, segregation (formerly), or (occasionally) racism.

Womyn's acceptance of the traditional limits of nonviolence has worked against feminism and feminists in two ways. Womyn who have remained inside the nonviolent "mainstream" have been forced to compromise their feminism (*i.e.*, have been unable to follow feminist analysis to its roots and thus have been severely limited in their ability to act on their feminist beliefs). And womyn who have insisted on getting to the roots of feminist analysis (*i.e.*, "radical" feminists) and acting out of this analysis have necessarily believed themselves to be thinking and working beyond the potential of nonviolence theory and practice. Accepting the traditional limits of nonviolence, radical feminists have felt compelled to abandon the ideas and ideals of nonviolence *in toto*, with little attempt even to salvage from their own study and experiences those aspects of nonviolence which might be of great practical value in their work with womyn.

Although there have been a few shining exceptions, most nonviolent feminists have felt bound by the traditional boundaries of nonviolence and thus have been unable to act on their feminism. What a contradiction! Involvement in nonviolent activism can prevent us from taking action to oppose violence against womyn. Within the limits of traditionally-defined nonviolence, feminism has been forced to be inactive: feminism becomes something you talk about, merely a theory you try to integrate into nonviolence rhetoric.

I believe it is time for nonviolent feminists to stop concentrating on "integrating feminism into nonviolence" and start working at integrating specific ideas from nonviolence theory into feminist theory and practice. We need to re-examine our understanding of nonviolence,

rejecting those aspects of traditional nonviolence which are irrelevant or inconsistent with feminism and *reclaiming* those aspects which belong in our lives and work.

Briefly, the two aspects of nonviolence theory which I find most essential for feminism are: 1) the concepts of power and empowerment, and 2) the unique ability of nonviolence to simultaneously accept and reject, to acknowledge and to connect us with that which is valuable in a person at the same time as it resists and challenges that person's oppressive attitudes or behavior.

Within the limits of traditionally defined nonviolence, feminism has been forced to be inactive.

According to nonviolence theory, power is not a characteristic owned by an individual, but rather a dynamic which is present in every relationship. This analysis allows us to see that every living person — even the most bitterly oppressed — does have some measure of power, if only the power to not cooperate in oppressive situations. We can call this inalienable power "personal power" to distinguish it from the many forms of "power-over-others" and to indicate its most important characteristic: it is power which arises from an individual's decision to assume control of one or more aspects of her own life. Empowerment is the process by which people recognize their personal power; the study and practice of nonviolent techniques can help us help others towards empowerment.

These nonviolent concepts of power and empowerment are especially well-suited to womyn — and therefore to feminist work — because of our position and history in patriarchal society. As womyn, we traditionally have been oppressed by "private" structures such as "the family" and marriage, as well as by sexism, racism, classism, etc. institutionalized in such "public" structures as the church and state. Much of our oppression has been experienced (and reinforced) through interpersonal relationships, including our relationships with acquaintances, co-workers, and strangers (*e.g.*, people we pass on the street) as well as through our closer relationships with family members, friends, lovers, etc. Although lack of attention to sexism has prevented traditional nonviolence theory from addressing this "personal" political reality of womyn's oppression, the theory of empowerment has great potential as a means by which womyn might become able to resist oppression institutionalized within "private" structures.

The second aspect of nonviolence theory which I believe is vital for feminists has been expressed by Barbara Deming like this: "... if the complicated truth is that many oppressors are also oppressed — nonviolent confrontation is the only confrontation that allows us to respond realistically to such complexity. In this form of struggle we address ourselves both to that which we refuse to accept from others and that which we have in common with them — however much or

little that may be."

It may not be true that womyn are "naturally" less prone to violence than men are. (I am not yet ready to believe men are "naturally" — inevitably — violent.) In any case, it is historically true that womyn have been less actively violent and have received far less training and encouragement in violence than men have — and I think we can use that historical distinction to the advantage of all people if we help womyn learn to discard their traditional passivity without adopting traditionally male violence. The vast majority of womyn have loved at least one man in their lives — father, brother, lover, son — and thus are in a particularly good position to understand "the complicated truth" of oppression and violence in this society and to welcome a method of change which allows them to maintain a humane relationship with those they must resist and confront.

Nonviolence is especially crucial for feminists as a means by which we can speak to non-feminist and anti-feminist womyn. And the need for such communication has never been more desperate. Because of its dual accepting/resisting nature (because it allows us to acknowledge our commonalities as womyn without requiring us to ignore or deny our differences), nonviolence offers a way to establish relationships with anti-feminist womyn which will benefit both sides of this unfortunate schism. Anti-feminists can learn about empowerment, learn to respect and depend on their own power and thus begin to lose the fear which binds them to oppressive situations and relationships and divides them from us. As for feminists, many of us have a great deal to learn from closer, more conscious and less pre-judgemental connections with non-feminist and anti-feminist womyn. We must learn, realistically, the kinds of options and the forms of support womyn from all backgrounds and experiences need in order for radical change to become a real possibility in their own lives.

The more we learn about each other and how our experiences as womyn cross boundaries of race, class, and age, the more we will understand also about how those boundaries have kept us apart and made our experiences differ. The more we learn about "the complicated truth" of womyn's lives — womyn on the streets and in the jails, as well as in the factories, offices, schools, and homes — the more accurately we will be able to focus our power on the roots common to all forms of violence and oppression in this society.

The broad or long-term effects of womyn's empowerment are impossible to predict — but exciting to speculate about. Although womyn have been called this country's "biggest minority" (*i.e.*, the largest disempowered group), our position and role in this society have been far different from those of other "minorities". We have been far more radically disunited than other oppressed classes, and our survival mechanisms have traditionally constituted a major (perhaps the major) block of support for the status quo. Just think of all the womyn who supported Kissinger's egomania during the Vietnam war. Think of all the

According to nonviolence theory, power is not a characteristic owned by an individual but rather a dynamic which is present in every relationship.

file clerks, dish washers, floor scrubbers, childcare workers (moms and otherwise), sex partners (and victims), ego massagers, etc. etc. who "service" and maintain the top brass of the Pentagon. Nor should examples be drawn only from the military. Behind every traditionally successful man in the death-dealing culture, there is a small army of traditionally supportive womyn who survive by making his success possible.

But there is another side to that coin. Empowered womyn — womyn with realistic alternatives and the power to make free choices — are much more likely to be radical, in the real meaning of that word, than men are. No large mass of men has ever been interested in truly radical change, because radical change would require them to fight against their own interests as men.

I believe, therefore, that there can be no truly radical movement for social change without the empowerment of womyn. As a corollary, I also believe that the most radical changes are possible only through nonviolence. Violent changes are, in effect, limited to the sphere of technology; they are simply power shifts or power reversals which cannot even pretend to attempt the abolition of hierarchical (*i.e.*, oppressive) practices. Violence can be an effective method for *reform*, but it cannot effect radical change.

Given these two beliefs, it is clear that radical feminists literally cannot do without nonviolence, and that nonviolent advocates of radical social change must accept feminism as essential. I am convinced that it is crucial for radical feminists to reclaim nonviolence as the method and tactics most appropriate to womyn's current situation and most consistent with our long-range goals.

— from the Seattle News letter



Street Women

by Joy Cathleen Graham

Photo by Linda Burns

Sally May Stone panhandles with an air of refinement. She is a pleasant-looking, youthful black woman who stands in downtown doorways asking quietly, "Could you loan me a dime or a nickel?"

Sally May could be anywhere from 28 to 43. When asked about herself, she explains that she used to do temporary office work, but is now so down-and-out that she can't afford decent clothes to wear to interviews. Last winter she wore a ragged gray overcoat so torn and shabby that it was scarcely recognizable as a coat.

As she talks to street acquaintances, Sally May's large brown eyes crinkle in a friendly smile. Her gracious manner is unexpected in a panhandler. She speaks very courteously, like a lady serving tea at a church social hour.

"How are you doing?" she'll ask a street friend. "Still working at the same place? That's very good!"

Last winter Sally May cheerfully described herself as a beggar, and explained that this was the first time in her life that she had been utterly destitute. She went on to say that there are many women as destitute as herself. The police seldom hassle a woman like Sally May, once they're satisfied she is not a prostitute.

For the past three years, Sally May has sometimes talked vaguely of moving to another state. She refers to some children of hers, who are apparently in foster care. For somewhat unclear reasons, she is unwilling to apply for welfare, and she rarely eats any of the free meals

served by several agencies in the city.

Once in a while, a well-meaning passer-by gives Sally May a dollar or even ten dollars. If the contributor is male, she makes it clear that he won't receive any sexual favors in return.

An odd kind of self-respect is evident in Sally May. She is among the shabbiest and most destitute-looking of many street people who happen to be female.

Several poor women originally came from the middle class to which Sally May Stone seems to belong. For various reasons, such women find themselves homeless, jobless and husbandless after several years of comfortable living.

Some are perhaps too proud to ask their friends for help. They dislike accepting welfare assistance, yet may be unable to commit themselves to a job. They are also vulnerable to sexual harassment.

And so they drift. Sometimes they sleep on park benches or in public restrooms. Sometimes an acquaintance will let a homeless woman sleep on a couch or a chair for a while. Such lost women eat at the free meal kitchens, if they know of them. The Morrison Shelter gives some women a place to sleep, but the shelter is reputed to be infested with lice and fleas and is for some a desperate last resort.

Mary Collins is a tall, remarkably pretty blonde in her early thirties. She is a little overweight by fashion's standards, but her attractiveness makes her susceptible to sexual blackmail. For such women, there's often a mat-

ter of, "You can come home and sleep at my place, providing..."

A church worker once found Mary a place to stay. She stayed in a friend's temporarily-vacated hotel room for a week. Once she slept in a restroom in a large downtown hospital. On another night, she found the door to a private business school unlocked. She crept inside and slept until dawn.

Like Sally May Stone, Mary Collins is used to washing up in public restrooms. Sometimes she washes her blouse and underthings, wrings them out, and puts them back on immediately. "They get dry pretty soon," she says cheerfully.

While Sally May frankly calls herself a beggar, Mary refers to her own lifestyle as "scrambling." Like Sally May, she has never resorted to prostitution, although she has undoubtedly had offers. Once in a while, Mary does apply for food stamps and, most recently, she had accepted a job as a live-in housekeeper in a motherless home.

Dorothy Ott is a bright, gray-haired woman who looks to be in her early fifties. A widow, she works hard at any stopgap job that comes her way.

Two autumns ago, Dorothy was a victim of emergency welfare cutbacks. She had been disabled by an injury that later healed, making her ineligible for disability payments. Jobless, she was able to collect about sixty dollars per month from Public Assistance, but her rented room in a cheap hotel cost sixty-eight dollars.

Dorothy was eligible for food stamps, but had no "extra" money for the walking-around aspects of job-hunting: she couldn't afford the newspapers, bus fare, or public-telephone calls essential for setting up and going to interviews. With some help from a religious group, Dorothy finally succeeded in getting a job and, when last heard of, she was self-supporting.

Women like Louise, of no last name, are perhaps the saddest of poor women. Louise is a tall, chunky young woman who wanders the streets at all hours and sometimes chatters about visitations from God. She justifiably receives welfare assistance, but is a sitting duck for those who rob the helpless and for the human vultures who prey on unfortunate women.

There are others: the well-known female peddler who haunts First Avenue and sometimes sleeps on buses. The lank-haired, vacant-faced fiftyish lady who hangs around, drinking beer without becoming obviously intoxicated, hunting for treasures in thrift shops, and talking wistfully of getting married and establishing a home. And there is the spunky seventy-year-old woman, seen carrying what seems like thirty shopping bags up and down Third Avenue. Toting the bags back and forth seems to be her daily chore. She finally came to the attention of a social worker who is trying to help her find a sanctuary in the country or suburbs; the old woman dislikes the city.

Every day and evening, wanderers like Sally May and Louise can be seen on Seattle's streets. They are different from male vagrants, who are often alcoholics or addicted to other drugs.

Such wandering women are often termed "character disorder" types. Outreach workers such as the volunteers for Operation Nightwatch, try to help them.

Usually, such women "manage": occasional work, occasional welfare, running the risk of sleeping outdoors from time to time.

Sally May Stone will be "working" tonight, quietly asking strangers for a few coins. If you ask how she is doing, she will answer, "Pretty good, pretty good. I've made four dollars. Soon I can buy dinner."

As you walk away, her voice drifts after you: "Thank you for saying hello..."

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Women in the City Jail

by Bettrois Beignet

Jail is a terrible place for any woman at any time. As you read this, 70 to 80 women are locked up on the sixth floor of the Public Safety Building in downtown Seattle. Seattle and King County are planning on locking up even more women; they intend to build a new jail, doubling the number of cells available. The number of people in jail and prisons has always tended to expand to fill — or over-fill — the jail and prison space available. The worsening economic situation will simply make it easier for local, state, and federal governments to fill their new cages more quickly.

Surviving in jail means facing, every day, a crisis in mental and emotional health. In addition to these "normal" crises, women may be faced with crises in relation to legal, medical, or family situations — all problems caused and/or worsened by being in jail.

When suspended in a metal cage six floors above the earth, things which we on the outside take for granted become extremely important: the freedom to walk around or exercise, the freedom to read a magazine or book, the freedom to engage in a creative pursuit. There are virtually no recreational activities for women in the Seattle/King County jail. "Recreation" there consists of being led to a crowded, dingy, smokey room with an illusion of recreation: a pool table and a ping-pong table. Women prisoners still do not have access to the basketball court in a fenced-in area on a roof — access which men prisoners have. Once a week, women from the "outside" conduct a one-hour exercise class, with 5 to 25 women attending in a 15' by 20' cell. The women are very supportive of the classes, but there are occasional hassles from the jail administration.

Creative pursuits are usually limited to not more than two hours a week, when a group of nuns and others (who have been taking arts and crafts supplies into the jail for 11 long years) are allowed in for an arts and crafts session. Up to 30 women want to participate each time — in that same 15' by 20' cell. If more than 18 women want to attend, the session has to be cut in half, so each woman ends up having less than an hour a week of arts and crafts time. The usual activity is to decorate stationery, because it is an activity that can be started and completed within the limited time. It used to be that women could order yarn from the jail commissary and crochet in their cell. But that changed when the powers-that-be decided to get tough and clean up the jail: women were no longer allowed to obtain yarn and to crochet in their cells. The logic was that the yarn could be used to "fish" outside the windows, to have drugs sent in. The fact that the windows were sealed shut and/or had gratings over them did not interfere with this logic.


There is a library in that same cell (the "day room") where the arts and crafts and the exercise sessions take place. It is maintained by the King County Library system. With budget cuts and an increasing number of institutions to serve, it is possible that the library will receive less attention and funding — like everything else except for the military budget and building more jails.

Tearing down prison walls and offering human alternatives are concepts that prison abolitionists are working on. Without losing sight of these goals, it is possible for us to be involved in the short-range goal of helping to bring a needed breath of fresh air to women who are locked up in the Seattle/King County Jail.

Arts and Crafts: The nuns and Jesuit Volunteers who are persistent in their commitment to be of service to women in the jail do not receive any ongoing financial support for their work. Contributions of paper, envelopes, marking pens, rubber stamps, paints (water or oil), paint brushes, charcoals, calligraphy sets for beginners, ink, and — of course — money, can all be used. Supplies can be left off at 331 - 17th Avenue E (place them in the box marked "jail art supplies" on the inside front porch) or at University Friends Center (4001 - 9th Avenue NE, between 9am and 4pm or when the Center is open for evening events; if the office is locked, mark your donation for "women in jail" and leave it in the hallway by the office). If you want to contribute money to enable others to purchase supplies, send a check payable to Maureen Newman and marked for "jail materials" to Maureen at 3018 Fuhrman Ave. E, Seattle, Washington 98102.

Books and Magazines: Reading materials (magazines, newsletters, and/or books) focusing on Black culture, feminism, lesbians, and/or street culture are popular, as are novels, especially novels of the grocery store variety. Magazines ranging from *People* to *Jet*, from *Women's Day* through *Ebony* to *Newsweek* are also popular. Books and magazines can be left at It's About Time Women's Book Center (5241 University Way NE) or at 331 - 17th Avenue E (place them in the box marked "jail books" on the inside front porch). (Please do not use this as an easy opportunity to get rid of the garbage books and college textbooks you've intended to dispose of for years, but never got around to.)

Many of the community people who are involved with the Seattle/King County Jail hope that there will be at least minor positive changes under the new administration (i.e., King County Executive Randy Revelle). We know, however, that those who have the power to grant token reforms will not initiate these changes. In fact, they consider reforms only when they begin to feel pressure from people on the "outside." If there are points in the future where pressure is needed from people in the outside community, and you would like to help by making a phone call or writing a letter, please let us know who you are so we can get in touch with you when the need arises. Send your name, address, and phone number to the Women's Jail Group, c/o 331 - 17th Avenue E, Seattle, Washington 98112; or call Betty Johanna at (206)322-1766.



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Mothering: Ourselves and Our Children



Seeking Other Paths

by R. Redswallow

I didn't listen to the horror stories about the labor and delivery of children. I also didn't believe in the nuclear family or that a child needs to be only with its mother for the first five years of life.

Consequently, the birth of my first child was a powerful and natural process; I have been challenged to envision other ways of relating and raising children; and the children in my life have their own support system emerging—specific to their needs.

Thinking back nearly three years I wrote this poem of our birthing.

PREPARING TO GIVE BIRTH

*giving birth.....dreaming
staying strong..... healthy
making candles-red and yellow
painting murals--noting the season
making love.*

*Practicing with early contractions
momentary doubt.....
warm bath.... moving slow
making the bed..straightening our room
calling midwives.....calling friends
women, sisters, mothers.*

*Resting.....dreaming..... waiting
relaxing.....breathing..... talking quietly
last minute instructions.....joy
anticipation.....loving energy*

*Being aware of dusk: the crack between worlds
noticing friends*

*concentrating
breathing
relaxing
squatting*

*laying propped up.....seeing crown in mirror
lots of black hair.....hearing sighs in the room*

*pushing
giving
listening to my body*

Don't touch me.....alone in this moment

*pushing
stretching
stinging
feeling pressure.....tearing*

*seeing her..... small person with lots of hair
holding her..... the wrinkled old woman body
accepting..... her first look*

*reassuring her
feeling her suckle
accepting her trust
watching
breathing
being.....mother*

At the time of Yolanda's birth I considered myself a lesbian. I did make love with a man for her conception but we never established a lover relationship and he always knew of my women lovers. I was open to him having a relationship with the baby but that was to be separate from a relationship with me. No package deal. He wanted the family ideal. I wanted to live my natural life. To punish me he threatened to steal the baby away to Mexico. The baby and I became invisible and he never saw us again.

The challenge became real. New ways... relating... raising children. For the first eighteen months I was totally there for Yolanda. Mother was my name, my role, duty and avocation. That was not a new way, for many women are trapped in the home with the little one(s). The days began to wear on me. I longed for adult conversation, peer companionship, and an individual identity.

A suitable job opened up for me, so Yolanda went to daycare and I went to work. It was exciting to be seen as an individual by people who didn't even know Yolanda. Finding a suitable daycare, though, was and is very difficult. She moved three times in the eight months of my working. When I went to work I offered up my child to be raised by people with ideals different from mine; different standards, diets, and concepts of growing children. These contradictions and the lack of time spent with her prompted me to quit a job that was in every other way fulfilling. This was not a new way either. Millions of working mothers are faced with the same dilemma.

I had tried a monogamous relationship with another mother whose child I helped birth. The structure was too confining and too much like the nuclear family: the kids, mom and mom, and the bills. Sometimes though, when things are difficult and I feel alone, my upbringing and socialization lead my fantasies to a more "secure relationship" around which to build a family, but for the most-part I feel this method is not a viable alternative in the long run.

I believe the answer lies somewhere in the reformation of tribal systems; tribes that are built on natural affinities and having lives in common. I'm not talking about separatism here of any shape, color, or creed. I am talking about kin/clans and networking potentials. But this is a full-bodied discussion in itself. Meanwhile, I'll file it under tempered idealism and cross reference it to affirmations and visions.

...the answer lies in the reformation of tribal systems...

My mother and many others may have doubts about this "new way". She tells me, "But Yolanda needs to be with her mother primarily for the first five years at least, instead of being shipped off to this friend or that one."

There are several people in our world who have taken a special interest in Yolanda for the individual, delightful person she is. They each have a unique relationship with her and take some responsibility for part of her survival and growth. She still has her grandma, grandpas, uncles in the biological sense. She also has her friend/sisters, friend/brothers, and friend/aunts...uncles.

And I am making it through early motherhood transformation without having to go through the early motherhood constant insanity and self-denial routine. Progressive, child concious, extended family communities/tribes are being born, though the labor is difficult and long. Individual people (even if they happen to be mothers) are being allowed to experience more fully their self-expression. For men this could be the right and pleasure of being with children in a soft, loving manner and feeling more in touch with their part in all creation. For women it could be the space to hear and share messages from the Earth in all the myriad ways of expression—art, writing and music being only some of the more obvious ways. But whatever it is that adds to the survival of a community in the form of self-expression will add to the survival of the people.

By relating to more than one person as parent, Yolanda has a variety of input and learns that people have different limits, ways and values. Her view of the world has breadth and depth. She has time for herself and her important interests; I have time for my self and my important interests; and together we still have time and the inclination to enjoy our relationship.

Life With Nina

by Sharon Fernleaf

I remember walking into the labor room and hearing the woman next door screaming. They were trying to get her to push; to help the baby. She just kept screaming that it hurt and was really losing control. Then I heard them call her Sharon. This was my first child and I thought, "Gawd, no one said it would be like that." Having "Sharon" next door losing control was like a sign, I could make this choice to keep composure or lose control and power in this situation, and I had better decide fast because this was not a situation I could reverse.

My mother thought I should deliver in a hospital, "just in case", (although women have been squatting on rocks forever and giving birth to perfectly normal children). In labor in the hospital room, ambience was not a priority. I was trying to remember my breathing while ripping this oxygen mask off my face every few minutes (there was a slight complication—Nina's heart-beat raced every time I would lie on my right side, even though I tried to tell the nurse that it was really uncomfortable on that side anyway).

It was a fast delivery. When Nina came out it was just like those films you see in health class. That was actually my first thought. She was beautiful and starving. I was exhausted but also felt indestructible. This was the most intense experience of my life and I had felt all of it. It seemed like I could do anything after this.

I think back on that feeling when Nina follows me into the bathroom, when I'm... Preoccupied. I don't know what happened to, "I can deal with anything." This girl wants to be held and I just want to shut the door and enjoy a few minutes of privacy.

Monster mommy. Monster mommy wants to go on a date without her daughter. Wants someone to go dancing with after standing in front of the mirror with Nina and swinging hips from side to side. She's a hot dancer, that kid, but sometimes someone a little taller is fun.

I guess we have a pretty healthy relationship— we scream at each other a lot. Actually, she can out-yell me, But I intimidate her with my size. I end up having an edge, sometimes.

I like Nina alot, which is a plus. I get very offended when people don't want to live with her because she's a kid. I think she is a lot older than I am. Actually, I asked her once about that. She just looked at me and laughed the biggest belly laugh I have ever heard come out of her. Then she said, "Yes." I believe her.

So, things are not as easy as I would like them to be— as any mother would like things to be— but we tough it out. Its still a choice between keeping composure or surrendering power to the situation. The government makes it harder by taking back money for daycare and more basic things like bills and food. Potential relationships with people who cannot fit a kid into their lives also makes it harder. Trying to draw when Nina is using my pens to draw on her body and then the bathtub is not fun, but workable.

Realizing, as a lesbian mother, that there is not an accepted "place" for myself and other lesbian mothers is disheartening. Having no obvious role models makes a lot of this "growing up with child" trial and error, but discovery is joyful and errors teach lessons. So, Nina and I discover and teach each other, loudly and lovingly, sweetly and bitterly.

My daughter. I think I'll keep her.



SIX TIMES SIX

The house disappeared
to be replaced by a bowling alley
You can hear Portland ladies
shuffling their slippers
and brushing their teeth
as you press the set button.

Airplanes are there in no time.
Rhyme is left out. And
reason: can you reason
with this dog whose
Flea bites make her
tear her own flesh?

the bits that go together:
the poem and coffee bit
the argue then make up bit
the bit when staring into
the blank eyes of a stranger
one remembers a dream from dawn.

I sat under the
red maple table, a child
trying to chat with God.
Whoever he was, he was not a
Chatty friend. He
scared me by only listening.

That the world is even more
hilarious than we thought
my Korean student and I discover.
The sun rises over his ocean
yet here in Oregon, sunsets
to make us cry.

Grey and blue clouds
fondle the freeway.
Driving,
I am simply happy
Counting on being saved,
romantic in deep winter.
—Ellen Goldberg



WHAT IT MIGHT BE LIKE

They stand like rocks, fluid
carved and hued iridescent,
melded together, each piercing
ray unique
each a varied shade
a song unheard before
in this disfigured land
shaping and forging in iron and steel
is sensual motion
a dance that contains
a million patterns
catches the eye and
lifts the brain from
its corners of absolute space
its inferior vision expands
its egotistic negation
of the matter and chemicals from
which it sprang
shattered into width, distance
and a true look at the infinite
the brain, the mind, the spark
of life not eternal in itself
but basking in its temporary state
to eyes cleared of institutional debris
death is certainly fatal
final, utterly silent
but how intense is living
how vital the resistance of the slave
how pathetic the arrogance, self pity
and the cursed bored bloated faces
of the masters
antique crystal, waiting to be broken
and never mended.
And how flexible and sinuous
The mind that has no gods, not ONE.

--Melinda Mohn

poetry

VANPORT REMEMBERED

Thirty-three years ago
fifteen (?) people were drowned
when a dike burst, releasing a wall of water
that washed away 6,374 housing units
and left homeless 18,500 people
who had been promised timely warning
of such a disaster.

Black Oregonians, who had devoted
years of sweat and grime to V for Victory
in Henry Kaiser's shipyards
on the banks of the Willamette and the
Columbia,
were offered train tickets for home,
to New Orleans, Atlanta and Mobile --
they already were at home
in Portland.

I was young in those bygone days--
just out of school, and in love
with writing and with an ex-Marine
recently returned from the aftermath
of World War II;
I gathered local copy for a small weekly
which, with little money,
tried to supply the people
with the news behind the headlines
that the big dailies overlook;
I interviewed the survivors of Vanport
in the makeshift shelters provided them.
where they worried about missing children
and the future.

Where are they now?
like my daughter-in-law's mother,
most of those still living
are probably trying to eke out survival
on ever-diminishing Social Security checks,
while the world whirls forgetfully on
toward the total devastation
of nuclear war.

—Mary Jane Brewster



WALRUS

January, grey walrus-tusked, January,
toothed with pencil shadows and tree-branched
clouds
cold winds skimming bones of their limbs,
sun licking snow, the skin of winter, smooth,
as a red melon on a vine
I shovel my walk in front of my house,
dump invisible
changes of time on the ground of my lawn
where they evaporate into earth. My
endeavors
are fruitful as water growing seeds.
I need to be strong flesh forever
to maintain a relative balance in cocoon times,
a thick sided bright person piercing the
current of what is.
It's an attitude lit
by an aurora borealis of perserverances, one
for each haughtiness I own,
Votive offerings to the
me's I sometimes am in Rough Times.
January, grey walrus-tusked, January,
toothed with harshnesses of air,
glacial arrogance is only for those who can
skate on ice.

---Sallie McCormick
DeBowman Adams

I AM MY OWN MOTHER

Resting between contractions
giving birth to myself
I trust my muscles
know when and how to tighten
and to relax
pushing my slippery self
through a slippery tube
toward the brush of open air
on my wet face.

—Kasha Baginski



POEM NO. 1

Stroking/soothing
barely moving,
waiting for the bus.
Perpetual motion
little commotion
listlessly i stare.
Barely caring
always wearing
a countenance of fear.

POEM NO. 2

my body aches
aches in ecstasy--
stimulation:
womyn's hands
energy....
animated love.

--Melanie Hammond



MMMmmmmmmsmooth
lines and
AAAAaahhhhgourmet
color ensemble
perfecto looks good
eyes strain blood
pulses the fantasy
body
unblemished wears
standingroom-only suits

--Kasha Baginski

my feet oh my precious feet
 thine hand was so strong
 within them.
 but now i stop and
 observe the world
 with infinite care
 ...and still some longing...
 heart still perched
 rather
 precariously
 on a silver platter
 where aeons of space and time
 ...meet... in solemnity.

i just can't explain the dichotomies
 that reside within this vehicle
 suspended in cross collision
 of desires and disillusionments
 and realities/unrealities
 that flicker past
 like the sweet wind
 fluttering thru the coco trees.

arteries of onrushing ancient dreams
 come to taunt me to awareness
 of the
 nothingness
 everythingness
 that
 rests
 in every drop
 of spilt milk.

--Sunflower



I have changed thru my love
 by my love, outside my love
 in a measure I know by
 This discontent
 The river of change is the
 ceaseless movement of this life
 you claim you are a rock
 set in your sultry guilt

I have changed thru my love
 by my

I have changed thru my love
 by my love, outside my love
 in a measure I know by
 this discontent
 the river of change is the
 ceaseless movement of this life
 you claim you are a rock
 set in your sultry guilt
 the nuns of your school days
 lift their skirts for you
 in your dreams

Have you no questions for me
 have I a place in your fantasies
 or am I only wife, separate
 from the stream
 The compliment of shallow hand-jobs
 and faceless bodies
 a warm cave on which to hang
 a perfunctory identity.

--Melinda Mohn

POETRY

In the Warsaw ghetto in 1942
 they came each day to take away
 first the young
 then the old
 the weak and sick
 then the poor
 they came for the factory workers
 and said they would spare munitions workers
 then they took the munitions workers
 they carted off the communists
 but said that the Jewish police were safe
 then they shot the police
 if you are still alive, what will you do.
 I am still alive, what will I do.

In Seattle in 1980
 will they come for me
 if I light candles on Shabbos
 if I hold a woman's hand in the wrong
 neighborhood
 if I sign my name to the articles I write
 if I write poems sharp as knives
 if I carry a gun, without a permit
 if I carry a gun, with a permit
 if I steal from stores that steal from me
 if I talk about blowing up Safeway

I am still alive, what will I do.
 You are still alive, what will you do.
 Will they come for you
 if you make your living selling drugs
 Will they beat us or lock us up
 if we are lesbians
 if we climb fences at nuclear power plants
 if we are black
 if we have traffic violations
 if we look suspicious
 if we fight back on the street
 and what if we don't.

Will they come to kill us
 if we say loudly that we are strong and
 fighting
 how loudly.
 will they come for us if we whisper
 will we hear ourselves
 if we whisper

we are still alive, what can we do.

This woman is battered but still alive,
 what can she do.
 if she calls the cops
 will they laugh at her
 will they protect her
 will they lock him up
 will they lock her up.
 if she gets a gun
 will she use it, will he die
 and finally leave her alone.
 we are still alive, what will we do
 when she is locked up
 for manslaughter.

and will they come to lock us up
 if we talk to women in prison
 if we send newspapers to women in prison
 if we are lovers with women in prison

if we are women in prison
 will they keep us there forever.
 if we hold hands with other women
 if we talk about what we see
 if we say what we need
 will we get what we need.
 or will they kill us.
 and will they kill us if we do not hold hands
 if we are silent
 if we do not accuse, or complain, or fight
 back
 will they kill us if we pretend
 we are already dead.
 will we be already dead.
 if we are still alive, what will we do.

---Mona Bachmann



We are running in groups
 all hiding being seen
 Running in groups, hiding
 Then, we did something
 Then, we knew why

We were running in groups
 all hiding, being seen
 Running in groups, hiding
 Then, we did something
 Then, we knew why

We are running in groups
 all hiding, being seen
 Running in groups, hiding
 Then, we did something
 Then, we knew why

We were running in groups
 All hiding being seen
 Running in groups, hiding
 Then
 we

did something

Then we knew why

--Meridec



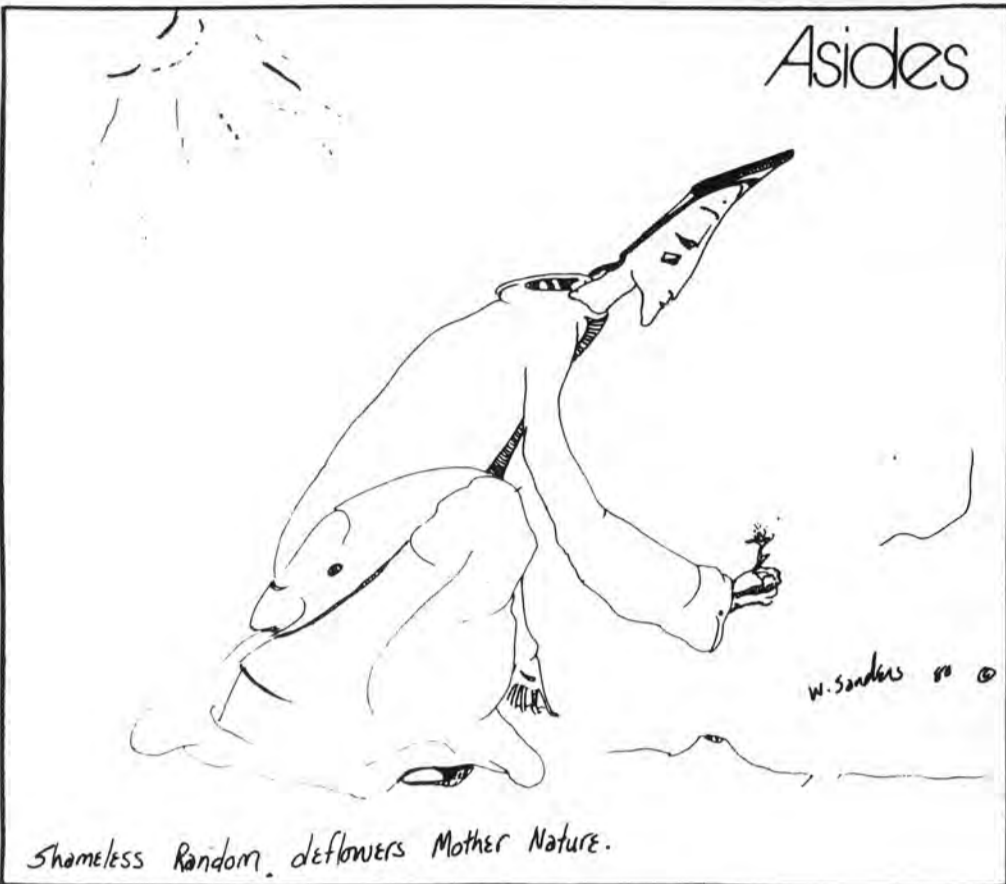
FOR PLEASURE

The lover humming off key
 is your only luxury
 in the face of perfect pitch
 and metronome
 a landslide victory
 over peppermint precision.

Such correctness in your music!
 Unlike the free response
 to birds drooling sweetness
 in the yard.

--Sheila E. Murphy

Connexions



Jackie Robey: we have your address book Call 323-0354. (You'll probably have to leave message on recorder.)

Mayor Charles Royer seeks applicants for an opening on the seven-member Board of Park Commissioners. Regular meetings are held on the first and third Thursdays of each month from 9 a.m. to noon at 100 Dexter Ave. N. Public meetings occasionally held. Terms: three years. Requires a commitment of at least ten hours a month. Send resume and cover letter to: Ned Dunn, c-o the Mayor's Office, 1200 Municipal Building, Seattle, WA 98104.

(WHEN GOD WAS A WOMAN. The worship of the Goddess as valiant warrior seems to have been responsible for the numerous reports of female soldiers, later described as Amazons. More thoroughly examining the accounts of the esteem the Amazons paid to the female deity, it became evident that women who worshipped a warrior goddess hunted and fought in the lands of Libya, Anatolia, Bulgaria, Greece, Armenia and Russia and were far from being the mythical fantasy so many writers of today would have us believe!)

YOU CAN SUBSCRIBE TO "NORTHWEST PASSAGE"! Send \$8 per year to NWP at 1017 East Pike Seattle WA 98122

FREE LIST of red hot, radical books about the struggle for peace and justice around the world. Send 20cents postage to RECON P. O. Box 14602, Phil. PA 19134

The KIT KAT CLUB will open Sat., Feb. 13, at 9 p.m. and have approx. 1 and a half to 2 hours of performances starting at 10. Serving espresso, teas, and pastry. Admission is \$3.50 which includes first drink! Music and Drama! (Kit Kat Club is around Wallingford Fremont area -- as you can see, there's lots of time to find exactly where. Those pastries sound yummy, already! Feb. 13 incidentally is the birthday of my sibling -- once the cutest little brother in the world.)

ANYONE MAY WRITE:

Bud Stewart AI0777
Box 99
Pontiac, Ill. 61764 (Prisoner, 28, says he is easy-going and asks for persons "honest with me in their letters.")

Another prisoner writes: "I would like to have a woman write me for friendship or marriage. I am 22 but like a woman who is 24 to 26. Please write: Bill Merrick, 18117 203 St. S.E. Monroe, WA 98272

LAVENDER LEFT: INTERESTED IN STARTING A SEATTLE CHAPTER OF THIS GAY LEFT GROUP? I am! I have copies of the principles of unity. Contact Denys Howard, P. O. Box, 2507, Seattle 98111.

(GOLDA MEIR...when she was prime minister of Israel. The rape rate was increasing in Israel. The parliament met (the Knesset?) and the men in the parliament wanted to make a curfew so that women would be kept off the streets after dark. Golda Meir said, "Allow no men out on the streets after dark unless accompanied by a woman.")

A PRISONER IS TRYING TO LOCATE his half sister, Margie Butterbaugh, of Colorado Springs, Colorado. Her husband's name is Keith Butterbaugh. After you may establish that Ms. Butterbaugh wants to be found by her half-brother, she can contact: Jerry Tucker, No. 259239, Ellis Unit, Huntsville, Texas 77340.

STRIKINGLY ILLUSTRATED CALENDAR, is available, folks. It's the "American Myths 1982 Calendar." (Subjects satirized are as follows, This Land Is Our Land, Work Hard And You'll Get Ahead, Pursuit Of Happiness and Women Who Get Raped Ask For It, and other myths. Available thru: Syracuse Peace Council, 924 Burnet Ave. Syracuse, N.Y. 13203 (Five bucks apiece -- well worth it -- and big discounts if you order ten or more!)

HAYDIE SANTAMARIA: was a Cuban freedom fighter against Batista. She was among the group who attacked the Moncada barracks in 1953. After she was captured, mutilated pieces of her brother's and fiance's bodies were brought to her in a box by Batista's police to get her to give information. Her response was, "If you have done this to them, and they haven't spoken, how can I?" On her release she fought with the rebel forces in Sierra Maestra.)

Northwest Regional Conference on FINANCING ENERGY PROJECTS' A two day conference examining the public and private financing opportunities for a variety of energy and conservation projects. Featuring national and regional experts. Tentative date: last week of January, 1982. Cost about \$125. Contact Mickey Riley at the U.W., (206) 545-2746 or 543-0980 or write Energy Forum Northwest, DW-25, Univ. of Wash. 98195. (My personal energy has been revived and how! Thanks to God --she heard my prayer...)

Women Volunteers needed to operate Birth helpline. Volunteer Coordinator needed. Write BIRTH, 2318 - 2nd, Seattle WA 98122 (Some NORTHWEST PASSAGE staffers have had extremely negative experiences and correspondence with this Birth project. So readers are hereby warned.)

New BATIK BOUTIQUE open in magical Pike Place Market. Winsome seamstress Linda Murray offers wrap skirts, blouses, men's batik shorts, lacy vests from tablecloths (shades of Scarlett O'Hara's curtain-costume!) and clever little et ceteras. (Run, don't walk! It's just a few paces from the yummy-delights of Soup And Salad. First Level.)

(South Vietnam...On Dec. 17, 1960 in Mythen the 16-year-old Truong Thi Bay, carrying a banner, marched at the head of a demonstration and police shot her dead. Her place was immediately taken by 18-year-old Nguyen Thi Be who in her turn was mortally wounded. A third young girl took the lead and was killed. But the demonstrators continued to surge forward; the police lowered their weapons.)

Hetero woman who is pleasantly well-rounded (both ways) would enjoy meeting a well-read, masculine, considerate man. One who is 35-45 might have a similar "memory file." I am fresh-faced, naturally stoned, and avoid drunks and illegal drugs. Like opera on records, veggie snacks, cozy cuddlings at home, occasional movies. "Harrie" Box 12627 Seattle, WA 98111

"The holiday season is a special time for loving...and showing it." FOOD MONITOR and World Hunger Year can help you show your concern by giving gift subscriptions to FOOD MONITOR and one gift sub is \$9.95, two are for 18.50 and the touchingly illustrated appointment Calendar is \$5.95 for one and \$10.00 for two and only \$4.50 each for more than two!! Write World Hunger Year, 350 Broadway, New York, NY 10013. (This way you can DO SOMETHING ABOUT mass starvation and malnutrition, not just sympathize.)

SPECIAL OFFER! Subscribe to NORTHWEST PASSAGE. \$2. for six months! NWP, 1017 East Pike, Seattle WA 98122

(ELEANOR MARX--Karl's daughter--quoth: "The truth, not fully recognized by those anxious to do good to women, is that she, like the labour classes, is in an oppressed condition, that her position like theirs is one of unjust and merciless degradation. Women are the creatures of an organized tyranny of men.")

For more information on energy and the west contact:
New Mexico People and Energy
810 Vassar NE
Albuquerque, N.M. 87106

or Northern Plains Resource Council
419 Stapleton Bldg.
Billings, MT 59101

(CH'EN AI-LIEN, wife of a poor peasant in post-revolution China, once came home from a women's association meeting and was beaten by her husband as a matter of course. Instead of accepting this and staying at home, she made a complaint against her husband. A meeting of the women in the village was held and Man-t'sant was asked to explain himself. Contemptuous and unrepentant, he replied that he beat his wife because she went to meetings and "the only reason women go to meetings is to gain a free hand for flirtation and seduction." The women argued angrily and he answered them. In rage, they rushed at him, knocked him down, and kicked him, tore his clothes and pulled his hair while he begged for mercy, promising never to beat his wife again.)

NEED SOMETHING RELAXING TO GET YOU THROUGH THE HOLIDAY? THE NEW SEATTLE MASSAGE offers treatments in Swedish massage, Shiatsu and relexology at affordable prices. We are located in the University District at

4214 University Way. Entrance in the alley behind Campus Corridor. Free parking. Gift Certificates Available. Call 632-5074.

(AUNT MOLLY JACKSON, was a midwife in eastern Kentucky during the 1920s. She delivered babies and doctored families of union miners. One day after seeing countless small children die of Pellagra, (a chronic disease characterized by lesions and caused by faulty diet-- Aunt Molly robbed a company store at gunpoint, taking enough food to feed a few families of starving children. "I reached under my arm and I pulled out my pistol and I walked out backwards. I said, 'Martin, if you try to take this grub away from me, if they electrocute me for it, I'll shoot you six times in a minute. I've got to feed some children --they're hungry and they can't wait!'")

APOCALYPSE AFFECTS YOU! Join discussion group for dealing with stressful times. "We're a support group...We meet once a week. ...We use different therapy techniques to explore the effect of apocalypse on us and our individual psyches. We try to uncover and work through blocks. Flexible format. You can call Dan at 633-2744 or Mike at 524-1958. I am also distributing an article by Joanna Rogers Macy on HOW TO DEAL WITH DESPAIR along with a questionnaire and comic book that I wrote. Write: Citizen G of Citizens for a Non-Linear Future, at P. O. Box 31638 Seattle WA 98103

(The preceding mini-histories of assertive historical women were compiled by Pat Hadley. Sources: THE WOMEN QUESTION, WOMEN, RESISTANCE AND REVOLUTION, and HILLY BILLY WOMEN.)

"Englishman: A creature who thinks he is being virtuous when he is only being uncomfortable."
George Bernard Shaw



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Calendar

SEATTLE

Tuesday December 22

Tues, Dec. 22, 7-10 p.m. Chanukka Party Food and song with Ellie Kellman at Cause Celebre Cafe 524 15th Ave. E.
Tu-W Dec 22-3 Jr. Cadillac Xmas Party at Pier 70; call Hot-Line, 632-6616 for info

Thursday December 24

Th Dec 24, 8am all-day pilgrimage beginning at Boeing Developmental Center on E. Marginal Way S, concluding with supper & participation in the Christmas Vigil Service at St. Mary's Catholic Church; if you wish to join The Bethlehem Peace Pilgrimage for any part, call 325-4139
Th Dec 24, 9pm "Meet John Doe" Frank Capra's classic ode to the common man, an unusual combination of comedy, drama & social commentary presented on ch. 9

Th Dec 24, 10pm Christians Concerned for Peace Christmas Eve Candlelight March join them, with candles, at the Westwood Village Shopping Center (near SW Barton & 35th SW); 938-2726

Sunday December 27

Sun Dec 27, 2:30pm "The World of Apu" Satyajit Ray film, part of Seattle Art Museum's exhibit, "A Passage to India" Volunteer Park Auditorium

Sun Dec 27, 7:30-10pm "...what's magic about your body?" workshop sponsored by Washington Psychic Institute, 2007 NW 61st (Ballard); \$10 donation

Monday December 28

M Dec 28, 5-7pm Drug & Alcohol Class for parents & teens, sponsored by Creative Life Foundation; pre-registration & prepayment (\$25/family) required; contact 365-7541, M-F 9-5pm

thru M Dec 28th Art from the USSR: 29 contemporary Soviet paintings at Cornish Gallery, 710 E. Roy St; hours 10-5 wkdys, 12-5 Saturday

Thursday December 31

Tu Dec 29, 8pm "On Giant's Shoulders" story of a thalidomide child; KCTS 9 TV
Tu Dec 29, 9:30pm "Maya Lords of the Jungle" traces archaeologists attempt to reconstruct the ancient history of the Maya civilization; channel 9

Tuesday December 29

Th Dec 31, 9pm swing into the New Year with music, gourmet buffet, no-hust bar & other entertainment benefitting the Clara Fraser Defense Fund; 2nd fl. Soames Dunne Bldg. at Pike Place Market; door donation \$8.50 (\$15 with dinner); tickets, information, childcare, transportation, call 632-7449 or 632-7468

W Dec 31 Phil Randoy, his wife Stormy & surprise guests promise a lively New Years Eve party (no cover) at the Brick Oven, 409 Roy

W Dec 31 Rich Dangle & the Reputations will rock at Dez's New Years Eve; seating on reservation, first come, first serve 400 Mercer Street

Friday January 1

F Jan 1, 11:30pm "The Wet City REvue" splashy special features some of Seattle's best comedy with One Reel Vaudeville Show; KCTS 9 TV

Fri. Jan 1st, 11 a.m.-1p.m. Rene Berblinger Renaissance Guitar and Ragtime jazz Cause Celebre Cafe 527 15th Ave. E.

Saturday January 2

Sat Jan 2, 6pm musical fairy tale, "Beans" original play looks at the history of human communication; public television channel 9

Sat. Jan 2. 9-11p.m. Marla Nonken Original guitar and vocals. Cause Celebre Cafe 527 15th Ave. East.

Sunday January 3

til Jan 3 due to popular demand, The Group Theatre Company extends the run of "Home"; W-Sat 8pm, Sun 7pm Ethnic Theatre in the University District reservations, call 543-4327

Monday January 4

M Jan 4 "Recent Works on Paper" show opens at Women's Cultural Center (thru 1/29); hours, M-F 9-5pm; reception for the artists held 1/8, 7-9pm; slide lecture presentation by the artists on 1/22, 7-9pm 701 NE Northlake Way; 632-4747

Tuesday January 5

Tu Jan 5, 7:30pm a new year begins & the need for people willing to work for peace has never been greater... Armistice orientation, bring a friend; Pilgrim Congregational Church, 509 10th Ave E (enter on 10th); 324-1489

Thursday January 7

Th Jan 7, 8pm "Jewish Identity in Art" lectureship begins with topic of The Creation of Symbol & Narrative; 1/11, on Legend & Ritual, 1/13, Emancipation & Modern Jewish Art; 130 Kane Hall, UW; free
Th Jan 7, 10:30pm "Biography of an Atomic Vet" recalls 1955 A-bomb tests in Nevada; the first documentary of the season for Non-Fiction Television series on PBS channel 9

Friday January 8

Sat Jan 9, 10-3pm Group Process II: A Practical Skills Workshop further information, call & leave message for Rosemary Powers; \$5, scholarsh.ips available; 324-1489, Armistice

Saturday January 9

Sun. Jan. 10th 9-11p.m. Karen Goldfeder & Ann Wagner Jazz: vocals & string Bass Cause Celebre Cafe, 527 15th Ave. E.

Monday January 11

M Jan 11 winter session of Creative Dance Center Co-Motion Dance (formerly Bill Evans Dance) begins; info, 525-0759

Wednesday January 13

W Jan 13, 7-9pm Greenpeace volunteer meeting on issues & events, featuring discussion & film; Good Shepherd Center, 4649 Sunnyside AveN; call 632-4326

Sunday January 17

Sun Jan. 17th 9-11p.m. Marla Nonken Cause Celebre Cafe 527 15th Ave. East.

Saturday January 23

January 23, 1981: Struggle For Survival Benefit for Big Mountain and Yellow Thunder Native American Encampments At the Friends Center 4001 9th Ave N.E. from 6:00-10:30. Dinner at 6:00 p.m. Entertainment begins at 7:30. \$5.50 for both. \$3.00 for entertainment. No one refused entrance because of lack of money. For more info call 842-8513

MEETINGS

last Sundays, 5-9pm Lesbian Clinic at Aradia Women's Health Center 1827 12th Ave; sliding fee scale; phone 323-9388

Sundays, 7pm discussion series presented by Seattle International Socialist Organization 1/10 "Economics & Social Change" 1/24, American Unions: Decline & Fall, or a Time for New Growth?, 2/7 "Polish Workers, Solidarity & What They Mean for Us Here" call 722-4133 or 722-6269

Sundays, noon Registration Age People anti-war group of draft age women & men meet at UW Ethnic Cultural Center, 40th NE & NE Brooklyn, everyone welcome; information, call 524-2330 (eves)

Mondays, 7:30pm Women's Building Committee meets at N.O.W. office, 701 NE Northlake Way

alternate Tuesdays, the Seattle Anti-Klan Network has open meetings at 7pm. Call 324-3208 for date and place of the next meeting.

CONTACT

Contact Roberta Penn, 323-8736, for info on what happened at planning meeting for pro-choice demo (it was stormed by FSP/RW), and correct info on who is planning what, when...

OLYMPIA

Th Jan 21, 9am Annual Lobby Day for pro-choice supporters techniques workshop a.m., brown bag lunch & music by the Streethearts at noon; more information or if you want to help, call 632-8547

TACOMA

1st Sundays, 7:30pm Amnesty International Adoption Group meets at Antique Sandwich Company, 5102 N. Pearl St; information, call 858-2170 or 752-7807

BELLINGHAM

F Jan 8, 8pm Ellen McIlwaine at Pac Concert Hall, WW University; \$5
M Jan 18, 8pm Meridith Monk & Co. performs in Lecture Hall I, Old Main Theatre; Tickets, \$8

PORTLAND

Portland calendar items may be phoned in to Nancy Nixon at 235-9777

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TYPOGRAPHICS

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Located near north end of Public Market 623-9820

Gray Walls

Fiction by Meridee Bona Dea

The door is closed and there are no windows. The room with gray walls, lifeless gray walls surround this empty gray room. Mary Jane imprisoned in these gray walls, empty room, the realization that she is in a cage; she wants to break out. So silent the whispers for help. Even more silently the help shuffles away, away because she is shy. How does she ask? What does she ask of these gray walls? What do these gray walls have to give? Mary Jane draws a void of vision, but let me tell you, she does see.

Routine, getting up in the morning, routine going, routine wanting; Mary Jane has a routine for everything. Routine dreams of lesbians, routine fantasies of love, routine walls, routine sleep, routine every life changing but hers. Routine getting up, routine in the morning staring at the gray walls, routine watching, routine wanting, routine routine; but she can't stand the routine. Routine nothing to write, routine freakouts, routine. Routine takes over routine. The routine routine goes on.

Mary Jane screams so loud in silence, so loud you can't think, so silent no one hears. Oh, maybe a close friend hears it once in a while, but how would she get through the walls... oh, so silently to make sure no one hears.

A dream broke through the being alone, the fantasies. Waking from the dream to begin the routine, ready for the routine. The dream is of a woman reading in Mary Jane's room of gray walls, reading a book in silence, contently reading in the empty room. When Mary Jane wakes from this dream her routine is broken by the woman who sits right there in the middle of the room, this gray room where she lives. "Hello, woman of my dream." Mary Jane, having been in tormented silence for so long is not sure how to start. No answer. "Hello, my name is Mary Jane. What's yours?" No answer, silence. Now the woman of her dreams sits reading the book, no response. Mary Jane's silence has been broken, "I brought you here, now why won't you talk to me? What is your name?"

Fear. This is what she has always feared; no response, fear of no one listening, still fears; fears of no one talking, fear of being unnoticed. All these fears Mary Jane sees in this one woman of her own creation. "But I brought you here!" she yells. She thinks to herself, "It scares me, to touch, to touch closeness physically, emotionally. Don't touch me. I don't



want to feel. Stay on the other side of the gray walls. It is so depressing; safety was these four gray walls of depression with the lack of vision, feeling, and my own response to things."

"Who are you and where did you come from?" she continues to yell-- anything to start a conversation, to get a response. "Who are you?" Louder. "Who are you?" Louder. "Who are you?" Why doesn't this woman say something? She sits there reading that book, never looking up. She doesn't even know whether Mary Jane is here or not. "Speak to me." Mary Jane is trying everything her voice can say. SCREAM: "Who are you?"

The day passed like this. When night comes, Mary Jane falls asleep, tired, hoarse and uncomfortable. Able to sleep only from exhaustion. This night has no dreams, only a blank sleep.

Today I will try something else, Mary Jane thinks. She starts pacing the room, back and forth for a while, then around; walking around the woman's chair. Thinking to herself, "How did that woman get here? Am I supposed to do something? What is she doing? She never even bats an eye." Mary Jane goes back to her silence, thinking, "She doesn't even wink to rest her eyes. What is she reading? What did she come for? Who is she?" Pacing around, asking, "What does she want?" Looking at her puzzled. "Why," she keeps asking herself. "Why, why? What can I do? Has she really come?" This day passes and again Mary Jane sleeps from exhaustion. No dreams come, no dreams go.

This day comes and goes, routine getting up in the morning, routine wanting, routine fantasies-- a normal routine of silent torment in the corner where things are understood by Mary Jane, so engrossed she does not have to notice the woman in the middle of the floor seated on a chair, the woman of her dreams, the woman of her own creation.

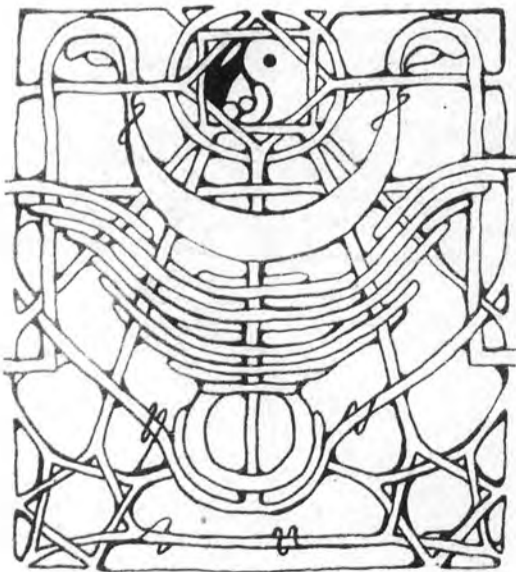
Mary Jane ignores her on this usually gray day in her routine life. Falling asleep after tormented hours of thought leads to uneasy dreams of a friend, a fantasy made unclear by a gray fog, conveniently hiding the sharp edges.

Mary Jane wakes up in this fog, sits up, stares thoughtfully around; becoming more awake she looks, trying hard to see this woman of her dreams. Focusing in, her vision becomes sharper. She is relaxed, looking at the woman of her own creation. This woman of her dreams sits on a wooden chair, dressed in jeans and a flannel shirt, rather plump, big breasts, small beautiful hands that hold a book. Things are not sharp enough to be able to read the title. Her eyes are not in the motion of reading, yet they stare intently into the pages of the book.

Noticing not a page has been turned, things focus sharper; the lines of her face reveal character, glowing light from somewhere. Mary Jane looks on, fascinated; she moves closer. Sitting right in front of the woman, she starts a calm conversation. "I have been with you now for four days. I have yelled at you, paced around you, ignored you. But today is the first time that I have seen you. Who are you and where did you come from?" There is no change in the woman. Thinking how beautiful this woman is, curious and confident, Mary Jane gets up, still looking intently, moving slowly in dance around to peek over her shoulder. "What is she looking at that lights her face to such a shine?" Gently putting her hands on the woman's shoulders, lowering her head, things are still a bit gray; focusing-- the pages are bright, no words. Things are becoming clearer. The pages shine a bright blue like the sky on a clear day in the mountains. A white cloud floats by.

"What is this book?" wonders Mary Jane. The vivid picture, now in focus, moves upward. The sky becomes darker; stars shine; still the steady motion upwards. The stars become planets, worlds beyond the gray walls. Going on through the book, not turning a page, she sees the universe in all its concepts, diversity and possibilities.

The woman of Mary Jane's dreams, the woman of her own creation, releases her in the bright book of vision. Things so clear to her now, are worlds only dreamed of or thought of, and right in front of her eyes. Women fleeing in unison, spinning off from the conventional in the direction of the moon. Backwards becomes forwards, some ahead, some behind. In a shaped line they dance, shaped from the heart, drawn on the feelings of love, pictured now, common beauty seen in all women. Tears of pain from the past, tears of joy for the present... They are all going. No one is left. Visions only seen in dreams and day visions are real here.



We congratulate the Northwest Passage Collective on the Eighth Annual Women's Issue.

We would like to encourage everyone to support women's struggles.

Erin Moore
Ed Newbold
John Littel
Becky Sukovaty
Susan Starbuck
Charles Frey
A Faggot Who Loves Women
Jeff Theriault
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