



# The Creative Woman

Quarterly



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Contains Index to 5 & 6

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The Creative Woman is a quarterly published by Governors State University. We focus on a special topic in each issue, presented from a feminist perspective. We celebrate the creative achievements of women in many fields and appeal to inquiring minds. We publish fiction, poetry, book reviews, articles, photography and original graphics.

This issue was typed on the Lexitron word processor by Mary Bixler and Linda Kuester and typeset by Leda Lance.



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## INTRODUCTION

A good friend of this Quarterly recently asked, "What is this Goddess stuff? It puts me off a bit." She wondered if this might be "female chauvinism". Perhaps this special issue on the Goddess, Goddesses, the female aspect of the Godhead, will answer her question and put it in perspective.

We start with Reverend Ellen Dohner's pulpit address, considering the Goddess from the point of view of liberal religion— in this case, Unitarian Universalist. Paul and Deborah Friedrich, both of whom contributed poems to our Vol. 1, No. 1 issue back in 1977, have sent us their recent work. Marija Gimbutas, scholar of archeology at UCLA, has provided her thoroughly documented answer to male archeological arguments on the meaning of pre-historic female figurines. Ginny Brubaker is a real live present day practitioner of Goddess Worship, and those who are drawn to these rituals of our common ancient past will enjoy her poetic incantations and celebrations of nature, seasons, stars, and all of life. Our resident anthropologist, Bethe Hagens ("The Goddess in the New World Alliance") describes the extension of "networking" into new configurations of connectedness, with coincidences that cannot be explained by existing scientific means; her article reminds us of the Chinese use of the **I Ching**: "At any given moment, everything fits into the particular pattern of the moment. If one has an intuitive appreciation of universal movements during their instants of change, the art of good living is within one's reach."\*

More poems and a short story by Elizabeth Havey about her experience of waiting to bring forth new life develop further the concept of creative female power, usually identified by ancient people as divine. Margaret Brady contributed a loving and searching interview with Lynn Strauss, as the second in our series on "Creative Lives"—the women who produce this quarterly. We have book reviews, film reviews, a sad wave of goodbye to two who have left us, and an unprecedented plethora of Letters to the Editor, sparked by Doug Knox's article in the previous issue. We can always count on Doug to stimulate controversy, and we think you will find some serious arguments and counter-arguments here. We hope you enjoy this issue, and bring you the best wishes of the staff of TCW for a very prosperous and joyous new year.

HEH

\*Siu, R.G.H., **The Man of Many Qualities: A Legacy of the I Ching**. MIT Press, 1968, Pg. 5 and 8.



# CONFRONTING THE GODDESS—WITHIN AND WITHOUT

by Ellen Harvell Dohner

A few years back *Time* magazine announced the "Death of God" on its cover and a lot of controversy and reaction and good jokes followed. I believe there was much truth to what at first appeared to be an outrageous headline. It rang the death knell for God as we know Him—and I use the pronoun "Him" advisedly. Although the feminist theologians were not given as the direct cause of the deity's demise, they were certainly not prevalent among the mourners.

A scholar of religion, Naomi Goldenberg, wrote a book called **Changing of the Gods: Feminism and the End of Traditional Religions**, 1979. She maintains that the feminist movement is engaged in the slow execution of Christ and Yahweh. Mighty powerful words. And the last I knew she had not been struck by a lightning bolt.

She asserts, and I agree, that Judaism and Christianity involve accepting God as the ultimate in male authority figures. They depend on a masculine image for God best exemplified by Pope Paul's 1977 Vatican ban on women as ordained Roman Catholic priests. Because Christ was a man and chose only male disciples, women can never serve as chief officials in a Roman Catholic hierarchy. Are they afraid that if women play at being priests, they will play at being God?

The traditional religions have never before been challenged as they will be in the next decade. The images of Christ and God will be questioned because of this overarching quality of maleness. The male white God in the sky influences the position of every person under that sky.

Surely more all-inclusive gods will be born, ones that reflect and can be identified with by larger portions of the population. As our range of the possible expands, as we come to more and more liberation, as we become less and less provincial, so also must our pantheon expand.

Something happens to people when they lose their fathers; something happens to people when they lose their image of a Big Daddy in the sky. In fact, two very important things are likely to happen: 1. They grow up. 2. They turn inward. Sometimes at the same time. Those of us who have lost an earthly father might want to consider that for a moment. What happened to you?

And now supposing the people who are writing the obituary for a male god are right: we observers of human behavior can see the effects

of this loss. When an individual is no longer obsessed with the father, she can develop a sense of internal authority to guide thought and feeling.

This is a tough and scary passage, this passage away from a childhood dependency on a male authority figure. I would confess that for much of my life, I have put myself under the care and tutelage of father figures. And that's fine. At least now I am aware of what I am doing when I do it. Judy Chicago in her autobiography tells of the effects of her father's early death and the loss of her husband almost simultaneously. It was after working through these two tragedies that she developed the unique artistic style that we see today. The freeing of herself from reliance on a male authority allowed her to explore her own womanhood extensively in art—to dive deeply within herself.

And I would daresay the same thing happens in the father-son relationship. Here is one place where Freudian and feminist thought mesh. Freud called for nothing less than the complete and total overthrow of all exclusively patriarchal religions. Why? Because he claimed that "God the Father" is responsible for keeping huge portions of the human community stupid.

I see this changing of god-images as so relevant to modern (liberal) religion because the death of fathers and fathergods allows exploration of one's own psyche; looking for the gods and goddesses within ourselves, our own inner psychic forces. The location of God in the mind may be the most effective place in this postoeidial culture, when we have gone beyond God the Father.

Now—what happens when we still hunger after religion but have completely outgrown the need for an external god—escaped from our Oedipal prison? Dr. Jung asserted that "Religion can only be replaced by religion", another way of saying that surely new gods will be born. Carl Jung's work is especially important in a postoeidial age because he pioneered search for inward religious forces. He and his disciples have reawakened among the educated the importance of myth and symbol.

I am using the word "myth" to describe the deepest sort of experience in human life. A myth is a story: it can be fact or fiction describing something with a special meaning or moral. Examples of familiar myths are Adam and Eve, Johnny Appleseed, George Washington and cherry tree, Abe Lincoln and the log cabin, the Mayflower pilgrims, and the Alamo: stories that help us to understand where we come from and the possibilities of human achievement.

The gods are changing: we are finding the kingdom of heaven within ourselves and we are enriching our spiritual lives by drawing on the

beliefs of other cultures. In my childhood the wisdom of the East was put down by my elders as “pagan,” unworthy of attention. This is no longer true. The old concept of God as unmoved mover is replaced by God as moving target. As our economy and political life expands toward global proportions, so does our spiritual life.

We have centuries of male domination in the field of religion to overcome—to have stirred up in our consciousness until it becomes an important part of our religious life and our values that we will act on and pass on to the next generation. The Mother Goddess, Mother Nature needs to become second nature to us—so I think we need to be reminded again and again that women hold up at least half the sky. That the female spirit (that’s us, sisters) has just as much reason to be the object of devotion and the model for the spiritual life as the male spirit.

Let us review for a moment the place of the female spirit in religious history, and then I will apply that idea to where we are today. After 3,000 years of male dominance in history, it is only recently occurring to men and women that there might have been a time when men were not the rulers or the arbiters of morality or the high priests. At best they were only equals. It seems almost impossible to believe, but now all scholarly research proves beyond dispute that men were at one time subordinate to women in the area of religion. A very important area, of course, because the Supreme Being was worshipped as a woman. This age lasted from at least 30,000 B.C. until about 2000 B.C. and some in places until as late as A.D. 500.

Before the Biblical Age, now known as the Age of the Patriarchs, and stretching back into the dim recesses of time, the Great Mother ruled supreme and her priests were female.

Because we are now finally beginning to acknowledge that history, the reality of God the Mother as well as God the Father is beginning to sink deep into the consciousness of a growing number of women and men. Religion will never be the same. The single parent God—the Patriarchy—is on its way out whether we like it or not.

In the mind of early humankind it was only female power that could continually recreate life and death in the world, dark and light, spirit and flesh. The religion of the Goddess we are now rediscovering was rich in symbols, signs, rites and rituals that focused the minds of men and women on her boundless mysteries. The Goddess was the creator, the lawgiver, the judge, the wise counselor, the bounty of Mother Earth/Nature, the dark womb to which humankind returned, the Queen of Heaven.

And within Her embrace all apparent opposites, including life and death, were to be seen only as part of a single unified process of creation, rest, and recreation.

Now what happened to this tremendous influence of the Goddess and the importance of women as religious leaders? How did they lose power to the steadily encroaching patriarchy? In the days of the Goddess, around 8000 B.C., the fundamentals of civilization evolved: agriculture and cattle breeding, writing, mathematics and architecture. After it was discovered that males had something to do with producing children (around 3000 B.C.) to the mythology of the Goddess was added the Sacred Son and Consort. He, too, had many names in many places—but still this young male god remained secondary to the Mother until tribes of warrior nomads, herders of sheep, cattle and goats began invading the predominately agricultural Mediterranean world sometime around 3500 B.C. Their religion was different from that of the Great Mother. The role of their women was also more secondary.

A profound shift in the whole structure of human thought and feeling came into being. Women were no longer honored for the creation of life; they were merely the carriers of men’s seeds. Here was a critical turning point in human history. The conscious, rational and divisive side of the human psyche identified today with “masculine” thinking began to overwhelm the deeper levels of the intuitive, nonrational, relationship side, identified as “feminine.”

From then on patriarchy held supreme and the consequences for women have been very great. The Great Silence around women’s prominence in religion was finally broken in the 1800s when Victorian scholars, much to their shock, began unraveling the secrets of the pre-classical ancients which included many figures of the Goddess—usually naked and pregnant.

And now a century later, scholarship about the Goddess proliferates from both feminist and nonfeminist sources. Not only scholarship but a whole new theology (thealogy) which encourages us to a worship of the Goddess.

Carol Christ tells us there are three vital meanings attached to the symbol “Goddess:”

1. The Goddess as divine female, invoked in prayer and ritual much like the Christian or Judaic Father God
2. The Mother Earth Goddess as symbol of the life, death and rebirth of energy in nature and culture, in personal and communal life
3. The Goddess as affirmation of the legitimacy and beauty of female power.

The symbol of the Goddess reflects the sacred power within women and men who are aware that we are male and female in our psyches, just as we all have male and female hormones in our bodies.

But there are drawbacks to the wordsymbol "goddess." Yes, there have been many goddesses in human history, of primal importance; yes, I agree with Carol Christ's three reasons for worshipping the goddess. But god is spirit and therefore sexless: a name for the role of the Being/Becoming who creates the universe and lives within us all. Whenever a feminine ending is tacked onto this allinclusive word the role becomes minimized —as in poet/poetess, actor/actress, sculptor/sculptress (and some people even ask me if I am a "ministress"). Is not putting an -ess on god inevitably trivializing?

There is also the danger that people will think that those who worship the goddess believe god is female. Period. (As the joke goes: "Trust in God—she will provide.") That the male has been replaced by the female. Thus we return to the problem of sexual exclusivity.

God transcends human sexual limitations, and given the limitations of our English language (we have no suitable neuter form to refer to god as the Bible does in its original language) it is awkward to refer to god as "It." The only solution each time is to use the word "God" or to alternate "he" and "she" or to use the term "God the Creator: instead of "God the Father," or to use "God the Parent" or "God—Mother and Father or Creative Spirit."

To listen to the possibility of the Goddess, the female side of Ultimate Reality is to see a god that is imminent rather than transcendent: a god-spirit that is right here, right now. Patriarchal Judeo-Christian tradition has tended to overemphasize transcendence in its repressing of female god images in scripture, holding women in secondary roles.

But gods are changing, as our society changes, whether we like it or not. Women are now encouraged to get out from under the protecting father or the husband (and, of course, how can we be truly "equal" with a protector?). I think the goddess worshippers are also teaching us that we must provide our own authority, we must learn to trust ourselves.

The new or renewed consciousness of the female principle in religion has many lessons for us: reverence for the body and spiritual quality of the sexual act; ecological and human mutuality as opposed to one-way exploitation of nature; and child-rearing techniques that do not over-emphasize sex differences.

We are living in exciting times. The changing of

the gods and goddesses is a changing of the myths, or morals, or expectations of males and females. We still have a lot to learn about images in our culture, in our bibles, in our own psyches; images that determine our reality or our Ultimate Reality: Creative Spirit.

But we do know for sure that we live in a time of pluralism when the only humane, the only religious way to be, regardless of our beliefs, is to respect one another.

And praise Gods and Goddesses we are on a new Exodus—an exodus into pluralism and liberation at last.

Reverend Dohner is the minister of the Unitarian-Universalist Community Church of Park Forest. She is a member of our advisory council. She was co-guest editor of our Women in Religion issue, Vol. 1., No. 3, Winter 1978.

## TWO FACES OF APHRODITE

I

neighboring leaves  
ride this wind  
each grazing each  
until we coalesce  
in our mouth's womb  
to explore ridges  
the liquid flesh

II

our being one expands  
do not break it, do not break it  
a wind still blows in the sierra after  
this storm  
a dawn spreads through our warm valley  
felt as a mother feels the child within  
her  
let us stop after each step to feel  
these waves  
to sense each drop roll off our body  
let us come slowly out of these waters

Paul Friedrich



## THE ONE THAT YOU LOVE

the one that you love  
is everywhere  
one eye weeps and the other  
is smiling  
when you follow her down  
the street  
you heal a wound in the day  
she leads you where she leads you  
she causes you to lie down  
and to rise  
she rises and lies within you  
in this world and beyond  
she opens the way

Deborah Friedrich

# VULVAS, BREASTS AND BUTTOCKS OF THE GODDESS CREATRESS: Commentary on the Origins of Art

Marija Gimbutas

Excerpted from *The Shape of the Past: Studies in Honor of Franklin D. Murphy* Edited by Giorgio Buccellati and Charles Speroni.

Did manual love play—the touching of vulvas, buttocks, and breasts—stimulate art creations some 30,000 years ago? That is the hypothesis posed by John Onians in the article “The Origins of Art” (published jointly with Desmond Collins) in *Art History*, Journal of the Association of Art Historians, I, 1 (1978), 1-25.

Considering the Aurignacian art of c. 32,000-26,000 B.C., Mr. Onians wonders why there are so many representations of vulvas, female figurines with large buttocks or breasts, and game animals. “There is no later culture, with one or two very isolated exceptions, which accords such prominence to the vulva. Nor is there a later culture which gives such prominence to representations of the entire female body in all its full and naked roundness” (p. 11). According to him, the Aurignacian art does not lend itself to ethnological comparisons. It does not invite comparison with totemism, shamanism, sympathetic magic, or initiation rites. If so, how are we to explain this early art? The conclusion is that the only help is the material itself, which exhibits the following: “The one activity to which the vulva is completely central is that of love-making” (p. 12). The Venus of Willendorf also suggests the association with love-making: “For those areas of her body which are shown in all their rounded perfection are precisely those which would be most important in the preliminary phases of love-making, that is, the belly, buttocks, thighs, breasts and shoulders, while the lower legs, lower arms, feet and hands are withered to nothing. There is no real parallel for this enormous imbalance of attention in any later art. Equally without parallel is the total neglect of the face . . . This could once again relate to the restriction of interest during love-making, or more specifically the restriction to manual love play. This explains why the woman is so important in art” (p. 13).

This new hypothesis<sup>1</sup> on the origins of art is attractive and easily apprehended by readers (especially male) of the twentieth century A.D. But how are we to know that it was a human male who created art, and how sure are we that vulvas and venuses with large breasts and buttocks are portrayals of what a man

experienced in touching or desiring to touch? Why not symbolic or philosophical concepts? Among other questions are the following: Is it true that the prominence of vulvas and the naked roundness of female body do not continue in the later cultures? Also, what of the anonymity of the face and the schematization of the body? Is it true that water and plant motifs (as the author asserts) never took the same place in early art because it was the responsibility of women?



Illustration 23

In my opinion, early art was thoroughly symbolic, inspired by the urge to create another world, the mythic world. We do not know when man became the creator of myth, but certainly not as late as 30,000 years ago. The manifestation or belief in an afterlife and magical ceremonies is traced back to Neanderthal man some 50,000 years ago.<sup>2</sup> Ethnological evidence has shown that art is never dissociated from religious and social life. The same is true throughout prehistoric times and most of the historic era. Why then in the Aurignacian epoch did the meaning of art have to be divorced from society, its creeds, its values? Mme. Marthe Chollot-Varagnac, who recently published a corpus of thousands of incised upper palaeolithic bone and stone objects from the collection of the Musée des Antiquités Nationales, Saint Germain-en-Laye<sup>3</sup> came to the conclusion that all art, not only more or less naturalistic representations but also geometric motifs, is the outcome of mythical conceptualizations. “La conception magique” she says, was at the base of the psychic evolution of the hominids.



A number of signs and symbols and their associations with certain images of deities related to the concepts of cosmogony and cosmogeny are extremely long-lived: beginning in the upper palaeolithic period, they survived the economic changes in the onset of the agricultural era and continued further, some even to this day. The neolithic-copper age-bronze age symbolism of Europe and the Near East cannot therefore be disregarded as a source from which we can project backward. Its richness and extension into early historical times and to present-day peasant folklore in many cases provides a key to the symbolic meaning.

The portrayals of vulvas, breasts, and buttocks through the ages, from the Upper Palaeolithic and through the Neolithic, Copper Age, Bronze Age, to modern times, some of which are illustrated in this essay, shed another light on the motivation of their creation than the one proposed by Mr. Onians.

## VULVA

The Aurignacian vulvas—semi-circles or bell-shaped with a dash or a dot at the opening—are abstract and schematic except for a few more naturalistic representations that make us believe that they are vulvas indeed. When we move into the later epochs, it becomes clear that the emphasized vulvas are not just “female signs” (the term used by Leroi Gourhan<sup>4</sup>), but are symbolic vulvas or wombs of the Goddess who is frequently portrayed as a human female and waterbird hybrid.

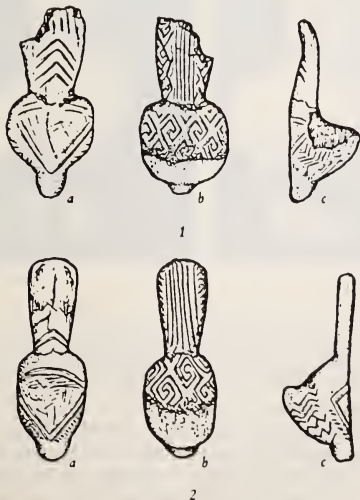


Illustration 1

The symbol of the vulva alternates with the seed/sprout/bud symbolism in pictorial art of east central European Copper Age (particularly well expressed in painting on Cucuteni B-Late Tripolye vases of the early fourth millennium B.C.) and of Minoan Bronze Age. The association of vulva and plant is as early as the upper palaeolithic art as was already demonstrated by Marshack in 1972. He rightly considered the vulva as a “non-sexual,” that is, nonerotic, symbol, representing stories of processes that include birth and death, menstruation, and time-factored cycles relating to nature.<sup>8</sup>

The symbolism of the vulva traceable through the many millennia of prehistory and history suggests a different “activity to which the vulva is central (that is, other than love-making as assumed by Onians), namely: birth-giving, rebirth, resurrection, plant regeneration.

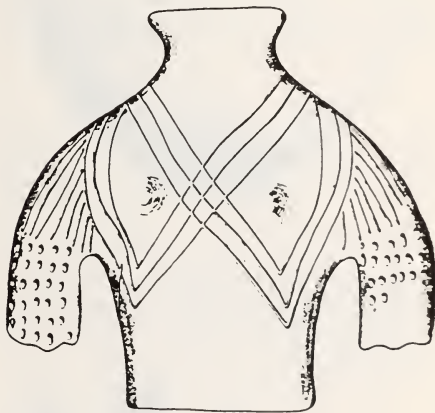


Illustration 16

## THE BREASTS

The image of a bird-masked female with large hanging breasts emerged in the upper palaeolithic period: see the illustrated bird-beaked “Venuses” from the cave of Pech-Merle, Lot province of southern France of the Aurignacian culture. These fingerpainted portrayals of human figures have artfully delineated female bodies with pendulous breasts, wings instead of arms, and the figure on the right has a bird head (mask). These paintings of human-bird hybrids were associated in the cave with serpentine meanders, parallel lines, series of dots, arcs, and handprints. Bird-headed images with human breasts continue into the Neolithic and later periods.

The metaphor of the Goddess as the nourishing vessel is as early as pottery. Anthropomorphic vases recur throughout all phases of the

Neolithic, Chalcolithic and Bronze Age. I am concerned here with vases with breasts and marked or associated with chevrons, zigzags, parallel lines, or streams—representations of vessels as the image of the Goddess.

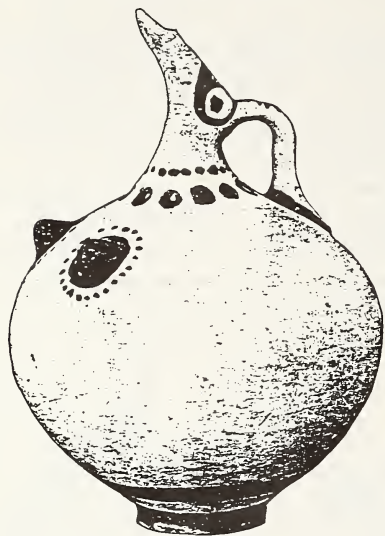


Illustration 18

The breasts of the Goddess continued to be portrayed in the form of amuletic bronze ornaments even in the Iron Age of northwestern Europe (illus. 22).

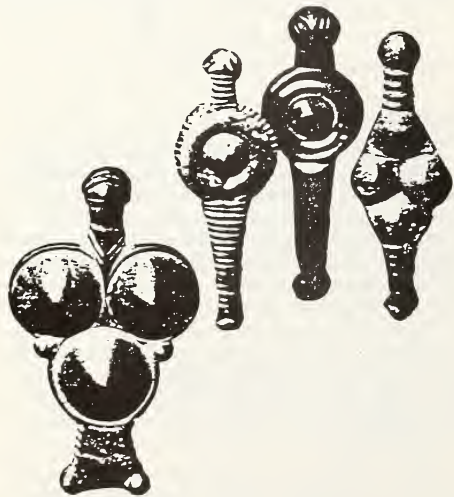


Illustration 22

## THE BUTTOCKS

Symbolism linking the double egg, buttocks, and the magic of duality can be traced to the upper palaeolithic Gravettian "venuses" with buttocks sculpted without anatomical reality. A number of them have buttocks and breasts shaped like double eggs. One of the best examples of this symbolism comes from Lespugue in France. The female abstractions engraved on stone slabs from the Magdalenian epoch in Dordogne, southern France, are representations of buttocks with totally neglected other parts of the body. They are either struck through by an engraved line or by two lines, or contain a circle, that is, an egg, within the buttocks.

A special series of upper palaeolithic mammoth ivory and coal figurines depict nothing else but female buttocks: the upper and lower parts of the body are reduced to cones. Abstracted female forms whose primary features are the large egg-shaped buttocks continue in the European Neolithic, Chalcolithic, and Copper Age. Several examples are illustrated here from the Sesklo culture in Greece of the mid-seventh millennium B.C. and the Starcevo-Koros culture in south-eastern Hungary of the mid-sixth millennium B.C. The symbolic relationship between the upper palaeolithic and later figurines is obvious. There are also large anthropomorphi-cornithomorphic vases which have egg-or double egg-shaped female buttocks (illus. 27). The images clearly combine the human female and waterbird features.

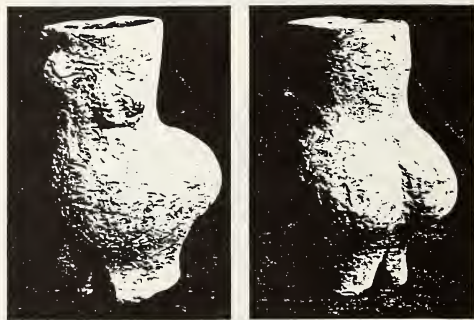


Illustration 27

Buttocks in prehistoric art were not buttocks of twentieth-century art. They were sacred parts of the body of the Creative Goddess. This symbolism is inseparable from that of other symbols associated with the idea of beginning of life or germination, such as eggs, seeds, fruits. We are confronted with a philosophical thought about the beginning of life and the constant need of its promotion. The buttocks in upper

palaeolithic, neolithic, and later portrayals were even farther away from the idea of the association with lovemaking than was the symbolism of the vulva and the breasts.

## CONCLUSION

Our European prehistoric forefathers were more philosophical than we seem to think. They would certainly be stunned to hear the new hypothesis on the origin of their art (no philosophy, no questions of the beginning of life, birth and death, and resurrection). To us, naturally, the vulva, breasts, and buttocks are sex symbols—we cannot escape the ideals of the century we live in—to them they apparently were symbols of birth, life-giving, fertility, and regeneration. The rounded parts of the female body were the sacred and magic parts of the Creative Goddess, the Giver-of-All.

Illus. 23. The “Venus” of Lespugue, Haute-Garonne, Pyrenees, France, carved in mammoth ivory, and dated to c. 21,000 B.C. (Upper Perigordian). Her breasts and buttocks are shaped like double eggs, with the rest of the body tapering gradually. (Found in a damaged condition.) H: 14.7 cm.

Illus. 1. 1, Upper palaeolithic ivory waterbird and, 2, human female hybrid figurines, with prominent posterior, long neck, and an enormous human vulva engraved on the front. The figurines are symbolically decorated with chevrons, meanders, and parallel lines. Mezin on the R. Desna, Ukraine, c. 14,000-12,000 B.C. (no C-14 dates available; this date is based on the analogies with Kostenki site on the R. Don). Three views of each: a, front; b, back; c, profile. Scale 1:1.

Illus. 16. Anthropomorphic urns with breasts from Fonyo d, Baden culture, Hungary, c. 3,000 B.C. H: (left) approx. 31.5 cm; (right) approx. 36 cm.

Illus. 18. Nippled ewer from Thera (Santorini) exhibits a beaked face and necklaces, sixteenth century B.C. Thera Exhibition, National Museum of Athens.

Illus. 22. The Goddess in the form of amuletic breasts and schematized human body from the Iron Age in Denmark. She is marked with chevrons and parallel lines as in earlier prehistoric periods.

Illus. 27. Ornithomorphic vase with female buttocks from the Starcevo-Koros culture, southeastern Hungary, c. 5,400-5,300 B.C. Gorzsa at. Hodmezovasarhely. Front and back views. H: 14.2 cm.

## NOTES

<sup>1</sup>Actually the hypothesis is not entirely new. Karel Absolon, who excavated at Dolni Vestonice in Moravia in 1937 and found the figurine illustrated in this article (illus. 10) wrote: “Sex and hunger were the two motives which influenced the entire mental life of the mammoth hunters and their productive art...” (“Modernist Moravian Art 30,000 Years Ago.” *Illustrated London News* [March 25, 1939], p. 469). Ten years later, he called the upper palaeolithic figurine art “a diluvial plastic pornography” (“The Diluvial Anthropomorphic Statuettes and Drawings, Especially the So-called Venus Statuettes, Discovered in Moravia,” *Artibus Asiae*, XII, 3[1949], 208).

<sup>2</sup>A.C. Blanc, “Some Evidence for the Ideologies of Early Man,” *Social Life of Early Man* (New York, 1961); Alexander Marshack, *The Roots of Civilization* (New York, 1972); P.I. Boriskovskii, “Problems of the Emergence of Human Society and the Archeological Discoveries of the Past Decade,” *Soviet Anthropology and Archeology*, XIII, 3 (1974/1975), 25.

<sup>3</sup>Marthe Chollot-Varagnac, *Les Origines du Graphisme Symbolique. Essai d'analyse des ecritures primitives en prehistoire* (Paris, 1980).

<sup>4</sup>A. Leroi Gourhan, *Treasures of Prehistoric Art* (New York, 1967).

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Illus. 1. Reproduced from Eugene A. Golomshtok, “The Old Stone Age in European Russia,” *Transactions of the American Philosophical Society*, Vol. XXIX, Part II (Philadelphia 1938), p. 352, Fig. 60.

Illus. 16. Nandor Kalicz, Die Peceler (Badener) *Kultur und Anatolien* (Budapest: Akad. Kiado, 1963), Plate VII.

Illus. 18. Thera exhibition, National Museum, Athens.

Illus. 22. J. Glob, *The Bog People: Iron Age Man Preserved* (Ithaca: Cornell University Press, 1969).

Illus. 23. Alexander Marshack, *Ice Age Art. An exhibition catalog*, California Academy of Sciences (1979).

Illus. 27. Courtesy of Hodmesovasarhely Museum, Hungary. Author's photo. Published in *Idole, prahistorische Keramiken aus Ungarn* (Vienna: Naturhistorisches Museum, 1972).

Illus. 37. A. Nitu, St. Cucos and D. Monah, Ghelaciesti (Piatra Neamt) I. Sapaturile din 1969 in *Asezarea Cucuteniana “Nedcia,” Memoria Antiquitatis II*, p. 11.

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# THE GODDESS IS ALIVE AND MAGIC IS AFOOT

by Ginny Brubaker

Drums set the rhythm for the chanting voices. "Isis, Astarte, Diana, Hecate, Demeter, Kali, Innanna." Over and over, the names of the Goddess ring out in the night air. Hundreds of Goddess worshipers gather and join in the chanting. Finally torches are lit and the torchbearers lead the way past the tents, through the woods, and into the glade. The procession straggles behind, chanting and whispering. The ritual finery they wear reflects the diversity of this group. Some are clad only in ritual jewelry and colored cords around their waists. Others wear long hooded robes of green or brown or black or yellow. Many of the women wear long colorful skirts and T-shirts or Indian cotton blouses. Many of both sexes wear jeans and T-shirts with messages like "The Goddess is Alive and Magic is Afoot" or pictures of the planet Earth with "Love Your Mother." There is a man with a headdress of antlers, ferns, and flowers. Wildflowers are twined into the hair of many. Everyone, it seems, wears a pentagram—the five pointed star—on a necklace or bracelet or T-shirt.

This is a Pan-Pagan Festival. Hundreds of witches and pagans from across the country have gathered together. This Festival also includes the Grand Council (annual meeting) of the Covenant of the Goddess (COG), a national confederation of covens and solitary witches, so many of those present are members of COG.

As the pagans reach the glade they pass under an archway of saplings decorated with flowers and ribbons. This gateway serves as a separation and a reminder that beyond is sacred space:

A place that is not a place,

A time that is not a time,

Beyond the worlds—and beyond.

The glade slopes downward from the entrance. A pair of torches are at the outer edges in each of the cardinal directions. A large bonfire is laid but not lit in the center of the circle. From the bonfire, a pole rises. Atop the pole is a pentagram surrounded by a circle—later the fire will climb the pole and create an image in flame.

After all have entered the glade, a robed priestess steps into the center of the circle and raises her arms for attention. At her signal, the drummers begin anew and lead the singing as the witches circle clockwise to seal off their magical space from the rest of the world.

A man and a woman holding a torch aloft between them step into the circle at its east edge and call into the night. "Mighty Ones of the East,



we invoke and invite you to attend our rites and guard our circle!" Another couple emerges from the north, a third from the west and a fourth from the south. Each invokes the spirits of that quarter, then all carry their torches into the very center of the circle and light the bonfire. The fire lights with a whoosh, burning hot enough to cause those within 25 feet to press backwards toward the outer edges of the circle. In the heat, the pole supporting the pentagram begins to bend.

Three priestesses invoke the Goddess; the youngest invokes the Goddess as Nymph, the second invokes Her as Mother, while the third invokes Her as the Wise Old One. Several priests invoke the God of Nature, the God of the Sun. Silver goblets full of small picture agates are held aloft while the group begins circling again, chanting, dancing, drumming, raising the "cone of power" to charge up the agates. As the ritual ends, each will select a stone to use as a talisman and a dreamstone; they will seek inspiration and direction from the images they find in the stone.

Who are those pagans, these witches? They are women and men who are reclaiming the power that comes from the Goddess, the power of recognizing the female in deity. Those who recognize God/Goddess as both male and female can see divinity everywhere. Polytheism opens our eyes to new ways of seeing, to an appreciation of diversity and difference.

Thus it is not surprising that this movement is diverse. Pagans most often celebrate in small groups or alone, and each group or individual is

likely to create or adapt rituals to best suit individual needs. Some worship many Goddesses. Some perform their rituals with great solemnity, others with much laughter. All are linked in their love for the Earth and . . .

We're of the old religion, sired of time, and born of our beloved Earth Mother. For too long the people have trodden a stony path that goes only onward beneath a sky that goes only upward ... Who knows now the ancient tongue of the Goddess? The magic of the land of Lirien and the old pagan gods have withered in the dragon's breath; and the old ways of magic have slipped into the well of the past, and only the rocks now remember what the moon told us long ago; and what we learned from the trees, and the voices of the grasses and the scents of the flowers. We're pagans and we worship the pagan gods, and among the people there are those yet who speak with the moon.

Tony Kelly, "Pagan Musings"

There are many ways that we celebrate our knowledge of the Goddess: in music, dance, meditation, libation, visualization. We celebrate with candles and wine and incense, using all of our senses to focus upon the magic essence of the Goddess:



## THE CHARGE

Listen to the words of the Great Mother, who of old was called among men:

Artemis, Astarte, Athena, Diane, Cerridwen, Isis, Bride, and by many other names.

At my altars the youth of most distant ages gave love and made due sacrifice.

To those who have ears to hear  
To those who have eyes to see  
To those who have hearts to know  
I send my call

I am the Eternal Goddess.

I am the beauty of the green earth, and the white moon among the stars, and the mystery of the waters, and the desire in the hearts of all.

Call unto thy soul;

Arise, and come unto me;

For I am the Soul of Nature, who gives life to the universe.

From me all things proceed, and unto me all things must return;

And before my face, beloved of gods and people, let your innermost divine self be enfolded in the rapture of the infinite.

Let my worship be within the heart that rejoices;

For behold, all acts of love and pleasure are my rituals.

And therefore let there be beauty and strength, power and compassion, honor and humility, mirth and reverence within you.

And you who think to seek for me, know that your seeking and yearning will avail you not— unless you know the mystery; That if that which you seek you find not within you, you will never find it without you. For behold, I have been with you from the beginning; And I am that which is attained at the end of desire.



### SELF-BLESSING:

Touch the eyes, saying:

Blessed be my eyes that they may see the light.

Touch the mouth, saying:

Blessed be my mouth that I may speak the words of truth.

Touch the hands, saying:

Blessed be my hands, that they may teach harmony, unity, and cooperation; that they may heal and always act in the unity of brotherhood.

Touch the sexual organs and say:

Blessed be my groin that my seed be the seed of happiness.

Touch your feet, saying:

Blessed be my feet, that they may always lead me upon the path of right and reverence.

Touch your solar plexus, saying:

Blessed be my heart that the celestial love-light always shine and illumine my life and lives of all whom I meet.

Meditate briefly on what has been said.



## NEW MOON RITUAL

Open the great circle, calling upon the blessings of the four great elements.

Raise your arms to the east and say:

Great being of the dark night,  
Though I cannot see you I know of  
your presence  
By the power I feel within.  
I ask you and your consort to enter  
this circle,  
And inspire my innermost  
sanctuary  
With your presence.

Purify and bless the salt, water, fire,  
incense and oil. Dedicate the elements  
to the four great beings of the quarters.  
Combine the elements.



### SELF-DEDICATION:

Raise your hands to the east and say:

I dedicate myself to that which I  
have willed from this time until the  
moon is again new. I pledge to give  
myself completely to this idea,  
knowing that loving, self-forgetting  
service is the shortest and surest  
path to the Unmanifest.

Hold your hands over the candle and say:

I dedicate myself to the path of  
light. May I always walk in the  
light, live, move and have my being,  
knowing that which I seek I shall  
attain.

Close circle.

Temple of the Pagan Way,  
Chicago, Illinois

## A BIBLIOGRAPHY ON TODAY'S GODDESS WORSHIP

**Drawing Down the Moon** by Margot Adler,  
The Viking Press, New York, 1979.

An incredible overview of the diverse people and groups who worship the Goddess in America.

**The Holy Book of Women's Mysteries**, Parts I & II by Z Budapest, Susan B. Anthony Coven No. 1, Los Angeles, 1979 and 1980.

Z Budapest has taken old world traditions of folk magic and Goddess worship and has created a new generation of feminist witchcraft. These two volumes are full of ritual, invocation and Z's philosophy.

**Book of the Goddess** edited by Ann Forfreedom and Julie Ann, Temple of the Goddess Within, Sacramento, 1980.

Poems, articles and rituals. Lots of illustrations, some of them good.

**The Spiral Dance** by Starhawk, Harper & Row, San Francisco, 1979.

A wise book full of earthy ritual.

**Dreaming the Dark** by Starhawk, Beacon Press, Boston, 1982.

Starhawk explores the relationship between magic, sex and politics. (See review by Ellen Dohner this issue.)

**Book of Pagan Rituals**, Samuel Weiser, Inc., New York, 1978.

The basic pagan rituals in this book were written around 1970 by Ed Sitch and were distributed in mimeographed form for years before they were formally published in book form. In the early seventies, these were the best models available for seasonal rituals and fragments of them will be found in witches' rituals all over the country today.

Ginny Brubaker of the Temple of the Pagan Way in Chicago, is past president of the National Covenant of the Goddess.

# THE GODDESS IN THE NEW WORLD ALLIANCE

## INTRODUCTION

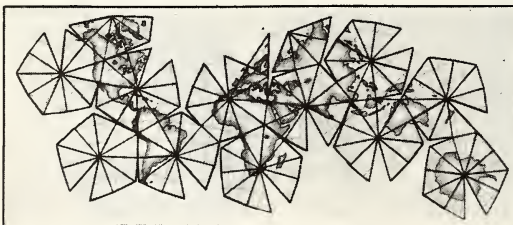
by Carolyn Carmichael

What does the word "network" immediately conjure up in the mind? The "media" of course. The eye on the TV, the ear to the radio, perhaps competing with the newspaper or magazine in hand. Dr. Bethé Hagens, professor of anthropology at GSU, is deeply interested in and hopeful about another kind of network which also produces floods of information but which is not aimed at a passive, receptive audience. These other networks, "of the second kind," are instead participating, existing to exchange ideas, using "processes which imply personal integrity and social equality—as if new communication techniques could synthesize the culture of a face-to-face community, across time and space, to create a distinctive politics of the future." Dr. Hagens believes that networks can be a tool for anthropologists to study the contemporary world, and that perhaps the confluence of information and ideas from many networks may effectively influence the future.

In a paper written for *Network News* from which I am quoting briefly, Dr. Hagens discusses several existing networks. "Turning Point" (c/o Alison Pritchard, Spring Cottage, 9 New Road, Ironbridge, Shropshire TF87UA, England) describes itself as "an international network of people where individual consensus ranges very widely: environment, sex equality, third world, peace and disarmament, community politics, appropriate technology" and more. "Turning Point' does not demand adherence to doctrines, manifestoes and resolutions. It enables us as volunteers to help and seek help from one another." There is a twice-a-year newsletter with complete contact information.

A similar group is being coordinated in America by economist-futurist Robert Theobald. Called "Action Linkage" (Robert Theobald, Participation Publishers, Box 2240 Wickenburg, Arizona 85358), its concerns are similar to those of "Turning Point" but oriented to the preparation of "strategies ready to operate within the past industrial Megatrends." A world-wide network called "Tranet" (c/o William N. Ellis, P.O. Box 567 Rangeley, Maine 04970) is "perhaps the only line of communication and contact available for individuals to reach other individuals working in people-oriented technology development projects around the world!"

There appear to be multiple networks of a great variety of size, method and style of organization as well as range of motivation in joining them, from the practical action to the mystical. Editor Helen Hughes has said that TWC began as a network. In the article that follows, Dr. Hagens is wonderfully candid and entertaining in her description of the development of one network, the "New World Alliance."



## Planetary Grid System

Intercultural Studies in Global Mapping & Communication



# THE GODDESS IN THE NEW WORLD ALLIANCE

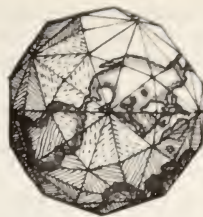
by Bethe Hagens

Possibly the greatest potential of what I like to think of as “networks of the second kind” (those which exist to exchange ideas, which will evolve a shared vision of the future, ultimately materializing in gentle patterns of adaptation and change) is also the greatest source of frustration and even despair for those who start on or join such networks: diversity.

Initially, the problems of diversity are those of the individual (or very small core of individuals—usually no more than three, in my experience) who conceives the idea of the network in the first place. This is usually a person with keen imagination, great reserves of energy and determination, and a knowledge that certain people and groups he or she works with ought to be working together. The problem to be licked is the development of a description of the network that will be sufficiently intriguing to the various potential participants so that they will want to become involved. The visionary has usually already made the assumption that, once these people are made fully aware of each other's work and capacity for enhancing mutual goals, they will join arms and march down fairly predictable paths. He or she must simply have enough personal credibility and outright charm to lure them away from their separate work environments to see and then embark upon cooperative strategies.

Sometimes this initial organizing effort works almost immediately. A network group forms (in the traditional sense of the definition we anthropologists use) and begins to act as an entity. At other times the goal of interaction is not achieved immediately and not under the banner of any overarching organized effort. And of course, there are times when nothing happens but the conclusion among participants that they have been duped by an egomaniacal organizer. But this really doesn't happen very often.

Most times, I think, things happen— but not in the time or space imagined by the organizer. Unfortunately, the lag time here—which might better be thought of as a fertilization and germination period—often does (lag) in the time of the organizer. He or she is apt to feel not quite credible enough, or that a little more hard work would have done it, or that the participants really didn't give what they said they would, or that the Federal government has



## Planetary Grid System

made all plans null. One can watch a pattern ranging from frustration to downright hatred develop. The organizer either hates himself, hates the real-life “perversion” of his original idea, or even begins to hold a negative attitude toward the groups which initially inspired him.

In potentially powerful networks, initial participants have usually done what is referred to as “local networking.” For example, this might involve anything from starting a regional food cooperative or learning exchange to running a successful campaign for a major political office. Through the same personal force which characterizes the mega-network organizer, these people are able to draw upon cultural values to do what they dream up. And for this reason, they are often very confident and competent people. They work very hard, believe in what they are doing to such a great degree that it may jeopardize their “personal life,” are used to media attention, enjoy being in the spotlight, and usually succeed in the political arena that is important to them.

The so-called “local networker” often believes that he or she has ENCOUNTERED DIVERSITY. And diversity can be tamed... locally. But most don't realize the circumscribed nature of the diversity they have integrated. Therefore, when the megaorganizer calls, the pitch falls on receptive ears if it is creative. The rewards seem plentiful: enhancement of personal power and status, greater media attention, and the chance to do something really big and significant. In fact, I would venture to say that this kind of opportunity strikes many good-hearted social activists as the equivalent of their chance to make a million. I'm not being cynical. Healthy self-interest is much preferable to me over apparently less ego-involved motives that can often be reduced to a desire to control other people.

As you can imagine, these people expect the success of the network as outlined by the organizer. When this doesn't occur, as planned, they too are likely to find themselves in a period of separation. This is exactly what happened in a network I was asked to join almost four years ago. It is called the New World Alliance.

The mega-organizer of the Alliance was Mark Satin, a war resister who had left the United States for Canada in the mid-60s. About ten years later, he returned to this country and travelled literally thousands of miles by Greyhound bus to see what had happened to political life while he was away. He summarized his travels in a book called **New Age Politics**, a kind of personal philosophy of activist change within the context of love of country. In his introduction, Mark describes his time in Canada as "a lover's quarrel with my country. It was so fine on paper, and so awful in practice." He was clearly ready and eager to come back, and within two years had established himself as the journalist Charles Kuralt of the New Age. He visited hundreds of groups actually doing what he felt our country's Constitution intended:

- \* taking positions neither right nor left
- \* trying to find appropriate solutions to problems—not simply alternative methods
- \* being able to reconcile people to each other's needs
- \* being concerned with the specific ethics and political values that will permit everyone to survive, grow and flourish
- \* being equally concerned with the personal and the planetary.

I met Mark in 1979 just before the publication of his book. He was still traveling around by Greyhound, and I was jetting between Washington, D.C. and Chicago courtesy of Carter administration solar funds. At that time, I recall being on the telephone or in the air...and not much else. I had made several politically "wise" local network moves during the years from 1974-1977, publishing a regional newsletter about appropriate technology and establishing communications among various people in education, community action, business, and government who had an interest in this field. When Carter was elected, women were needed. Appropriate technology hit Washington like a bombshell. It seemed as if every agency (e.g. Community Services Administration, Department of Energy, HUD, National Endowment for the Humanities, National Science Foundation) had a growth program in the field. In fact, once a month

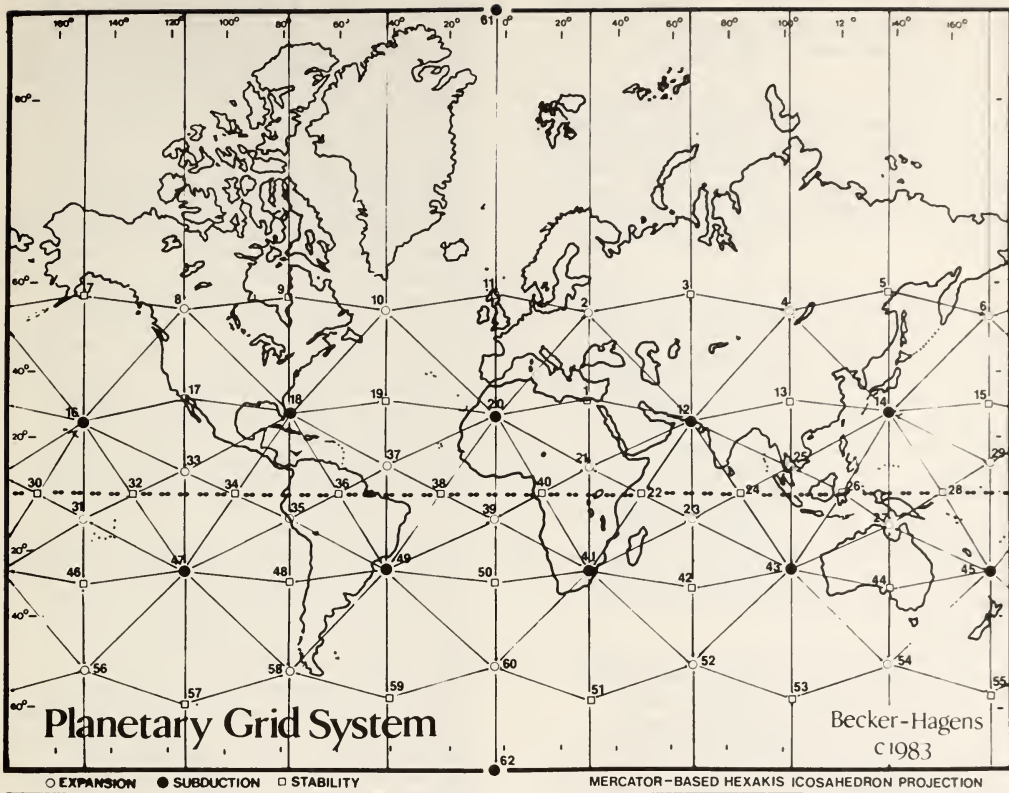
agency personnel and legislators actually had lunch and formed a group called (would you believe it?) FAT—Friends of Appropriate Technology.

The Carter administration paid a lot of attention to public participation in government through the twelve regions into which the country is divided. As it happened, the midwest region to which we at Governors State directed our appropriate technology newsletter corresponded exactly to one of these Federal regions. When the time came for public participation on committees and grants, my name came up as if spit out of a computer. First I was a woman, second I was from the Midwest, third I had a Ph.D., and fourth, people had heard of me. (I didn't realize this at the time of course. Possibly the quality of our newsletter actually did have something to do with my incorporation into the bureaucracy, but certainly not as much as I had imagined.)

I agreed to meet Mark at O'Hare airport in Chicago, for forty-five minutes, before a flight to somewhere. We had a nice exchange, and he gave me a compact summary of his vision of a political network. I liked being included in his planning, thought that of course I should be included, but could not imagine what I would actually be doing in it. Mark had with him a fifteen page questionnaire about New Age values, and he was circulating it among the people he had met on his bus rides. At the end of the questionnaire, you were supposed to fill out a description of yourself and your work. Mark eventually tabulated the returns and sent out the results and a condensation of self-descriptions to people who had returned forms. You were then supposed to vote for members of a political organization, from among those who had sent self-descriptions, who would work toward the values the questionnaire had elicited. (I took a questionnaire.)

Sitting in my hotel room, I tried to fill it in. It was long, I didn't like some of the ways the questions were phrased, and I didn't send it in. Several months later, I got a call from Mark. The first meeting of the new network was about to happen. The votes were tallied, the "governing council" had been elected by some 400 New Agers, and they still needed ...yes, a woman from the Midwest.

I have never felt so much an anthropologist as when I accepted membership. I felt somewhat second-class since I believed everyone else had been elected (though I found out only last year that at least half hadn't), but I also felt somewhat free from the possibility of failure since I wasn't really "one of them." We had our first, mandatory ("You must be there, or you can't be in—period.") meeting in a loft in the Soho district of New



York. There were forty of us. There really were some "Big People," though two of the Biggies couldn't come—but were allowed to stay in. There was vegetarian food, a physically asexual atmosphere, lots of preaching and dialogue about process. Some even went so far as to say that we were as important as those men who drafted the Declaration of Independence. This began on a Friday night.

Sunday afternoon, we had been facilitated one too many times and an explosion occurred. The men, who outnumbered the women about 4 to 1, began to leap to each other's emotional defense. The women ("the goddess force in our Alliance") began to retreat to the kitchen to prepare food, many of them on the verge of pounding on things. Apparently, goddesses were airheads. Personal tension and frustration rose. Mark Satin sat back in a corner, in almost a state of euphoria, watching his Alliance actually struggling through the birth canal.

A Womens' Caucus somehow formed among the seven of us, and the men gave us the responsibility of nominating people for the governing committee of the governing council. Naturally, we nominated all the women and a few men. We came out of deliberation. The men didn't like it. So we just had an election. Then we had to decide about more committees, structures, memberships, etc., etc. I had to leave.

Over the three and a half years since the organizing meeting, the network has not become an acting group. We meet now as a social group. Two years of biannual meetings trying to take care of organizational details and office management pretty much ended the possibility of the New World Alliance becoming a political organization in the traditional sense. Mark Satin feeling all of the disillusionment possible in a mega-organizer, left the Alliance to try to reach out to the Middle Class, and is currently beginning an I.F. Stone-styled newsletter on new politics. Those of us on the Governing Council are over our hurt feelings, our frustration at

“getting nothing accomplished,” and our sense of failure in doing what we thought Mark said. In fact, we are just beginning, having just reincorporated.

We learned a lot about diversity of style in our separation phase. We saw “the great” (including ourselves) exhibit pettiness and impatience, anger and fear. The great movers couldn’t get anything off paper, the confirmed meateaters were happy and healthy. Mistrust flourished. Everyone believed in committee dictatorship, old-politics style.

In the transition stage, which probably began last summer, we sat under a tree in a beautiful retreat in Virginia and agreed that this would probably be our last meeting. Almost everyone wanted to put their energy into their families and communities, and there was clear concensus that we were “not qualified” to be the political organization we had intended (members, caucuses, political action committees, etc.) This is the first time I have ever seen a visible wave of relief flood over a group! Almost immediately, we began to plan where we would have our next meeting and whom we would invite. The general idea was that we would talk about what we were doing in our own lives and let things take their own course.

What seems to have happened is that people are actually beginning to call upon each other’s knowledge and accept it as reliable source material. This is tremendously liberating of the spirit. It is also very anthropological! For me, it has been a way to pursue anthropology in an academic context. My years of participation in the New World Alliance have culminated a cultural future research design project incorporating goedics, satellite mapping, mythology, ancient history, geology, spiritualism, international communications, and “global brain” planning. It should take years to organize, and it should be really fun! My students love it.

Oddly enough, the project is organized in a physical network—a geodesic model for the structure and evolution of the planet. Back in one of his early dialogs, Plato said that the earth could be thought of as a ball sewn together: 12 pieces of skin each having five sides. This figure is known as a dodecahedron. Buckminster Fuller, ever in search of better ways to communicate, designed a map of the earth that minimizes distortion and is now published by Rand McNally. It is composed of 20 equilateral triangles that can be folded and taped together to form a reasonably spherical globe replica—the icosahedron. I discovered in an issue of **New Age Journal** published at that time by one of my friends in the New World Alliance, that Russian scientists were

using a model of the earth based on these two geodesic forms. If you can imagine putting the dodecahedron inside the icosahedron so that all the points fall on a sphere (see illustration), you have what is known as a hexakis icosahedron.

The hexakis icosahedron is an elegant structure, relatively easy to cut out of file-folder-weight paper, and tape together. As a model, a predictor if you will, of global phenomena, it is very curious and very revealing. If two of the points (there are 62 in all) are lined up at the poles, a number of coincidences occur. One line of points runs down the Mid-Atlantic ridge. Another runs down the Mid-Pacific. Lines of points run through major lines of oil fields and uranium deposits. Centers of ocean currents fall on points. Atmospheric highs and lows run on a predictable point grid. Many major earthquake fault lines run on lines connecting points. The triangles formed by the connection of points forms 60-80 spherical right triangles. The Great Pyramid, the Bermuda Triangle, Easter Island, Findhorn, and Machu Pichu all lie on points.

I certainly don’t know how to interpret all of this coincidence, but I am learning a lot about my own processes of inquiry and evaluation by looking at data from within and without academia. The students like it. It is a manageable, non-political way to look at the whole world and to begin to see how it functions. It provides a framework for categorizing and evaluating information about almost everything. Since the hexakis icosahedron is so exotic, we realize all along that this is a “model” we are playing with and not reality—and so we are less critical of each other. And, we can build it. Because the geodesics involved are so simple, we can actually build a replica of our earth (and are) that will be about eight—ten feet in diameter. And it will all come apart and assemble in a flat case. This is where I really begin to get excited. I like working with my hands and doing art, and the prospect of papier-mache’ and paint brings out the best kindergartner in me. The students like it better than a term paper. They work much harder.

What has surprised me most is the fact that many of my colleagues from other disciplines have wanted to come to class and give their angle on the project. Cooperating with us are an industrial designer, an oceanographer, a philosopher, a landscape architect, a satellite communications analyst, a psychologist, a Russian studies ABD, and an astrologer. I have been so astonished by the simplicity of organization that can be achieved by using the model. The elegance of cultural and geological alignment, that occasionally the students will whistle the theme from “Twilight Zone” when I come into the room. My colleagues tell me that I should get over my astonishment

and realize that there is order in the universe and that I can now use what I know from anthropology (about climate, settlement patterns, adaptation, language, and migration) to complement the evident physical data. It has been very good criticism.

Bethe is a university professor of anthropology at Governors State University and a past coeditor of **Creative Woman** (Summer 1980).



## AT THE CLOISTERS

I have forgot how I unfold and shutter  
as I go

and then rethread. Here in medieval  
rooms of heavy doors, thick walls,  
there is a kind of splendid peace  
again of herb gardens  
and tapestries, unicorns

and innocence, leaves again,  
the river, distance,  
crosses of old heavy wood.

Thin branches  
sift through delicate windows.

Their carved figures make shattered  
color on the walls. Sun catches  
the eye of that madonna.

I keep remembering  
objects of a winter day, objects of  
several winters, objects alone.  
Nothing else but permanent objects  
exposed suddenly by need  
or ownership or both.

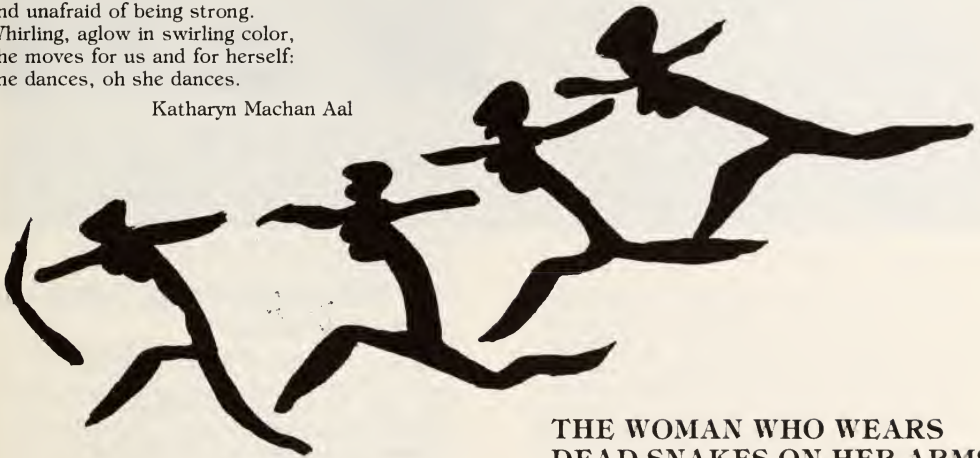
Margot Treitel

## OH SHE DANCES

Her red hair is the tongue of a dragon  
and she dances, oh she dances.  
Sapphires glisten at her breasts and  
hips.

Goldspun satins rainbow to the floor.  
She moves within them  
in perfect symmetry of motion,  
a woman who loves her own body  
and will not compromise its power.  
Her veil is a beautiful blue mist  
trailing her arms, blowing about her  
as she turns with the music,  
smiles as the music turns with her,  
her finger cymbals clashing.  
Slow and then fast and then slow again  
the goatskin drum summons  
all that is alive within her,  
all that leaps from every nerve,  
all that is strong  
and unafraid of being strong.  
Whirling, aglow in swirling color,  
she moves for us and for herself:  
she dances, oh she dances.

Katharyn Machan Aal



Australian aborigine cave painting  
Unbalanya Hill, Arnhemland

## THE WOMAN WHO WEARS DEAD SNAKES ON HER ARMS

knows magic charms. She hisses them.  
Her snakes have died a natural death  
and they are beautiful, dark diamonds  
and orange circles shining on their  
skin.

This woman's arms are thin  
but strong as day, as sun  
beating noon on mesa sands. Her hands  
shape clay to tiny tongues  
that heal the body, lick clean the soul.

Listen to her as she dances:  
her song is made of flat gray rocks,  
hollows holding small pale eggs  
that will hatch before night comes.

Katharyn Machan Aal

## THE GODDESS IN THREE BODIES

We are the three corners of the  
Triangle:  
Woman-symbol,  
Uplifted womb.  
Arms stretched, three hands clasped  
To meet in the middle:  
Vertex,  
Floating in the second house;  
Sign of the bull.

We are the third card,  
Empress,  
Venus, the wishing star,  
To watch over us.  
Artist, dancer, poet,  
We entwine, give forth  
To the waking world.

We are not a crowd:  
Three is a magic number.  
Our pull is as strong as the  
Moon  
We worship monthly,  
Hiding in our bellies.

Mothers of the earth,  
We feed with our hands, lips, hearts,  
Scraping the ground we are grown from.  
Broad roots spread below,  
We build new foundations.

Tobi Casselman



"In the beginning, there was the Earth Goddess; the Sky-God married the Earth Goddess, and she wove the whole world as a big mantle and spread it over an oak. The world is actually a huge coat, which is spread over an enormous world tree, the oak; in it are the ocean and the earth and everything else. The sum of it is reality."  
from *The Dinner Party Book*, Judy Chicago

### FERTILE GODDESS

Take warp and weft to weave the world,  
Spread it over the oak.  
Add shards found beneath remains  
Settled under all soil:  
Affirmation of pagans who worshipped  
The first female goddess.

Images of bodies with round bellies and breasts  
Fondled from clay were carried as amulets,  
Not leered at with drooling tongues.  
This is the world-tree, not hollow  
But holding ocean and earth.

The sum is birth and rebirth:  
Mother-God whose arms stretched  
To hug the globe,  
To feed seas and forests.  
Her seeds brimming over her edges,  
She gave to woman what woman can give,  
She gave without spilling,  
In silence, her hands clenched,  
Clasping the remaining threads of her voice.

Tobi Casselman





Photographer, Cynthia MacAdams

## WAITING FOR CHRISTINE

by Elizabeth A. Havey

### FIRST TRIMESTER

It is winter and everything is barren white. I sit in the bathtub. My stomach swells, my breasts swell—they almost meet in undulations. I am pregnant. Once again. Often I seem surrounded by noise: Caroline, my other child, the house; but I am lost, set apart, looking out into the unknown, my mind and my swelling self uniquely united. I don't see the future, I carry it inside me.

I come down the stairs before Caroline awakes. I am queasy, but hungry. I greedily peel and eat a navel orange. The juice is cold, the flesh of the fruit breaks eagerly as I chew. I feel better, I fix Caroline's breakfast. She calls me. I go slowly but happily up the stairs to find her lying in the crib, waiting for me. She is so pale and lovely in the early morning light. Could it be I am fortunate enough to be creating another as lovely as she?

Today I asked three year old Caroline, "What would you like to be when you grow up?" She

answered, her blue eyes looking off somewhere, "a princess." "I wanted to be one too," I told her, "but what did I grow up to be?" She told me, "A Mommy." I smile, thinking how much a mother I really am, right now; the mother of one who grows inside of me, the mother of another who is growing away, growing up.

My cat. She knows I am pregnant, again. This time it is different for her too. When I was pregnant with Caroline and working, I would come home, put my school things away and lie down for a nap. Chloe, my cat, always came, finding the pool of sunshine that lapped on our bed and curling near my legs or my tummy.

Now I find it is hard to take a nap. Caroline claims that she is too big for naps. Sometimes I coax her onto the bed full of sunshine. Carrie wants to read and fidget. I fall immediately to sleep, later called from my slumbers by Caroline who sometimes gives in, gets her blanket and curls down beside me sucking her thumb. Only then can Chloe find a restful, quiet place to sleep, and even then she often gives up and goes somewhere else, for Caroline has captured her sunshine.

Today I am thirty-one. My closet door is shut and I toss my bathrobe into a chair as I get ready to lower my swelling self into bed. Inside the closet glow five new garments—smocks, dresses, maternity tops of mauve, grass green, vivid blue and orange. Lovely tokens for a birthday celebration, lovely reminders of the days to come.

How I smiled tonight when Caroline, in John's arms, brought in my birthday cake, candle lights glowing in the partially darkened room. Carrie's eyes wide, her voice lifting with John's to sing the well-known words. How precious the two of them offering a ritual, ceremonial moment for me, a moment to treasure. And they made cards, cut pieces of pale blue paper and pasted pictures of flowers on them, wrote words, created love for me. They are dear. We are all creating this together—our life.

## SECOND TRIMESTER

It is a little like being between. I no longer feel queasy, sick; actually I feel very good. But the child inside of me is not big enough to make me aware of his or her movements so I am in between, in between the one awareness and the other awareness; waiting, hopeful for the first movement. Now I walk more and more slowly, often resting a hand on my protruding tummy. I believe the child grows and is well, but I want to feel movement to be sure.

My husband and I sit at a concert. It is Palm Sunday. A warm, greening day. Bach's Mass in B Minor fills the chapel. I sit quietly listening. But here is a response to my listening, a movement within me. I rest my hand gently on my abdomen. I wait. The response happens again; a slight tapping, a repeated expression of life, of being, of wakefulness.

I tell my husband later that the baby liked the concert too. Now the child moves more frequently in identifiable movements. An arm, the shifting of the legs. It is fascinating to be talking to someone or reading an article or taking dinner plates out of the dishwasher and suddenly to be reminded, "I'm here within you, alive, eager, waiting..."

Caroline talks about "that baby in your tummy." But already she reminds me that she is my "babykins" and only she.

I play a game now; I did when I carried Caroline, too. In a room of people I count, always adding one, the child within me, the most important individual in the room. I am not "I" at present, I am "we" and I'm beginning to look more and more like a "we."

On some days now the baby's movements are constant and I say aloud, "Child!" If he or she is active now, what will my life be like four months from now!

## THIRD TRIMESTER

My days fall into a pattern, each one I silently cherish and control, getting ready for the baby's birth. Each day adds growth, weight to the child within. Each day adds time for preparation without. I keep saying to my husband, "We're getting there," as another day passes and the crib is up, the baby clothes unpacked, curtains hung. I need time, time to nourish the child, time to nourish my garden, my home, to fill my mind with more and more beautiful thoughts. I'm anxious, I can't wait and yet I want to wait, I don't want it all to end. This is our second child, probably our last. I don't want to give up the thrust of a growing human within me, the sliding push of a foot, the rhythmic beat of the fetus's hiccups. And yet, I long to know the child, to hold it, nurse it, teach it more every day. I'm its mother, yes, and it knows me, but the knowledge to come is even sweeter. I long for it, too.

Being pregnant is different now. I feel the child often, I know when he or she will sleep (during my active day) and when he or she will move around in the watery womb (in the evenings when I read, quietly disturbed by this other human). And being pregnant, I still maintain an inner dialogue with the child, with myself, planning, imagining, hoping. We're together in a most unique way. I pat my tummy and quietly tell it "You're a good chunk of love."

We're taking Lamaze. We're excited about the entire process. Birth is not something you long to "get over with;" it is an experience you crave, to see it, share it, be a part of it. John's excited. He saw Caroline being born and is eager to be my "partner" in the Lamaze experience. Sometimes I see a light, a glow on his face, a secret in his eyes—he is carrying on an inner dialogue too—he's getting ready too. We're looking in the same direction.

And Caroline. She's excited. Digging out her old baby toys one day, she was ecstatic. "This is delightful!" she cried carrying newly washed baby toys into the nursery. And looking at the crib, its mattress raised, a new sheet in place, a blanket neatly folded she said, "It looks so comfy and cuddly." She's right—she's close enough to remember. I hug her tightly, our treasure.

I love being pregnant. I love to take walks, to breathe fresh air, to be active. I feel good. And people smile at me. People open doors. People lift cartons of pop into my open car trunk. Maternity

clothes are exciting because they help say, "Look at me: I'm carrying a child, I'm a tree bearing fruit—I'm mother earth—I'm fertile, I'm pregnant!"

People also smile at me when I attempt to pick up a dropped box of cereal and discover that my center of balance is gone. They open doors for me when Caroline is crying for another piece of "penny gum" and I have a cart full of groceries to deal with. Friends call, never forgetting to ask "How are you?" I answer, "Wonderful" as I sit down to talk, grateful to relieve my swollen feet, sore back, and hopeful that I'll be able to talk long enough before my bladder drives me away from the phone.

But I love being pregnant!

I planted a garden in June. I do every year. It is now the 9th of July. The daisies are open, big, thick golden ones with brown velvet centers; white lacy ones trimmed with pale yellow. Blood red geraniums compete with the dark purple of lythrum, the honey yellow of the calla lily. Yes, the garden is growing, thriving. And it makes me happy. But inside me the blue of veins, the blood red of the placenta, the pale white and pink of flesh prepares the loveliest bloom for its flowering: in one month we expect a child.

What is this extra energy I feel? I can't nap anymore, though the heat of summer has subdued Caroline who dutifully sleeps, her Winnie the Pooh sneakers and bright red shorts worn out from a day in sunshine. Now I am eager to take walks or fuss about the house. The baby's room is ready. A golden carpet laid. A window framed in yellow and white. A yellow basket full of toys. Three people think and wait and wonder—Father, Mother, Sister.

It's a cool July morning. I've slept well. I lie quietly on a bed of flowered sheets feeling a light breeze move over me, feeling the child move inside me. Chloe the cat comes up nuzzling my chest, looking for something. She finds it, the bow on my nightgown which she loves to chew. I hug her and think of the growing child who will soon nuzzle me for milk, for nourishment, for life.

I'm in my ninth month now. The baby is in position. The wondering and waiting become more intense. On a full July evening we sit on the green lawns of an outdoor concert. We eat fresh fruit and listen to Mendelsohn. Trees move above us. I search the open sky and the moving leaves for a clue to the child's coming. The child rests within me. "You will love the earth, the wind, the caress of life," I whisper. "We will eagerly help you adjust to all of it."

The day is a normal one—normal in its abnormality—for everytime I awaken to the sun, the birds or the sound of Caroline calling me I wonder

if this will be the day, the birthday of the child. I look for clues, a word from John, or a physical sign, or even some omen. All the mornings are the same, lovely, sunny.

On this morning Caroline and I sleep late, eat our breakfast, look out at the garden. It has rained during the night and the lawn is a green jewel, the flowers brilliant. Carrie plays. I do some cleaning. We drive to the bank. We take a "resting." In the afternoon I go into the yard. She plays in her sandbox, a little world she has created all for herself, a world of teas and cakes under a heavily laden apple tree.

I walk around the yard, pulling weeds from the lawn, smoothing out the green surface, making sure no foreign growth invades the picture. The child sleeps within me.

My favorite moments of the day flow along; picking up "papa" at the train in the lengthening golden light, eating a simple summer meal, listening to John and Caroline shriek with delight as they rough after dinner.

John goes out to mow the lawn. Caroline heads for the sandbox with a friend. I straighten all the rooms, looking about me at the colors, textures of the life around us. It is good. I talk to my mother on the phone. I wander outside to sweep after the mowing, to gaze up at the moon which grows heavy and full. At eight John orders us into the air conditioned house—away from the humidity and mosquitoes. Carrie takes a bath. I shower. John relaxes. I tuck Caroline in, we pray for everyone and the new baby. Her head nestles into her pillow, sweetness all asleep.

Down in the kitchen I have a final chore to do before I sit and rest and read. A frond of the schefflera plant that we put out in the yard to enjoy the summer's humidity has broken off in last night's storm. I've brought it into the house. It is thin and glossy, a light yellow-green with new leaves coming from the tips. I rummage in the cabinet and pull down an old glass with a silver rim, the only one left of a set. I place the frond in the glass and stand at the kitchen sink filling the glass with water, feeling the first twinge of pain in my back, a pain that moves from around my back to my abdomen, tightening and then springing away. I set the glass on the kitchen counter. I will tell John. A new plant begins to grow. A new child, my child, our child—is preparing to be born.



## CREATIVE LIVES: LYNN THOMAS STRAUSS

By Margaret Brady

Lynn Strauss has come home.

She might have a new home, a new job— but in many ways she's come home.

Nearly a lifelong Chicago resident, the 39-year-old former managing editor of **The Creative Woman** is enjoying a new life in Oak Park with her husband of 12 years, David, and their children, Mariya, 10, Kandra, 7, and Taryn, 4.

"I used to live in the city and be more in touch with what's happening there," Lynn said. "Living out in Park Forest for five years I really lost touch. So it's been fun. Sort of feels like coming home to me."

"Home" is a house in Oak Park (complete with front porch and yard) and a new job just a short "L" ride away, at 570 West Randolph in Chicago. Since last March of this year Lynn has served as production assistant for a publication entitled **The Neighborhood Works**, a monthly information service produced by the Center for Neighborhood Technology.

The Center is a not-for-profit organization which assists community groups in conserving energy (by showing them how to cut heat and lighting costs), developing affordable housing, creating jobs and growing and distributing food.

**The Neighborhood Works** is a five-year-old publication (600 subscribers nationwide) which serves as a clearinghouse for resources and programs aimed to help residents make their neighborhoods more livable.

Lynn's varied job responsibilities include everything from writing occasional book reviews, and the upcoming "programs" and "resources" page, to maintaining the magazine's correspondence and mailing out 800 issues of the magazine each month to the media and a variety of other organizations.

She also has a chance to tackle the magazine's marketing needs. "Marketing was always a challenge at **The Creative Woman**," Lynn recalled, "because I was never able to really take it on, with all I had to do as managing editor . . . and Helen could only devote a certain percentage of her time. Here we're really doing it, partly because we have two full-time staff persons, plus myself, working part-time (20 hours a week). Even though we're a monthly and we have more work, we can do some things we couldn't at **The Creative Woman**."

Lynn currently had her hands full editing the November issue which focused on "Women in the Neighborhoods."

Working for a publication like the **The Neighborhood Works**, with its focus on energy conservation, was quite a switch for Lynn. "It's a whole new area of knowledge . . . I'm still in the learning process myself. The first few months here I wondered if I was going to be able to get vested enough in the issues to make it meaningful for me," Lynn said.

"I realize that the issues surrounding families—nurturing, feeding kids, educating them, going through the life stages of the family—seem more important to me than energy conservation," she said.

But Lynn does, indeed, enjoy the work. "There's a lot of excitement in the city now," she said. "Mayor (Harold) Washington's victory has really sparked enthusiasm and energy for a lot of these projects. There's an idea that change is happening and things aren't as controlled, there's more of an opportunity for the grassroots population to influence the government."

She may enjoy the work, but Lynn still misses the "caring spirit" of working with other women, which she enjoyed at **The Creative Woman**. Women like Helen Hughes, Joan Lewis (editorial

consultant), Suzanne Oliver (art director).

And she misses dealing with the issues that, she feels, “the women’s movement is involved with, like human relationships, human quality of life at all levels.”

Dealing with such issues is one purpose of magazines like **The Creative Woman**, Lynn feels. “It gives women and men the chance to read and think about these really basic issues of human living in a way that’s uplifting and supportive, instead of angry, critical or resentful. To do it in a way that there is always a sense of hope.” Lynn credits this feeling of hopefulness to the magazine’s editor, Helen Hughes. “Whatever particular problem **The Creative Woman** might focus on, there is always an overriding sense of hope. That’s one of its greatest contributions, and what makes it really meaningful and different from other women’s publications. Other publications might focus more on reporting events, providing resources— both of which **The Creative Woman** does—but I don’t think they always have TCW’s poetic aspect which offers hope and excitement about the future. That’s because of Helen.”

Lynn added, “I miss Helen’s support. She’s really special in very many ways, but she was very special as a boss. She’s just wonderful at giving positive feedback, pats on the back; she makes you feel good about yourself and what you’re doing. She really lets you know on both ends—when you screw up and when you do a good job. Fortunately for me, I think I did a good job more often than not.

She was also a friend, as well as a boss, so she was always interested in the other parts of my life, outside **The Creative Woman**. That meant a lot to me, to go to work and know there was somebody who cared whether the kids were sick or how I was feeling personally . . . There was an acknowledgement and respect for my abilities and skills and there was room for me to take on new things.

Helen was always pushing me on . . . always extending my horizons.”

In the five years that she worked for **The Creative Woman**, Lynn feels she played a role in the “feminization” of the magazine. “I don’t think it was as ‘feminist’ a publication when I started as it was when I left,” Lynn said. “I don’t claim credit, but I think I influenced that.”

While Lynn is proud of every issue she worked on, she has fond memories of the issue that focused on local women artists. “I was really excited about those women,” Lynn recalled, “What they were doing, the excitement they felt for their work and the sacrifices they were making for their art.”

She especially enjoyed the “peace” issue, “partly because it was meaningful for me to work on that. I learned a lot and got a sense of the unique and significant contributions that women have made toward the peace movement,” Lynn said. She is also pleased with her final effort, the “changing men” issue, and the amount of feedback it has produced. The two most difficult issues to pull together, Lynn said, were those dealing with psychology and the third world women. The latter, Lynn feels, was a “very tough” issue because “I didn’t have enough knowledge or background on the subject.”

Through her involvement with **The Creative Woman**, Lynn feels she learned how to set goals and follow through, how to work alone, how to manage or even produce things. “So it was a new identity for me and although I had done writing before, I’d never really been encouraged. **The Creative Woman** really provided encouragement for me as a writer, too.”

“I think the magazine gave back to me as much or more than I gave to it in terms of the opportunity for personal growth and professional development,” Lynn said.

So where do Lynn Strauss’ horizons extend today? She’s not sure. Right now she faces a variety of mid-life questions. Questions like, “What am I going to do with the rest of my life? As my kids get older, how am I going to feel about that? Am I going to be a writer? Or am I going to go back to school and start a whole new profession? Do I



really want to be on a career path, or do I want to keep my family life focus and just continue with interesting part-time jobs?"

Lynn admits, "I'm not sure how I'm going to answer those questions." Lynn commented that while she's been lucky to have had two interesting jobs that she's been able to grow in, "it's been extremely hard to take care of the emotional and physical needs of three kids . . . making sure that they have their lunch boxes and their shoes tied, and that there's a babysitter arranged for them after school, or that someone didn't forget their homework— and then to come to work and have to do a really good job."

"I fantasize about how, if I had a baby, I'd quit work for a year or two, stay home and garden, read, jog every day, relax, sit back and enjoy my kids while they're still young."

"But there's a sacrifice in that decision, too," Lynn said, "in terms of your professional future. And I'm not a person who enjoys being home alone five days a week. I get lonely; I want the stimulation and contact. So it's a dilemma. And I don't feel it's completely resolved by any means."

Lynn Thomas Strauss was managing editor of **The Creative Woman** from 1978 to 1983.

Margaret Brady is a journalist and a member of the Advisory Council. She has also helped to develop this issue.

This is the second in a series, "Creative Lives", featuring the creative women who produce this publication.



## DREAMING THE DARK: MAGIC, SEX AND POLITICS

by Starhawk

Book Review by Ellen H. Dohner

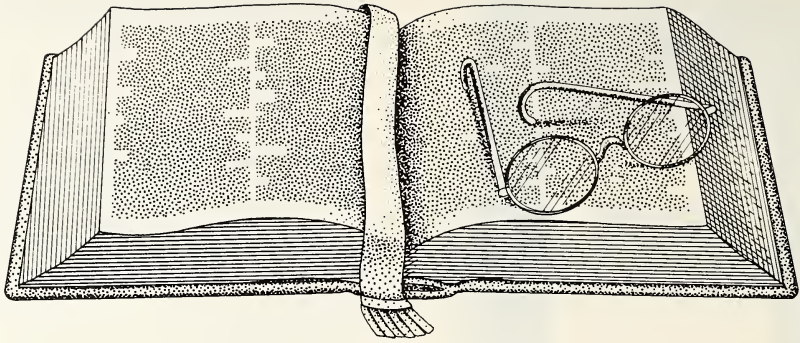
**Dreaming the Dark: Magic, Sex and Politics** is a book about power. Power over, power within, political power, spiritual power, the power of community. The author, Starhawk, is a practicing witch, a therapist, a political activist, and a ritualist. She interweaves these roles with the realities of our time, telling us in anecdotal style how she and her friends protest nuclear power plants, do therapy, lead groups, and communicate with nature and the different parts of themselves.

Starhawk balances the innovative with the historical in this essay. Calling on ancient myths and legends, especially those dealing with the goddess and the matrifocal nature religions, she asks us to use this wisdom to transform ourselves and society. To do this we must first “dream the dark.” That is, go into the dark consciously, into the night, the fearsome, the underground, the unknown. When one embarks on this journey, one learns the power of the “immanent,” a concept that is the motif of this book.

The author calls for another kind of consciousness to heal the estrangement she now sees permeating society. It is consciousness of immanence—the awareness of the world and everything in it as alive, dynamic, interacting, “a weaving dance.” All this is possible and can be done through “magic”—an act of will.

**Dreaming the Dark** is a dance through women’s history and women’s psyches. It is both poetic and polemic, practical and visionary. I found it an inspiring guidebook for feminists whether male or female because of its very carefully drawn descriptions of group process and nature meditations, rituals that are all-inclusive. I see this as a basically spiritual book in which Starhawk’s body and soul shine through. I especially agree with her comment that community is the “ultimate healer”—and she offers us a vivid and timely guide for exactly how to accomplish this.

**Dreaming the Dark: Magic, Sex and Politics** by Starhawk. Boston: Beacon Press, 1982.



## Voluntary Simplicity by Duane Elgin

### Book Review by Young Y. Kim

Life cannot be fooled. The central question in life is not "To be or not to be" but "How to be." For those of us who work toward improving the quality of life, this book offers invaluable insight and direction.

Voluntary simplicity is presented in this book as a philosophy of living and living well. It presents a personhood which brings together inner spiritual, and outer material and social growth. It is a way of life which fosters our conscious and direct encounter with life itself. It encourages us to voluntarily minimize unnecessary accumulation, distractions, and pretense of materials and ideas which weigh upon our lives and make our passage through the world more cumbersome. How we simplify is a very personal affair, as the author points out. We all know where our own lives are unnecessarily complicated. The author, however, suggests some general principles of the life of voluntary simplicity. For instance, one would own or buy things based on real need and consider the impact of one's consumption patterns on other people and on the earth. Before purchasing nonessential items one would ask oneself if these items promote or cloud one's life activities. One would consciously simplify communications by making them more clear, direct, and honest without idle gossip and wasteful speech. One would further respect the value of silence and nonverbal expressions.

This approach to life is not new. The founders of the world's major spiritual traditions have taught that we are misdirecting our lives if we make the pursuit of material wealth and social status our overriding goal. Jesus urged us not to store up, but to share with others, our wealth and our lives. Buddha urged us to consciously choose

a middle way—a balanced path through life between the extremes of deprivation and indulgence. Other great teachers—Lao-tzu, Mohammed, and many more—also taught the value of simplicity, clarity, unpretentiousness, and balance between the inner and the outer aspects of our lives. More recently, Gandhi taught us that true civilization can be realized not in the multiplication of human wants, but in the voluntary simplification of these wants.

The author's contribution in this book, then, is to put these teachings into contemporary, global terms. As a human family, we are being pressed by necessity to begin an intense process of shared global learning. Examining historical trends, cycles of civilizations, and the technological developments and related ecological concerns, the author pushes forward the concept of voluntary simplicity as a goal for humanity itself. I applaud the author for his attempt to present a human identity and an understanding of reality which transcends any one particular cultural orientation. The concept of voluntary simplicity embraces both Western and Eastern ideas, and projects a creative, integrated outlook on life.

I find this book very persuasive and inspiring. The author communicates many complex and profound ideas in a simple and yet eloquent manner. In this small paperback, the author takes me into the depths of the human condition, the vastness and magic of life and the universe, and the past, present, and the future of humanity. Most of all, the author makes me take a good look at myself and reflect on my own life activities.

The message of this book is that there is no one else. Each of us is responsible for our own personal life as well as for our collective future. Small changes that seem insignificant in isolation can be great contributions when they are simultaneously undertaken by many others. I hope that this book will be read by many others who affirm life and who conscientiously search for



ways to improve its quality.

Young Y. Kim is a professor of communication at Governors State University.

**Voluntary Simplicity** by Duane Elgin, New York: Bantam Books, 1982.



Rising Goddess Cynthia MacAdams

## WOMEN IN FILM

By Joan Lewis

The Cinema Guild, a division of Document Associates, Inc., distributes many dramatic feature and documentary films on women's issues, dealing with their social roles and personal aspirations. The International Women's Film Project collection is comprised of four award-winning films produced by the International Women's Film Project, a group of women of different nationalities and professional backgrounds who have combined their skills to produce educational films on women's issues.

"The Emerging Woman," a 40-minute black and white documentary produced in 1974, is the first—and is still called the best—film on the history of the women's movement in the U.S. Winner of a Blue Ribbon at the 1975 American Film Festival, "The Emerging Woman" was chosen in 1976 by the American Revolution Bicentennial Commission as its official film on the history of women.

"The Double Day," a 52-minute color documentary produced in 1975, deals with women in Latin America who combine their participation in the labor market with their family functions as mothers and wives, thus working a "double day." It was selected for screening at the United Nations' International Women's Year Conference and was a finalist in the 1976 American Film Festival.

"Simplemente Jenny," a 33-minute color documentary produced in 1977, explores the varied cultural influence—from religion to advertising and popular culture—which shape the lives of women in Latin America. It won a Blue Ribbon at the 1978 American Film Festival and was broadcast nationally on the Public Broadcasting Service.

"From the Ashes: Nicaragua Today," a one-hour color documentary on the new society emerging from that war-torn country, is the most recent production by the International Women's Film Project. It aired on PBS stations throughout the U.S. last spring, and has since won several major awards, including a Red Ribbon at the American Film Festival and the "Best Documentary" award at the Global Village Video and Television Documentary Festival.

The Canadian documentary feature, "A Wives' Tale," focuses on the wives of striking miners and how they are led to question their traditional roles as wives and mothers.

"The Life and Poetry of Julia de Burgos" is a half hour docu-drama that portrays the life and work of the great Puerto Rican poet, Julia de



Burgos. She was considered by many, including Nobel Prizewinning Chilean poet Pablo Neruda, to be the greatest contemporary Latin American poet, yet she died in anonymity on the streets of New York at the age of thirty-six. Directed by award-winning Puerto Rican filmmaker Jose Garcia, "The Life and Poetry of Julia de Burgos" was shot on locations in Puerto Rico and New York. The film offers a sensitive and moving depiction of the prolific career and tragic death of this poet, and also features breath-takingly beautiful pictorial interpretations of her major works.

Feature-length dramatic films include "Passione d'Amore," a 19th century love story which offers an intriguing look at our preoccupation with feminine beauty. Both "Bellissima," with Anna Magnani and directed by Luchino Visconti, and "The Lady Without Camelias," directed by Michelangelo Antonioni, are two classic Italian films of the fifties which feature strong women characters in their behind-the-scenes looks at the film industry. Descriptive flyers on each of the International Women's Film Project titles are available on request from The Cinema Guild, 1697 Broadway, New York, NY 10019, phone (212) 246-5522.

## LETTERS TO EDITOR

On Men Changing

Dear Editor:

The latest issue of **The Creative Woman** makes for top-notch reading for all of us in the GSU community and shows us off magnificently to those beyond it as well. Yet I cannot help but comment upon a couple of points made in Doug Knox's article, because I believe that it is more important to keep the intellectual record straight than it is to exult in the import of an otherwise exemplary issue.

The essence of Mr. Knox's article affirms the corrective potential of feminism to the historically specific over-emphasis on rationalism and scientism which has up until recently engulfed our civilization. I certainly take no exception to this claim. However, Mr. Knox's comments along the way are not accepted uncritically by the intellectual feminist community and I think should not be proffered as its consensual base.

For one thing, most historians and anthropologists doubt the existence of a prehistorical matriarchal civilization. Matrifocal and matrilineal no doubt, but not matriarchal with all that this implies for the institutional preeminence of women. Furthermore, it is not necessary to posit the existence of a matriarchal prehistory in order to lay claim to the early influence of female deities and an organic conception of life.

Secondly, it represents a serious misreading of evolutionary and genetic mechanisms to say that "Forty thousand years of natural selection has genetically programmed women to be integrative-holistic." Though tempting to assert, it is difficult to support such claims for the genetic programming of anything as complex as an "integrative-holistic" component of women's (or any human's) personality, nor is it likely that a genetic mechanism of such global proportions would have (if it could have) affected one sex only.

My point is not to nit-pick, but to recognize that we do no service to the amazing intellectual revolution feminist scholarship has wrought, by making indefensible claims. Rather, such claims make it easier to dismiss the whole of feminism for mere excesses of its parts.

Finally, let me say this: of course, I agree in spirit with what Mr. Knox is trying to affirm. However, I also recognize the potential for an irrational and ultimately corrosive effect from too much celebration of such views. Let us not negate all of civilization in our rejection of the partial excesses of a way of doing science (not necessarily

all of science itself) with which we find fault. Doing so could not help humanity's progress any more than it will vindicate feminism.

Thanks for the opportunity to respond. Congratulations on an excellent issue.

Sincerely,

Harriet Gross, Ph.D.

University Professor of Sociology and Women's Studies  
College of Arts and Sciences

Dear Helen:

Your learned respondent seems to imply that a primitive matriarchy would necessarily exhibit an "institutional preeminence of women."

I very much doubt that modern language can adequately describe primitive reality. I doubt that a concept which might be described as "institutional" existed among early homo sapiens. Therefore I can not argue the suitability of one metaphor over another.

I selected the term "integrative-holistic" on the basis of my experience with women during my lifetime. To this I apply my understanding of modern evolutionary theory: behavior (or adaptation), even with the most tenuous link to genetic determinism, that confers reproductive success will eventually become the norm. If I had a womb you can be damn sure I would be "integrative-holistic" before I activated that womb. I submit that in sexual matters different norms apply between men and women.

I realize this plunges me into the heart of the nature-nurture debate. But let me bear witness that as a male I am genetically programmed to plunge into a female without regard to "integrative-holistic" considerations. A civilized veneer has been applied to my genetic program by training and society. But the point I make is that I never met a female with an equivalent genetic program. The females I have known were always "integrative-holistic," which I attribute to their genetic program.

Society with its absurd emphasis upon romantic fantasy (for patriarchal edification) tends to suppress the female's genetic "integrative-holistic" program.

Sincerely,

Doug

Dear Editor:

No one can prove beyond all doubt that matriarchal societies existed in the prehistoric world. On the other hand, no one can prove that they did not. There is abundant evidence indicating that early peoples worshipped female deities and traced their lineage through women. There is also widespread agreement among scholars that the connection between sexual intercourse and procreation was not understood by early humans and that until it was, women were considered to be holier than men by virtue of the fact that they alone could bring forth life. Under such circumstances the status and power of women must have been high. The argument against calling such primitive societies "matriarchates" is based on the premise that dominant authority cannot be achieved or held except by physical force. This premise seems fallible when one considers the immense and demonstrable power of religious belief and political propaganda in our own time.

Ancient Crete was one of the latest of the high civilizations to show characteristics associated with a matriarchate. A queen occupied the throne and passed it on to her daughter, even when sons were available. The queen was also head of religion, which was a worship of female deities. Priestesses officiated at ceremonies and women occupied the best seats at entertainments. The queen took consorts at intervals; these men were given the title of Minos. They do not appear to have had much power other than that of procreation. Nowhere in the scenes depicted in murals, on vases, caskets, and seal rings are men shown in positions of authority.

At the height of its glory, Crete was one of the greatest civilizations ever known. Art, architecture, agriculture, crafts and trade flourished, and peace reigned. The magnificent palaces were without walls; the artwork without scenes of violence; the graves without weapons. What was valued was the joy of living.

This society, which lasted more than a thousand years, fell at last to invaders from continental Greece who worshipped a male god and valued the skills of war. Their values have dominated western civilization ever since.

What was lost with the fall of the matrifocal, matrilineal, perhaps matriarchal societies was not only respect for the serious contribution of women to the management of the state, but also and even more importantly, reverence for the qualities associated with the feminine principle—the nourishment of life, compassion for its pain and celebration of its joy.

June Rachuy Brindel  
Wilmette, IL

Dear Ms. Hughes:

This is just a short note to let you know how pleased I was with your last issue of **The Creative Woman** (Spring/Summer).

Your publication has always been one of admirability due to the fine journalistic coverage and range of topics that are explored. You really outdid yourselves on this latest issue, though. The new slick edition compliments the printed word all the more, and I found your articles both stimulating and educational. I'm always learning something new that I can't get from any other publication around.

I was especially satisfied with your photos of fathers and their children. Too often, the men are left out of their children's lives when they want very much to be a part of it. Our society is just beginning to adjust and accept the wonderful sensitivities that men offer in being caretakers for their children.

It would be unfair for me to hand pick certain articles I liked in this issue because they were all superb, and I believe you should know when subscribers are appreciative of your work. Too often we hear the negative comments, so I'd like to do my part and give some positive input. Keep up the excellent work—I'm enjoying **The Creative Woman** immensely, as are the people I've encouraged to subscribe to your fine publication.

Best Regards,  
Deborah Eve Grayson, C.P.T.

Dear Editor:

Bravo to the obstinance and perseverance of Ed Bailey-Mershon!

Even before I married, I was determined to carry on an old Celtic tradition, retaining my maiden name always with the attachment of my husband's, as a family name. One's name is a personal extension of one's self, therefore it deserves the appropriate respect; proper spelling, correct form.

Sincerely,  
Mary O'Sullivan-Condon, Park Forest

Dear Helen:

Wow! It came out fantastic! There must have been a green dove whispering instructions in your ear when you and the staff put this together. I can feel the trees move in the paper, the space around my poems is big enough for teardrops from the reader.

Helen, I thank you for this effort; your strong, gentle hand moves us toward the human future.

Alive,  
Michael Chandler  
Blandford, Mass.

Dear Helen Hughes:

Thanks very much for the complimentary copies of Vol. 6, No. 3.

The issue is certainly filled with provocative fare; and I have sent copies of material, including my own, from the magazine to, at present, 15 of my friends, most of whom are in a position to sing the praises publicly of your fine magazine.

Best wishes for the sunniest future.

Sincerely,  
Edwin Bruell  
Hazel Crest, IL

Dear Editor:

This is an extraordinary issue, beginning with a very sensitive and moving photo on the cover. I was especially stimulated by the Knox article which related the feminine -masculine principle to the cosmic and the human, illustrating the inherent motion to balance the forces. **The Creative Woman** is a rich source for GSU and the many who read it coast-to-coast.

Michael Purdy  
Professor of Communication  
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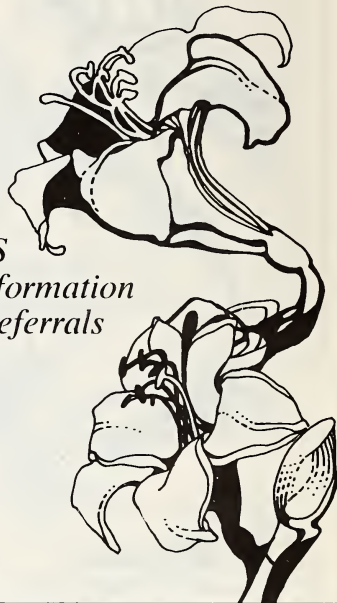
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# GLORIA STEINEM

## OUTRAGEOUS ACTS AND EVERYDAY REBELLIONS



### EDITOR'S COLUMN

#### **A breath of fresh air: Gloria Steinem revisited**

Gloria Steinem has been our foremost feminist interpreter and organizer for the past ten years. As founder of MS and as a journalist and lecturer, she has done much to illumine the issues of our time as they affect us all, from the perspective of feminism. Her collected writing has now been published and Gloria was in town to talk about her work and her book, presented by Chicago Women in Publishing, in September.

Your editor was there, taking notes. Steinem says that her goal is to establish for women "psychic turf", and that is why most women's groups are circular, so as to break down hierarchical roles. She reminds us of Susan B. Anthony when she exclaims, "If we come here today and there's no trouble tomorrow, we haven't done our job". While a legal identity has now been established both for blacks and women, we are still waiting for equal identity. We have come a pretty good distance, and have achieved a general consensus that there should be equal pay for equal work (known as "that's the part I agree with") but we face a backlash from those folks who have benefited most from their having been born into their sex, race and class, epitomized by the one in the White House. Steinem says that we can understand Ronald Reagan because he's

just the opposite of us. We have new words in the language that weren't heard ten years ago—like "wife battering" and "displaced homemaker"—we used to call it "life". The myth that women talk more than men came about because we have been measured against silence. Now she is ready to redefine politics as "any power relationship in our daily lives", and of these she cites four: (1) reproductive freedom as a basic human right, and the power to decide reproductive issues is the bottom line of the patriarchy; "any racist regime must also be sexist in order to control the women of both groups", (2) a redefinition of work: most of what we have done has been called non-work; it used to be that art was what men did and crafts was what women did, but all human work must be recognized according to its value. Here she commented that the home is more dangerous than the street for a woman, because it's the place where she's most likely to be replaced by a younger worker. (3) achieving the choice of a democratic family, governed by anti-hierarchical values and patterns. To achieve this, we must overcome deep patterning in the brains of both men and women. (4) To change the images of women in the media: when will that poor ringaround-the-collar wife turn to her husband and ask him "why don't you wash your neck?"

She reminds us again and again that feminism means all women; let's not let anyone turn us against each other. When the abolitionist movement was permitted to destroy the suffrage movement it set up such deep divisions of sex and race that we still have not recovered from it. Describing how it is that women are more conservative when young, and grow more radical with age, she explains, "we have to experience the penalties of being female in order to become radical". Men go through the opposite process, more radical when young, and more conservative later. At the end of her witty lecture, peppered with one-liners and drawing frequent laughter and applause, Steinem closed by stressing the seriousness of our mission which is none other than to figure out how to save ourselves on this fragile spaceship earth, thus striking a note that will be familiar to the readers of these pages. Gloria! Gloria in excelsis!

Another moving event of this fall was the award of the Nobel prize in genetics to Barbara McClintock, 81 years old, ignored for years, finally honored forty years after she earned the distinction. What would it have meant to her life, had she been recognized at the appropriate time? While she has continued her work with dedication during these years since her 1927 doctorate, she had given up publishing her results ("Nobody was reading me, so what was the use?") Now she has

been able to move out of her two rooms over a garage and buy a Honda. We salute this neglected scientific genius with a twinge of pain because recognition has been so unfairly withheld for so long, and with pride in her indomitable character as she says "I can't imagine having a better life."

Another newsworthy item is the recent translation of the Judeo-Christian Bible into fresh non-sexist, non-patriarchal language. The Holy Bible, translated so many times, into so many languages, for so many different readers over the centuries, now has, by the grace of the National Council of Churches, supported by 32 Protestant and Orthodox denominations with 40 million members, re-emerged. The translation is, of course, controversial. One of the theologians who worked on the project, said in defending it, "When women as well as men are associated with the divine, it will be a little less easy to rape a woman." (Quoted on "All Things Considered", National Public Radio, 10-15-83) To many men and women, the Great Creative Spirit of the universe must be far beyond our narrow, earthbound ideas of gender and sexual duality. And the language we use is important because it determines the way we think, and limits how we can act. As Brubaker has pointed out, "The power of recognizing the female in deity... (enables us) to see divinity everywhere." We leave you with a quote from Lucretia Mott, in a talk given in Boston in 1873, to the Free Religious Association: "Let it be called the Great Spirit of the Indian, the Quaker Inner Light of George Fox, the Blessed Mary, mother of Jesus of the Catholics, or Brahma, the Hindu's God—they will all be one and there will come to be such faith and such liberty as shall redeem the world."

HEH

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## ABOUT OUR STAFF



### **Nancy Dominik**

We announce with sorrow the passing of our friend, Nancy Dominik, typesetter, who worked in the graphics department and assisted in the production of **The Creative Woman** from 1980 to 1983.

### **Mimi Kaplan**

Mimi Kaplan died recently after a long and heroic struggle. The courage, grace, and caring for others that marked her response to her illness were inspirations to us.

Mimi was a supporter of **The Creative Woman** from the very first. She served on the Advisory Council, and published articles in this publication on children's literature, breast cancer and peer counseling. Her influence continues.





Althea Laitinen

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