

Connexions

An International Women's Quarterly
Summer 1984 - No. 13

女的話

Women's Words



The press that prints the magazine you're holding

- | | | |
|---|----|--|
| <i>Sistren Theatre Collective</i> | 3 | JAMAICA: "The Great Stone Got to Move"
Women's theatre gets the word out with song |
| <i>Shen Ching</i> | 6 | TAIWAN: The Death of Narcissus
A unique short story focusing on two women's friendship |
| <i>Pouba Iyasawmy Rajni Lallah</i> | 8 | MAURITIUS: Holding the Presses for Ransom
Facts on publishing, and a young women's journeys in poetry through "the realities of womanhood" |
| <i>Violetta Shtromas</i> | 10 | LITHUANIA: Fooling the Censor
Interview with a performer on censorship |
| <i>Tatyana Mamonova</i> | 11 | SOVIET UNION: Fling the Doors Open
Poetry from a feminist author in exile |
| <i>Christa Wolf</i> | 12 | E. GERMANY: "Come! Into the Open, Friend!"
Letter/Essay exploring the insanity of nuclear proliferation and the possibility of hope |
| <i>Armande Altai</i> | 15 | FRANCE: "She is Me"
Post-modern, lyrical-rock: Songs from Paris |
| <i>Lidia Terrero</i> | 16 | VENEZUELA: The Archangel of the Flaming Sword
Latin American surrealist fiction |
| <i>Hina Faisal Imam Kishwar Naheed</i> | 18 | PAKISTAN: Femininity or Feminism?
Poetry, and a discussion of women's publishing possibilities |
| <i>Dagmar Schultz</i> | 20 | W. GERMANY: Women's Publishing—The Double Bind
Conversation with a founder of the first feminist publishing house in W. Germany |
| <i>Peggy Parnass</i> | 21 | W. GERMANY: A Little Love Wouldn't Have Hurt
Autobiographical prose by a Jewish journalist and writer |
| <i>Naghshvareh Theatrical Group</i> | 23 | IRAN: A New Birth
Collectively written avant-garde play |
| <i>Louise Katherine Wakeling Margaret Bradstock Mary Fallon</i> | 26 | AUSTRALIA: "Poetry Doesn't Sell"
Lesbian/Gay poetry and publishing |
| <i>Susanne Johansson</i> | 28 | SWEDEN: The Story of the Homeless Girl...
A children's story by the editor of a women's journal |
| | 31 | Letters |

Staff

Lisa Bodeur, Dee Elling, Patricia Estrada, Linda Fogel, Susan Fraimow, Fereshteh Gol-Mohammadi, Barbara Grinnell, Teri Gruenwald, Cece Hall, Mary James, Tereza Kurgan, Kathy Marty, Nora Mc Loughlin, Shana Ritter, Suzanne Rosenthal, Patty Ruppelt, Michaela Schneider, Donna Scism, Judith Sedaitis, Carole Segall, Susan Stansbury, Beth Stewart, Kathleen Tandy, Iris Wesselman, Julie Whipple.

Special Thanks To:

Farhad Aesh, Jane Brecha, Howie Epstein, Stephen Fleming, Shauna Haines, Inkworks, Charlotte Malmenstamm, Monica Marini, Manolo Hernandez Martin, Warren Reier, Jürgen Schnabel, Dana Takagi.

Connexions is a quarterly and each issue focuses on a specific theme. *Connexions* is published by Peoples Translation Service, 4228 Telegraph Avenue, Oakland, CA 94609. Subscription rates are \$12 per year; Canada and Mexico US\$14; Overseas—US\$14 surface, US\$20 airmail. Annual institutional subscription \$24.

Articles and photographs from *Connexions* may be reprinted free of charge by non-profit publications without permission except where accompanied by copyright. (Others please inquire for reprinting rights.) Please credit *Connexions*, including our subscription rates and address whenever reprinting our material, and please send us a tear sheet. *Connexions* is indexed in the *Alternative Press Index*, P.O. Box 7229, Baltimore, MD 21218.

Statement

Connexions is the collective product of feminist of diverse nationalities and political perspectives committed to contributing to an international women's movement.

We want to go beyond merely providing facts and information, and hope that by passing on—as directly as possible—women's writing generally unavailable in the U.S., we will be helping women here to understand and connect with the experiences and viewpoints of women in other parts of the world. We also want to contribute to the growth of a worldwide network connecting women working on similar projects by researching, establishing contacts and exchanging information with other women's organizations.

To a large extent, the economic and political conditions under which we live determine the issues to which we give priority. Women do not live in a vacuum, but in what is still largely a man's world. It is essential for us to understand the working of that world if we are to understand each other. We hope that *Connexions* will be one step toward building an international women's movement.

Women have not been silent. In their songs, proverbs and tales, the history and traditions of whole cultures have been preserved. Their words have filled diaries and letters, novels, plays and speeches—even the news shared between neighbors that binds a community together has echoed the ring of women's voices.

And yet, as in so many areas of women's experience, the recognition and validation of the "public" world has been long in coming. Women's words have been circumscribed by illiteracy, by charges of being too "personal" or "subjective" for inclusion in the realm of Literature, by time, space and economic limitations, and by the whole constellation of social institutions and technology that has remained closed against them.

It is this last area that forms one of the focal points of this issue: publishing and distribution. In addition to presenting a variety of works by women from different countries, we've attempted to provide each piece with a "social context" that illustrates both the possibility and extent to which these words can gain exposure in their respective societies.

In order to ground the works in the socio-political reality from which they emerged, we sent out a list of questions to writers, performers and publishers all over the world. We asked them to describe the concrete conditions women face in getting their words out, and their own experiences within that setting. Furthermore, in requesting material, the term "women's words" was chosen over "women's literature" so that many different kinds of expression could be included, and also to avoid using terminology that often works against women. "Literature," as a category, has been traditionally restricted for women, and "Women's Literature" is often taken today to mean a sub-category or non-standard form of Literature. Thus, once again, women's words are relegated to a "safe," well-defined place in the minds of editors and critics, and on the bookstore shelves.

As the responses came in, it became clear that women everywhere are getting their words out in whatever ways possible in their cultures. In regions where illiteracy is the rule, and paper and ink are upper-class items, women are expressing themselves through song and popular theatre. In other areas, they are taking publishing into their own hands. Whether it's circulating painstakingly typed and hand-copied manuscripts underground in countries where all publishing is state controlled, or whether it's gamely starting their own small companies in nations where publishing is dominated by huge corporations, women are carving out a space for their work. And a highly needed space it is; for while in many areas works by women are currently in vogue and are, therefore, being published, their place in the light is only as secure as the profit statement on the bottom line will permit.

For women, consistent access to publishing is only guaranteed by women themselves who are committed to making this happen. Often, this means operating businesses at a loss or on purely volunteer labor, as is the case with *Connexions*. It often means choosing the least expensive (and least effective) media available: pamphlets over books, or print over electronic media. And yet, even with such economizing measures, many women's magazines, printers, publishers and outlets have collapsed in the last few years. Even in the course of preparing this issue, *Courage* in West Germany, *Dones en Lluita* in Spain, and *Big Mama Rag* here in the U.S., all feminist journals, ceased publication.

Within this context, the role of feminism as a binding force cannot be over emphasized. Apart from their presence in all aspects of publishing, feminists have provided vital support and encouragement for women's words in libraries, and bookstores, women's studies programs, archives and community centers, not to mention in literacy campaigns and projects to preserve the vast oral tradition of women on tape. Needless to say, in areas where this network is either limited or altogether lacking because of social, economic, or political conditions, women have little possibility of making their voices heard.

The gaps in the selection of works assembled here reflect both these silences and our own material limitations. What we *have* included, though, are not only eloquent glimpses of the creative sensibilities and aspirations of women around the world, but also explicit testimony to the issues they face in their societies. We ask our readers to remember the cultural context surrounding these pieces, bearing in mind that they are the products of a complex series of often invisible labors, victories and small miracles beginning with the flicker of imagination and ending with the written, sung and spoken word. □

Further Readings:

- "Third World Women Writers: A Selected Bibliography," *Womanews*, June 1984, New York.
- "Women Writing: Bookfairs, Publishing, Storytelling," *Spare Rib* # 143, June 1984, London.
- "Rolling Our Own: Women as Printers, Publishers and Distributors," Eileen Cadman, Gail Chester, and Agnes Pivot, *Minority Press Group*, 1981, London.
- "European Feminist Publishing," *Off Our Backs*, May 1984, Washington, D.C.
- "[Re]reading [re]writing [re]production: Recent Angloamerican Feminist Literary Theory," Bronwen Levy, *Hecate* Vol. VIII, 1982, Brisbane.

The Great Stone Got to Move

Jamaica



(The following was prepared for *Connexions* by Honor Ford Smith of the Sistren Theatre Collective, Kingston, Jamaica, 1984.)

The Sistren Theatre Collective is an independent popular theatre company which works at advancing the awareness of our audiences on questions affecting women, particularly those from the Caribbean area. The Collective is the only theatre group in the Caribbean which has developed from the initiative of working class women. It is made up of women whose experience is the living testimony to the meaning of oppression.

Sistren came together in 1977 when, for the annual Workers Week celebrations in Jamaica, we performed our first piece of theatre *Downpression Get A Blow*. It dealt with women in a garment factory forming a union and achieving their demands. At that time Sistren were employees of a "make-work" programme which created jobs such as street cleaning for thousands of unemployed women.

From 1977 to 1983, Sistren has become a professional women's theatre collective, internationally known for identifying women's issues in the Caribbean. In six years, Sistren has presented five major productions on such issues as women's work, teenage pregnancy, poverty, rape, and the role of women in Caribbean history. In addition, Sistren has offered hundreds of workshops to women working in sugar-cane fields, factories, schools, prison, and to urban women who are unemployed. The workshops are held as public, dramatic, problem-solving devices, which involve women in analyzing their situations and in collectively discussing possible solutions to pressing issues. In all our work we include song.

In *Song Of A Woman Sugar Worker*, we sang about the women who weed, plant and drop manure in the canefields of the sugar estates. Clad like scarecrows in ragged men's trousers underneath old dresses, women sugar workers work in the field under a blindingly hot sun and strong wind. The mud in the fields hides the needles of the cassia macca. The women are bare-foot. At the end of the week, these women, who are usually single heads of households, take home the lowest wage on the estate.

There's a load weighing down
my head
There's muddy water at my feet
But my back is straight
And my spirit strong
For there's solid ground
on the other side.

When the seed is sown
My careful hands struggle
with the weed
One day we'll reap the fruit
of our labour
On the solid ground on the other side.

Many of our songs tell something about the history of Jamaican women. They are traditional Afro-Caribbean melodies and rhythms which have been passed on from generation to generation. In some cases, like the one above, we have used the music of traditional rituals or rhythms and altered the words and melody to suit our needs.

Elsewhere, we write new music. In *Tribute*, we sang about the personal strength of women who endure difficult working conditions and have little or no political or economic power.

My touch is rough as the bark
of a tree
Fingers twisted with work like
the ginger root
Take my arm and feel
The strength of women
Who have sown the seed of life in you
Take my hands and feel
The courage of the women
Who have loved the dream of life in you.

Some of our traditional songs have also expressed the anger and lack of acceptance, and the injustice that we see and feel around us.

Mother, the great stone got to move
Mother, the great stone got to move
Mother, the great stone
That stone of Babylon
Mother, the great stone got to move

In others, we remember our heroines. In *Nana Yah* (one of our productions) for instance, we sang of Nanny, a woman who refused to be enslaved, and who led the African people in a successful guerilla war against the British in the eighteenth century.



Sugar worker planting cane tops

Sistren Theatre Collective

Go before us Nanny
Go before us
And we will follow you
(repeat)
Go on Nanny
Go on Nanny
And we will follow you.

Many of the conditions Nanny fought against have left their legacy of problems. The best land, for instance, is still in the hands of a few rich farmers or corporations who produce for export while the majority of farmers who feed the nation own a smaller amount of acreage and inferior land.

Nanny dead and gone
And she no leave no will
But she leave property
For de whole a we
But the bigger Busha *
Take it away from we
Glory be for the whole of we

* Busha - white planter.

Women still market this food throughout the country in increasingly difficult conditions, bringing it on their heads from remote areas to towns to sell to a country which imports most of its food and has one of the largest foreign debts in the world. In *Cash On Delivery*, in a reggae rhythm, we sang about the ways that we survive and the price of survival.

Me say a cash on delivery!
Me say a business we deal with
How you go on so?
You better pay for your pleasure
Is we life it a measure.
We know you no check for I
Just the service I render
So don't check say I tender.

Me beg you a ten cent.
Me beg you a dollar.
Me beg you a fifty cent fe go boil
little porridge.

Gimme that chain deh!
take off de boot!
Take off de socks
Cause de money in deh!

Who nah do no thieving
Just pick through the leaving
Fi hold off the grieving
I an I a hussle fe get thru
I nah look friend from you
Me say is strictly
Cash On Delivery
business we a deal with
How you a go on so?

Many people see the solution to problems like this in migration to America or to another developed country in need of cheap labour. The Caribbean is still one of the world's major zones of migration.

When they need labour in the Caribbean
They looked across the ocean
and labourers were seen
They took them from Africa
and brought them to this land
Yes! I was there with the first Africans
I remember the first plantation
and the African migration
We cut sugar cane
They made their gain
and the money came rolling in (repeat)

When London bridge was falling down
Falling down, falling down, (repeat)
West Indians built it up.

Come up and pick some apples this year
Come up and pick some apples this year
You don't even have to find your own plane fare
You can't pick apples
Come up as a domestic
You can make money quick
It's a job just for you
That no one else will do.

(Words by Winston Bell)



Sistren Theatre Collective

One of the last waves of migration involved thousands of women going to Canada to work as domestic servants. These women were not allowed to go if they were mothers. They worked for less than minimum wage for long hours just like their sisters at home. In Jamaica, at least sixty percent of the women who work are domestic servants.

Isolated from each other by their jobs, these women, like the market women, are unorganized. Often, domestic helpers undergo violations of minimum wage and maternity leave laws without having a public forum to make their voices heard.

Every day we wake up
It's the same condition
Long time we been working
Frustration remaining
This could never be our destiny
Life must have something else in it
For all we have

So, we come to tell a little story
About women who work
Talking about domestic helpers
and women who are mothers
If society don't recognize us
Then the hotter the battle
The sweeter the victory.

Time to break down the cages
We want better wages (repeat).

Chorus

So we gonna
Sweep on! Sweep on!
Sweep out poverty
Sweep out slavery

And you may think that
we're singing of one kind of service
the same thing applies to all women who work

So we gonna
Sweep on! Sweep on!
Sweep out poverty
Sweep out slavery.

(words by Winston Bell)

The reggae rhythm of this last song has the persistence that we will need to overcome the threat of re-colonization in the Caribbean region. Increased military aid to the Caribbean governments as a result of the C.B.I [Caribbean Basin Initiative—Proposed by Reagan and enacted in 1983, it shifts the focus of U.S. foreign aid to assisting development of the private sector.] and after the invasion of Grenada, will have serious consequences for our whole population. Women especially will feel the cost of supporting military expansion. The C.B.I.'s emphasis on export oriented industrialization may mean that more of the female labour force in the Caribbean accepts employment assembling electronic components in multi-national factories.

Gal who a thresh your rice
Is de same ol Yankee man
Gal mind you catch the lice
From de same old yankee man.

As we come together, we will find new ways of expressing our understanding of our situation, and of trying to overcome the limitations around our lives.

Woman time ah come
Oh yeah
Woman time ah come
Oh yeah

I'm giving you the warning
A new day is dawning
You better be prepared
A new day is dawning
Sistren time ah come
Oh yeah. □

(Copyright: Sistren Theatre Collective, 1984)

Further Readings:

- "Sistren: Street Theatre in Jamaica," *Connexions* #4, Spring 1982.

Contact:

- *Sistren Theatre Collective, 100 Hope Road, Kingston 6, Jamaica.*

In a recent letter to *Connexions*, Honor Ford Smith described publishing and distribution in Jamaica, and the possibilities for women within that context to make their voices heard.

For women writers of all kinds, it is quite a lonely existence. There are no women's presses in our country. The Women and Development Unit (WU) Barbados has produced discussion papers, newsletters and magazines which keep a small number of women in the Caribbean region in touch with each other's work, and issues affecting our lives. Sistren is probably the only local organization which encourages working class women to come forward as women and express themselves creatively. We do not reach as many women as we would like to, nor are we always able to follow-up our initial impact with drama as thoroughly as we hope to be able to.

Organization among artists and writers is weak or informal. Pop music is male dominated. Nevertheless it is in drama and poetry that Jamaican women writers have tended to make strong contributions, so far. In the 1930s, Louise Bennett, a Jamaican woman poet, began pioneering work in poetry-in-performance. She made the Jamaican language popular and "respectable" as a language of poetry. She performed her work herself and published it later, establishing a precedent for poetry-in-performance. Before the 1930s, our language was regarded as bad English, and common or vulgar. Louise Bennett's work and that of younger women poets like Jean Breeze and Anita Stewart draw heavily on the traditions of African oral literature. The women poets who have been struggling to come forward with their poetry have

drawn on the rhythm of reggae to create new language forms and metric patterns.

Most literary publication in the English-speaking Caribbean is still done by British based companies who publish for school markets. Heinemann's and Longman's both have special Caribbean branches. There are some independent publishers in this island that publish poetry and anthropological or historical work in the main.

The public library in Kingston has xeroxing facilities, but these are very expensive. Stencil and mimeographing facilities are more readily available for public use. Most are controlled by schools or community organizations, and access can be gained by approaching these groups.

The kind of literature available is limited since most books are imported from metropolitan countries, thus the costs are high. Those who can afford to buy literature are few, and vacillate between a conservative or cautiously liberal outlook depending on the political and economic situation; the book traders order their merchandise accordingly.

During the seventies, a brief period of reform in Jamaica, a radical bookstore opened in Kingston. It has since closed down. From time to time, organizations take on the task of distribution or publication of radical books. In the last three to four years, a number of organizations interested in popular education for social change have been trying to develop documentation centres which produce popular materials on issues of concern to the community, and to make available alternative resources for education and development. □

TAIWAN

The Death of Narcissus

by Shen Ching

(This story, by Shen Ching, originally appeared in January 1984 in *Chung Kuo Shi Pao* [China Times], a major Taiwan daily newspaper. It was translated for *Connexions* by Sue Glover.)

In contemporary Chinese culture, the short story is considered one of the most respectable forms of literature. In traditional Chinese literature women have been most often portrayed in antagonistic hierarchical relationships to each other. Today, there is still little precedent for a literature which acknowledges and explores the complex and emotion filled relationships which commonly exist among women. The following short story, "The Death of Narcissus," is in striking contrast to most of the literature published in Taiwan. For this reason, Shen Ching said that she was more nervous than usual while writing this story, and worried about it being accepted for publication in a major newspaper, the main forum for short fiction.

Currently, Shen Ching teaches Chinese literature at Tunghai University in central Taiwan. Her short fiction has been published for two years, and has been well received. In 1983 she won a national writing contest.

There is no women's press in Taiwan today. There is one small publication, *Fu Nu Chi Shi* [Female Awakening], which is sold in about a dozen bookstores and coffeehouses in Taipei, the capital city. In a recent letter Shen Ching wrote: "I really envy America where you have a magazine that publishes women's literature. At present, women's magazines in Taiwan have only articles on beauty, cooking, and eye makeup. I am honored by your encouragement. There are a lot of women writers in Taiwan right now who publish in newspapers and magazines. I hope that, in the future, a publication like yours will appear which is serious, and represents a broad range of positions."

I hadn't expected to see Yao again, after ten years. In that bustling, noisy newspaper office it all seemed very casual. She still didn't call me by name, just stopped in front of me and quietly said, "Hi!" As far as I can remember, she had never spoken my name. For a moment we didn't know what on earth to say to each other. She was as reserved and shy as ever. She really hadn't changed much, only her hair was a little longer, and she wasn't wearing glasses. At twenty-eight she was a grown woman, but wearing a military jacket, jeans, and tennis shoes she still seemed like a kid. We hastily exchanged a few pleasantries and that was all. We didn't even arrange to meet again. But I knew we would be in touch. She and I were bound to meet again—bound by past and present, by the springtide of our youth and the geology of time.

...

Ten years earlier, we had been students together at a girls' middle school in the south—in the same school for six years and in the same class for two. The adolescent heart is so unstable. Uncertain of oneself, and uncertain of one's future, one lacks self-confidence, and even more, confidence in others. One is unable to form an ambition or a resolve. Most people rely on a group of friends and associates. My grades were mediocre. I was intimidated by the good students and the poor students were intimidated by me. I resorted to staring out the window, chewing my nails, waiting for a flock of fairy playmates to descend on me. I don't know why I was so inclined to daydreams. It was really nothing but confusion about myself and about life.

At that time Yao was active in the school affairs, and had a painter for a father. She was smart and did well academically. Every year she was class head, but she wasn't the least bit arrogant. She cut her hair shorter than anyone else, and wore her skirts longer than anyone else. Even as a teenager her demeanor was that of an experienced teacher; she was so serious, not at all given to levity. Every year she won prizes in painting exhibitions. Everyone thought she would be a great artist someday.

Although we weren't in the same class, we knew of each other. I knew her because of her paintings and she knew me because of my writings and essays. Sometimes when it was her turn to act as the student on duty she would come through our classroom carrying a waterbucket, catch sight of me lost in thought, and smile at me. The warmth radiating from that smile would make me happy for days.

...

In my second year of high school my grades improved a little and I was able to move into her class. Her seat was diagonally in front of me. But we still didn't talk. I always felt clumsy and provincial. I had no idea how to get close to anyone. So when I received her letter I didn't know how to handle it. I thought she was making fun of me.

Her letter expressed friendship and a dreamy lyricism, full of phrases with which adolescent girls like to embellish their letters: "white clouds," "falling leaves," "flowing rivers," "rainshowers." But besides this, for some reason she complimented me, and to my surprise called me "Mona Lisa." As I read the letter I was moved, but when I finished it I grew angry. I don't know why. Who can explain a young girl's feelings? I was annoyed that she had applied a fantastic and extravagant image to me. At that time I was not conscious of my appearance—any description, probably, would have been possible. With her letter, she led me to a mirror where I saw an unreal reflection. With a few lovely phrases she set me down in the wavering landscape of illusion. As far as I was concerned this wasn't friendship—it was rejection. I was angry that she had destroyed the profound rapport between us. The wonderful sympathy that I had sensed in her incalculable smile was transformed. I didn't want to live as a disembodied figure in her imagination. I was afraid that just as she had discovered beauty, she would discover ugliness. Thus, in the end, I didn't respond to her letter. In fact, I avoided her.

She changed too. When she saw me, she would look away, tightlipped. The smiles and every bit of the warm exchange

between us had vanished. And that was the way we finished our high school careers. In the end we hadn't become friends. After graduation she went on to study art, and I studied Chinese. We lost touch. But I always regretted it a little, because in spite of everything, in my heart of hearts I had long ago recognized her as a soulmate.

Her letter had a surprising effect on me. I discovered that I was wont to gaze at myself in mirrors, seeking my own reflection. I learned to curl my hair. I studied a graceful gait. I cultivated soft speech so that my words melted in my mouth like cotton candy. I also learned which colors were becoming to me, what styles were fashionable. Who knows how many times a day I glanced in the mirror. I became vain, devoted to flirtations, especially in the form of physical attractions. When the glamor paled I would lose interest. And so I wasted my youth.

...

When, after ten years, I saw Yao again, she was not nearly as moved as I was. From her words and actions it seemed that she had long ago forgotten that letter. She didn't know that I had ten years of secrets to pour out to her. I expected her to come see me since I had not even had the time to ask for her address. And fortunately, she did come in a few days. At that meeting we talked and talked, and laughed and laughed, as though we were old, old friends. We both had overcome our childish shyness. I discovered she had become quite open-minded, curious about everything, concerned about everything, while I had developed an easy sense of humor through the experiences of those years. So we got on very well together. She became a frequent visitor. And after we got to know each other better, I discovered we were very much alike. We should have become friends long before.

We were equally mad about art. We were both teachers; were both overly sensitive, and both found much fault with the world. Since I owed her a letter I wanted to make up for it after ten years. I helped her in whatever way I could, and I invited her on trips. She always accepted graciously.

Of all my friends, she was the only one who would seek me out in the middle of the night, wearing her nightclothes. In these long midnight talks she would forget all her reserve. She had a lot to say but it was not idle chatter. She would bring some curious new idea, for example, about the personality of colors or the problems of the space between the toes.

Sometimes she would bring some scribbled poetic manuscript, not for my criticism, but because she thought I might be interested in reading it. Most of the time I just listened. Sometimes I had an impulse to interrupt, to ask, "That letter . . . do you still remember that letter?" or "Do you know that you are the one who made me see myself?" But I didn't have the nerve to do it. I was afraid she would feel awkward, that it would interrupt the friendship we had finally managed to establish. Often after she had poured out her heart to me she would go away for days. We were both too sensitive. I was afraid I cared too much about her, and she was afraid she was too frank.

...

One day she showed up out of nowhere and casually mentioned that she was going to enter a painting exhibition and wanted to do my portrait. I agreed with deliberate nonchalance. Actually, I was secretly longing to find out what kind of picture she would paint of me after ten years. All the time we had been seeing each other she hadn't mentioned her painting, like a millionaire who wouldn't talk about his money. Now I would have a chance to see her painting and to see myself. Naturally, I was excited as we made the arrangements for a sitting.

The first day I dressed in red as she had requested and sat in front of a black background, trying to remain as still as possible so as not to disturb her painting. Sometimes I took advantage of a rest break to look surreptitiously at her sketch. After ten years her brushwork was more sure and her composition more artful. When she painted she was very serious, not in the least like a 28-year-old woman. I don't know how many times she had to caution me not to laugh.

Christine Roche/Spare Rib



The work went smoothly. Perhaps because there was a deadline, the painting was finished on the third day. During this time she did her best not to let me see the picture, and, to avoid breaking her mood, I didn't ask. When the painting was finished we both breathed a sigh of relief. Only then did she magnanimously let me look at the picture. I walked over to the painting and stood there dumbfounded. Was that I? That haggard expression like the face of an old woman, long hair plastered over the shoulders as though drenched with rain. It looked a little frightening. The tone of the painting was sombre. Even my red clothing had become a dark brown. It resembled a shadow, not a person. It didn't look like me, but why did it make me shudder?

Yao saw my expression and quickly said, "I'm sorry. I've made you ugly." I smiled bitterly. She said again, "I'm sorry." I said, "No, I trust your feelings. What are you going to call it?" She announced decisively, "Miss C." Again I smiled bitterly. Just those two words? Did those two words sum up our relationship, the unexpected reunion after ten years, the disillusionment? Why not call it "Inverted Reflection" or "Disillusionment?" Even "The Vicissitudes of Time" or "True Likeness" would be fine. Why just those two icy cold words? But I didn't say anything.

...

Strangely enough, not long after the painting was finished she was transferred to a job in Kao Hsiung and we lost touch again. Our reunion seemed to have been just for the purpose of completing that portrait. It was accurate almost to the point of cruelty, direct almost to the point of caricature. Actually, it was not that I was ugly in the picture, but that it was an image of my inner self. The image of a soul is not a matter of beauty or ugliness. At least she had painted a portrait of my mental state, a little cold, a little confused. The twisted face seemed to have undergone the torture of countless passions, that haggard countenance seemed to be suffering great sorrow. No wonder I was unwilling to admit it; I wanted to reject the picture. Had I not spent ten years wrapping myself in a beautiful disguise? Had I not covered the holes and blots on my heart, where it was consumed by anxiety and fear, with a calm facade? Could it be that Yao's insight penetrated that and revealed my delusion?

Since I had seen the picture I was filled with conflicting emotions, sometimes euphoria, sometimes depression. I was pleased that the picture, like a great mirror, showed me the illusion of my outer self and the truth of my inner self. Moreover, it showed me my foolishness. I had lived for ten years in what was only a dream. I had been blindly seeking an illusory reflection, like the mythical Narcissus who from the river bank saw his own image in the water and fell in love with it. He drowned seeking his own image and was turned into a flower. Now my narcissus was dead. Ten years before, Yao's letter had awakened my awareness of beauty. Now her painting let me grasp the truth. From that picture I learned I had not been beautiful, only young. The narcissus is a reflection of youth, its dying represents the possibility of new life.

...

My sorrow was that this was the moment I bid good-bye to youth. Life's many responsibilities lay ahead of me. There was no looking backward. I will, like everyone, grow older day by day, uglier day by day. But I am no longer afraid. Because I am just one person among millions. It is only that the price of the revelation is so great. Ten years of delusion, ten years of grasping. I even lost communication with Yao. Would she understand my feelings? Has she really forgotten that letter? I won't ever mention it. Let her keep that secret forever, submerged beneath the river of remembrance. Will I meet her again in ten years, or twenty, and will she tell me my hair has become as white as frost, my heart as cold as ashes? Will she say human life is like thistle-down in the wind, our meetings like the crossings of floating clouds? Or will she apologize for having ruined that painting—the only time her brush ever failed her, unintentional, unconscious. . . ? □

Mauritius

The island of Mauritius is located 500 miles east of Madagascar in the Indian Ocean. Originally uninhabited, it was first settled by the Dutch in the 17th century, and then re-colonized by the French who established it as a sugar plantation. Successive importations of labor brought African slaves, Indians, Chinese, French, and English to the island. In 1814, Mauritius was ceded to Britain, and in 1968, it became an independent member of the Commonwealth.

Although the official language is English, a Creole patois based on French is spoken by 52% of the population. Reflecting its diverse ethnic composition, newspapers are published in English, French, Hindi and Chinese. Traditionally, Mauritius has enjoyed a free press, although beginning in 1971 when twelve labor unions were banned by the government, a five-year period of censorship was imposed.

Today, within its 790 square mile area, the island has an extensive news media and press system. The Muvman Liberasyon Fam (Women's Liberation Movement), founded in September 1976, publishes its own newsletter *Nuvel Fam* (New Woman; primarily in Creole), and has also published a book of poetry, as well as articles on Women and Work. The M.L.F. also operates a Women's Center in Curepipe.

What follows is from a letter written to *Connexions* in April, 1984 by Poubia Iyasawmy of the M.L.F. in which she talks about the Mauritian press, and current developments that will put serious limitations on publishing. Also included here are poems from *Rar Tar dan Aswar*, a collection of poetry written in both Creole and English by Rajni Lallah, a young Mauritian woman. It was published by the Muvman Liberasyon Fam in 1982.

There are about 50 independent presses on the island most of which are situated in the capital town, Port-Louis. They are controlled by the sugar oligarchy and by the intellectual and commercial petty bourgeoisie. A workers' press will be underway in one month.

These presses produce a lot of materials: newspapers, magazines, books, boxes, containers as well as covers for commercial produce, calendars, almanachs, posters and advertising matters.

Recently there has been a new development that will affect the press here. The government has just voted in a "Newspaper and Periodicals Bill" which compels the editor as well as the press, publishing any newspaper or periodical to post a guarantee of Rs 250,000 (approx. US\$25,000) which will be used as a surety in case of "defamation." This law will come into force on July 1st, 1984. The enactment of this law will lead to the disappearance of specialty newspapers printed by leftist groups and unions. The new worker's press will be especially affected. □

Contact:

• Muvman Liberasyon Fam, 5 Rue St. Therese, Curepipe, Mauritius, Indian Ocean.



Holding The Presses For Ransom

Hope—the swaying piece of fire
at the top of a candle

The filao fruits burn with glazing heat
Long, willowy leaves throw out red spangles
Music is heard—
a taut drum beating in rhythmic intervals
Sound of suffering being condemned
People stand up slowly,
burning hatred spouting from their lungs,
a piercing cry shattering silence
The bow string is loose,
the arrow flees,
tenseness has dissolved
Feet shaking the earth—making the earth hear,
Arms flaying—compelling the wind to carry the news,
Heads drawn back—the sound of sega is created

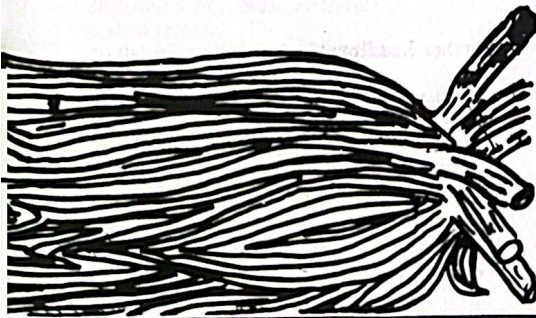
Hope—the swaying piece of fire,
at the top of a candle



Rar, Tar dan Aswar

Naked and bright in spite of my brown colour,
I stood while the wind serenely blew in the dead of night,
Caressing the trees—wooing them—calm and quiet
I felt—tuned in—listening, seeing with unseeing eyes—
a flash of lightning in a dank but beautiful blackness
I moved with the same calmness like the flicker of candlelight
Human eyes would not have noticed me,
even if I, with hands outstretched,
pleaded for them to become part of the scene
I was infinity, never-ending, abstract, but real
The closeness of flesh to flesh; warmth of closeness
The barrier of unconsciousness,
glimpses of a dream, flitting in and out of time
I was alive
I was alive

By
Rajni Lallah



I strain to hear a voice in the cacophony of sounds
A human voice attached to a jaw with teeth and tongue
Toothless gums spread around in irony
stare out of white advertisement screens
I sit and watch, listen to an unfinished image,
an illusion which blends completely with my ego
So why bother? When I can dream of something I will never be,
a 'something' (truly said) as no drop of water can glisten
so powerfully in the beams of light without a mirror
The drops, so perfect, gaze at my dream or vision,
communicates without my being conscious of mutual appreciation
The drops of water gleaming, glistening making the me I know
glisten and gleam comparatively with anger,
stare out of the T.V. screens, fix their beams securely in my brain,
torment me, anger me, torture me
I cannot free the beams fixed so securely—help me!
Toothless gums scream out sounds—"buy it! buy it!"
Water drips down from my bathroom tap
I quench my thirst, but still toothless gums
reflect all along the wall
I go out—"buy it! buy it!"—and buy the dreaded stuff
Bits of parched, gleaming, glistening drops that I swallow
Why bother? An infinite addiction, an incurable wound
to anyone arrogant enough to sit and watch, listen
Stare it out! There will never be any voice audible
in the cacophony of sounds.

Fooling The Censor

Lithuania

The Soviet Socialist Republic of Lithuania is a small Baltic country with a 700 year-old history but a short-lived identity as a modern nation. It was incorporated into the Soviet Union along with a string of other countries at the close of WWII, and since has struggled to endure as a separate cultural entity.

In the Soviet Union, public works must be government approved. Though authors can accommodate the Party to varying degrees, many simply avoid sensitive subjects altogether.

Although emigration is a path chosen by many who are denied democratic and economic rights, the "new world" they enter is often very different than they imagined. For example, while state-approved Eastern European artists and cultural workers often receive massive state funding, Western artists, in contrast, typically face a lack of funds and the censorship of "what sells."

Violetta Shtromas, an accomplished performer and recording artist, left Lithuania when the opportunity arose. Now living in England, she was interviewed by Judith Sedaitis for *Connexions*.

Q: Violetta, was there any special process you had to go through in choosing the songs you would sing? For example, did your lyrics have to pass through some kind of censorship?

A: Oh, there is censorship always, everywhere. There's the possibility of trying to get around it, but then you had better have well-placed friends on the various commissions.

Q: Why? Would you bribe them?

A: No, not really. They had to be willing to take risks for you. If they let you slide, they risk punishment from their own superiors. Everyone there is afraid.

But there are other ways of circumventing the censor. You can write in the language of folk tales, like Aesop's fables. You write one thing but you are thinking another. Or you can, as they say, write between the lines. This happens very often in literature and poetry as well.

Q: Don't the censors catch on to that suggestive kind of writing?

A: Well, there you have it! If one of them understands what is going on, he will look to see if his fellow censors are catching on, and if they aren't then he can keep quiet. Well, they say, this writing is looking for the fool! And they let it go by. There is always someone, though, looking to see if you've betrayed the Party line.

Q: And if you do?

A: You don't get published. Simple. They won't use your work. You'll be thrown out [of circulation] like a fly out of beet soup. And if you still want to press on with it, you have to do it privately. Like, I could hold a concert in my home and sing what I want. But, officially, publically, they won't let that happen. When you do a concert, for instance, there is always a Program Registrar that supervises the performance.

Q: Are there any independent bookstores or libraries unaffiliated with the state?

A: No, everything belongs to the government.

Q: So you couldn't just walk into a store and buy some independent magazine or book that hasn't passed through government channels?

A: (laughs) No...no, no, no. Even if you could, people in general are very... careful.

Q: Is it possible to publish independently at all, that is without government assistance or supervision?

A: *Everything* is state-run. To publish independently, you must do it underground. Then there is no government censor, but you risk government condemnation. You could easily land in jail.

Q: Did you ever see any underground publications?

A: When I lived there, no, I did not. It was only when I lived in the West that I saw our underground press for the first time. I guess I didn't meet people associated with subversive activity.

Q: How accessible are photocopying machines, mimeograph machines?

A: I don't know. I really wouldn't have known how to find one. You have to know someone. And if you have one and you're not a registered writer, then... well, someone will be aware of it and will be wondering, "What is it that's being written there?" Then the government has reason to notice you.

Q: So how are the underground publications published, if access to duplicating machines, etc., is so difficult?

A: Well, it's a slow process. They would type using carbon paper to make five or six copies and then pass those copies to friends who would make five or six more and so

Violetta Shtromas



on. And it is a very risky business!

Q: Are there any women's magazines in your country?

A: There are; the government puts one out called *Soviet Women*. You can get it for about 40 kopeck. It has the requisite amount of material on the Party, but there are also articles on health issues, children, about growing things. It includes short fiction and sometimes prints articles submitted by other women, although not necessarily. Often the magazine would reprint an article published in Poland and I would buy it for that.

Q: Why is that?

A: Well, to us, Poland is like a window to the rest of the world. Through it we could get a glimpse of what was happening in Europe. They write more about Europe, and they show European films and American television programs. When a really powerful transmitting tower was installed in northern Poland, practically everyone in Lithuania, except for one region, was able to tune in. This caused a big problem for the government—they had to find a way to block the signals so we couldn't watch Polish television.

Q: What was the problem with watching Polish television?

A: The government doesn't need it. Why do they need us to see that life is better elsewhere? They don't need it. I swear, it was like living in prison. (laughs) It's funny talking about this. Normally I wouldn't. It's unacceptable. People are so careful with one another. You're never sure where a conversation could land you. You're never really sure who you're talking to. □

Further Readings:

- "Hungary: Avant-Garde Journal Under Attack," B. Lomax, *Labor Focus on Eastern Europe*, Vol. 7, #1, Winter 1984, London.
- "The Incongruous Shadow" on Rumanian poet Nina Cassian, *Connexions* #5, Summer 1982.
- "Beads of Amber," Gintaro Verinys, Ed., Vaga, 1979.

Fling The Doors Open

Soviet Union

(The following unpublished poems were sent to *Connexions* by the author, Tatyana Mamonova and translated by M. Sklansky.)

Writer, painter, poet and literary critic, Tatyana Mamonova was expelled from the Soviet Union in 1980, as a result of her role as editor of the first *samizdat* [self-published, underground] *Almanac: Women and Russia*. She has lived in Paris and Berlin since then where she continues her work in support of the feminist movement in the U.S.S.R.

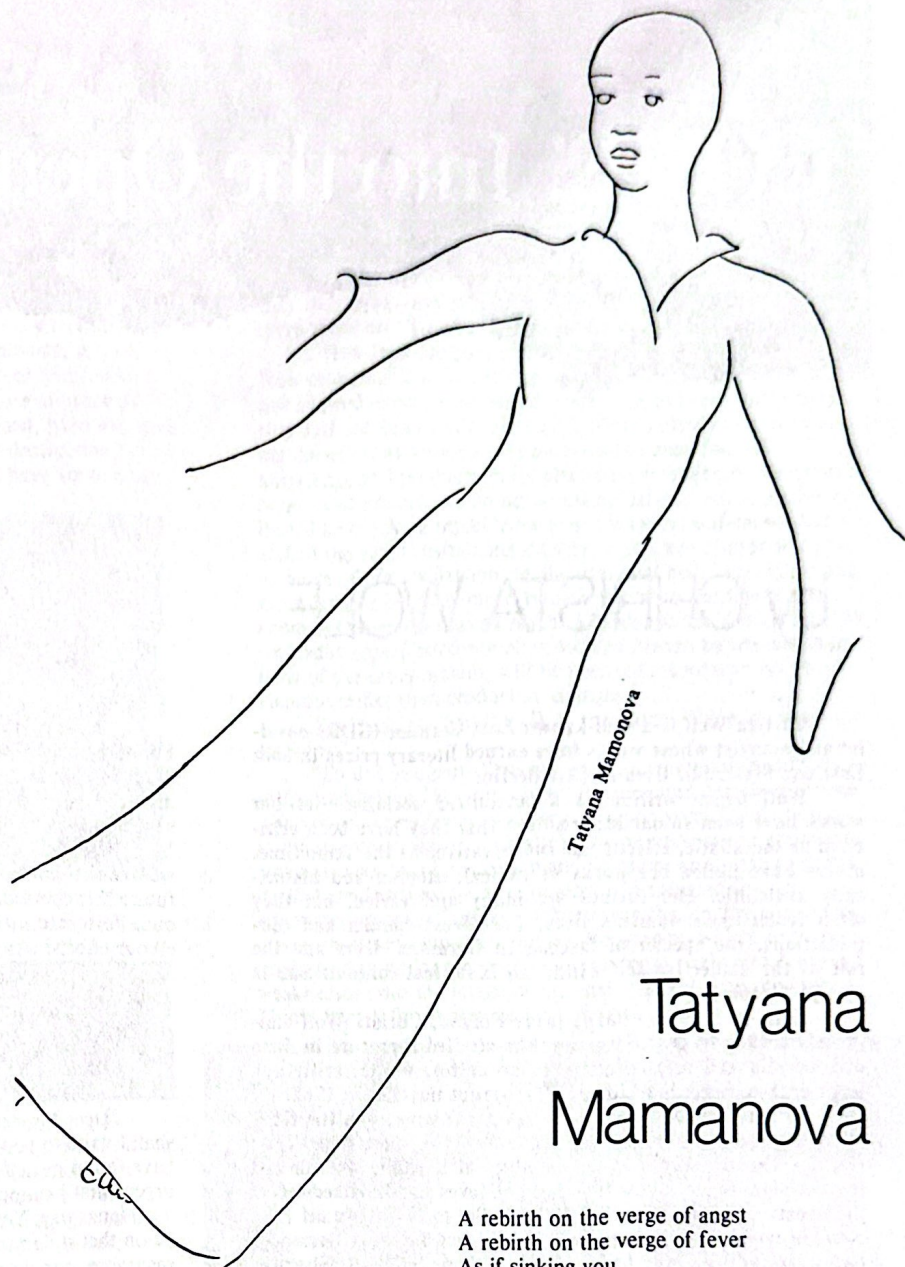
While working for the official press during the 1960s, Mamonova began thinking about a free women's publishing house. Faced with continuous censorship of her poetry and articles concerning women's issues, she left her position with the official press and joined the dissident movement.

In 1979, beginning as 12 typed copies circulated underground, the first issue of the *Almanac: Women and Russia* appeared. Under increasingly difficult conditions of surveillance and repression, it was followed by three other issues in 1980, all containing fiction, documentary and poetry by its women contributors. These were subsequently carried to France where they were translated and widely distributed.

Mamonova describes the *Almanac* as the "first significant writings by and about Russian women since the Russian Revolution." However, in addition to its negative reception by state officials, it was not well-received by the male dissidents either because it "stirred up problems that dissidents had never discussed—attacking subjects that touch all women, whatever their age, milieu and nationality, independent of their convictions."

I shall return
to boulevards' expanse
Though they fall short
of country hayfields' vastness
I shall return
to the turmoil of sense
And to the stone house,
solid, steadfast
I shall return
glad to embrace its walls
I shall return
and fling all of its doors open
And tell a certain someone there:
"Hello. I'm back."
though all my doubts remain unspoken. □

There exists between the two of us
such semblance
you could (I know!)
make me flinch in horror
In a time long past
we had been shamans
disappearing with acacias' odor
Ever since then
we are Doppelgaengers—
inside me is streaming
your twofoldness
Pity our souls—
yellowed withered pages—
have been shut closed
like revealing journals. □



Tatyana
Mamonova

A rebirth on the verge of angst
A rebirth on the verge of fever
As if sinking you
suddenly
bound;
As a song from afar now blown nearer
A rebirth spiting the Norns *
A rebirth despite even you doubting
Like a softly plucked chord, long resounding,
From the symphony of reward. □

* Any of the three Norse goddesses of fate

Further Reading:

- "Women and Russia: Feminist Writings from the Soviet Union," Tatyana Mamonova, Ed., Beacon Press, 1984, Boston.
- "The Typewriters Hold the Fort," Zdena Tomin, Index on Censorship, April 1983, London.

EAST GERMANY

COME! Into the Open, Friend!

by CHRISTA WOLF

Christa Wolf is a well-known East German (GDR) novelist and essayist whose works have earned literary prizes in both East and West. She lives in East Berlin.

Wolf began writing as a committed socialist, yet her works have been so outside tradition that they have been criticized as moralistic, eclectic and conservative. At the same time, others have hailed her works as radical, utopian and historically authentic. Her themes are many and varied, but they often touch upon women's lives, East/West conflict and contradictions, the specter of fascism in Germans' lives and the role of the subjective self within an historical context. She is part philosopher.

Born in 1929 in what is today Poland, Christa Wolf emigrated in 1945 to East Germany. She studied literature in Jena and Leipzig and became active as an editor, writer, critic and lecturer. She began working as a free-lance novelist in 1962.

In 1963 her first novel, *The Divided Heaven*, won the GDR Heinrich-Mann Prize and became one of the most noted East German literary works. It is the story of a young woman and her decision not to follow the man she loves to the "freedom" of the West. It was not until 1968 that the most important East German novels finally began to be published in West Germany, and Christa Wolf was first published there in 1969. She was later to receive two prestigious West German literary awards.

Her subsequent novels, all of which are now available in English, have received mixed reviews in both the East and West. Nevertheless, her readers like her works, and her current fame is based more on this popular acceptance than on reviews by literary critics or academic institutions.

The following essay by Christa Wolf addresses the current threat of nuclear war to Europe—and to all of us. It explores the contradictions of East and West and faces the ultimate consequences. We must not forget that, in the case of Germany, East/West is also a literal division, not just an ideological one.

On August 20, 1981, 150 European authors from both the East and West united in an appeal for peace. Christa Wolf was among them. They have pledged to do all within their power to expose the insanity of ongoing nuclear proliferation.

(The following essay by Christa Wolf is excerpted from *Süddeutsche Zeitung*, 42, Feb. 20/21, 1982, a West German newspaper. Translated by Maria Gilardan and Myra Love.)

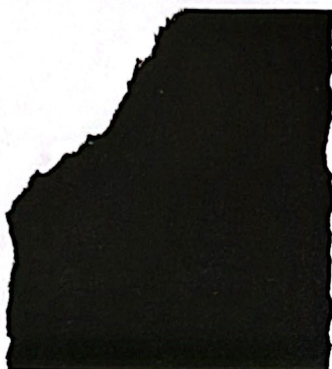
At the beginning of September, I received a letter from Freiburg, West Germany. Its sender, "a young person," as he described himself, a father of three children who works with mentally handicapped children and studies medicine, asked me several questions. The first—"May I still hope?" The second—"Are there ways out of the danger?" And the third—"Where can we find the strategies and the strength to withstand such a future?" It concluded with an exclamation: "Please! Let us put all our efforts into maintaining peace between our countries. Truly all our efforts! And even more."

"Dear Mr. D." I wrote, at the beginning of October, "What shall I write to you? I have had your letter for two weeks, and have found myself thinking about it again and again; it is so urgent that I cannot avoid it, so personal that I must answer it in a personal way. Yet, I cannot and will not promise the total revelation that it demands, but only fragments. There was some resistance, too, in my first reaction to your letter. I could sum it up in one sentence: Why me? Why should I know 'ways out of the danger'? Why should I in particular be obliged—never mind entitled—to express an opinion that will be taken more seriously than many other opinions of this time? I do not know if there is an element of escapism in this resistance; I doubt it. It is based rather on the experience of my life—and that is really what you are asking about: the tendency of many people in this century and in this culture—myself included for some time—to submit unquestionably to authority [...]"

"But here we are already," I continued, "in the midst of our discussion. And if we can take it as that—a discussion—a shared process of reflection, which does not have to lead to conclusive answers, then it will be possible for me to take up your questions."

"Observing myself, I catch myself constantly involved in an ongoing, unceasing inner monologue: Can Europe—can we—still be saved? When I think precisely and rationally, when I call to mind all the information that is available to me about the armaments of both sides, especially the structures of thought that make this reciprocal mobilization possible, then my answer is no, or probably not."

Shall I make a sentence like that public? Again I put aside my letter. In the course of the last year (it was in April), I had one of those rare and unforgettable experiences of consciousness. The TV news announcer reported that a conference of experts meeting in London had come to the conclusion that Europe would survive only another three or four years if current policies continued. In one minute, I experienced everything that would happen in three or four years. This minute affected me negatively, with paralysis (hasn't paralysis become senseless?), but it also released anger in me—and freedom. If they dare to include the destruction of Europe in their military calculations, then we, mere casualties in the statistics of nuclear planning staffs, may take quite a few liberties. Our subordination to the logic, whose ultimate manifestation is the missile, has become senseless, thus, we cannot be radical enough in our quest for the roots of this radical threat. Considering the "situation" in which we find ourselves, should we not think, propose and attempt "the impossible?" Since the "factual foundation" of the reality to which we are constantly required to limit ourselves is potentially contaminated, does it seem so strange that we are looking for a different base? When even word pairs like "attack" and "defense," whose antithetical definitions history seemed to have firmly inscribed, have lost their inner tension and crashed into the crater word "destruction," should we not try to speak with words that still have some meaning?



That is what I think today. But to Mr. D. I continued to write, "A civilization that is capable of planning its own destruction, and of acquiring the means for that destruction through tremendous sacrifices, seems sick to me. The missile and the bomb are by no means accidental products of this culture. They are the logical products of expansionist behavior over millennia; the avoidable incarnations of the alienation syndrome of industrial societies which subsume all other values under those of quantity! speed! precision! and efficiency! Many values appropriate to human beings, rather than to gigantic instruments, have simply been devoured. Masses of people have been forced into an 'object' existence devoid of reality. The natural sciences, especially, have been co-opted, and the facts they deliver elevated to sole, valid truths. This means that whatever can't be measured, weighed, counted, or verified is, to all intents and purposes, nonexistent. It does not count. And where the "real" and "really important" things are designed, planned and produced, women do not, and have not counted for the last three thousand years. Half of the people who live in a culture have, *by nature*, no part in the products through which it recognizes itself, and thus no part, I realize, in the experiments of thought, and production, that pertain to its destruction [...]"

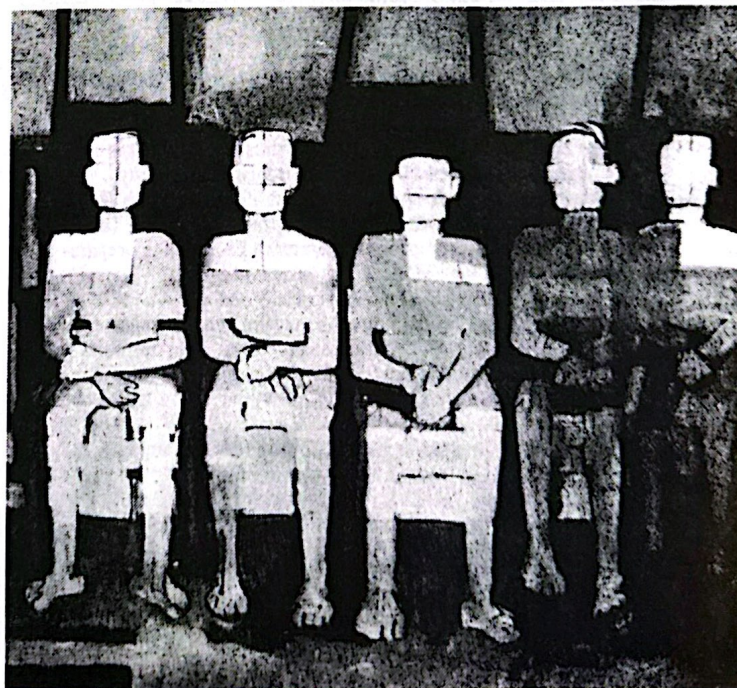
"If men have tied their salvation and destruction to objects produced by them, if they must lose themselves in an irredeemable reversal of means and ends by subordinating themselves to technological processes, forced into a rigorous division of labor, built into rigid hierarchies trained for "unemotional" thinking and behavior, how much more lost are women in this pyramid of performance if they do not rebel? Where do they find—where do we find—a place that enables us to live without securing our subsistence only at the cost of attacking and undermining the foundations of our biological life on earth?"

Am I getting carried away? Can it be a coincidence that all the contradictions of our death-loving culture can be recognized in its weapons systems? "Dear Mr. D.," I wrote, "There has been no lack of voices accurately describing these events out of suffering, conflict and contradiction. They were, to say the least, ignored [...] Artists have been misunderstood and scorned, their books forbidden and burned, they have been expelled, imprisoned and tortured for describing what, unfortunately, has been confirmed. We bring forth what kills us. What is absurd is true: the fantastic is realistic, and the formal logic of 'common sense' is insane. The prognoses of art are accurate. Scientific predictions obsessed with progress now turn against their inventors. The needs which they served, which they aroused, which they still serve—too many of them false—have been set loose and drive them on. To what end? They hardly dare ask any more."

"How fatal the gaps now appear in our thinking and feeling. How catastrophic is everything we were not allowed, and still are not allowed to see, hear, smell, taste, feel and say. Such censorship and self-censorship, above all, tries to prevent us from seeing ourselves as we are. It suppresses the need for self-knowledge and produces in its place a deep feeling of powerlessness. And because we do not know ourselves, we are unable to love. I keep asking myself how censorship and self-censorship, and all the other restrictions on vital needs, are connected to the violence of our civilization; to the irrational belief that more and more terrible weapons mean more security; to the fear of the enemy—that self-produced myth. And also to the danger that the contradictions of our system, veiled and hidden by the contradictions of the other system, will be resolved through an act of violence rather than productive changes."

"I am asking, dear Mr. D., I am asking. When the dead awaken..."

"To live in a partially false reality, a reality falsified by oneself, means also to be prone to intoxication and delusions. Those who are seized by intoxication and delusion seem to be immune to arguments of reason. But why? Maybe because the emptiness which escapes into intoxication and delusion, and seeks to numb itself there, leads to the development of a frenzied fear of encountering oneself. A fear of beginning the lengthy and laborious work of self-education and self-knowledge, which, in turn, might lead to no longer needing to transpose one's own fears and weaknesses onto the image of the enemy [...]" I drop the letter. Think. Search for objections I can raise.



Cordelia Urueta: "We are Witnesses"

fem

One frightening aspect that irrefutably rises out of my work these last years is the haunting thought that our culture *had* to arrive at the point where it is today. Attaining what it calls "progress" only by force, by internal oppression, by destruction and exploitation of other cultures, with its sense of reality narrowed down to the pursuit of material interests.

And this thought rises in me almost more insistently: Hitler has caught up with us. What he very nearly, but not quite accomplished—the destruction of Europe—can now be achieved by the constellation left by World War II. It is hard for me to push this thought away, to return to my letter. "Dear Mr. D." What is to come?

"Dear Mr. D., 'Come! Into the open, friend!' So Hölderlin begins one of his elegies in 1800. A utopian request which he couples a few verses later with a sober view of reality, 'Today is dreary, the walkways and alleys are asleep and it almost seems to me as in the leaden time.' The comparison could not be more to the point—and above us, the heaven of steel is closing.

"I am asking myself, and you, if literature, which in the great epic of Homer began with descriptions of battles and weapons, with the cult of heroes, and praise of godlike leaders of armies, shall participate in the expulsion of utopia? Can it, by taking up the glorious description of the shield Achilles carried, intone a hymn to the neutron bomb? [...] No. We have not completely lost our senses. The intensity of thinking, searching and living together grows under the pressure of danger. We cannot allow ourselves to play with world weariness and apocalyptic feelings. Like someone who has just learned that he is terminally ill, we know now, with all clarity, that we want to live and that we must learn to think and feel in new ways."

'What we want is nothing powerful, but it belongs to life
And it seems both proper and joyful.'

"Hölderlin. 'Proper and joyful.' But what? His understanding of these words seems almost excessive to us.

"To taste and see is most beautiful, the abundance of the land.' We can't be satisfied with this. We must create what is ignored and denied—friendliness, dignity, trust, spontaneity, grace, scent, sound, poetry—unconstrained life. That which is truly human, and can move us to defend peace, will be the first to disappear if the illusion of peace threatens to become the preparations for war.

"What else can we do but be especially peaceful—with everything the word implies; peaceful in historical consciousness and knowledge, in self-criticism and self-awareness, in attentiveness to the needs of others, and to the expressions and aims of neighboring peoples and other cultures, many of whom we have hurt [...]"

"You see, dear Mr. D., I am unable to think in small increments of time.

"Only when my thoughts break through the black wall in front of us, and I come into the 'open,' does the obsessive idea that we cannot be saved disappear. I hardly dare hope that Hölderlin's words, 'We have done our part as well as possible,' will apply when happier future generations think back on us."

My letter comes to an end. How shall I conclude? "Dear Mr. D., I can clearly see the objections that might be raised against my reflections, which—I do not deny—center on our powerlessness and are reaching for a miracle. But to make something out of nothing, to turn powerlessness into effectiveness, isn't that exactly what the peace movement is accomplishing? Proving that the fear of destruction is stronger than the fear of authority? Showing that the youth are set against the verdict of 'no future' which, it seems, has been pronounced on them and their vision of a future without violence?

"Isn't it remarkable that, for the first time, the peoples that are intended to turn against each other do not hate each other? Does that deepen the tragic aspects of the future? Or, on the contrary, does it offer hope?

"I thank you, Mr. D., I wrote at the end. 'I thank you for your letter and send you my greetings.' □



Christa Wolf

Further Readings:

- "The Divided Heaven," "The Quest for Christa T.," "A Model Childhood," "No Place on Earth," and "Cassandra," novels by Christa Wolf, available in English translation from Farrar, Straus and Giroux, New York.
- "The Reader and the Writer: Essays, Sketches, Memories," by Christa Wolf, trans. Joan Becker, Berlin/GDR: Seven Seas Books, 1977.
- "East Germany: Hard Times Ahead for Peace Movement," by Günther Minnerup, Labour Focus on Eastern Europe, Vol. 7, #1, Winter 1984, London.

Contact:

- END (European Nuclear Disarmament), 227 Seven Sisters Rd., London N4 2DA.

France

She Is Me

Mannequins

The wax lady in the window
Winked her nickel-alloy eye.
A sub-decibel voice vibrates
within her chest.
Her waxen fingers beckon
Like a tarantula's claws.
The plate glass explodes
In the aerosol light.
A delicate hand slips through
And clutches my shoulder.
With an hysterical chink
Her red mouth moves clink, clink.

We are the mannequins,
It is we who observe you.
We, we are the machines.
It is we who codify you.
If someone should discover us,
They must be disconnected
If someone should discover us,
They must be torn apart.

Hundreds of women
Emerge from the stores
Flocking all around,
Rows of mascara-made eyes,
Waves of glazed nails.
From somewhere far away
I hear my voice scream.
The mannequin's in the window,
The street's empty,
everything clean.

I must have fallen,
Had an inverted dream.
But deep in the silence
The rumble lingers on.

We are the mannequins,
It is we who observe you.
We, we are the machines,
It is we who codify you.
If someone should discover us,
They must be disconnected.
If someone should discover us,
They must be torn apart.

Schizophrenia

Deep in a misted mirror,
A doll trembles, stripped bare.
This doll, it's me
My name is Schizophrenia.
I give her shelter
I make her move, I make her walk
And I make her cry.
She speaks, she laughs,
she is me, myself.
What am I doing, what use am I,
Imprisoned in a statue of flesh.
This doll, it's me
My name is Schizophrenia.

Schizophrenia
Spirit strike
Schizophrenia
Burst of fright
Schizophrenia
You are my light.
I torment her, dress her up
I lay her down, she kicks back
And I make her cry
She speaks, she laughs,
she is me, myself.
Who knows how I will die?
And how it will come?
My doll, could I escape her?
Or will I stay entrapped?
Do you feel what I feel?
And you, do you know who you are?
This doll, it's me
And I can surrender her to you.

Schizophrenia
Spirit strike
Schizophrenia
Burst of fright
Schizophrenia
You are my light.

Refrain.

Armande Altai
Translated by Julie Whipple
and Suzanne Rosenthal

(These songs by Armande Altai are translated from her album *Informulé*, Phonogram, S.A. 1981, Paris.)



(Translated and excerpted from *emma*, a West German feminist journal, January 1984, and from *F*, a French women's magazine, April 1984).

Her stage is draped with thick velvets, flowing, transparent veils, and scattered with fogged mirrors. What a shock it is when Armande Altai, *La Panthère*, emerges roaring!

Referred to by her critics as a "comic strip character," Armande Altai describes herself as "glamorous, baroque, and eccentric—a grande dame." Conservatory trained, she has abandoned her old passion, the opera, to thunder out her own original texts in a style currently being called "lyrico-rock." Such a thing was foreign to France until the German punk singer, Nina Hagen conquered Paris in 1979.

Despite the fact that the French rock scene is dominated by male performers, and English lyrics are "in", Armande Altai has managed to gather a devoted new following of "Altaistes" with her powerful and unique sound. Fond of using exaggeration as a means of making reality visible, she has been frequently accused of choosing an appearance that lends itself too easily to the fulfillment of sexual fantasies. To this she counters, "What can I do? Cut off my head? I am a woman dressed as a woman. Ultimately, we are living in the era of transvestites. I play my part by exaggerating femininity." □

Catira, the blonde one, he called me Catira repeating it when he kissed me when he kissed her putting his tongue between her teeth, brushing the velvet inside her cheeks, lapping her face, the hollows of her ears, Catira, my Catira, mama in the kitchen scrubbed the dishes, I washed them in lukewarm water, always aware of her, she was so young, so beautiful, more than anyone Ramon watched over her jealousy, he guarded her, we cared for her because she was beautiful, wasn't she pretty? Everyone looked at her, and there were some who spied on the house, never bothered that it infuriated me when they spoke of my sister, and touched her with their eyes, and undressed her with their thoughts, feverish he called me Catira, trembling and pressing me against the tree, while his hands became whirlwinds against my breasts, my dress, everything the Sisters of the Adoration taught me, I believe in God, the Father Almighty, Creator of Heaven and Earth, she was the best student at school, always passed every course and was very good at embroidery, I taught her myself even though Ramon didn't like her coming and going on foot, no, why walking like that, alone on foot? Woman, you must accompany her, did you hear me? You hear me? Yes, yes, I hear you, I hear you, I feel you, I feel you so, so much, he kissed her all over her face, licked her cheeks, lapped her eyes, leaned her urgent body against the tree, against himself, yes, I feel you, do you feel me as if I was a poisoned dog's leg? Yes, yes, that is how I feel you, I feel you strong and hard, like this tree ah ahh ayyy, yes, we all knew him in the town, he was tall and proud, he looked like a bullfighter, he had something uncommon about him, like a shadow of death across his face, one noticed he was going to die, but we never imagined it would be there, against the tree near the Gomez house, the Gomez family? There are three of them, the mother, Ramon, and the blonde one, Catira, the father left long ago, we don't know him around here, but now without Catira there are only two, when it happened I was at the harvest, yes he courted her a short time, but that was enough, no it's not enough for me, not enough for me, I want more, you want more? Tell me, tell me, do you want more? Yes, yes, yes, give me, give me more, and he gave it to her, he gave her to the infinite, he delivered his tall slender body, his generous body, his whole and fine body, body of a strong mestizo, proud mestizo, handsome mestizo, my love, how handsome you are, I love you so, so much, I love you, Catira, fair one, Catira, where is Catira? I don't know woman, have you seen her? I heard her near the tree, that tree listened to us every night when I leaned against it, and he embraced me, I stretched her out against the trunk, while I heard in the distance the noise of the mother washing the dishes, the flat one that broke was the last, what a pity, I have none left, your father gave them to me so long ago, maybe one day he will return, isn't it true son that he may return? Yes mother, God grant that it be so, God grant that my period comes, and lasts a short time, I don't like to do it with my period, you don't mind? No, my love, I don't mind, open yourself like this, more, more, there is no more, it's gone, it was the last one, Catira, if I bury the pieces will your father return? Our Father who art in heaven, we taught her to pray, to embroider, to sit, not to look at the men, to make the sign of the cross, in the name of the Father, the Son, the Holy Ghost, amen, yes, amen, poor thing, she lasted a whole day, gasping, she gasped for air just like a fish, her eyes gigantic, I saw her because I was in the bed just next to her, at her side, my love, I always want to be at your side, like this, this, this, more and more, each day more, "and kiss me like this, like this, but more, more," with a *bolero** face and a *bolero* on the transistor radio in her purse, they sometimes went for a walk up and down the street, but it was in that place,

• A slow, passionate dance.

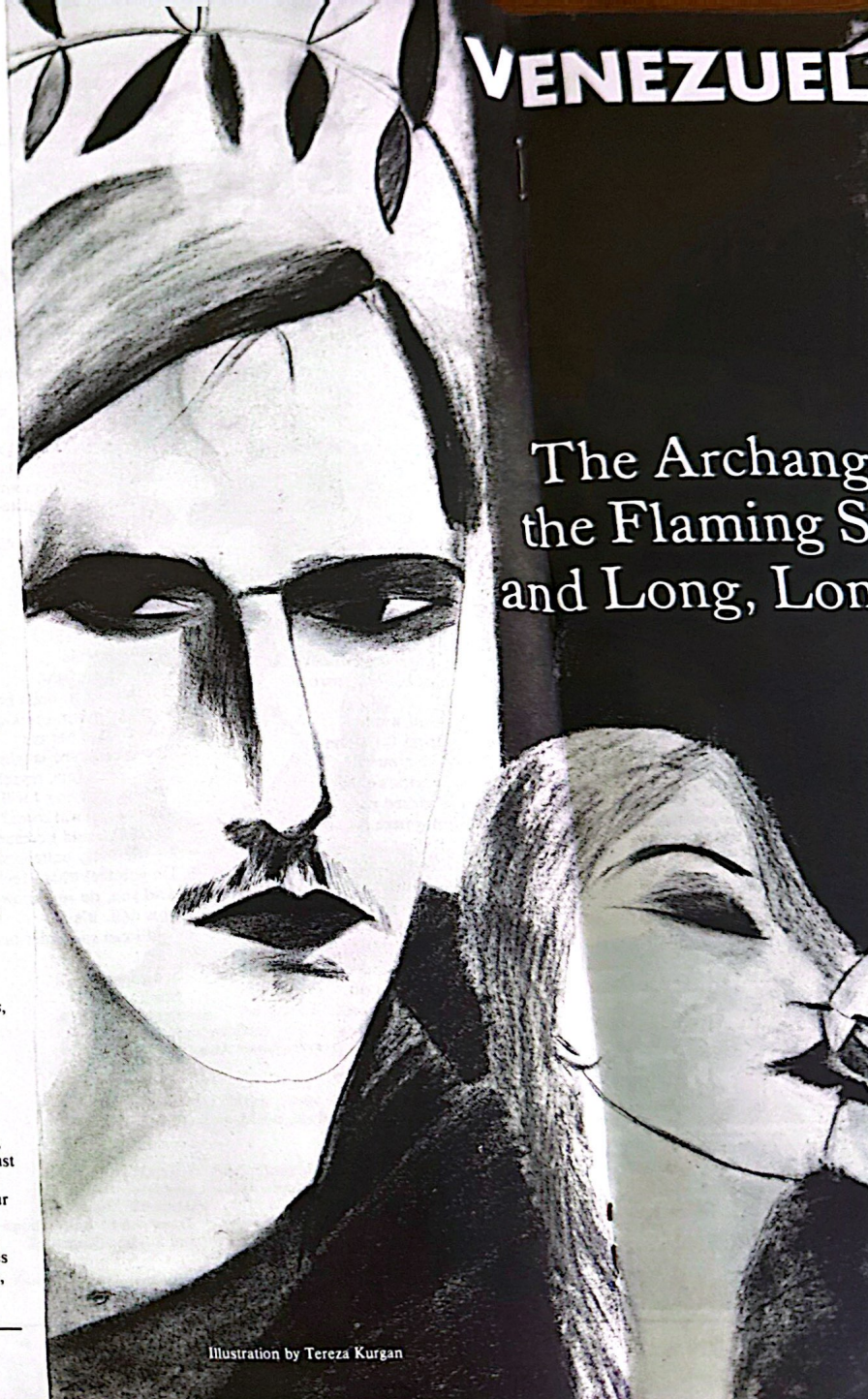


Illustration by Tereza Kurgan

VENEZUELA

The Archangel of the Flaming Sword and Long, Long Hair



next to that rock, that Juan Sagrado fell and remained with his eyes fixed, staring at the air, he didn't say anything, he went almost without knowing it, on the other hand she knew it immediately, immediately don't wait even one day to have the analysis done, yes, yes, yes I will do it, do you do urine analysis here? Yes, it's positive, Positive, POSitive, POSitive, POSITIVE, pregnant, farewell to the tree, to the rock where Juan Sagrado fell, his eyes fixed, staring at the air, goodbye Catira, said the mestizo's body, that body so often pressed against her, against the tree, all of her becoming a moist trunk, dripping sap, he, the leg of a poisoned dog, giving her his body, his whole, fine body, as fine as the blue plates, the last one broken two days before the tragedy, when Ramoñ spoke with the old woman, but, where is Catira? Catira, my Catira, please speak to me, tell me why you're crying, he let her go suddenly, I saw him hitting her, under that tree, the one next to the rock, I think she shook a little, but she didn't even say Ave Maria! God save you, Hail Mary, full of grace, the Lord is with you, she was so good, although it always worried us that she was such a flirt, even though we made her do penance, we knelt her down on grains of corn, we bathed her at dawn with cold water, we sat her down with her arms outstretched, we had her pray, Holy Mary, Mother of God, the mother? No, she never knew, she couldn't know, she never even imagined, but Ramoñ did, one day he heard the mestizo telling his stories to a friend in the bar across the plaza, the one with the green door, I saw him there, walking with his friend, I slowly approached and heard the filth he was saying to my sister, Catira, Catira, do you feel me? Yes, completely, I feel you completely, perhaps it was then he planned his revenge, revenge is an archangel with a flaming sword, like the one in the catechism, Holy Mary, Mother of God, pray for us now and at the hour of my death, she died from the abortion, a nurse did it, she used wires, long ones like swords, like the archangel's flaming sword, that terrible and beautiful one from the catechism, he had such long hair, I liked that book, I liked the archangel, what I didn't like were the nuns who punished me for anything, who left me frozen with the cold baths at dawn, I remained for hours on my knees, the wet robe sticking to my body, his body drove me crazy, I could never tell him no, why should I? I also wanted it, yes, I also wanted it, and now they have put these wires up me, that archangel's sword, that hurts me so much, yes, I know I am in the hospital, who brought me here? Who brought her? Ramoñ brought her, the brother, the mother doesn't know anything, he doesn't know anything, that Juan Sagrado, the one who hit her under the tree, the one next to the rock doesn't know anything either, but Ramoñ is waiting for him, he's waiting for him, listening to him come at night, just whistling, later calling her like a wild cat, Catira, my Catira, he didn't find out, he never got to know, he buried the knife in his jugular, when the father found out off in Maracaibo, years had already past, Catira died? She died from an abortion? And that bastard, he also died? Ramoñ, Ramoñ felt the knife entering the mestizo's neck, he felt it fatally sink in, like the archangel Gabriel's flaming sword, just like the illustrations in that book, open your mouth so you can breathe better, I need air, I need air, his fixed eyes continued staring at the air, that is how Juan Sagrado died, Catira lasted two days, she gasped like a fish, the mother found out when Ramoñ was already in jail, when Catira was dying and the Sisters of the Adoration had arrived, when they came they administered the holy oils to her, the same Sisters who raised her, who cared so carefully for her. I believe in God the Father Almighty, Creator of Heaven and Earth, amen, look, she embroidered like this, let me show you the little tablecloth I've kept in the cupboard, who would have said it, but that's the way it was, it was God's will, the father? I don't know, he never came, I buried the pieces from the blue plate, but he never came, the father found out off in Maracaibo, he found out from a *compadre* that was passing through, who told him Catira died gasping, searching for air, the same air sought by the eyes of the fine mestizo, the proud mestizo, the mestizo whose neck was kissed so often by Catira, the neck that was one day pierced by the archangel's flaming sword. □

Feminism Or Femininity?

(The following poems were written by Kishwar Naheed and translated by Hina Faisal Imam.)

Portrait '80

The break in seasons is not within.
Waves hush,
and I heave ashore.
Fire, befriends my tongue!
I, the sigh of parting friends.
New grief affirms old,
but seems different.
A friend
before and after that moment,
the same.
Relationship supports age.
My unrosy face,
my tongue penciled red,
and the break in seasons is not within.

Yusuf Kamran

You—love criminal.
I know
and recognize each flaw.
That orangeness blushed
into sincerity.
That excuse—iced
our relationship.
You
beloved—
I know, the criminal of
love and desire.
What entangled
your footprints—
The yellow face
fades henna on my hands
from prison bars.
You made restless
children—
You,
the love criminal,
how does the world know.

(The following poem was written by Hina Faisal Imam.)

Transition

The dust spins
a papaya sun on cotton fields.
The moon unloads
worms in political orchards—
crawling through
seed and flower,
nibbling sugarless unity.
The sky whips divinity
for atom reflections.
The earth stirs
you and me to walk
gently over the dome.
Eyes, the vortex of
vision and deception.
Candle walls burn
my rising and subsiding
routine of drinking tea
with books and
wedding pictures.



United Nations/Wolff

Pakistan

Hina Faisal Imam lives and writes in Khanewal, Pakistan. In 1982, she published *Wei Sun*, her first collection of illustrated poems. She has also translated the works of Kishwar Naheed, a Pakistani feminist poet, and is currently working independently researching women and Urdu literature. What follows is a compilation of three recent letters from Imam to *Connexions* in which she describes the woman writer's experience in Pakistani publishing. Also included here are poems by both Imam and Kishwar Naheed.

"Feminism" is a dirty, evil and satanic word in a rejuvenated Islamic Republic; we cannot, at least for now afford this label. My women-writer friends and I get published because our writings merit it, not because we are feminists. We are writing about the patriarchal invasion of our inner space, about the wounds in our hands from sewing commercially, about prostitution, unplanned families, poverty, destitution, and about the constant male movement against us. The *Maulvi* [religious leaders] condemn us as temptation, the leaders see us as a political threat, and the rich *begums* [Muslim ladies of rank] envy our confidence. Meanwhile, foreigners think we are the torch-bearers of feminism.

Feminism, at least in literature, has no recognition. Women writers are often viewed as developing modern concepts in poetry, short stories and novels. They are almost never called feminists. Popular women writers such as Razia Butt and A.R. Khatoon write romances, and several women's digests such as *Pakija* and *Hina* publish stories that focus on a feminine consciousness. Both sexes read them although women more than men.

Women writers are either feminine or feminist. The feminine literary types who accept male patronage from the "literary fathers" (Parveen Shaper, Bano Oudsia and Ada Jaffery) are often trying to masculinize

their authorial voice in order to remain part of the conservative patriarchal tradition. Rebels like my friend, Kishwar Naheed whose writings are 100% feminist, get published because their poetry is fresh, original and intriguing.

There are no women's publishing houses in Pakistan; all presses are male-dominated, male-owned, and controlled by people who have been in the publishing business for more than one generation. Most are located in Karachi, Lahore and Islamabad. These represent the middle and upper-middle classes and publish, in addition to poetry, short stories, novels and children's literature, a significant number of religious books about Islamic history, Prophet Muhammad's life and teachings, and detailed paraphrases of the Holy Quran. Indeed, literary publishing is a small fraction of what the presses produce.

Usually, only individuals who have already become popular will get published since few publishers will risk themselves on new and unknown writers. Popular literature (cheap romantic novels) sells well, and are, therefore, printed. Among women, it is the feminine writers who get published easily, while among men, it is the patriarchal torch-bearers who are published. Again, they belong to the middle or upper-middle classes.

Copy machines are available in large and small town markets. They are also privately owned by large corporations for their own use. Usually, shopkeepers who sell medicines and household goods will keep a small machine for public use; there are also photocopy shops. It costs 10 to 15 cents per page to make a copy—expensive for a country where the average yearly income is \$1100!

Unfortunately, women writers are rarely encouraged. There are no women's newspapers, periodicals, radio stations or shows. And there are no women's distributors or bookstores. □

BULLETIN OF CONCERNED ASIAN SCHOLARS

ASIA!

INTRODUCTORY OFFER!
One year for \$15



Articles and reviews on topics that matter—social and economic change, imperialism and revolution from China to Indonesia, from India to Japan.

Subscriptions: \$20
Free index of back issues.
BCAS, Box R, Berthoud, CO 80513

South Asia BULLETIN



A Bi-annual publication on contemporary South Asia, with a special focus on social and economic issues. A Selection of Past Contents, Volumes I-III

Savitri: Portrait of a Bombay Working Class Woman.
The Political Economy of a Dictatorship:
The Case of Pakistan.
Punjab Immigration to California in the Context of
Capitalist Development.
Economic Compulsion and Bonded Labor.
The Third World Road to Socialism.
New Perspectives on Marx's Writing from His Last Decade.
The Evolution of the
Contemporary Political Formation of Sri Lanka.
Field Research with Women in Bangladesh.
The Status of Women in Nepal.

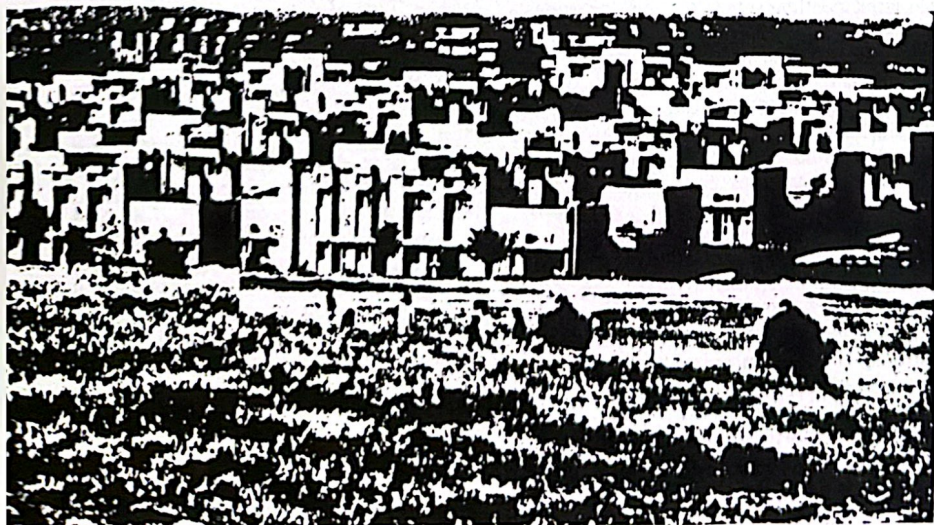
Forthcoming issues in Volume IV will focus on The Origins and Development of Political Movements in Colonial and Independent India (Spring 1984) and The Political Economy of Bangladesh (Fall 1984).

1984 Subscription: \$8.00 individual; \$16.00 institutional.
Overseas individual subscribers add \$4.00 to domestic rate.

Payment to

South Asia Bulletin

c/o Asian American Studies Center
University of California
Los Angeles, Ca. 90024



West Germany Women's Publishing:

the double bind

Dedication to women's words and women's issues is the main ingredient of *Frauenselbstverlag* (Women's Self-Publishing House). Initially started by several women working on individual book projects, *Frauenselbstverlag* is now run by Dagmar Schultz and her partner. Both maintain outside professions and are paid minimally to oversee *Frauenselbstverlag* operations. Recently, while visiting New York, Schultz discussed women's publishing in West Germany with Miriam Frank for *Connexions*.

In 1976, women's publishing came out of the closet in West Germany. Prior to that, no women's publishing houses existed, and while you might have found a copy of Erica Jong's *Fear of Flying* or Rita Mae Brown's *Rubyfruit Jungle*, you would have been hardpressed to find something with political backbone. Outside of a few authors who were recognized in the classical literary canon (such as Ricarda Huch or Ingeborg Bachmann), the major publishing houses ignored women's issues. To meet the need for such an outlet, *Frauenselbstverlag* in West Berlin and *Frauenoffensive* in Munich set out to publish works by women for women. *Frauenoffensive* primarily produces cultural feminist theory and literature while *Frauenselbstverlag* addresses social questions, and prefers to produce nonfiction books. Other women's publishing houses include *Amazon* and *Medea*, which publish Lesbian literature only.

Frauenselbstverlag's first publication was a reprint of *Frauenstaat—Maennerstaat* (Woman's State—Man's State). Written by Mathilde Werthing, the book about patriarchy was originally published in the 1920s under Werthing's name along with that of a

man. *Frauenselbstverlag* decided to reprint this book along with an essay by American writer Anne Koedt entitled "The Myth of the Vaginal Orgasm." The book was highly controversial and played an important role in implementing women's studies programs at the university level. With this notoriety, the women at *Frauenselbstverlag* realized the power of their press and the house's goals. Schultz explains: "We decided that we were going to publish more books, to bring out issues for the women's community which otherwise would not be noticed by other publishers and to encourage a discussion of controversial or radical women's topics."

In addition, she says, "Our idea in *Frauenselbstverlag*, was to inject new ideas into the women's movement, and we did this by publishing translations of American writers. *Frauenselbstverlag* translates a lot because some ideas are being discussed in the USA which haven't been widely debated here—for example, pornography." Their most recent book is prose writings by Audre Lorde and Adrienne Rich. "The turning point for our house was the publi-

cation of Florence Rush's *The Best Kept Secret* on sexual abuse of children. The weekly news magazine *Der Stern* ran a cover story on it, as well as other articles in subsequent issues. Suddenly we were propelled to the status of a regular publishing company. We had to incorporate which meant doing different kinds of promotion and really making sure that the representatives would go to major bookstores with our books."

Advertising is expensive, so smaller houses must turn to alternative methods of promotion. The Frankfurt Book Fair, where several great halls are littered with hundreds of publishers presenting their authors and new works through interviews and readings, is the ideal forum for small houses. "In Germany, even a small publisher will try to go to the Frankfurt Book Fair to make contacts and to become known to the bookstores."

Though faced by the recent major publishing house competition, the women's publishing houses are able to maintain distribution and to keep reaching their audiences through two women's distributors and a number of left and alternative distributors. Women's bookstores will always be the major outlets for women's publishing, but the financial security of these stores remains precarious. More and more representatives are looking outside the traditional realm of women's and alternative bookstores to market their books. "There are two bookstores for women operating in West Berlin, and probably around 60 in West Germany as a whole," says Schultz. But, since women are the primary customers and continue to make less money, book prices can make or break a publication. "If we sell a book at a price of more than \$8.00, we can be sure that the book isn't going to sell very well. But we can't afford to publish at a lower price." One way women are making the Lorde and Rich books fit their budgets is by making photocopies of the work.

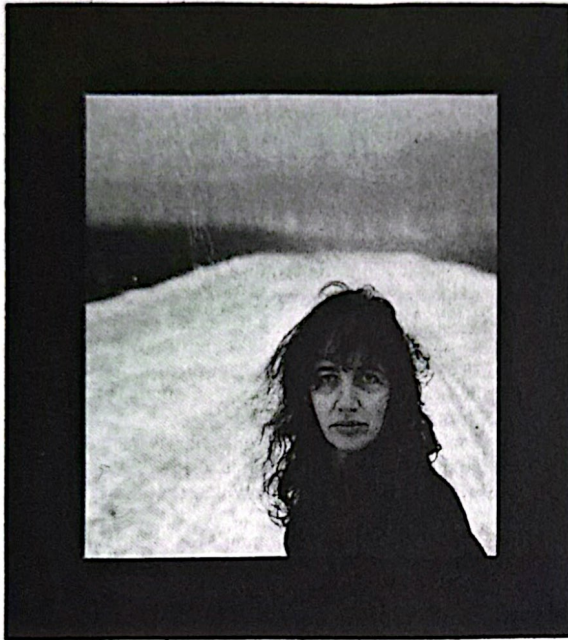
While major companies are including more women authors, they are primarily concerned with marketability, so Schultz still sees a need for feminist publishing. "They translate certain American writers who seem to them to be particularly apt to speak to a larger market—women like Erica Jong or Toni Morrison (but only after she had become well-known in the United States). Now they are going to translate Alice Walker because she has gotten the Pulitzer prize." Finally Schultz says, "In these times a lot of small publishers have had to close down. The fact that we can maintain our work has a lot to do with the fact that we don't pay ourselves. If we want to continue to have politically important books come out, then there is still a role for women's publishers. Besides, we feel that it is important to have women's enterprises where women have some control over the market which addresses women." □

Contact:

• *Frauenoffensive* (Dagmar Schultz), Kellerstrasse 39, 8 München 80, West Germany.

West Germany

A LITTLE LOVE WOULDN'T HAVE HURT



Prozesse

Peggy Parnass

Peggy Parnass is a Jewish woman writer and columnist living in Hamburg, West Germany. Her merciless book on the West German criminal justice system, *Prozesse 1970-1978* [Trials 1970-78], is now in its thirteenth printing. Where other journalists are silent and accommodate a criminal justice system which, for example, "punishes" Nazi war crimes with ridiculously small penalties, Parnass does not toe the line. This is her unfinished business. She lost her parents to Auschwitz.

Her latest book, *Unter die Haut* [Under the Skin], illuminates the author's tenacious searching for the two things which matter to her most: justice and love. The book is a mosaic of the past decade in which Parnass has refused to separate public and private. She has united childhood, the present, women's issues, private affairs, Nazi court reports, politics and sex in a book that defies definition.

In her own words: "In this book I place value on the most intimate areas of my own life. Feel vulnerable. Am afraid at my own courage. Am afraid to be quoted out of context."

"Why do I do it anyway? Because I see that one's private development, emotions, thoughts, one's reaction to politics—cannot be separated."

(The following piece by Peggy Parnass is from *Unter die Haut* [Under the Skin], Konkret Literatur Verlag, West Germany, 1983. Translated by Iris Wesselmann and Patricia Estrada.)

How do you become what you are? Having grown up in Sweden I stuck with the boys in order not to be laughed at, mistreated or done in. Had to sometimes pretend to laugh until I couldn't breathe when they told their stupid dirty jokes, but this had its reward. I was off-limits.

This was a time when it was "a woman's own fault" if she was attacked. After all, why did she walk through a park all by herself?

First kiss? I remember two first kisses, one important and one unimportant.

It was summertime in the countryside. Moss and green and forest. The mesmerizing smell of the steaming Swedish air—I long for it even now. We were kids lying side by side, resting from our wild play.

Then this guy from the city, nasty and experienced, bent over the girl lying next to me and pressed his sticky mouth onto mine. The candy he'd been sucking on slid into my mouth, disgusting, disgusting.

I got the important one from Gunnar, one of the most popular boys in my school in Stockholm. A real grown-up. Fourteen years old already—with blond curls, slim athletic body, two heads taller than me. One evening he accompanied me from the park to my house, pulled me through my house and into the back yard. It was raining cats and dogs. Long underwear and sheets were hanging and dripping from the clothesline.

In between them, both of us alone. It was madness. He kissed me like I would like to be kissed again today. I got so excited I thought I would die. I pulled away, and without taking a breath, ran up to the fourth floor. Since then, I've learned that surroundings are as romantic as you yourself feel. Too bad we never kissed again—a more experienced twelve-year-old began sleeping with him.

The next situations were attempted seductions and attempted rapes. Fruitless. I can't be seduced and I didn't let them rape me. Nevertheless, I learned more about sex than I wanted to know. In six years I had lived with 12 different foster families. I had to witness 12 different kinds of gestures of love—all added to by relatives and friends.

This one foster mother always charged her husband for spanking her ass. Another one had to have her belly lifted in order to be fucked, according to her husband who demonstrated it to me and laughed. There was a lot to see, a lot to hear, lots of reasons to look away. But I was never able to look away.

One foster mother pulled me out of the bathtub by my pubic hair, very much to the amusement of her guests. Neither my crying nor flailing about stopped their laughter.

When I got to the next foster family my breasts were already beginning to show. My foster sister charged her brother for "peeks" when I was in the bathtub.

I don't know why I still become furious and disgusted with rage and shame when I think about these incidents. At the time I would lie awake nights and plan the best way to kill them. No wonder they didn't like me—I didn't like them either. If only someone would have shown some real love, I probably would have liked them a little.

Gymnastic lessons. The three girls with eternal blue spots

on the insides of their thighs. I let them talk, played naïve. "In this hole a big cock should fit in?" I don't believe it. Prove it!" "How?" "Stand on your head and I'll stick a pen into you." That was possible!

When I turned 14, a girl said, "Do you want to feel how it is when a man fucks you?" She laid on top of me, rubbed back and forth between my thighs.

Too bad she was someone I didn't like because of her constant dirty laugh. It never happened again.

The scary wife of my caseworker only made one attempt at sex education. "If you ever get pregnant, don't ever think you can come here with your bastard!"

But I didn't really need her sex education, because, at least in theory, nothing human could surprise me anymore.

London. Orphanage for Jewish Girls. I fall in love. She was 17. Wild, coal black eyes, black curls. A waist! Everything lithe, everything slim. The petite Carmen in the bathtub, the snow-white back! The half-glance to me, watching her from behind the door. Such a nasty look! The white teeth surrounded by smiling red! The high, pointed, tiny tits. Ran away, just as I had from Gunnar's kiss, instead of enjoying it. "I don't want you hanging around with her," said the director. For years I thought hanging around meant whoring around.

I waited very conscientiously until I was 18 years old to lose my virginity. I didn't want to start until I, alone, could carry the responsibility. My brother and I lived in London. Finally together after all the separations in Sweden. We loved each other and nobody else. We trusted each other and nobody else.

I went out dancing a lot and met a lot of good dancers. For me, music and dance alleviate exhaustion, let me forget, allow me to live. Like the sun, the water, like fire.

Even before I turned 18 I put together a list of applicants. He had to love me, he had to be handsome and delicious, and not be a brute who would hurt me.

He had to have a nice voice and, very importantly, be sparkling clean, not someone grubby. Only one light blond Norwegian-English medical student fulfilled all the expectations. Since he studied medicine, I thought he would be especially good at deflowering.

For six months he had been fond of me and one time he even made it to the band of my panties. I told him I would come by; his mother was out of town, everything was perfect.

The table was beautifully set, dinner smelled delicious. I said, "Why dinner? I thought you were going to sleep with me! Hurry up, get undressed or I'll split." And I pulled off my clothes—men's pants, men's shirt, tie, soccer socks, and my brother's underwear—quickly, the way I always do when I'm scared. Poor Per, totally overwhelmed and frightened to death, still didn't want to let this opportunity slip by. I was impossible. When it started to hurt I jumped out of bed, got my notebook and started to write my observations about what had just occurred.

I visited him a few more times until the deflowering was successful, and sometimes I even made my written observations between kisses in bed. Just as it started to become nice, and I probably started to fall a little bit in love with him, he said in a laconic voice, "Do you know how many girls I've deflowered? Guess! You are number 27."

Then I knew that light blond, and clean were not necessarily the same, and I never went back again.

If only I had slept with Buebchen, my brother, instead of any stranger! We really loved each other. At the time I thought he was too young and I didn't want to corrupt him. How foolish of me! Surely something great would have come of the two of us. Surely we would have stuck together and stayed together.

As it happened, we were separated again, and when we had both grown up, he was no longer my type. But he also remembers the times when we tickled each other's backs all the way down to the butt—and that it was wonderful! Now it's too late and we're not alike anymore.

He's a stranger to me like everybody else.

Only when Buebchen and I no longer lived in the same country did others finally get a chance with me, out of my gaping lack of love. I was always hungry for love, in need of warmth, but I felt like a stranger in all my love relationships because my temperament and spontaneity were always so different from those of my partners. But what does "partner" mean? That's just it—I

never found a "partner."

It would be stupid to talk about guilt. Inability would be more precise. My inability to be patient, to hold back, to be loving and constructive.

I needed things which were abrupt—adventures, no plans, love that stimulated my fantasies. Sudden passion that starts with a voice, a look, the way someone walks or purses the lips, a passion set free with a light touch of the hand.

If I'm on fire I don't necessarily need the other person in the same room. I only have to feel the longing for me, day and night and without a doubt. All my senses have to be sure. Once I was faithful to someone for more than a year; one year during which he kept me in his clutches only via the phone.

This is also possible via the mail or a tape recorder. There has to be magnetism. A fool without fantasy can't be fuel for my fire. If all this has something to do with love, I don't know. Addiction is probably more like it.

But it's at least as much hate as it is love, because who likes to lose oneself? Who likes to let oneself fall without a net?

Last week I was stuck for three days and nights on the Kiez [Hamburg's red-light district] with the prostitutes and their clientele. I saw a lot. Things I already knew, and things I only imagined. It strengthened my impression that only the act of paying a price makes the woman a desirable object; that longing and begging for love is demeaning. Even a top prostitute who falls in love with her customer loses immediately.

And I learned something about myself that I would love to forget—only one job in a whorehouse sounds good to me: a leather bootied woman.

Take men and beat them up to release some of my rage. When I was told that my rage would only turn the men on even more, I was even more tempted to beat them up. Without having to touch them, without being touched, of course. For God's sake—not to turn them on!

No confined torture, no use of their balls as pin cushions, no throwing them into chains or other torture shit.

Only beating them up like they deserve. For what they've done and for what they didn't do.

Oh, I get less furious. It wouldn't be bad to have a really good cry. What ever happened to my longing for love? I think I've missed the point. What do I want for myself then? A dark and cozy, small, big-city apartment in a villa by the ocean. Very intimate, with room for my friends. Ongoing twilight, yet bright. An open fire without having to chop wood. Always an abundance of fresh milk, eggs, butter, berries, fruits and vegetables without the stink of dung or animal stalls.

Whipped cream that whips itself.

And I expect this small bit from a love relationship: English humor, Latin American hips, jet black curls that shine white in the sun. Body strength without bulging muscles. Very experienced, but clean like the snow. Young but very smart. A fast mind, a thousand interests, a large circle of friends, politically active, creative, an appreciation of music. And always time for me and love. A practical, earthy dreamer.

A man who is also a woman, or a woman who is also a man. Maternal and masculine. Big healthy eyes that see neither my wrinkles nor other women.

I am not fragile just because I am small. I hate being fondled and pawed. I want the real touch or nothing. Otherwise I feel like a spider is crawling on me. I need an awful lot in order to feel that someone else is really close to me.

I NEED TOTAL PASSION, AN AMOUR FOU. LIFE AND DEATH IN THE NAME OF LOVE. RAVEL'S BOLERO WITHOUT END.

For me there are also the more tangible aphrodisiacs: full moon, stars, sun on naked skin, color combinations, warm voices, new leaves on my plants, soft pillows.

Everything without edges.

Is it possible to count cooking, baking, playing cards as erotic? If yes, then I have a far-ranging love life.

People always tell me on the phone or face-to-face, "How aggressive you are! You are no fun. You're constantly demanding." If they only knew how much I hold myself back. □

October 1981

© 1983 Peggy Parnass

A NEW BIRTH

(The following play was collectively written by the Naghshvareh Theatrical Group, an Iranian theatre company currently residing in the U.S. It was performed in Farsi for the first time at the Julia Morgan Theatre in September, 1983 in Berkeley, California. It was translated and adapted for *Connexions* by the authors.)

The Naghshvareh Theatrical Group was formed in April, 1983 by a group of Iranian citizens concerned with social issues. Out of this concern, and at the impetus of the women in the group, the following play, *Tavvalody Digar* [A New Birth], was written.

Essentially avant-garde in style, the play examines the traditional chauvinistic view of women from two different angles: that of a sheik and that of a bride's father. Especially important is the concept of possession, be it a wife, house, or the camels of a sheik.

In keeping with the play's message, the group has titled it after a poem by the contemporary Iranian poetess, Forough Farrokhzad. Forough, who died in 1966, has been long admired for her accurate portrayals of the life and aspirations of the Iranian women.

The stage is abstractly decorated with black and white background canvasses. The only props are three chairs: two set together at center stage right, and one set to the rear of center stage. The female performers wear black and white leotards with their faces painted white so that they are essentially indistinguishable from each other. Their social identities and the time periods in which they are set are revealed through their words alone. By contrast, the male performers are costumed according to the role they portray.

As the scene opens, the stage is dark. At the sound of a gong, a single spotlight appears at the far right, front of the stage illuminating a woman standing, facing the audience. She is the Narrator.

Act I Scene I

Narrator: Often, perhaps always, they treat women in ways that they wouldn't want women to treat them. They buy a woman like they buy a carpet. They put her down with all their might. In the end, she, like the carpet, is sold to another. Caliphs sold women. Islam buried them under a veil, and today, they imprison them in the house, in the kitchen. (*Sound of the gong. Another spotlight appears at stage left illuminating a second woman who slowly, and with great fatigue, moves mechanically across the stage as if sweeping the floor. She exits at the other side.*) There are scars in life that slowly eat up one's soul in solitude. These scars can be expressed. (*Sound of the gong. Light off*)

Scene II

Three spotlights illuminate the stage: a woman stands lighted at stage right; a man in sheik's garb is seated at center rear; and two more men, dressed in modern attire, are seated at stage left. As the performers in each position speak, the others remain frozen. This is to give the impression that each position is a separate world unto itself, even while a relationship is maintained between them through their words. The pair of men are the fathers of a bride and groom soon to be married. The woman is a bride. The third man is a sheik of old.

Groom's Father: Anyway sir, I'm asking you to allow your daughter to marry my son. We were young once and we know how hard it is to be without a wife.

Sheik: (*apparently to an unseen servant*) I demand that you bring me a woman....

Bride's Father: Praise Allah, it would be a good deed to give my daughter's hand to your son.

Daughter: (*protesting*) I don't even know him!

IRAN

Bride's Father: No matter that she doesn't know him; it's none of her business anyway. We are older and have much more experience in these things.

Sheik: (*commanding*) Bring her with whatever it takes. With the sound of a flute, with jewels, with a trap...or with a rope. Bring me a woman who...

Bride's Father: (*humbly yet enticingly like a bazaar merchant*) Praise Allah that she is a clever girl.

Daughter: Am I something to be sold!?

Sheik: And of course housework, you have nothing to worry about.

Sheik: She should be light and fast as a deer.

Daughter: I am not an animal!

Bride's Father: What are your son's prospects?

Groom's Father: (*proudly*) He has a very good job, a house, a car, and a lot more.

Sheik: (*arrogantly*) Tell them that the Sheik has 50 acres of land, 200 camels, 22 wives, 41 tons of....

Daughter: (*crying out*) NO...!

Groom's Father: It is time for him to start his own family; he must find a wife who...

Bride's Father: ...Gives warmth to a man's house.

Sheik: ...Brings happiness to the harem.

Groom's Father: ...Will be a good mother to her children.

Sheik: ...And brings up brave men like me.

Bride's Father: Anyway sir, there is a saying, as you know, that a good, obedient, and faithful woman can make a beggar a king. After all, a wife's duties are...

Sheik: ...To take orders, to obey...

Bride's Father: ...And to be loyal and pure, quiet and demure.

Sheik: ...When needed she will keep silent, and when necessary, she will be entertaining...

Bride's Father: ...To be comforting to her family.

Naghshvareh Theatrical Group

Sheik: ...So that I can relax and enjoy her company.

Daughter: (*desperately*) I am a human being!

Groom's Father: Anyway, humans—I mean men need help at difficult times in their lives. Of course, there were other girls that we were considering...

Sheik (*dreamily*) Beautiful eyes, tall, thin waisted, white or black.

Groom's Father: ...But your daughter is educated, and even on an intellectual level she might be of some service to him.

Sheik: (*still imagining*) A wise woman, to become my first lady of the harem.

Bride's Father: As for the dowry, what can I say? A Koran, a rose... and of course 100,000 Toomans.

Sheik: I will give 100,000 Dinars! Now go but beware, if you come back empty handed, I will have you beheaded! (*gong sounds; lights go out*)



Naghshvareh Theatrical Group

Act II, Scene I

In this scene, three new women appear still dressed in black and white leotards, and indistinguishable from each other in outward appearance. They are, however, different from one another insofar as they represent different levels of feminist consciousness. These differences are made clear in their interactions with the Sheik's servant who has come to find him a woman.

As the scene opens, three spotlights illuminate the stage in the same positions as before. In the spot where the Sheik was, the Sweeper and the Daughter stand immobile, facing the audience as if witnesses to the proceedings. In the spot where the two fathers were, the heretofore invisible servant of the Sheik is seated. He appears to be playing a flute. In the spot where the Daughter was, another woman now stands half facing the audience, half facing the Servant. The gong sounds.

1st Woman: Hello brother.

Servant: (*lowering his invisible flute*) Hello sister.

1st Woman: How well you play the flute, and such jewels you have! Where do you come from?

Servant: I come from the Sheik's palace to find him a woman.

1st Woman: (*naively*) Who is the Sheik? What kind of man is he? What does he do? And who are you?

Servant: (*proudly*) The Sheik is a brave man and a great ruler. I am his servant, and all these jewels are his.

1st Woman: (*becoming interested*) What did you say the Sheik sent you for?

Servant: A woman that he can make first lady of his harem.

1st Woman: (*eagerly*) Would the Sheik feed this woman? Would he give her jewels and silk? If he would...

Servant: (*contemptuously*) Listen woman, this time the Sheik is not looking for a hungry woman or an idiot. He wants a wise woman. (*she drops her head*) He ties women like you with a rope, and if they do not obey him, he throws them in a lion's cage, or imprisons them in the kitchen where they cannot see the sunlight for years.

With each of these images, the woman shrinks back in horror toward the rear of the stage where the Sweeper and the Daughter stand. She moves in cadence with his words, freezing when he pauses, and moving again when he speaks. When she has taken her place with the two others, the Servant goes on dreamily to himself.

Servant: Ah, those were such good times, those days when I could hunt and trap whoever I pleased. I would play my flute, and the women would come to watch. Then I would trap them and tie them... (*the narrator suddenly reappears in a spotlight at the extreme right, front of the stage.*)

Narrator: Didn't they scream?

Servant: I had a whip.

Narrator: (*matter of factly*) You were cruel, too.

The gong sounds and all the lights go off simultaneously. Within moments the spotlights come back on. A different woman has taken the place left by the First Woman, but otherwise, the stage is as it was before with the Servant seated, miming playing the flute, and the three women standing at the rear. The Narrator has disappeared.

2nd Woman: (*suspiciously*) What are you doing here?

Servant: (*innocently, lowering his flute*) I am playing my flute.

2nd Woman: Who are you playing for?

Servant: For myself. I feel depressed.

2nd Woman: (*softening*) Are you a stranger here?

Servant: Yes, I am.

2nd Woman: What brought you here?

Servant: I am looking for someone.

2nd Woman: Who?

Servant: (*vaguely*) A woman.

2nd Woman: Has she left you?

Servant: No.

2nd Woman: What's her name?

Servant: I don't know.

2nd Woman: (*increasingly confused but still willing to play along*) Then how will you recognize her?

Servant: She is wise.

2nd Woman: She is wise? How did you fall in love with her?

Servant: I am not in love with her. The Sheik wants her.

2nd Woman: (*suddenly understanding who he is; she is frightened but aggressive*) Sheik! No. YOU are the one who kidnaps women for the Sheik! YOU kidnapped my sisters! Get away from me! (*with each exclamation she retreats, pointing accusingly at him, until she reaches the other three women at the rear of the stage. She takes her place next to them. Now a third woman enters from stage left and steps into the spotlight vacated by the 2nd Woman*)

3rd Woman: (*addressing both the servant and the audience in a slightly confrontational tone*) Hello man.

Servant: (*cautiously*) Hello, my sister.

3rd Woman: (*abruptly*) Is it your greed that's brought you here?

Servant: (*agreeably*) No, I am not greedy.

3rd Woman: (*pressing her accusation*) I've heard that you've come to steal again.

Servant This time I don't intend to steal; rather I have come to find a wise woman. The Sheik has sent me.

3rd Woman: Why did the Sheik send you?

Servant: Because I am his servant. He trusts me. I've gotten all his women for him.

3rd Woman: And just how did you get them?

Servant: (matter of factly) I got each one with a different trick and a different story.

3rd Woman: (angrily) What tricks? What stories?

Servant: Sometimes by playing my flute... (he reaches down and pretends to hold something up)...and sometimes with this rope.

3rd Woman: (shocked) With a rope?

The gong sounds as the spotlight on the Narrator suddenly reappears.

Narrator: (with condemnation) With a rope. (light off)

Servant: (continues conversationally) Yes, I would tie the ones who wanted to escape, or the ones who didn't want to go with me. Then I would cross the river, and take them to the Sheik's palace.

3rd Woman: How will you take your prey this time?

Servant: This time I've come for a brave woman, and she will choose to go with me.

3rd Woman: I thought you said that you'd come for a wise woman, not a brave one.

Servant: The Sheik says that courage and wisdom are two faces of the same coin.

All Women: I am the one you are talking about.

Servant: (with certainty) If you are the one, you will go to the Sheik's palace with me. I can see that you are not afraid of me, and that you will have no fear of the Sheik. You are the woman the Sheik is waiting for.

3rd Woman: I am the one the Sheik is waiting for, but that is beside the point; I don't want to see that rope in your hands.

Servant: Rope?

Light on narrator again with the sound of the gong.

Narrator: (with condemnation) Rope. (light out)

Servant: Such bravery! Such courage! You roar like a lioness. You walk like a tiger.

3rd Woman: (reminding) The rope.

Servant: Such bravery! Such courage! A fearful woman is both disgusting and disturbing. But a brave woman who doesn't fear can make a man happy.

3rd Woman: She is proud.

Servant: She makes you happy. She dazzles you.

3rd Woman: She respects herself.

Servant: She speaks so beautifully. She makes you fall in love with her.

3rd Woman: She is not for amusement.

Servant: She doesn't nag or complain all the time.

3rd Woman: She knows the difference between a friend and an enemy.

Servant: She is not fooled by luxuries.

3rd Woman: And she doesn't accept phoney compliments.

Servant: She's not taken in by clever phrases.

All Women: She knows what to do with kidnappers.

The four women at the rear of the stage suddenly turn to the Servant and make a motion as if they are in a tug-of-war. The Servant jerks to his feet and spins around as if tied up with a rope.

Servant: Hey! What are doing? What are you trying to do with me?

The four women remain frozen, holding the Servant captive.

3rd Woman: (stepping toward the audience) The rope.

The women and the servant suddenly seem to realize something. All at once, the women release their hold on the invisible rope and stand facing the audience. The Servant, too, straightens and stands like them.

All Together: (querying the audience) Rope? (gong sounds, lights out)



Naghshvareh Theatrical Group

Act III, Scene I

A spotlight appears with the two fathers from the first act seated together at center stage. The rest of the stage is empty.

Groom's Father: Anyway sir, I'm asking you to allow your daughter to marry my son. We were young once, and we know how hard it is to be without a wife.

Bride's Father: Praise God, it would be a good deed to give my daughter's hand in a marriage to your son. She's a clever girl, never a problem with housework. What are your son's prospects?

Groom's Father: Oh, he has a very good job, a house, a car and much more. It's time for him to start a family so he must find a woman, a wife who...

Bride's Father: Gives warmth to a man's house...

Groom's Father: Will be a good mother to her children...

Bride's Father: Who is loyal and pure, quiet and...

Groom's Father: ...Comforting to her family. Of course, there were other girls we were considering.... (gong sounds, lights go out replaced by the spotlight on the narrator)

Narrator: ...There are scars in life that slowly eat up one's soul in solitude. These scars can be expressed. □

Further Readings:

- "Another Birth: Selected Poems of Farough Farrokhzad," trans. Hasan Javadi and Susan Sallee, Albany Press: Middle Eastern Series #1, 1981, Emeryville.

POETRY DOESN'T SELL

marie laurencin

i loved the smudges of the ghosts of sorrows and the lingering of subdued ecstasies in the dark shadows of her face and eyes touching the skin on her face and her neck touching years regret memory anxiety hardly flesh—more the texture of a word spoken so gently it settles to the stomach her eyes put on their kid gloves their velvet gloves refinement—breeding finesse that was barely human hearing her speak was a spell between the scrupulous elegance of mundanity and the delicacy of her articulating fingertips they rushed me through the colours of spent summers and winters hushed me and crept up on me in mirrors there was nothing i could say to her the language we could have spoken is that of the fingers skimming pages silently at night the rustle of the parchment paper the tissue paper and the tensions which structured and strained her face the scaffolding of her soul and psyche had fixed little knots of fine threads at odd angles—a masterpiece—a dedication of lacemaking a dedication of crochet work i always went home subdued into the sublime wishing complexities of passion precious stone hearts velvet cushions of recline tedium vitae in small doses smoke rings of ennui "nothing has ever been enough" she'd say wishing flesh into souffles of light wishing for enthusiasms of the brave heart the curiosity which

killed the cat and the will of the creative

Mary Fallon.



Marie Laurencin: "Woman Sitting"

Louise Katherine Wakeling and Margaret Bradstock are two of the co-editors of *Edge City on Two Different Plans*, the first lesbian and gay anthology of poetry, short stories and experimental fiction to come out of Australia. Published in 1983, it was the only project of its kind to attract funding from the Australian Arts Council. Although the grant they received covered contributors' fees, it did not cover the cost of publication, which the co-editors paid for themselves.

Even more recently, in February of this year, Wakeling and Bradstock collaborated on a volume of their own poetry entitled *small rebellions*.

What follows are some comments on publishing and distribution in Australia from a letter to *Connexions* written by Louise Katherine Wakeling, and excerpts

from an interview with both women conducted by Rebecca Wrightson in Australia this year. Also included, are two short pieces which appeared in *Edge City on Two Different Plans*.

Currently, there are several independent feminist presses in Australia, mainly in the eastern states of New South Wales and Victoria. Sybylla, in Melbourne, and Redress Press, in Sydney, consider all women writers regardless of whether they are known or unknown, while Sisters, in Melbourne, publishes women who are already "names." Otherwise, publishing is controlled by big companies such as Angus and Robertson (who are notorious for their lack of concern for writers themselves). Women writers who haven't yet made a

name for themselves can forget these presses. They're mass-production, profit machines. Occasionally, they might take up someone who is "trendy" (e.g. black writers) but this is rare.

Distribution is fairly poorly organised on an independent basis. It's usually done by individuals going around to outlets—a degrading and frustrating experience, especially if it's your own work you're promoting. Book buyers in stores tend to be rude and offhand, and lean heavily toward power tripping. I have nightmares about some of the receptions I've got—especially when you mention that the work is lesbian/gay! Otherwise, distribution is carried on in the establishment world by national companies with a monopoly on outlets. They usually cater to the lowest common denominator in their idea of what will sell.

AUSTRALIA

INTERVIEW

R.W. What were the publishers' reactions to *small rebellions*?

M.B. They were very encouraging. At least they sent encouraging rejection slips. Feminist publishing groups like Sybylla wrote to us saying that they felt *small rebellions* deserved to be published and they wished they could be the ones. But basically, it's the same old story—*POETRY DOESN'T SELL; THERE ISN'T A MARKET FOR IT!* They couldn't afford to take the risk of it gathering dust in bookshops. Apparently, there's only a small group of poetry users, and it's no different among feminist readers. The kind of women who buy women's poetry, either write it themselves and therefore have a professional interest in it, or they just like to keep abreast of women's writing generally. And in Australia, there's still precious little of it compared to the mainstream, male-dominated scene.

R.W. Did you expect a different reaction to your poetry from the feminist presses?

L.W. Yes, we did. That was naive probably! I thought they would be more sympathetic to it as an area where women's experience is often repressed, their voices drowned out by the chorus of male poets who are given, or take for themselves, most of the limelight. But it doesn't seem to work that way. Feminist publishing houses are even more constrained than establishment ones in times of recession by notions of what will sell and what won't.

M.B. Women readers are no different from the general reading public. They resist poetry to death.

L.W. Maybe they see poetry as esoteric, as middle class, as too personal. But the simple fact is that women choose to write poetry—perhaps more than any other form of writing—to express their innermost selves. Maybe because it can be short, and you can fit it in between driving taxis or marking essays or while the baby is asleep. But it's the form people shy away from most.

R.W. Did you submit the manuscript to any overseas women's presses?

M.B. No. We thought of it, but rejected it on the grounds that we would have even more trouble being published because we're Australian women poets, basically unknown outside Sydney and Melbourne. Australian homosexual writers may be chic in Paris and New York, but Australian lesbian-feminist poets—*NO!*

L.W. We figured we at least had a chance in our own backyard. A feminist novel would be a different story, I think. Judging from the success of the Women's Press books, for instance, there's a healthy and probably growing market there. □

REVELATION at MULLENS STREET

She said, "There's something
I should tell you..."

I faced her on the arm of the settee
they leave outside in sunshine or in rain
its wet rot dank between my thighs

I begged her for the honest blood
she did and didn't want to shed
she fixed me with her scorpion eye
brown face gone fallow
in this paler light

though once she coiled in summer heat
and shed her diamond shreds of skin
her breasts were pyramids
of beaten gold on obelisks
of sunlight radiating out
her face was framed by beer bottles
and dirty upturned feet

so there she was, confessing
to a close encounter of the usual kind
a drunken screw with someone
picked up in a women's bar
(slim pickings on a weekday night)

so what? irrelevant
those pelvic grindings
into mutual dust, those fingers
probing at her gothic vault—
why then do I still weep?

I never thought her nipples
stood erect for me alone
like Queen Hapshepsut's
monuments to time
and her own bearded glory

or that the cry she cried
into my shoulder when at last
she shudderingly came
would never echo much the same
around some other room

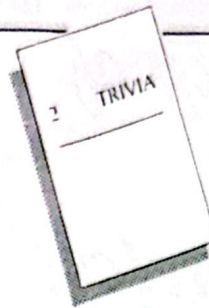
she looked displeased.
should I have torn my hair
a little, maenad-like
or flayed my skin?

Louise Katherine Wakeling

Copyrights belong to the authors.

Contact:

• Sydney Gay Writers Collective, P.O. Box
158, Leichhardt, NSW, Australia.



TRIVIA

A JOURNAL OF IDEAS.

The new magazine devoted to radical
feminist scholarship, theory and reviews.

Articles by: • Andrea Dworkin
• Kathleen Barry
• Janice Raymond
• Kate Clinton
• Mary Daly

TRIVIA is published three times a year.

\$10/year—individuals
\$12/year—institutions;
out-of-U.S.
\$ 4.50—Sample Copy

TRIVIA
P.O. Box 606
N. Amherst, MA
01059

conditions

a feminist magazine



Now Edited By:

Dorothy Allison
Elly Bulkin
Cheryl Clarke
Carroll Oliver
Mirha N. Quintanales
Aida Santiago

We are concerned that women's/lesbian publica-
tions have often failed to reflect the experiences
and viewpoints of Third World, working-class and
older women. CONDITIONS includes work in a
variety of styles by both published and unpublished
writers of many different backgrounds. We wel-
come submissions from all women who feel that a
commitment to other women is an integral part of
their lives.

Box 56A Van Brunt Station Brooklyn, NY 11215

Subscriptions (3 issues): \$15. individual: \$25.
institutions; \$9. special "hardship" rate; \$20.
or more — supporting subscription.

Single Issues: \$6. individual; \$9. institutions.

Back Issues (five & subsequent issues still avail-
able): \$4.50 each.

Overseas distribution: add \$2. for subscription,
\$.50 for single issue.

The Story of The Homeless Girl or How the One-Legged Giraffe Stravinsky Finally Got To See The Sea



Christina Alvner/Vi Manskor

(The following short story from *Vi Manskor*, number 5-6, 1983, a Swedish feminist journal, was written by Susanne Johansson, one of the editors. It was translated for *Connexions* by Donna Scism.)

Once upon a time, there was a little girl who was blown away in a terrible autumn storm. The storm cast her a long, long way from home but she knew nothing of it, for when the wind—in the wink of an eye—let go of its grip on her, she fell to the ground and hit her head. On a frosty November morning, she awoke under a bed of colorful autumn leaves and felt dreadfully alone.

"Where am I?" she wondered, bewildered, rubbing the dew from her eyes.

But she received no answer. The trees encircling her said nothing, but only creaked a little when they straightened their trunks, which had bent in the hard wind. The girl drew herself up, brushed the leaves from her coat, and twisted her scarf one more turn around her throat.

As the day's first rays of sun worked their way between the tree trunks, making the leaves on the ground glitter like gold, she pondered her situation, "When you've lost your memory, you don't remember where you come from. Therefore, you can't go home. If you can't go home, you usually go away. And if you go away, you usually call on someone you know. But what if you don't remember who your friends are?"

It was a lonely and homeless girl who decided that morning to find new friends and a new home.

She took a piece of paper and a red crayon from her pocket, thought awhile, and wrote: HOMELESS FRIENDS SOUGHT FOR PROSPECTIVE HOUSEBUILDING. THOSE INTERESTED MUST HAVE A COLD FOR AT LEAST ONE WEEK OF EACH AUTUMN, SO WE CAN STAY IN BED AND TELL STORIES. BEING (A LITTLE) AFRAID OF GHOSTS IS A PLUS.

With the newly-printed invitation under her arm, the little girl trudged off. The path wound down to a meadow where the wind whipped freely and she gathered her red and white polka-dotted coat more tightly around herself. If a bird had flown over the meadow just then, it would surely have believed that she was a small, spotted mushroom trotting down the path.

The girl stopped in the middle of the meadow and measured the treetops at the edge of the woods with a glance. She was struck with a brilliant idea.

"I shall hunt for the highest tree, climb up in it, and hang my invitation from the top," she thought. "Then it only remains to climb down again and sit by a mossy stone to wait for the homeless friends."

Suddenly, she saw it not more than thirty-seven meters away: the tallest tree in the forest.

"Hm, this is becoming more troublesome than I had thought," said the girl out loud to herself, when she came to the tree and glanced up along its trunk.

"This tree doesn't have any branches!"

But the little girl was a decisive little girl, so she took hold, jumped up, and threw her arms around the tree trunk.

"Heeheehee," giggled the tree, which wasn't a tree at all, "that tickles!"

"Is there such a thing as a ticklish tree?!" exclaimed the girl, astonished. "Can trees laugh??"

"Of course, my little friend," shouted the voice many meters above her. "That a tree can laugh, I do believe. But you must ask *them*, for I am a giraffe; a ticklish, one-legged giraffe. Good morning, anyway, my name is Stravinsky!"

"Good morning to you, my name is The Girl," said the girl, "I thought you were a tree."

"I must acknowledge that the resemblance is striking," said Stravinsky, alluding to his single leg and long neck that blended into one another.

"Aren't you going to ask what happened to the other leg?" asked the giraffe, who wanted to anticipate the question he had received a number of times before.

"How many legs should a giraffe have?" answered The Girl, who had lost her memory. "You did say that you were a one-legged giraffe, and you do have one leg, so isn't all as it should be?"

Stravinsky heaved a sigh of relief. At last, someone who understood.

"What do you have under your arm?" asked Stravinsky, wondering.

"I'm looking for homeless friends who would like to build a house," said The Girl. "So I've written an invitation. I had thought of setting it up at the top of you, so that the homeless friends could see it."

Stravinsky listened attentively with growing enthusiasm.

"For a few days, I have rested here at the forest's edge, for I am on a long journey. A journey home, you might say, but I am, in fact, on the road away. Where I grew up it is arid and hot; and feel at home there, I did not. My innermost longing is for a home by the sea. I am heading there now. Do you want to build the house by the sea?"

"Why not?" said The Girl.

Quickly she added, "BY THE SEA" after the word "HOUSE-BUILDING" on the sign.

The two friends set off on the road toward the sea. The Girl clung tightly to Stravinsky, who hopped along, dignified and balanced in the manner of a one-legged giraffe.

"It's really rather funny," mumbled Stravinsky, "I have never seen the sea. But I had a friend, a camel, who had been nearly everywhere. He told me about the waves that never grow tired, about how you can stand for hours and gaze at the horizon...that the sea has as many moods as there are different animals. The sea can roar like a lion, hiss invitingly like a seductive poisonous snake, be as calm and serene as a sleeping lamb...and...and..."

Stravinsky, as usual, became philosophical while he hopped. Hopping was the source of inspiration, he would say to himself. It was then that little songs, ingenious solutions to problems, and sometimes a poem or two would take form.

The little girl had long since fallen asleep around his waist.

The hop toward the sea took many days and many nights.

Stravinsky's movements were so smooth and pleasurable that the little girl was rocked to sleep. But Stravinsky was not saddened by any lack of conversation. He was busy with a poem in iambic hexameter about the sea for which he could not find the proper words.

In her deep sleep, The Girl dreamed about the house they would build. Sometimes she would awaken and tell Stravinsky how the house was taking shape in her mind.

"A glass veranda and a lilac arbor!"

"The veranda for storytelling on bleak autumn evenings with bread and cheese and sausage, warm chocolate, and perhaps warm punch for you, Stravinsky. There'll be green creeping vines around the panes of glass, a tiled stove, soft pillows, and cough medicine for colds."

"In the lilac arbor, raspberry tarts will be served with thick whipped cream every day of summer at three o'clock. Zzzzz..."

The Girl fell asleep again. She slept until she was awakened by the gulls' cry. She drew a fresh, salty breeze into her nostrils. They had arrived at the sea.

After three days' silence and uninterrupted gazing at the horizon, Stravinsky recovered his ability to speak. Suddenly, he said, "We must build a tall tower on the house. A viewing tower with a window high enough so I can stand inside it and look at the sea without freezing, even on the chilliest days of January."

"It shall be!" shouted The Girl, as she ran by with a load of boards in her arms.

While Stravinsky buried himself half a meter under the sand and looked at his beloved sea, The Girl applied herself to the house-building with an energy that only a homeless being can have.

She began by building the attic, for if you really believe in a house, you can begin anywhere at all.

"Can you collect dust?" she asked Stravinsky, "an attic must be dusty."

"You bet," answered the one-legged giraffe.

"I'm also gathering all sorts of mystical things. An attic should be full of secret things that you can explore."

When the attic was ready, the friends started building the

glass veranda. Stravinsky smiled at his own inventiveness as he produced panes of glass from discarded bottles and salt crystals.

"Most original," said a strange voice while Stravinsky inspected his masterwork.

Stravinsky turned around and saw a figure with a large, round stomach approaching.

"Allow me to introduce myself," said the figure. "I am a Muminpappa,* and have heard tell that you are building a house for homeless friends."

"Altogether correct," said Stravinsky, who immediately liked the Muminpappa for his appreciative remark about the window-panes.

"In that case, I believe you need me," said the Muminpappa. "For the time being, I, too, am homeless, and I have much experience in construction."

He studied the advancing construction on the beach. The house now consisted of an attic, a glass veranda, and a nearly completed viewing tower for Stravinsky.

"From what I can see, I believe that we will quite agree on how the house will finally look," said the Muminpappa.

So they became three homeless friends who built the house by the sea. The Muminpappa had brought completed blueprints with him and rather decisive construction plans as well.

The house grew and grew.

One day, just before Christmas Eve, it was finished. At a quarter to five on the twenty-second of December, as the first snow silently fell, the Muminpappa carved out the last loops in the pine cone pattern that adorned the banister of the staircase leading to the glass veranda.

The formerly homeless friends' house was tall and narrow and built with a mass of balconies, levels, and chimneys. On the upper floor there were three small rooms, while the entire lower floor was taken up by a large, magnificent drawing room. For the viewing tower's pointed roof, Stravinsky had created a beautiful onion dome which would be gilded at some time in the future. In every room there was a stove, an idea that originated with the Muminpappa, so that they would always remember the time when all Mumintralls lived behind stoves.

The three friends decided to plant the lilac arbor in spring, since the frost had already begun to cover the ground. Meanwhile, however, they began to plan for it by creating a new raspberry tart recipe for the summer days to come.

*"Muminpappa" is a member of the Mumintrall family. They are big, fat and white.



Christina Alvner/Vi Mänskor

The Girl, Stravinsky, and the Muminpappa looked at their new home and danced around on the beach with happiness, for the house had turned out so beautifully.

Then something rustled amidst the reeds. Out came a little donkey, waddling laboriously, with its head cast down.

"It's still snowing," said the donkey gloomily. "The name is Eeyore."

"The snow has just begun to fall," said The Girl. "Look, Eeyore, it's pretty!"

But Eeyore did not lift his head.

"Surely there wouldn't happen to be anyone who has seen a house or something like that around here?"

The three housemates giggled a little.

"Oh, yes," said Stravinsky, "and who might be living in it?"

"I, perhaps. At least so I imagined," said Eeyore. "But I'm probably wrong. When it comes right down to it, I suppose we can't all have houses."

"We certainly can," said The Girl with a warm smile, brushing the snow from the melancholy donkey's back. "Welcome home!"

The End

Epilogue

Before winter had taken its leave, the troop of the formerly homeless had grown. In February, Karlsson of the Roof* moved in, because he suffered from dizzy spells which made it impossible for him to continue living on the roof.

Karlsson dug a cellar under the house and began a juggling equipment factory (which also produced frozen jelly raspberries and licorice boats.)

The Little Prince from planet B612 had moved in a month earlier and became the winter storyteller. At times, he would worry about how his little flower fared up among the stars. But then his new friends would take him on expeditions up in the attic and the Little Prince would forget his worries. □

Afterword

This story came about—not without certain influences from Jansson, A.A. Milne, Astrid Lindgren, and Antoine de Saint-Exupéry—during a period of thinking and editing work.

Unfortunately, it is not only in the world of fairy tales that one finds homeless people.

They do exist—here and now.

Squat more!

[Ed. Finding affordable housing and childcare in a convivial environment is an issue of great importance to Swedes. They are considering more seriously the idea of collective or cooperative living as a means of meeting their social and economic needs. The issue of *Vi Mänskor* in which this story appeared was devoted to this subject, and emphasized the importance of including members from all strata of society in the collectives.]

*"Karlsson on the Roof" is a character known to Swedish children. He lives in a little house on the roof of an apartment. He is able to fly, because he has a propeller on his back.

Kitchen Table: Women of Color Press

CUENTOS:

Stories by Latinas

edited by Alma Gómez, Cherrie Moraga, and Mariana Romo-Carmona

245 pp. \$7.95

NARRATIVES:

Poems in the Tradition of Black Women

by Cheryl Clarke

64 pp. \$4.95

HOME GIRLS:

A Black Feminist Anthology

Edited by Barbara Smith

400 pp. \$10.95

THIS BRIDGE CALLED MY BACK:

Writings by Radical Women Women of Color

edited by Cherrie Moraga and Gloria Anzaldúa

261 pp. \$8.95

Shipping: add \$1.00 for first book, \$.25 for each additional book.

P.O. Box 2753, Rockefeller Center Station,
New York, NY 10185

Guardian

You're not alone!

You're demonstrating against U.S. intervention in Central America. You're organizing tenants to fight gentrification. You're fighting for safe, legal abortion for all. You're teaching students how to think freely. You're marching for voting rights in the South. You're struggling to change the system in your own way.

You're not alone. All these battles are one. And only in one place do they all come together: the Guardian, North America's largest independent radical newsweekly. Twenty-four pages of non-sectarian coverage of the issues and the movement every week. Incisive analysis and unmatched international reportage: the information you need about your own fight and the common struggle.

Try a free four-week subscription to the Guardian, at absolutely no obligation. Simply cut out the coupon below and mail it in today.


4 free

Send me four free issues of the Guardian, at absolutely no obligation.

Mail to:

The Guardian, Dept. CX, 33 West 17th Street, New York, NY 10011

name _____
address _____
city _____
state _____ zip _____



TAKING CONTROL

The Magazine of The Reproductive Rights National Network

Make checks payable to:
Reproductive Rights National Network
17 Murray Street
New York, New York 10007

☐ \$8 Regular ☐ \$12 Supporting ☐ \$_____ Sustaining

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____ Zip _____

CLIT 007

Centres lesbiennes et gays



CONCENTRÉE LESBIEN

IRRÉSISTIBLEMENT TOXIQUE...

CLIT 007
LEBIEN TOXIQUE
S. B. - 1000 - 1000
1000 - 1000 - 1000

CLIT 007
LEBIEN TOXIQUE
S. B. - 1000 - 1000
1000 - 1000 - 1000

CLIT 007
LEBIEN TOXIQUE
S. B. - 1000 - 1000
1000 - 1000 - 1000

ABONNEZ-VOUS

LETTERS

A report from the April 1983 Global Feminist Workshop to Organize Against Traffic in Women has just been released. *International Feminism: Networking against Female Sexual Slavery* presents material on the practices of female sexual slavery and forced prostitution of women globally. It includes position papers by the participants, who are all actively working on this issue in their countries, and an extensive bibliography of the major works addressing the abuse of women in prostitution.

DISTRIBUTED BY:
International Women's Tribune Centre
777 U.N. Plaza
N.Y. N.Y. 10017 USA

COST: \$6 each for surface mail; Air mail postage extra charge;

Due to an unfortunate oversight, the address of USPROS was not listed as a resource in our last issue. USPROS is both an organizing and information center for prostitutes and non-prostitutes. Their address is:

USPROS
P.O. Box 14512
San Francisco, CA 94114

Dear Friends,

We have finally moved into our new and permanent quarters. We had an informal inauguration for the Bombay Women's Centre on 18th February. The place has been fixed up—finally—and it does feel good to work in a proper office with furniture and fixtures. Now that we have overcome the major hurdle of raising funds, acquiring the place and fixing up, we would like to work seriously towards building up the Centre itself, a Centre throbbing with activity, where women can feel at home.

Specifically, we want to develop a

library and documentation centre (for women, on women, by women). For this we can use donations of new or used books. Also, we want to extend material help, goods and services, for the women who come here. Often women need contacts for jobs, temporary shelter, legal and medical aid.

If you have books, money or ideas to donate to the Centre, write to: Women's Centre, 307 Yasmeen Apartment, Yeshwant Nagar, Vakola, Santacruz (W), Bombay 400 055, INDIA.]

Dear Sisters,

Enclosed are pictures of 8th March demonstration in Tel Aviv. Almost 1,000 women participated from all over the country.

Our group raised the issue of Neve Tirze (prison) while the women in prison went on a four day hunger strike which ended on the 8th of March. We are planning, together with the women's groups in the West Bank to demonstrate every month by the prison, as the situation there goes into its tenth month.

Other groups participating in the Tel Aviv demo were: Democratic Women (C.P.), rape crisis center of Tel Aviv, battered women's centers of Haifa and Tel Aviv, feminist movement of Tel Aviv and Jerusalem. Themes were equal pay, child care centres, no violence against women, eliminating religion from the state, end the war in Lebanon and no nukes.

In the West Bank, International Women's Day was celebrated by mass rallies and bazaars of traditional handicrafts. We were invited to speak at the rally organized by the women's work committees in Occupied Jerusalem and our speaker was very warmly received.

Daily papers reported that women

travelling from the West Bank to Jerusalem to participate in these activities were detained by the military. Secret policemen were present at the rally. All activities were not reported on T.V. which instead showed women's day in Italy.

The West Bank women have printed a special poster this year. Any orders? They'll be around \$1 each. If you're interested we'll ask them to send some.

Please send any information or pictures about solidarity with Neve Tirze women in U.S. We're getting reactions from all over Europe, but it's been ten months and there is no end in sight. These women are showing tremendous courage and need all the help they can get (and so can we).

Love,

Rayna Moss
Women Against the Occupation P.O. Box
2760 Tel Aviv, Israel

Dear Sisters,

Welcome to the Feminist International Network on the New Reproductive Technologies. We had an informal meeting at the Second International Interdisciplinary Congress on Women, last April in Groningen, the Netherlands. There a statement was drafted which stressed the need for an international effort to research and get as much information as possible on reproductive technologies into feminist publications. They ask that all articles, bibliographies and ideas on how to link up with other groups or fund the network be sent to the network. Their temporary address is: Janice Raymond, Women's Studies Program, Bartlett 208, University of Massachusetts, Amherst, MA 01003, USA. In sisterhood.

FEMINIST ISSUES

A Publication of the Feminist Forum, Berkeley, California

Feminist Issues is a journal of feminist social and political theory, devoted to an international exchange of ideas. It includes articles by English-language feminists as well as translations of feminist texts by women of other countries.

Current and Forthcoming Articles By

Monique Wittig, Fatima Mernissi, Arlie Hochschild, Robin Lakoff, Paola Tabet, Colette Guillaumin, Barbara Christian

Published biannually, Founded 1980.

Subscription Rates: Individuals \$15/1 yr., \$28/2 yrs.; Institutions \$25/1 yr., \$47/2 yrs.; Domestic first class add \$3.50/yr.; Outside the U.S.A. add \$2/yr. surface mail, \$7/yr. airmail. Single copies (min. order \$10): \$7.50/individuals, \$12.50/institutions. ISSN: 0270-6679

Please address inquiries and orders to:
Transaction Periodicals Consortium
Department 7010
Rutgers—The State University
New Brunswick, NJ 08903



Nazik al-Mala'ika
Boitumelo
Violeta Parra
Salma al-Khadra'
al-Jayyusi
Susan L. Yung
Sugiarti Siswadi
Gioconda Belli
Claribel Alegria
Joy Harjo
June Jordan
Carolyn Forché
and others.

Voices of Third World Women

44 pages of poems by recognized and anonymous poets of Asia, Africa and the Americas



To order:
Send \$3.50 (postpaid) to
WIRE
Women's International Resource Exchange
2700 Broadway
New York, N.Y. 10025

Free catalogue of other WIRE materials available on request.

Resources

Agora

twice-yearly Japanese feminist journal
c/o BOC Publishing
1-9-6 Shinjuku
Shinjuku, Tokyo 160, Japan

Asian Women's Liberation

Japanese feminist publication
available in Japanese and English
Shibuya Coop, Rm. 211
14-10 Sakurataoka
Shibuya-ku, Tokyo 150, Japan

La Cacerola

GRECMU
Juan Paulier 1174
Montevideo, Uruguay

cahiers du feminisme

French feminist monthly
2, rue Richard Lenois
93108 Montreuil, France

Emma

West German feminist monthly
Kolpingplatz 1A
5 Köln 1, West Germany

fem

Mexican feminist bi-monthly
Av. Mexico No. 76-1
Col. Progreso Tizapan
Mexico 20, D.F., Mexico

Fireweed

Canadian feminist quarterly
Box 279, Stn. B
Toronto, Ont. M5T 2W2, Canada

Girls' Own

Australian feminist bi-monthly
Box 188, Wentworth Bldg.
Sydney Univ. 2006, Australia

ILIS

Int'l Lesbian Information Service
Box 1305
Vika, Oslo 1, Norway

ISIS

feminist international quarterly
P.O. Box 50 (Cornavin)
1211 Geneva 2, Switzerland

Kvinder

Danish feminist bi-monthly
Gothersgade 37
1123 Copenhagen, Denmark

Kvinnejournalen

Norwegian feminist bi-monthly
Boks 53 Bryn
Oslo 6, Norway

Kvinno Bulletinen

Swedish feminist bi-monthly
Snickarbacken 10
111 39 Stockholm, Sweden

Lysistrata

womins peace magazine
11 Princes St.
Brighton
Sussex, England

Manushi

Indian feminist bi-monthly
available in English and Hindi
C1/202 Lajpat Nagar
New Delhi 110024, India

Mujer CEFEMINA

Costa Rican feminist monthly
Apdo. 949
San Jose, Costa Rica

Mujer/ILET

Latin American Women's News Service
Casilla 16-637
Correo 9, Santiago, Chile

Mulherio

Brazilian feminist monthly
Função Carlos Chagas
Caixa Postal 11352
05499 São Paulo, Brazil

NOGA

Israeli feminist quarterly
P.O. Box 21376
Tel Aviv 61213, Israel

Opzij

Dutch feminist monthly
Kloveniersburgwal 23
postbus 1311
1000 BH Amsterdam, Holland

Outwrite

English feminist monthly
Oxford House, Derbyshire St.
London E2, England

Resources for Feminist Research

Canadian feminist resource quarterly
252 Bloor St. West
Toronto, Ont. M5S 1V6 Canada

Spare Rib

English feminist monthly
27 Clerkenwell Close
London EC1R 0AT, England

La Tortuga

Peruvian feminist monthly
Huancavelica 470
Oficina 408
Lima, Peru

La Vie en Rose

French-Canadian feminist bi-monthly
3963 St. Denis
Montreal, Que. H2W 9Z9, Canada

Vi Manskor

Swedish feminist journal
Barnsgaten 23
11641 Stockholm, Sweden

Voice of Women

Sri Lanka Journal For
Women's Emancipation
18/9, Chitra Lane
Colombo 5, Sri Lanka

Maria, Liberacion del Pueblo

Mexican feminist monthly
Apdo. 158-B
Ave. Morelos 714
Cuernavaca, Morelos, Mexico

Vrouwenkrant

Dutch feminist monthly
Postbus 18180
10012B Amsterdam, Holland

off our backs

The Best in Feminist Journalism
our 13th year

ask provides:

- * National and international news about women
- * Thoughtful commentaries, and news ahead of its time
- * Health, prison, and labor news

SUBSCRIBE TODAY!

pub. 1841 Columbia Rd. NW, Rm. 212
Washington, D.C. 20009
\$11/year sample copy \$1.50

NAME

ADDRESS

CITY

STATE

ZIP

off our backs

1841 Columbia Rd. NW
Rm. 212
Washington, D.C. 20009

\$15/year contributing sub
\$11/year regular sub
\$20 yr. businesses and institutions
sample copy \$1.50

The Lesbian



Insider Insider Inciter

A Newspaper by and for Lesbians only!

Looking to print Lesbian news, personal stories, analysis,
letters, interviews, announcements, photos, drawings
and much more. Published irregularly.

Subscriptions: \$1/single copy; 5 issue sub is \$1 for every
\$1000 earned per year, around the world.

FREE TO LESBIANS IN PRISONS &
MENTAL INSTITUTIONS & ARCHIVES

The Lesbian I/I/I, PO Box 7038, Mpls, MN 55407 USA

Gay
Women

For a change in your life we invite you to try:
The Wishing Well Magazine Program. Features
hundreds of current members' self-descriptions (by
Code #), letters, opinions, valuable resources, reviews,
and much more. Introductory copy \$5.00 ppd. (mailed
discreetly first class). Confidential, supportive, dignified,
sensitive, prompt. Beautiful, tender, loving alternative
to "The Well of Loneliness." A family feeling. Reliable
reputation. Established 1974. The pioneer
of them all! Free information. Gay women are
writing and meeting EVERYWHERE through:



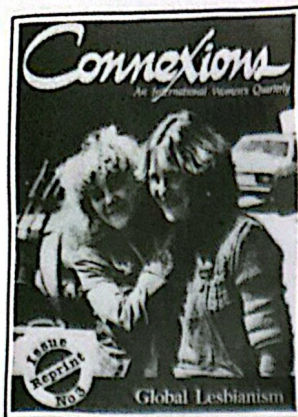
The Wishing Well P.O. Box 117
Novato, CA 94948

A Women's Newsletter

TELEWOMAN
P.O. Box 2306
Pleasant Hill, CA 94523

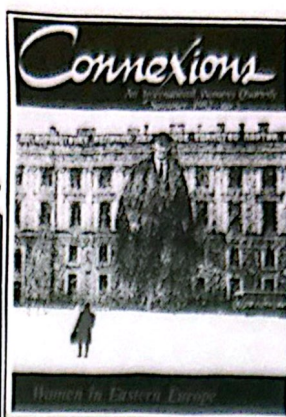
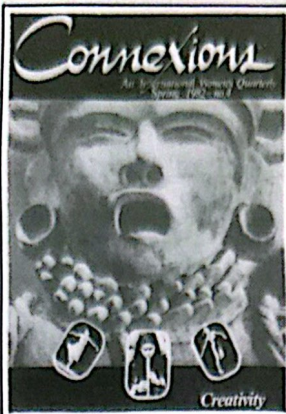
send \$100 for sample issue

TELEWOMAN is a national lesbian
networking newsletter with an
emphasis on resources & contacts
for women who write poetry and
fiction, women in the arts and
photography, and women whose
spiritual perspectives are central
in their everyday lives. Book
reviews, exquisite graphics,
outstanding cover art by lesbians,
links between country and city
lesbians. Subscriptions \$12/yr.



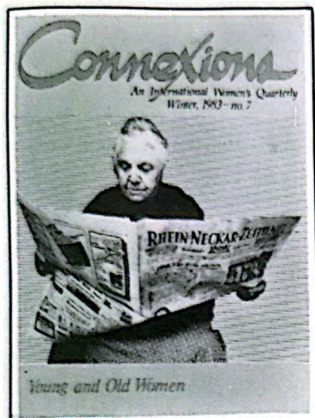
#3 Winter 1982
Global Lesbianism

#4 Spring 1982
Creativity



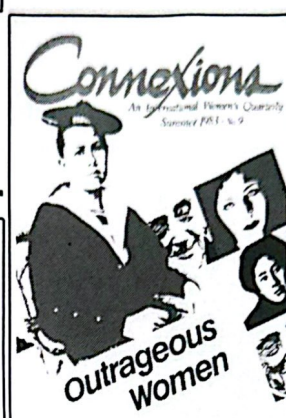
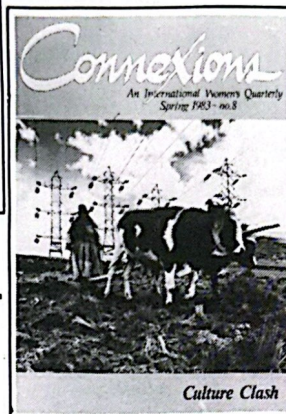
#5 Summer 1982
Women in Eastern Europe

#6 Fall 1982
Environment



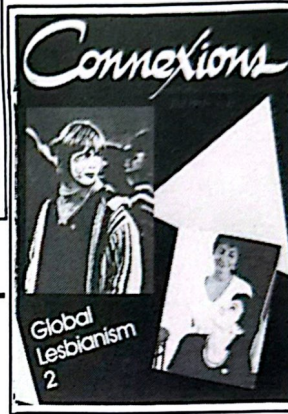
#7 Winter 1983
Old and Young Women

#8 Spring 1983
Culture Clash



#9 Summer 1983
Outrageous Women

#10 Fall 1983
Global Lesbianism 2



- ☐ One year, \$12
Libraries and Institutions, \$24
Canada and Mexico, US\$14
Overseas Airmail, US\$20; Surface US\$14
- ☐ Sustaining subscription, \$25
(Donations are tax-deductible)
- ☐ Connexions T-shirt, \$8
Choose from black or plum.
Short Sleeve & Sleeveless. SML.
State size, color and 1st & 2nd choice when ordering.
\$8.00 includes postage.
- ☐ Connexions Sweatshirt, \$13
Choose from black or plum. ML.

(Is this a gift? From.....)

Name.....

Address.....

City, State, Zip.....

Order four issues for only \$10!

- ☐ #10 Global Lesbianism II
- ☐ # 9 Outrageous Women
- ☐ # 8 Culture Clash
- ☐ # 7 Young and Old Women
- ☐ # 6 Environment—From the Ground Up
- ☐ # 5 Women in Eastern Europe
- ☐ # 4 Creativity
- ☐ # 3 Global Lesbianism I

Back issues: \$3.00 (Add 75¢ for postage per order.)

Make checks payable to
Peoples Translation Service and send to:

Connexions
4228 Telegraph Avenue
Oakland, California 94609
(415) 654-6725

PEOPLES TRANSLATION SERVICE

CONNEXIONS

4228 Telegraph Ave.
Oakland, CA 94609
(415) 654-6725

1543-S15

Marie Wheatwind
Box 776
Goleta, CA 93116

Non-Profit Organization
U.S. Postage Paid
Berkeley, CA
Permit No. 148

