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This Way Daybreak Comes: Women's Values and the Future.
By Annie Cheatham and Mary Clare Powell.
Afterward by Gloria Anzaldua.

(Philadelphia: New Society Publishers, 1986)

*By Madeleine Glynn Trichel, Peace House: The Center for Peace
 at St. Stephen's, Columbus, Ohio.*

Annie Cheatham and Mary Clare Powell have written a most unusual book. It grew from a two-year project called "The Future is Female," in the course of which the writers traveled 30,000 miles across Canada and the United States, interviewing 1,000 women. Neither of the authors is a scholar, and they chose to use an informal, inclusive method of finding women for these interviews. They were looking for examples of "innovative organizations, creative ideas, and positive life choices." This Way Daybreak Comes is not an academic or statistical research project. It is, rather, intuitive and inductive. It celebrates the diversity of women and their work while, at the same time, it asserts the authors' belief that "women, as a group, are the planet's best hope for survival." Cheatham and Powell reached this conclusion as a result of the interviews, which showed that women base their decision making on two assumptions: first, "women take the 'self' as their major reference point;" second, "the 'self' is the major reference point only in the context of connectedness" or the interrelation of each person with all of life. Because of these assumptions, women act in ways which are changing the world. Cheatham and Powell articulate some general categories:

Women are bringing about world peace through international understanding. Women are working on the local level, in towns and neighborhoods, because they believe the center is there. Women are restoring the balance between humans and all other planetary life. Women are altering the processes of government. Women are restructuring the built environment. Women are creating families with people other than blood kin. In the process they are redefining family.

Women are focusing on their most interior voices – dreams, hunches, psychic voices – and teaching others to listen. Women are working together efficiently and respectfully. Women are creating art and displaying it everywhere – in streets, on sides of buildings, from the air – and it is changing minds and hearts.

Cheatham and Powell have divided their material into three major sections. "Women Relate" begins with "The Wise Woman Inside," woman relating to self, and ends with "Meeting at the International Well." Between these are chapters dealing with issues of love and sexuality; ways women are constructing new families; and ways some women have chosen to center their power and their work in the communities where they live rather than move to "power centers" in big east- or west-coast cities.

Part two, "Women Create," contains useful information on feminist publications, film and record companies, and communication organizations which break the silence between women. A chapter on creativity deals primarily with artists and some of the unconventional means through which they collaborate and bring their work to public attention. The final chapter in this section explores differences between man-made space and the spaces designed, owned, and used by women and informed by their values.

"Women Heal," the final section, deals with human kinship with the earth, "rewriting the social contract" to overcome oppression in all its guises, and waging peace – "The most important issue facing women today."

The book itself reflects the inclusive, intuitive nature of the interview method. Many of the women speak for themselves, either through quotations – sometimes quite lengthy – or through the fifty illustrations. Some of the women we learn about in detail, but most of them we hear in only a few sentences, at most a half page. This method imparts a richness and density that is sometimes overwhelming, sometimes frustrating. I often put the book away for a while, because I could not "listen" any more; often I wanted to know more about individual women. If the writers had concentrated on fewer women, I would have found the depth I wished for, and the "listening" would have been easier; yet the strength of this book is that in naming so many women, and including so many examples of their work, the writers have shown the fabric of a network which we all think must be out there somewhere, but which we rarely feel, touch, see, hear.

This network is available to every reader, because Cheatham and Powell's commitment to inclusion extends even beyond the end of this work. In the last few pages, after brief biographical statements about the authors, there is a page we might wish for in every book: "How to Contact the Authors." Here we are invited to keep in touch, to receive mailings, to find the women of these pages and others, and we are given an address. That makes the book part of a process rather than a product carved in stone for all time.

The women we are invited to find represent amazing variety. Cheatham and Powell write, "We met all kinds of women – inner city dwellers and farmers, church ministers and psychics, leaders of radical grassroots organizations and Congresswomen, scientists and steelworkers. We also met over two hundred artists." All the women are involved in some kind of action which they believe will make the future better for themselves and for others. But there is no agenda here that sets forth one way as the only way.

Diversity of opinion, even conflicting opinion, makes up this network. The last

chapter, for example, "Waging Peace," describes women who gather to participate in nonviolent civil disobedience; who hand out literature alone on street corners; who make speeches or organize nuclear train watches; who fast, write satirical plays, teach conflict management, act as mediators in local disputes; who image peace – in fact, the whole range of peacemaking activity. Peacemakers and women in general would do well to emulate Cheatham and Powell in valuing all women's work, especially because it is so varied. Out of the diversity will come real change, and "though the particulars of each woman's *responding* differs, though their values, political views, and color of their skins differ, though some pull in different directions, there is a common movement: The reaching out to heal."

This is not a book full of rainbows and smiley faces, in spite of its optimism. Cheatham and Powell tell us enough about these women for us to resonate with the struggle, conflict, and pain from which their activism grows into whatever form it takes. It is, though, a book full of hope. In their introduction, Cheatham and Powell write "Throughout the project, we looked for the good news. Some critics will say our decision was naive...but we are not unconscious. We know the troubles." This statement clearly places Daybreak in a larger social context.

"Empowerment" is one of the catch-words of the mid-80's. In the peace movement and within organized Christianity, for example, the current emphasis is to move beyond horror stories and to urge or entice people into action. Every workshop, conference, or educational series includes a component called something like "What One Person Can Do." This emphasis on empowerment is not meant to ignore evil or injustice, but rather to shift the focus from paralyzing immersion in grief or rage or fear to energetic and effective action. Daybreak is an example of the move toward empowerment, both in its stated philosophy and in the choice of women who are included. At the same time, it is a tool for further empowerment because it tells true stories of real women who are now creating the future.

Peacemakers often teach their craft now by telling stories of other peacemakers, providing new role models for society. In the church there is new emphasis on recovering and telling the stories of women, stories which have not been told before. In Diving Deep and Surfacing, Carol Christ asserts that without those stories women cannot value their struggles, celebrate their strengths, comprehend their pain, and without those stories women are lost when it is time to make major decisions. More and more women are talking and hearing each other's stories, in all kinds of contexts. Daybreak now provides a new storehouse of stories, even though some of them are presented in only fragmentary form. Readers may recognize names of friends and acquaintances; a few names are well-known nationally. For the most part, though, these are names and stories we would not otherwise know. Good news, indeed.

Daybreak is a pleasure in other ways, too. Names of individuals and organizations appear in boldface when they are mentioned for the first time, so that it is easier to find them again. The illustrations include a wide variety of media. The layout is clean, and there is a fairly complete index, though a number of the names appear on pages not listed in the index. Annotations are gathered at the end of the text.

All of this – the physical appearance of the book itself, the great number of organizations and women who are doing exciting things with their lives, and the means for expanding our own networks – makes This Way Daybreak Comes a book that will sit, not on my shelf, but on my desk to keep me thinking creatively and hoping for tomorrow.

Speaking Our Peace

A Film Directed by Bonnie Sherr Klein and Terri Nash.

Bullfrog Films Inc., Oley, Pennsylvania 19547, 1986.

By Glynis Carr, Department of English and Center for Women's Studies, The Ohio State University.

I urge all of you to see "Speaking Our Peace". It is, quite simply, the most provocative, succinct, and eloquent film about women and the peace movement yet produced. It is a real achievement from every point of view, for it is feminist throughout (it does not engage in the maternalism of much women's peace activism), it is international in scope, it synthesizes a great many issues normally seen as unrelated, and it inspires engagement, rather than despair. Much of the film's beauty is in its remarkable ability to enable the voices of women. In it we hear both experts (Dr. Ursula Franklin, Helen Caldicott...) and little-known women (Muriel and Kathleen from Ploughshares...) who together speak about peace, define peace, name what is not peace, and articulate the connections between

their lives as "ordinary" women and the great issue of our time: how to dismantle the gargantuan war machine which we have allowed men to construct in our names, but against our best interests. The greatest contribution of the film is the positive definition of peace that emerges. Peace is not simply the absence of war and the absence of conflict, the filmmakers say; peace is instead an active process of redistributing the world's resources so that the underlying causes of war and other forms of violence can be eliminated.

The film focuses on contemporary feminist peace activism, and locates it in the long history of women's peacemaking. The filmmakers insist that "women don't wage wars, but pay the wages for war." They

oppose militarism to feminism, defining militarism as a bully's approach to life, a "threat system – a way of saying 'do what I say,'" whereas "feminism is an experience that integrates diversity, respects difference, and values cooperation." Feminism, which is interested in transforming the threat system and in reorganizing society, is the most promising basis of women's peace activism. Revaluing difference, feminist theory should open onto a new way of dealing with difference and with conflict, a way which is not violent. Cultural and radical feminist values on the sharing of power and on egalitarian relationships are the foundation of the political method this film describes. The women activists portrayed have found that they can no longer trust those in power to make responsible decisions for them. Instead, they claim that "decisions should be released from the bottom up... People, with no extraordinary power, will reconstitute the world if it is to be saved."

The filmmakers treat the relationship between the United States and the Soviet Union in a non-inflammatory manner, maintaining that both sides make use of "enemy thinking" and militarism in order to control dissent within their own populations and within the nations they control abroad. Both countries fixate upon the tension between them, rather than on their real social problems and the difficulties we face adjusting to technological change. Third World countries are already victims of the East-West conflict: in these nations, more than \$45 million is spent every half hour on arms, while more than 1,000 children die of starvation. Third World countries are pressed into economic relations with the superpowers, relations largely concerned with the production and sale of weapons. Since the relations are inherently unequal, inherently violent, repression of Third World people comes to be seen as "necessary."

In fact there can be no peace based on repression of dissent and on domination (the old "Law and Order" concept of peace no longer serves anyone). It is a truism that as

long as people are forced to live in poverty and misery there will be revolt.

The conclusion of "Speaking Our Peace" examines the efforts of various peoples to end their own domination. One poignant segment includes the testimony of a Micronesian woman about her people's struggle against the "incoming nuclear World War III." Evacuated by the U.S. military from their islands after the second World War, they are now subject to outrageous rates of cancer, tumors, and birth defects since their return to their homeland which was bombed 66 times (6 islands were entirely vaporized). Now horrible "jellyfish babies" are born to the women, babies not even recognizably human, and a people, who originally had no word in their language for "enemy," must find solutions to urgent problems.

The Micronesians are not isolated victims of the "death process" inherent in the production of nuclear arms. Uranium mining is the beginning of this process. Uranium is mined on lands inhabited mainly by Native Americans. The Ojibway tell of their "hot rivers," rivers so polluted with radiation that they will be unfit to drink or to fish for thousands of years, though they are still so beautiful, running swift, flashing sun. Canada is the largest exporter of uranium in the world, and there are currently 100 million tons of dangerously radioactive white sand there – waste which *no one knows how to dispose of safely*. The citizens of El Dorado, one small Canadian town, were interviewed. In El Dorado, the only jobs are in mining and refining the uranium. I was amazed to hear the men and women talk of their ingestion of contaminated food, their housebuilding on contaminated soil: "it's not too bad." As the filmmakers say, "Some confront the reality; others feel they can't afford to."

As Klein and Nash suggest, we need to ask ourselves what we're producing and how. Our jobs may be geared toward war; certainly our tax dollars are spent mainly for war. But it is not a choice *between* jobs and peace, as the El Doradians wrongly believe. Rather, it is a decision of what jobs need to be done in order

to enact peace. What jobs will produce useful goods and necessary services? We don't need to work for the military in order to have jobs; what we need is a conversion of the economy to a socially useful one. We are faced with a choice between "slow poisoning" and "taking a courageous stand against the death process." Courage is the key word here – for dissent is repressed, as film clippage from Greenham Commons so sharply reveals.

Klein and Nash ask us to look very closely at our leaders. Since the arms race is now an

urgent matter of life and death, we need to ask who gave these people the right to make these life and death decisions for us? Can we trust them? Or must we draw another conclusion from the evidence (e.g., Micronesians and Canadians being told by their government officials that the levels of plutonium in the soil and in their food is "acceptable"), namely that we need to bring our own priorities and concerns into the public domain. "If there is going to be a future, we can no longer be silent and leave decisions up to others. We need to speak our peace."

Women Brave in the Face of Danger: Photographs of and Writings by Latin and North American Women By Margaret Randall

(Trumansburg, New York: The Crossing Press, 1985)

Tania Ramalho, Center for Women's Studies, The Ohio State University.

Feminism worldwide is creating new forms of social relations between women, between women and men, and women and children. Feminist practice – thought and action combined – is women-centered and women-identified. It involves processes of critical examination of women's personal and collective lives, and of envisioning and building a new reality. In the world-to-be, values central to the well-being of womanhood, and of the human species, are realized at last. Margaret Randall's approach in Women Brave in the Face of Danger underscores this feminist process of social change. Writings and photographs display aspects of the lives of women in North and Central America. They portray women's struggle, and suggest ideals to be realized.

Randall's life path has been that of a traveler who listens, learns, and creates a web of experiences which she shares with women through her work as a writer and lecturer.

This particular project, initially conceived as a calendar, outgrew a year's fifty-two weeks to acquire permanency in book form. Photographs taken with her "gringa eye" during her stays in Mexico, Cuba, and Nicaragua were readily available. Lacking materials from her native country, however, Randall also travelled throughout the United States. This search for images became part of her re-entry experience. After years in Latin America, now she could see "the women of North America with eyes that are still different, eyes that are not yet totally adjusted to the media hype or resigned to a certain configuration of identity in time and space."

The double-vision of a twice outsider renders Margaret Randall privileged among us. She can see more keenly; she can make connections more easily which before had not been clear. In this privileged position, Randall demonstrates the extent of a revolutionary stance reflected in her assertion of women's

capacity to create interpretations for ourselves. In her book, "there is no direct connection between image and text beyond those links – sometimes ancient, sometimes self-evident or intuited – which they sought from one another as I spread them out before me and gathered them in again, shuffled and reshuffled..." She allows the gathered materials to speak directly to us, teasing our imaginations, bringing out emotions and thoughts, achieving the objective of her effort: "to create a composite statement pregnant with the possibilities our multiple consciousness reveals."

In Women Brave in the Face of Danger our consciousness makes us confront our personal realities through the realities of other women at home and abroad: white women, black women, native-American women, women whose physical characteristics reveal our mixed-racial backgrounds, our class status, our common experiences of womanhood. Each of us brave indeed, resisting and surviving the designs of nature and of male-dominated society. We give birth and we are born echoing the anonymous Papago's Song of a Woman in Labor:

"towering rocks
sound
in the evening
with them
I cry"

As daughters and sisters, we again feel the care of our mothers and the courting of adult photographers wanting to impress in paper the expressions of our growing up years. These were my feelings as I regarded Bridget helping Caitlin to dress, and the Cuban twins serious in their neat school uniforms. In every Latin American working woman and child portrayed, I saw the reality of the poor in the country in which I was born. In Brazil, the revolution was aborted in the early 60's. Brazilian women have yet to take up arms like our Nicaraguan sisters who are still fighting those who are "contra" the building of their freedoms.

Soldiers, nuns, peasants, maids, factory workers, market women, housewives, mothers. The everyday work of women making a living for ourselves, our families, and our countries. Portraits and cries concerning what it takes, the emotional and physical work it involves.

"When you are being brave
it is hard to feel

When you are exhausted

The let down usually comes
At the end of the journey, the wheels
Stop turning"

(O Pioneers, Patricia Goedicke)

Margaret Randall brings back to us the pictures of ourselves, and the words of women to women. We hear, among others, the revolutionary voices of many Latin American women known and unknown: from Nicaragua (Amada Pinceda, Idania Fernandez, Gladys Baez, Comandante Ana Maria), Cuba (Haydee, Santamaria, Ismaela Acosta), Guatemala (Rigoberta Menchu), and Chile (Gabriela Mistral, Gladys Diaz). Among the voices from home, June Jordan, Marge Piercy, and Dominga de la Cruz, Puerto Rican Nationalist. Randall closes with Meridel Le Sueur:

"If you have the concept of history as a circle, nothing is lost. Everything is reiterated, and your shit falls on you eventually. I mean, you just can't pollute the rivers. It's going to turn, as we find it's doing. It returns as poison, as death. I believe that women have this to contribute to our world, this knowledge of the cyclical return. I mean, women know that the seed germinates and something is born. And they know that society is also a womb and what is planted today – the radical – returns. The radical simply means root. The root returns. So this planting of the old radical world is still there, still alive, still to be born out of the old root the new revolutionary reality."

As she did with her previous books (among them Cuban Women: Twenty Years Later, 1980; Sandinó's Daughters, 1981; Christians in the Nicaraguan Revolution, 1983), Margaret

Randall plants revolutionary roots. She broadens our visions of the present and the future connected through cyclical return. After years living abroad, Randall herself has returned to the United States only to face denial of stay. Too much of a teacher of women, of workers, of peace, of cooperation and equality among Americans of all corners of the continent? So it seems. As the Columbus Dispatch (November 28, 1985) reported on her case: "The suit contends the Justice Department wants to deport Randall for 'ideological reasons' and has 'improperly used their authority...to shape and limit political debate.' The plaintiffs charge that 'such ideological filtering of our population, and thereby the marketplace of ideas,

is inconsistent with the basic premise of a free society."

Margaret Randall has become one of my role models as a Latinamericanist and a feminist. I hope that the liberal traditions of my country of adoption are honored, and that she is given her full rights as a citizen. I hope she will continue her teachings about the courage of women everywhere, contributing to further the role models of brave womanhood for generations to come.

(Editors' Note: According to The Village Voice of September 16, Randall has lost her suit and has been ordered to be deported. She is appealing this decision.)

The Last of the Menu Girls.

By Denise Chávez

(Houston, Texas: Arte Público Press, 1986)

Maria C. González, Department of English, The Ohio State University.

The story of a street in a town in Southern New Mexico – a girl discovering her own womanhood – a neighborhood's identity emerging – a developing writer discovering life – a piece of the Hispanic experience. These are the ingredients that make up The Last of the Menu Girls by Denise Chávez. What Chávez does with her book is to recreate a world rarely seen in fiction yet universal in its ramifications.

The work begins with an introduction unlike any other:

NAME: Rocío Esquibel
 AGE: Seventeen
 PREVIOUS EXPERIENCE WITH
 THE SICK AND DYING: My Great
 Aunt Eutilia
 PRESENT EMPLOYMENT:
 Work-study aide at Altavista
 Memorial

This first chapter deals with the question of identity. The interruptions in the form Rocío has filled out – the form that clearly identifies her for the bureaucracy of any society but does not really identify her at all – introduces her. Rocío is identified as a menu girl (a person who hands out the meal checklist to patients in hospitals). Carefully described in the form of snapshots are moments in the hospital, but there is no traditional sense of time. While the form that introduces Rocío identifies her, it is purely superficial. Throughout the novel, Chavez plays with the developing identity of her protagonist, Rocío, who explores and breaks the traditional bounds of identity for a seventeen year old Hispanic female in Southern New Mexico. This is not the story of a stereotyped Hispanic, but the fictional creation of an individual who fights the traditional boundaries of identity that society has set up and expects her to follow. "Instead of dipping

chocolate cones at the Dairy Queen next door to the hospital.," Rocío demands more of life.

To fully appreciate this work, the reader may need some previous understanding of Hispanic culture in America as well as an understanding of Spanish. The work is sprinkled with the dialect and dialogue of the Hispanic, a mixture of English with Spanish sprinkled in – like a refreshing shower of rain in the aridness of the South Western day. The pattern and rhythm of the language adds immeasurably to the beauty of the work:

¡ Ay, estas hierbas malditas! Mi comadre will come and take me home. I'll come back tomorrow and finish the work. Maybe I can get some of the chamacos to come and help me pull these weeds. I guess I'm getting old. They need the money, esos chamacos flojos!

Each of the novel's seven chapters focus on a different aspect of the life of a girl trying to discover who and what she is. "Willow Games," the second chapter, recreates the child's world of neighborhood play, the adventures a street can provide an imaginative youngster. In "Shooting Stars" the reader finds some of Chávez's best prose. Here Rocío speculates on what it means to pass from girlhood to womanhood. Infatuated with women, Rocío gropes for the one model, the woman she wants to be. In this chapter we hear poetical murmurings lauding womankind, a litany of images of women Rocío emulates, a celebration of womanhood. "I thought about loving women. Their beauty and their doubts, their sure sweet clarity. Their unfathomable depths, their flesh and souls aligned in mystery." The question of Rocío's lesbian inclination is never fully developed in the work. In fact, the whole concept is left as mysterious as the images of women Chávez creates. "The loveliness of women sprang from depthless recesses; I thought, it was a chord, a reverberation, the echo of a sound, a feeling, a twinge, and then an ache. . ." Homosexuality is rarely confronted in the traditional Hispanic culture; the manifestation it takes is that of

mystery. Chávez recognizes this and typifies it in her work, rendering Rocío's sexuality ambiguous.

"Evening in Paris" is a warming chapter. Here, Chávez treats the universal theme of a child's shattered illusions. A little bottle of perfume, a Christmas gift for her mother, carries Rocío's great expectations. But instead of her mother treasuring it, the perfect gift is relegated to the pile of useless Christmas gifts an elementary school teacher would receive. "How removed I felt, far away as Paris, no longer glamorous or ageless or full of illusion. The streets outside were dark and long." When a child discovers reality – in the form of a disjunction between mother and self – and has her illusions shattered, that is a moment of great tragedy. Chávez does not patronize Rocío. She respects her character and depicts this sad moment with beauty and integrity.

Since the description of a neighborhood is never complete unless a home is described, "The Closet" chapter is a creative discovery of a home and the individuals who live there. Instead of drawing pictures of the bedrooms or kitchen, Chávez, employing a unique descriptive strategy, sinks into the heart of a home – its closets. A world, a life is stored in the closets of each member of the family – a female household. Experience, memory, religion, sex, love, and hope are sitting on shelves and packed away in boxes in the closets. Chávez has discovered a refreshing truth about life in those closets.

"Space is a Solid" is an intriguing chapter, though not exactly the best. New voices appear. We hear another child, a student of Rocío's. We hear the voices of friends and strangers. We also hear a Rocío who is at times incoherent and disconnected. There is, however, beauty in the prose, with echoes of Virginia Woolf – the disembodied narrator, the realization that making tacos saves Rocío from madness. However, Chávez does not seem to have complete control over this experimental form of prose. The chapter is splintered and at times incoherent. Yet

moments of poetry and some intriguing ideas save it: "And I thought to myself, 'If Space is a Solid, then what is the Shape of Darkness?'"

In the last chapter, "Compadre," the real flavor of the culture is depicted. It is the voice of the handyman who is a *Compadre* to Rocío's mother (*Compadre* is the relationship of a child's parents to its godparents). Here the importance and sacredness of the traditional relationships of the Hispanic *familia* are explored. Rocío studies those relationships in order to understand her own place and identity. Here we get the sense that Rocío has an inkling into who she is and what she values. Her return

to the values of *familia* is described in terms of respect. This return, however, is marked with the realization that Rocío is not the stereotyped daughter of the Hispanic culture, but an individual with the ability to recreate the essence of her history and her *familia*.

In The Last of the Menu Girls Chávez has done a masterful job creating the familiar world of Southern New Mexico, its inhabitants, and its identity through the eyes of a young writer. The novel plumbs the depths of the human heart. For this Chávez deserves accolades for her work of creative recreation.

The Lesbian Path **Edited by Margaret Cruikshank** (San Francisco: Grey Fox Press, 1985)

By Dottie Painter, College of Arts and Sciences, The Ohio State University.

Originally published in 1980, The Lesbian Path was like a collection of well known friends sharing stories of their survival on a Saturday night. Battle-scars, betrayals, small victories, and surges of empowerment intertwined within the thirty seven stories presented in this first volume. Admittedly, the original was not representative of the diversity of lesbians' lives; in the Introduction the editor acknowledged "... white women and middle-class women are over-represented here, as well as academics and former nuns..." The revised and enlarged edition of The Lesbian Path edited by Margaret Cruikshank shares much in common with the original work: thirty one of the stories are the same. Six of the accounts from the first work have been dropped, and five new pieces have been added. It's Saturday night all over again with the same old gang and the predictable changes that any group of friends sustains over a number of years. Some of the old members are no longer there, having moved on or

become disenchanted; a few new voices are heard; and a couple of the old members have changed their names. However, despite superficial changes, the same core group with the same basic stories remains. As before, middle class, white women are over represented; as before, some of the stories are told confidently, some hesitantly, some with the effortless wit that comes from years of practice, some with the forced gaiety of those still caught within private pain. As with any group sharing private experience, some are much more accomplished story tellers than others.

Of the five new narratives added to the book, two stand out for particular comment. Judy Grahn's "Romeo and Juliet Replayed" is a delightful and hilarious account of a fourteen year old's attempt to get that first big kiss. The question is, How do you make a lesbian kiss acceptable when it's not acceptable? Grahn's descriptions are so skillfully woven

that the reader can enjoy the sensation of viewing the situation directly instead of being aware of reading descriptive phrases. Grahn's abilities as a writer are well known and evident in her other works, and in all fairness it must be pointed out that the piece here is a reprint from Another Mother Tongue. My biggest disappointment of the five new entries was the interview with May Sarton. Perhaps it is that I prefer prose to an interview format, but I never felt as if I was getting a complete picture as the conversation jumped from topic to topic with the interviewer, Cruikshank, at times seeming to lead Sarton toward answers and at times heartily agreeing with a half articulated idea. For her part of the interview, Sarton makes little attempt to relate her life as a lesbian to her writing or career. Instead, she complains that she is "not in the canon of the teaching of literature anywhere in the country" and that she is taught primarily in Women's Studies classes and only occasionally in English departments. Given the insight and depth of the other narratives in this book, the Sarton interview is remarkable only for Sarton's notoriety and the blatant elitism she so casually reveals.

A number of the original pieces are quite good and provide a chance for personal identification and shared understanding. The first narrative, "I See My First Lesbian" by Ruth Baetz, serves as a strong beginning for a book in which emotion is often presented to envelop the reader. Identification with Baetz's character does not depend on shared past experience, but occurs because her writing allows for the *possibility* of such an experience. In "No Name He Can Say," DPat Mattie uses an unconventional writing style to shift between present and past for verbal exchanges with her son who finds himself so unable to deal with his mother's lesbianism that he can not manage to say the name she has given herself: DPat. His present words of scorn and rejection are made more poignant by their comparison to his past words of love and acceptance for his mother. My own personal favorite is Judith McDaniel's "My Life as the Only Lesbian Professor." The situation is one of significant change: new town, new university, new job. The decision is

to live openly as a lesbian. McDaniel explores not only her own emotional reactions, but also the reactions of others. Stories of being out rarely discuss the fear, tension, and alienation which occur between the open individual and hidden, or at least less open, lesbians. Assumed guilt by association is so strong that being with the out lesbian is risky for the less daring, and others often feel subtle pressure to come out themselves seeing her example. These feelings are often strongly resented by other members of the community such that the open lesbian is sometimes more alienated from the lesbian community than her other, more hidden sisters.

One difference between this collection and a group of friends reconvening once again is that the friends would have grown and changed during the intervening years. Since change does not occur with reissued articles themselves but only with the readers, it seems important to note that if the tone of a few of the articles seems less than sophisticated by today's standards, they must be read for what they are: period pieces which reflect a growing awareness of lesbian consciousness primarily in the 1970's. Although I was aware of this time gap, it might have been useful to date the individual pieces since I occasionally found myself cringing over one line jokes about "Sister Mary Sappho" and claims that all oppression could be ended immediately if all lesbians came out. Another difference is that the original book grouped the articles into areas. The new edition retains the same ordering but the categories have been removed from the table of contents. Only when I compared them did I realize why I seemed to be reading narratives about one subject exclusively, for example nuns, and then the stories would shift abruptly to another topic such as lesbian mothers. If the categories were to be dropped, it might have facilitated reading to have more randomly ordered the accounts so that the reader would not sense the abruptness of the shifts.

Overall, this is a collection of narratives worth having. With the book priced at approximately \$10, each of the thirty six narratives costs approximately \$28. This is a

bargain. If you do not own a copy of the original book, I recommend this one. If you already own a copy of the original, the revised edition does not contain enough new material to justify a purchase recommendation.

However, the five new narratives are worth a trip to your local library. When you spend an afternoon or evening surrounded by the voices of The Lesbian Path, the old friends are together again, and you are in good company.

Role Sharing Marriage

By Audrey D. Smith and William J. Reid

(New York: Columbia University Press, 1986)

By Joan Huber, College of Social and Behavioral Sciences, The Ohio State University

Since few studies have explicitly addressed that subgroup of two-earner couples who share housework and child care, this book proposes to extend the knowledge base about them for the benefit of family researchers and marriage counselors. The thesis is that couples who are trying to share marital roles (the wife is fully employed and the husband participates equally in housework and child care) must struggle to define and implement emerging values about marital relationships: equal opportunity for careers and fairness in dividing housework and childcare. The result is usually a compromise between modern and old-fashioned marriage that creates a unique set of issues of growing importance.

The data, gathered 1978-82, consisted of interviews with 64 self-identified, role-sharing couples who were middle class, white and urban, living in Milwaukee, Wisconsin or Albany, New York. Recruited through social welfare faculty and students, many were in social work or other mental health professions. However, at the time of the interview 21 couples were not sharing roles because of a new baby or one spouse's having recently returned to school; they were included, the authors say, to add to the richness of the data.

After briefly reviewing the history of marital sex roles in the United States, the authors describe the extent of role sharing among respondents. The breadwinner role was shared if both spouses worked for pay full-time (41 couples) or if both were employed

part-time (2 couples). Housework was shared (51 couples) if neither spouse did less than 40% or more than 60% of the meal planning, grocery shopping, cooking, meal cleanup, vacuuming, floor scrubbing, and laundry. Child care was shared (31 of the 37 couples with children) if neither spouse did less than 40% or more than 60% of the following tasks: routine care, child development, emotional support, and entertainment. Thus, at the time of the interview, only 34 of the 64 couples were actually sharing all applicable work-family roles on a fairly equal basis - 78% of the childless couples and 35% of the parenting couples. However, 92% of the couples shared at least one traditionally female role.

The remainder of the chapters analyze issues that arise when both spouses earn money, do housework, and care for children. Whether it currently described their situation or not, almost all couples felt that the provider role was shared. Most couples therefore pooled their incomes. However, they resolved the control issue the way traditional couples do - whoever earned the most money had most control over it, especially when the wife left her job. Couples compromised in a variety of ways but no clear principles emerged. As questions multiplied, the relationship began to sound like that of an IRS auditor and a taxpayer. For example, one couple would have liked to buy a house in the suburbs and take a trip abroad. The husband could easily afford both and offered to pay

the wife's share, but, since she was committed to the principle of equal sharing of expenses, she refused. The husband then admitted that he would have resented having to pay her share.

Of the husbands who shared housework, half were sharing because of their ideals and half from pragmatic need. Sharing was much more likely if no children lived at home. The most common flashpoint in dividing household labor was the husband's failure to meet the wife's standards. The wife would first prod. If prodding failed, tasks were reallocated. Typically, the wife would finally accept the husband's standards.

Thirty-seven of the 64 couples had children at home. The decision to have a child was difficult because most couples refused to consider buying full-time child care, a fact that the authors pass over without comment. Yet wives did not want their careers "interrupted or slowed" and husbands felt they could not "sacrifice" their careers by staying home with a baby. The most common solution was for the wife to stay home temporarily. Not one role-sharing father felt guilty about his not staying home to care for a child.

The parents saw the effect of an egalitarian lifestyle as beneficial for children because it would reduce stereotyping and promote a close father-child relationship. Wives tended to feel that role-sharing improved their self images. Many husbands reported neutral effects.

Finally, the authors note that role-sharing marriages raise three issues, all of which are exacerbated by the presence of children: First, the extent to which spouses can pursue private interests at the expense of marital cohesion; second, the extent to which income and tangible resources can be pooled; and third, the extent to which housework and child care can be shared equally.

Who should read this book? Anyone who learned something new from the account above. I doubt that this group will include

many women's studies scholars. Many of us are veterans of or current participants in marriages that involve such issues – or else we have close friends who are. Persons who are experiencing the research issues in their daily lives can learn little from exploratory studies based on small nonprobability "samples." Such studies permit no testing of educated guesses. The interesting questions must go unanswered. Be the account lively or dull, the information is only anecdotal. It can not be generalized. From a scholarly perspective, such data have the logical status of the personal tidbits that we exchange with one another. Such tidbits may improve our intuitive sense of particular problems but they can not substitute for replicable knowledge. This is not to say that there is no place for exploratory studies based on nonprobability samples. When little is known about a topic, when the behavior in question is rare, or when the topic is sensitive (illegal behavior, for example), an exploratory study based on a "convenience" sample is often the only kind that is possible. Otherwise, we learn more when researchers use probability samples of appropriate size and then state what they expect to find, why they expect to find it, and why it matters.

On the whole, the authors seemed quite sympathetic to feminism, yet I was put off by their treatment of several issues. First, the authors use the word "work" to mean paid work, thereby implying that what women do at home isn't real work. This traditional usage was introduced by economists long ago. It permits social theorists (whether marxist, liberal, or conservative and in whichever discipline) to ignore unpaid work, most of which is done by women. In one sense it is unfortunate to have to introduce "work" as a general term that includes both paid and unpaid work. No pithy Anglo-Saxon substitute is available to describe what we used to call "working women." Instead, we must use less elegant alternatives like "employed women," "female paid workers," or even the formidably polysyllabic "women participating in the labor force." However, there is a good precedent for the change. If the elegance of brevity were our highest value, we would still be using the generic "he" instead of "he or she."

I was also a little put off by the authors' bland acceptance of their respondents' wish to avoid purchased child care, especially since it was always the wife who stayed home to supply the children with appropriate doses of TLC. I am not claiming that purchased child care is better than parental care for babies and preschoolers. I claim only that no scientific studies to date demonstrate that children whose parents purchased daily care for them turned out worse than other children. Rich people have always purchased child care. Yet no data show that rich children turn out

worse than poor ones. When you think of it, the Queen of England and her children in turn were reared by hired hands. One wishes that the authors had chosen to probe the reasons for their respondents' beliefs about this issue.

In sum, this is a book that is must reading for those persons who believe that equal sharing of housework, market work, and childcare is immoral or impossible. There are plenty of them around. Let us hope the book finds a wide audience.

Sex and Germs: The Politics of AIDS. **By Cindy Patton.**

(Boston: South End Press, 1985)

By Willa Young, Center for Women's Studies and Department of Sociology, The Ohio State University.

In Sex and Germs, Cindy Patton analyzes a social movement within a social movement: the organizing around issues related to AIDS within the movement for gay and lesbian rights. Her commentary illuminates facets of both social political movements.

Patton's is a carefully researched, well-written, multi-dimensional analysis of AIDS and is a welcome relief from the flat, often homophobic accounts in the popular press. She provides much needed information that counters the plethora of misinformation which has fueled national panic and hysteria. Patton thoroughly traces the development of AIDS as a disease, as news, and as a mobilizer of gay activism. Her narrative criticizes the media exploitation of AIDS and its victims, points out the muddy actions of the government and health care industry, documents religious right maneuvers to capitalize on the AIDS crisis, and describes responses to AIDS of the gay community.

Patton's continued references to "the community of lesbians and gay men" who rally around the AIDS issue is problematic. She creates a myth of widespread concern and activism surrounding the AIDS cause in the

gay and lesbian community. However, Patton never defines "the community," and certainly lesbian involvement in the AIDS-related social movement is limited. This myth seems to stem from the recognition that the reality of AIDS is dire and, still, AIDS brings many occasions for personal and collective growth. The focus on coalition formation and the good that might come out of the tragedy of AIDS counters the notion that AIDS is a punishment for a deviant sexual identity. The myth promotes united action against the threat of AIDS, and that may be Patton's intent in her references to combined gay and lesbian activism.

Patton's strength is her recognition in the chapters "Safe and Sex" and "AIDS Organizing" that the AIDS crisis allows for self-criticism and -examination. The gay male "clone" movement of the 1970s created a culture based on sexual freedom, but AIDS has brought about a reevaluation of life, relationships, and indeed what being gay is all about. Is it sex? Is it relationships? Is it emotional identification with others of the same gender? Is it a lifestyle? Patton does not offers answers to these questions, but at least they have been posed.

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