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Co-editors: Joan DeWitt, Elizabeth McCarthy, and Mary Schilling
INTRODUCTION

Jessica Skelly's article MARGINAL REVOLUTIONARIES: WOMEN ON THE PERIPHERY OF THE IRISH NATIONALIST MOVEMENT provides the thematic tie for this issue of the Women's Studies Newsletter. The following articles do not have women of the Irish Nationalist Movement in common, but they are connected in other, possibly more inclusive, ways. Each article printed here recognizes the existence of women who have acted in the past or are acting now for women's self-determination. Specifically, these articles recognize women who have acted or are acting from the periphery of predominantly white male controlled organizations--be they grand organizations such as the Irish Republican Army and the U.S. Military or somewhat smaller organizations such as the circle of theater critics responsible for influencing the public's opinion of theater. In addition to granting recognition, these articles reiterate the importance of and need for any sort of feminist action--be it peripheral and marginal or all-encompassing--so that women's struggle for self-determination will continue and that the history of this struggle will no longer be "muffled in silence over and over."
The entire history of women's struggle for self-determination has been muffled in silence over and over. One serious cultural obstacle encountered by any feminist writer is that each feminist work has tended to be received as if it emerged from nowhere; as if each of us had lived, thought, and worked without any historical past or contextual present. This is one of the ways in which women's work and thinking has been made to seem sporadic, errant, orphaned of any tradition of its own.

As a woman of Irish decent, I chose to spend a year of my undergraduate career exploring the Irish Nationalist Movement. Of particular interest was the radicalized strand of the movement, attempting to determine if past revolutionaries, now granted the status of martyrdom, bore any resemblance to the present members of the Irish Republican Army. My research at Trinity College unveiled a host of questions which I had not considered. Most significantly, I wondered why all the Irish women had disappeared into obscurity. Was the absence of women from history a reflection of their participation, or have women been dismissed because of androcentric biases? The question begged to be answered; I set out to explore the importance of women's contribution to the development of the Irish struggle for self-determination. To do so required the restoration of past conflict in order to understand the unequal terms upon which women participated in forging a common destiny.

Briefly, Ireland has been engaged for centuries (1169) in a bitter conflict with Great Britain, with each successive generation taking up arms as part of a sociocultural tradition. The formation of a Republican movement (derived from the ideology and militarized tactics of the French Revolution) was the foundation of a highly organized radical movement that united Catholics and Protestants for the first time in Irish history (1798); the movement continues today as the basic ideological platform of the IRA.

It was not until 1881, however, that women were asked to take control of the turbulent mass movement known as the Land League. Women were drawn into the movement only because the men were involved in an exceptional political crisis: the Land War was at its peak, with thousands of tenant farmers pledged to fight against rack rents and absentee landlords. The League leaders knew they would soon be arrested for their role in the struggle and, thus, turned to their women because of their own anticipated absence.

An awareness of the history of the Ladies Land League places into perspective the difficulties encountered by women as they proved themselves fully capable of leading a mass social movement. In the absence of men, Irish women found themselves free
to assert their own principles and organizational skills; what emerged was a radical alteration in the development of the Irish struggle. Women demonstrated their commitment to providing more than ineffectual defiance: for eighteen months Irish women initiated a rebellious campaign of organized resistance "on the ground." Unlike the men, the new leaders moved into the rural areas, to the most oppressed sections of the peasantry, and sought to gain the active participation of the peasantry class. Empowered, the women transformed the movement from the balcony of constitutional parliamentarianism to the barricade of the exploited masses in Ireland.3

A survey of Irish history reveals very little about this unique period. Women's contribution in initiating and sustaining a militant armed struggle has been carefully expurgated. The reason for the exclusion of women from historical analysis can be explained by the following propositional statement: to have given serious consideration to women's work would have involved a critical reappraisal of the Land League and the leadership of the Male Nationalists. Only by rediscovering women's dynamic and innovative role, through Anna Parnell, known only as Sister of Charles Stewart Parnell and romanticized as hero of the Land League, have present feminists been able to redress this androcentric bias. The women as social agents of revolutionary activity are only now beginning to challenge the orthodox view of Irish history.

In a manuscript caustically entitled, "The Land League: Tale of a Great Sham," Ann Parnell criticizes the mood of male self-congratulations. She modestly describes her own role, giving greatest emphasis to her sisters, "the real driving force behind the League!"4 As one of the male leaders testified: "Everything in the way of defeating the ordinary law and asserting the unwritten law of the League...was systematically carried out under the direction of the ladies' executive not by its predecessor!"5

When the men were released from jail, the nationalist movement was confronted with internal conflict. The men demanded the dissolution of the women's organization: women had not only taken over the direction of the movement but also had promoted the dissolution of constitutional reform. Charles Parnell, the exonerated leader, became increasingly alarmed that the League was being used "not for purposes he approved of, but for a real revolutionary end and aim."6 Consequently, Charles Parnell high-handedly crushed the Land League and thereafter, women's political participation, when he negotiated with the British. He usurped the power from the women and returned the League to the Moderate Liberals in the political arena, promising to drop the land agitation in order to concentrate on "more significant constitutional issues."7 It was the voice of the women who renounced Parnell's compromise—a proclamation which barred them from political activity for nearly forty years.

The legacy of the Ladies Land League was the realization that if women wanted to be politically active they had to form their
own organization or accept subordinate status. To understand women's present involvement in the Republican-Nationalist struggle one needs to reexamine the pages of history. Until recently, the Irish movement has never included within its programme a strategy for the liberation of women. Although women are now accepted on an equal basis with men into the revised structure of the IRA, it is unlikely that many have attained the high military ranking. As with the Land War Years, women are given a role without that implying any power within the organization.

It is this contradiction that needs to be reckoned with: the Irish Republicans must examine the past contributions of women and the way in which women's exclusion sets serious constraints on a social movement that seeks an equal and just society. Any authentic struggle for human liberation requires an authentic feminist revision of the past. As Kathleen Connery impatiently stated, prior to the 1916 Rising, ignoring the feminist cause showed a false conception of freedom and nationhood:

It is an attitude which is unable to grasp the simple fact that freedom of Irish womanhood is a vital and indispensable factor in the true Irish Nationhood, not a mere trifling side issue to be settled anyhow or anytime at the convenience of men.8

RESOURCES


5Ibid. Davitt, p. 349.

6Ibid. Davitt, p. 349.


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LESBIAN IMAGES ON STAGE
by Karen Hall

There are a few people who would be surprised by the fact that the treatment of lesbians in modern drama is far from positive. Playwrights often incorporate current public opinions in their works, and in a society where lesbianism is deemed immoral, lesbians are rarely treated compassionately in drama. Drama critics reinforce the negative portrayals of the lesbian characters. The public's opinion is then shaped by the play and the critics' reviews. Thus, the three groups, playwrights, critics and viewing public, form a cycle where current public opinion is displayed on stage and, consequently, is reinforced. Tennessee Williams' 1958 play, "Something Unspoken," and Frank Marcus' 1966 production, The Killing of Sister George, are but two of the many spirals in this seemingly endless cycle.

In "Something Unspoken," Williams depicted a conversation between Miss Cornelia Scott, a wealthy Southern spinster who is sixty years old, and Miss Grace Lancaster. Scott has been a leader in her chapter of the Confederate Daughters for many years, but her power has been usurped by a clique of middle class women. Thankfully, she is eligible to be a member of the Daughters of the Barons of Runymege, the Colonial Dames, and the Huguenot Society. Miss Grace Lancaster, a widow in her forties, was invited by Cornelia to stay with her after her husband died fifteen years ago. The women have lived the fifteen years together as companions, and also as secretary and employer. "There is between the two women a mysterious tension, an atmosphere of something unspoken" (p. 586).

When asked why he wrote "Something Unspoken," Williams replied, "Women are either bitches or victims of bitches. If they have any goodness it is destroyed. . .["Something Unspoken"] is good for actresses: They like to play bitches or victims of bitches." However, it is difficult to know who the bitch is in "Something Unspoken." Although Cornelia is somewhat domineering, she has perceived her years with Grace as years of companionship. She is the one to remember their anniversary and present Grace with fifteen roses--"a rose for every year, a year for every rose!" (p. 590). All she seeks from the relationship "is a little return of affection" and "a little outspokenness" (p. 591). But Cornelia has been "sentenced to silence for a lifetime," because Grace is "frightened of anything that betrays some feeling" (p. 590-1) and refuses to express the thing that is unspoken between Cornelia and herself. Cornelia tries repeatedly to broach the subject, but Grace will do "anything to evade a conversation, especially when the servant is not in the house" (p. 589). This is not an example of a bitchy employer who takes advantage of her weak secretary/companion. Cornelia wants very much to express her true feelings. She tells Grace, who was once worried about outstaying her welcome, "How blind of you not to see how
desperately I wanted to keep you here forever" (p. 593). After many failed attempts to get Grace to discuss their relationship, Cornelia gives Grace an order to get a pad and pencil so that she can dictate a letter. It is ambiguous who the real victim is, the woman whose love and affection are not returned or the woman who must juggle her role as subservient employee and companion in love.

The theater critics, however, had no problem identifying the bitch and the victim. Cornelia was described by one critic as "an overbearing older woman, whose little world revolves around the politics of her social clubs." Perhaps this reviewer did not hear Cornelia plainly state that she was not thinking about her social clubs. She was thinking only of Grace and saw the phone calls from Esmeralda Hawkins, which were keeping her updated on an election meeting, as an interruption (p. 589). This reviewer goes on to describe Grace, the woman who has held off the overbearing Cornelia for fifteen years, as a "submissive and suffering companion/secretary." Harold Clurman gave a similar description of Grace in his review, calling her a "woman too defenseless to find a means of resistance in their arid world." Yet another critic calls "Something Unspoken" a "telling dialogue between a rich, power-driven, ignorant snob of a New Orleans widow [Williams stated in his stage directions that Cornelia was a spinster]. . .and her genteel, browbeaten secretary/companion."

Although the critics were quick to judge Cornelia and Grace, they seemed to misunderstand "Something Unspoken." "Something Unspoken" was produced with Suddenly Last Summer. The two plays were billed under the title Garden District. Although Suddenly Last Summer rightfully outshined "Something Unspoken," it would not have been dismissed as readily as it was if the critics had understood it or had been willing to discuss the implications brought by it. One reviewer claimed "Something Unspoken" was little more than a prolonged conversation, and he blamed Williams for trying to create tension without action. Another critic called it "a warm-up piece that leaves the spectator cold." The critics' attitudes toward lesbianism were quite clear. Many talked around the subject as skillfully as Williams himself. Harold Clurman described "Something Unspoken" as "a sketch of a strange tie between [two women]" and stated that the play was "very slight but not without a meaning which [extended] beyond its fable." What this meaning is or what this "strange tie" might be, Clurman failed to say. Another tactic of evasion was feigned ignorance, as in Wolcott Gibbs' statement that "[Williams'] purpose. . .is insufficiently explicit for me." The most popular reaction, however, was to treat the subject of lesbianism as an interesting psychological character study, a "hideous truth." As one reviewer so eloquently summed it up, "[The play] is called "Something Unspoken and better be left so."

One critic dealt honestly with the theme of the play, however. Alan Brien states that "in the arithmetic of a Williams play, one plus one equals either everything or nothing. He continually
overestimates both the destructive and therapeutic powers of physical passion." This arithmetic equation does deal with a lesbian relationship, but "Williams winds as slowly and conspiratorially and portentously into the subject as if he were Miss Radclyffe Hall under the eye of Mr. James Douglas."* Brien goes on to say that "homosexuality is no longer a horrible secret, the sins that dare not speak its name...we now want facts, not hints." This may have been true in London, where Brien saw the play and wrote his review, but it was clearly not the case in America. Williams and the American critics skillfully avoided any mention of lesbianism or love between the two women. The critics were happy to judge one a bitch and the other a victim of a bitch and then dismiss the entire issue. Although "Something Unspoken" could have been a sensitive portrayal, Williams hurt it first by putting it on the bill with Suddenly Last Summer and later by making the sexist and ridiculous statement that he wrote it because actresses like to play bitches and victims of bitches. The critics then killed the play by reinforcing the unfair and untrue dominant/subservient stereotype into which Cornelia and Grace supposedly fit and by giving the play horrible reviews.

Unlike "Something Unspoken," there is no ambiguity in Frank Marcus' play, The Killing of Sister George. June Buckridge is a star in the radio show "Applehurst" in this play. In the serial, June has played the kindly country nurse known as Sister George for six years and has risen to fame in this role. Sister George has received awards from a variety of societies and has even had hospital wards named after her. However, behind the sweet and motherly Sister George whom the public adores is the cigar-chewing, nun-assaulting, lesbian, June Buckridge. June swears like a trooper, was the captain of her high school hockey team (p. 38), and refuses to do any "pansy stuff" around the house (p. 31). June quite clearly considers herself to be, or at least aspires to be, a man. She repeatedly refers to herself as a man or as one of the boys. She goes by the masculine name of her radio personality, George. And most important, she competes with men both in her career and in her personal life. On the radio show, Sister George is being eclipsed. Ginger, the publican, has been gaining in the ratings "ever since he had that win on the Premium Bonds, and lent the money to Farmer Bromley, so as they wouldn't turn his place into a broiler house" (p. 25). Just as June loses out to Ginger, who becomes "Applehurst's" new anti-hero, she also loses out to the men she competes with in her social life. In keeping with her aspirations to be a man, June has a relationship with a woman whom she treats as a wife. However, June cannot satisfy this woman. Much to June's displeasure, Alice McNaught, called Childie by June, has had many affairs with men.

*James Douglas was a major force in bringing Radclyffe Hall's lesbian novel, The Well of Loneliness, to the attention of the Home Secretary who then banned it from circulation.
Childie is in every way the abused victim. She is described by Marcus as a girl-woman. She collects dolls, does fine needle work (p. 35), writes poems (p. 38), and cannot stand up in a crisis (p. 88). She has been trapped in a humiliating relationship with George for seven years. During this time she has been forced into subserviancy and cruelly punished. We see her being forced to eat one of June's cigar butts (p. 28), to kiss the hem of June's dress (p. 62), and to drink June's dirty bath water (p. 106).

Unlike the reviews for "Something Unspoken" in which the mention of lesbianism was avoided, none of the critics were squeamish about the topic in their reviews of The Killing of Sister George. Perhaps this is because they have been enlightened and liberalized in the eight years that passed between the productions of "Something Unspoken" and The Killing of Sister George. More probably, it is due to Marcus' more caustic and humiliating treatment of his lesbian characters. In any case, the critics were quick to identify and label June as "a horsey, cigar-chewing, gin-swilling, bull-roaring lesbian who coarsely flays her pliant companion."

The critics were also in universal agreement as to who the victim was. Although Henry Hewes must have misread someone's notes, for he refers to Childie throughout his review as Charlie, once he got her name straight, he shares everyone's opinion that Childie was a "baby-faced, baby-souled thirty-four year old. . .masochist" who "submits to a lesbian tie-up."

The critics also agreed that the theme of The Killing of Sister George was the ironic gap between public appearance and private reality, but their opinions varied concerning Marcus' treatment of homosexuality in the play. One reviewer praised Marcus for "his stingingly unsentimental probe of what is foolish, vile, vain, concupiscent, and servile in the human animal." Tom Prideaux also praised Marcus for his unsentimental handling of June and Childie. He felt Marcus avoided any hint of sermonizing and treated the "unusual sex situation. . .with offhand casualness," passing no judgments, making no indictments and inviting the audience to be detached and avoid feeling sympathetic to either of the characters "lest it spoil our fun." Richard Gilman, on the other hand, felt Marcus maintained "a compassionate attitude toward the two women trapped in their kinky cocoon." Harold Clurman took the strongest stand on the use of homosexuality in The Killing of Sister George when he stated that "this is the kind of attack out of context which seeks to downgrade art by proclaiming that a number of its masters were (or are) homosexual."

Gerald Weales was also unimpressed with Marcus' humor, but for a very different reason. He states, "It is the same old joke. It is like an anti-Negro or anti-Semitic joke told by a bona fide liberal, with a CORE membership to prove it. The laugh still hangs on the stereotype and not on anything
that happens in the joke." And this is what June and Childie are, stereotypes. They are stereotypes set upon the stage for the audience to laugh at. As Wilfrid Sheed explained, The Killing of Sister George "is a bit like visiting interesting people on an off-evening—you know they are interesting, even though they are not doing anything interesting at the particular moment." Stereotypes can be humorous, but three acts of stereotypes and immature humor are far from comedy.

The stereotypes and mythologies surrounding lesbianism are used in both "Something Unspoken" and The Killing of Sister George. Williams uses the relationship between two women to illustrate the destructive power of passion and love. This in itself is not exploitative or demeaning. However, the unwillingness of the playwright himself and the many critics to discuss openly and honestly the lesbianism in the play demeaned Cornelia's love for Grace. Rather than a play about the pain of unrequited love, the critics made "Something Unspoken" into a play about a bitchy woman and her nasty, unnatural feelings for a helpless widow. Such a treatment denies the possibility of there being any true love between Cornelia and Grace and implies that this is true in reality also. Love between two women is disgusting, something that should remain unspoken.

Frank Marcus has implied this same untruth in The Killing of Sister George. Marcus has made the lesbian relationship appear sordid, twisted, a "kinky cocoon." During an argument, Marcus has Childie yell at June, "I'm not married to you, you know" (p. 64). Marcus is implying in this statement that because there can be no legal or religious union between two women, there can be no true relationship. Childie has been forced, tricked or coerced into a seven-year relationship in which she is not even satisfied. This brings to light another of the ridiculous myths supported in the play, that a woman cannot be satisfied or fulfilled without a real man and his penis. Even though June aspires to be a man (another stereotype—as lesbians do not want to become men), she can never be one, and thus, can never satisfy Childie. It is unfortunate that Marcus chose to portray his characters as he did, for even if he did want merely to create a parody of soap opera mentality, what he ended up with instead is a scathing portrayal of the lesbian lifestyle which critics and audiences responded to with laughter.

* * * * *
The recent film version of Alice Walker's novel The Color Purple has sparked considerable controversy, particularly in Black communities. Groups such as the National Association for the Advancement of Colored People (NAACP) and the Coalition Against Black Exploitation have organized protests against the film, charging stereotypical depictions of Black men and women. In an article in People Magazine a representative of the NAACP charged that Black males were portrayed stereotypically as brutal, savage and unredeemable; Black women were portrayed as servile and ignorant. "The film is dangerous and a lie to history," said law professor Leroy Chalk in the interview.

In response to these criticisms several questions come to mind. First, why should the NAACP and Coalition Against Black exploitation direct their criticism at Steven Spielberg, the film's director, and not at Alice Walker who provided text for the film, or Quincy Jones, who produced the film, or the film industry for releasing films which only show Blacks in stereotypical roles? None of these were mentioned by either group, yet all are responsible for the film. Steven Spielberg was hired to direct the film, he didn't write it or provide the money for its production.

It has also been suggested that it was inappropriate for Spielberg to direct the film because he is a white, Jewish male. The aliens and robots of the universe might level similar charges. But should he be held responsible for an accident of birth, or denied the right to work in certain areas simply because his experience is not similar to the characters in the films he makes? If this position is to be accepted as valid, there will be very few films made about the life experiences of anyone other than white males, who are the majority of directors within the film and television industries. As it is, numerous white male directors have made films about the life experiences of women and minorities whose life experiences were widely dissimilar to their own, without drawing the kind of criticism leveled at this one man.

Another point not mentioned is that Alice Walker had a great deal of creative control over the film and was on the set during almost all of the production. She had the opportunity and ability to guide Spielberg's decisions and change whatever misdirections he might have made.

Secondly, while some Black men in the film are portrayed as brutal and abusive, there is evidence of growth, change and redemption in those men. By the end of the film Mister, Celie's abusive husband, has changed, and he attempts to right the wrongs he did to her by providing the money to reunite her with her children and sister Nettie. This is clear indication of the
complexity of his character as well as his redemption. If he were
totally without remorse or the capacity for change, he would not
have cared whether Celie were ever reunited with her family, let
alone have taken on the responsibility of engineering that reunion.
Harpo, Mister's son, does not come across as brutal and violent.
He is shown in many scenes providing care for his children, a
clear statement against the stereotypic norm for males in general.
When he attempts to emulate his father's brutality with his own
wife Sophia, he learns that not all women will stand for such
treatment and that he as a male does not have to behave cruelly
to prove his manhood. Shug's husband Grady is neither abusive
nor brutal at any point throughout the film, nor are the other
males in the film (Shug's father, Nettie's benefactor and future
husband Samuel, or Sophia's boyfriend).

The women of the film cannot by any means be lumped together
as all being servile and ignorant. Celie starts out in the film
as a frightened and previously abused child. She is in no position
to stand up to anyone, yet by the end of the film she has learned
to expect more of herself and those around her. She learns that
no one has the right to treat any other human being as a servant
or with brutality. She grows out of her quiet servitude. In the
beginning of the film she is uneducated (which some might call
ignorant) because she has been denied the opportunity to learn,
first by her father and then by the situation she finds herself in
after marrying Mister. Shug Avery could hardly be called ignorant.
She is educated, has travelled to Europe and South America,
and reflects a cultural refinement that is the result of her life
experiences. She could hardly be called servile. Throughout
the film it is clear that she behaves in accordance with her own
desires, regardless of what any man might want. Sophia also
defies the term servile. She leaves her husband because he would
make her a servant in her own home. It is not until the White
power structure of the town steps in and forces servitude on her
that her behavior could be deemed servile. The reason she behaves
so then is because it is necessary for her survival.

If anything, this film portrays the triumph of Black women
and men over oppressive circumstances, ignorance, and learned
brutality. This image is by far more positive than most that
have come out of the Hollywood film industry, which continues
to claim there is no market for Black films in spite of the
success of films like The Color Purple and A Soldier's Story.
Meanwhile, the industry continues to hire Black actresses and
actors to play the pimps, prostitutes, drug addicts, servants
and irreputable characters in "White" films. The NAACP and Coalition
Against Black Exploitation hasn't protested films such as Witness
(in which Danny Glover of The Color Purple also acted) where there
were only two Black characters, one a "good cop" who was killed in
the first half hour of the film and the other a "bad cop" living
outside the law he was sworn to uphold who was seen throughout
the film committing acts of murder and brutality. They have not
helped to organize formal protests against an industry that would
allow such obviously exploitive and negative treatment of Blacks,
nor have they worked to organize support for the production of more positive Black films by providing the financial backing for such films.

Mr. Clark's assertion that the film is "a lie to history" is simply absurd. First of all, the film is based on a work of fiction and is not attempting to provide a historical portrayal of Black lives. Second and more important, there are numerous historical accounts based on the letters and journal entries of Black women which reveal that their life circumstances were shockingly similar to those of Celie. That is not to say that all Black women have experienced such abuse, but substantial numbers have and continue to. One need only visit battered women's shelters or contact crisis centers for victims of sexual abuse to see that such violence against women and children persists and exempts no one on the basis of race. To deny this is to deny the reality of the lives of countless Black women and children and to tacitly support the continuance of such abuses. Blind denial of historical and present reality are the true dangers.

Mr. Clark does not say why he considers the film dangerous. Could it be because the film gives a painfully honest portrayal of one (though not all) Black woman's experiences? Could it be dangerous because the story portrays Black women as capable of overcoming abuse and oppression to gain self respect, dignity, and strength? Is it dangerous because the film is based on the work of a Black woman author speaking in the voice of a Black woman (a voice that has formerly been silent in this country and that many have struggled to keep from being heard)? Is it dangerous because it shows positive bonding between Black women that allows them to survive and grow independently, but not to the exclusion of Black men? Or, is it dangerous because it allows the possibility of a satisfying, long-term, primary love relationship between two women? It is not clear, but any of these reasons reflects a reaction based in sexism and heterosexism and can only function to support the existing oppression of Black women and Black people by a patriarchal system—a system which does not allow men and women the freedom to develop or grow into productive people, diverse yet connected by mutual respect and regard.

* * * * *

12
"WHORING AFTER EQUALITY": PERCEPTIONS AND REALITY
OF WOMEN IN THE MILITARY
Anonymous

This paper is an attempt to view women's involvement in the military not only as a response, or reaction against societal gender norms and economic deprivation, but also to set up a theoretical model for understanding the military's recognition and use of women as objects—tools to meet its own patriarchal needs.

Women have been incorporated into the military for three main reasons. The first reason lies in the military's primary identity as a pawn of patriarchal home-rule. On this level, the military seeks to regain control over those women who perceive and define themselves apart from the patriarchal domination by resubmerging them into traditional gender roles within the sexual division of labor. Second, women are used as a vehicle for maintaining "manpower" quotas threatened by the shortage of male recruits following the volunteer draft. And finally, the inclusion of women in the military is a means of maintaining the sacred "manliness" of combat. This is accomplished by providing a pool of disposable "feminine" labor. Taking "loose" or "deviant" (non-patriarchally defined) women out of the public, civilian arena and putting them into private contractual relationships, thus creating a patriarchal marital model, legitimizes the ideological rape of women in the military. This type of power and control relationship, while keeping the women submissive, simultaneously exalts the men's sense of dominance and machismo, their masculine identity. "Channeling 'soft' emotions (compassion, love, suffering) into permitted private heterosexual relationships, and glorifying 'hard' emotions (aggression, hatred, brutality) is an essential characteristic of militarism" (Chapkis, p. 9).

Men objectify women by projecting their own insecurities onto them—categorizing women as either sexually "normal" (desiring male sexual domination, i.e., a whore), or sexually "abnormal" (resisting male sexual domination, i.e., a lesbian). Men in the United States Air Force jokingly translate W.A.F.—Women's Air Force—as "women all fuck." These names serve not only as a means of social control, making it easier to scapegoat women, but they also serve as potentially valid frames of ideological reference. When women go into the service, particularly for what they feel is equal opportunity, both economically and socially, this exploitation is justified and unknowingly perpetuated by women's acceptance of their own resocialization. In fact, by being forced to reject lesbian values, women are forced into the Orwellian-type role of "whoring after equality." In other words, women give their minds and bodies willingly to satisfy their own desires for equality, yet at the same time, they fulfill a created role as objects of male ego satisfaction. Unfortunately, this ethos manifests itself within the empirical world all too frequently. Women are raped, on an average, of two to one in the military as compared to in
the civilian world. Why are we (women) always the last to know the men's secrets? How did we know that "the other" women that they call whores are really us, too?

"Us too" is an especial reference to myself as both a woman and as a corporal in the United States Marine Corps Reserve. As a part of the larger Western military system, I am often confronted with conflicting emotions particularly concerning my involvement and identification with feminist ideology. One of my reasons for choosing this topic is my increased suspicion and awareness that, in fact, my self-perceptions as a responsible, independent and individually valuable member of the armed forces is a fallacy conveniently perpetuated (placed-?) upon me by the machinations of the patriarchal structure. What is frightening about this personal contradiction is the realization that my experience is not unique. Because of the simple fact that I am a woman, I am treated and named as an object, which renders my bonds to the Marine Corps meaningless and insulting. My problem arises out of a painful conflict between what I perceive as my role and status as a United States Marine (the loyalty and responsibilities to my fellow Marines, the pride attached to my uniform and my position and authority as a non-commissioned officer--all those things I have been socialized to hold dear) and my responsibilities to myself and other women as a feminist. It becomes increasingly harder to ignore the gap between sexist values and interpersonal relations, and the projected political image of the military.

Part of the problem addressed here is not simply one of women's concerns, but all subjugation within the overall structure of a birth-ascribed hierarchy. It is a question that must include not only women, but the poor, especially racial minorities, and also an increasingly defranchised middle class. "In 1980, 36% of all women in the military were black, as compared to 12% of the general population" (Chapkis, p. 21). Although a number of factors need to be accounted for, including class, race, education and personal background, I feel that, as a whole, we can make some generalizations about why women join the military. The chart below, published by the Department of Defense in 1982, serves as a good reference and starting point. In addition to this list, many women choose the military in order to escape or delay entry into another patriarchal institution: marriage. These are possible reasons in addition to getting out from under stifling families and dead-end jobs without sacrificing the security those institutions presumably give to women (Enloe, p. 132).
One of the main reasons listed is the desire to better oneself. What does that say about the message given to young women by our society? Before we look deeper into this question, let's look at some of the statements given by women in the military, about the military.

Enlisted:

"When in uniform, I could swear that I'm at least two feet taller. I worked hard for the responsibility and honor of wearing it. I wear it proudly and with all the respect it commands."

I may not have a lot of money, but when I put on that uniform and those emblems, I'm the richest person in the world."

"Part of being a non-commissioned officer is taking care of young people, if I didn't have their respect and confidence, I wouldn't be a very good leader. They know I'll stand up for them, they can trust me and I do my job. Sometimes its hard, but you just have to prove yourself." (Justine P. Zambback, now Cpl, USMCR)

Officer:

"The Marine Corps has always been the last of the U.S. military organizations to accept women. I'm willing to accept the Corp's conservative approach in order to be a part of the proudest and finest military organization in the world." (LtCol Carol A. Mutter, USMC)
The language used by these women indicates that there is a process of transformation occurring—a transformation from invisibility and powerlessness to authority, respect and most importantly—the perception of power. Perhaps now they are "equal." Isn't that what is told to us as women, "Of course you're equal, just different." No, we are not equal. This is the crux upon which my argument is based. The fact of women's inequality is not only beyond the scope of this paper, it is an assumption. However, this assumption is based on the analysis of the division of labor as a social relation of power and control, where men are dominant. Following from such a division, images linked to men are accorded a superior status. Where maleness is linked to success and femaleness to failure, gender role socialization characterizes the masculine as "hard, strong, and sensible; the feminine as soft, vulnerable and foolish" (Russell, p. 20).

I don't think that the rise of the women's movement in the early 1970s is unrelated to the channeling of this energy into acquiring status through the pursuit of male values. "The Army can make you feel good about yourself...be all you can be." It seems to make sense. The increasing number of women in the service must be telling us something.

Women in the military most commonly function in administrative and "helpmate" positions which are ironically similar to those held by women in the civilian labor market. This fact is part of the increased attractiveness of the military for women, based on the development of skills that are employable "back home." Moreover, because of the general rigidity of the military bureaucracy, the military's sexual division of labor can prove to be even more rigid than that of the public arena.

While a male member of the armed forces finds his primary identity as a soldier, sailor or airman, women are viewed primarily as misplaced females. "He is a serviceman, whilst she is a 'woman in uniform'--something extra she can take off" (Enloe, p. 13). Notice in the following recruiting literature how the description of male bootcamp glorifies the machismo, the success and control over presumably impossible physical and mental feats, and the language used in identification. Notice also how in women's bootcamp, the qualities of teamwork, discipline, patience, and understanding, minimal expectations and material beauty are emphasized.

Life in the Marine Corps

Male recruit is no rose garden. You'll be on the go from the second you step off the bus...Then, you'll meet your drill instructors. They're the men who will teach you how to walk, talk, eat, wash, run, march, shoot, everything but how to breathe... They are extremely demanding. But they'll fire you up with pride--a pride that stays with you for life...You're developing the confidence of someone who has done more than he ever thought he could...
And then comes the day of graduation... this is the day you receive the title that you've worked so hard to earn: the title of United States Marine.

Women's recruit training reaches teamwork and discipline. It is your initiation into one of the finest groups of devoted women in America: the Woman Marines. You'll learn to take orders, and to drill in formation. You'll take Physical training, which is designed to help you pass your Physical fitness test. You'll attend practical application courses in etiquette, poise, wardrobe planning, and how to wear your makeup. Now, (on graduation day) you realize that you've gained maturity and self-discipline... you've earned yourself a good future because now, you're a Woman Marine.

In the manual on leadership for non-commissioned officers (NCOs), we read the following:

The fundamentals of leadership are the same for women as for men. However, there are a few special points that women NCOs would be wise to bear in mind.

Be a Lady. By gracious ways, by high standards of conduct, by wholesome outlooks, by avoidance of quarreling and squabbles, and by essentially ladylike ways of counseling, guiding and instructing, you will typify all that is best in the traditions of women in the Marine Corps.

In the Marines, being a lady has a specific role definition attached to it. A good woman, a lady, is one, of course, who makes the men around her willingly act like gentlemen. She is a nurturer, not aggressive or demanding, non-threatening, submissive, and is ideally an attractive heterosexually-typed woman. In this case, women fulfill their greatest task as seen through the eyes of patriarchy: the wife and mother.

When women begin to define themselves as women, independent of this pathological desire for submission as simply "helpmate," they invoke the wrath and isolation on the mystical title: lesbian. The label of lesbian is an instrument of control. By being made to fear lesbians and the ensuing punishment, harassment and discharge--most significantly--which follow such a label (or actuality), women are hesitant to define themselves and continue to modify any assertive behavior which may be countered by the "lesbian" charge. For the military men, this is the desired response; women are molded into traditional gender roles. "In the period covering 1978-1982, women were ten times more likely than men to have their private lives officially investigated. In 1979, United States Army reports show that women were six times as likely to be discharged for homosexuality" (Enloe, p. 141-3).

Sex-role segregation is perpetuated by forcing women into derivative status relationships with men, particularly as
potential wives and mothers in the military system. This duality serves to further divide and thus subjugate women. The military is not new to the convenient use of women.

The question is not whether women want to join the military, rather, "How can women be controlled so that they can be made available to satisfy individual male soldier's presumed sexual needs and yet cause no loss to military efficiency?"

In each country military strategists need women. "They need women who will act and think as patriarchy expects women to act and think. And they need women whose use can be disguised so that the military can remain the quintessentially "masculine" institution, the bastion of "manliness" (Enloe, p. 220).

NOTES

There are many unresolved questions that need to be addressed, including 'where do we go from here.' If we recognize this type of structure, must we abandon the military or must we might it? And what of those women and men who have formed significant and often meaningful attachments to the military? This must be a part of our understanding. One of the biggest problems, however, is the current societal mood. What does Ronald Reagan's landslide victory say about the need to enforce and inflict gender roles given his oppressively conservative policies? Also, what new issues must we face with the escalation of the arms race? And, as a personal bias, it is of critical importance to look at the flipside of this model, the women's peace movement: places like Greenham Common, etc.


* * * * *
For Alice Walker, "There is no book more important to me than" Zora Neale Hurston's Their Eyes Were Watching God.¹ Janie Crawford, the novel's protagonist, is a heroine to Walker, whose poetic and prose comments on the work help label the source of Janie's (and, according to Walker, all strong women's) heroism and personal emancipation. Only through a series of relationships, in which she is ignorantly submissive to a point, does Janie develop this liberating trait, which is, in Walker's terms, loving herself, "Regardless."²

In her collection of womanist essays, In Search of Our Mothers' Gardens, Walker includes a poem:

I love the way Janie Crawford
left her husbands
the one who wanted to change her
into a mule
and the other who tried to interest her
in being a queen.
A woman, unless she submits,
is neither a mule
nor a queen
though like a mule she may suffer
and like a queen pace the floor.³

In the first half of the poem, Walker discusses Janie's two husbands. Logan Killick is a farmer to whom she is wed because her Nanny wants her to have "protection." The young, romantically innocent Janie is dismayed to find her ideals of marriage shattered. She comes crying to Nanny, "Ah wants to want him sometimes. Ah don't want him to do all de wantin."⁴ Realizing that marriage is not "sweet...lak when you sit under a pear tree and think,"⁵ and that her husband instead intends to have her plough fields mule-like, Janie runs off with a good-looking, big-talking man. With Killick's apron, thereby discarding her wifehood and taking one step toward self-assertion.

Joe Starks, her second husband, also denies Janie's individuality. This time, however, as Walker notes, Janie is a "queen," who, as royalty of Mayor Starks' estate is denied pleasures of her own personality. He has her tie up even her hair, a distinct trait of Janie, because other men and women remark about it. As a storekeeper, Mrs. Starks is not allowed to associate with common people. It takes Janie many years, but she abandons her second husband, too. Even though he is dying, Janie understands the importance of asserting her right to be known as herself. She claims, "You wasn't satisfied wid me de way Ah was. Naw! Mah own mind had tub be squeezed and
crowded out tub make room for yours in me."⁶ With the removal of
the head scarf and with Jody's death, Janie comes a step closer
to personal freedom.

The second half of Walker's poem conveniently sidesteps the
apparent and troubling inconsistency of Hurston's book. "Unless
she submits," a woman is not a mule or a queen, Walker's poetic
logic asserts. When Janie submits to Killick and to Starks, she
is not her natural self. But by leaving those men, she also
abandons her potential to be a mule or queen. She has learned
better. What is Janie, then, when she submits to Tea Cake's, a
truly loving man in her life, beating?

Walker at first considers this injustice as a "'mistake' on
Hurston's part."⁷ Janie is submitting a third time and is neither
mule nor queen, but something different altogether. She is,
according to Walker, a "prize," Tea Cake's prize.⁸ To deter men,
specifically Mrs. Turner's brother, from advancing on his fair-
skinned, pretty woman, Tea Cake demonstrates his ownership of
Janie by beating her. The highly visible marks prove to others on
the muck that Janie is Tea Cake's rightful possession. How can
Janie stand for this? Why does she play along? Walker claims that
his beatings justify Janie's shooting Tea Cake, who, mad with
disease, pulls a gun on her.

The connection between Janie permitting Tea Cake to beat her
and her killing him parallels her involvement in other relation-
ships. Just as she withstood Killick's indifference to her self
and Starks' repression of her self, Janie also submits to Tea Cake's
abuse because she has not yet the courage of self-love, "regardless,"
to object. It takes a confrontation between only herself and Tea
Cake for her to actively affirm her self. At gun point, Janie is
forced to choose her self over Tea Cake and in doing so she becomes
her own prize. After her loving relationship with Tea Cake, which
is her last in her maturation as a woman, Janie is free to live
her life.

Janie expresses her freedom and knowledge with a metaphor.
Although she does not specify, Janie talks of self love as well
as love for others when she says:

Love is lak de sea. It's uh movin' thing, but still
and all, it takes its shape from de shore it meets,
and it's different with every shore.⁹

Furthermore, having gone through her life, Janie says, "Ah done been tub
to horizon and back and now Ah kin set heah in mah house and live by
comparisons."¹⁰

The shores, of course, represent men, but now, at the end of
the book, she is alone and speaks of the horizon, the other
extension of the sea. This is the all-encompassing and liberating
flow of the sea, of love: love of oneself. All three relation-
ships, or "shores," which Janie meets up with cause her to take
some imposed "shape." But, tide-like, after each such encounter, Janie moves a little further toward her "horizon."

The reaching of her "horizon" permits her to live knowingly and independently, because although she has loved in the other direction, loving all the things Walker says a woman should love ("music. . ., the moon. . ., dance. . ., food. . ., roundness. . ., struggle. . ., and the Folk"), Janie Crawford has learned to "love herself. Regardless."

Being her own prize, having been to the furthest seeing point,

She pulled in her horizon like a great fish net. Pulled it from around the waist of the world and draped it over her shoulder. So much life in its meshes! She called in her soul to come and see.12

"Here was peace,"13 peaceful freedom derived from an active self-love, which she learned by submitting to then rejecting abusiveness in relationships.

FOOTNOTES

1Alice Walker, In Search of Our Mothers' Gardens, p. 86.
2Walker, p. xii.
3Walker, p. 7
4Zora Neale Hurston, Their Eyes Were Watching God, p. 41.
5Hurston, p. 43.
6Hurston, p. 133.
7Walker, p. 304.
8Walker, p. 305.
9Hurston, p. 284.
10Hurston, p. 284.
11Walker, p. xii.
12Hurston, p. 286.
13Hurston, p. 286.

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THANK YOU, ROSA PARKS  
by Chiquita Calloway

I remember hearing about Rosa Parks from a little girl. She was the woman who was arrested for refusing to give her seat to a white man one day while riding the city bus. Whenever I heard her name I saw her being escorted off that bus in handcuffs and the white man occupying her space. I carried that picture in my mind for many years.

I was thirteen years old before the picture began to change. That was my eighth grade year and the year I took my first Black History course. For the first time in my life I was made aware of what slavery and Jim Crow were really about. My mind was opened to the dehumanization, degradation, oppression and segregation Black people were and continue to be subjected to. I was also made aware of the many accomplishments of the Black race and experienced Black pride, self worth, and a sense of purpose. I began to understand why Rosa Parks was expected to give up her seat to a white man and why she didn't. In my Black History class I learned that Rosa Parks' refusal to surrender her seat and her subsequent arrest sparked the famous Montgomery bus boycott in 1956, which earned her the title of the Mother of the Modern Civil Rights Movement, and resulted in my being able to sit wherever I wanted on a city bus. I now understand why someone--I don't remember who--felt it necessary to plant her name in my early memory.

Words will never be able to express what I felt when I was able to see and hear Rosa Parks speak at Denison University this past Black History Month. She was the one who held the brush which would complete the picture for me. When Rosa Parks boarded the bus on December 1, 1956, she paid her fare and proceeded to the back of the bus to find a seat. Although she had worked hard all day and would have liked to have sat in the closest available seat, she didn't even consider sitting in one of the empty seats closer to the front of the bus, because she would have been breaking the law. After more than forty years of living in a country which didn't allow her the right to vote, or hold public office, she was used to back doors, balconies and the back section of buses. When the bus stopped to allow a white man to board, there were no more seats available anywhere on the bus. It was the bus driver who continued to the back of the bus and demanded that Mrs. Parks and three others surrender their seats to this man and other boarding white passengers. When she refused, the bus driver contacted the police, who came and arrested her. Although she was only delayed at the police station for a couple of hours, Rosa Parks' human rights had once again been violated and this time she was ready to take action. She had been an active participant in the Black struggle for civil rights, and under the leadership of Dr. Martin Luther King, she and scores of other Black Americans were able to end segregation in public transportation.
As I beheld this petite, beautiful 73 year-old daughter of Africa, I experienced such joy, pride, and gratitude as I have ever known. When I watched my three young nieces behold this woman, my emotions overwhelmed me. I know they are too young to understand it now, but one day they will realize why it was important for them to come see, hear, and touch this woman. They will understand the significance of Mrs. Parks' refusal and the impact it has made in their lives.

As I listened to Rosa Parks speak of equality, love, and peace I was guided to a time when we were free. Her voice took me to a land deep, dark, and rich in history and knowledge. I saw Africa gather her children and warn them that things were about to change; that someone was going to come and take many of them to a faraway land. She didn't know exactly what would happen to them or herself, but she whispered to each of them that she loved them, and not to ever forget her or what she had given them.

Rosa Parks hasn't forgotten, and she beseeched us not to forget. She gave me a seat anywhere on the bus that pleases me most, and now I know that I must give something too. She reminded me of Africa's whisper to her children not to forget. I must help keep Africa's culture and history alive and respected. For the moment, all I had to offer Rosa Parks and Africa was a long overdue "Thank you." They both have demonstrated determination, endurance, and courage, and I vow to continue Rosa Parks' efforts to achieve equality for Africa's dark, beautiful children.

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A Draft in Progress:
A NEW COURSE DAWNS
by Gill Miller

Early one morning with the hush that only fresh winter snow can bring, I was reading "The Study of Women: Processes of Personal and Curricular Revision," a feminist theory article by Peggy McIntosh. My children were still sleeping and my husband, Dixon, was making breakfast. Peggy was guiding me through a new journey, pointing out traditional educational "landscapes" and claiming that for those who were willing to open their eyes there was much more to our own history than we had been taught in the '50s and '60s. At the particular moment in question, Peggy and I were processing the "back to basics" philosophy for education. I was convinced by the clarity of her argument that those people who subscribed to "back to basics" thinking were not thinking. "The philosophy is incredibly narrow," I mentioned to Dixon. He didn't see my point. "It's too early in the morning," I thought. "I'm not making myself clear." So I tried again. He still didn't understand that the experience of most of the world had been excluded in a typical, "traditional" education. It was not possible, he argued, to include everything. Obviously there was only time to include significant events—and only some of those.
Several hours passed. The children awoke. Matthew closed himself in the bathroom. Christopher turned on the computer games. Stewart complained that no one had put out his clothes and Mary Ann would be here soon to pick him up for school. Five-month-old Alex was screaming that breakfast was late. His clarion call asked who was in charge, and where was she?

Dixon and I continued to debate feminist philosophy; the relative merits of respecting traditions; the history courses that were taught by linking wars and treaties, land acquisition, military defense and power; and whether or not the other of us had any common sense. He said something about world progress and getting ahead. Stewart wandered through the room looking for his shoes. "Where is it that we are trying to get?" he asked. In a fit of frustration, Dixon finally snapped "No women appear in the history books because no women have ever done anything of significance."

Somewhere in the midst of my cringing, I remembered Linda Nochlin's article "Why Have There Been No Great Women Artists?" In her article, Nochlin makes a case that there have not been great women artists because women have been denied access to the institutions (whether physical or psychological) that nurture raw talent. But along the way to her conclusion, she introduces the idea that we, as researchers, may not be asking the right questions. We may be assuming a definition of "greatness" that is already gender-biased. The definition that we are using may be based on false premises or premises that predetermine that men will be able to succeed while women will not.

It occurred to me then, and it occurs to me now, that we, as teachers, may not be asking the right questions: "Significant" by whose definition? How are we defining the rules of any particular game? Who gets to decide? What makes one event worthy of inclusion in a history book, or as an artwork, and another insignificant? The activities of growing crops, feeding babies, caring for children, weaving cloth: how could these events ever be excluded from the history of Man (sic)? He could not exist if those tasks were not being done by someone.

Eventually the thought of rearranging the questions, and asking new ones that might solicit different answers altogether, became ultimately important for me as an educator. Had I been unfair in my representation of Dance as an art form? Had I not seen, and not shown my students, a larger picture even as I was focusing on a smaller population for one semester? Were my students misunderstanding Modern Dance and its place in the American culture because I was representing it traditionally instead of accurately? Were the history texts that I was using only seeing a very narrow view of American dance history? How could I find access to other worlds also existing between 1928 and 1966? I began thinking about a Freshman Studies course that I teach that examines the profound question "What is Art?" By the end of the course I would like to feel that my students have some vague notion
of what art really is, and perhaps by default, what it is not. I want this working definition to be relevant, personal, and mutable. Those qualities recognize that the definition is valid yet temporary, changing as we change, growing as we grow, given the constraints of our particular existence as part of a specific culture in a limited period of history.

Addressing the question "What is art?" by discipline doesn't really make sense. If Hamlet (Shakespeare) and Gettin' Out (Norman) are both considered "art," we could easily spend the entire semester researching the similarities and differences in terms of writing styles, presentation, authors, format, content, impact on society, universality, commonalities, and the like. But how does answering those questions about dramas help us include Bach's Brandenburg Concerto, Penderecki's Threnody, and Reich's Come Out? And if by some fluke we could arrive at inclusive conditions for these works in music, would the same conditions hold true for Swan Lake, Graham's Appalachian Spring, Rainer's Trio A, and the dances of Bali?

What, then, to do with the cave paintings of Lascaux, The Sistine Chapel, Jackson Pollock's Number One? One can see the mounting impossibility of defining art by arriving at an acceptable definition for one of the disciplines and then attempting to generalize to all disciplines.

A representative thoroughness of the kinds of "artworks" mentioned above (if indeed we can even agree that they are all works of "art") still leaves unanswered questions about subway graffiti, quilting, belly dancing, and the improvisational play/acting that occurs in a corporate executive's suite. Can any of these creative adventures be considered works of art by an inductive process? by a disciplinary search? And what are we to do with the decorative arts, homemaking, creative childcare solutions, poetic songs that teach numbers and letters to those just meeting the vast information available to them in a literate world?

Could it be possible that instead of attempting to disqualify any part of the human experience as non-art, we spend the semester sifting through many, many examples of artworks, both products and processes, that may have touched our lives or that we may have avoided (consciously or unconsciously) and place them in momentary confines (appropriate for a good, hard look) in order to uncover a personal, relevant, and necessarily ever-changing definition.

Three benefits could come of thematic rather than disciplinary explorations:

(1) We could explore, by offering examples, many of life's richest experiences. These could include works traditionally considered "masterful" and (dichotomously) those considered "servantful." Suddenly, even the women working in the fields who are dancing with their hands and singing for joy and community in their hearts are involved in an art form that we could explore.
Simultaneously we could attempt to break apart definitions to help us uncover why certain categories and disciplines and schools have already been set up. By whom? For whom? And of what value are these pre-existing limitations?

Consider the example of Impressionist Art. Near the end of the nineteenth century a group of artists known to us today as "French Impressionists" put together a series of eight exhibitions. They were rebelling against the existing Academy. Those who showed their work in the exhibitions (including Degas, Monet, Manet, Pissarro, Renoir, Cassatt, Seurat, Caillebotte, and others) could only agree to call themselves "Independents." They objected to the rules and dictates of the Academy. But immediately they began formulating rules themselves, discounting those who did not follow the "new art" and chose instead to show at the Salons. While objecting to the old school, did they set up a new school? Of what value were the new rules? Who did they service? At whose expense?

Thirdly, and perhaps most importantly, we could begin to understand the discrimination against non "white male" art. In her book From the Center, Lucy Lippard claims that the discrimination against women consists of disregarding women, stripping them of self-confidence, refusing to consider a married woman or mother a serious artist, labeling women unfeminine and abnormally assertive, treating women as sex objects and using this as an excuse not to see women's art, using fear of professional or social rejection to encourage jealousy between women, denying women the same networking rights as men, exploiting a women's intuitive sensitivity and aggressively shouting her down in order to discourage more intelligent or articulate women, and the like. My initial exploration confirms that the same tactics are used to discourage or discriminate against other non-White Western European Wealthy Male artwork.

It seems that an orderly and manageable approach might begin by asking three kinds of questions:

First, what do we think art is? What has our experience shown us that art might be? Why do we think they are "art?"

Second, what events have eluded our experience? Why? Because of our culture? Because of our location? Because of our age? Because of our environment?

Finally can we brainstorm an infinite number of dichotomous pairs that help us frame "art works" (as we think they are) and their opposites, to help us see what we may have forgotten. Can these pairs of inquiries then formulate the basis of searching through our intuition, finally arriving at "what is art?" at least for now, for us?

Let me illustrate briefly what I have in mind. We could begin like this:
Art is public and private, concrete and dissolving, traditional and non-traditional. It both invests power and diffuses it, functions directly and indirectly, is utilitarian and non-utilitarian, raises questions and answers them. Art exists outdoors and indoors, physically and mentally, as a product and as a process. The same object may be art in one situation, and not art in another; the same process may produce art in some cases and not produce art in others.

It seemed clear to me that Dixon's shouted "significance" had opened up a new world to me, a world that I might never have stumbled upon if he hadn't insisted that his definition was "the real one." It was as much the assertion communicated in the tone of his voice, the body language, the method of declaring the end of the discussion, as the assumption that we would both agree on the definition of "significance." He wasn't trying to quiet me, just to make certain I knew that I was wrong. He had learned this delivery from widespread role-modeling more than from any one individual. But I am the mother of four boys. I can't let them believe, unchallenged, that raising their voices, walking out of the room, forcefully closing a book and slamming it down, or acting as if they're bored or on to something more interesting or more challenging, means that they are right, or better, or closer to the truth.

Dixon finished dressing for work: dark suit; white, starched shirt; maroon tie. I reminded Matthew of the time, turned off Chris's computer games, found Stewart's shoes, fed Alex, and sipped on a cup of coffee. Maybe it was the darkness sliding into the new light of day, the stillness blossoming into bustling children and busy schedules, the coldness warming over with sunshine and cocoa, that beckoned me to continue questioning. Why was I feeling defeated? Why was I feeling like the one person, inspite of his briefcase, who would understand me, was on to significant adventures for the day, like bank closings, and purchase agreements, and tough negotiations, while I was left to feed the children, smooth their hurts, practice their homework sheets, and pass out hugs and kisses. It was an inner voice, the one that Carol Gilligan speaks of, that kept telling me to take a giant step forward. Whispering, timidly, the most I could say was "Mother, may I?"

* * * * *
B 128  Confucius
C 787  Life

BL 1801
.S.E

BL 1840  W7

DS 740
D 4