Bertha Harris and Patty Bowman visit Tower Press, a women's printing company working with Daughters.

Creating a women's world

The feminists behind Daughters Inc., a special kind of publishing house, are struggling with questions of money and power. Can such an enterprise succeed and remain 'woman-identified'?

By Lois Gould

PLAINFIELD, Vt. There are five women at this huge farmhouse kitchen table, nursing warm gin, cold coffee and five many-splendored visions of a feminist future. Scattered on the table is the manuscript of a new book by a young writer whose last novel dealt, coolly, with women revolutionaries and homemade bombs.

Four of the women at the table are revolutionaries of a different but no less unusual stripe: June Arnold, publisher and novelist, who dreams of building a feminist literature in which the power of women's words can reshape both the language and the culture in which they are written. Parke (Patty) Bowman, lawyer and editor, who dreams of creating a great and powerful women's publishing house, a prototype of feminist business where women (and some day men) will work "successfully" at what pleases them, without having to please a boss, or become one. Bertha Harris, novelist, editor, critic and teacher of women's studies, who dreams of unleashing armies of beautiful, furious demons in women's writing, including her own. Charlotte Bunch, political theorist and strategist, who dreams of what must be done with dreams.

I am the outsider here: a fellow woman writer, with feminist credentials, but a not-quite-trusted stranger. I am the only woman at the table who is not clearly "woman-identified." The term does not signify lesbian sexuality, although it may. Rather, it is used to define a woman whose primary working relationships are with and for other women —with and for feminism. I live with a husband and two adolescent sons. Three of the four others here have been, but are no longer, married. Two have young children.

But perhaps the widest gulf between us is as writers, as professionals. My books and articles are published by men, whereas these women control their own works and the works of other women who are, by and large, "woman-identified" like themselves.

The ironic fact is that I would not even be here were it not for an "establishment" newspaper—one of the many that do not review the books these women publish, or report on their activities. Still, the mass media, and their audience, are intrigued by the phenomenon of women like these retreating —advancing?—into brave new feminist worlds of literature, health, sexuality and politics. I am here to ask what they are up to, and if it is really a significant trend, or merely another passing strangeness in a "movement" some say is already tearing apart over strangenesses of one kind or another.

At the moment, June, Patty, Charlotte and Bertha are engaged in editing the spring 1977 list of books, including the one on the table, that will bear the imprint of a small, thriving four-year-old house called Daughters Inc. It is a house of and for women, operating, along with a traveling women's bookstore, as a self-defined "feminist community" that floats lightly and with apparent ease between New York City and this snug little corner of central Vermont.

The women of Daughters Inc., a dozen of them, or two, loosely linked, moving at different rhythms, come together and separate fluidly when the work of the publishing house, or the work of feminism, demands attention. They have bought a brownstone in New York and are transferring their main operation to the city. Vermont winters have proved harder and lonelier than they anticipated when they moved here four years ago, and the constant commuting, now that they have grown, is difficult—especially in bad flying weather. In New York they can work closely with an expanding women's printing company, Tower Press.

Remaining separate for only as long as it takes to change the world: From left, Bertha Harris, June Arnold, Charlotte Bunch and Patty Bowman of Daughters Inc.

Lois Gould's latest novel, "A Sea-Change," is about women, fantasies and the nature of power.

The Daughters "community" is not unique. Indeed, it is one of thousands suddenly springing to life across the United States, in places as unlike as Greenwich Village and rural Plainfield. There are feminists setting up shop as publishers, printers, farmers, healers and even moneylenders, in East Lansing, Mich., and Albuquerque, N.M.; Washington, D.C., and Wolf Creek, Ore.; Iowa City, Austin, Reno, Philadelphia and Slingerlands, N.Y.

"These women do not constitute a ladies' auxiliary for any back-to-the-land counterculture. Nor are they founding hippie-style convents for troubled young female dropouts. Like many in this vigorously moving part of "the movement," the participants in Plainfield are past youth—from their early 30's to their 50's; some have grown children; some have children with them; some have left children and husbands behind; some still live with their families but devote their "energy" to all-woman enterprises.

June Arnold checks titles at one of New York City's two feminist bookstores.

They believe they are building the working models for the critical next stage of feminism: full independence from the control and influence of "male-dominated" institutions—the news media, the health, education and legal systems, the art, theater and literary worlds, the banks.

Daughters Inc. is not necessarily typical, either in its politics or in the "separatist" life style of its members. In my dictionary a "separatist" is one who withdraws from an established church or political body—one who secedes. But Patty, June, Bertha and Charlotte are not "seceding," they insist. They are only withdrawing for a time—to gather their strength and find their individual and collective voices. It is easier to do that in a separate place, a room of woman's own. Men, they point out, have always practiced (Continued on Page 34)

Women's world

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this kind of separatism—in their offices, their army command posts, their clubs, bars and Senate cloakrooms. And they never thought there was anything strange or life-threatening about those support systems.

I mention that I have heard stories about "separatist" women's bookstores that will not sell books to men, will not even allow men inside to browse, and some that refuse to admit a woman accompanied by a teen-age son.

June and Patty say the stories are exaggerated, but everyone knows there are still extremists at large in the feminist press, and elsewhere. At a recent conference of feminist-media women, there were lesbian-only workshops, from which heterosexual women were excluded, and there have been scattered incidents of lesbian poets or other speakers refusing to address "mixed" audiences of both gay and straight women.

"The extremists are a small minority," June says, " . . . most of us hate to see women fighting one another over this point. We think each woman has the right to decide how separate she wants to be, and from whom—and for how long."

I ask how many of the "woman-identified" feminists they know still live with men. They say maybe a third of the women in the feminist press network are married and living with their husbands. Another, not inconsiderable, number are sexually—or at least emotionally—"celibate," which they define as not committed to deep one-to-one relationships of any kind. But "woman-identified," the operative word, also strongly implies a woman who is not supported by a man—and neither wants nor expects to be.

In its publishing operation too, Daughters Inc. acts according to judgments and priorities that occasionally clash with those of more "separatist" feminist groups. Its books are all written, edited, composed and designed by women, but until now they have been printed by a male printer and shipped through the U.S. Post Office. Other feminist publishers print their own materials and distribute them only through Women in Distribution (WIND), a two-year-old collective that handles over 160 titles, and distributes nationally to women's bookstores.

Furthermore, the women who run Daughters Inc. select manuscripts for form and literary merit, as well as for "feminist content." (Others edit only for clear political message—on the ground that style and artistic quality are, at this moment in feminist time, beside the point.) Daughters has published 16 novels in three years, including the autobiography of a London charwoman, the memoirs of a self-confessed "drunken mother," a fiction that dispenses with the pronouns "he" and "she," substituting a neuter "na," and a comic first novel about lesbianism that has sold 70,000 copies without the benefit of ads or reviews in major newspapers, mass distribution or "guest shots" by the author on network television. (Most first novels, even with aggressive sales and publicity campaigns, sell about 5,000 copies.)

Besides discovering and working with new women writers to develop something called "the radical feminist novel," Daughters has reissued important "prefeminist" women's books such as Penelope Mortimer's "The Pumpkin Eater," a 1962 novel whose heroine feels whole only when she is pregnant or nursing babies—hardly a creation reflecting a feminist party line. Daughters' founders defend the book, among others, as a valid expression of the female experience, and therefore entirely worthy of all women's attention.

Daughters women, and other feminist publishers and writers, share a common philosophy. Paraphrasing A. J. Liebling, they declare that freedom of the press belongs to those who own the press. In the other fields of new feminist endeavor, the sentiments are the same. Most of these women say they do not intend to remain "separated" forever—only for as long as it takes to change the world.

"Are you building an alternate society?" I ask the women at the table. "Of course not!" June Arnold exclaims, with an infectious grin. "We are building the real society. *Theirs* is the alternate."

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June and Patty are grappling with an enviable problem. The best-selling novel on their list, "Rubyfruit Jungle" by Rita Mae Brown, has just sold out its seventh printing. The problem is that a group of men want to make a movie version of the book. "Rubyfruit" is an outrageous parody of a Horatio Alger success story, featuring a lesbian heroine. (The title is her affectionate nickname for the female genitalia.) June and Patty must decide whether to sell the book's reprint rights, which they control, to one of the mass paperback publishers. Sell out, as they see it, for a whopping sum of male-conglomerate money. The author wants them to do it; they don't.

"Why not sell?" I say. "Why would it have to compromise anything? Daughters Inc. remains Daughters Inc. Only it would be able to expand its publishing list; raise its advances to writers; stop dealing with male printers. Maybe even start its own mass-reprint line. You could become . . . really powerful."

Bertha stares into her coffee cup. Her new novel, "lover," just published by Daughters, was lavishly praised in The Washington Post (in one of the few major reviews of a feminist-press novel) as "a dazzling wonder" of a book; "a Joycean spellbinder." It will probably reach 10,000 readers, like her two previous books, which were published by a conservative male house.

Bertha supports herself and her 13-year-old daughter on her salary as a teacher of social sciences at a small New York college. Though she is one of the rare writers whose creative muse is both nourished and inspired by her teaching, her job—along with the jobs of five other women—may fall victim to the latest wave of city faculty budget cutbacks. Bertha would be one of the women to benefit hugely if Daughters Inc. took the financial leap into big-time publishing.

Charlotte, whose finely honed political analysis illuminates the pages of Quest: A Feminist Quarterly, perhaps the movement's leading journal of ideas, is thinking ahead. She recognizes the urgent question of when and how to grow as a key issue for healthy feminist enterprises. Choosing her words carefully, Charlotte says, "It is the kind of decision June and Patty will have to make soon." She pauses, and then adds, "It's a decision we'll all have to make soon."

The others nod, reacting not so much to what she says as to the undertone of reassurance. She invariably gives the impression that she is facing an issue but not forcing it. To feminists, this is a crucial quality.

Charlotte Bunch, 32, has been described as one of the movement's "hidden leaders." But she seems to be trusted by an impressive number of otherwise disparate, even clashing, groups. The trust is built at least in part on the fact that she has risen from within the ranks of the movement. Gloria Steinem, who works periodically with Charlotte when she contributes to Ms. Magazine, says: "There isn't a feminist hooked into the internal communications network of the movement who does not know and respect Charlotte. Her name is a touchstone." Success as Charlotte defines it is a matter of gaining power to control your own life. Her vision of a feminist future extends that definition: women building new institutions that control increasingly larger portions of their lives—and, ultimately, of the nation's life.

Charlotte has been to extreme separatism and back. She thinks that women must now begin to commute, in ever-shortening cycles, between separatism and the country's political and social centers, where other women are already working to make changes from within. Eventually, she believes, it will—we will—all come together.

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Some critical observers of feminist enterprises like Daughters have dubbed them "toys," and ridiculed the women involved in them for wasting precious time playing at autonomy. They are damned for dabbling in a make-believe female culture, while the "real" women's movement hovers between life and political death. Yet, at the same time, the women who succeed in these ventures are also attacked for surviving and making money — for imitating male-model capitalism instead of finding the true feminist (nonprofit, nonexploitive, nonhierarchal, leaderless, struc-

Moving into the future: June Arnold and Patty Bowman (right) settling Daughters Inc. into its new home in New York City, where they will work to develop "the radical feminist novel."

tureless, and/or ideologically pure) way to liberation.

A broad streak of classic Marxist Socialism has been running through the women's movement since the early 1970's —thanks largely to the numbers of young women who cut their radical teeth in the civil-rights and "new-left" movements of the 1960's, and then broke away in bitter disillusionment over the "sexism" of their young male colleagues. Patty Bowman and Charlotte Bunch were both active in the "male left" before their feminism forced them to veer off in their radical new directions.

As Patty puts it, the "new male left" regards women as "tradable property"—just as the "old male right" does. "Besides," she notes, "every class revolution ends up with just another boss-man installing his own brand of censorship, his secret police, statues of himself and museums of his boyhood home."

We talk briefly about China, and the fact that nobody really knows what's going on there now. But referring to the recent purge of Chiang Ching (Mao Tse-tung's widow), Patty says wryly, "We do know that an uppity woman still lands in the slammer."

Charlotte admits that developing a truly new political theory of feminism will be slow and painful. "It's so much easier to fall in love with either socialism or reformism," she says. "They've both got history, tradition and a fully developed body of thought—not to mention male financial support and prestige. All the old trappings of security and male approval. Feminism still can't promise a woman anything—not even rhetoric, let alone answers. But we've got to find our own way. We've got to draw from other movements without losing ourselves in any of them. Otherwise—come the revolution, any revolution—women will still be dominated by men."

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We are talking about success—or how to succeed without really sacrificing feminist principles. I ask what would happen if Daughters and other feminist presses lured all the major women writers away from the "male" press.

June looks surprised. "Why would we want to?" she asks. "Go after 'major' women writers? Stars who were built by the male press? We don't need them." Patty says, half jokingly, "We use man-made machinery to print our books. . . ." "But we don't have to use their women," says June. "Besides, we want to discover new women—third-world women—women whose books can't get published by men. We wouldn't even want most of the women's books 'they' publish." "Susan Brownmiller's book on rape?" I persist. "Wouldn't you have wanted to publish that?" "Yes," she admits. "but there are very few of those." "But there *are* a few," I say. "Even a few could make a big difference—couldn't they? Wider readership, public attention, money to grow on?" That word "money" again. June bristles. "We don't need their money. We don't need their writers." Patty muses, "It would be nice to cooperate with the others in some ways. Buy our paper and boxes in volume. Maybe buy our own press. . . ."

"You could give more women jobs—they could quit working for men," I say. June still shakes her head. "We can afford to grow slowly. We can afford to do it our way." "What if," I suggest, "well-known establishment women writers came to *you* voluntarily—if they were willing to take much less money than they could get from a male publisher?" "Some of them do," Patty says. "They give us books that their male publishers won't touch—themes that aren't 'commercial.' They come to the feminist presses when they have to." "And they go back when they can," says June. "I don't see why we should go after women like that. How could we trust them?"

Charlotte says, "If they came to us with a book we really wanted—and they were willing to sacrifice money and their male publisher's seal of approval? *I* would trust them. That would be a commitment. Maybe I'd even trust them more than some women who publish with us only because they can't get published anywhere else."

"I still don't see," I say, "how you can afford to say no to so many—and what seem such easy—ways to grow bigger and stronger." June shrugs. "I can afford to say no to anything," she says, lightly, and then laughs. "Women have to learn they can afford to say no."

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Shortly before I came to Plainfield, Patty, June, Charlotte and Bertha attended a secret feminist-press convention held at a Campfire Girls camp near Omaha, Neb. One hundred and thirty-two women, representing more than 80 feminist companies engaged in various phases of publishing, gathered together for the first time to chart their course and define their ultimate goal—not to become a unified underground women's press, but actually to lead a feminist takeover of the nation's media. They were, and are, serious. The only question is how they expect to succeed.

Daughters women talk business with printer Lisa Szer (plaid shirt), co-owner of Tower Press. Below, Bertha Harris in her New York apartment. She would be one of the writers to benefit if Daughters took the financial leap into big-time publishing.

Many people, including feminists, are not aware that the feminist press has grown, over the past five years, into a lusty if dissonant Greek chorus of movement voices with exotic names: "off our backs," "Amazon Reality," "Sinister Wisdom," "The Fly-By-Nigh: Printing Collective," "Paid My Dues" and even, with wry mischief, "The Vanity Press."

Despite such whimsy, their novels, periodicals, pamphlets, poetry and political journals now reach a regular readership of over 300,000 women.

It is only through such papers as Big Mama Rag and off our backs that women all over the country learn where major feminist conferences are—and suddenly they seem to be everywhere, all the time. Conferences on crimes against women, women's art and music festivals, rallies in support of individuals in trouble, demonstrations for prostitutes' rights, for abortion, against rape. Such meetings are the vital connective tissue for movement women—serving as a return trip out of isolation; a way to reach out, touch and move on, feeling stronger.

A correspondent from the feminist newspaper off our backs reported from the Women in Print convention in Nebraska: "We went out into this big meadow and made a big map of the U.S., standing where our cities were, and we were everywhere."

It is astonishing to learn that such bursts of forward motion are happening at a time when the regular news media are filled only with the token advances of a handful of women "stars" in corporate jobs and politics, or else with elaborate hand-wringing over the "movement's" death or dismemberment, all accompanied by rueful sighs or rude yawns.

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It is late at night that we talk about our children. I ask, "What about boy children? I

have two teen-age boys; I see them growing into young men who will read Penthouse Magazine because their friends do. One already hides it under his mattress. He feels guilty, not because it's sexual but because it's sexist, and he knows I disapprove. And I feel guilty because I've created a new set of adolescent inhibitions about sex, and it frightens me."

June nods. Her son Gus is 17, and goes to school in New York City. June believes Gus is a different sort of boy because of his life in a feminist world. He even got into a fight with his English teacher, she tells me proudly, because Gus insisted the pronoun "he" does not include "she."

I say it is very hard to raise a boy child to fight against his world—to renounce masculine power and privileges, only to be looked at as an oddball, or worse, by his peers. "Isn't it like deciding to remove a tomcat's claws," I ask, "and then sending him out to play with—to compete with—the other tomcats?"

June says there is no choice. "You *have* to remove the claws and then teach him how to survive by his wits, his brains. He'll learn to outsmart and outrun the others. And in the end, he'll be the one who survives. In the feminist world that's to come, he'll marry the best woman."

I say it seems to me that boy children are casualties of this painful transition period. Feminist mothers are concentrating on themselves and their daughters, the coming generation of free women. June laughs. "We have trouble with the daughters, too." Some of them are hopelessly attracted to macho men, she explains, and to male brutality and violence. Why is that, everyone wonders.

"I think they're trying," June says seriously, "to get in touch with the violence within themselves. We're all still afraid of that. We have to begin to see it as energy, as a great untapped force. Power and eroticism. Think of the passion little girls have for their horses. We should never take away their horses."

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It is 2 A.M., the fourth day of my visit, before we get to the subject of sex—and of lesbianism. Charlotte has just written an article for Ms., about lesbian separatism, in which she said, "No woman is truly free to be anything unless she is also free to be a lesbian."

We agree that the term "lesbian" is no longer just a sexual definition. Many feminists now consider it a highly charged political word—used to describe any woman who lives independently from men. Charlotte explains that it is a logical extension, "in the sense that if your life is not bound up with men, then in men's eyes you might as well be a lesbian." Patty says, "It's a political stand to call yourself one—like the King of Denmark wearing a yellow armband to declare himself a Jew, when the Nazis ordered all Danish Jews to be marked."

"We so need to develop new words," Charlotte says. "We need words that support women and all forms of women's sexuality." But she and the others reject the notion, newly popular in some quarters, that to be a feminist a woman must try, explore, convert to, lesbian sexuality. "It's not only a frightening idea," says Charlotte, "it's utterly false. The worst thing about it is the overemphasis on sexuality as a definition of one's self. It's just another way to create guilt—the way people are made to feel guilty if they aren't *hyper*sexed. As if we all ought to be in a constant state of sexual fever, chasing 'big O's' instead of rainbows."

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Over a year ago, a woman who was completing a doctoral dissertation on feminist separatism wrote that the possibility of separating was always exaggerated "because, let's face it, men are everywhere." It strikes me that separatist women rarely talk about the strong ties they still have with men in their own lives.

I ask, "What about those of you who still hold regular jobs in male-dominated businesses?" Most of the feminist presses are far from self-supporting, or staff-supporting. Some feminist publications, or the women who work for them, are supported by grants from churches or male-dominated foundations. Charlotte Bunch's own magazine, Quest, has been partly funded by the Institute for Policy Studies, a prestigious Washington, D.C., "think tank," where she is a fellow (and the first woman to receive tenure).

Charlotte mentions that Quest's male connection may, in fact, be severed soon. Ironically, and not untypically, Charlotte predicts that the cutoff, when it comes, will propel Quest's staff into the "moment of leap" which they

haven't quite seized for themselves. Part of what holds them back—besides lack of money—is the same emotional stumbling-block that hampers so many women's ambitions: fear, not of failure but of success, fear of acquiring the power to make one's own dreams come true, instead of waiting for a prince, or even an ordinary man, to do it.

Daughters Inc. has not needed funding through grants, but some of the writers it publishes have depended on such supplementary income in order to write. Daughters does not discourage this practice on political grounds, though, again, it clashes with the notion of "full economic independence." But, the women of Daughters express concern over the recent news that one of their sister publishing houses, the Feminist Press in Westbury, N. Y., has accepted a grant to produce a nonsexist educational textbook for McGraw-Hill. The discomfort is caused by their intense conviction that "male money," like male power, can be habit-forming. Besides, as they see it, what the Man giveth, the Man can, and often does, take away.

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I have been plowing through dense thickets of feminist ideology, including all the essays in two years' issues of Quest: A Feminist Quarterly, which tries to winnow and tie the key branches into neat bundles marked "theories of revolution," "processes of change," or "money, fame and power." I mention that the one area in which I find the thinking blurry and uninspired is "future visions," in which contributors were asked to spin out fantasies of a feminist tomorrow. The collected thoughts came from, among others, professors of law, anthropology and women's studies, as well as poets, an architect, a political scientist and a black activist.

There were childlike drawings of cities with womb-shaped "feminist undergrounds," feminist Rube Goldberg systems (including a giant percolator that would draw people by vacuum pressure and "perk" them cross-country in 15 minutes), and stories about child-women learning to trust one another.

Nobody came up with a clear, practical image of a political structure or technology —not a concrete "nuts-and-bolts" blueprint of any kind.

Bertha thinks the vagueness may be a result of women's exclusion from the present world of technology. "We have to dream from our reality," she says, "as in fiction."

Patty adds that "women were asked for their *ideas* on building a future—a realm they have traditionally been excluded from—and of course their ideas were startling. Women see an environment for comfort—for the aging, children, food—very personal things. Men build to escape those very things."

Charlotte points out that the tendency to keep analyzing what we don't like and why—instead of working out details of what we want instead—is typical of the early stages in every revolution. So are the endless talking, the thrashing out of differences, factions and schisms, and the need to refine and define ourselves. Like adolescence, I suggest. Awkward but unavoidable?

"Future Visions" did include a fascinating interview with Joanna Russ, a well-known woman science-fiction writer whose book "The Female Man" is something of a feminist classic. In the interview, Ms. Russ was asked why her futurist world, Whileaway, had no men in it. She replied, "I tried, but the Whileawayans wouldn't let me." She added that she could not imagine a two-sexed egalitarian society—and that she didn't believe anyone else could, either.

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"Some women still believe passionately that we can function without leadership. A few still think we can eliminate power. But most of us are no longer naively saying they don't exist. The realization that we're going to have to deal with them—because they're going to happen anyway—is the first step."

The speaker was Charlotte Bunch, four years ago in an interview taped by the Feminist Radio Network. And the question of leaders—of who will take responsibility for women's decisions, for women's collective action—has yet to be answered. As Charlotte herself admits, women are still afraid to lead, afraid to let each other lead, afraid to be taken—or to take themselves—seriously.

But if that is so, I ask her, then how and when will feminists ever realize their brave fantasies of "taking over" the media, and the health and education establishments, and all the other areas they speak so boldly about. If they stay where they are, huddling together for warmth and support, playing hide-and-seek like little girls, then aren't these "independent" feminist enterprises merely toys and pastimes after all? Charlotte says, quietly, "We are beginning to ask that question ourselves. It's a very good sign."

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Listening to the women of Daughters Inc., one begins to feel the stirring of old hopes; the sense of excitement about women moving, that many of us have not felt for a very long time.

Patty gets on the phone with one of the women from Tower Press. June goes to her study, in the converted stable, to begin work on her own new novel. (Her latest, "Sister Gin," was published by Daughters last fall.) Bertha gathers up the pages of M.F. Beal's "Angel Dance: A Feminist Thriller," which she will finish editing in New York. And Charlotte prepares to fly to Washington, to help close the next issue of Quest, which analyzes the many faces of "work, work, work." Whether women like these will be leading the next phase of the women's movement remains to be seen.

By their own definition and choice, they are not an army, these distinct and separate bands of women, going quietly about their business in the "woman-spaces" they have carved out for themselves. Separate yet undeniably linked. They still examine themselves incessantly, picking nervously at every speck of weakness—or of strength. They cling warily to their non-alignments, even as they reach out toward one another, through their media, their meetings and, perhaps after all, their intuition.

Wouldn't it be pretty to think that the women's movement is not in the least shattered, but only divided into valuable fragments, like pieces of an immense interlocking picture puzzle—or, better yet, a quilt, patiently hand-stitched by many women working both separately and together? That was the way they always made quilts, and it was always amazing to see them become whole and beautiful. ■

A sampling of separatist sentiments

On separatism:

"Collectively, women will use separatism in their struggle for liberation, not because it is right or wrong, realistic or fantastic, difficult or groovy, but because we have no choice. Kings do not sit down with peasants, Americans don't take tea with the Chinese, and whites will not reckon with racism until the collective force of the opposition gives them no choice."

—Lucia Valeska,
Ph.D. Candidate, University of New Mexico.

On women workers:

"The existence of C.L.U.W. (Coalition of Labor Union Women) is a potentially crucial turning point. [It] proves that the issues raised by the Women's Movement are not the gripes of neurotic middle-class ladies, but . . . issues of great importance to a broad spectrum of workers. . . . Without a strong revolutionary women's movement, a working women's organization cannot succeed; and without a successful organization of working women, the Women's Movement cannot be revolutionary."

—Anne-Marie Troger,
C.L.U.W.

On religion:

"Wimmin's religion (sic—the word 'women' is spelled differently to separate it from the male derivative, wo-men) will not, in any way, be similar to patriarchal churches. There will be no separation of clergy from people . . . of body from soul. . . . We know wimmin who can heal by touch, by astral massage, by foot reflexology. . . . We don't quite know where all of this is leading, but we seem to be doing something (if not everything) right."

—Z. Budapest,
Founder, The first present-day Feminist Church to the Goddess (for women only).

On power:

"Women must have power. We must have it in all spheres—political, economic and cultural—as well as power over our own beings . . . Some argue that a revolutionary women's goal is the end of power—to create a world not based on any power dynamics—and that association with male power will necessarily corrupt us. . . . Perhaps, ultimately, we can dream of an end to power. But first, women must gain enough control over society to end patriarchal domination and destruction of the world. In that process, we hope we can change the nature of power, but we cannot avoid or ignore it."

—Charlotte Bunch,
Institute for Policy Studies, Washington.

On Marxism:

"I consider myself a Socialist, but . . . at this point a marriage between Marxism and Feminism would be a typical union in which the female partner, lacking a firm identity, gets swallowed up. . . . Like other newly born perspectives, Feminism has been operating largely with borrowed concepts. . . . We still have no adequate descriptive concepts to help us understand women's roles or the power relations between women and men. *We still do not understand what sexism is.*"

—Linda Phelps,
Kansas City Women's Liberation Union.

On health care:

"We do not want to coexist with the medical establishment. We want to take it over."

—Frances Hornstein,
Los Angeles Feminist Women's Health Center.

On technology:

"Every group that has created a revolution has faced the problem of lack of production skills. The Russian Revolution was lost when Trotsky had to return the bourgeoisie to positions of power because of their skills. Hospitals stand empty in Tanzania, brick factories in Cuba. . . . Women have very limited experience with machinery and are prone to be scared of it. . . . So far women have not come close to owning and operating durable-goods factories, or making machinery, or owning natural resources. Women need to farm, to mine, to sail, to build buildings, to be machinists . . . ."

—Coletta Reid,
Diana Press, Baltimore.