

ALL WAYS
A
WOMAN



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ALL WAYS A WOMAN

Volume I, #3, 1980

Editorial

We have been involved with Always a Woman since its conception in 1978. From that time, our publishing skills have grown and changed as has the written material. The biggest accomplishment was learning that publishing a magazine isn't as impossible as it had originally sounded and like anything else it takes hard work, planning and one step at a time.

The magazine is our creative endeavor and excites us as we see it take shape from talking about it to actually holding it in our hands. It is our hope that as you browse you will come across a poem, picture or prose piece that expresses something you have thought or felt in a new and meaningful way. If we can communicate in that way, we have fulfilled our purpose.

Professor Jo Gilliken, our faculty advisor and founder of the magazine has helped us along the way and made those dark times much brighter. Without her knowledge, endurance, inspiration and boundless energy, we might still be in the planning stages. She is a teacher in the truest sense of the word.

Another person who has continually given her help and energy is Regina T. Smith - our technical adviser. We have benefited greatly by her expertise.

Thank you Jo, Regina, our writers and illustrators and to you, our readers for this chance to reach you.

Donna Decker
Helen Decker
Barbara Nalewajk

T A B L E O F C O N T E N T S

Acknowledgements.....p. 1
 Editorial.....p. 2

P O E T R Y

LYNDA BLUM
 Somewhere in February.....p. 4
 From the Poetry of Anne Sexton.....p. 5
 Three Women Sat at a Table.....p. 5
 Unequal Modern Equations.....p. 6
 Amaretta.....p. 7
 Bless You, Salina.....p. 7
 We Ride Together.....p. 8
 "MOMA".....p. 9

DONNA DECKER
 Late for Opie--My Great Grandfather.....p.10
 Upon My Sister's Leaving.....p.11
 Haiku.....p.11

HELEN DECKER
 She's a Music Woman.....p.12
 This Woman.....p.13

DONNA FAHEY
 Spring.....p.14

M. ELIZABETH O'CONNOR
 A Caution to the Self-Pitying.....p.15
 The Beast of Burden.....p.16

DOUGLAS SCHWARTZ
 For \$35 a Month.....p.17
 Alphabet Soup.....p.17
 Silver Lake.....p.18
 Airport.....p.18

L. I. terMEULEN
 Girl.....p.19

P R O S E

VICKI ALBERTI
 The Ideas of the Contemporary Women's Movement.....p.20-44

SHIRLEY AVERSA
 The Last Challenge.....p.45

DONNA DECKER
 A Life of One's Own.....p.48

DEBRA OLSEN
 An Interview with Maria Mastropiero.....p.55

MARI HAYES WETTEREAU
 Woman and Her Symbols.....p.63

TOM DUNN: Back Cover
 BERNADETTE GOLDEN PANELLI: Illustrator
 MARLENE SUPERIOR: Front Cover

Somewhere in February I lost my soul

Somewhere in February I lost my soul

Positive the garbage men picked it up
Saturday morning at 10:15
I ran after them until I reached the flower market
in Mexico City. Rivera was painting murals on the lilies
and no one would speak to me except an Indian boy
whose penis bore the sign: "purified water"
Try the Sun Pyramid, he said. The tour bus was leaving
when my neighbor ran out of orange juice.
I arrived at night and the Sun Pyramid was closed.

A group of peasants near the Inca ruins
were cleaning their storm windows with purified water
from the Indian boy's penis, a sure sign of spring.
I was about to ask for my lost soul when the Rumba Dancers
from the hills of Toluca made me sing "My Romance."
I don't know all the words and it's not a rumba, I tell them.
Antonio, their leader, slaps my face and threatens to kill me.
He tells me my daughter isn't allowed in the temple
with red sneakers. I take her home. She changes to blue ones.

When I return, Antonio is waiting for me.
My left breast is singing "My Romance"
while my right breast does the rumba.
Antonio is ready to tell me where my soul is
but he finds it difficult to speak.

by Lynda Blum

Poem

From the poetry of Anne Sexton:

the two sisters came to curry favor
and the white dove pecked their eyes out.

and the white dove scratched their eyes out
scratched their eyes out
and tore their faces
their faces
and blood came
and blood dripped down
and they tasted the blood that dripped down
and the white dove tore their breasts
the white dove tore their breasts off
and he tasted the blood that dripped down
and he ate the blood and their breasts
the white dove ate their blood and tore their thighs
and they tasted the blood and opened their legs
wider
they tasted the blood that dripped down
and opened their legs wider.

Lynda Blum

Untitled

Three women sat at a table
discussing their fears
one was afraid to live
another was afraid to love
and the other was afraid
of being alone.
They decided
that the one who was afraid to live
should die,
the one who was afraid to love
should hate,
and the one who was afraid
of being alone
should become a poet.

Lynda Blum

Unequal Modern Equations

Tied to house and children bound
in eight foot walls, yellow kitchens, garage
doors. Metal. Stone. There is an antique island,
an eternal cabin in Vermont. A particular
hand made city carved in wood devoid of modern
structures, finished basements and which side

of the bed is yours. We stand in cement. On your side,
children carving letters in your skin. We are bound
as I sink in against you an unequal modern
equation that ends in subtracting garage
windows from the rest of the house a particular
carpenter's delight and me an island

in the living room. Middle class Staten Island
washes energy off its floors. Stand at the side
of my house and hear her scream particular
mad songs. Choking, vomiting she cannot bound
from the culture that keeps her head in a garage
until her husband King / Lord / Man / Modern

comes home. We are chained in present time. Modern,
without past or future. Visions of an island,
men who keep time in a garage
when they touch me. On Melba St., in side
a cylinder, women are bleeding. Blood bound
artists paint a particular

moon sign. Hunchback and Saint particular
phases in the wheel. A modern
invention. I go forward, back. Bound
to the men of this island.
No woman is free. We crawl from side
to side, animals in a garage,

journal keepers. Energy imprisoned in a garage,
our backs on a car ramp waiting for your particular
praise. And what if we turn on our side
and face ourselves convinced that modern
sisters need no men on their island
The lie, that in each other we are not bound,

will give us strength to bound through the garage
only to end on another island where particular
women deform from bending to the modern side.

by Lynda Blum

Amaretta

inside the lobster, I look for images.
Larry thinks I'm a pig for ordering two
and punishes me by not accepting a taste.
George says I'm a princess. He would like to sleep with me.
Janet sits up straight attempting to intimidate me with her
tremendous breasts. She doesn't like fish. George kisses her.

The lobster whispers to me. I'm not in the mood and cover his
tail with butter sauce. Frigid bitch hypocrite, he yells, and
threatens to call the Rabbi. I tell him I have my period.
He quiets down. That is how we separate the men from the boys I say.

George and I do the mambo
while Larry and Janet
like two baby red lobsters
make love on the couch.

Lynda Blum

Bless You, Salina

From place to different
place hidden
beneath behind
a photograph
you dance on the mat
you were born on

jarring and turning
in a night garden woven
of rust
and russet

until the voice becomes
louder and
more emphatic,
the mountain unruly
and the wind lies flat against your running.

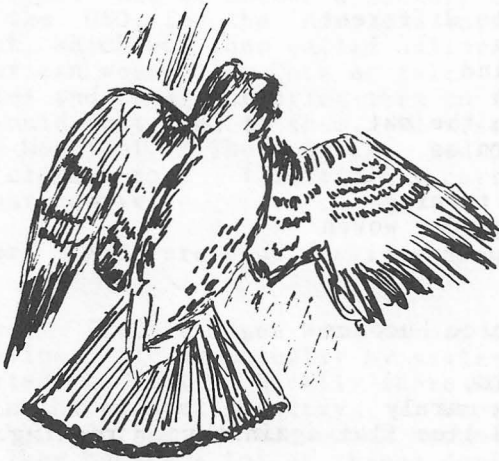
Lynda Blum

Untitled

We ride together, the last stop hers
an old woman sleeps in the sand
I am 23 that summer. Long haired and thin.
She would stare at my thighs
then look down at her own grey legs
legs that were layered
layered and peeling like old wallpaper.
If I looked at her, she would turn to her shopping bags
filled with old newspapers. Her quilt to cover in the sand.

She would say
this is what age is
age is wondering when your thighs last opened.

We ride together, the last stop hers
and I never smiled or said goodnight.



1.
"Moma"

Listen Mister
that goddamn museum
is bullshit

the only thing
I ever liked about it
was the yellow taxi
squashed
the way my mother
squashed my hand
when she was angry

its gone now
replaced
by the lead pipe
on the floor

a sculpture

Listen Mister
There is no art
in a tomb

the art teacher
knows it
he's paid to lecture

"it's the action
the action

notice the blue
and yellow"

the guard knows
as he watches the
museum walkers
carefully pacing
their steps from picture
to picture

Listen Mister
animals in the zoo
along with stares
and evil pranks of children
are at least fed
twice daily

by Lynda Blum

Late for Opie- my Great Grandfather

I walk the beach alone-late afternoon in April.
With smells of an unsmothered fire, you appear.
Good. There is something I want to tell you.

I sneaked out of your funeral early.
changed in my car into dungarees,
and drove out to the beach to find my young lover.

You had quickly receded.

Now you've returned. I have regained my chance
to shake you on your deathbed and cry

Rage!

You jump up, no more the frail slight old skeleton of a man,
pick the heaviest bowling ball
teach me to eagle-eye the pins,
grinning while I beat the boys.

I kiss your unshaven hollow cheek,
listen carefully to one more fishing story
and say,

"I had to laugh at that dummy they left in your casket.

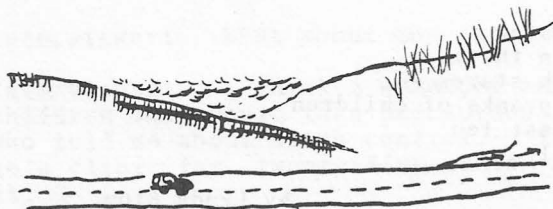
Grandpa and your favorite dog had died earlier that year
and I could no longer grieve for anyone who left me,
barely crying in the hallway when they told me you had gone.

Screaming now,
in case you're still deaf,
like you,
when you yelled,

"Horses, Horses, Horses, ta-da-da Horses!"
at the top of your lungs
in jump-rope rhythm.

Yell for me, Opie.
Sing it again.

Donna Decker



Upon my Siter's Leaving

Black as pitch island-
lit on one end-
red light shining between the blinks.

It's 30^o. Four days before Christmas.
I stand alone on the edge of this ferry
and begin to nurse what is real.

You are leaving me.

The breath's caught in my throat.
It won't be born and remains there-
a warped, strangled cry.
A cry for you sister, disguised for you alone.

I dance my death chant on the edge of the ferry.
I chant and hum and walk round in circles.
I read poems about crushed hen's bones,
poems about tearing open wounds,
splitting bellies-
guts spill out all bloody.

Your face passes, looming close,
floating like a drifting cloud.

I smother it in the boat's wake.

Donna Decker

Haiku

I

You a feather,
brush my cheek
float by,
Stealing my peace.

II

Kiss my head sun.
Dusk is comming to the city.

Donna Decker

Untitled

She's a music woman-
got piano keys for fingers-
cymbals for breasts-
got a small brown monkey that cranks a box for pennies.

Her two legs are dancing partners doing the tango on the patio.
Nighttime, the stars drop swings for them to sit on and kiss-
knock knees.

She's got a flute for a mouth.
Listen to her play Pied Piper down Madison Avenue.
All the children come from behind cement gates to follow and whisper-
"Lady, Lady, your slip's hanging."

In local bars she'd sit on the corner stool,
finish up five glasses of Chablis and say,
"Misters, I got a song for you."

"Ha Ha- Look at the lady fool."

She'd play an um-pa-pa tune
and tell about her daddy
and her gypsy mama with the gold earrings.

"Ha Ha- Look at the lady fool."

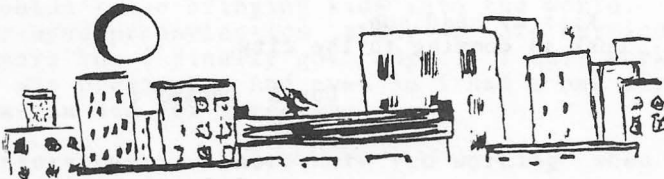
The finale was always how the lumberjack next door
wanted to marry her.
But she was a dove, "fragile and white" she said,
and she had wings while he had axes.

"Ha Ha- Look at the lady fool,"
they all yell out the door when she leaves.

She claps for herself all the way home
and inside she has a twenty-five year old lover
who plays with her hair at night.

She's a music woman.
Goes on the roof at night-
spot-light moon-
her shadow passes through the neighbors' windows.

Helen Decker



Untitled

This woman I'm telling you about
calls herself a poet.

A wounded woman-
who lived outside by the water in a cement shed.

At night he'd come to the shed door
with a tray of food-
leave it there and knock.

She'd look out the window and watch the man walk away,
watch her breasts grow as the moon became full
and then watch it shimmer down into a sliver.

She called the moon- Mama.

I asked her, "When did you come out?"

"When the moon was full
and my breasts full with milk
and my womb full with blood.
I'd open the shed door
and run to the water
feeling shells under my feet
and slime rub against my thighs-
when I swam far enough
I'd turn on my back and howl-
feel the blood stir from the end of my toes-
ripple in the water
echo in the night.
I'd look to his bedroom window.
He'd be scanning the backyard with a flashlight.
The morning after he'd forget my breakfast,
come around noon.
He'd say,
"Them werewolves were out back last night-
you better lock this door tonight-
you hear?"

by Helen Decker

Spring

I lay dormant, waiting for you.
Bare branches echo my emotions,
arteries without a pulse.
Roots that will extend no further into the cold, hard ground.
The cold whiteness covers me
and hides my inner beauty.
No one can see what I can produce,
for in this cold, hard, winter, I produce nothing.
Somehow the visions of what could be come to me
and through the darkness, I feel you.
Your bright warmth melting my snow, softening my soil.
My arteries pulsate life throughout my body.
My branches now bud under your mellow passions.
Creativity begins to return to me.
My beauty is no longer hidden but now displayed.

Donna Fahey

A Caution to the Self-Pitying

To wallow in woe
Is fatal you know.
It's pleasing to Satan
Who's gleefully waiting
With quivering jowl
Your earthly withdrawal.

M. Elizabeth O'Connor

The Beast of Burden

I am the beast of burden.
Along with other beasts I labor
In environs about Mount Tabor.
We carry people and their stuff
From place to place, o'er smooth and rough.

Today a fellow rented me.
How gentle and soft-spoken he
Who had been summoned by command
To take an economic stand
In one set place where all must tell
They're very much alive and well.

Officialdom brooks no delay.
We both set forth at dawn of day.
Joined by a third, most fair of face
Imbued it seemed by endless grace.

We met a cold, impersonal frown
On reaching the appointed town
No traveller could hope to stay
Where FILLED UP signs were on display.

Now as we moved from house to house
I sensed that something was amiss.
My master ran from place to place
Where doors were shuttered in his face.

His final effort raised the ire
Of one lone landlord, filled with fire
Of anger; until he could see
The measure of our misery.

con't

He placed us in an empty lot
Adjacent to his sumptuous plot.

There a male child was born to the
second traveller. As the boy entered
the world, we were enraptured by
celestial melody; the ground around all
was enveloped in ethereal radiance. Time
held its breath. Presently there came
a handful of field beasts with shepherds
who claimed to have heard an Angel of God.

While back at the palace:

Great Herod Antipas soaked his head.
Forgetting to wet with wine his bread
And well he might in terror groan:
"Who dares to knock me off my throne?"

Meanwhile in Rome:

Augustus, reviewing his taxpayers' list,
Discovered one entry so odd.
He roared "Who among you blasphemes my name?"
While pointing his pencil to God.

M. Elizabeth O'Connor

For \$35.00 a Month

In my room
Cracks flow across the wall
Like veins draining my life away
Splintered mirrors
Look for lights to reflect
Neighbors pound on the wall
As Mozart jumps around the room
The gas left three days ago
Frozen bathroom pipes
Burst like bloated bellies of dead rats
My phone dies
Alone in the silence of debtor's prison

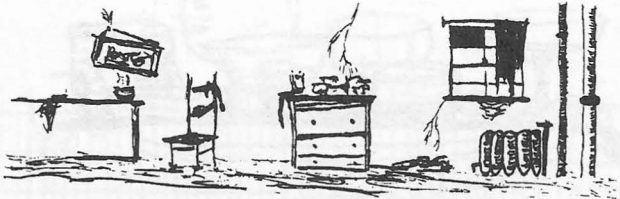
And to think Theresa left
Because she found this place dull

Douglas Schwartz

Alphabet Soup

Her voice
Drifted across the broken formica
Through a table setting of realities
Cracked plates, unmatched utensils, tired chairs
She spoke of dinner out
Her words surrounding everything
Demanding recognition
But I was so broke
I couldn't even pay attention

Douglas Schwartz



Silver Lake

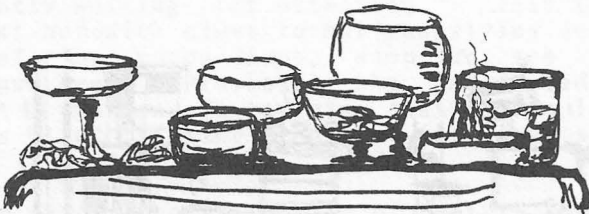
At sunset
In the tarnished lake mirror
I could see his hands
Struggling to carve rough wood
Into strong beautiful horses
Ready to ride us
To decent meals in well lit rooms
With glasses of golden wine
Precious alcohol preserves
Both the living and the dead

Douglas Schwartz

Airport

Her solid facade was dissolving
In the quicklime of green mixed drinks
After awhile you could see it
Sara wants to love Gods
Not men
She talks for hours
Her flailing arms
Gesturing wildly
Calling in heavy aircraft
Filled with empty dreams
Into the barren field
Of her emotions

Douglas Schwartz





Girl

I know things
I have secret
places to hide
the things I
know in and
you will never
find me. Look.

I see things
I have special
eyes all over
my self for
seeing the things
you will never
know about. So.

I have things
I have sacred
objects to hide
in all the
secret places that
only I can
see with my
special eyes. There.

L.I. terMeulen

THE IDEAS OF THE CONTEMPORARY WOMEN'S MOVEMENT

by Vicki Alberti

Feminism didn't totally die in the years following 1920; it just lay dormant, buried in other issues. The depression of the 30's, the threat of fascism, the Cold War, and McCarthyism, distracted and smothered any possible women's liberation causes. However, in the early 1960's a new feminism arose, one with new focuses and stronger determination than ever before.

This rebirth began among middle class women (students and housewives) who had some time, money, and education. Beginning with the civil rights and anti-war causes they gradually progressed to more self-oriented activities. Formal equality was no longer the issue, for these women recognized that equal rights in the public arena was not enough. Male dominance and female subordination have shaped the new movement. The identity which society has assigned women is being challenged by four distinct groups: Conservative, androgynous, socialist and radical. These groups within the movement all advocate full freedom for women. However, these four feminist groups differ in their analysis of the origins of women's oppression, of why the inferior status of women has persisted, and of the techniques for the changes needed to end sexism.

The treatment of women (mostly students) active in the civil rights and anti-war movements caused those women to become aware of their inferior status. Young women were drawn to the movements for the same reasons as men were. According to Barbara Easton, "They were outraged at a society that professed democratic and humanitarian principles while practicing racism and military aggression." 1. Within the movements women were forced to take a back seat. Stokely Carmichael, as quoted by Germaine Greer in her book *The Female Eunuch*, said: "The only position for women in S.N.C.C. (Student Non-Violent Coordinating Committee) is prone (lying face down)." 2 Thus in the name of fighting for the liberation of people at home and abroad women were being asked to subordinate themselves to the male leaders. Sure they were useful at the typewriter, the mimeograph machine, in the kitchen, and in bed, but all policy-making decisions were men's affairs. Even women's complaints of their treatment weren't taken seriously. According to Barbara Deckard:

The women in these groups found again and again that men considered their complaints trivial. Bringing up the women's issue is "bourgeois," the women were told; it diverts attention from the real problems. A paper written by two SNCC women in 1965 produced such reaction from male radicals, "Catcalls, storms of ridicule and verbal abuse" -- "She just needs a good screw" -- greeted attempts to bring up the women's issue at a 1965 SDS conference. Women demanding attention to women's liberation at an SDS convention in 1966 "were pelted with tomatoes and thrown out of the convention. 3

Another inequality that was contributing to the new awareness of their inferior status was that in the fifties and sixties women were attending college in greater numbers than ever before. They were receiving the same professional training as men but were being forced after graduation to make a choice between raising a family or having a career. There was no such thing as doing both. More importantly, women were expected to become "the happy housewife," and find fulfillment in their role as mothers and wives. Some educated and some uneducated women, who "chose family instead of career, found themselves quite discontented. And when they went to work either by choice or need, they found themselves discriminated against because of their sex. According to Barbara Deckard: "Whatever a woman's education, when she entered the labor force she encountered discrimination. She made less money than a man with the same education, and her chances of promotion were much less." 4 Not only were women discriminated against in the labor force, they were still fundamentally responsible for homemaking and childrearing even if they worked outside of the home. This doubled their burden.

The hypocrisy women faced in the new left, their experience as "the happy housewife," and their economic experience in the work force created a lot of discontent among women and a women's movement began to emerge. Four ideologies all dealing with women's status have mushroomed and are important to understanding contemporary feminism.

To present conservative or middle of the road feminism, which seems to have mushroomed out of the discrepancy between the reality of women's lives and the image to which they were trying to conform that of "the happy housewife," I am going to use Betty Friedan's book The Feminine Mystique. It represents the middle-class wing of the movement's analysis of the origin of women's oppression, the results of it, why it has persisted, and what can be done to liberate women.

According to Betty Friedan, the root cause of women's oppression lay in what she calls the "feminine mystique," which says:

that the highest value and the only commitment for women is the fulfillment of their own femininity...femininity is so mysterious and intuitive and close to the creation and origin of life that man-made science may never be able to understand it. But however special and different, it is in no way inferior to the nature of man; it may even in certain respects be superior. The mistake, says, the mystique, the root of women's troubles in the past is that women envied men, women tried to be like men, instead of accepting their own nature, which can find fulfillment only in sexual passivity, male domination, and nurturing maternal love. 5

This old prejudice that the earlier feminists fought hard to destroy, reappeared in the 1940's and derived its power from Freudian thought. Freud's definition of the sexual nature of woman gave the mystique its authority. The concept of "penis envy" was accepted as all that was wrong with women. "It was woman's nature to be ruled by man, and her sickness to envy him."6 According to Freud:

"Normal" femininity is achieved, only insofar as the woman finally renounces all active goals of her own, all her own "originality," to identify and fulfill herself through the activities and goals of husband, or son. 7

The many popularizers, sociologists, educators, ad-agency manipulators, magazine writers, cocktail-party authorities all seized on this analysis of women without even knowing it. 8. This forced many women into the role of full-time housewife. For women learnt from all these agents that force feed them, that they were to concern themselves solely with their husbands, their children, and happiness in their role. Domesticity was a woman's purpose in life. (Women who sought careers were considered to be neurotic, unfeminine, and unhappy. "Career woman" became a dirty word.) 9

However, the opposite occurred. Those women who bought the mystique were finding themselves hopelessly neurotic and devoid of any kind of happiness. And they couldn't understand why. They had everything that they ever dreamed of. They were married, had four children, and lived in a nice suburban home. They were an equal partner to a man and

were "free," free to choose automobiles, clothes, appliances, and supermarkets." 10 Yet there was this yearning, this unexplainable yearning that each wife struggled with alone.

As she made the beds, shopped for groceries, matched slipcover material, ate peanut butter sandwiches with her children, chauffeured Cub Scouts and Brownies, lay beside her husband at night-she was afraid to ask even herself the silent question -- "Is this all?" 11

Women were ashamed to admit their dissatisfaction with their vocation, for "What kind of woman was she if she did not feel this mysterious fulfillment waxing the kitchen floor?" 12, Thus, women never knew that they weren't alone, that other women shared the same problem. The problem with no name."

According to Friedan, "The problem with no name," is actually a lack of self, which is a direct result of trying to conform to the feminine mystique.

The feminine mystique permits, even encourages, women to ignore the question of their identity. The mystique says they can answer the question "Who am I?" by saying "Tom's wife... Mary's mother." 13

More importantly, in terms of the feminine mystique, women are not expected to grow up to find out who they are, to choose their human identity. "Anatomy is woman's destiny, say the theorists of femininity, the identity of women is determined by her biology." 14 So those women who choose the path of "feminine adjustment," never grow up and end up lost, confused, lonely, angry, a stranger to themselves, but with babies, husbands, and homes.

The mystique has also had a powerful effect on young girls. They saw their mothers and recognized that they didn't want to become like them, even though they loved them, they felt they would succeed where their mothers failed, and would fulfill themselves as women, never reading the lesson of their mother's lives. 15 The terror of becoming like their mothers also made them afraid to grow up. It caused them to retreat from all things inside themselves and the opportunities that would have made them different women. Such was the case of this seventeen-year-old girl:

Lately, I look into the mirror, and I'm so afraid I'm going to look like my mother. It frightens me, to catch myself being like her in gestures or speech or anything, I'm not like her in so many ways, but if I'm like her in this one way perhaps I'll turn out like my mother after all. And that terrifies me... And finally, in panic at losing herself, she turned her back on her own popularity and defied the conventional good behavior that would have won her a college scholarship. For lack of an image that would help her grow up as a woman true to herself, she retreated into the beatnik vacuum. 16.

This waste of human self is perpetuated and kept into existence by America itself. The real business of America is business. Our industrial culture is dependent upon women as consumers to keep the economy functioning. The purpose of the mass media and advertising is to sell products through persuasion. And it will use any device to secure consumers. The media's overwhelming ability to manipulate produces uncontrollable fear by exploiting personal needs and possible shortcomings and then it offers heavy product consumption as a relief, an answer to all problems, including close relationships that of family, love, and friendship. Advertising distorts and degrades all human values for its own ends. And "femininity makes women the best targets and victims of the sexual sell." 17.

To their own profit, and that of their clients, the manipulators discovered that millions of supposedly happy housewives have complex needs which home-and-family, love and children cannot fill. 18.

And it is believed that, properly manipulated, "American housewives can be given the sense of identity, purpose, creativity, the self-realization, even the sexual joy they lack--by the buying of things." 19.

However, the advertisers that glorify the role of the housewife in order to sell washing machines, cake mixes, deodorants, detergents, face creams, hair dyes, know that her lack of identity in that role will get her to buy, buy, buy; they even get her to buy the image. And so a whole lifestyle is created for her. Thus, the condition of women is perpetuated and kept in existence. Women chained to the pursuit of sexual fulfillment, motherhood, and the possession of material things ultimately evade human growth.

To end this oppression which has buried millions of women alive, women must make the effort to become full human beings. Women must find meaningful work outside of the home. Work away from home has been the long-standing means by which men have been able to test and evaluate who they are and thereby achieve identity. And it was women who made the "mistaken choice" not to. According to Friedan:

A mystique does not compel its own acceptance. For the feminine mystique to have "brainwashed" American women of nonsexual human purposes for more than fifteen years, it must have filled real needs in those who seized on it for others and those who accepted it for themselves. 20.

And at the time the feminine mystique was accepted, there was a real emptiness. Due to the depression, the war, and the atom bomb, people were struck with the uncertainty of a cold and changing world. Home and children were a comforting reality to both men and women. Moreover, it was easier for women to think about love and sex rather than about communism, McCarthy, or the bomb. Thus, many women avoided "personal commitment to truth in a catch-all commitment to 'home' and 'family'". 21.

Therefore, it is essential for women to take advantage of their education and use their creative energy for responsible work in society. If they don't they will forfeit their own humanity. According to Friedan:

It was not a minor matter, their mistaken choice. We now know that the same range of potential ability exists for women as for men. Women, as well as men, can only find their identity in work that uses their full capacities. A woman cannot find her identity through others--her husband, her children. She cannot find it in the dull routine of housework. As thinkers of every age have said, it is only when a human being faces squarely the fact that he can forfeit his own life, that he becomes truly aware of himself, and begins to take his existence seriously. Sometimes this awareness comes from a more subtle facing of death: the death of self in passive conformity, in meaningless work. The feminine mystique prescribes just such a living death for women. Faced with the slow death of self, the American woman must take her life seriously. 22.

To present androgynous feminism, which seems to have mushroomed out of the discrepancy between the reality of women's sexuality and the image to which they were trying to conform, that of "the stereotype," I am going to use Germaine Greer's book The Female Eunuch. It also represents the more moderate wing of the movement's analysis of the origin of women's oppression, the results of it, why it has persisted, and what can be done to liberate women.

According to Germaine Greer, the root cause of women's oppression lay in society's stereotyped attitudes about women's identity. This stereotype, the Eternal Feminine, is the dominant image of femininity that rules our culture and one which all women are conditioned to aspire to. It says:

She is the Sexual Object sought by all men, and by all women. She is of neither sex, for she herself has no sex at all. Her value is solely attested by the demands she excites in others. All she must contribute is her existence. She need achieve nothing, for she is the award of achievement. She need never give positive evidence of her moral character because virtue is assumed from her loveliness, and her passivity...Innocently she may drive men to madness and war. The more trouble she can cause, the more her stocks go up, for possession of her means more the more demand she excites. 23.

To go further, "she must be young, her body hairless, her flesh buoyant, and she must not have a sexual organ."²⁴ In essence, she is a castrated female a female eunuch. In this state, a woman cannot experience personal freedom, for she is thrown into a continuous and eventually irreversible system of repression, which has its side effects.

According to Greer, her castration, which is the denial of female sexuality and the substitution of femininity or sexlessness, begins at birth. As a baby, she is rewarded and encouraged into certain styles of femininity. She is dressed in pink, frilly, and fragile dresses, and is punished if she ruins them. She is told how pretty she is, that she is Daddy's little girl, and bows are put in her hair. One of her first discoveries is how to be coy and winsome to get what she wants, and how to wrap Daddy around her little finger. She is praised for this kind of behavior and encouraged to exploit her cuteness. Whereas, if boys try to use this kind of manipulation to get what they want, they are cut off right away.

She is also taught her place early in life.

While little boys are learning about groups and organizations, as well as the nature of the world outside their homes, little girls are at home, keeping quiet, playing with dolls, and dreaming, or helping mother. 25.

This is all justified in the name of protection. She is told that the world is a dangerous place and that she should be wary of "strangers." Thus, the little girl learns to amuse herself in menial tasks and games and to fear and distrust the world at large for reasons never clearly stated. Moreover, if a "stranger" (sexual deviate) does do something odd to her, she becomes too frightened and guilty, as well as too worried about the effect on her parents, to tell them. 26.

When she goes to school, she learns to use her energy (which Greer defines as resource, application, initiative, ambition, desire, and motive) to suppress herself, "to be good and keep quiet, and remember what she is hearing and doing." 27 As a result, the sensual and the intellectual are separated and if women do go on to become "intellectuals," they are repressed, intense, inefficient, and servile.

The little girl also must learn to suppress her passionate and intense feelings toward other girls, especially toward the one girl to whom she confides "sexual curiosity and forbidden knowledge." 28. Thus, gradually she learns to disown her own feelings which in Greer's words "brings her much further on the way to the feminine pattern of shallow response combined with deep reserve." 29.

The heaviness of maternal pressure in little girls to be neat and sneaking is very often met with the same degree of resistance. The growing girl may refuse to keep her room neat, insist on mucking about with boyish affairs, even to the extent of joining a male group and fighting to maintain her place in it by being twice as tough as any of the boys. She may lose all her hankies and hair-ribbons, rip her knickers climbing trees, and swear and swagger with the best of them. 30.

This rough stage labels the girl as a "tomboy." However, she soon learns that this kind of vigorous behavior is not advantageous, for the pattern of reward is still kept

up. She will get pretty clothes and shoes to wear on the weekends or other outings only if she acts like a "girl," not for climbing trees.

As she grows older, her activities are even more curbed. She is told that she is "too old for that sort of thing now." 31 She is pushed into an almost shameful sort of womanhood. Forced to smother her energy into passivity she sometimes explodes into infantile and destructive behavior, or becomes sullen and clumsy. However, despite her energy-draining daily conflicts she still has enough to find an adventuresome outlet. One such outlet is horses:

For many girls who are beginning to get the picture about the female role, horse-riding is the only opportunity they will ever have to use their strong thighs to embrace, to excite, and to control...it is part and parcel of her desire to perform some great heroism, to be free and noble. 32.

Once a girl reaches puberty her struggle to hold on to her desires peaks. Puberty, a time when boys' and girls' bodies go through a lot of physical changes, signifies the presence of sex and genitality, as well as frustration of genital urges. For a boy, it is a matter of adjusting to these changes, for a girl, it is a matter of arriving at the feminine condition of passivity and sexlessness, and the effects of such repression are devastating.

No sooner does her pubic hair appear than she has to learn to obliterate it. Menstruation must be borne and belied. She has been so protected from accepting her body as sexual that her menstruation strikes her as a hideous violation of her physical integrity, however well she has been prepared for it. All her conflicts come to roost. If she cannot strike an equilibrium between her desires and her conditioning this is when she breaks down, runs away, goes wrong, begins to fail in school, to adopt forms of behavior which are not only anti-social but self-destructive. 33.

The conflict between her desires and what she is "supposed" to be steadily erodes her personality. She becomes full of sexual guilt and anxiety, defensive, suspicious, antagonistic, out of the fear of not measuring up to the feminine ideal. She is well aware that her desires are not "supposed" to exist and struggles to deny them. Such was the case of this young girl:

I have a worry which is too embarrassing for me to seek advice of my mother. I sometimes feel very lonely for a boy friend. I yearn for an experience which I have never known. I know I am very young to be talking about this sort of thing as I am only thirteen but I can't help it and it reduces me to despair when I think I have so long to wait. Please don't advise me to forget this desire because I can't however much I try. My mind runs on it most of the time. Please help me. 34.

This is also a time when she is expected to start dealing with men. She is encouraged to use her feminine charm, to be coy and alluring to attract men, and at the same time she must channel her passionate desires into passive fantasies. Consequently, she becomes this passive sexual object which leaves her vulnerable to boys who take extraordinary liberties with her, while she seeks nothing for herself.

Essentially, by the end of puberty, the young girl learns to abandon her autonomy and adapt to the role of the eunuch. She has always been subjected to more control and supervision than that of her brother, but from here on she is expected to continue her repression herself. As a result, she is locked into a psychological state of anxiety, unhappiness, and confusion. According to Greer,

Her sufferings do not stem from her failure to grow up into mature womanhood, but from her striving against what prevents her from living and working with her own powers. 35.

This conditioning persists because old prejudices about woman have not been eradicated. Still considered a sexual object, it has been believed that a woman is "more body than soul, more soul than mind. To her belongs all that is beautiful, even the very word beauty itself. All that exists, exists to beautify her." 36 She has become a showcase and symbol of her man's wealth. According to Greer:

The men of civilization have stripped themselves of the fineries of the earth so that they might work more freely to plunder the universe for treasures to deck my lady in. New raw materials, new processes, new machines are all brought into her services. My lady must therefore be the chief spender as well as the chief symbol of spending and monetary success. 37.

Her beauty has also been celebrated in art and poetry, in terms of riches. According to Greer:

Her hair was gold wines, her brow ivory, her lips ruby, her teeth gates of pearl, her breasts alabaster veined with lapis lazuli, her eyes as black as jet. The fragility of her loveliness was emphasized by the inevitable comparisons with the rose, and she, was urged to employ her beauty in lovemaking before it withered on the stem. 38.

Men have never looked upon females as persons, but as "women." Moreover, men still reward women for the characteristics of the eunuch--that of shyness, listlessness, delicacy, undecisiveness, helplessness, and prudish refinement.

To end this oppression, women must challenge the stereotype because the false ideas about women are so embedded in our culture that no legislation could ever remove them. Thus, women must begin, not by changing the world but by assessing themselves. They must question the assumptions of sexuality and must refuse to conform to the sexual stereotype of passivity. By not cooperating in the building of a system that oppresses them, they can destroy it. According to Greer:

Revolution ought to entail the correction of some of the false perspectives which our assumptions about womanhood, sex, love and society have combined to create. Tentatively it gestures towards the redeployment of energy, no longer to be used in repression, but in desire, movement and creation. Sex must be rescued from the traffic between powerful and powerless, masterful and mastered, sexual and neutral, to become a form of communication between potent, gentle, tender people, which cannot be accomplished by denial of heterosexual contact. The Ultra-feminine must refuse any longer to countenance the self-deception of the Omnipotent Administrator, not so much by assailing him as by freeing herself from the desire to fulfill his expectations. It might be expected that men would resist female liberation because it threatens the foundations of phallic narcissism, but there are indications that men themselves are seeking a more satisfying role. If women liberate themselves, they will perhaps liberate their oppressors... 39.

Furthermore, once women free themselves from guilt and shame, and the self-discipline of repression, and move on to a self-chosen discipline or activity, they will receive their just reward--a sense of purpose and integrity. To take full possession of her own body and transform its power and appreciate its own loveliness, is the only road to liberation.

To present socialist feminism, which mushroomed out of the hypocrisy of the new left and the discontent of working women, I am going to use Juliet Mitchell's book Woman's Estate. It represents the more radical socio-economic wing of the movement's analysis of the origin of woman's oppression, the results of it, why it has persisted, and what can be done to liberate women.

According to Juliet Mitchell, the root cause of women's oppression lay in their situation within the family. The ideology of women combined with the concept of the family, has relegated women to their own province--the family, and has obscured their servility in the work force.

A woman, alike the world over, eternally the same...Likewise the family is of a unit that endures across time and space...Within its supposed permanent structure, eternal women finds her place...Mother and child, a woman's place... her natural destiny. 40.

This ideology derives its power from women's assumed physical weakness and her ability to bear children. the causal chain of oppression according to Mitchell, goes: maternity, family, absence from production (work) and public life, sexual inequality. 41 If women are either denied or they themselves refuse, a role in production (whatever the mode) they don't even create the pre-condition of their liberation, for they become socially powerless--dependent on men to survive. In essence, they become an oppressed group (which is half the human species) within an exploited and oppressed class. However, in capitalist society, women's presence in the work force cannot even begin to diminish their oppression on the whole, for women tend to bring their familiar conditioning with them into the work force. As a result, they never develop a class consciousness, which is needed as one of the first steps in a capitalist society to overcome the oppression of all people.

In capitalist society, women's role in the family has, argues Mitchell, become "the spiritual complement of men's role in production." 42. Bearing children, rearing them, and maintaining the home is woman's natural vocation. This equal-but-separate role has had disastrous effects on women.

This restrictive, though honorable role denies women the opportunity to work at some meaningful employment outside the home. As much as labor has become alienated from the workers, it still can be an act of real creativity even though the conditions are exploitative. As a result, often the child, the biological product, is treated as if it were a product--an object created by the mother. In the same way that a product is seen as an extension of self, so is the child to the mother. This has a more alienating effect the social product that is confiscated by a boss. For a child, as an autonomous being, is going to be in opposition with its creator. Thus posing a threat to the mother herself, who has abandoned her autonomy through the misconception that motherhood is a definition of woman.

To go further, even if the mother is in control of the child, she and the child are still at the mercy of the father, who has legal and economic control over them. The benefits men receive from this position of women is clear. Their children are taken care of, their houses are clean as well as their clothes, and their dinners are on the table when they come home from work at 5:00. Moreover, for men, their homes have become this haven, an escape from the outside world. At home they can find relaxation and truly be themselves.

When we come home, we lay aside our masks and drop our tools, and are no longer lawyers, sailors, statemen, clergymen, but only men. We fall into our most human relations which after all are the whole of what belongs to us as we are ourselves. 43.

If a woman's definition of self is derived from having a baby, it is in bringing the child up that a woman achieves her social definition. Mother-care has become a celebrated social act.

For the mother, breast-feeding becomes a complement to the act of creation. It gives her a heightened sense of fulfillment and allows her to participate in a relationship as close to perfection as any that a woman can hope to achieve...

the simple fact of giving birth, however, does not itself fulfill this need and longing... Motherliness is a way of life. It enables a woman to express her total self with the tender feelings, the protective attitudes, the encompassing love of the motherly woman. 44.

The physical, moral, and sexual welfare of the child through adolescence is also placed solely on the mother. If the child goes "wrong," the mother gets all the blame.

A woman's inequality in this monogamous set-up is obscured by the free marital contract, just as workers' inequality is obscured by the free labor contract. In reality, a woman, when she marries, becomes her man's sexual possession. One-to-one equality is just a phrase. Frederick Engel's comment on the monogamous relationship is precise:

Monogamy does not by any means make its appearance in history as the reconciliation of man and woman, still less as the highest form of such a reconciliation. On the contrary, it appears as the subjugation of one sex by the other, as the proclamation of a conflict between the sexes entirely unknown hitherto in pre-historic times.45.

In essence, "the patriarchal system was retained and maintained by the new economic mode of production--capitalism," which ultimately completed the transition to monogamy and the family as we know it today. 46.

As for those many women who, in spite of their rearing to be mothers and wives, are nevertheless working outside of the home, it is their familiar role that determines the jobs that they seek, their relationship to the job, and their relationship with their co-workers. This ultimately leads to the obscurity of women's subservience and exploitation in the work force.

Women, reared as helpmates, rarely seek jobs that aren't "helpmate" positions. Most women work as unskilled or semi-skilled industrial labor, mainly in areas that are an extension of housework--such as food clothing, and textiles, or as clerical assistants, within the professional and scientific and distributive trades. 47. These jobs are mostly done by women and are grossly underpaid. But because they work with women and because they are reared to think of themselves first as mothers and wives, the women

give their jobs little importance, especially when compared to their husbands. The job is a chance to get out of the isolation of the home, and co-workers are merely friendly companions with whom to chat and giggle. Hence, if you ask a woman if she wants equal pay, she'd probably say no and give the excuse that "it wouldn't be fair, men do heavier work, we don't want to take away from their pay-pocket, they are the breadwinners, we work for extras." 48. They never see that wages aren't geared to people's needs but to profits.

Furthermore, because women do not consider their jobs important and do not recognize their co-workers as potential comrades to unite with in struggle. They do not strike nor do they join unions. And the working class struggle (if you can call it that) has mainly been through union activity from which women thus far have been excluded.

This hinderance of women has been to the advantage of profits. Women are, to the capitalists, a permanent cheap labor force. Moreover, employers find it advantageous to hire women, for they will do the most monotonous work, under the worst conditions, and can be shifted from job to job all without complaining. A foreman of a factory explained it:

Ask a man to shift and by the time he's finished arguing, the job could have been done; you see he wastes time and loses money by changing jobs. Now a woman, you can move her as much as you want and she'll never complain, she'll just get on with whatever she's told to do. Seen but not heard. 49.

Women in the professions, usually work in female-dominated jobs that are also service oriented such as teaching and nursing. Here the prestige is low; in fact, the whole profession is downgraded. When women become doctors and lawyers they are considered "exceptional women," and are thus isolated in a "man's world."

Through the educational system, which varies according to the demands of the market, a woman also learns her place in life. Sexual discrimination is masked as "differentiation" in the system. According to Mitchell:

In subjects at secondary school and in institutions of higher education, a girl's career is a downhill struggle, a denial of her potentialities. The system is one of progressively contracting opportunity. The social climate and social order determine the attitudes of parents, teachers, and girls alike in such a way as to offer an increasingly confined future. 50.

Young girls, non-academic and academic alike, are channeled away from "male subjects, such as the sciences--physics and chemistry--and steered into the "female" subjects. For the academic girls, this means that they won't be given the chance to become scientists in the age of science and technology, but they will get some training for some sort of profession, like teaching or nursing. As for the non-academic girls, their aspirations of becoming a professional of any sort are cut off all together. These girls are channeled into subjects like stenography, typing, shorthand, and art to "fit" them for the jobs that they will go into--such as, working in an office, a shop, a catering hall, a clothing industry, or some other kind of light manufacturing. The same kind of "differentiation" takes place with boys also. The academic boys are channeled into the professions and the non-academic boys are geared towards the vocations.

However, boys are trained for only one occupation, whereas, girls are trained and educated for two. Both non-academic and academic girls are trained to do something--female work--and educated to be someone a wife and mother. 51. They are forced to take courses in cooking and sewing along with their other subjects. All to prepare them for their role in life. The working class girls who find both school and work to be a drudgery, usually choose to follow up on their other vocation, that of marriage, as it seems to be their only escape.

According to Mitchell, the inferiorization of women persists because it is essential to and plays an important role in the capitalist system.

In pre-capitalist society, the peasant had his own individual property--his land--and the artisan--his tools. They were able to construct from scratch, complete, use or barter the products that they produced, be it crops, furniture, etc. Each household was a productive unit, all worked within it and for it. But within the unit and the society on the whole, individuals did not have freedom nor did they have equality. The capitalist system, in order to flourish, takes from the individual his private property (land, tools, etc.), and organizes it in such a way that men have to come together and work it. But, what they produce, how they produce it, and the fruits of their labor are confiscated and made into the private property of the few--the capitalists. However, individual private property does continue with this new process--it continues in the family. In order for a new ruling class to overcome an old ruling class, it has to at least appear to represent

the interests of the mass of people in a society. Thus, for capitalism to overcome feudalism it had to offer what the majority of the people wanted--more individual private property (an old value). For ideas and desires are conditioned by what people have; they simply want more of it. Capitalism achieved this aim by stressing the idea of individual property in a new context. It offered individualism plus a new means of obtaining it--through freedom and equality, which was absent from feudalism. The only place where this ideal could be given a concrete base was in the maintenance of an old institution the family. Accordingly, the family, which was the economic base of individual private property under feudalism, changed to being the focal point of the idea of individual private property under a system that actually destroyed it as the central mode of production. The bourgeois family gives reality to this idea by actually owning things privately and individually, but for the rest of the people it remains just an ideal and a desire to work. Essentially, "the working class work socially in production for the private property of a few capitalists in the hope of individual private property for themselves and their families.

What this all means is that, the family plays both an ideological and economic role under capitalism. On the one hand, it provides a work force and is the central area of mass consumption. On the other hand, it protects an old ideal--the family as a place where individual private property can be enjoyed freely and equally. The family actually provides what the system deprives--individual private property.

To go further, what had before been united unit now because of the changes in social conditions becomes a divided one. The peasant family was an economic unit working together for itself, but the members of a family under capitalism all work in different places for different bosses. Though family interest unites them, working conditions and individual interests fragments them. Woman's task is to hold onto the unity of the family in the face of its break-up. The housewife-mother is the representative of what capitalism needs to preserve but actually destroys: private property and individualism. She has become a backward and conservative force, and this, according to Mitchell, is what her oppression means. 52. For it has a tendency to produce small-mindedness, petty jealousy, irrationality, haphazard violence, dependency, competitiveness, possessiveness, passivity, and conservatism.

Therefore, the first moves toward liberation must be, not only the recognition of the opposition of the system and developing of class-consciousness, but also an awareness of its influence. Women who have always competed for the best men, the nicest homes, the most successful kids cannot easily come together to form a political force. Their conditioning almost excludes the possibility of unity. However, this does not mean that women are not revolutionary, on the contrary. (Their sense of oppression is growing ever stronger and it is from this that the revolutionary impulse to overthrow it comes from and then the release of socialism.) But daring to win and struggle is not enough; it must, according to Mitchell, "go hand and hand with a knowledge of what oppression has done to retard us." 53. For if we don't evaluate the weakness of women as a political force we will eventually succumb to it.

The last theory that I am going to discuss is radical feminism. The book that I have chosen to use is Mary Daly's Gyn/Ecology: The Metaethics of Radical Feminism. It is unique in the sense that it did not come out of the contradictions that exploded in the 1960's like the other ideologies that I have already discussed and other radical theories such as Shulamith Firestone's, The Dialect of Sex. Rather, it is a call for the revival of the women's movement. According to Daly, the media has created the lie, that the women's movement has died. In so doing it has obscured the fact that many feminists have been in their workshops creating new culture, new forms of writing new singing, new bodies of knowledge, and new strategies and tactics for organizing. Moreover, while these women have been in their workshops, our male-controlled society has put forth pseudo-feminism by replacing the rebels with reformist tokens, who have sold out their freedom for respectability. These tokens are the most powerful weapons that the patriarchs have and are using to keep their sisters in their place. Thus, it is time for women to start "spinning" again. And this book is a call to the "Wild Witch" in all women who long to "spin."

This book is a declaration that it is time to stop putting answers before the Questions. It is a declaration/Manifesto that in our chronology it is time to get moving again. It is a call to women who have never named themselves Wild before, and a challenge to those who have been in struggle for a long time and who have retreated for awhile.

According to Daly, the root cause of the oppression of women lay in the universal religion of patriarchy. The fact is:

That we live in a profoundly anti-female society, a misogynistic "civilization" in which men collectively victimize women, attacking us as personifications of their own paranoid fears, as The Enemy, Within this society it is men who rape, who sap women's energy, who deny women economic and political power. 55.

All the so-called religions-Buddhism, Hinduism, Islam, and Christianity--that legitimate and perpetuate patriarchy have been invented by men to protect themselves against anomie. (the disorganization of social and personal values during times of catastrophic stress, as defined in the (The Dictionary of Psychology). The essential message that comes out of these religious sects of patriarchy is that: "Women are the dreaded anomie." 56. They must be purified and society must be purified of them. Consequently, women are the objects of male terror. Moreover, since women are the projected personifications of men's own faults and failures, they are, argues Daly, "the real objects under attack in all wars of patriarchy."57. And it is patriarchy's lethal intent to keep women in a state of selflessness/lifelessness, a living death.

This aim of patriarchy has been achieved in various ways throughout the centuries. There was the "custom" of widow burning in India, the ritual of footbinding in China, the genital mutilation of young girls in Africa, and the massacre of women as witches in Renaissance Europe. These were unmitigated acts of patriarchy to maim women's minds, spirits, and bodies. In our culture, the maiming is carried out in a more subtle manner. Genocide is disguised under American gynecology and psychotherapy. We have according to Daly, reached the "Ice Age of Gynocidal Gynecology." 58. (Gynecology is a broad term that Daly used to refer to all those professions--including psychiatry and other psycho-therapeutic fields-which specialize in the "diseases and hygiene" of women's bodies and minds. Though in some cases these fields have been helpful to women, in spite of the fact that the members of these professions believe and behave are motivated by their loyalties to their patriarchally identified fields rather than by their concern for women.

It is through myths that patriarchy operates. Christianity is the patriarchal myth that permeates The Western Culture. The mythic model is the all-male trinity. The

son (second person) proceeds from the divine father. The holy ghost, whose proper name is love, proceeds from the father and son to symbolize their bonding. Everyone proceeds from this eternal god, who is the last end and with whom all who are righteous will be united within everlasting ecstasy. Thus, in this mystic symbol model there is a circular pattern of existence: separation from and return to the same never changing father.

What is sought by all Christians is appeasement with the father. Because Adam and Eve (our first parents) sinned against the father, we are all alienated from him because this Original Sin has been transmitted to all. Through baptism we can be released from the Original Sin. Thus, there is the belief in possession by evil forces, release from which requires total surrender to the church.

This mythic model is expressive in all patriarchal patterning. According to Daly:

Human males are eternally putting on the masks and playing the roles of the Divine Persons. The mundane processions of some have as their basic but unacknowledged and unattainable aim an attempted consubstantiality with the father (the cosmic father, the oedipal father, the professional god father). The junior scholar statesman dreams of becoming the President. The acolyte fantasizes about becoming the Priest. 59.

Accompanying all these relations is male bonding--the boys clubs and the men's associations. But the ultimate is that god the father requires total sacrifice and hence destruction. This can clearly be seen in American gynecology and therapy where men have put on the masks of the holy ghost and have become the "healers" and "helpers" of women with the attitude of "father knows best."

Keeping the mythic model in mind, you can see how these professions have translated the doctrines of theology into their own ideology and practice. Acting as the holy ghost, they infuse into the faithful a new level of supernatural life, known as sanctifying grace. This ideology, according to Daly, "acknowledges only the fallen state and the supernatural state conferred through grace." 60. It never acknowledges the purely natural life of human beings. Together with grace, the baptized receive faith, hope, and charity. Faith enables a Christian to believe in whatever god says, hope is for fulfillment in the afterlife, and charity allows the believer to love god above all things. especially oneself. And in the

field of gynecology the holy ghost infuses new life into their patients through technology--replacing breasts, chemical hormone replacement, and/or psychological means - behavior modification aimed at replacing deviancy with role-defined femininity. There is no natural state of femaleness. According to Daly, There are only two possibilities:

First, there is a fallen state, formerly named sinful and symbolized by Eve, presently known as sick and typified in the powerless but sometimes difficult and problematic patient. Second, there is the restored/redeemed state of perfect femininity, formerly named saintly and symbolized by Mary, presently typified in the weak, normal woman whose normality is so elusive that it must constantly be re-enforced through regular check-ups, preventive medicine, and perpetual therapy. 61.

This man-made femininity, which is considered to be normal femaleness, destroys the naturally spirited being inside of women. Both body and mind gynecologists function to keep women, passive, unemotional, and degraded. By their combined efforts women are kept in a state of patienthood and their bodies and minds are constantly invaded by knives, needles, speculums, carcinogenic hormone injections and pills, sickening self-images, festering fixations, and weakening dogmas. Moreover, women are lured into believing whatever the "healers" and "helpers" reveal. According to Daly,

After more and more injections she willingly accepts not only all the standard doctored dogmas, but also all the latest miracles of modern medicine. 62.

Women also, tend, because of the charity of the gods (we are doing this for you) to love these gods above all things, including themselves. Ultimately, what women learn is that if they don't conform to allow themselves to be modeled after men's image of "women" they will be unlove-able.

Since there is no natural state of femaleness, the gynecological gods are actually infusing into women a false hope, which only leads to self-destruction. For women become pre-occupied with themselves. The DES daughter worries about cancer and her anxiety increases with every check-up prescribed by preventive medicine. Likewise, a woman who undergoes compulsive breast examinations is likely to obsessively examine herself in a mirror. Moreover, filled with sickening self images of what women are supposed to be, women are constantly checking to see if their hair, eyebrows, lips, skin, breasts, buttocks, stomachs, hips, legs, and feet are okay. This drives women and keeps them locked in a cycle of gynecological, therapeutic, cosmetic preoccupation and consumption.

It is through therapy that a woman is cleansed. She must surrender her private self to the mind gynecologist for cleansing. This self-denial places her according to Daly, in a state of "therapeutic grace purified of originality." 63. And she is "reborn" as a "therapeutic creation," a selfless person to be perpetually serviced by the holy ghost. She must return to him because she still has the remains of "original sin," which is actually her original self-intellect, will, integrity. 64. Thus, after her first baptism into therapy she must return weekly for the confession of being herself and the cleansing of herself, and her soul is eroded. If she responds well to her therapist's treatments she expresses gratitude to her "healer." In essence, according to Daly, "she is taught prayers (formulas) and good deeds (conditioned responses and behaviors) which will bring peace (death) to her soul. 65.

This oppression of women persists because men have successfully obscured their role in the destruction of women. Body-gynecologists use the rhetoric of research to justify the abuse of their patients such as "Further studies are needed." 66. This, according to Daly, "legitimates the use of women as uninformed guinea pigs for such drugs as The Pill and the morning after pill." 67. Also, the maiming of women is hidden behind the alleged purpose of enhancing female beauty and thus, many women are lured into dangerous cosmetic surgery.

Mind-gynecologists hide their responsibility in the maiming of women's minds and spirits by blaming the victims/patients, especially mothers. Here is a list of mother-caused symptoms.

Schizophrenia, identity diffusion, auditory hallucinations, delusions of persecution and grandeur, trichetillomania (abnormal desire to pull out one's hair), suicide, feminine identification in males, hypermasculinity in males (exhibited in tough behavior such as drinking and weapon-carrying, and in emphasized sexual athleticism), delinquency, school-phobia (the result of maternal over-protectiveness), and heroin addiction. 68.

Therapeutic holy ghosts are simply continuing to follow their "mother-blaming inspirer." Freud,

Women in order to liberate themselves must first see through the Masters. They must see that males and males only are the originators, planners, controllers, and legitimators of patriarchy. According to Daly:

It is a mistake to see men as pitiable victims or vessels to be "saved" through female self-sacrifice. However possessed males may be within patriarchy, it is their order; it is they who feed on women's stolen energy. 69.

Moreover, it is impossible to "reform" patriarchy, women have to transform themselves. Once women have transformed themselves they must not forget their sisters. And they must not be afraid to journey, for

Within a culture possessed by the myth of feminine evil, the naming, describing, and theorizing about good and evil has constituted a maze/haze of deception. The journey of women becoming is breaking through this maze- springing into free space, which is an amazing process. 70.

In conclusion, in the early 1960's a new feminism arose. One with an increased awareness and far different from the first feminist wave in the early 1930's and 1940's. The women who participated in the first feminist movement stated the problem of women's oppression and opposed it,

but were limited by their unquestioned assumption that the male way of doing things was the right way. They did not aspire to totally reconstruct society. Rather, they asked and later demanded that they be allowed to participate equally in the already established institutions and opportunities. They had a great desire to be a part of the great new nation. According to Gail Graham Yates:

They wanted to be equal with men in what men had already demonstrated as valued modes of living. They accepted as good men's values of holding property, obtaining education, participating in professional life or factory work, and voting in a democratic political system, and they wanted a share in these values. They defined their oppression in relation to what men had and saw the male controllers of society as their oppressors. 71.

Moreover, they really believed that once they got the vote they would gain full equality. The vote had become the symbol of equality with men and was the height of achievement for the movement.

That is not to say that their achievements weren't of value, for they were. The right to equal education, to become professionals and to vote are essential rights and nobody should be denied them. However, as Gail Graham Yates put it: "if women's goal is to be like men, they tactitly accept the very premise they claim to reject that women are inferior to men." 72.

The women who are participating in the contemporary feminist movement have a much more heightened feminist consciousness. These women recognize that equal rights in the public arena, however essential they may be, are not enough. Male dominance and female subordination have shaped the consciousness of the new movement; conservative, androgynous, socialist, and radical feminism are all challenging the identity that society has assigned women. Though they differ in their analysis of the origin of women's oppression, of why the inferior status of women persists, and of the techniques needed to end sexism, they are all advocating the full freedom of women. More importantly, these four distinct groups, which say alot more than I have presented here in this paper, have all raised questions and have given birth to essential insights that have stimulated and aided historical research. I don't think that the women's movement will die though I don't know where it is going.

Vicki Alberti

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* Please accept our apologies for this footnote arrangement. Space needs dictated this short form.

The Last Challenge

by Shirley Aversa

He was alone in the dressing room, his hands already bandaged in readiness. He should have been resting, but couldn't relax. The lump in his throat was choking him. His arms grasped himself around the abdomen due to the tight pain he felt, which spread down to the groin, then travelled to the thighs. The arm pits were wet to the point that the wetness became thin streams gliding down his sides. He paced, stopped, then paced some more. He heard the roar of the crowd outside. He pictured how they looked. The faces a blur, bodies jumping up and down, contorting in excitement. A hungry crowd, with appetites never satisfied, spurring on the two men who had appetites equal to theirs. Except that in the ring, a satisfied appetite meant to win a battle. To the crowd, a satisfied appetite meant watching humans tear at each other like animals.

He looked around the dressing room, and saw a dismal place. Dirty walls, a small sink attached to the wall with faucets dripping, creating rust stains. Above the sink, hanging on a nail jutting out of the wall, was a mirror, just large enough to see only the head and neck reflected. On the other side of the room was a narrow door through which was a toilet and pull chain, no lock on the door and the knob was so loose that a quick pull would remove it. On the door someone pasted a picture of a gal with breasts so large one wondered if they were real. In the middle of the room was a slab-like table on which he was supposed to nap and get his rub downs. Looking at the table, he wondered how he was able to sleep on it. Seeing it now, he thought how much it resembled the slabs in the morgue.

He walked to the mirror. He stopped in front of it and peered at himself. The face that looked back at him had deep scars around the eyes and mouth. He moved his face from side to side, "God, how ugly I am," he thought. Then he brought his face close to the mirror, so that his breath showed on the glass. He stared into his bloodshot eyes. As he continued to stare, the tears filled his eyes, slid over the bottom lids, and streamed down his face. He watched like he was looking at someone else.

The pains in his middle became worse. His groin felt as though the genitals had swelled three times the normal size. His legs began to buckle. He put his hands against the wall to avoid falling to his knees. He started to sob, deep labored sobs that shook the body convulsively. He

started to retch, but all that came out of his mouth was bile, which left a bitter ugly taste in his mouth. His ribs felt like they were held in a vise. He wet his shorts, and his entire body was covered with cold clammy sweat. "Mother," he called, "Mother I can't stand it. I'm afraid, help me, save me."

The sound of his own voice startled him. He looked around as if to see who could have heard him. "you pig. You damn filthy excuse for a man," he sneered. His teeth were tightly clenched, causing his jaws to ache. The muscles in the back of his neck were so tense he couldn't move his head easily. His eyes were bleary and burning from sweat. He rubbed his forearm across his eyes to clear them, then looked at the clock. The clock that was a monster to him. Ticking away, its hands moved toward the time he'd have to leave that room. Soon the door will open and he'll have to walk out, his manager beside him, patting his back, telling him, "This is it kid, go get him baby."

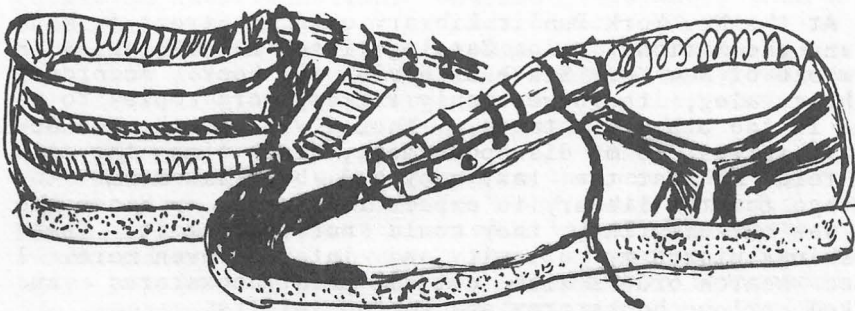
He started to pace again, and thought about things he forgot long ago. 37 years old, and he felt he had lived a lifetime. "Let them forget I'm here. Don't anybody open the door," he stupidly wished.

The pacing became quickened until he was almost trotting around the room. Around and around he went, faster and faster. He started to laugh. His laughter became hysterical, rising up in his throat and becoming a scream. The sound bounced off the walls and smacked him squarely in the face. He turned sharply around, nearly losing his balance. He was facing the mirror. As he looked at himself he undid the bandages on his hands. His hands free, he rubbed the knuckles. To his reflection he shouted, "I hate you. I hate your bastard guts."

His open hands became fists, pummeling the mirror. The glass fell around his feet. He bent and scooped up the pieces. They bit sharply into his hands, causing a mass of blood, he felt no pain and had no awareness of what he'd done. He rubbed his hands, with the glass and blood, along his face, across his chest and down his arms. Bleeding profusely now, he looked on the floor. A large piece of glass was imbedded in the leather on top of his right shoe. He pushed his foot around in the pool of blood. He started to giggle. He began tossing the blood streaming out of his fingers, on the walls, like a kid throwing finger paints. He danced with himself and made grunting sounds like someone pretending to be a monster. He stopped the idiocy, cursed himself, then bent down and removed the piece of glass from his shoe.

"I'll beat you before you beat me," he said as he again became aware of the shouts of the crowd. He plunged the piece of glass deep into his throat. The last thing he saw as he fell was the clock. The last thing he thought was that he had fought his greatest fight.

The last thing he heard was the frenzied roar of the crowd, cheering only for him.



A Life of One's Own

by Donna Decker

Marion Milner is a psychologist who undertook an experiment in the 1930's which shed much light on journal writing, sources of creativity and the psychic bisexuality of the mind. Although her search was very thorough and personal, these techniques can be applied with positive results to others with a desire for self-knowledge and an open mind.

My interest in Marion Milner, an English psychologist who used the pseudonym Joanna Field, and her work, was spurred by a course I had taken in women's diaries and journal writing. Revelations, one of our texts, contained an excerpt from Milner's book A Life of One's Own, the introduction of which describes it as a "diary used for self-analysis." Several years ago, I had undertaken Journal writing for the same reason. The introduction, the excerpts and the afterword in Revelations by Charlotte Painter and Mary Jane Moffat convinced me that I had to find out who Marion Milner was and to read her book. An avid reader of books on creativity, self-analysis, and journal writing, I was puzzled that I had never heard of Marion Milner or Joanna Field before. My search of the indexes of the psychology books I owned, the bookstores and the library yielded nothing. A Life of One's Own had been published twice in England and had been distributed in America in 1954. But that was it. It has been out of print since the 1950's.

At the New York Public Library on 42nd Street in Manhattan, the National Union Catalog listed two libraries in the whole of New York State as having the book. According to the catalog, there were only fifteen more copies to be found in the other 49 states. When I went to the two New York libraries, to my disappointment, each time the call desk told me that the last copy had been taken out too long ago for the library to expect its return. Since the book was out of print, they could not reorder it. These vanishings piqued my curiosity and interest even more. I placed search orders with out of print bookstores and checked antique bookstores and got no results.

Marion Milner had published two more books and at least two magazine articles, all of which were extremely difficult, if not impossible to obtain.

Finally, when I thought I'd never get the book, my school library came through. On interlibrary loan, they had obtained it from the University of Georgia Library. And this was the third library they had tried. Apparently the book had been stolen from the other two libraries.

Relieved, I read A Life of One's Own. As my excitement rose, so did my anger. This book, an odyssey of one woman's search for truth through journal writing, resulted in the tying together of the basic premises of certain Eastern religions with Christianity, findings on the unconscious mind and creativity with her own unfolding self knowledge. Dr. Milner had found certain practical techniques for making these sometimes obscure philosophies real to her. She was then able to profit by her observations by applying them to her approach to living her own life.

Some of what Milner had done I had experienced directly; others, I had just touched the edges of and didn't yet understand what I had felt. In some cases, I wasn't quite sure what she was saying or if it applied to me until I had time to digest the material and read it over. In fact, this last process seemed akin to what Milner means when she says, "Sometimes the meaning of an experience would only begin to dawn on me years afterward, and even then I often had to go over the same ground again and again, with intervals of years between. In fact, I came to the conclusion the growth of understanding follows an ascending spiral rather than a straight line."

I was further angered by the fact that many of her observations and techniques are used today with no reference to Marion Milner. Also, her findings on the psychic bisexuality and dual nature of the mind are being studied and written about extensively without any reference to her work which most probably set a precedent. Her work is clear, lucid, sharp, and unpretentious to the layperson, much more simplified and thereby easier to understand than many of the self-improvement books and books on the nature of the psyche that I have read.

If I, a young woman seeking self-knowledge in the 1970's, could glean information and be guided by Marion Milner's work, others could be also. A Life of One's Own should be brought back into print and credit given for her accomplishments and insights and enjoy a life in this country.

Marion Milner's book began as a result of her vague sensations of uneasiness and anxiety as she went about her daily affairs in a half-dream state, sometimes discontented but never trying to find out why, vaguely "making the best of things," "rarely looking ahead except casually, almost as a game dreaming of what I would like to happen, but never seriously thinking how I could set about to make it happen." Her beginning awareness of these feelings led her to ask these first questions about why she did not like her life and to develop methods to change it.

She says, "What led me to become aware of them (mental discomferts) seems to have been a gradually growing habit of writing down my preoccupations." At the beginning, she wrote on blind impulse, never reading over what she had written, but eventually she realized that these outbursts were indicative of something more. She began to probe these outbursts and found them to be the surface ripples for underlying deeper attitudes. At this point she did not know how to alter them. Then one day, on impulse, she started to write down the first thing that came into her head without consciously thinking about it.

She was amazed to discover this "other mind" definitely had a mind and voice of its own, with some pretty strong things to say. From the writing, she saw that her deliberate self desperately wanted to let go, forget about her professional self, be less self-conscious, but she didn't know how. She tried different ways: a cause, a new standard of living, a lover, but these were not the answers. So, instead of trying to force herself to do things, she began to ask herself what it was that she was doing. She considers this a very important step.

She tried different ways of judging the value of certain actions. She didn't know whether to trust reason (logic) or intuition. She then says, "Perhaps being happy might be the indication for such a sense." She wasn't sure and also thought that one should plod along no matter how unpleasant something was.

She did not want to reason things out since she was suspicious of logic at the time, nor did not want to read what others had said because she didn't know if what was right for them would be right for her. She wanted to look directly at her own experience simply by observing it and experimenting. "I thought the best way to begin was to keep a diary," she says, "noting in it everyday when I had been particularly happy and anything else I wanted." She also noted anything else that was important to her, just in case happiness might not have been the proper criteria by which to live.

This book is a seven year record of the search of Marion Milner for the qualities of happiness and satisfaction. She emphatically warns those who are thinking about starting this search themselves, to do it all themselves; that everytime she thought she knew too little and opened a book for knowledge it proved disastrous in that it threw her off her course and onto someone else's. She does relate her findings to others' work at the end of her search,

but not until she's sure enough of herself. Look within, stay within, know within, until you're sure of within is what she seems to be saying.

Also, she is unsure if her search could be used by others or if it were beneficial only to herself. She says at the end of the first chapter, "Certainly, however, in the later stages of what I thought was a lonely trail I came upon the outskirts of a country which seemed to be well known to the few, though little spoken of and I think un-guessed at by the many."

Dr. Milner further writes, "When I actually began to keep a record of daily concerns I was disappointed to find this step not as easy as I had expected." She saw that the facts of her life were not fixed, they were, the continually receding horizons of the traveller who climbs a mountain." She began to see that the act of writing her experiences down enabled her to see them in various different ways, thereby lighting up new possibilities. As she writes more and more, her focus shifts from her desires to her actions; then, from internal happenings to the outside world. She doesn't force or push or consciously think about what she is writing. She lets her impulses take her where they will. Through this act of receptiveness, she sees herself grow and change. She realizes some intriguing things about the wisdom of this other mind and the balance between the two minds.

She ceases to evaluate her experiences and instead just records them, feeling that, "if you look at new-born rabbits too soon their mother will sometimes take fright and eat them up." Gradually, her writing helps her to see that her basis for living resided in the demands of others. The more she wrote, the more she saw. To her, seeing was more important than the analysis of it, and this knowledge took her much further on her journey.

Milner goes through many stages during her quest before she draws any conclusions. The act of writing develops the art of seeing which is the prerequisite for happiness. In retrospect she says, "By keeping a diary of what made me happy I had discovered that happiness came when I was most widely aware.

To really be aware, the conscious chatter of the mind must cease; in order to really see, one's mind has to be receptive, in an open state. She develops a method to achieve this open state by altering her perceptions and spreading the "invisible feelers of the mind." Pleasure comes only when she stops trying to obtain it. This form of surrender is frightening, something the analytical mind resists.

She probes her fear of psychic surrender. This fear appears when she has no conscious purpose. She compares it to being wide open to attack or rape psychically. Her blind thinking has confused physical vulnerability with mental and social openness. There is no rational basis for this fear, it is perhaps an ancient vestige, left over from a period when rape was not legally prohibited by society.

She learns how to set traps to catch this blind thinking and to balance it out with seeing its opposite. She does this by studying the thoughts of children. In this, she begins to recognize the childishness of her own thought.

This blind thought is at the mercy "of the past, the personal and of the accidental." Emotion and fatigue increase the strength of blind thinking. Milner finds out that expression of this blind thought is the answer, because by expression she was made to look at it. Talking to oneself teaches one how to think and that often one must talk to oneself. Journal writing is a form of talking to oneself.

Milner calls this receptive attitude "wide attention," which is distinguished from the narrow beam of attention which blocks out the ability of seeing the whole picture. This narrow vision allows certain thoughts outside the beam to grow in their blindness, until they monstrously color one's perceptions, fears and desires.

Among her techniques were: looking to her dreams for outcast thoughts; impulsive drawing; keeping an "opposite notebook" in which she wrote down the opposite of intense emotions that she was experiencing; and the process of backtracking her thoughts. This last technique came as a result of her wondering why she daydreamed so often. Finally she asked herself, "Whether my truant mind might not possess a wisdom of its own, whether it might be worth inquiring where it had been headed, since so often when I did manage with tremendous effort to deep my mind on the chosen subject, I had the feeling that there was something else urgently waiting for attention." This tracing her thoughts set her with clues to her underlying desires. To be aware of the unconscious, stop and see where your thoughts have been. Previously she had feared what was there, that it was unsafe terrain, that she would be lost in it. This blind thinking "becomes wise," she says, "with seeing."

Milner, through her knowledge of Eastern forms of yoga, happened upon another way of controlling thought and being able to come to a receptive attitude. This is done by consciously relaxing the body. She does this by lying flat on her back and withdrawing the unnecessary tension from her limbs and muscles. By concentrating on doing this, she takes the stress out of her body and stops the chattering of her thoughts. Then she is in a state in which she can

receive sensations from her body. This state left her able to experience her intuition, to have faith in it and to trust it. Relaxing her muscles also showed her that, at times, success depended on letting go, letting the inner wisdom of her body and mind take over instead of forcing herself toward certain actions. She realized this was certain when she applied this principle to playing golf and tennis, to drawing, to darning and housework and to singing. She fared better than she ever had in these activities when she learned to let go. Also, the anxiety and feeling of fierce competitiveness seemed to disappear. She realizes, as does Nietzsche, that the "body is a big sagacity."

Milner's next stage comes when she discovers that despite her many realizations she is still afraid of complete surrender. She says, "I had just begun to ponder over the facts that all the things which I had found to be sources of happiness seemed to depend on the capacity to relax all straining, to widen my attention beyond the circle of personal interest, and to look detachedly at my own experience. I had just realized that this relaxing and detachment must depend on a fundamental sense of security, and yet that I could apparently feel safe enough to do it, because there was an urge in me which I had dimly perceived but had never yet been able to face. It was then that the idea occurred to me that until you have, once at least, faced everything you know--the whole universe--with utter inactivity, and let all that is 'not you' flow over and engulf you, there can be no lasting sense of security. But although I had grasped this intuitively I had not yet understood it emotionally. When it did finally come upon me with the full blast of emotional experience, it left me astonished...So I, who had feared annihilation, found only a supreme sense of life. But only by being prepared to accept that annihilation had I been able to escape from the spiritual "abiding alone, which was in fact more death-like than anything I had feared."

After this experience she becomes receptive to all kinds of communication. This is when she begins to spread out her mind feelers and to sense and know with her whole body and past. She feels the roundness, the "fatness" of things, things in their entirety; their essentialness, not just their surface. She feels the "fatness" of herself when she realizes and learns how to really feel and listen to her body. She feels whole and no longer lives only in her head. The desire to get things done and to have a life of purposes and planned activities stopped her from being able to experience this open state of mind. She had

been afraid that to let go meant a usurping of her personal identity and only in achieving and activity could she be sure she was a person. Later she relates this to the biological bisexuality findings of scientist T.J. Faithful, author of the book, Bisexuality.

Milner recognizes the two states of mind as masculine-assertive, purposeful, achieving and direct; and feminine-yielding, receptive, open and intuitive; comparing the states of mind to the male and female gametes. What is in body cannot be separated from what is in mind and the mind duplicates what is in body. She relates this in the epilog to findings of certain psychologists and psychiatrists, a few philosophers and writers, and to certain basic premises of Eastern thought, including the art of Zen and ju-jitsu.

Her findings had much in common with Carl Jung's work on the anima/animus theories. Her research is similar to the current research on androgynous aspects of the mind which June Singer and Carolyn Heilbrun have studied and Charlotte Painter has written about. Surely her work is an objective study of the creative writer and of the everyday person.

Her work has opened many doors and avenues of excitement. She substantiates what seems to be the first step toward self-knowledge, that the "enemy was really within my own gates."

One of her key observations is this, "I had...learnt to know what I wanted, to know that it is not a simple matter of momentary decision, but that it needs a rigorous watching and fierce discipline in order that the clamouring conflicts of likes can be welded into a single desire. It had taught me that my day to day personal wants' were really the expression of deep underlying needs, though often the distorted expression because of the confusions of blind thinking. I had learnt that if I kept my thoughts still enough and looked beneath them, then I might sometimes know what was the real need, feel it like a child leaping in the womb, though so remotely that I might easily miss it when over-busy with purposes. Really then I had found that there was an intuitive sense of how to live... For was there not also the wisdom which had shaped my body up through the years from a single cell?...To reason was to be actively assertive, and apparently it was when I was actively passive, and content to wait and watch, that I really knew what I wanted. Though of course, once I knew that, then the more good reasoning I could use to get what I wanted, the better.

I have tried to show Marion Milner's odyssey and how she grew and changed throughout. Her observations and conclusions are very valuable to me on my own search. It is my hope that I have relayed her techniques in the best way possible and have shown the importance this work contains in its purity, information, inspiration and value.

AN INTERVIEW WITH MARIA MASTROPIERO

By Debra Olsen

Maria Mastropiero stands four feet, eleven inches and weighs about one hundred and ninety pounds. Born in 1909, Maria was the first of Michael Cataffo and Eva Marseglia's seven children. A typically Italian grandmother, he nourishes and nurtures.

When I first approached my grandmother about doing this interview she was a little reluctant, wondering why I would be interested in her life story. I explained that women have been largely ignored by the bulk of historians and that it's about time women's feelings and life experiences be illuminated. Nanny, as she is affectionately called, nervously consented to speak on tape.

Interviewer: Trace your family background beginning with your grandparents.

Interviewee: My mother's parents were Vito Marseglia and Rose LaFredo. My grandfather, my uncle and my mother came from Naples in 1905.

Interviewer: What about your grandmother and your mother's other siblings?

Interviewee: There wasn't enough money for them to come all at once. My grandfather, uncle and mother settled in Yardley, Penn, because it was there that they could find work. When they had saved enough money they sent for the rest of the family.

Interviewer: What kind of work did they do in Yardley?

Interviewee: My grandfather worked as a laborer on the Reading Railroad which was just being built. My uncle and my mother worked in Knox Hat factory.

Interviewer: What about your father's parents?

Interviewee: My father was the only one of his family to come to the United States from Benevento, Italy.

Interviewer: How did your parents meet?

Interviewee: My father was a hat blocker and he met my mother in the hat factory. They knew each other for three years when in 1908 they ran off and got married.

Interviewer: Why did they elope?

Interviewee: My father had asked my uncle if he could keep company with my mother. But my uncle wanted my mother to marry another friend of his.

Interviewer: Did both your parents continue to work after they were married?

Interviewee: My father worked of course, but by that time the factory had closed down. My parents moved several times, always in the vicinity of Yardley so that my father could find work. My mother no longer worked. It was one pregnancy after another.

Interviewer: Was your father earning enough money to support a growing family?

Interviewee: Within nine years my mother had six children and at the time my father was making about ten dollars a week.

Interviewer: How did your family survive on that kind of money?

Interviewee: My mother would go and get yards of material and sew up all our clothes. This meant boys' breeches as well as girls' blouses and skirts. We bought coats which we kept clean and in good condition so we could hand them down to the other kids.

Interviewer: Did your father help your mother with the children and housework?

Interviewee: With six children he had to. He would come home from work and help her at night.

Interviewer: Did you have to go to work?

Interviewee: Well, I quit school in the eighth grade even though Mom and Pop didn't want me to. But I said, "would I be able to go to high school, become a stenographer." Mama said no, so I went to work.

Interviewer: Why did your mother say no?

Interviewee: They didn't think that way those days. Most of the girls got married young.

Interviewer: What kind of work did you do in the silk mill?

Interviewee: First I started as a winder and then I made very good money as a warper.

Interviewer: What is a warper?

Interviewee: A warper makes the cloth before it goes to the weaver.

Interviewer: So you were now helping your family to support the farm?

Interviewee: All of the money I made went into the house. Not like you girls today that you get a job and move out. I got an allowance of a penny a day for chewing gum.

Interviewer: Did you feel put out by having to work solely for the family? Wouldn't you have rather bought nice clothes with your money; teenagers today are infamous for wanting to be in with the fashion?

Interviewee: We never thought that way. Whatever clothes my mother couldn't make, like coats and shoes, we would go to Plainfield to buy.

Interviewer: How did you meet grandfather?

Interviewee: He was a distant cousin to our family. I knew him since I was a kid. His family would come from Staten Island to visit with us on the farm.

Interviewer: Were you allowed to date or did you ever think of marrying anyone else?

Interviewee: Dating was out and if you did go with a guy you had better marry him. I was never allowed to be alone with grandfather before we were married. If we went anywhere at all either my aunt or uncle came with us.

Interviewer: How did grandfather travel from Staten Island to see you?

Interviewee: First he had a truck, then a Model T ford, then his family got a buick touring car. I say it belonged to his family but actually he had earned the money to buy these cars. I kept company with him for two years before I made up my mind to marry him.

Interviewer: Tell me about your wedding?

Interviewee: I had what they called in those days a football wedding. A football wedding was nothing like what the girls have today. It was cheap. I had my wedding at a club house. We served trays of Italian coldcuts and rolls and then for dessert there were trays of Italian pastries. We also had hired a band and there was a lot of dancing.

Interviewer: Who paid for your wedding?

Interviewee: It wasn't that expensive, so my husband and I had saved up. My parents couldn't afford to give me away.

Interviewer: What about sex. Were you taught all about it before you were married?

Interviewee: I didn't find out about sex until after I was married. My mother wasn't even able to tell me about menstruation when the time came. She made my aunt tell me. I guess she was embarrassed.

Interviewer: What did your aunt tell you about menstruation?

Interviewee: She told me to make sure I washed well when I changed.

Interviewer: What did you use then. There were obviously no sanitary napkins in those days?

Interviewee: We would use thick sheeting which of course had to be washed thoroughly so that when you hung them on the line nobody would know what they were. When you were finished you put them in the back of a drawer so no one, in particular my brothers, could find them.

Interviewer: Were you anxious to start your own family when you got married?

Interviewee: No, I didn't want any children and I talked this over with your grandfather before we were married, I was the oldest of seven kids and it was rough times. I couldn't see bringing kids into the world. Your grandfather used prophylactics after we were married. It took two years but I finally got caught. I quit work when I found I was pregnant. And even so I had a bad first delivery. I was in bed for three weeks.

Interviewer: Where were you working when you quit and why did you quit?

Interviewee: I was winding in a silk mill. In those days

pregnancy was a big to-do. A woman was thought to be very fragile during pregnancy. Not like today, you're in and out of the hospital in two days. I wanted to quit because I was feeling sick. Not just for the first couple of months I was queasy during the whole time. All of a sudden normal foods were making me sick to look at them.

Interviewer: What were the problems during your delivery?

Interviewee: First of all I insisted on having the baby at home. Nothing went right, even that I tried to nurse and my milk didn't come in till a week later.

Interviewer: Why wouldn't you go to a hospital?

Interviewee: I felt that they didn't have these babies down pat. They put them in a baby ward and you wouldn't know if you got yours. At that time there was a big court case in Chicago. Two young girls said that the hospital had gotten their babies mixed up. One said she had a girl and they gave her a boy and the other said the opposite. I don't know that they ever cleared that up.

Interviewer: Since you didn't ever want children why did you decide to have another?

Interviewee: Pressure from your grandfather mostly. We had a son and he was always talking about how nice it would be to have a daughter. He still says that I should have been knocked up and barefooted every year. His idea, not much of mine. After five years I gave in and luckily we had a girl.

Interviewer: Did your husband help out with the children?

Interviewee: No, he never diapered either one of those kids. I never went out or anything so I was always available or if I wasn't my mother or my sister Rose took care.

Interviewer: What about your husband? Did he cook also?

Interviewee: No, my husband never cooked.

Interviewer: What kind of games did you play as a child? Was there a difference in the games you and sisters played as opposed to your brothers?

Interviewee: In the winter we played hockey with hockey sticks that my father carved out of wood. We used tin cans as hockey pucks. We played the same games as the boys except when company came. When company came the girls were not allowed to be as boisterous as the boys.

Interviewer: Do you think women should receive equal pay?

Interviewee: If a woman wants to do a man's job, there's no reason she shouldn't receive the same pay. I think women should be free to choose any occupation they want as long as they're willing to tow the line and do an honest day's work.

Interviewer: Do you think women can have a family and a successful career?

Interviewee: A number of women have proved it. But only that you have to work harder, particularly if a man doesn't want to help out.

Interviewer: How do you feel about pregnancy and birth control?

Interviewee: I still say that I never wanted to have children. I wouldn't walk out on the street when I was pregnant.

Interviewer: Why?

Interviewee: I was ashamed that people would know what I did. And yet today if I see a girl pregnant in public, I don't like it.

Interviewer: Don't you think that's ridiculous? What is so shameful about sex?

Interviewee: I never liked sex. If I knew about it before I got married, I wouldn't have married.

Interviewer: Did anyone in your life share that impression about sex, your mother or sisters possibly?

Interviewee: No, my family never talked about things like that. But I think pregnant girls should try to wear loose clothes or just stay home.

Interviewer: What about the issue of birth control?

Interviewee: I think a woman, if she doesn't want to have children she should take precautions. My aunt was the one who told me about birth control. Those days you could go to a clinic for twenty-five cents and find out all about it.

Interviewer: While raising your children, did you have great expectations for them?

Interviewee: Yes, I hoped that my son would go to college.

Interviewer: What about you daughter?

Interviewee: My daughter too, but particularly your uncle, because I felt that he would have to work hard all his life. I had also hoped that my children would not marry early but they both did.

Interviewer: How do you feel about the youth of today?

Interviewee: I feel sorry for the young kids today. So much of the money they earn is eaten up by taxes and inflation. Not only that but a lot of things are put before you, like cars and vacations, things we never had or thought about. The kids today are constantly struggling to get all of these things. If we had a rambling truck we were lucky. If I asked for something and my parents said no, I would just pull my horns in and forget that I asked.

Interviewer: If you had your life to do over again, would you live it differently?

Interviewee: I don't even want to think of doing it over again, differently or otherwise. The experience I've had was enough. And when you're young you never have the brains you have when you're older. So you're bound to make the same mistakes again.



Interviewer: Why was this?

Interviewee: Because the relatives would say, "Hasn't this girl got anything to do indoors, is she a tomboy or what."

Interviewer: Didn't you think this was unfair?

Interviewee: Sure it was, lots of times I'd do what I want anyway. I used to climb big tall cherry trees wearing those big bloomers that you see in gyms now. As far as pants for girls, there was no such thing. My mother used to holler at me and say that nice girls wouldn't climb trees. I would climb as high as I could to get the cherries. The higher you went, the bigger and better the cherries. I wore these aprons with deep pockets, so I could pick as many cherries as I could fit.

Interviewer: Did you maintain friendships and relationships with women throughout your life?

Interviewee: Yes, I have friends from thirty, forty years ago. Just this year a woman looked me up. I haven't seen her for eighteen years and we had a nice visit.

Interviewer: Have you ever belonged to a woman's organization?

Interviewee: During the second World War, I lived in a housing project and we formed a victory club. We raised money for the USO, for the American boys. At that time Willowbrook, which was then called Halloran Hospital, housed the American wounded. Once or twice a week, we would bake cookies and cake, and bring them to the boys. Sometimes we would just read to them. We also visited the old at Seaview Hospital. The American Red Cross was giving first aid classes too. I received a certificate for completing that course.

Interviewer: What are your feelings about women and employment?

Interviewee: I think women work harder than men. During the depression, it was actually my sisters and my mother who supported the family. Luckily there was always work to be found in the garment industry. My brothers were in and out of work. During the war women became welders and mechanics. They became a lot of things during the war. This is what really brought all of these women out to work.

WOMAN AND HER SYMBOLS

by Mari Hayes Wettereau

My climb up into the mountain began in 1969 when, as a widow with a young son, I was trying to be a model mother and successful advertising executive in a world dominated by men. Ten years later, in 1979, that journey into the labyrinth of the spirit emerged as 'Woman and her Symbols' an objective recording of 350 of my dreams during the decade.

297 characters known to me in "real" life appeared in these dreams, several as often as 22 or even 46 times, others only once or twice. Each actor is listed in the Dream Cast in order of appearance; each reappearance date is also noted. The cast appears anonymously, named mostly for occupation (Ad Agency President, Copywriter, etc) except for family who are named for key characteristics. 97 unknown characters are also listed in order of appearance and named for their characteristics. Hundreds of extras, unknown people, move in and out of 79 of the dreams of the decade.

Two years ago, I entered the CUNY BA Program at COSI, primarily to do this independent study of the dreaming mind, secondarily to complete my long-delayed effort to earn a BA. Mission accomplished. Degree earned with honors. Woman and Her Symbols copyrighted, ready for publication, hopefully in the not too distant future. I am indebted to many people, particularly Dr. Sita Kapadia, for inspired guidance. I have selected a sampling of 10 dreams for All Ways a Woman. There are 5 consecutive dreams from 1969 and five from 1979. May my dreams, which I now believe are Everywoman's dreams, speak to you in the symbolic language that communicates beyond words.

July 7, 1969

I am on stage in a play for teenagers. I'm wearing a dashing "Count of Monte Cristo" hat, with a matching dark blue suit, one I used to wear on Madison Avenue in the early 60's.

As I walk downstage, it becomes an unfamiliar street. I am holding the key to a house I lived in with my parents and sisters before I was married. Five unknown men are following me. They force me to go indoors, into a vast kind of

inner space. Somewhere, as I move quietly through the silence, a blind man puts his head on my shoulder. We walk along together for miles. I am guiding him, although I don't know who he is, or where I am going. Slowly, I become aware that I have not lost my way, but that I have been stolen.

I sit down. The blind man sits beside me, with his head still on my shoulder. We are sitting among thousands of people. No one speaks. I sense that we are all in the same predicament. Passively, I sit there, believing that help will come from outside, simply because there are so many of us. The media will save us. The theft of the thousands will be headlined in the press; television will alert the world to the loss. I begin to believe that there are millions of us.

Nothing happens, nothing at all. Why were we stolen? We are just people, ordinary people - not a celebrity or a prominent person among us. Gradually all the people, including the blind man, disappear. I feel totally alone. I become aware that someone else is there, but that he is asleep. It is HANDSOME MAN, a man I dated in the early 60's, and actor I played make-believe with in my mind; he was Rock Hudson, to my Doris Day. He played make-believe in his mind, too.

July 9, 1969

I am assigned to dot the "i's" in seven pieces of copy. To my surprise, I see that each "i" is already dotted with a real, round, fresh green pea. I take a silver hammer and with a silver nail pop each pea to make a sharp, clear dot. I have fun in the process, and to my amazement the copy is clean, doesn't need retyping.

July 10, 1969

I am hurrying down a busy city street, pulling a shopping cart behind me. A mammoth machine gun, that seems to be unmanned, starts to fire from a grassy island in the center of the street. I zigzag, and begin to run, trying to keep out of the direct line of fire.

The gun is moving, angling, following me. I keep trying to find a way to escape. I hop into my shopping cart. I fly

up in the air, steering it over a news stand at the corner. The expression on the newsdealer's face amused me. I made a safe landing and rolled to a halt in front of a red brick building. The firing continued. I hopped out of the shopping cart, pressed my back closely against the bricks, and edged my way to a glass-enclosed vestibule. A man in the tattered clothes was sitting inside on a stone step. He seemed aware of the firing, but indifferent. Frantically, I tried to get through the inner door, but it would not open. I gave up and sat down. As I leaned against the stone wall, I sat like the shabby man, aware but indifferent. One by one, four shabby men came in until there were five shabby men, waiting without hope, in the vestibule.

Five shabby men and me.

Waiting.

Waiting without hope.

Without hope.

In the vestibule.

Waiting.

July 11, 1969

I am in a small boat that is sailing out into the harbor. It is FRENCH AUNT'S boat. She is on board with DUTCH UNCLE. They are millionaires and seem to own a fleet of boats. We sail through a small channel, which is not much wider than the boat.

Then, the boat begins to grow. It grows larger and larger. Now, there are many people on board. CLARK GABLE is sitting at a small table with a woman, who is a key figure but unknown to me.

Somewhere along the way, there was a circular staircase. I looked down from the eighth floor and saw his bloody, broken body in the stairwell. He was the son of a couple going to a party on the boat. I went to tell them what had happened, then we were all on the boat at a party. Before the fall, before he died, he was eight years old.

I found my way to DREAM MAN, the man I was searching for, the man I wanted to be with. He was in costume, a disguise. He was playing a part, like everyone else on the boat. I was the audience, yet at the same time, I seemed to be a disguised actress.

July 12, 1969

I am in bed with HUSBAND "THE PROFESSOR." It is some time before we were married. It is three o'clock in the morning.

There is a paper-thin wall behind the bed.

FRENCH MOTHER and IRISH FATHER are behind the wall in a bed.

HUSBAND "THE PROFESSOR" puts his arms around me. (We had only four hours to sleep, and we were both very tired.) I am confused, torn. I turn upside down. My feet are at the top of the bed, my head at the bottom. I long to be close to him, but I am afraid to be, because my parents are listening, judging me.

We get up and go down the dark stairs together, and he climbs into the back seat of a car to sleep.

I climb back up the stairs feeling guilty about rejecting him, guilty about the reaction of my parents to my actions.

I am guilty. I wish I understood the real reason for my guilt. If my parents weren't judging me, would I still be guilty? Does it make any difference whether they judge me guilty, or I judge myself guilty? Doesn't right and wrong, good and evil change according to the circumstances? Is it wrong to sleep with a man before you are married? Is it wrong to sleep with a married man, if he's separated?

March 22, 1979

I've been captured with many people. I want to save myself, and help save the others. I think I've found a way, but our enemies come into the room to kill us.

SHADOW, a man in a white satin suit, like a leotard which goes over his face so that he is completely disguised, comes to kill me. There's nothing I can do. In the process of killing me, he penetrates my body. What I had feared as death seems to be a rebirth. I think SHADOW is a black man inside the skin-tight white suit. I become aware that SHADOW didn't kill me, because I had absorbed and assimilated him. I feel alert, alive, aware. I sense that the other captured people have had an encounter, each with his own shadow. Mine is not a unique experience.

March 31, 1979

A pageant, a major event, is to take place in a place that keeps growing. It starts at the Parsonage, but the place keeps growing getting larger and larger, taller and taller. It is enormous, an expanding white place. Walls are being replastered to keep up with the rapid growth; other walls are getting a fresh coat of white paint. There is a dome-like center arena with a semi-circle stage with steps going up across the front the entire width of the stage. It is like a Roman arena. I had arranged the place and prepared the food, but I had never anticipated what is happening. I walk among hundreds welcoming them. SON "PRINCE CHARLES" is two years old. I have him by the hand and am introducing him to everyone we greet. I used to have a little doll that looked like him and dressed like him, until he became a real little boy. I want everyone to meet him, but the place and the people keep growing and he is grown up.

The event is the arrival of SWAMI CHINMAYANANDA and SWAMI DAYANANDA. They appear in their saffron-colored robes, two striking streaks of color against the white. People are working together; everything is moving smoothly. It is all out of my hands now, yet I agree with all that is being done. As I go with others to greet the two swamis, people literally pour through the entrance with them. The audience and the actors are all becoming one. I'm not attempting to play all the roles, yet everything is going smoothly, differently, better than I had planned. There are two greenish-blue cushions on the stage for the two swamis. Everything is white, except for the greenish blue cushions and the saffron robes.

April 4, 1979

I'm leaving a place where there is much activity, many things are going on, many people, much talk. The only character I know is ACTRESS #1, or is she ACCOUNT EXECUTIVE #1, or BUSINESS WOMAN #2? She is a dominant, domineering female figure.

I have a grip on the bench, which is part of the rail around the deck where I am. My grip is so strong that when I take off, not only the bench, but a section of the deck and supporting locust posts are uprooted and fly out with me into space. I am suspended, hovering in the air about twenty feet off the ground. I can see earth and uprooted roots clinging to the locust posts which hang, like wheels beneath a plane coming in for a landing. I'm carefully considering where I will land. I'm not coming down this time

till I can make a safe landing in a place where I can put down roots. I feel confident as I watch and reflect. I have no fear. I am poised, alert, aware, ready. I am the pilot of my soul on this flight.

April 5, 1979

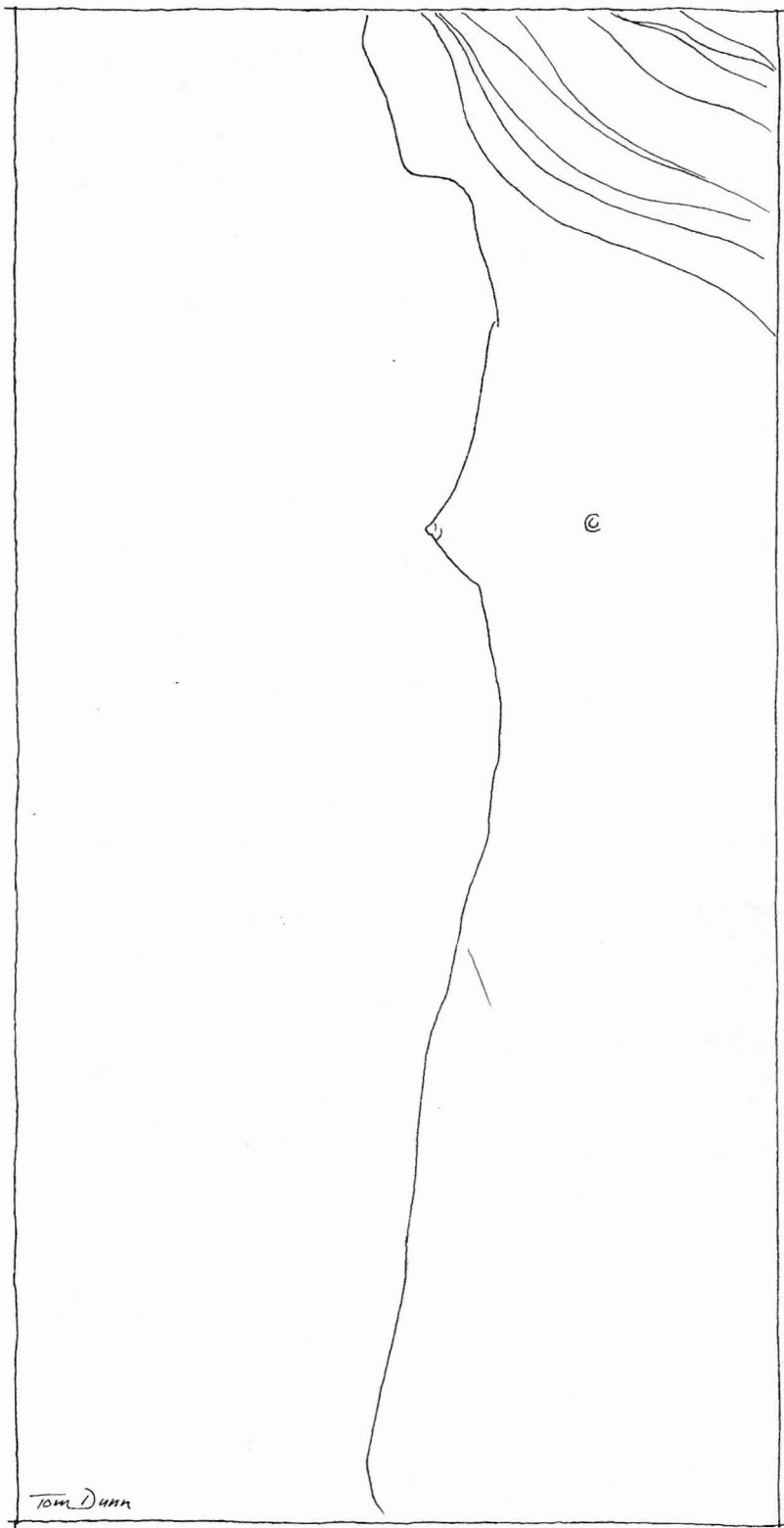
A woman is moving two puppet-like figures that form two halves of a pair of scissors. Is she BEVERLY SILLS? Everything is sharp, clear, in focus as she moves the two halves of the scissors, which are two bodies, one male, one female. The female figure has long, reddish hair and a long gown that matches her hair, while the male figure has a black top hat, white tie, and tails, like FRED ASTAIRE, or someone playing FRED ASTAIRE.

As the two move together from a criss-cross shape to form a straight line, BEVERLY SILLS becomes the female figure. When the two merge, the single united form is half female, half male. The male is on the left as I look, the female on the right. This is a powerful visual. I am aware of what is happening and it is good.

April 16, 1979

PARK AVENUE DOCTOR and I are going to a party. I'm aware that he has a physical problem and I consciously decide to help him. FRENCH MOTHER is with us at one point along the way. So that he will not have to climb up a steep incline, I suggest that it would be easier for FRENCH MOTHER. This way I save him the effort and spare him embarrassment. At the party, I'm aware that he would welcome my support, that it would help him if I were to stand quietly behind him as he talks with another prominent doctor. As he moves from person to person in his electric fashion, I go with him quietly helping him without words. I feel as if ANIMUS is guiding me, showing me how to release the feminine in relatedness. My ego is learning, as if in a classroom, as I watch my archetypal pattern of ideal man, appearing here as PARK AVENUE DOCTOR, becoming part of me. I'm consciously absorbing ANIMUS'S guidance and in so doing I become consciously aware that I am psychically bisexual. As the mask falls away from PARK AVENUE DOCTOR, I see through to the archetypal image. I have been projecting my animus.

I am learning how to relate and accept in a positive, loving way, not project and protest in a negative egocentric pattern.



Tom Dunn