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broadsheet

new zealand's feminist magazine

may 1981

no 89

\$1.20

The Right is rising
A new threat to women

TEACHERS COLLEGES

7 - MAY 1981

LIBRARY AUCKLAND

SOCK!

THE UTTERLY
PREDICTABLE
RIGHT WING
BACKLASH!



Women incensed with
census
Virago puts feminism
into books

Making contemporary
and Herstorical Herstory

Sssh Feminist Librarians
are working
Ssssh Russian Feminists
are leaving

FRONTING UP

BROADSHEET OFFICE:

is at:
1st floor, Colebrooks Building,
93 Anzac Ave, Auckland.
Office hours: 9-3, Mon-Fri.
Phone number: 794-751.
Our box number is:
PO Box 5799, Wellesley St,
Auckland, New Zealand.

DEADLINES FOR FUTURE ISSUES:

Deadline for July/August issue:
May 10.
Deadline for September issue: July
10.
Deadline for October issue: August
10.
Display ads, classified ads, small
announcements and news items
can reach us up to three weeks
after these dates. Ads still being
received for June issue.

ENVELOPING:

Enveloping of the June issue will
be at the Broadsheet office on
Saturday May 30. All women and
children welcome.

BROADSHEET SHOP:

More and more books arrive daily.
We also have some posters,
postcards, cards, badges,
sponges, health packs, T-shirts,
bags, etc. and are expecting more
posters and overseas feminist
magazines any day now. See the
advert on the inside back cover.

ADVERTISING/PR JOB

Still going begging. Needed: one
committed feminist who fancies
working at Broadsheet part-time to
help increase our sales and get the
magazine better known throughout
NZ. Involves some travel. Wages
are meager but provides the oppor-
tunity to work in a feminist work-
place.

PLEAS

We desperately need large
envelopes for stuffing, and
foolscap-size eastlight files are
always needed for our resource
material files.

BLIND FEMINISTS

Broadsheet will be available on
tape at the Royal NZ Foundation
for the Blind as from mid-April.

OOPS

We inadvertently neglected to fully
credit the article "In the Name of
Feminism . . ." in the April issue of
Broadsheet. The article was written by
Suzanne Gordon, an editor of **Working
Papers for a New Society**. This
publication is available from 186
Hampshire St, Cambridge,
Massachusetts 02139, USA at a cost
of \$18 for a year's subscription.



♂broadsheet♂

BROADSHEET'S NEW POSTER

Designed by Claudia Pond Eyley

Printed in black on heavy matt cream paper

Cost: \$2.00 (plus 35¢ postage and packing if posted)

Order Form

Name

Address

.....

I enclose \$.....

Send to: Broadsheet Posters, P.O. Box 5799, Auckland.

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THE BROADSHEET COLLECTIVE

Sarah Calvert, Sandra Coney, Sandi Hall, Sally Hollis-McLeod, Miriam Jackson,
Anne Macfarlane, Heather McLeish.

THESE WOMEN

Worked on this issue: Peggy Ashton, Jasmine Hubbers, Elizabeth Leyland,
Trish Manning, Sue Matthew, Jean Volkerling, Jenny Rankine, Lesley Smith, Doreen Suddens,
Anne du Temple, Ros, and the enveloping women.

Cover Illustration Sharon Alston

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The Charter

Dear Broadsheet,

The Working Women's Charter has in recent months received a public bashing from groups who will here remain nameless but who claim that the Charter denigrates women with children, seeks to have all children put into institutional care, that clause 11, which asks for consultation with and special attention to the needs of women from ethnic communities, could mean fertility control of Polynesian women, i.e. enforced sterilisations, and that the Charter is an abuse of unionism.

While it is often preferable and even desirable to ignore the trash by way of leaflets and other statements being made by these groups I feel that in this instance and in the present climate of patriotism we need to take some positive steps to counter it by stating and re-stating why we support the Working Women's Charter.

Woman action in taking part in a Support the Charter rally as was done in Auckland on March 7 is important but so too is the continuation of that support.

I would therefore like to suggest that readers take up on at least one of the following:

- Write a letter to your MP and council members
- Discuss the Charter within your organisation, with your friends and co-workers.
- Lobby general election candidates

- Write to your Union journal
- Attend your Union meetings and suggest relevant points for inclusion in the new round of awards.

Sandi Beatie

Censored

Dear Broadsheet,

The 1981 census form has duly arrived. I guess there is an improvement in the question regarding the head of the house clause — at least it explains or appears to explain the reason for having to designate such a person. Moreover it makes no suggestion that the man will be the "head" or the "occupier".

But as we look further down we find that there are *seven detailed questions relating to work*. We fill in our occupation, employment status, the name of our employing organisation, the address of our workplace, the type of work and the means of travel to work. But where, oh where, are the women? At work? Some women, yes. Now everyone knows that the main work done by women in this country is in the home, bringing up children, seeing to it that the food is bought, etc. *Yet we find no questions dealing with any statistics on the domestic life of women*. There is no mention of care for the elderly, the sick, or of children. Indeed the census form only wants to know what paid work you do. It states specifically in question 16:

"Except for hours worked as an unpaid relative assisting in business (farm, shop, etc.), no hours worked in unpaid jobs are to be included in your answer(s) to this question."

That is, the Statistics Department recognises unpaid work *if it emulates men's paid work*, but it refuses to recognise child care or cooking meals. If a woman in a dairy rushes out to change a baby's naps, feed the cat and put on the roast for dinner, that is not to be included in her hours of work. If a woman on a dairy farm has to get the kids ready before taking them with her to the milking shed, that preparation is not counted as work. Time out for cooking meals or laundering clothes used by "workers" is not indeed work at all. No statistics are apparently needed here.

No wonder we have to have a Society for Research on Women. The Statistics Department just does not use our taxes to gather statistics which tell about the lives of women, so a special society has to be formed for this job.

Perhaps next census we should all mess up their forms by filling out the hours we really work — especially women with young children! And we will stop doing it when they rewrite the forms to provide information about the lives of *both sexes*.

Deidre Kent

Family Day Care!

Dear Broadsheet,

Sandra Coney's arrogant and abstract letter (March, 1981) made me mad. The Dunedin Community Child Care Centre which she clearly knows nothing about at first-hand was initiated in the face of strong resistance within the local IWY committee, and it was initiated by feminists. Founded by feminists, the Centre has been run by feminists, fought for by feminists, and used by feminists, some of them as radical as even Coney could wish.

But even that's not important compared with the work that actually goes on there. The Centre is a joyous place for children and parents, an irreplaceable community constantly supportive of working and solo mothers. What about the woman who gained legal custody of her child because it went to the Centre? According to Coney, she should have waited for the revolution.

And if women prefer Family Day Care, their only option anyway when children are very little, why shouldn't they? It's dishonest to extrapolate from the Dunedin experience a national conspiracy of rapacious SPUC child-minders. Coney would never fall for the one about euthanasia and abortion.

Lay off Sandra. Your enemies (and mine) are elsewhere.

In sisterhood,
Jocelyn Harris

Quote of the Month

“Mother, what is a Feminist?”/“A Feminist, my daughter,/Is any woman now who cares/To think about her own affairs/As men don't think she oughter.”

Alice Duer Miller 1915

Family Day Care

Dear Broadsheet,

I would like to add my support for the analysis provided by Sandra Coney on Family Day Care. I do not agree that her views are intolerant or ill-reasoned. Radical feminists need to stand firmly against the move to exchange good quality childcare centres for a system of child-minding by exploited women at home. As part of our analysis of the achievements or otherwise of the women's movement we should be aware how easily ideas become co-opted or misused. How easily we are encouraged to sidetrack our energies away from our real goals. Our real goal is quality, free, 24-hour available day care. We cannot afford to put our energy into anything less than this. I am glad that Sandra Coney has presented such a well thought out analysis.

Sarah Calvert

Dear Broadsheet,

A recently published article in the Australian feminist journal *Refractory Girl* (October 1980, Nos 20-21) adds weight to the arguments I have been putting forward in this letters column against Family Day Care (FDC). In her article "Women, the State and Family Day Care" Margot Simpson reports that FDC in Australia is, unlike in NZ, organised and funded by the state. She describes how, while her child care funding has been cut over recent years (from \$74 million in 1975 to \$69.3 million in 1979), FDC services are expanding. As she says, "FDC . . . provides a convenient way to hide cuts in child care spending." But, there are more sinister implications in this shift in policy than penny pinching. Margot Simpson describes how FDC is a form of ideological control.

FDC mothers are selected for "their 'warm, motherly' natures and for their ability to create a 'family-like atmosphere' in their homes." They are, in effect, "the state's chosen examples of motherhood . . . selected on their ability to uphold an institution which the state deems desirable." A NSW Department of Youth and Community Services brochure on FDC claims that this form of child care acts to "enhance the child's positive family experiences supplementary and complementary to those available in . . . (the child's) own home." The "family experiences" talked about, Simpson points out, consist of "exposure to one home-based, economically exploited woman supervising a number of young children in an isolated suburban situation. The fact that the state sees this experience as complementing and supplementing the family experience of FDC children is very telling." It means that children in FDC, unlike their child care centre counterparts, do not get the experience of a community of caring adults and a wide peer group, but instead have a nuclear family role model reinforced as the norm.

FDC carers in Australia are not considered to need training in child care or education and since their duties are officially seen as merely extending their usual occupation — raising children and running a home — their wages are thus viewed merely as recompense for the cost of "food, insurance, and 'consumable' play material" rather than reward for work done.

Simpson quotes a 1975 study (made before unemployment was rife) done in Melbourne, to show that the most frequent reasons women give for becoming care givers are "boredom" (47.5%), the belief that "minding children is the

most important job a woman can have" (46.5%), "extra money but husband did not want me to work" and loneliness (both 32.8%). In her own study of FDC in Ku-ring-gai, Simpson supported my contention (*Broadsheet* No. 78, May 1980) that FDC increases isolation for carers. Involvement in FDC, she reports, "had caused caregivers' existing supports to break down, as friends were unwilling to mind caregivers charges while caregivers went out. Many caregivers were forced to relinquish social activities as 'people complained of caregivers arriving at play groups, tennis or school meetings with loads of children'."

Apart from the difference in controlling organisation and funding FDC services in Australia and New Zealand appear virtually identical. The fact that in both countries it is institutions who have no commitment to the liberation of women who are promoting it so vigorously where they have failed to act to provide centre-based day care, highlights the ambiguous nature of their apparent philanthropy.

Maybe it is all a matter of simple arithmetic. Unemployment is growing. Inflation is increasing. It is becoming harder to survive in a one-income family. For every one or two workers freed to go to work by FDC, another one is securely trapped at home. Thus, the net gain to a shrinking and increasingly dog-eat-dog workforce is minimised.

Sandra Coney

Straying Reports

Dear Broadsheet,

We have had a number of United Women's Convention Reports returned "Gone No Address". If anyone has not received their copy write to PO Box 13027, Hamilton.

Elsie Neal

Cancelled

Dear Broadsheet,

I write to ask that my subscription to *Broadsheet* be cancelled. It seems ironic that having finally decided to subscribe to *Broadsheet*, what confidence I had in *Broadsheet* should so quickly be undermined. I refer of course to the article by a man. I have nothing against the man concerned. His work is published elsewhere and I have often found it informative and useful. But that is beside the point. Women have supported man for centuries. It is time that women supported women as well.

To my mind the purpose of feminist publications is to support women. They do this in two ways.

Firstly, feminist publications are *for* women through their content.

Secondly, they provide women with the *means* of putting their ideas to other women. Access to your audience is crucial. Therefore feminist publications must also be *by* women.

It is insufficient reason to say that there are no women qualified to write in the area the feminist publication wishes to cover. We must support women in gaining expertise in *all* areas of life.

And indeed I know of no areas of concern which a feminist publication might wish to cover which lack women having a feminist perspective and appropriate, adequate knowledge. Even if there are gaps in woman-power, as already indicated we must support in gaining expertise.

There are definitely women who could write in the area covered in the article I refer to here. And because of their woman's perspective they would be able to push the analysis further in terms, for example, of the effects on women of social retrenchment. The government has already indicated that it will

be spending less in social areas. But the work will still need to be done. That means that women will yet again be expected to do this work — without recognition and without pay . . .

Please note that I do not disagree with women making use of research and published material done by men. But as already pointed out, feminist publications must be *for* women and *by* women.

Broadsheet in publishing an article by a man broke what I consider to be a basic trust between it and women in the community.

Unfortunately, but necessarily, we must now ask if *Broadsheet* has lost touch with the mainspring of feminism in this country. If it no longer has access to women able to put the feminist perspective on many issues (as their use of a man would indicate) should it exist?

Kathleen Ryan

Cancelled two

Dear *Broadsheet*,

I was disappointed to hear your decision that the money outstanding from my cancelled subscription is not to be returned to me.

I have been told that when *Broadsheet* began subscriptions were held in a separate bank account, so that if a subscription was cancelled, the subscriber's money could be returned. This was felt to be important because many women have very limited funds.

Why has this policy been changed?

Obviously, having cancelled my subscription I have decided not to put energy into *Broadsheet* — and money is energy. I am thus left with the rather strange alternative of offering to someone else the remainder of my subscription for a magazine I myself reject.

Your sincerely,
Kathleen Ryan

Broadsheet replies

Broadsheet has had a policy on the publication of writing by and about men since early in 1975, and the publication of Bruce Jesson's article on the Fletcher merger (January/February 1981) falls within the scope of that policy. Our policy is that material by and about men can be published if it has special excellence and/or if there is no available woman with the necessary knowledge or expertise. In the case of the Fletchers merger our enquiries failed to reveal a woman who was knowledgeable about Fletchers. As far as we know there are very, very few radical feminist women who are knowledgeable about economics and business; this is reflected in the fact that *Broadsheet* has published very little material on these subjects over the almost nine years of its existence. However, we believe that an understanding of these subjects is crucially important for women, especially at this time as we move into a period of increasing unemployment, decreasing job opportunities for women, increased multinational activity in New Zealand and rapid technological change.

We were aware of the fact that Bruce Jesson has been researching and writing about Fletchers for some years and that he was about to publish a book on that subject. Thus a decision was made to ask him to write for us on the topic of the Fletcher/Challenge merger and how it might affect women.

We are always pleased to hear of women with special knowledge on any subject who would be willing and able to write for *Broadsheet*. However, we would like to point out to Kathleen that we have at times over the years put enormous energy into getting articles on some topics for the

magazine and have sometimes failed entirely, not necessarily because no women have the necessary knowledge on that particular subject but because we have been unable to find a woman who has the time to write for us. Often women with special knowledge on a subject are extremely busy women with little time to research and write for *Broadsheet*, however much they might like to. We would also like to point out that the women who work at *Broadsheet* are also extremely busy women, and certainly not superwoman. We have only three part-time paid staff, all other work is done voluntarily and we do not have the resources in terms of money and staff to put all the energy we would like into all the areas we would like. Thus we are to some extent reliant on women in the women's liberation movement drawing to our attention resources which would be useful to us.

With regards to Kathleen's second letter: *Broadsheet* has never held subscription monies in a separate bank account so that subscriptions can be refunded when cancelled. Some money has been held for some years in a separate account so that should we fold we could make a decision to refund subscription monies to subscribers.

Our policy has always been not to refund subscription money when a sub is cancelled except in special circumstances. We do not feel that Kathleen's decision to cancel her subscription because we published an article by a man constitutes special circumstances and thus our decision not to refund was consistent with our policy on that matter. We do not feel that in publishing an article by a man we have broken faith with anyone, since we have never stated that we would not publish material by a man.

Many women have, in fact, expressed their appreciation of the publication of that article presenting as it did a perspective not available through the straight media.

Sponges v tampons

Dear *Broadsheet*,

While not wishing to start a sponges versus tampon debate, I do wish to respond to Toni Church's letter (March issue).

I and many other women have found that sponges hold more flow. Perhaps some women have alternative experiences but the general view of consumers is that sponges are more absorbent for longer.

Secondly, many of us have found it easy to deal with changing sponges. I rinse mine in the toilet bowl, easy and clean. You can, in the right circumstances, wash out your sponge in the sink. It doesn't require leaving an aborted fetus in the sink.

Thirdly, while sponges are implicated in TSS through infection, the relationship is less obvious than with tampons. Sponges do not cause abrasions and ulcerations. These are implicated in many of the health problems associated with tampons. All things inserted into the vagina and left there for a period of time may allow the growth of toxic bacteria. The precautions outlined in *Broadsheet* No. 84 should overcome this risk.

Sponges versus tampons is probably a matter of choice. Many women feel highly committed to sponges, but if they don't suit you — fine. Some women use pads and other personally developed flow collectors. It's a matter of suiting yourself and taking reasonable precautions.
Sarah Calvert

COMMENT

The State of Feminist Revolution

By Karen O'Brien

International women's Day — March 8 — arrived and passed with no fanfares, minimal activity and a great deal of apathy.

This day seemed entirely appropriate to reflect on the status of women in the world today — and on the state of the feminist revolution we hear and speak so much of. "What feminist revolution?" do I hear some doubting souls say? You may well ask. I look around me and I see . . .

- Women bearing babies they don't want, unable to get an abortion;
- Women battered to death slowly and surely by their husbands;
- Harassment of single mothers and their children;
- Continual rape and denigration of women, physically, socially and emotionally;
- Children force-fed damaging sexist material and attitudes by parents and teachers;
- Women held back in their careers by male hierarchy;
- Schoolgirls pushed into traditional female-subservient jobs;
- Blatant sexist advertising;
- Lack of media coverage of women's sports, organisations and activities;
- Total under-representation of women at local, regional and national government and other decision-making levels;
- The horrors of genital mutilation in Third World and Middle Eastern countries;
- The joke of equal pay and opportunity in the workforce for women;
- Discrimination against lesbians;
- Increasingly conservative policies nationally and internationally on abortion and employment, both of which affect women so deeply;
- Ratification of the Equal Rights Amendment in the US effectively pushed into the background.

And that's just for starters. Woe is me!

I mourn for the strong visionary women who have died — among them the Pankhursts, Carrie Chapman Catt, Mary Montagu, Susan B. Anthony, Marie Curie, Elizabeth Cady Stanton and New Zealander Katharine Sheppard.

Yet who mourns for those women buried alive today in myths and men, in society's expectations and their own attitudes?

I imagine the women colouring our herstory would find so many of us vaguely foolish — middle-class madonnas juggling men, marriage, career, children, beauty, sexuality and social responsibility in a slavish caricature of the Superwoman myth.

Meanwhile, on the other side of the city (and the world), our working sisters struggle to provide the basic necessities (food, my dears, not Faberge parfum or Fry boots), and to keep their heads above the waterline of poverty and prejudice which threatens to engulf them. It's a sick joke — sick and sad and cruel and real.

We worry about not being multi-orgasmic and our sisters worry about too many pregnancies, too much poverty, too little food.

International Women's Day would have provided a perfect opportunity for women to dust off their feminist perspective, give it a shake and see if it's still working.

To be effective, sisterhood must be strong enough to transcend class and culture.

I know the revolution is not made overnight, I know it takes time to change an entire social structure.

But how much time and in what direction are we going?

I fear we're headed in ever-diminishing circles up our own feminist consciousness. □

AIR NEW ZEALAND

Entries for the annual Air New Zealand international short-story competition, conducted in collaboration with PEN International (New Zealand Centre), will close with the Publisher, Air New Zealand, Private Bag, Auckland 1, New Zealand, on August 12, 1981.

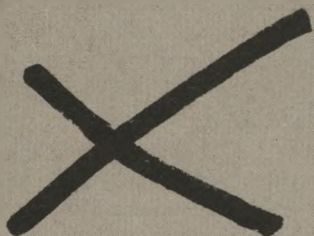
The first prize is a travel award and the first three successful stories will be published in Jetaway. Six highly-commended entries will be published in Air New Zealand's domestic inflight magazine, Skyway.

The competition is for original, unpublished fiction of not more than 2500 words. No more than two entries will be accepted from each entrant and they must be typewritten on one side of the paper only.

The competition is open to authors resident in any of Air New Zealand's destinations, as well as those living in the countries in the South Pacific not served by the airline.

No entry form is required.

CENSUS INCENSES



The March census showed how slowly social change for women takes place. While one cautious change had been made from previous census forms, the rest embodied stereotyped ideas about women, as MEGAN COOK reports.

A census form looks so inviting — someone, somewhere is really interested in you.

Or so it appears. In fact the latest census aroused women's ire on a number of different issues.

The first and most widely publicised objections were to question 15. "If a female, specify number of children born alive..." Adoptive mothers complained, saying they were just as much mother of their adopted children as their physical ones. The possibility that answering the question could be embarrassing and awkward was raised.

It was also pointed out by the Auckland President of the National Council For Women, Jean Leaf, that the question was "quite irrelevant," because the information could be obtained from the Registrar of Births.

There was another battle in the "head of the household" war. According to the census there is only one supreme occupier (a rose by another name?) in each home. Forget joint ownership, joint income, paying half the mortgage and doing half the upkeep on the aforesaid home. The Department of Statistics managed to. This part of

the census is out-moded and silly, and no true reflection of the housing situation.

For people on benefits the census could cause a few frights too. Some women on the Domestic Purposes Benefit, for instance, who have been "moonlighting" to make ends meet when benefits have been severely eroded by inflation, were alarmed at being required to state not only what benefits they were on, but the names and addresses of employers, wages and hours worked. While public sympathy may not be with women caught in this situation, anyone who has tried to live off around a hundred a week while rents have soared to \$50 a week for a one-bedroomed flat, will understand the desperation that leads women to cheat the Social Welfare Department. Others not so directly affected question whether it is desirable for government to have this much information on individuals. Is it really vital for planning to have the names and addresses of employers?

Letters written to Broadsheet also raised the question of whether hours spent by women looking after home and family, the sick and aged should be counted along with paid employment. Shirley Torrens pointed out that "all social services in this country are heavily subsidised by a vast pool of unpaid women of all age groups and would certainly cease to exist without the voluntary work of these people."

This is a very important issue, because it is the long hours of work done by many women that allow paid workers to function efficiently. Without a reliable source of clean clothes, homes, cooked and served meals and child care it would be impossible for industry to operate. As long as "the invisible women syndrome" continues this work will not be acknowledged, nor will the possible need for alternatives be admitted or it's financial worth be assessed.

The census is an essential part of government planning. Obviously this planning will continue to centre

around the (working) male population. Forget about the census being interested in you.

How do people formally object to census questions? If you feel your privacy is being invaded what can you do? The Department of Statistics asks a lot of questions, threatens heavy fines for not answering them, but doesn't attempt to explain or justify exactly why we should give the information. The blanket reply to all queries of "its for planning purposes" is beginning to sound like the "national security" answer used by opponents of a Freedom of Information Act.

The protests about question 15 resulted in the Statistics Department backing down and saying that information could be sent separately in a letter.

Because of feminist protest in the past the head of the household section was amended for this census. It needs more amending. Feminist protest can be effective. Use it! □

During the first wave of feminism suffragists used the 1911 UK census as an opportunity to protest about women not having the vote. This account of their actions comes from Emmeline Pankhurst's book "My Own Story".

In April of that year [1911] the census was to be taken, and we organised a census resistance on the part of women. According to our law the census of the entire kingdom must be taken every ten years on a designated day. Our plan was to reduce the value of the census for statistical purposes by refusing to make the required returns. Two ways of resistance presented themselves. The first and most important was direct resistance by occupiers who should refuse to fill in the census papers. This laid the resister open to a fine of 5 pounds or a month's imprisonment, and thus



Photo: My Own Story

required the exercise of considerable courage. The second means of resistance was evasion — staying away from home during the entire time that the enumerators were taking the census. We made the announcement of this plan and instantly there ensued a splendid response from women and a chorus of horrified disapproval from the conservative public. The *Times* voiced this disapproval in a leading article, to which I replied, giving our reasons for the protest. "The Census," I wrote, "is a numbering of the people. Until women count as people for the purpose of representation in the councils of the nation as well as for purposes of taxation, we shall refuse to be numbered."

Many thousands of women all over the country refused or evaded the returns. I returned my census paper with the words "No vote no census" written across it, and other women followed that example with similar messages. One woman filled in the blank with full information about her one man servant, and added that there were many women but no more persons in her household. In Birmingham sixteen women of wealth packed their houses with women resisters. They slept on the floors, on chairs and tables, and even in the baths. The head of a large college threw open the building to 300 women. Many women in other cities held all night parties for friends who wished to re-

"In this manner thousands of women throughout the Kingdom slept in unoccupied houses over census night".

main away from home. In some places unoccupied houses were rented for the night by resisters, who lay on the bare boards. Some groups of women hired gipsy vans and spent the night on the moors.

In London we gave a great concert at Queen's Hall on Census night. Many of us walked about Trafalgar Square until midnight and then repaired to Aldwych skating rink, where we amused ourselves until morning. Some skated while others looked on, and enjoyed the admirable musical and theatrical entertainment that helped to pass the hours. We had with us a number of the brightest stars in the theatrical world, and they were generous in their contributions. It being Sunday night, the chairman had to call on each of the artists for a "speech" instead of a song or other turn. An all-night restaurant near at hand did a big business and on the whole the resisters had a very good time. The Scala Theatre was the scene of another all-night entertainment.

There was a good deal of curiosity to see what the Government would devise in the way of punishment for the rebellious women, but the Government realised the impossibility of taking punitive action, and Mr. John Burns, who, as head of the Local Government Board, was responsible for the census, announced that they had decided to treat the

affair with magnanimity. The number of evasions, he declared, was insignificant. But everyone knew that this was the exact reverse of the facts.

My Own Story is published by Virago, London.

wea

auckland workers' educational
association
telephone 372 030

Women's Studies classes/Term 2
Repeated by request:

Violence against women

Mary Hancock
10 sessions. 12.30-2.30 p.m.
Starts Monday June 8
Devonport Community House

Political economy of Maori women

Rebecca Evans
10 sessions
Details from WEA

Women and the Law/One day seminar

Convenor: Linda Daly-Peoples
Saturday July 25
Details to be finalised

New courses:

Feminist theory and action

Mary Hancock
WEA, 21 Princes St.
8 sessions. 7.30-9.30 p.m.
Starts Monday June 8

Women and science fiction

Kaye Green
WEA, 21 Princes St.
8 sessions. Starts July
Details to be finalised

West Auckland WEA

Women's Studies stage 2,

Candis Craven
For women who have already
attended a women's studies course
New Lynn Library
Starts Tuesday June 9.
7.30-9.30 p.m.
Enrolment enquiries: Joy Colquhoun
Phone: (Tit) 5749

Carrington Technical Institute

Basic Women's Studies

Candis Craven
Carrington Tech
10 sessions. Starts Tuesday May 26
12.30-2.30 p.m.
For enrolment enquiries: Hank
Hoogland Phone: 86 916



Workers in Roanoke Rapids vote to approve contract

UNION VICTORY

Workers at the end of the film "Norma Rae" were jubilant that a majority of them had agreed to unionise. But in real life the battle didn't stop there.

After 17 years of bitter struggle, a contract has finally been signed between J.P. Stevens & Co. and the Amalgamated Clothing and Textile Workers' Union in the USA (ACTWU). Many New Zealanders saw the struggle to unionize Stevens dramatized in *Norma Rae*, the film for which Sally Fields won an Oscar for her playing of Norma Rae, a role based on the real-life struggle of Crystal Lee Sutton. The contract covers seven Stevens plants in Roanoke Rapids, North Carolina and other plants in Alabama, and North and South Carolina. The contract ups wages and guarantees retroactive wages of \$1,000 to each worker; provides for worker participation in developing health and safety policies; bans discrimination based on race, sex, age or religion or union membership; and provides for arbitration with an impartial party settling disputes between parties.

It was a long hard fight to win the contract and ACTWU adopted many tactics in the struggle. Solidarity of the workers was an important factor, but so too was a nationwide boycott of Stevens' products sponsored by ACTWU.

From the beginning the Stevens boycott was perceived as a women's issue. Almost 50% of the 44,000 Stevens workers were women and the courts showed over and over again that Stevens discriminated in its employment practices. A breakdown of company employment by sex and race (according to 1974 figures, the most recent available to the public as Stevens refuses to disclose more recent data) indicated black men and women were concentrated in the lower skilled, blue collar jobs, and white women were restricted in a similar way. Such statistical data constitute a prima facie case of discrimination. J.P. Stevens was, and still is, under investigation by the Equal Opportunity Commission to determine if there are company-wide "patterns and practices of discrimination."

In 1978 a National Women's Committee to Support J.P. Stevens Workers was formed to help co-ordinate the involvement of women's organisations in the boycott. The boycott was started in more than 20 major retail cities round the US. Supporters wrote letters to store managers and participated in phone-ins and in-store demonstrations. When women's conventions were held in a city the opportunity was taken to send delegations to the stores targeted.

As Stevens' sales declined in major retail centres, stores in

smaller towns became important and local women's groups were enlisted to protest at such stores as Woolworths. The National Organisation for Women also joined the effort and 700 chapters were asked to make a local visit.

Women were also active in the Corporate Campaign which resulted in the severing of ties between Stevens and other corporate giants. This campaign involved exerting pressure on other companies with directors in common with Stevens. The final effort in this campaign was the targeting of the Metropolitan Insurance Company, a major lender to Stevens. Union supporters, who had become shareholders, threatened to contest two seats in the election of the corporation's board of directors. A contested election had never occurred in Metropolitan's history and would have cost the company as much as \$70 million. Shortly after the union announced its intention, Metropolitan met with J.P. Stevens and not long after the settlement between Stevens and ACTWU was announced.

The signing of the agreement and contract marks the success and the end of ACTWU's four-year boycott campaign. In the women's movement, it is being hailed as an important victory for justice and equality.

Crystal Lee Sutton, fired by Stevens in 1973 for "insubordination", says the contract "makes it all worthwhile . . . I sort of feel like running out in the street and shouting."

The contract covers only a fraction of the plants owned by J.P. Stevens. 85% of the textile industry, with over a million workers, is not currently organised. However, union officials are confident that the Stevens victory opens the way for the South to be organised. □ Information from Carol Somplatky-Jarman, former National Women's Co-ordinator of the J.P. Stevens Campaign, ACTWU, writing in *New Directions for Women*, Jan/Feb 1981. Information also from the *The Longest Revolution*, Dec/Jan 1981.

MORNING TV

Over the next couple of months the Broadcasting Corporation will be considering private tenders for morning TV on the second channel. What have they in mind for the predominantly female daytime audience? More Young and the Restless? Individual woman and women's groups concerned about the content of morning TV might like to express their views to the Broadcasting Corporation before it is too late.



Cartoon Helen Courtenay

EQUAL PAY BOOKLETS

Two recent publications aim to explain women's rights and employers' obligations under the Equal Pay Act. The National Advisory Council on the Employment of Women's "Kitset Papers on Equal Pay" is designed for use in schools and technical institutes. It includes a rundown on the Act and much useful information about women's participation in the workforce — pay rates compared to men's, range of occupations women perform, marital status of women in the workforce, labour turnover and apprenticeships.

The Labour Department's "Equal Pay" booklet outlines the Act for employers and employees and gives advice for workers on how to ensure they are getting Equal Pay in their employment.

Both publications are available free from the Department of Labour, Wellington, or from your local Labour Department office.

BORN FEMALE

The opening of the Tauranga Women's Centre last year (see Broadsheet No 88) gave feminist activism in Tauranga a boost and the very successful seminar organised by it for International Women's Day in March called Born Female was proof of that.

Over 150 women listened to health activist Sarah Calvert talking about special problems women face in the health area then attended workshops which looked at areas like menopause, mental health, non-violent action, alternative health care and contraception. Later the workshop convenors took part in a panel discussion and answered questions from the audience.

Special interest focussed on the possible effects of the Medicine Bill presently before Parliament, which could make illegal the provision of alternative modes of health care. The women at the seminar, many of whom felt unable to communicate with their doctors, felt it was essential to have access to alternative health care.

Some follow-up workshops are planned and another seminar may be organised for later in the year.

MARRIED MAN GOES OUT TO WORK — BREAKS UP MARRIAGE

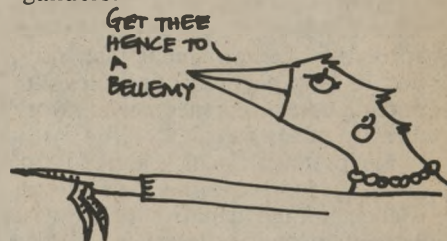
It is the men in politics who like to blame Women's Liberation for breaking up marriage, disrupting family life and threatening social stability as we know it (some loss).

Men like Sir Basil Arthur (for instance) who are anti-abortion and otherwise illiberal in their views regarding women.

But it was not feminism which broke up Sir Basil's marriage — it was Sir Basil himself. Lady Arthur wanted him to retire from politics at the coming election, but he felt he had at least two further terms to contribute to politics. So the Arthurs agreed to separate.

Well, we can be pleased that Lady Arthur will be spared another six years of unpaid political secretary drudgery. But what's that line the male politicians give us about married women going out to work and destroying family life?

There are some saucy geese around, political chaps — getting cheesed off with the gall of you ganders.



WOMEN OUTRUN OLYMPICS

Early in March the International Olympic Committee voted to include the women's marathon in the next games scheduled for Los Angeles in 1984. The decision owes much to the efforts of Kay Switzer, formerly a marathon runner herself, organised a long distance running circuit for Avon involving women in more than 31 nations. The 1980 Avon International marathon Championship held in London drew athletes from 27 countries and five continents; it was won by 25-year-old New Zealand school teacher Lorraine Moller.

Kay Switzer produced statistics for the International Amateur Athletic Federation showing the growth of women's running throughout the world; the Federation then recommended to the Olympic Committee that the women's marathon be included in the 1984 games. The committee's rules stated that no new event be admitted to the games unless it is regularly contested by athletes from 25 nations and two continents. Clearly, by the numbers of women competing in the Avon events alone, these figures have been surpassed.

Lorraine Moller will be representing New Zealand at Los Angeles. As winner of the Avon marathon and ranked fourth in the world, she is a top contender.

WOMEN IN AGRICULTURE

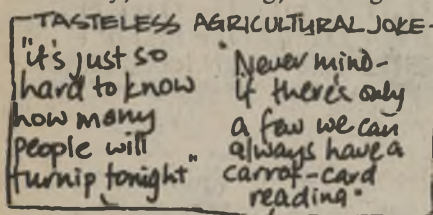
A Focus on women in Agriculture was initiated at a recent meeting in Wellington. Women involved in the agricultural sector met to discuss the idea.

It was felt that most people look at agriculture and see only the production of men. But 1979 figures show that 26% of those recorded as agricultural workers are women. Over and above this figure (39,774) many more women work in the agricultural servicing and processing sectors. Many more women go unrecorded in employment statistics, but, in fact, play essential roles supporting their partners who work directly in the field.

The planned Focus is aimed to increase general awareness of the existence and participation of all these women in agriculture. It is also aimed to influence attitudes and policies to ensure that women have equal access to employment and general participation in the agricultural sector.

Some of the initial ideas for the programme include general publicity, affirmative action training programmes, regional and national meetings, and visits by overseas women involved in agriculture. The main activities will probably be planned this year to take place next autumn.

Interested women should write to "Women in Agriculture", c/o The Committee on Women, The Treasury, Private Bag, Wellington.



YOUNG GAYS GROUP

A group of young gay women and men have formed a group for under-21s in Auckland. They point out that traditional socialising places for homosexual men and women — bars and clubs — can be both expensive and illegal for teenaged gays. They hope to provide a wide range of social, support and counselling activities. The group can be contacted at PO Box 3132, Auckland.



MOTHERS ORGANISE

I wanted to go out and change the world, but I couldn't find a babysitter". This is the slogan of a newly formed group in Vancouver, Canada — LAFMPAG, or the Lesbian and Feminist Mothers Political Action Group. The group explained its name in a recent issue of the Vancouver feminist newspaper, *Kinesis*:

"We call ourselves an action group because we are not just a personal support group for mothers. We are dedicated to improving the position of children and mothers throughout the feminist community.

"We call ourselves a political action group because we believe that the reason feminists have lost the wide support from women that made us so effective ten years ago is that we have failed, as a movement, to deal adequately with the needs of mothers (that is, the majority of women) and children.

"It is not enough for feminists to say that the nuclear family, and the even more inadequate single parent family, oppress women and children. We must not repeat oppressive patterns in our own movement.

"We call ourselves a mothers' group although we are not all biological mothers. In our society,

'to mother' is synonymous with 'to nurture'. We need to stop defining female parents as the only real mothers. We will reclaim women's full humanity not by rejecting the mothering role, but by sharing it (with male allies as well as with other feminist women.)"

Although the group is looking at the concerns of all mothers, lesbian mothers are of special concern to them because there are so many lesbian mothers in the feminist community and because the special problems of these mothers and their children have been little examined.

Lesbian and feminist mothers have chosen to work together in the group because: "... we believe that the problems feminist mothers have in common are more fundamental than the extra problems many of us must face because we are lesbian mothers."

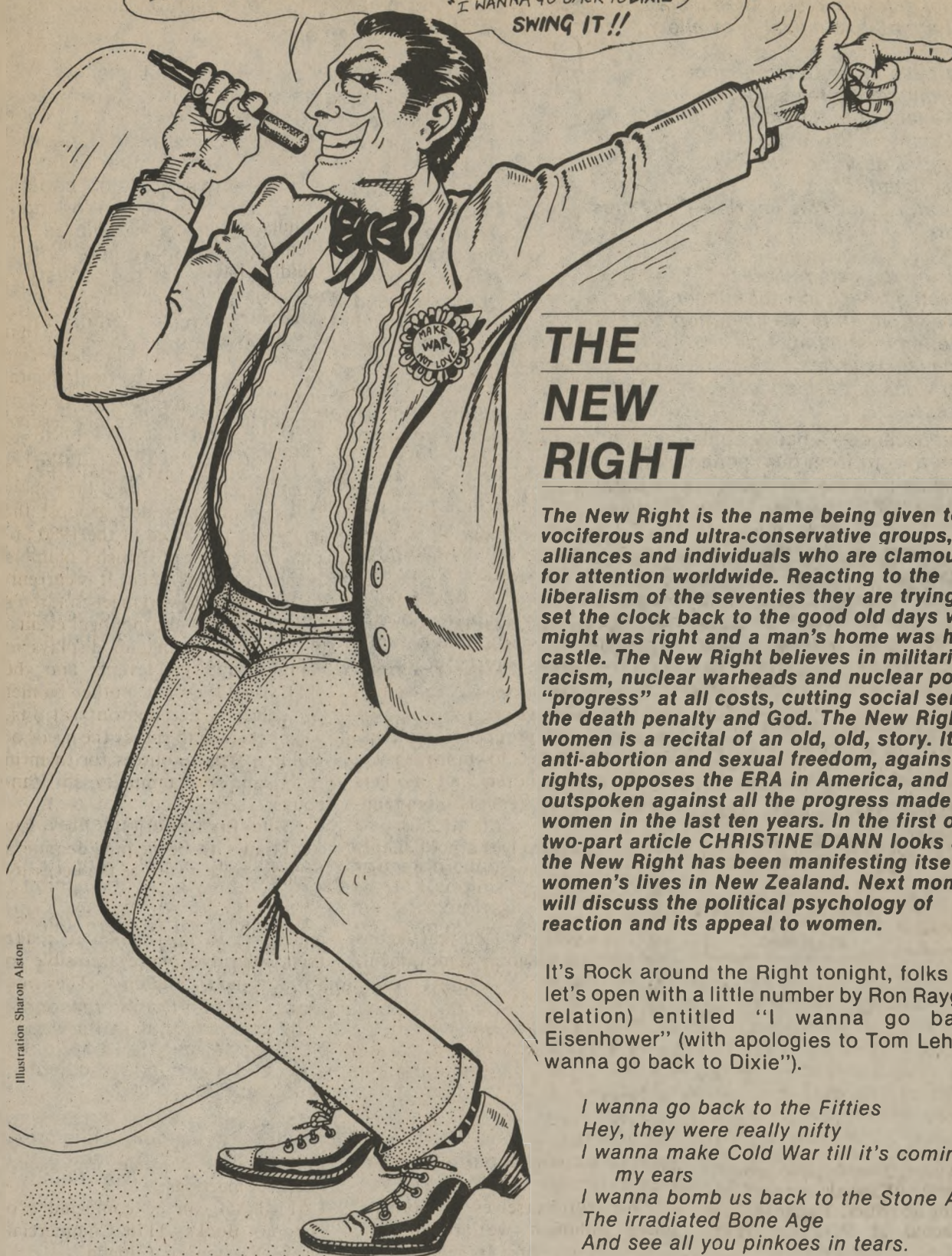
The group has prepared a workshop with slide and tape show to use with interested groups; the show was presented at the 1980 annual conference of British Columbia Federation of Women. It is currently looking at how to meet children's needs at social and political events. It has been setting up displays at feminist and gay events and the LAFMPAG lesbian mother banner is carried at demonstrations. Members plan to survey the needs of children, and resources for them in the feminist community in Vancouver.

"Our first priority," they say "continues to be helping feminists become more aware of the necessity of putting energy into children's issues, and encouraging feminist collectives to take action to make their collectives more accessible to mothers and children." They are also looking for "greater non-sexist male involvement in our children's lives, particularly in the loves of our sons."

The *Kinesis* article ends, fittingly, with a plea for people to creatively care for the children of the LAFMPAG collective while the group holds its meetings. []

LAFMPAG can be contacted c/o Octopus Books, 1176 Commercial Drive, Vancouver, Canada.

IT'S ROCK AROUND THE RIGHT TONIGHT, FOLKS - AND LET'S OPEN WITH
A LITTLE NUMBER BY RON RAYGUN (NO RELATION) ENTITLED
"I WANNA GO BACK TO EISENHOWER" (WITH APOLOGIES TO TOM LEHRER'S
"I WANNA GO BACK TO DIXIE")
SWING IT!!



THE NEW RIGHT

The New Right is the name being given to the vociferous and ultra-conservative groups, alliances and individuals who are clamouring for attention worldwide. Reacting to the liberalism of the seventies they are trying to set the clock back to the good old days when might was right and a man's home was his castle. The New Right believes in militarism, racism, nuclear warheads and nuclear power, "progress" at all costs, cutting social services, the death penalty and God. The New Right on women is a recital of an old, old, story. It is anti-abortion and sexual freedom, against gay rights, opposes the ERA in America, and is outspoken against all the progress made by women in the last ten years. In the first of a two-part article CHRISTINE DANN looks at how the New Right has been manifesting itself in women's lives in New Zealand. Next month she will discuss the political psychology of reaction and its appeal to women.

It's Rock around the Right tonight, folks — and let's open with a little number by Ron Raygun (no relation) entitled "I wanna go back to Eisenhower" (with apologies to Tom Lehrer's "I wanna go back to Dixie").

*I wanna go back to the Fifties
Hey, they were really nifty
I wanna make Cold War till it's comin' outa
my ears
I wanna bomb us back to the Stone Age
The irradiated Bone Age
And see all you pinkoes in tears.*

*To hell with liberal caution
I'll change the law on abortion
Compulsory pregnancy is more my style
Soldier boys are what we need
So all you gals can breed, breed, breed
And get a mother's medal in awhile.*

*I wanna bash those Commie queers
To allay my macho fears
I'll take a leaf from the book of good ol' Joe
(McCarthy or Stalin?)
Persons pink and/or erotic
Are most unpatriotic
"Make war, not love" is my New Old Times
motto.*

*Now I want you gals to listen
Before you git back to your kitchen
Stay away from all those liberation quacks
No more feminist bamboozle
It's business as usual
Bashing women, bashing workers, bashing
blacks!*

(Chord crescendo — heavy applause.)
And now a word from our sponsor . . .
"Mr President, what did you think of the march
down Queen St?" Reagan: "Where's Queen St?"
(Loud laughter — drum roll).
And now for the part of the programme you've all
been waiting for — Reactionaries Round-up! In
this part of the programme we get a report on yet
another country which is doing its utmost to
bring back soup kitchens, sugar bag sheets,
suspender belts, backstreet abortions, rickets,
monetarism, means tests, temporary employ-
ment schemes, charity, dictators, push-up bras,
censorship and all those other joys, great and
small, of the Good Old Days. Over to corres-
pondent Christine Dann for her *glowing* report
on New Zealand — "Red Necks in the Sunset" . . .
Her first item seems to be about some sort of
charter, and is headed *King John was not a good
man* . . .

King John was not a good man

Fans of fascism may remember that last year
the Dunedin branch of the Working Women's
Council was done over. The Working Women's
Council was formed in 1975 by Sonja Davies and
other Wellington women as a political vehicle for
women with two jobs — at home and in paid
employment. It aimed to improve conditions in
both spheres. The Council was responsible for
writing and promoting the Working Women's
Charter, which has been going the rounds of
union branches, union executives and trades
councils for several years now, and has been
endorsed by many union bodies, including the
Federation of Labour.

Predictably, the Charter has aroused reaction.
Not so much from men in the unions who are
anti-feminist (though of course there has been
some of that) but more from people outside the
union movement who are anti-union as well as
anti-feminist.

Their hostility was revealed last year when
several hundred men and women, organised
by prominent conservative men, invaded
a Working Women's Council meeting in Dunedin
and took it over. Unbeknownst to the original
Council members, this same organising cabal
had applied to incorporate the name Working
Women's Council so as to use the name as a
deceptive cover for making anti-women, anti-
union statements. This move has all the honesty,
openness and decency of the Abortion Law
Reform Society of New Zealand incorporating
and using the name Society for the Protection of
the Unborn Child.

The end apparently can be made to
justify the means, and with this disruptive
end in mind the "Working Women's
Council Incorporated" surfaced in Christchurch
this year, with its spokesperson Mrs Nihoniho
condemning the Working Women's Charter as
"Marxist" and "anti-family". She had the gall to
make this statement on International Women's
Day, a day inaugurated in memory of the efforts
of women struggling for rights as workers.
Which shows as much sensitivity for other
people's beliefs, values and heritage as making
pro-crucifixion statements on Good Friday.

A second line of attack on the Charter has
come from individuals who wish to opt out of
unions which endorse it. Obviously if any can
opt out of a union merely on the grounds that
they disagree with any one aspect of demo-
cratically decided union policy then people are
likely to invent all sort of spurious "conscien-
tious objection" reasons for not belonging to a
union, and the protection which the union
affords its remaining members will be severely
weakened. The Auckland Clerical Workers Union
is currently appealing a decision to allow some
of its members to opt out on "conscientious"
grounds. It is objecting both to the way in which
the decision was made, the fact that no reasons
were given for it, and the fact that in its view
there is no legal provision for people to opt out
of membership merely on the grounds of object-
ing to part of the union's policy.

Thirdly, the Family Rights' Association is pro-
moting a "family life charter" in opposition to
the Working Women's Charter. The Family
Rights' Association is a rather nebulous
organisation whose main organiser and only
spokesperson seems to be Dr Dunn, the well-

known anti-abortionist.

Dunn is the man who placed an ad featuring a foetus in the **NZ Woman's Weekly** which appeared to exhort readers to produce more babies. As Dunn is an obstetrician and gynaecologist a complaint was laid to the appropriate authorities that this could be construed as touting for business, but the complaint was not upheld.

Whether the Family Rights' Association is anything more than a Dunn front remains to be seen — and probably does not matter in the current system, where a friend in the Right place is worth more than mass expressions of opinion like the Repeal petition.

First you get down on your knees . . .

. . . and pray for more money. Then if that doesn't work, you ask Minister Merv Wellington nicely, and he puts an extra ten and a half million dollars in the plate. Private schools in New Zealand already receive regular grants from the government, and the salaries of teachers in schools about to integrate are now being paid in full. Yet the private schools (mainly Roman Catholic) continue to moan about money problems, and receive generous handouts from the State. However, when state primary schools in the Wellington region recently told the Minister of Education that they were short of money for basics like loo paper and library books he accused them of financial mismanagement and making "political capital". Their account books are now being inspected.

Private schools are in the enviable position of having a law (the Private Schools Conditional Integration Act) which gives them a privileged position in the education system. In addition to this legal safeguard they have a Minister of Education who is most sympathetic to their aims and requests for finance.

The Integration Act and its deficiencies will be the subject of a fuller article in *Broadsheet* later. In the meantime suffice it to say that the Act was drafted by a committee which contained the ex-President of the Society for the Protection of the Unborn Child, Des Dalgety, whose draft bill contained none of the safeguards advocated for state schools by the Post Primary Teachers Association. The bill had a highly controversial passage through Parliament, being described by one MP as being "full of fishhooks and broken glass". Nevertheless, it is now law, and neither party has had the guts to call for a review, despite mounting protests that secular state schools are losing and private religious schools are gaining by the deal.

The implications of giving religion, and especially Catholicism, a privileged position in the education system of New Zealand need not be laboured. The Committee for the Defence of Secular Education, which was formed when the dangers inherent in the Act became glaringly obvious in 1978, at last seems to be making some headway in getting public exposure of the deficiencies of the Act and arousing concern

about a review. The two teacher organisations NZEI and PPTA, are also making criticisms. PPTA has been particularly strong in expressing no confidence in the Act or those implementing it.

However, Mr Wellington seems to be pulling his Johnson Report stunt again — ignoring the large representative education bodies in favour of a few, unrepresentative individuals and organisations whose views are much more to Mr Wellington's conservative tastes.

COME on in, the holy water's fine . . .

. . . and speaking of conservative views in schools, readers will probably be aware that in 1979 SPUC, the Society for the Protection of Community Standards and the Family Rights' Association formed a "moral education" outfit called COME (Council of Organisations for Moral Education). COME's activities were dealt with at length in an earlier issue of *Broadsheet* (January 1980). To date the Department of Education seems slow to move on reconsidering the COME programme "What do you think?", which was rejected by a parent/teacher review panel, although the Minister has told the Department to get involved again after a COME deputation went to complain about the rejection. The secretary of COME, Mr Elliot-Hogg, keeps up a steady stream of letters to the papers putting his organisation's views . . .

Of concern to parents

. . . ably abetted by members of the Concerned Parents Association, a conservative group which was active in presenting submissions and attempting to influence other parents' submissions on the Johnson Report. Founded in 1975 to pressure education authorities for more conservative content and style in teaching in state schools, the CPA has made numerous other submissions, published a book on sex education and generally been an active lobbying group. It is explicitly anti-feminist, being particularly incensed by feminist efforts to end sex role stereotyping at school and in society at large, which CPA members see as a threat to civilisation as we know it.

Further detail on the CPA can be found in a paper by Roger Openshaw of Massey University, presented at an education research conference last year. Mr Openshaw touches on CPA's connections with other right-wing groups, and their opposition to left-wing opinion generally.

As would be expected, CPA members embrace a number of other conservative views. Illustrative of this is a letter by the secretary of the Wairarapa branch of the CPA, Mrs B. Oomen, to the **Evening Post** on December 17, 1980. In one 150 word letter she manages to convey anti-United Nations, anti-People's Republic of China, pro-South Africa, anti-Working Women's Charter, anti-Russian, pro-God and pro-tour

sentiments. The concerns of these parents obviously extend far beyond their offspring.

Jam on their faces

"I may not agree with what you say, sir, but I will defend to the death your right to say it," said the great eighteenth century liberal Voltaire. The eighteenth century (the "Age of Enlightenment") is obviously a bit too modern for the band of fanatics who have been jamming the switchboard on Felix Donnelly's Radio Pacific talk back shows. It seems they would prefer the fifteenth century — the age of the inquisition and the height of the witch hunts. They think it is both clever and wise to prevent other callers having their say.

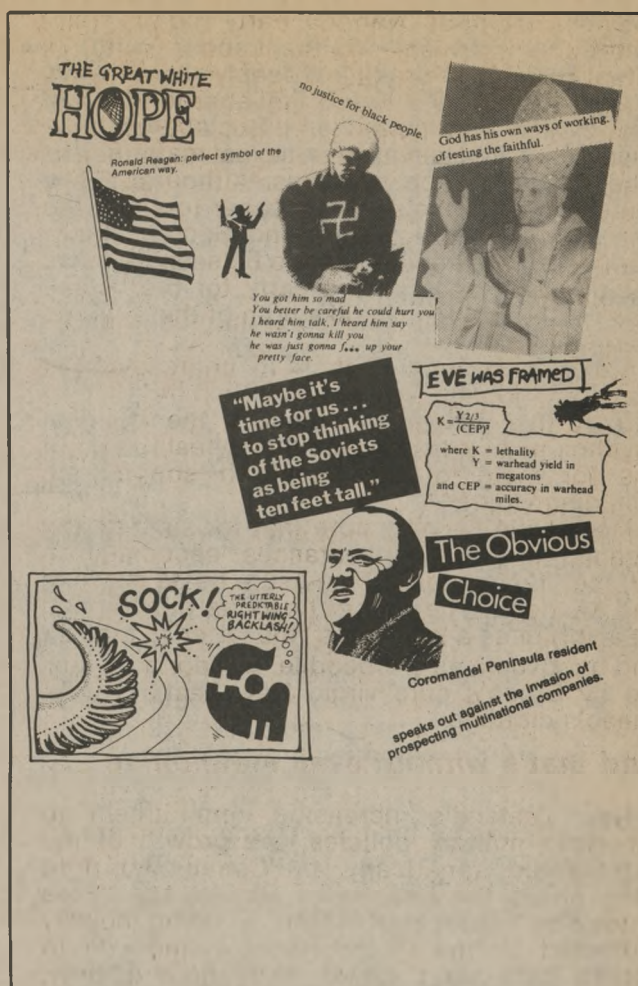
Donnelly has responded by pointing out that, contrary to their claims, most of his talkbacks do not deal with sexuality or other "naughty" topics. This is treating the jammers with more courtesy than they deserve. However, in this case one can be certain that the right wingers are cooking their own goose by arousing such contempt for their methods that what they have to say is unlikely to be heard sympathetically.

Abortion — a government's right to choose

Yes, once more into the breach of the law, dear friends. Well, if the government will make such ludicrous laws, which run counter to popular opinion, it can only expect to experience continual difficulties in getting them enforced. The third chairperson of the Abortion Supervisory Committee was appointed recently — that makes three chairs in as many years. The first left claiming it was an impossible job, the second resigned when her fellow committee members were sacked without good cause and replaced by doctors known to have stated anti-abortion views, and here we go again . . . Surely this high turnover should suggest to those in power that the system *isn't working* — but then there are none so blind . . .

Red white and blue boobs

Women have obviously been walking down Queen Street with the wrong slogans emblazoned across their chests. Take off that green and orange T-shirt with "Abortion — a woman's right to choose" or "Nuclear Free Pacific" or whatever on it, swap it for a red white and blue number covered with flags, kiwis and one of those icky "love is" characters espousing the usual sloppy sentiments — and before you know it — Rob's your uncle. Calling you a "very, very good girl", no less. Won't that bring a twinkle to your erstwhile beady eyes? Anne Else has a few comments on teacher's pet and the big bad wolfie in the accompanying box.



You won't have forgotten that when Royalty visits (Pommie royalty especially) the little very very good girls get to present bouquets to their Royal Bignesses. Adult "g g's" get the same opportunity — what a recompense for wearing out one's footwear on the main drag! Ms Harris was duly rewarded (well, it seemed that way to her.)

It may appear a teensy bit incredible that at a time of national economic restraint (government jargon for poverty) New Zealand is playing bountiful host to *both* of England's biggest state beneficiaries, but students of Roman history will be familiar with the syndrome. Bread and . . . Jug-ears Windsor, Golden Lizzie and a general election in the same year certainly licks Barnum and Bailey hollow!

The three ring circus

Speaking of circusses (and elections) you'll have noticed that we now have a third ring operating at Parliament. From being a small and shoddy sideshow Social Credit is coming to occupy more and more of the spotlight in the Big Top. Its Parliamentary performers look certain to increase in numbers after the next election too.

Despite *Brylcreem* Bruce's statements that Social Credit is a middle way between the big

business line of the National Party and the "militant trade unionism" of the Labour Party, in actual fact Social Credit is a deeply conservative party. Beetham is a noted anti-abortionist, and Knapp seems no more liberal. Social Credit has always been conservative on sexual matters and other social justice concerns. Although a few National Party women seem eager to claim the honour of being feminists, no Social Credit women of note appear keen to be seen as such. Social Credit says it is a party for the "small man" — I think we can take both of these words pretty literally.

Yet it is gaining support in unprecedented leaps and bounds. Why is this? Next month part two of this article will discuss the political psychology of reaction, and the appeal the Right has for many of the people it suppresses, including women.

Meanwhile we may note that for sincere and meaningful public appearances, especially on TV, the "funny money" man sure beats Rowling and Muldoon. The former looks as punchy and meaningful as a koala bear, the latter as sincere and handsome as a crocodile. But don't be misled by Bruce's pure virgin New Zealand wool sheep's clothing . . .

And that's without even mentioning . . .

New Zealand's increasing commitment to American military policies; the growth of the anti-Semitic, fanatically anti-Communist right wing group the League of Rights; the "Free Enterprise" campaign which is being heavily promoted by the Chambers of Commerce to spread right wing values throughout society, including into secondary schools; the whole "Think Big" nonsense of the National Party; the potentially explosive Springbok tour situation; the threat to environmental and economic responsibility posed by the increasing influence of multinational companies, including New Zealand's first multinational Fletcher Challenge . . .

What does it all mean?

It's frightening to see even the minimal moves towards peace and social justice which have been made in the last decade eroded so quickly. The "love and peace" Sixties seem light years away — as our "opening number" intimates, it's back to the "war and hate" Fifties. Although each decade has distinctive features of its own, there are certain themes common to twentieth century politics as a whole which underlie current reactionary moves.

We'll go into these themes more fully in next month's issue. In the meantime, for a serious and then a satirical look at what's happening (for it's happened before) you might like to take a look at "The Mass Psychology of Fascism" by Wilhelm Reich, and listen to the songs of Tom Lehrer. I have a feeling that both these gentlemen are due for a revival . . . □

"A very good girl"

Union leaders ought to think long and hard about the Auckland "anti-strike" march. A large number of the marchers were women, and it was reportedly organised and led by a woman (ever heard of a 22-year-old boy?).

The real message was the same as the one given out by some Auckland clerical workers in 1979. Unions have not done enough to involve and educate women members, or to inform members' families. The result is that too many women, egged on by media misrepresentation of union activities and sob stories about "housewives suffering" through strikes, see the unions as at best just another more troublesome version of the local rugby club; at worst, as the swaggering, workshy, dangerously bolshie — and male — villains of the whole economic piece.

We can't of course put all the blame back on the unions for this state of affairs. The still-sharp division of NZ society into male and female spheres makes sure that few women take much informed interest in matters industrial or economic. Fifty per cent are not in the paid work force at all. Those who are remain confined to a few occupational ghettos — 45 per cent are clerical workers or shop assistants. Because of their isolation and widespread workplaces, they are often hard to reach or involve. Despite their low wages, lack of job prospects or security, and frequently bad conditions, many do not think of themselves as "workers", let alone "unionists". They do not see that they have anything in common with the freezing workers, the seamen or the drivers. Add to these factors the bewilderment and frustration of people out of their depth in a rising tide of trouble, plus the constant encouragement to seek for scapegoats and easy answers, and the attitude shown on the march is no surprise.

As for Tania Harris, the real views of the bosses and the media were well summed up in the classic put-down from our Chief MCP, "A very good girl". Sonja Davies of the FOL points out that Harris may have thought of the march herself, but it's odd that the amount of publicity she got, before and after, is never given to feminists organising for issues like child care or equal pay. And who paid for the 150,000 leaflets supporting her? the reception she got in Australia — particularly that from arch-conservative Petersen — seems to have finally showed our very own new Joan of Arc that like the original Maid — and many, many others since — she was being used.

If the march provided the unions with yet more evidence that they must take urgent steps to help women move forward in union affairs, other events have showed how worthwhile such steps can be. Sonja Davies noted how the 1977 Tokoroa strike saw the town split down the middle, women against the union, wives against husbands. By contrast, in 1980, when the Kineith workers took pains to explain to the women what they were doing and why, to involve them in the struggle, they won full support, and men and women stood firm together. It's time to see through moves to use the antagonism between the sexes, bred and sustained by sexism at the root of our society, to promote union bashing and set women against their co-workers. Beware the media or Muldoon, praising women — they're up to no good for feminists, or unions either.

Anne Else



Most of the Virago workers line up for a staff photo, from left: Lynn Knight (office manager), Kate Griffin (sales manager), Ursula Owen (editorial director), Harriet Spicer (production), Carmen Callil (managing director) and Lennie Goodings (promotion and publicity).

A labour of love

The Virago Press story.

Most feminists will have heard of Virago, the UK feminist publishing house. Founder and managing director Carmen Callil and sales manager Kate Griffin were in New Zealand recently after a booksellers' conference in Australia. SANDRA CONEY talked to them for *Broadsheet*.

Broadsheet's relationship with the British publishing house Virago Press goes back to the earliest days of our own publishing history. As far back as 1973 we received our first letters from Virago's founder and present Managing Director, Carmen Callil, letters sporting the now familiar Virago logo — a partially eaten green apple. A couple of years later we even received a visit from Quartet, the English publishing house under whose wing Virago started out — a rather pukka gentleman in a pin-striped suit who seemed somewhat out-of-place perched on a rickety bentwood chair in *Broadsheet's* tatty Victoria Street offices. He spoke of Carmen Callil in tones of admiration bordering on awe — "A marvellous woman, really marvellous, such energy . . ." Energy, determination, creativity — these are the qualities I had come to associate with Carmen Callil over the years. Kate Griffin, a New Zealander currently working at Virago and

back home on a brief visit after a booksellers' conference in Australia, added another quality — humour. "Carmen's the funniest woman I've ever met," she told me.

But Carmen sitting in the *Broadsheet* office on a flying visit on her way back to England from the same conference is not feeling funny. Tired, yes, after non-stop discussions with her NZ distributor and interviews with the *NZ Herald*, the *Listener* and radio. She's obviously feeling guilty about calling Sharon Crosbie the wrong name on air — "I wouldn't do that normally" — since she mentions it twice. But she quickly takes in the *Broadsheet* office, noting that there aren't too many Virago titles displayed on the shelves of the *Broadsheet* bookshop (they're coming) and firing as many questions at me as I hope to fire at her. When we do talk we constantly note the

similarities between Virago and *Broadsheet*: the tenuous beginnings, producing the product on the dining room table, the outside jobs necessary to pay the grocery bills while the business finds its feet, the low wages and long hours even now, the tendency of such work to consume your whole life, offset by the rewards that come from working at something you believe in.

It all began, Carmen explains, in 1973. She had her own company to do publicity for books. One of the jobs was publicising *Ink*, an underground newspaper, where she met Marsha Roe ("the first feminist I ever met") and Rosie Boycott who later went on to start the British feminist magazine *Spare Rib*. "I thought, well, if they can do that for a magazine, I can do it for publishing. I wanted to use the skills I had, which was book publishing, to spread the ideas of the women's movement." Carmen is emphatic that Virago is, always was, and always will be, feminist. No, she says, Virago isn't just books about and by women, but was formed "to express the ideas of the women's movement to a general audience. I also set up Virago to survive myself, because one of the tragedies of women has been that their history disappears with every decade or epoch. How many people read Winifred Holtby now? Apart from all her novels and journalism, in the 1920s she wrote a book for women called *Women in a Changing Civilisation* which is no great radical feminist book, but in it she discusses the whole business of controlling your own body. In the 70s in Britain everybody thought these were new issues. They weren't. Feminists have been discussing them since Mary Wollstonecraft. Books must be kept in print so that women can trace their history."

Later Carmen expands on what she means by being a feminist publisher. She doesn't like the tendency for some to see "feminist publisher" as apart from the mainstream publishing world, as something a little esoteric like counterculture books. "When you say to me, am I a feminist publisher, you're putting me in a ghetto. What I'm saying is that I am a feminist publisher but I'm not in a ghetto. I see feminism as vitally important for all people, so I don't see feminism as something that cuts me off from the rest of the world. But mostly when people ask you that question they are seeing it that way."

If there's one thing that Carmen Callil insists upon it's the right to define Virago's direction. Back in the Quartet days Carmen found it "a frightful bore explaining to them about each book we wanted to publish. They understood in a way, they were sympathetic, but it's not the same thing as controlling it yourself." Besides which, Virago only received about 75 a book "which wasn't enough." With two other women, £1500 capital and a bank overdraft Carmen launched Virago as an independent company in 1976, although all three women had to work at other full-time jobs till the December of that year to support the venture. The "office" was Carmen's dining room and "we never paid ourselves very much. We lived on the smell of an oil rag." Later growth allowed Virago to find its own offices and warehouse and for the staff to swell to its present eight. There's been a 100% increase in staff in the last two years alone and currently home for Virago is a grand old Mayfair mansion complete

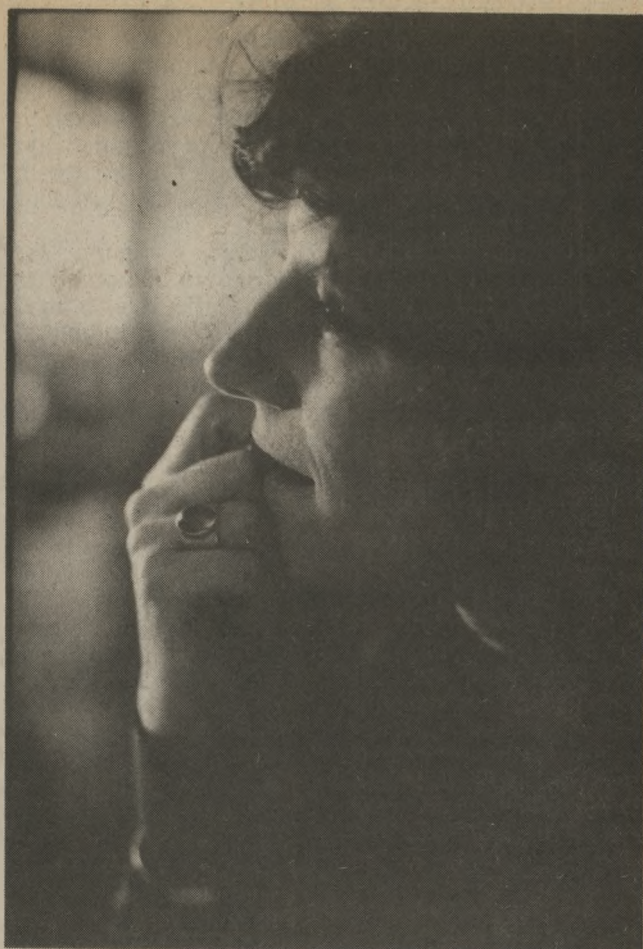


Photo: Elizabeth Leyland

Carmen Callil

with marble floors and brass banisters. "It's very impressive," according to Kate Griffin. "You'll find Virago in a little broom cupboard at the top of the building". But a broom cupboard decorated in the suffragette colours no less — white, green and purple — with suffragette posters and plants.

The sense of history evidenced in this choice of colour scheme is also the motivating force behind Virago's publishing philosophy. "I think the major difference straight away between us and other publishers was the number of reprints we did of books which had been out-of-print for years, books which gave women an idea of their own history, both fiction and non-fiction. We commission about 12 original books a year, but every year about two-thirds of the 46 books we publish are reprints."

Carmen has, according to Kate Griffin, "an incredible knowledge of early twentieth century writers, up to the 1940s" and it is from this period that many of the reprints in the Modern Classics series come. A book published by Virago, Elaine Showalter's *A Literature of Their Own*, was crucial in giving Carmen leads to potential authors. "A Literature of Their Own was terribly important because it traced, to me, the connections between British women writers over three centuries. That sent me in my own directions. I read a great deal to choose the books I do. I read everything of a particular writer."

The Modern Classics series also fulfills another function. Since going independent Carmen's been so tied up with the money and organisation there hasn't been much chance for her to be an editor. "I really do think I started those classics because that's relaxation for me and something I can do without spending days editing. That sounds ridiculous, doesn't it, because in fact they were incredibly successful and they just continue because people want them."

Certainly aficionados of women's fiction are delighted to discover the Virago Modern Classics series of mostly out-of-print works from earlier this century. Books by authors like Mary Webb, Vera Brittain and May Sinclair, so familiar to women of my mother's era but totally new to the post-war generation. For Peggy Ashton, transcribing part of my tape with Carmen brought back memories of her schoolgirl delight in the books of Rosamond Lehmann, an author who was first published in the 30s and 40s and who is a favourite of Carmen's.

Why had so many of these books disappeared from view? Carmen feels two world wars and a depression have got a lot to do with it. But she also agreed when I suggested that many of the women authors of that period — Jean Rhys and Christina Stead, for instance — were ahead of their time. And there's another reason: "I really do think that women like me who love books haven't had the money. We haven't been in power. And I think that the kind of books we choose to publish are slightly different. We see the things that women write about as central not peripheral. Once you do that you choose different books."

Kate Griffin as Sales Manager explains that the Modern Classics have an added bonus. With their attractive format — forest green and full-colour painting on each one — they have helped Virago get all its books into bookshops. "Before Virago did the Classics it was difficult to get the other books into the bookshops because everyone thought Virago was weird and specialist. The Modern Classics are less threatening than the other books, like the feminist theory books, and they helped sell all the books."

Ideas for the 12 to 15 original books published annually sometimes come from the Virago Advisory Group — an international group of about 30 women which includes writers Germaine Greer and Zoe Fairburns, the *SpareRib* collective, historian Cathy Porter and Australian Anne Summers. But Carmen and Editorial Director Ursula Owen have definite ideas about books they'd like to publish. They decide what subject matter they want to cover and then Ursula looks for a writer. But there's always a lack of time and money. "We just don't have enough money to commission a lot of the research I'd like done. One of the books I'd love to publish is about those feminists who existed when the vote was won in the 20s, and much earlier, and up to the new feminism at the end of the sixties. Vera Brittain and Winifred Holtby are two very good examples. They were feminists in all their writings, they did things, they wrote for *Time and Tide* (a weekly journal run by another feminist). None of it has been chronicled and got together in a proper book. If I had a lot of money I would just grab someone from the university and say, here's £10,000, go and take five years off."

But despite the gaps Virago's 1981 publishing list includes a tantalising variety of books: *Scars Upon My Heart: Women's Poetry and Verse of the First World War*, *The London Journals of Flora Tristan* written by a French feminist and socialist who visited London in the 1830s, *The Art of Starvation* by ex-anorexic Sheila McLeod, *Old Wives Tales* by Mary Chamberlain and *Women in Society* by the Cambridge Women's Studies Group.

As well as dealing with commissioned books the Virago office processes an incredible 50 unsolicited manuscripts a week and about 30 ideas a day. Ursula and her assistant Alexandra Pringle go through them all and decide whether they're worth publishing. "There's an enormous amount of rubbish," Carmen says, "but also stuff that's important. It's Ursula's job to make sure something happens with all the manuscripts."

Everyone has a specific job at Virago. "We all interweave a lot. We're not a collective. The three of us who have been there from the beginning are the directors — that's Ursula, Harriet and me. I do everything concerned with money though I depend on Kate and Harriet Spicer for that as well. Lennie Goodings does the publicity and promotion. Harriet does the production and she's No. 2 when I'm gone. She is very good at money. If I disappeared in a puff of smoke Harriet and Kate could do all the money side. Then from last year we started taking on a junior which we'd never had before. I know it sounds feudal but there comes a point when you've got to see authors and somebody's got to go to the post. We did all the parcels and everything for years."

We see the things that women write about as central not peripheral.

Meetings of everyone are held monthly although decisions are made by the person who's area it is, but "they'd ask me if it had to do with money. Otherwise they make their own decisions — I think. I realise it sounds unfeminist and non-collective, but it actually works very well for us, because I don't think you do the authors any good if eight people are sitting around discussing where to find a warehouse and seven of them are bored by the thought of it. Everyone can do as they like unless it concerns money because it's been quite difficult to keep the thing together."

For Kate Griffin working at Virago is quite unlike any other publishing job she's had. "There's no sexual politics. We can completely understand each other. There's no suggestion you can't do something because you're a woman because that's all there is. We all really like each other, it's wonderful. There's not much talking, we all work hard, often twelve hours a day and at weekends. We eat our lunch at the office. Carmen who is normally fairly brusque and business-like brings us in huge egg salads because she worries we're not eating properly when we're working hard. Anyone can suggest things to publish and someone will read it. Everyone is interested in all aspects of the business."



Kate sees having the job at Virago as quite unbelievable luck. When she first arrived in London jobless she visited Virago having read about it in *Broadsheet*. But she didn't think there would be a chance of working there — "I thought it would be too good." But six months later, just as the money was starting to run out, Harriet Spicer rang saying Virago needed a Sales Manager. For Kate, Virago means the chance to use her skills and work in a feminist workplace.

There's no suggestion you can't do something because you're a woman because that's all there is.

For Carmen there's been the chance to meet the authors of some of the books reprinted by Virago. "As far as I'm concerned I've made two of my best friends through reprinting their books. Antonia White is a very great friend of mine and I'm her literary executor. I just love Rosamond Lehmann very much. It's so wonderful to meet the women who've written these novels. Rosamond Lehmann wasn't completely forgotten although she thinks that to some degree she has been. Both were perfectly happy and delighted to have their books republished. I did go along in fear and trembling to meet someone like Rosamond Lehmann who's very famous, but then you discover that they feel they've been completely forgotten. We're publishing some of her books later in the year. The most

famous are *Dusty Answer* about being schoolgirls and being lesbian feminists, and *The Weather in the Streets*, the first novel to be written about having an abortion — it's a classic."

Through Carmen's efforts English viewers are getting the opportunity to see some of these early twentieth century works dramatised for TV, and, hopefully, they'll be seen on New Zealand screens one day. Vera Brittain's *Testament of Youth* has been reminding audiences of the heartbreak of war and Antonia White's quartet of books *Frost in May*, *The Lost Traveller*, *The Sugar House* and *Beyond the Glass* which follow the same young woman through convent girlhood, unhappy marriage and mental breakdown, will be a major BBC series later this year. Even Mary Webb's wonderful novel of rural nineteenth century Shropshire, *Precious Bane*, is being televised.

For Carmen this has meant the reward of knowing that thousands are learning about the authors she loves. A quarter of a million people in Britain have read *Testament of Youth* although Virago published this in association with Fontana.

And there are private satisfactions. What has Virago meant for Carmen Callil personally? She answers without hesitation: "The perfect life, with the exception of exhaustion which I feel at the moment. Speaking egotistically, everyone wants to do something with their lives which they believe in, and I have. It's not just a job, it's something I believe in."

And how many of us can say that? ☐

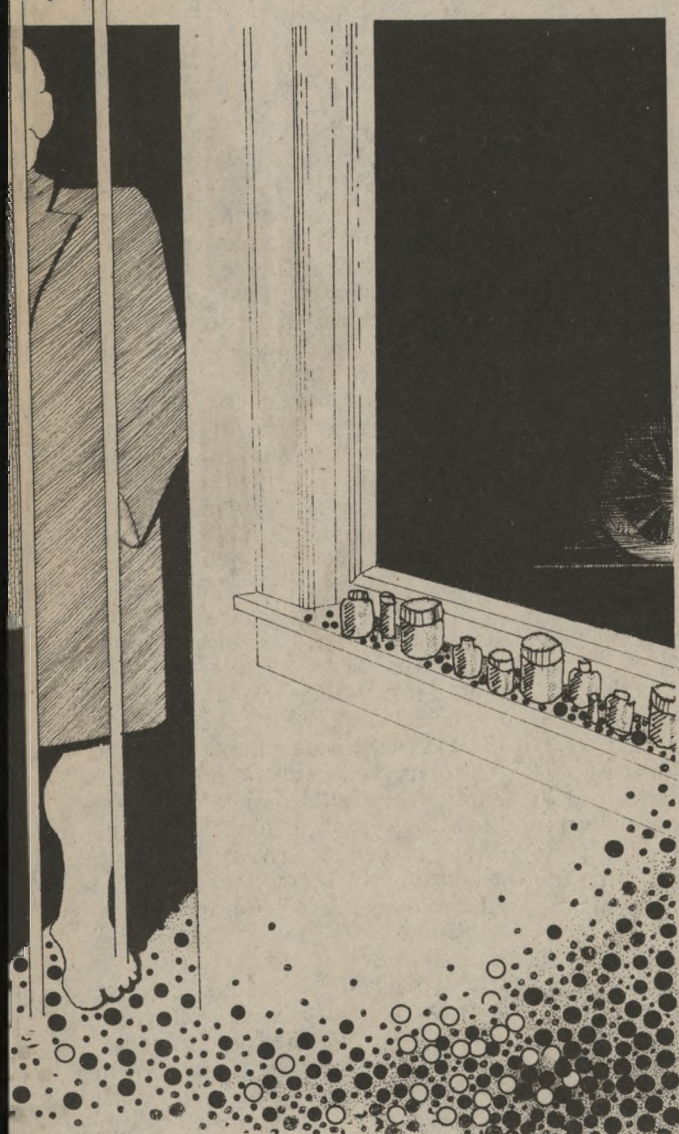
My husband must sell his eye
for the operation I need on my jaw or
I will be pushed to my death by a stranger
at the subway station
we are proud for welfare
and are selling our children cheaply
who will buy who will buy
I have had ten abortions in dreams
the fetuses are sucked from me by a
vacuum machine invented for women
who think fucking must lead to babies
a nurse said in a corpse the womb
is the last thing to decompose

I am a machine
pump pump me my men always say they will pump
me against the refrigerator or on the floor
of the platform the train is coming down faster
wait bitch don't move there is a crowd
and I am under the spotlight like a laboratory
bug was it like this when the rabbit died
all ten times
my toes are shining glitter
and my eyes are glistening green I am on
the highwire why do men say things like
I want a woman who can dance to rock 'n' roll
and who has big tits don't cry
the surgeons have taken my breasts to formaldehyde
and my records to the second hand store
and he is saying I hate it when women bawl
clowns poke at me with vaulting poles
I am up here up here up here
teetering I am falling



Manual

e wire does not tolerate
 e and my husband
 coming into the hospital room I share my bed
 th three women he is carrying an empty
 ve socket and something else hidden in his coat
 nce there was a man who came and came until
 dead baby came back out
 e asked
 as it mine was it mine was it the second coming
 f Christ
 ow could you do such a thing to a child
 nly a baby I said
 o other man has touched me
 e slapped me and threw me into a cage
 f lions
 e said I too should die in a pail of blood
 nd pulp



I wonder if there was much of it when
 they removed his eye and if the empty space
 there sees nothing
 my jaw my jaw
 I cannot believe he would do that for my jaw
 he has left his shoes and pants
 in the hallway outside my cage
 the ice pick from his coat
 emerges he says I know you have done it before
 I know you aren't innocent
 there aren't any virgins in jail with lion tamers
 or in hospital beds
 my husband is a soldier
 and a drummer who can't find music killing
 is all he knows he is a gambler and a deaf-mute
 eyeless dealing death
 from bottles of capsules we have had nothing to eat
 but coke and pills since the day I left the ward
 and the child in me is hungry

I am afraid
 to sleep at night sirens may come on ambulances
 or squad cars sometimes
 I think I will give myself up to it I don't sleep
 my eyelids keep flapping like broken
 window shades afraid afraid I am afraid
 of hunters and giddy men funny from dipping
 into their own bottles and of doctors
 with surgical gloves pronging into the place
 that is left last I am afraid
 of the stranger who is no stranger at all
 and who will out me
 bleeding under fast trains

Poem — Rachel Hickerson Cohen
 Illustration — Robyn Conway

MEANWHILE BACK IN THE USSR

What happened to the Russian feminists we told you about in the July/August 1980 issue of *Broadsheet*? At that point the KGB – the Russian secret police – were already harassing them. A lot has been happening since then; *Sandra Coney* tells us about it.

The expulsion from Russia of the women responsible for the USSR's first feminist magazine, *Almanac* (called *Women and Russia* in the West) has given women in other countries a rare opportunity to hear about Russian feminism.

Feminist magazines in England, Germany, America and Canada have all carried interviews with the four women — Yuliya Voznesenskaya, Natalya Malakovskaya, Tatyana Goricheva and Tatyana Mamonova. *Ms* magazine sent writer Robin Morgan to Vienna in August to interview the women for its November issue. In the latter part of 1980 *Ms* sponsored a US and Canadian speaking tour for Tatyana Mamonova.

In the interviews the women describe how they came together to produce *Almanac*; all four were involved in the Russian dissident movement as writers, poets and artists, but the general timidity of male dissidents and their unconcern for women's issues led the women to seek an independent vehicle for their ideas.

Natalya Malakovskaya mentions that an article of hers criticising Soviet culture was turned down by the male editor of the magazine it was submitted to. "Our women

showed themselves to be more courageous than the men," she says. "Our men were afraid to publish the most controversial, sharp articles. When Yuliya Voznesenskaya was in prison, she tried to publish her letter from prison and her poems in samizdat (underground magazines). The editors were Tatyana Goricheva, me, and our ex-husbands. Tatyana and I wanted to publish, but our ex-husbands were afraid and didn't let us. So I called a meeting and read Yuliya's letter and others read letters they had from her. Then the samizdat was prepared to report on that meeting."

"I was once asked what the difference was between male dissidents and female dissidents. I said this: 'Men sit for years and think about how to improve the situation and a woman starts doing it from the very beginning'."

When Malakovskaya heard of Tatyana Mamonova's proposal for a women's magazine from Tatyana Goricheva the idea excited her.

"It was like an intuition. I felt as if I were standing on a mountain and could see it all in perspective, because suddenly I saw that in the women's movement you can say exactly what I wanted to say — everything."

Tatyana Mamonova's proposal was the result of her increasing frustration with being denied the opportunity to express her social views. She was also angry at the dissident movement, particularly over the suicide of a woman poet who was encouraged to bear the child she conceived to a male dissident but then received no support in caring for the child.

Mamonova says "Feminism was clearly pronounced in me from the beginning." She began writing about women soon after leaving school and started writing essays on feminism in the 60s, although she says "that word didn't exist; we would say 'women's questions'".

The women, with others still in the USSR, produced two issues of *Almanac*, typing individually the ten copies they made since copying facilities weren't available to them.

The main objective of the group, according to Mamonova, was "a psychological revolution in the consciousness of Soviet women. A woman in Soviet society is taught in school that she is equal, but she isn't. A woman thinks that there is equality, that her personal tragedies mean that she is different from others. We want women to open their eyes to see these are all of our problems."

While Tatyana Mamonova reports that men in the dissident movement were threatened by the publication of the feminist magazine, she tells of the enthusiastic response from women all over Russia and Central Asia — women who didn't know they were feminists but who clearly were. Yuliya Voznesenskaya described the women's response to *Almanac* in a recent issue of the German feminist magazine *Courage*:

We wrote about problems which concern all women, and that found a tremendous response. It made no difference that one of us was Russian, another a Lithuanian writer, or an Estonian peasant, a Ukrainian Baptist. We all had similar problems even if many women could not express them as clearly. We exchanged letters with women in small towns, in the country, women who perhaps could not philosophize, who may not have been able to call their problems by a name, but who simply told the stories of their situations. One can only say to that, generally, that the women of our country are far more courageous than the men. Wherever there are queues standing for food, there are the women; whenever the voices of protest arise, there are the voices of women. One sees and hears nothing of the men. I believe, therefore, that it will not be difficult to win women over to the cause. For instance, we go from construction site to construction site in Leningrad and try to engage the women there in conversation. We are successful time and time again. There are plans — and unfortunately I will no longer be able to take part in them — for our women to travel out to the collective households and underdeveloped districts this summer, and speak with the women there. Women still suffer particularly in the collective households."

As soon as the first issue of *Almanac* appeared harassment of the publishing collective by Russian authorities began. The women were threatened verbally and physically, and their apartments were watched. Threatened rapes and car accidents were part of the intimidation. The women were constantly questioned by the KGB (Soviet secret police) and threatened with arrest. Mail was intercepted and husbands and sons were suddenly called up for military service in Afghanistan.



Tatyana Mamonova wears a headscarf having shaved her head in protest at her expulsion from the USSR.

At the same time political differences began to cause friction among members of the group and finally the group split. Mamonova, a Marxist, broke with the other women because of their heavily Christian orientation. Natalya Malakovskaya, Yuliya Voznesenskaya and Tatyana Goricheva went on to publish a magazine they called *Maria* before leaving Russia. They also formed a club — the Club *Maria*. Malakovskaya explains that "the name *Maria* is intimate and meaningful for us. It is one of the most popular women's names in Russia, and it is the name of the mother of God." Natalya Malakovskaya explains the religious identity of the group by pointing to the different situations for Western and Russian feminists:

"In your countries, the situation of women is complicated, in some

aspects better, in some worse. In Russia the situation of women is bad in all aspects. We understood we were living in a Satanic world. From all around we were surrounded by hate. When we wake up in the morning we feel hate from our husbands; we meet our neighbours in the communal flat and feel hate; we meet hatred in the magazines, the buses, at work. There is no place to hide from hatred. You can only hide behind love. So step by step, through love, women come to God. God is love. They pray to God and it saves them from the hate waiting everywhere. In our country religion is saving us, it's not the same in your countries. I'm talking about what we feel in our souls, not what we are told in our churches."

But Tatyana Mamonova has spoken out against what she calls "the Christianisation of the movement." In an open letter sent from Austria in October last year she says: "This mendacious concept, in fact, only causes disorientation of women in the Soviet Union who still rest in perfect isolation from the global feminist movement." Mamonova reports that the Russian Orthodox church is popular among the Second Culture dissident movement from which most of the women came. "It is one of the more acceptable and accessible forms of protest." She says that men in the Second Culture encouraged women to connect Christianity and feminism because it leaves men in the leadership positions. The *Maria* group, she says, thinks that religion elevates women, but, she states: "The Church's concepts are dangerous for Soviet women and could move them away from feminism." Mamonova supports what she calls "the democratization of the Soviet society". Unlike the other three women she supports Lenin, and she identifies with the feminists of the Revolution, women like Alexandra Kollontai.

After continual harassment the four women were expelled from Russia in mid-1980. Natalya Malakovskaya feels the Russian authorities chose expulsion rather than prison for the women because a trial would have allowed the women to say publicly what they had written in the *Almanac*. "Besides," she adds, "we were well-known in the west — our supporters have probably saved us."

Mamonova plans to continue publishing more issues of **Almanac** and get them back into Russia somehow. However, she must first come to some arrangement with the French publishers of **Des Femmes en Mouvement Hebdo** (see **Broadsheet** No. 87 page 6) who earlier had flown to Leningrad and purchased the world copyright for **Almanac**.

MEANWHILE

Back in Russia other women carry on the work of the exiled feminists. The Club Maria has 20 or 30 members in different cities but centred on Leningrad. The three Maria women in the West plan to continue publishing the magazine from Europe and sending it back to Russia. Recently they called on Western feminists to protest against house searches of Club Maria women in Leningrad. "The Club Maria," they write "is the only surviving women's organisation in Leningrad (and probably the only one in Russia). Our friends are now in danger, and their situation must be made public."

Tatyana Mamonova is also calling for support for her successor in Leningrad, Natalya Maltseva, who went under the name Vera Golubeva for protection. Vera-Natalya, she tells us, is an unmarried mother of 29, a difficult situation for a woman in Russia where there is much social censure of solo mothers. She offered to work for **Almanac** as soon as she heard of it and had an article published in the first issue of the magazine in which she looked at the position of unmarried women and at the conditions in kindergartens and abortion clinics.

Tatyana Mamonova writes: "When Vera-Natalya worked for the **Almanac** she sometimes stopped women directly in the street and interviewed them. I begged her to be more prudent, but she answered constantly: 'There is nothing criminal in my action, nothing anti-Soviet. They say that we have a real socialism, let them actually demonstrate it.'" Vera-Natalya had already been followed for some time when she was finally arrested in December last year. She has been threatened with Article No. 70, which Mamonova describes as "a harsh article concerning 'treason of the fatherland'! . . ."



Top to bottom: Yuliya Voznesenskaya, Natalya Malakovskaya and Tatyana Goricheva now publish **Maria**, a feminist magazine with a Christian orientation.

Photos: Peter Lehner MS

Mamonova is concerned that Vera-Natalya's health would deteriorate if she is exiled; she also expressed fears for Vera-Natalya's eight-year-old daughter, Yonochka, who would be orphaned if anything happened to her mother.

But however much the Russian authorities clamp down on the women who continue the work in Russia it is clear that now the struggle is underway it will be hard to stop. Yuliya Voznesenskaya tells a story of having her flat cleaned before she left Russia. "I contracted two women from a building site. They had heard that I would be emigrating and they asked me why I was doing so. I told them about myself and also that the work on the feminist **Almanac** was the actual reason. At that, they put everything down, and I had to tell them about our cause. Then they told me about their problems, that they were commuters, who came to the city from poor districts and lived here in especially bad conditions. This is the point of the story: the women would not take a penny for the work they had done for me. They would only be paid for the wallpapering and painting. I don't know if you could imagine what it should mean for women in their situation to refuse payment." □

To support Natalya Maltseva write to Defence of Repressed Women in the USSR, c/o Tatyana Mamonova, 76 Boulevard Voltaire, 75011, Paris, France.

To write to the Maria women in Russia send letters to: Sofia Sokolova, Leningrad, Tovaritschesky pr., H22 U2 W44, USSR.

Send letters of protest about all the women to: General Procurator of the Soviet Union, Rudenko, USSR.

Information and quotes in this article came from:

SpareRib, January 1981 and September 1980
Hersay women's news service
Courage, August 1980
Ms, November 1980
Off our backs, December 1980.

Excerpts from the **Almanac**, were published in the July/August 1980 issue of **Broadsheet**, available from us for \$1.00.

The whole of the first issue of **Almanac** is available in English from Sheba Publishers, under the title **Women and Russia**.

Copies of this book will be available from **Broadsheet** soon.

THE WAR OF THE WORDS

Libraries – hardly the place you'd think of to go to fight the revolution. But librarians throughout New Zealand are starting to come out from behind the book stacks and organise as feminist librarians. *Julia Millen* is one of the women who set it all going; she reports on progress to date.

A librarian is . . .

someone who says shh?

someone who fines you for overdue books?

someone who reads stories to the kids?

OR

someone who orders and catalogues the latest feminist novels?

someone who compiles book lists on women in politics; woman and the law?

someone who finds addresses of all the women's publishers in the world?

A librarian is also, in 80% of cases, a woman doing highly skilled, exacting, tedious but sometimes rewarding work, for little pay or thanks. Libraries are a world of women. You see them, behind desks, filing at the catalogue, writing out cards, collecting overdues. But behind scenes are a small group of librarians who formulate the policies, choose the books, set the fines. These are nearly all men.

The largest public libraries in New Zealand are run by men; there is only one female University Librarian out of six; there are no women lecturers at the School of Librarianship, Victoria University of Wellington; it's taken us 20 years to get a female National Librarian and she's the only one in the world.

Women in libraries tend to be quiet and submissive, but also highly literate. And though there were plenty of women writers and novelists, until the late 1960s there were few specifically feminist



Libraries are a world of women.

books.

In 1970 however, first a trickle, then a flood of women's literature began to appear in New Zealand book shops. Authors like Germaine Greer, Sue Kedgley, Betty Friedan. Magazines called *Ms*, *Broadsheet*, *Mother Jones*. And though men control library budgets and tend to buy titles like 'Nazis at Nuremburg', 'On the Ball' and 'Batting for Britain', some "women's lib" books found their way into catalogue rooms. A challenge to the thinking of women and librarians. What to do with feminist books? Dozens of

subject headings are allocated for books on Popes and Kings. None for material on battered women.

Fugitive, Ephemeral= Women's Literature

As well as books, all over New Zealand feminist pamphlets, leaflets and posters began to appear, on desks, in the corners of catalogue rooms, in bottom drawers. Though read with enthusiasm by women librarians, from a library point of view the material is difficult to organise and control. Much would have been lost if it hadn't been for Rosemary Seymour. Lecturer at Waikato University, Ms Seymour had spent years gathering women's material from all over New Zealand. Her hoard grew until out of desperation Ms Seymour applied for a Fulbright Scholar to come and organise the Women's Studies Collection at Waikato. And succeeded. In June 1980 came Jenrose Felmley, Director of the Business and Professional Women's Foundation, Washington, D.C. By the end of her six month visit, the future of the collection in Waikato University Library was secure.

Consciousness-raising

"In the United States, women librarians had begun to be organised by 1970" said Jenrose Felmley to

representatives of women's groups in Wellington, soon after her arrival in New Zealand. That year the American Library Association set up a Task Force on Women. One of its activities was to demand that annual salary surveys of library school graduates include data by sex ratios. Reports soon showed that women whose professional training was identical to men's began their employment with a salary handicap. Average and median salaries for women were substantially lower than men's in all types of libraries.

Listening to Ms Felmley were two librarians, Caroline Brooks and Elspeth Wylie, both from the Bibliographic Unit of the National Library. Afterwards they talked excitedly to other women in the library. "Let's start our own group."

Out of Hiding

From behind book stacks all over Wellington, feminists appeared. From big libraries: Public, University, Parliamentary, and from smaller special libraries: Dept. of Energy, Treasury, Consumer's Institute. Some libraries already have collections of women's material: Wellington Polytechnic (their copy of *Broadsheet* gets worn to shreds). The Women's Resource Centre even had a trained librarian working as a TEP, till the scheme folded.

Getting Organised

The group started as a loosely organised collective, but problems of time and distance forced greater formality. Now, there is a Membership Co-ordinator, Publicity Officer, Finance Co-ordinator. Chairing and minute-taking is rotated. The one job which proved hard to fill was that of — you've guessed it — Librarian.

Bent on organising, librarians in New Zealand face a major problem. Library workers are employed by many different authorities and belong to various unions: Association of NZ University Librarians,



Women librarians — on the desks but not making the decisions.

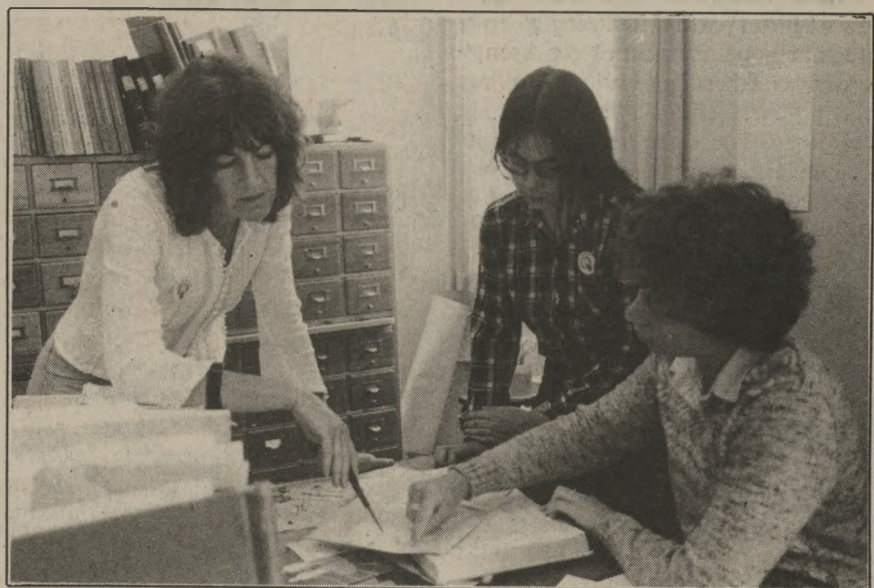
PSA, Local Body Officers' Union. The only unifying body is the NZ Library Association which unlike the teachers' organisations, the PPTA or NZEI, is not a union.

Though the majority of members are women, so far the male-dominated Council of the NZ Library Association has sidestepped the issue of the Working Women's Charter. But as the result of questions from Feminist Librarians and the Wellington Branch of the Association voting in favour (31-3)

of the Charter, the Council has agreed to reconsider.

One of the aims of Feminist Librarians is to make a survey of women in librarianship in New Zealand. To find out why women drop out? Why women don't get the top jobs? Though many of the reasons are obvious — as in teaching, women leave for domestic reasons and lose seniority — there are the intangibles of male establishments. Men in authority are quicker to notice and reward promise in bright young men. Young women,

Julia Millen, Caroline Brooks and Elspeth Wylie — three Feminist Librarians.



expected to marry and have babies are passed over for promotion. As well as gathering hard statistical information, the survey will aim to find out the way in which present library career structures disadvantage women and identify target areas for action.

One obvious area for investigation is that of library training. In New Zealand, libraries have a two-tier system. One, a post-graduate Diploma course — one year full time at Victoria University. The second, rather like an apprenticeship run by the Wellington Teachers' College, with inservice training and block courses, taking a total of three years. Women students outnumber men in both courses but most male librarians end up with the Diploma. Those who complete the three year Certificate course are nearly all women. Some are university graduates, unable to leave families to go to Wellington for a whole year. Though the training is no less rigorous, the stated aim of the Certificate course is to equip librarians for jobs in the intermediate range. In practice few Certificate holders achieve even middle management status.

Making a Noise

Feminist Librarians takes a broad view of library work, wanting to ensure that book collections represent women's interests as well as men's; ensure that all members of the community receive necessary services. As a place to work, libraries are seen as unnecessarily rigid and hierarchical, and Feminist Librarians are determined to foster co-operation rather than domination.

The group has contacts in other centres besides Wellington and at the 1981 combined New Zealand and Australian Library Conference, Feminist Librarians' pamphlets and badges went like "hot cakes". Small beginnings but at last, the *silence* is broken. □

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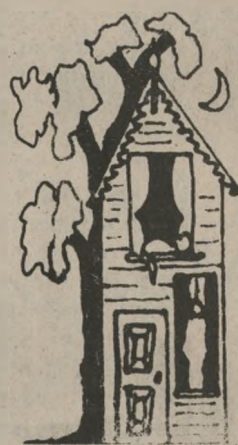
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The High-Way Woman:
OR, A
TRUE and PERFECT NARRATIVE
OF THE
Wicked Life, and Deplorable Death
OF
MARCY CLAY,
Otherwise called
Jenny Fox.

**Who being Condemned to be Hanged,
with other Malefactors, at Tyburn, on Wednesday,
the 12th. of April, Instant, did on the Tuesday fore-
going, Poyson herself, to avoid the Shame of that kind
of Death.**

**Faithfully Collected, for a Warning to Others, by One,
who hath too much Caufe, to have Knowledge
of her Converfation.**

This is the story of Jenny Fox, who became England's best known highwaywoman. She was born in Dorsetshire in the 17th century and grew up begging in the streets of the towns of West England. Before her father's death the family had been pedlars, following fairs; after, through want of stock and money they had turned to begging.

At 15 Jenny left her mother and went to London. She could have been a housemaid or shop assistant, prostitute or seamstress. Instead she met those "who soon enter'd her into another employment; whereunto her former education, and especially her natural wit, did mainly capacitate her; I mean that of stealing." Her natural talent was so considerable that "she hath not had any more remarkable before her, nor hath left any equal behind her."

Jenny's stay in London was curtailed by a "prank" that made her famous. Posing as a ladies maid, she had hired "very fair lodgings" for her mistress, who was to arrive the next day. After staying there the night, early the next morning she arranged to have a choice of the finest silks, linens and laces delivered to the inn. When they arrived she took them into the bedroom, because "her lady had not yet awaked", and "putting them into her lap, carried them down stairs, by another door, and so went clear away with them." The trunk she had arrived with was found to contain nothing but rags, wood and stones.

When Jenny left London she went back to the west of England where she lived for several years. It was during this time that she was imprisoned

for the first of five times, and escaped for the first of four.

Arrested for stealing in Andover, Wiltshire, Jenny noticed that the gaoler was "ever and anon proffering kindness to her maid." She persuaded him to take both his wards to a nearby tavern to drink and while he, "thinking he had gotten a fit opportunity for his purpose, began to be very sweet upon the maid," Jenny locked the door and made her escape. The maid was released, as nothing had been found against her.

But being now arrived at her full womanhood, and being naturally strong, and of a bold and daring spirit she fell into an habit of more manly debaucheries, and betook her self to practices scarce comportant with her female sex.

Having one day borrowed of a friend the sum of thirty pounds to procure her liberty, and promising faithfully to return it within three days after her release, was driven to such a stress, all other ways failing, got on mens apparel, and provided her self with a good horse, sword and pistols, and all other furniture fit for the road, and in this equipage betakes

her self to the high-way to try her fortune, daring more to save her word with her friend than to save her life.

She had not been at her station above the space of half an hour, but she met two persons; and riding up to them, partly by the day-light, and partly by the assistance of the moon, perceived the first to be a short crook-backed gentleman, and his servant. She with undaunted courage, and several oaths, bid him stand, and drawing a pistol bid him deliver immediately, or he died.

The Gentleman being so unexpectedly surprised so near his own house, when he thought himself past all danger, desired her to spare his life, and as for that little money he had, he would freely part with it; whereupon he commanded his man to untye his portmanteau, and deliver the coin, which she finding sufficient to serve her turn, gave over for that night."

Considering the ease with which money was gained this way, Jenny Fox decided to try it for a while. After three weeks in which little happened, "she perceived one, with his sword drawn, and hanging on his arm by a string, with a pistol in his hand, making at her with all speed possible, crying a long time before he came near her 'Deliver, Deliver'. She being well acquainted with that language, though she knew not him, drew her sword, saying, 'If thou canst beat me, take all I am worth.'"

Jenny won the duel, her opponent was both tipsy and less skilful. She took half his money, but befriended him, they worked together for two months and though many robberies were committed "no Hue and Cries could ever overtake them."

She once robbed her husband, when he was on a journey. She took his purse without trouble and returned home. He also returned, very despondent.



When she asked him the cause and heard he'd been robbed, she said "prythee be not troubled, here is something to make up your loss; and returned him all she had taken. At which the man being surprised, looking strangely at her. She smartly returns, Nay 'tis so. You had best have a care of the breeches next."

Male lust was often a weapon in Jenny Fox's hand. Once on her way to town she was given a lift by a "citizen on horseback" and "riding together began to talk a little merrily and familiarly with her, and at length turning himself on his saddle saluted her, which she took with modest civility, the better to obtain her intended design." Persuading him to remove his hat, she threw a silk cloth over his head. Jenny leapt off

the horse and pulled him after her. She "took from him what he had, telling him that she never used to kiss for nothing, mounted his horse and away rode towards London."

But "as there is a time for all things, so most of all certainly for the end and discovery of wickedness. Nor doth Divine Vengeance sleep; and though many have been so quick of foot, as at first setting forth, to out-run its leaden feet yet they seldom escape the severity of its iron hands."

Indeed, divine or human vengeance was chasing Jenny Fox. Five times she was imprisoned, and four times escaped. She broke through prison walls, paid off her prosecutors, or used the lust and stupidity of her jailers.

The fifth time she found "all means, that she could use, by her frequent petitions, and applications of friends, to the Lord Chief Justice, the Lord Mayor of London, and the Recorder, to be ineffectual, for obtaining her life;" and rather than die by hanging, she committed suicide by taking poison.

So brave Jenny Fox died in agony. Growing up on the road, begging, was no great preparation for honest "womanly" toil. The restrictive society she lived in had offered only dead-end choices in living or dying. And because she was brave and adventurous she took risks and was condemned as unwomanly and buried with a stake through her heart — "as in cases of self-murder is usual." □

Megan Cook

her own herstory

How much do we know about our own pasts, and especially our female ancestors. *Claudia Pond Eyley* set out to find out about her roots. In this article she describes how she did it and gives pointers for would-be genealogists.

Many women are presently becoming more and more interested in finding out information about their feminine ancestors. What *was* life like for their great grandmothers?

My Aunt and I were discussing this point when she said "You know your great grandmother, Bertha, kept a diary for years and years." Where could it be now, over a hundred years later? Was it discarded because it was merely a woman's diary, while the diaries and journals of Bertha's husband and grandfather were valued and still survive? Ironically, it is thanks to these documents that some record of the women's life style is still preserved!

One year ago I made a resolution to discover what I could about my New Zealand ancestry, that is, as a Pakeha whose family immigrated here in the last century. I knew nothing. No dates, but only my family name and the maiden name of my greatgrandmother. I fumbled about trying to find a starting point, then finally keyed into an index filing at the library — in this case the Auckland Museum Library.

The filing system contained names of many early settlers. The Museum

Library collection contains many useful documents, such as parish registers, early encyclopedias, directories of early business addresses, early New Zealand photographs, early newspapers and magazines, files on well known "women", and collections of Ephemera as well as collections of letters and documents — either in the original or in photocopy. Seeing the potential of this research, I put aside four hours per week to collect whatever information I could. By having the facilities of photocopying available in the various libraries, collecting data was made very efficient, as one previously would have had to laboriously copy all information out in longhand. Now having established a few identities I proceeded to the New Zealand Room of the Public Library. This section of the library contains:

Rolls of Early Settlers in Auckland Province prior to 1852. This document gives names, date of birth and death; vessel and date of arrival in New Zealand or first known place

Claudia's grandmother, Bertha Combes Pond

of residence; or, if born in New Zealand, the date and place;

Early directories between 1856-1880 onwards;

Early electoral rolls.

Indexes in the Public Library collection include:

Shipping Index — an index of passenger arrivals 1841-1882

compiled from lists in daily newspapers;

Auckland Provincial History Index — a source of persons in Auckland before 1853;

Ellen Melville and Pioneer Women's Roll — this contains cards sent in for the roll relating to pioneer women who arrived or were born in the Auckland province up to 1875. Cards were sent by descendants between 1947-1962 and form the basis of the Memorial Book displayed in the Pioneer Women's and Ellen Melville Memorial Hall. These cards contain more information than is in the book and the library staff have added extra cards for women in Auckland before 1852.

Obituary Index — Index to obituary notices which appeared in Auckland newspapers between April 1933 and December 1941.

Symonds Street Cemetery List — This list is compiled from an earlier list of known graves drawn up by the sexton early this century, together with details from headstones which were legible in the 1950s.

The library also contains early diaries, local history, church records, school jubilee booklets, centennial documentation of business firms, etc.

In this library recently I found a diary written in 1854 by my great, great, greatgrandfather. On its title page was written: "Diary of Captain William Pulham of East India Company Service. To be kept by his grandchildren."

Indeed, the Captain's descendent read the passages 126 years later.

The four year diary describes the day-to-day life of his family in early Auckland. One very much gets the feeling of the close family ties that developed with the marriage of the four daughters and the business inter-relationship with the sons-in-law. Their inter-co-operation becomes the vital key to the life-style that the family developed and shared.

From the diary of the Captain's son-in-law, William D. Daldy (also in the Public Library collection) one finds a description of life-style for Frances Pulham Daldy, the eldest



Claudia's female ancestors sitting on the verandah at "Clifftop" the family residence in Hobson St, Auckland in the 1870s. Left to right: Nelly Pulham, Ixey Pulham, Alice Combes, Eleanor Pulham Combes and Bertha Combes.

daughter:

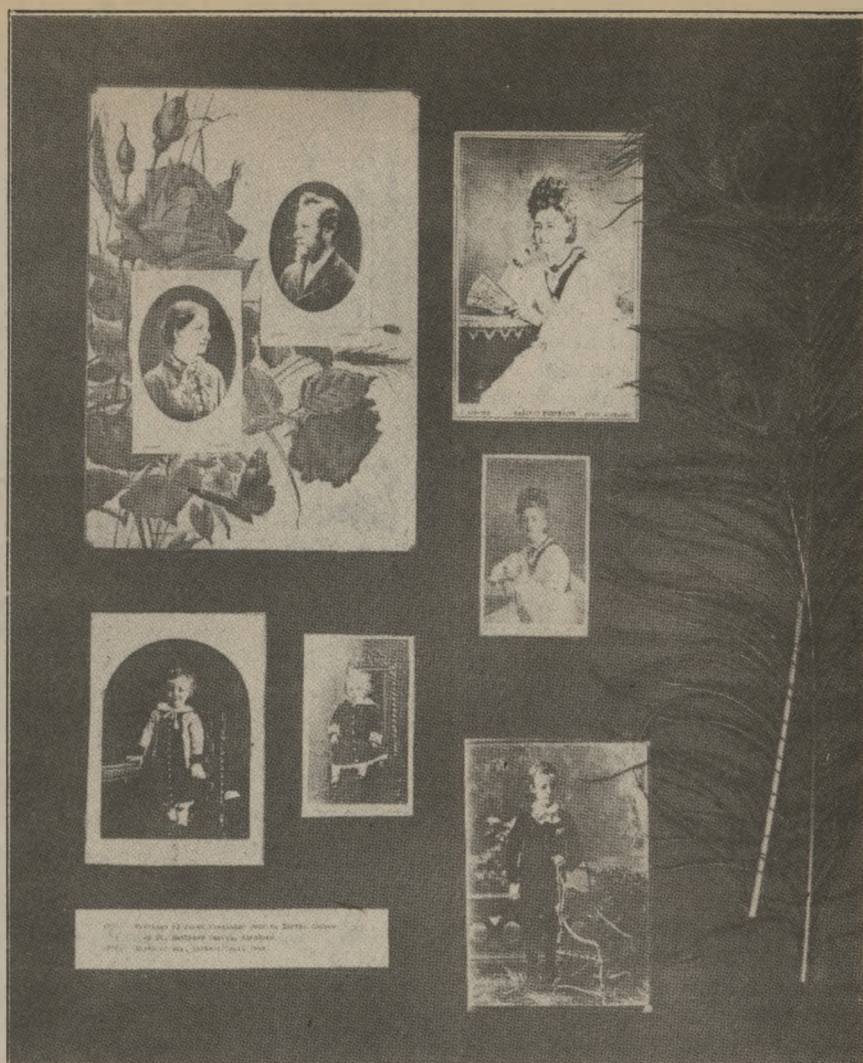
"Shortly I purchased 300 acres, half bush, at Hellyer's Creek. I found Hellyer was making 30/- a week from royalty on timber and doing nothing. I felt confident with hard work I could make four times as much. There was a good shed where the old man used to brew down by the creek, also a ti-tree house where you could lay in bed and count the stars. I said to Frances 'You must stop in town a month and I will get a small house put up.' 'No, where you go I go.' So, I bought an old sail or two and made a tent inside the whare-kitchen about 8 x 8; dining room

the same. In about two months I managed to get three rooms built with a shingle roof, shutters on each side so that we could open the lee ones. But it was about 18 months before we had windows. A little creek near the house. Rigged up a breakwind and a clay fireplace. A few months later I built on three additional rooms, same size, with large clay fireplace that I could sit in and smoke. Our cooking utensils were camp oven for baking, tea kettle, and 'go ashore' (iron pot). I have been rather particular in describing our beginning here after Shamrock Cottage, Albert Street,

because our young people may remember when they are crying for bread forks, butter knives, lace curtains, etc., what and how their forebears faced the world to get a living...Our day was breakfast 6 a.m., go to bush to work until 12 when Mother (Frances) and little Francis came up about ½ a mile with the tea kettle, saltbeef etc. Then slept, it being very hot, until 2 or 3 and we worked on until 7 p.m., or as long as we could see."

What a pity that we can't find a diary that records Frances' thoughts on life in the bush camp and her feelings about the six month voyage she made with her husband and child to Britain to meet her mother-in-law in 1844.

Within several months research material started to cross reference and I was able to build up a loose family tree, who was who, and references about life-styles as they started to emerge through snippets of information. Aside from the diaries, obituaries in early newspapers also proved to be a substantial source of information on individuals. At this time I made a conscious effort to share the gathered information with my contemporary relations. This proved to be a very rewarding avenue. When information was given or questions asked, it brought long forgotten family stories to mind. Relatives dug out many useful sources of information when they realised that one was genuinely interested. Boxes were pulled out of the back closet, old trunks in the garage turned out, frayed leather-bound photo albums full of unidentified Victorian ladies and gentlemen were produced. In fact, by visiting my father's six brothers and sisters I was able to gather much material that had been dispersed amongst the heirs. Discovered were three albums of photographs; a family tree as compiled by a distant relation; documents such as birth certificates, marriage, qualification and education certificates; many old letters described current family events; ephemera such as formal invitations, brochures, visiting cards, newspaper cuttings relevant to the family; again obituaries which



A page from a display Claudia made of her family Herstory

always give a summary of the deceased's life; diaries and journals such as farm and business records.

My Aunt had a beautiful needlework piece, an alphabet sampler, executed in 1843 — named and dated. In an old box I even found a bottle of gold dust — I presume a souvenir of my greatgrandfather's days working as a chemist in the gold mines.

As this material built up I decided to compile the over 200 sheets of information into a comprehensive form that could be easily understood by others. Work was divided into six family name groups with an introductory paragraph about each generation through to my own grandparents' time. This I had reproduced and was able to present a

copy to the heads of each family. By this method and in this way all my cousins and their descendents will have written documentation and access to their heritage.

What a massive project, the thing keeps expanding as more and more information turns up.

The potential to discover much knowledge of one's past is open to every person who wishes to take the time to follow it up. At times there are dead-ends and unfruitful quests but the earlier one's family arrived (migrated) here the more material available.

The search was rewarding. The results very rich in New Zealand pakeha history, but I still long to read great-grandmother Bertha's diary and learn more of herstory. □

HEALTH NOTES

Old Wives Tale Vindicated

For years doctors have been telling women not to listen to the old wives' tale that said you couldn't conceive if you were breast feeding. Now Professor Roger Short of Edinburgh has found the answer to the riddle of why breastfeeding prevents pregnancy in women in some cultures, but not for women in Western cultures. By comparing baby care patterns Professor Short found that different feeding habits provided the answer. In Third World countries women often carry their babies round with them suckling them as often as once or twice an hour. In Western countries women tend to put babies down to sleep between feeds which are spaced more widely.

Breast feeding promotes the production of the hormone prolactin which is a natural contraceptive. It acts both on the ovary, which produces and releases the egg to be fertilised, and on the hypothalamus, which controls the ovary. Women who suckle frequently keep prolactin levels in their bodies high. It is also suspected that prolactin helps protect women from cancer of the breast, ovaries and womb.

Now scientists are working on a new contraceptive pill which works by artificially raising prolactin levels in the body.

Toxic Shock

A University of Minnesota microbiologist has identified a strain of bacteria linked to toxic shock syndrome.

It is believed that the discovery could help doctors in diagnosing and quickly treating the potentially lethal disease often associated with tampon use.

Doctor Patrick Schlievert says he has identified a strain of bacteria that produces toxic shock syndrome in rabbits as having been present in scores of women who have suffered from the syndrome.

It is believed that staphylococcus aureus, a very common bacterium, causes toxic shock. However, this newest research indicates that the staph bacteria found in women who had toxic shock also contained two proteins not present in most staph infection cases.

The serious problem with toxic shock is that doctors really did not know how to identify and treat it early enough. Schlievert says his study suggests that doctors may be able to treat toxic shock early in its development with gamma globulin.

Her Say

Not-so-sunny Seville

A women's Health Collective in Seville, Spain, is asking for international help in protesting against the raiding and closure of the family planning clinic, Los Narajos. The police raided the clinic late last year suspecting that it was performing abortions, presently totally illegal in Spain. The police seized files and equipment and arrested women waiting for consultations as well as the staff. By the time the appeal went out to the International Feminist Network from the Health Collective, all 432 women who had files at the clinic had been called to make statements before the judges in Seville.

The Health Collective does not know whether anyone will be imprisoned after all the statements have been taken in court, even though the actual trial may not come up for several years.

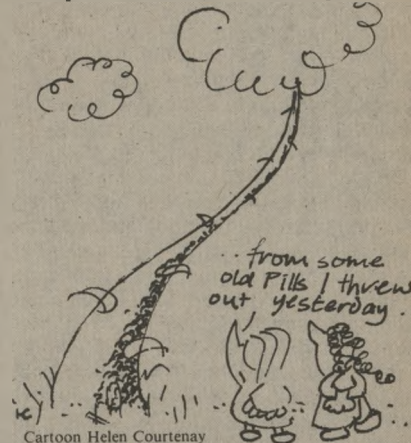
Workers at the clinic blame the situation on Spain's repressive abortion law. Thousands of women suffer from backstreet abortions every year with deaths sometimes occurring. The cost of a backstreet abortion can be as high as 100,000 pesetas, but women cannot afford to travel to countries where abortion is legal. The police are accusing the clinic staff of performing abortions in women's homes for 8000 pesetas.

Solidarity action is urgently needed. Write letters of protest about the raid and closure of the

clinic, protesting against any legislation against staff or patients of the clinic, and demanding legalisation of abortion to:

Juzgado de instruccion No. 6, Caso 3640/80, Prado de San Sebastian, Seville, Spain.

Send copies of all letters to: Magdalena Lopez Perez, Calle Campamento 17, Seville, Spain.



More DES Problems

Further health problems have emerged in the offspring of mothers who took diethylstilbestrol during pregnancy. It is now well established that DES causes changes in the vaginal cells of DES daughters, and sometimes vaginal cancer. Now new reports are showing that DES daughters have unusually high rates of ectopic and molar pregnancies, intra-uterine foetal death and prematurity. Attempts at conception by 106 women in the study resulted in 129 pregnancies, some ended in abortion, but 37% of 93 wanted pregnancies resulted in miscarriages, ectopic and molar pregnancies. Researchers called this "foetal wastage rate" "disastrous".

Meanwhile, another study looked at sterility in DES sons and found that nearly 80% among a small group of men was sterile.

DES is still prescribed to women by doctors for uses as a morning-after pill, a treatment of menopausal symptoms, a lactation suppressant, and a treatment for breast cancer.

Info from Modern Medicine

FEMINIST EYE

Bars: a thirty minute play, performed at the Maidment Little Theatre, and at 100 m₂, Auckland, throughout March and April.

There are two ladders, one rather small, battered and wooden, the other tall, shiny aluminium-cool. On the small one, a frail, hassled Wife struggles to move upwards, worried about her imminent miscarriage, the sterility of her relationship with her husband and the dullness of her daily round. She feels a failure, inadequate in every way: not beautiful, not skilled, and unable to carry a baby to full term.

On the tall ladder is a sleekly sensuous Woman with a ripe rounded body, a fall of honey dark hair and the manner women have when they are aware of their sexual attractiveness. She conquers the ladder easily: she lies against its length, she straddles its crest, she strokes its ribbed struts.

From the ladders, the play BARS, written and acted by Gillian Gould and Kate Hood, takes place. It's a powerful piece. Into its thirty minutes are packed experiences most women will recognise: the tentative teenager and the confident one; the rivalry between women for male attention; the desperate need to do what's expected, to be chosen by a man — "Please God let him see that I'm the one he should love."

"Part of the play came from my recognition that a lot of women seem to relate to each other only through men, that they're not able to relate directly," says Gillian Gould. And indeed, the times when each woman is speaking of her experiences, but not to each other, has an all too accurate validity. The play moves swiftly from the descriptions of the two women's adolescences ("I was always the plain one, you know?") ("I knew I could have any man I wanted!"), to the marriage of Wife to a man that Woman had rejected, to the scene where the despairing Wife, about to miscarry yet again, learns her friend is returning from overseas adventuring. Here the play reaches deeply down, like rain through thirsty soil. "I knew it was from her," confesses the Wife. "An international telegram arrived. It did! I stood in the kitchen, my hands shaking, they were. As I read her name, I felt a flush of warmth. I did too. I was surprised, I hadn't even missed her." The Woman, leaning against her shiny ladder muses: "I had almost eclipsed him from my thoughts, I had. Was thinking more of her. Whether she'd changed. Would we still get on . . .

As soon as I saw him, everything inside me stopped dead. it did."

The two women renew their relationship, which is punctuated by moments in which the Woman is seemingly interested in a sexual relationship with the Wife. The Wife is not surprised, but pushes away the gestures as if they were part of a childish habit. And the pattern of betrayal is still too strong. While the Woman is comforting the Wife because she is ill, she is also fucking the invisible husband. It is not until the Wife talks about suicide that the Woman is

acutely aware of the connection between them.

By this time, in a lovely, subtle piece of theatre, the Wife has freed herself of the marriage cord which has bound her to the shiny ladder for much of the play, and has neatly slipped that rope over the Woman's head. The Woman doesn't protest, in fact seems not to notice, but when the Wife describes her suicide impulses, the Woman is suddenly frightened. "But I need you," she blurts out almost unconsciously. The ending is excellent, and Kate Hood's depiction of



Photo Rob Giles

the near terror women feel as they realise the precise number of bars on their cages is very good.

Gillian and Kate formed their theatre company Two Cubed in December 1980. Kate, who is Australian, has focused her energy in theatre since she was eleven. She was part of the Parvati Puppet Theatre that toured here a couple of years ago. The Puppet Theatre's performances to schools were ended when an objection was raised to their use of the word belly-button. The troupe was told the word was obscene, which effectively ended their desire to work here. Kate met Gillian through the now defunct Studio 12.

Gillian is from Liverpool. Though she was interested in theatre and dance at school, she was discouraged from following her interests by her father, who advised her to follow a professional career. She successfully completed her medical doctorate, arrived in New Zealand and found her urge for theatre and dance too strong to ignore. She decided to give herself six months to follow her dreams. It was at Taupo, at a dance course given by Liang Xi and Fay Tobhyn that she got the encouragement she deserves. That led to doing a diploma in drama at the University of Auckland, and involvement in Studio 12, where she met Kate.

Though the play is one of the strongest feminist statements I've seen in New Zealand theatre, neither woman describes herself as a feminist. Gillian says she doesn't want labels and Kate says BARS was not written with the intention of presenting a piece of feminist theatre as such.

Whether the two will continue to present such uncompromisingly honest material about women is uncertain. What is certain is that BARS will stand as a tiny classic in its depiction of the ways in which women divide themselves, both from themselves and from each other, because of long standing heterosexual traditions. And thank you, Gillian and Kate, thank you for that. □

Sandi Hall

Dressed to Kill Dir: Brian de Palma

The Shining Dir: Stanley Kubrick

Dressed to Kill bills itself as showing the latest fashion in murder. But this particular fashion, sexual violence against women, has been around for thousands of years. *Dressed to Kill* is just the same woman-hatred dressed in new and expensive respectability; the film cost \$6.5 million, stars respected actors and was made by a mainstream director.

Dressed to Kill takes a male fantasy — forcible sex with a woman — and makes out that women want this. As the film opens, a naked woman is caressing herself in shower, watching her husband shave with a straight-edged razor. Suddenly, she is grabbed from behind by a faceless man and raped. When her husband keeps on shaving, we realize this must be her fantasy.

Kate, the married woman, after propositioning her psychiatrist, acts out her fantasies by having sex with a stranger in a taxi and a hotel room. She is punished firstly by discovering that he has VD. (Male sniggers in the audience.) Then she is cut to pieces in the hotel lift by a man dressed as a woman using a straight-edged razor.

The film's other female character, a beautiful young prostitute called Liz, sees her dying when the lift stops. To save her own life, Liz has to find out who the killer is. To do so, she too offers to have sex with the psychiatrist, saying that she is a prostitute because she "likes to turn men on". In the film's uncensored version, she says that nothing turns her on so much as fantasizing the blade of a knife against her flesh.

Both these women are defined solely by their sexual relationships with men. Kate, for example, first sees her stranger in an art gallery, and we are treated to ten minutes of her palpitating smiles and agitated response to his apparently overwhelming sexual aura. Both Kate and Liz prostitute themselves for economic security. In feminist terms, they are trapped and victimised with no independence at all.

But de Palma obviously thinks of them as liberated, because they are sexually available to men. Yet their masochistic sexuality is still punishable. The killer turns out to be the psychiatrist in women's clothes. He kills Kate because he wanted to have a sex change operation and become completely feminine, and the women aroused his hated masculine side. This "explanation" is an insult to transvestites and a malicious twisting of the feminist analysis of the psychology of sex roles.

Although the killer is caught, the film ends the same way it began, with Liz dreaming of being attacked in the shower by the killer armed with his razor.

Several scenes in the film have been cut for New Zealand release, so we do not see Liz being slashed.

Films like *Dressed to Kill* are insidious, sinister and becoming more common. They show us as the fantasy creatures men would like us to be. It is impossible for these films to show women's sexuality as it is — positive and self-affirming. The female creations in these films like pain and humiliation, and are therefore blamed for violence done to them. Their killers are transvestites, lesbians (*Windows*), male homosexuals (*Cruising*); rarely the heterosexual men who are our usual attackers.

The Shining practices similar deceptions to *Dressed to Kill*. It dwells lovingly on the slowly developing fear of a woman trapped with a violent and abusive husband. For a titillating few minutes, we are shown this woman cowering next to a door in extreme terror, as he hacks it down with an axe so he can kill her.

The spotlight is cleverly deflected from the real causes of such violence. In *The Shining*, it is supernatural in origin, so of course without the evil influence the man is the ideal loving father and husband. This makes us forget that thousands of New Zealand women go through the hell of that kind of domestic trap every day.

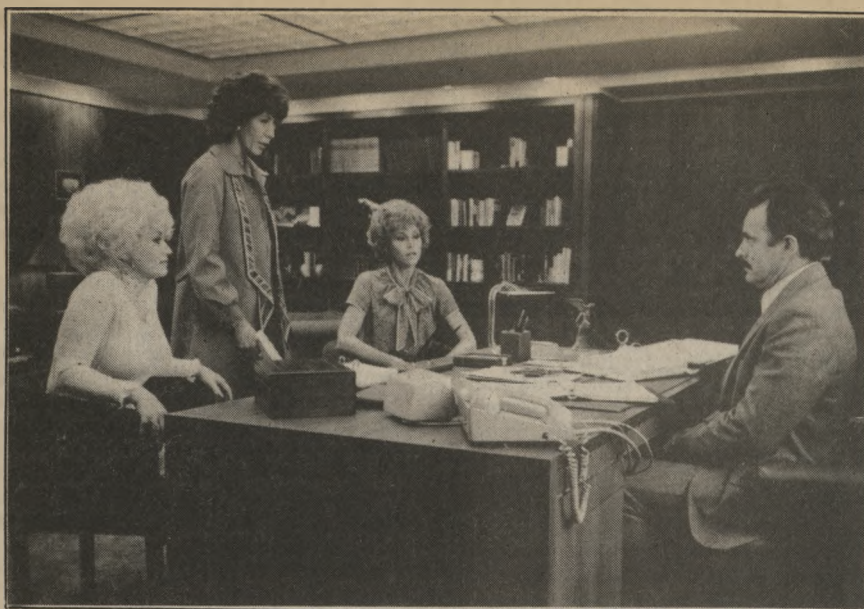
Movies like these have the effect of limiting women's lives like the threat of rape. For several days after I saw them, I jumped a little quicker at strange noises in the house, and imagined ghoulish and terrifying scenarios when I heard the cat scrabbling in the back yard. This is the kind of extra fear that keeps us from going to that night class, or travelling on the late bus; the extra fear that we don't want.

In *The Shining*, we're scared of evil super-human forces; in *Dressed to Kill*, a transvestite. But the violence against women in these films is a result of male supremacy and the culture of rape. If there was a rush of films depicting such violence against blacks or children, there would be a huge outcry. The fact that these films are generally accepted, and even get rave reviews from critics, shows us how far women's liberation has to go.

Jenny Rankine



Cartoon Helen Courtenay



Dolly Parton, Lily Tomlin and Jane Fonda front the boss in 9 to 5.

Flowers From Happyever,
Jean Watson,
Voice Press, 1980.

A prose lyric, written in three parts as a series of passages, **Flowers From Happyever** has, more than anything else it would seem, all the elusiveness of a dream. A few moments, a few people from a women's past — polishing silver on an outback farm in Australia and watching the sunset; a search for gold, hidden treasure; a hero who finds and loses and finds and loses the treasure, and dies, nobly, in the desert, in the midst of his quest; an old friend, parted from her long ago — these appear, disappear, come together, fall away as easily as dream images so inexplicably slide into each other. And yet, like those dreams which take their life from the subconscious storage of the bits and pieces of everyday, picking out fragments from here and there, cleaning and polishing them up a little, so that some lie hard and brilliant in the memory long after one has woken, seeming to be significant, though one is not completely sure why, this brief and easily-read piece of writing tugs gently at the reading mind, teases it. Somehow it becomes more than the ethereality, the elusiveness of dreams.

Perhaps it is because the air of unreality is often enough hedged by some starkly written reminders of the "real world" — unpaid gas bills, the jarring, interrupting traffic in Wellington's Willis St, social security benefits, looking for jobs. Perhaps it is the way her mind-haze, as she walks through the city, settles onto the odd, trivial thing, something immediately recognizable; then passes into the dream-quality, once more. Or is it that the dream images come to fuse with a realization that she herself is looking for treasure? That she is, in her imagination, trying to distil the disparate elements of her life, trying to sift through them, searching for the essential, the centre of her self which would bring all things together; and the sense of futility, and of being quite, quite lost, which winds about that search. Perhaps it is simply the way in which the poetry sometimes breaks through the wandering — "When one finds gold — does the sun shine through the trees at that particular instant, do the birds suddenly sing extra loud and is one happy-ever-after from then on? The actual moment of finding gold — what then? Is there an explosion of light among the forest trees?"

But it is perhaps that first impression, of elusiveness, which remains; that, and the feeling that a rare and rather beautiful poem has just passed one's way.

Jill Ranstead

9 to 5

Dir: Colin Higgins

Starring: Jane Fonda, Lily Tomlin, Dolly Parton

If you feel starved for a funny movie about women, go and see **9 to 5**. Lily Tomlin, Jane Fonda and Dolly Parton have a hilarious time playing three office workers in a big, non-unionised American corporation. Tomlin, as Violet, has put 12 years into training less intelligent men than she, but they are now the bosses and she is still getting them coffee. Fonda's just-divorced Judy has never been in paid work before and starts her office job by snowing the xerox room with pastel paper. Dolly Parton has to cope with her boss' sexual advances and the coldness of the other women, as well as shorthand and typing.

Sound familiar? It is. Fonda's IPC Film Productions interviewed forty women from the US national organisation Working Women about their experiences and fantasies before making the film. This led to the corny but enjoyable fantasy segment — Three Popular Ways To Do Away With The Boss.

But the fantasies of these three women almost come true, and they get rid of the boss for several weeks. They then bring in the kind of changes unions have been fighting for decades: equal pay, child care, glide time, job-sharing, positive discrimination in favour of blacks and disabled people and alcohol rehabilitation programs; and the office blooms.

The tricky situation is resolved when the *deus ex machina* descends, in the person of the white-suited head of the board from the top floor, to congratulate the startled and newly-turned boss on a 20% rise in productivity. He's whisked

off to Brazil, Violet is promoted and Judy falls in love with the xerox salesman. Happy ending?

Not quite. Although this film was part-written and part-produced by women, what it says is that feminist changes are good for capitalism. But all those progressive alterations to the workplace are in the long-term purely cosmetic, without structural changes to back them up. Worker control doesn't just mean replacement of one boss with a triumvirate, whether benevolent females or not.

One problem with making commercial films about feminist ideas is that they almost invariably use individual characters to represent complex issues. This time it's one boss representing all the system's vices (he's a "sexist, hypocritical, lying, egotistical bigot"), versus three women, who embody the typical office workers' problems. So the film reassures women whose office situation is not this bad, and encourages the more unfortunate to settle for individual solutions.

Another problem with commercial films about feminist issues is that they represent the women's liberation movement to women who don't know much about it. According to **9 to 5**, feminism is about calling your boss sexist and getting to be Vice-President. Feminism is definitely no threat to company management, and may even help big companies get bigger. But radical feminist strategy does NOT include helping big companies to continue their exploitation of women workers. Enjoy **9 to 5** for the slapstick and the scenes of women sharing their problems, finding them similar, and gaining strength together. But don't let it con you into thinking it's a feminist film about women's work.

Jenny Rankine

**Surfacing,
Margaret Atwood,
Virago, 1979, \$8.95***

There are some novels which come so close as to bring their world, their meanings, irrevocably into one's own. As one reads these novels, one can feel almost a physical sensation, of something changing, something shifting, giving way; there is a feeling of a new life, clear, pure, being born within. **Surfacing** is such a novel. It is one of those works of the imagination which, although set in another part of the world, creating characters quite different from oneself, can yet find its way into a realm of thought, emotion, that touches one most deeply, is that thing most common to us; and is most commonly unknown: it puts one in touch with that unknown.

Margaret Atwood's heroine is nameless; she is the first person, the "I" of the story, though at the same time quite detached from it, at first, speaking in a bare, sparse language, noting down a lean framework of people, place, time, herself. The story begins, coolly enough, with a drive from one of Canada's cities to a lake in Northern Quebec. With three friends — a couple in their 30s, a lover — she is returning to her childhood home to look for her father, reported missing. Her father was a recluse and had taken his family to live on a distant island in the lake; it was there she had grown up, amongst the life, the silences and sounds of the bush, the water. The friends with her as she returns, ten, perhaps fifteen years later, know nothing of this past way of life. The two men, David and Joe, are products of the educated, pretentiously political city world and produce in turn its string of rhetoric and attitudes — "David says 'Bloody fascist pig Yanks' as though he's commenting on the weather." The other woman, Anna, lives as a home for David's insults, advice and sperm, carefully applying her make-up each day, on the isolated island, because she does not want him to know how she looks without it.

There is no trace of the woman's father; but they decide to stay on for a week, anyway, for the sake of a holiday. The woman is indifferent; it seems to be of no concern to her whether they leave or stay; almost, she was relieved to have found nothing of her father, as though the matter could now be closed, the house locked up, and her life in the city resumed, this small break in its surface a passing moment only.

Being there, though, the memories, images, slight recollections of her childhood, her parents, brother, keep floating up, stirring around some driftwood in her mind; something, curiosity perhaps, or interest, begins to lay claim on her attention. Scenes from her childhood are

remembered, intact, and equal with others, of her later life in the city, a relationship that failed, an abortion; she begins to grow aware of something cold and dead within her, unable to love; and that here, on the island, or in the lake, lies the secret, the thing which is the source of her life, the beginning of her salvation.

The others begin to fade from her view; if they were ever within coo-ee of her; she provides for them, detachedly, shows them around, takes them fishing, exploring; they remain untouched by it all. She becomes distant from Joe, her lover, who responds by tugging at her morosely, wanting her back and quite without knowing why. Slowly, she disengages herself and spends secret moments, alone, looking through her father's notes and jottings, searching amongst her dead mother's belongings; and she finds the spark, the clue. She discovers the awesome gifts her mother and father have left for her to find, alone, the gifts of rock paintings, of hieroglyphs, of language and forms whose ancient meanings have long been lost to the present world, whose discovery must be made only through a transformation of blood, bone, skin, voice and heart-beat, through vision and hallucination, through ice and fire. She steps outside of language, outside of civilisation, taking the risk of perhaps never returning; there, she makes that most primitive, most terrifying journey, towards her own source of being. She becomes emptied of her past, becomes a form of life as is the bush around her, she becomes nature —

"Something has happened to my eyes, my feet are released, they alternate, several inches from the ground. I'm ice-clear, transparent, my bones and the child inside me showing through the green webs of my flesh, the ribs are shadows, the muscles jelly, the trees are like this too, they shimmer, their cores glow through the wood and bark.

"The forest leaps upward, enormous, the way it was before they cut it, columns of sunlight frozen; the boulders float, melt, everything is made of water, even the rocks. In one of the languages there are no nouns, only verbs held for a longer moment.

"The animals have no need for speech, why talk when you are a word
"I lean against a tree, I am a tree leaning

"I break out again into the bright sun and crumple, head against the ground

"I am not an animal or a tree, I am the thing in which the trees and animals move and grow, I am a place"

She is nature she is at the very beginning and end of herself; there, she seeks, and finds, the old, old vision of death's image, she looks upon the gods, the primeval monsters fatal to the human eye; and when she returns, she knows she is free to live her own life, to warm.

with her own blood, the movement of her true thoughts, feelings; she knows "this above all, to refuse to be a victim. Unless I can do that, I can do nothing. I have to recant, give up the old belief that I am powerless . . . The word games, the winning and losing games are finished; at the moment there are no others but they will have to be invented, withdrawing is no longer possible and the alternative is death."

This is an important, an extraordinary novel; Margaret Atwood writes of a theme which is becoming common to women writers today, of a woman's search for her life in amongst the clutter and garbage of the life surrounding her; but she writes with a new power, calling on the images, the spirits, the very sensuousness of a more primitive way of life. Perhaps there has always been this need, this human need, to know oneself; perhaps there have always existed these arts of self-discovery, of finding that self- and world-knowledge unique amongst the daily evidence; if so, then Margaret Atwood has re-called these ancient arts, bringing them fresh and alive to the present. **Surfacing** has that special power of cutting through the ways of seeing, thinking, knowing that pollute the world, wear it down at the edges, make it tired of living; the world which patriarchal rule has all but destroyed. It is a novel which brings its own and, I think, uniquely female gifts of life and renewal; needing very much to be read.

Jill Ranstead

*available from Broadsheet

WHY CHILDREN?

Edited by Stephanie Dowrick & Sihyl Grundberg \$8.95

Eighteen women speak out about the decision to have — or not to have — children.

"as if a succession of amazingly intelligent women friends, one after the other, had come into the kitchen and sat and talked and not let you get a word in edgeways, and then gone away, leaving you with your life changed."

Fay Weldon

PENGUIN BOOKS





HOGWASH

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PZZAZZ,
Auckland Technical
Institute, Mar 81 —
sent in by many
women

HEALTH by FAMILY DOCTOR

Men have long known that women are difficult, that some are more difficult than others, and that intermittently most are quite impossible. Women, on the other hand, recognise men as calm, equable, logical and unflappable.

The Evening Post March 26, 81
— sent in by Kathryn Irvine,
Wellington

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Christchurch Press Mar 31, 81
— sent in by Martha Pascoe

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North Shore Times, Mar 81
— sent in by Gill Kenny,
Auckland



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NZ Journal of
Agriculture, Mar 81 —
sent in by Kay
Bannatyne, Wellington

CLASSIFIED ADS

WORKSHOP ON WORKING WOMEN'S CHARTER AND WOMEN IN THE SOCIAL SERVICES

This workshop will look at the issues for women workers and clients

on
SATURDAY, JUNE 6th, 9am to 4pm
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AUCKLAND FEMINIST TEACHERS MEETINGS CORRECTION

If you went to the March 28 meeting at Arney Rd Teachers' Centre and found no-one there, don't despair. The venue printed in Broad-sheet No 87 was incorrect.

Dates and venues for all other meetings are correct but Thursday meetings begin at 7.30pm.

Term II Meetings: Arney Rd Teachers' Centre.

Saturday 6 June 9.30am-12.30pm.
Education and Employment.

Thursday 16 July 7.30pm-9.30pm
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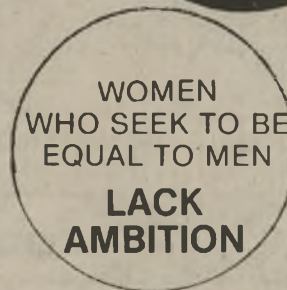


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lettering
on red

Button B:
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lettering
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Button C:
black
lettering
on lilac



PLUS! The old favourites

Button D: Question Authority — black lettering on cream

Button E: Woman's symbol — black on white

Button F: Uppity Women Unite — red on white

Button G: First you sink into his arms . . . then you end up with your arms in his sink — black lettering on hot pink

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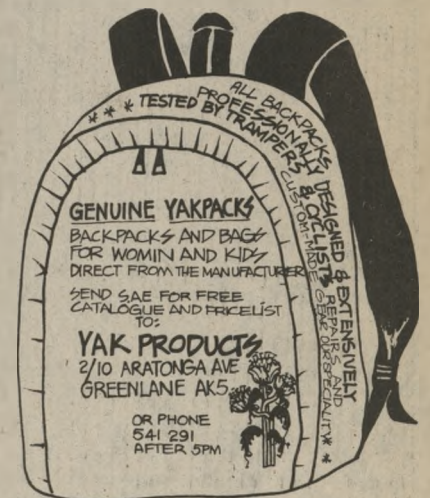
Send to: Broadsheet Buttons, P.O. Box 5799, Auckland.

WELLINGTON SOCIAL SERVICES GROUP

Some Wellington women who work in the health and social services (mostly social services so far, but all welcome), have been meeting to look at feminist issues relating to their work. There have been three meetings, with sixty women showing interest.

The larger group has defined some specific issues that small groups will study. These issues are: "Feminist Practice at Work"; "Law, Women and Social Work"; "Community Work and Feminism"; "The Working Women's Charter and Social Work"; and "A Feminist Resource Pamphlet".

The next meeting of the large group is at Crossways, Mt Victoria, 3.30pm on Monday June 8th. Anyone is welcome to attend. Enquiries to Kate, phone 882-468.



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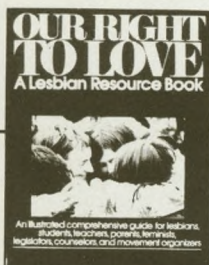
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NEW ZEALAND FICTION

Faces in the Water, by Janet Frame, just released in The Women's Press edition (\$8.50); Jean Watson's two novels *The World is an Orange* and *the Sun* (\$8.95 hbk) and *The Balloon Watchers* (\$3.95 pbk); a new edition of Robin Hyde's *The Godwits Fly* (\$6.95); Fiona Kidman's very readable *A Breed of Women* (\$4.95).



LESBIAN BOOKS

Our Right to Love: A Lesbian Resource Book edited by Ginny Vida (\$13.25); Del Martin and Phyllis Lyon's classic *Lesbian/Woman* for only \$4.35; and extra-cheap *We're here — Conversations with Lesbian women* by Angela Stewart-Park and Jules Cassidy for \$2.00; lesbian novels — Rita Mac Brown's *Six of One* (\$4.85); and Isabel Miller's classic *Patience and Sarah* (\$7.25).

NON-FICTION

Recently released *Women in New Zealand society* edited by Phillida Bunkle and Beryl Hughes (\$9.95); *Learning to Lose: Sexism in Education* by Dale Spender and Elizabeth Sarah (\$11.50); newly out *Women, Sex and Pornography* by Beatrice Faust (\$5.25) and on the same subject *Sex, Violence and the Media* by H.J. Eysenck and D.K.B. Nias (\$8.95); *Witchcraft in Britain* by Christina Hole and illustrated by Mervyn Peake for \$6.25; *The Fletcher Challenge* by Bruce Jesson (\$4.00); *My Mother Myself* by Nancy Friday (\$5.95).



HEALTH BOOKS

Very popular at the moment *Menstruation and Menopause* by Paula Weidger (\$4.60); *Fat is a Feminist issue* by Susie Orbach in hardback for only \$3.00; of course *Our bodies Ourselves* at \$10.45; *Understanding Cystitis* by Angela Kilmartin — the classic on the subject for \$3.95; *Complaints and Disorders* (\$5.25) and *Witches, Midwives and Nurses* (\$4.00) by Barbara Ehrenreich and Deidre English.



CHILDREN'S BOOKS

NZ contributions to non-sexist children's literature *The House That Grew* by Jean Strathdee (\$5.95 hbk) and *Grandma's Teeth* by Dinah Bradley (\$7.95); also all the Happy Families series of paperbacks at \$2.25 each which were reviewed in Broadsheet not so long ago; the wonderful *Meal One* by Ivor Cutler in paperback edition at \$2.95.

ART BOOKS

The 1980 LIP is in stock at \$7.95. This is a very attractive and profusely illustrated feminist journal of women in the visual and performing arts from Australia; we also stock the Wellington Women's Gallery catalogue from the Mothers exhibition at \$3.75 with writing, poems, paintings and a bibliography on the subject; *Women Artists* by Karen J. Petersen and J.J. Wilson gives a good coverage of the subject at \$13.95.

FICTION

Now in paperback *Burning Questions* by Alix Kates Shulman (\$5.95); also a very full range of works from Virginia Woolf, Miles Franklin, Beryl Bainbridge, Simone de Beauvoir, Doris Lessing, Fay Weldon, Cora Sandel, Jean Rhys, Margaret Drabble, Marge Piercy, Erica Jong, plus science fiction writers including Ursula Le Guin. Write or ring for titles and prices.

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