BIBLOS

VOL. 7 NO. 5 U.B.C. LIBRARY STAFF NEWSLETTER MARCH/APRIL 1971

ARE WE READY FOR THIS?!!.

BIBLOS REVEALS YOUR INNERMOST THOUGHTS ON THE WOMAN'S LIBERATION MOVEMENT.

University of British Columbia

A Hearty Welcome To

Joyce Brisbois	L.A. I	Curric. Lab.
Jessica Peyton	L.A. I	Sedgewick
James Joyce	L.A. I	Catalogue
Jeff Barker	L.A. I	Catalogue
Earl Carrell	L.A. II	Woodward
Judy Gardiner	L.A. I	I.L.L.
Ray Galbraith	L.A. III	Catalogue
Lizanne Reveley	L.A. II	Catalogue
Joo Sim	L.A. II	Catalogue
Laura Kueng	L.A. III	Reading Rooms

Congratulations To

Richard Martin	L.A. I	Cat.	to Asst. Ml. Cl.	Acq.
Richard Moore	L.A. I	Cat.	to L.A. II	Cat.
Sylvia Harries	Clerk I	Acq.	to L.A. II	Acq.

We Bid A Fond Farewell To

Gwen Telling	L.A. II	Catalogue
Tom House	L.A. II	Woodward
Gladys Hart	L.A. I	I.L.L.
Rosemary Ormerod	L.A. III	Catalogue
Linda Sheffield	L.A. II	Catalogue
Ann Gardner	L.A. IV	Serials
Dierdre Phillips	L.A. II	Catalogue
Glorie Manley	L.A. II	Catalogue
Edita Bugar	L.A. II	Acquisitions
Dorothy Friesen	L.A. II	Acquisitions
Carol Gee	KPO	Systems
Marsha Kettleman	L.A. I	Catalogue
Rosemary Cragg	L.A. III	Reading Rooms
Christine Adams	L.A. III	Gov. Pubs.
Marlene Thiessen	L.A. I	Acquisitions
Joyce Lannon	L.A. I	Sedgewick
Jill Dewhurst	L.A. II	Social Work

ST. WIBBY REPORTS

At last the sun is shining and our very first thoughts turn to the Spring Break-Up Party. Buy your tickets now for an evening of celebration. Cecil Green Park May 19th, Wednesday 8 - 11.30 p.m. $1.00 admits you to an evening of wining and dancing. Beer and cheese. Drinks will be 25 cents a glass for wine - 30 cents a can for beer. Tickets for drinks available beforehand from the front office or at the door. Come one and all lets have a ball.

Talking of summer and travel Gwen Gregor of the Map Div. has already been lapping up the sunshine on the romantic islands of Barbado, Antigrua and St. Lucia.

Pat LaVac and Molly Buckingham sampled a week of sun and other entertainments at Reno. Molly says she finished ahead. Pat says it was worth it any way.

Circulation was most intrigued a while back to discover a leather postcard in their mail addressed to one of the carrels all the way from Spain. Obviously the address is bonafide as the card and other mail has always found an owner.

Felicitations to the former Shirley Flack of the Woodward Library who became Mrs. Mike Halliday on the 27th March.

Flash! Shirley came back from Hawaii to admit her new husband to the emergency ward. Hope everything is OK now.

VERY MUCH happiness to the former Ann Gardner of Serials who is now Mrs. Frank Davis. No wonder you weren't interested in coming to Reno Ann.

Two new arrivals this month. Don Dennis' wife presented him with a baby girl born Easter Sunday - Karen Joanne - Father spends his days in the Systems Division.

SERIALS Division was happy to let us know that Kay Tomiye has had a baby girl - Carolyn Maya born March 12th.

Iza Fiszhaut of Social Sciences returned after a whirl wind honeymoon weekend in Geneva. New name is Mrs. Jean La Ponce. Much happiness to you both.

Many thanks to all the people who have co-operated so well to sell the "Sack o' Silver" raffle tickets. Many people have asked about proceeds. Actually it was not intended that there would be any profits. The sale of tickets was strictly to cover the prize money and celebrate

the Centennial. As it is now there will be a slight profit which will go into the Biblos funds against future prizes, etc. Approximately $10.00 will be realised on the sale of a few extra books of tickets to departments that did not have enough to start with.

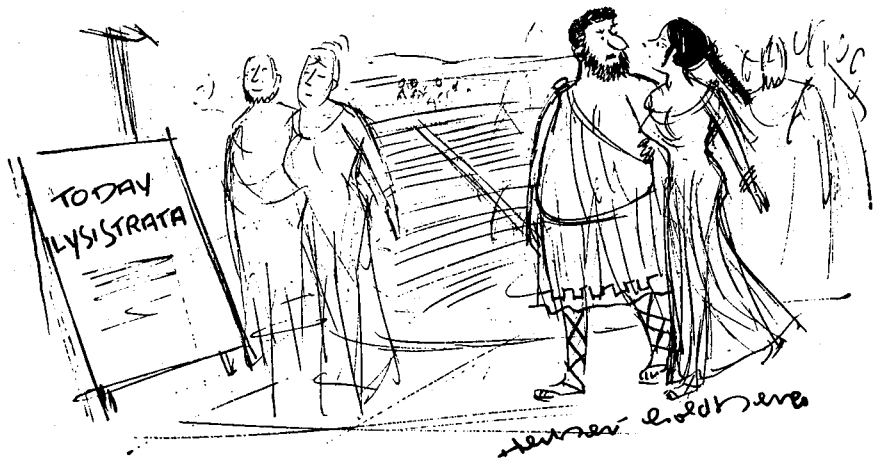
WOODWARD Lib. tells us that Kay Kim is happy to welcome back a husband who has returned to S.F.U. after months of sabbatical study in Europe.

Bill Parker and Tony Jeffreys of that department spent 2 days in the U.S. visiting Richard Abel in Portland. Bill also attended a demonstration of AIMTWX at the Seattle Centre of the Pacific Northwest Regional Health Sciences Library (PNRHSL) AIMTWX - Telephone access to a computer file of abridged index medicus (aim).

Last minute flash! Congrats to Claire Gagne of Reading Rooms and Serials who on April 23rd became Mrs. Brian Dolsen.

Librarians' meeting - Tri-University. On April 22 & 23rd, the Administrators from the three Universities - S.F.U., U.B.C. & U. of Vic. (Libraries) met in Parksville on the Island to discuss all library operations, including storage, shared cataloguing, personnel, etc.

And that is all for this month. See you at the BREAK-UP PARTY. Let's make it a good one. Bring your friends, wives and..... Everyone is welcome. Tickets available from the Front Office, Carol in the Staff Room and Janice York in the Cataloguing Division. Sorry it had to be in the middle of the week but that was the only booking available.



"Aristophanes and his damned Women's Lib ideas!"

WELCOME TO HEIDELBERG, - MY FOOT!

'Welcome to Heidelberg' says an ad for a new kind of beer in the paper, reminding me of the multi-lingual sign with the same message outside the new railroad station in Heidelberg, Germany, and I can't help grumbling, - Welcome to Heidelberg, - my foot!

It was during June of last summer, Judy and I were on our big Europe vacation. The earlier part of our trip had been on business. We had been in London, Paris and Hamburg, studying braille libraries and getting to know the publishers, printers and book binders of braille books. The idea was to learn as much as possible to improve our services here at the Crane Library. And what better place to learn than at the Institut Louis Braille in Paris and the Royal National Institute and the National Braille Library in London. But now business was over, and we, armed with a Eurail pass, were ready to tackle Europe.

We had a week in Germany, the country of my growing-up years, and one of the places we just HAD to see was Heidelberg, - quaint, romantic Heidelberg where, as I kept telling Judy, you can walk the narrow cobbled streets, hear the friendly 'Schwabenland' dialect and feel like the Student Prince himself. I had been there several times with my father when I was younger, and I remembered it so vividly. The market, the beamed and high-gabled houses, the friendly inns and wine cellars with their gilded and wraught-iron emblems over the doors and high above the ruins of the old castle in midst of its stately park. Here we were, riding in the super-smooth security of the trans Europe express. 'The Roland', wizzing at a whisper-quiet 75 m.p.h. through the foot-hills of the Neckar Valley, and my heart beat faster as we came closer to Heidelberg, where I would surely find the Germany I had left 17 years ago.

Our hotel, the Europaeische Hof, was ideal. It was right on the border of the old and the new town, surrounded by the university, sitting in its own little park, surrounded by an old iron fence and a huge box hedge (we were going to be thankful for that fence and hedge later). Heidelberg would not let me down, it looked just as I remembered it; at least here, the americanization and the nouveau-riche affluence which has marred the rest of Germany, would not be quite so evident. Looking around the hotel, we decided that we could just afford to stay there, but we would eat somewhere else. Perhaps we could find some student hang-out with good, plentiful but inexpensive food, some 'Flaedlesupp' (rich chicken stock with noodles made from crepe dough), some 'sauerbraten' or even 'Zwiebelkuchen' (lit: onion cake, the Black Forest version of the quiche).

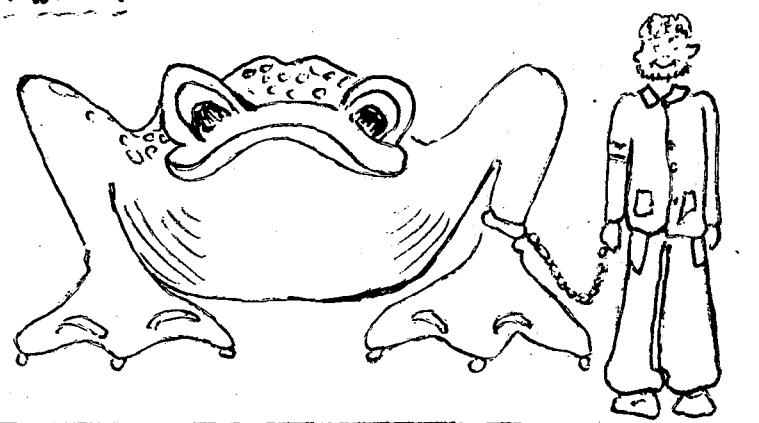
We had our plans all made. First to some student cafe for 'Mittagessen', then into the university to see the old libraries and lecture halls, after that to some 'Weinstueblein' for an afternoon glass of hardy black forest wine, then up to the castle in time for the illuminations. We found our little restaurant a few blocks down the street from the hotel and the lunch was great. After a leisurely meal we began to amble back to the hotel, when we noticed some curious changes in the street. Merchants were closing their stores and pulling shutters over the windows, a few people were gathered in entrances, - somehow, the mood of the street had changed. Down the road, the stall-keepers in the market were hurriedly packing up their produce and wares and pulling the canvas fronts over their booths. Somewhere in the distance one could hear the almost melodious sound of European police sirens (how unalarming they sound compared to the wolf-like wail of our own). 'Ah, a parade,' I thought to myself, 'we're in luck'. Suddenly we heard behind us the sound of hundreds of boots coming down the street in running step and the unmistakable chant 'Ho, Ho, Ho, Ho Chi Minh' accompanied by rocks and bottles flying all around us. Curiosity gave way to sheer fright and we began to run, - right into a sight more frightening than the sound behind us. Stretched across the square and down as far as one could see was a sea of green uniforms and silver-white visored helmets. At first I thought it was the army, I found out later, it was the riot squad, some 3,000 men strong, backed by water cannons and sundry other pieces of ominous equipment. Our route to the hotel was blocked! Our retreat was equally blocked! I tried to talk to one of the links in the human chain of police, but was told to get lost, and that the area in which our hotel was, was out of bounds. Finally after the third try, a younger policeman let us through, and once behind the cordon, we ran through men and equipment like we have never run before, to the safety of the hotel. There we learned that a conference on underdeveloped nations was in progress, at which former U.S. Secretary MacNamara and our Lester Pearson among others, were attending. And the local chapter of the S D U was showing its objections to the whole thing in the manner which we had just witnessed outside, and that all hotel guests were, under 'protective custody' until it was all over. So there was nothing to do but watch through the fence, as students and police battled each other, with seemingly untiring enthusiasm. Later on, having grown tired of the whole thing, I was attracted to the window again by the sound of fire crackers. I reached for my camera and found an open second floor room with a balcony where I could shoot a few pictures for the family album. I was doing great, until a hotel employee pulled me back inside the room, explaining to this uninitiated tourist that those 'firecrackers' were indeed bullets and I was a prime target for a ricochet.

The riot lasted all afternoon and all through the night. There was nothing to do but sit on the hotel terrace and drink beer. A couple of times, Judy (who is really a great girl, - nothing seems to frighten her) and I sneaked out through a back alley and once actually got a block away when all hell broke loose again. We retreated most unheroically. The whole section of town seemed a battlefield. Rumors started that the students had got hold of large quantities of gasoline and were going to set the streets on fire, and suddenly all available fire rigs and men appeared on the scene. Overhead, a police heliocopter was hovering and the mayor of Heidelberg was driving us all into a frenzied panic by blasting a message to stay calm and cool through powerful speakers. Everything seemed to come to a stand-still. We met a nice couple from Chicago, whose taxi had dropped them off four blocks from the hotel, and they had had to lug their suitcases through the water sprays and broken glass. The only thing which made it through unscathed, were the beer and coke trucks which supplied the tired policemen.

Next morning, after a night of fitful sleep, interrupted by that infernal heliocopter and the shots, all was quiet. Heidelberg was its charming self again. Later, looking down from the old castle, and the Kaiserstuhl mountain, it seemed impossible that the peaceful flow of the Neckar had been interrupted for even one day by the twentieth century, with its brutality, its anger and its distemper. Welcome to Heidelberg? Not on that day in June!

Paul Thiele

View from within



Doodles From a Stack Entry —

"Sorry Sir no pets allowed."

Libraries, by tradition, have been predominantly staffed by women. This situation is changing rapidly, as is the status of women themselves. The staff of Biblos felt that here was the ideal situation in which to take an opinion poll on the growing movement known colloquially as "Women's Lib." We wanted to find out how women felt about their "liberation" and also something of the feelings of the men who work with them.

The opinions expressed have not been edited nor changed in any way. We hope that you will find this an interesting issue and we would like to thank all those who took the trouble to contribute to this survey.

(UNEDITED)

DR. MARIE STOPES, 1880-1958 (One of the First)

Dr. Marie Stopes, your friend and mine, was the first woman to take a Munich degree in botany. She was the first woman lecturer on the science faculty of Manchester University. In 1905, she became the youngest Doctor of Science in England, proving herself to be not only an exceptional woman but also an exceptional scholar. She became the first woman to win support from the Royal Society for an expedition to prove a botanical theory. Then, in 1923, the "first" that made Marie Stopes' mark on the world: she opened the first birth control clinic in the British Empire. Only 6 years previously, Margaret Sanger was jailed for 30 days for opening a clinic in Brooklyn.

The rought draft of her book "Married Love" had been completed in 1914 but no publisher would accept it. When it was published privately, the London Times refused to accept advertisements for the scandalous treatise. By 1923, she had published "Wise Parenthood" and "Contraception: its theory, history and practice." This last book rivals many current manuals in explicit and complete detail, although some accepted methods of the time could hardly be recommended today. "Wise Parenthood" (1918) claims to be the first publication advising against douching as a contraceptive method. Dr. Stopes' comment:

"As a contraceptive measure by itself all douching is unreliable, unwholesome and psychologically harmful"

Dr. Stopes gained the enmity of the Catholic Church and many others. In 1923 she sued Dr. Halliday Sutherland who had accused her of exposing the poor to experiment. The method most often prescribed in the clinic, the rubber check pesary, he labelled the most harmful method of contraception encountered. In "The Trial of Marie Stopes" by Muriel Box, published by Femina Books, 1967, you can read the medical opinion of the time on an issue as highly charged as was abortion 5 years ago. The all male jury found Dr. Sutherland's accusations true but awarded Marie Stopes damages. A delightful example of male logic! Marie took her case to higher courts but lost her case and all costs in the end. The trial did boost the sales of her books though not enough to pay her fines.

This then is the tale of a tremendous woman who helped to make women's lib possible. Without her, we would be too busy and too poor to do anything about our lot in life; we'd be barefoot and pregnant in the kitchen. If that's your idea of hell, join me in a toast to Marie Stopes!

Adrienne Clark
Female over 30

HOW WOMEN'S LIB LOOKS TO ME

1. Horsy spinsters raucously ranting for abortive delivery from a condition to which they are unlikely ever to be exposed.

2. Little old ladies struggling to open doors or beaten by sprightly young men to the last seats on the 'bus - in other words perpetuation of a long familiar state of affairs.

3. Seamsters and teamstresses; drynurses and lumberjills; chamberboys and footwomen; topless waiters and plumberettes; Avon Men and weldresses; boy-Thursdays and women-o'-war; Tugboat Annie versus Joe Louis; showers for the bridegroom; and, in the new his-and-hers, abolition of the grossly unfair convenience of the urinal.

But more seriously, ladies, we men still love you dearly. We are even prepared to give up the missionary position and thereby accept you both as mother superior and mistress of ceremonies. However, there is one thing - since the introduction of pregnancy leave we urgently await a revision of the Library staff manual to include equivalent time off under the heading: Leave, Male: Pregnancy leave, in lieu of.

Burn the bras, I say! But remember that there must always be two points of view!

Male over 30

NOTES FROM TWO SEDGEWICK FEMINISTS

Being a white middle-class, liberal female, I, like a lot of other white middle-class, liberal females did not think much about my status as a woman until the movement called Women's Liberation began making a lot of noise about a lot of issues. Nor was I even aware of the movement until the media began giving it more and more frequent coverage. My interest in the movement and what it was saying began around the fall of 1969. I can recall having a long discussion with a friend and being very defensive about babies and housework and other "domestic" activities. My attitude was "Well, what's wrong with cooking and babies anyway?" and her's was "I'm now saying anything is wrong with them per se, so why are you getting up tight?" I was getting up tight because somehow I felt I had to defend a certain notion of"womanliness" or femininity".

That conversation I suppose was really the beginning of a hell of a lot of observation and questioning of many accepted modes of behaviour and attitudes pertaining to my status as a woman. I also began thinking about the ways in which I related to both men and other women, in personal and work relationships; and to what extent this was determined by how I thought of myself as a woman. This was what I'll call stage one of my awakening.

Stage two involved a slightly different consciousness, as I became almost hyper aware of the myths which have perpetuated and reinforced the beliefs and attitudes of so many people. Also I began to sort out some of my own "hang-ups" and became more confident of what I felt to be true. Once I had begun to identify with the movement, I tended to take any incident pertaining to it very personally. For example, every advertisement asking me to buy a certain product in order to become sexually attractive (and therefore, happy) made me feel exploited; every time I heard a man laugh about some "dumb broad" or "spinny chick", it reminded me that I was thought to be intellectually inferior and emotionally weaker; and of course, every time I heard a snide, crude or facetious remark about "women's lib", it was just another comment on the fact that I, as a woman, was not to be taken seriously.

With stage three came a better sense of perspective, the return of a temporarily lost sense of humour and a decision. Making a scene every time a door is opened for you isn't going to solve a greal deal. Men

are becoming aware that women are people and wish to be treated as such. They are an oppressed group, largely thru no fault of their own, and obviously, attitudes of any kind never change overnight. Things like abortion and equal employment are really the easiest things to win. But the attitudes which give support to such injustices are the hardest to fight because they are very ingrained and often very subtle. Attitudes can't be changed just by laws; it's a slow process requiring patience and tact.

The decision mentioned was whether or not to become actually involved in a women's liberation group. By "stage three" I considered myself a "theoretical" feminist and knew that I was avoiding active participation. I have always been wary of organizations because I dislike the inevitable bureaucracy which goes along with them, but the main reason was political. For me, women's liberation, like any other liberation movement, is inextricably bound with politics. I knew that I stood somewhere to the left of center, but more explicit geography was hazy. Also, like other liberation movements, this one ranged from moderate to extremist groups, and I wasn't sure just how the extremes were divided. I mentioned this to Pat one lunch hour and she suggested I come along with her to a meeting of Vancouver Women's Caucus.

That was just last month, and although I'm still feeling things out, going was a good move on my part. I met quite a cross-section of people, all of whom were friendly and very open to my questions and interest.

I have a friend who is fond of saying - "If you aren't part of the solution, you're part of the problem". I suppose he's right and I suspect I've been part of the problem long enough.

Heather MacAndrew Under 30

"Although Librarianship is a 'women's career' it is evident that women are significantly underpaid when compared to men with similar educational qualifications. In addition, women are often given positions of less responsibility in libraries."

Rothenberg, Lesliebeth, Rees, Alan M. and Kronick, David A. A investigation of the educational needs of health sciences library manpower. IV. Medical Library Association Bulletin 59(1): 31-40, January 1971.

.....

It was in the fall of 1968 that we decided we needed a women's liberation group in Regina. We were students. We were young - 18 to 26 and were just beginning to recognize the disadvantages of being a woman in our society. As the issue became more public we began admitting, one by one, usually in heated arguments with men, that we supported women's liberation. Though we didn't have a very coherent idea of the nature of women's oppression or what her liberation might consist of, we were easily convinced by the feeling in the pit of the stomach when attacked for being a "women's libber", that we were not the fully developed, reasonably confident and capable persons we wanted to be. We would find instead, ourselves trying to protect our egos by resorting to typical feminine stances of shy passivity, coquetish teasing, suffering silence, or hysterical outbursts.

But it took a year before we began to talk to each other. When we finally got together and began to admit our feelings and experiences to each other, we realized that our personal problems were the logical effects of a social prejudice. We discovered that one result of our having swallowed the lie of our inferiority of "differentness" was a feeling of alienation and disdain for other women. To prove ourselves intellectuals equal to fellow male students we had developed attitudes of superiority and exceptionality. We had been socialized all our lives as to how to relate to men but we had only learned to look at other women as competition. We had only learned to look at, but not listen to or act with other women. We had a lot to learn. It was not easy but it was better than struggling alone.

At first we just talked, then we studied together and finally we began to resist as a group. We set up an abortion committee, confronted the Medical Association of Saskatchewan, and helped individuals get legal and illegal safe abortions. We spoke on campus, in high schools, to the women of the Saskatchewan Farmer's Union, at hospitals, churches, etc. We demanded and won money and space for daycare on campus for students and employees of the university. We set up a neighborhood daycare centre as well.

The next year I left the university to take a job as a library assistant in a branch library in the neighborhood where my husband and I were living. I began to talk to the other library assistants with whom I worked who had never been to university. I also began to talk to the mothers who brought their preschool children to story-telling programs. I had to get rid of a lot of rhetoric I had absorbed in university but we soon were talking about equal pay, maternity leave, abortion, daycare, hiring and promotion policies in the public library, the images

of girls and women in children's books, etc. Though we had much in common, I soon found my new friends could not be comfortable in my old aggressive, "intellectual", campus-oriented women's liberation group. I left Regina last summer without really solving this problem.

When I got to Vancouver I looked up Vancouver Women's Caucus, whose newspaper is distributed all over Canada. I have been working ever since with the paper and with the working women's workshop. The women in the group vary from nurses' aides, secretaries, teachers, store clerks to professors. We hope eventually to organize a city-wide working women's union which would help women in struggles on the job.

Heather and I are quite eager to meet other women in the library who would like to talk about women's liberation. That is why we have decided to put up with the possible jibes that might accompany publicly confessing to be a radical feminist. We don't wear women's liberation buttons to work, but you can find us in Sedgewick.

Pat Howard Under 30

"This is Labor. Would you like to speak to Management?"

RANDOM COMMENTS GATHERED BY YOUR ROVING REPORTERS. Some are signed; some for obvious reasons are not. However, the age and sex of the commentators have been recorded for statistical purposes.

My opinion of most women in the Women's Liberation Movement is that they are a group of radicals with an inferiority complex who are doing more harm than good towards the acquisition of equal rights for women in our society. I'm in favour of equal rights for a woman if she will bear the same responsibilities as men without using her supposed femininity as a way out when the going gets tough. Male under 30.

I agree with some of their demands such as: women's right to abortion, equal status in the working world, but I do want to remain female. Female under 30.

I like to love them not fight them. Walter A. Guntensperger, Bindery.

This is a note to the militant man-hating minority who give the Women's Lib. movement the bad name they seem to have. Surely it is only commonsense that women should have the same rights as men. Just as negroes, whites, jews, chinese, and everyone else should have equal rights and respect. None of this is to suggest that everyone is the same. This is not so. But everyone is equal.

> Whilst we work and hope for justice in this world let us not lose sight of the fact that the beautiful thing about people is their difference, and the most beautiful difference of all is between the male and the female.

Female under 30. Aphrodite, Serials Division

Women are great. I think every man should own one.

Man - Right on 30.

The original idea was O.K. but it's gotten out of hand.

Female under 30.

In favour of most of their objectives; doubtful about many of their means. Male over 40.

Women should have equivalent rights (i.e. equal performance level should accompany equal opportunity). Male (30).

I think too much has been said about it already. Female under 30.

Women's Lib. will play a big part in the revolutionary struggle of North America. Male under 30.

I don't know what all these women are bitching about - all I want to do is stay home and have babies. Female under 30.

When I first joined the profession, our library always put books on male Chauvinist pigs under the subject SWINE BREEDS. Since being liberated we have added a cross-reference to MEN. Male over 30.

A Librarian

Every woman is as liberated as she wants to be. Female under 30.

If there comes a time when the male is considered to be obsolete than I would not hesitate a single moment to have my sex changed.

Male under 30.

This is nothing new, even though a number of people have been persuaded to think otherwise.

I'm all for the element of the womens liberation that is striving for equal pay for equal work, abortion on demand, and some of the other inequalities of the North American social structure. However, I have nothing but condemnation for the factions that, through their demonstrations, are killing the sensible ideals of the true womens liberation movement. It is unfortunate that the media seems to only give publicity to the radical elements but without this publicity the true movement might also die.

It can only be hoped that in the long run the sensible faction will win out. But it is going to take a long time as the democratic process moves at a snails pace. For the females to convince the male population that they are more than a sex symbol is probably going to take generations.

To conclude I wish the sincere women who truly believe in what they are doing after all my moral support.

Jim Lanphier
Bindery

The woman's place is in the kitchen, barefoot and pregnant catering to the man's offspring and his wishes. Her place is ten paces behind him unless something unforseen occurs as in the case of the soldier when she should be ten paces in front.

"A soldier was riding his horse down the road with his wife walking ten paces behind when they came upon a friend. The friend asked why the wife

was walking ten paces behind. The soldier replied that's a womans place. The next day the friend came upon them again but this time the wife was walking ten paces ahead of her husband. The friend asked the soldier why and was told by him that there were land mines ahead."

Male Chauvinist under 30

My thoughts of this Womans movement is varied, in the first place a woman was put on this earth to ease the feelings of man, and if hes a Big man, maybe two woman. That should satefy most woman. I have also noticed the woman who do the most shouting about equal rights are mainly Old maids, who were never in the running to get a man or some manish thing who has been wearing her husbands trousers for too long. I do agree if a woman is doing the same work as a man, she should get equal pay, thats OK if they work in a library at a desk, but imagine the cry if it was real hard physical work. I think the woman would soon let us know "its a mans job and not a womans".
My second thoughts are that most of the woman I know are quite satisfied with their lot and this Lib movement is degrading to the female sex and a laughing stock to the male.

Male over 30
And Rarying to Go.

Historically the rights of women were first mentioned in the 5th Cent. Fifteen hundred years later, some countries legislated Womens Suffrage. Canada in 1918 and when General de Gaulle rose to Presidency of France, women first voted in an election in that country. Nineteen countries still deny women the right to vote.

Womens Liberation Movements have only succeeded with the support of governments placed in untenable positions, such as war. Powerful womens national and international organizations existed before the 1st World War and preceeding the 2nd. To enlist the support of these organizations in time of war, both the governments of Britian and United states were forced to pass legislation favouring womens rights. As the movements achieved their objective, activity subsided.

The ominious history of women's success is that the movements have been superseded by a total war. I feverently hope the present spark of a movement does not set off an even bigger explosion than both World Wars added together. However as things stand at the moment, in my opinion, no Womens Liberation Movements exists. But one should; despite the chances.

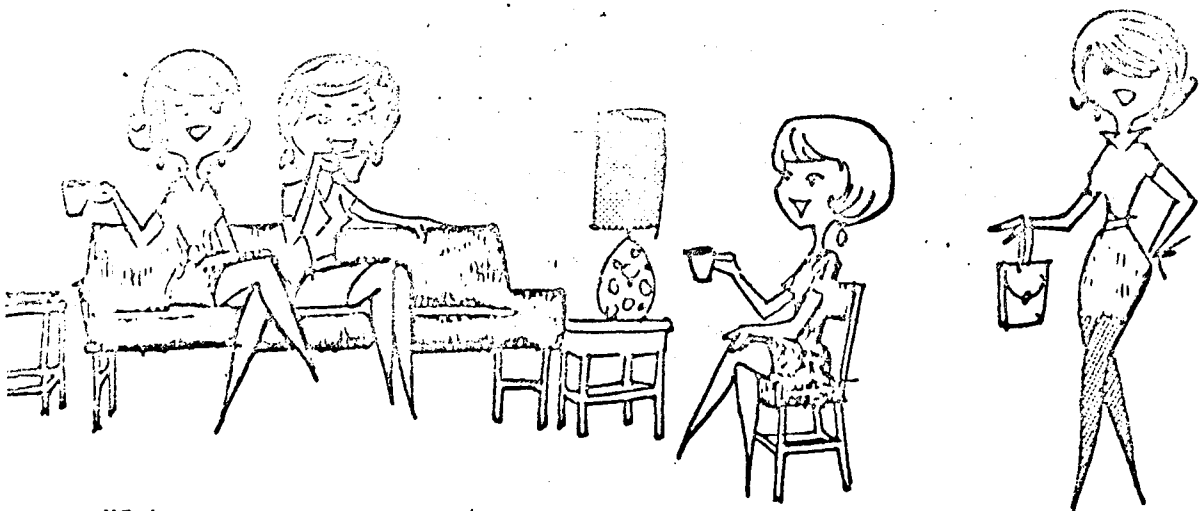
Fifteen hundred years have passed for more than half the earths population to arrive at its present legal status. Placed in an inferior position by the literal interpretation of the Bible, deprived of education and business experience, women historically accepted their position. Women of today are complacent by legislation and are not accepted to be the equal of men. They are not partners but archaeological artifacts.

Without strong organizations women will only achieve minute successes. A Womens Manifesto is needed. Considering the Pill, Artificial Insemination, abortion, economic independence, women may control destiny, (Re-reading that last line the term men may some day be reduced to man).

The world has been thinking too long with half a mind. Women must be given, or take, the requisotes of equality.

Until women pull themselves out of the penurious opinion of men, then the governments are working for only half the population and with only half a mind.

Bob Tudge
Prebindery



"I have to run, girls. My lunch hour starts in five minutes!"

Movements are for bowels. Male (30).

I agree with woman's Lib. so long as they don't try eating and having their cake at the same time. Male under 30.

I do agree with some of their objectives, but would not join or support them, because I would feel embarassed to be part of that group of masculin and uncivilised women. Female under 30.

Women - at birth only the strong should be saved; the week smothered. The strong should be nurtured and maintained by society until they reach maturity, then they should be placed in their permanent homes on breeding farms. Male over 30.

I just don't think about it. Female under 30.

I'll go along with their motives but not their motions. Female (30).

I agree with their views on abortion. I'm against woman who disguise their figures. Male (21).

Of course I am in favour of the rights of women. Abortion and equal pay are the evolutionary inheritors of women's sufferage in the 1900's - except in Liechtenstein, and all must perforce come to pass. But I am wary of some of the rampant be-trousered Amazons who parade with the Movement picking their noses, de-bra-ed, unisexed, uncouth, the obverse of the gentleness and loveliness that all men prefer. If this particular monstrous regiment of women want to throw itself under the King's horse, I for one am not sorry. 'G.B.S.' Male under 30.

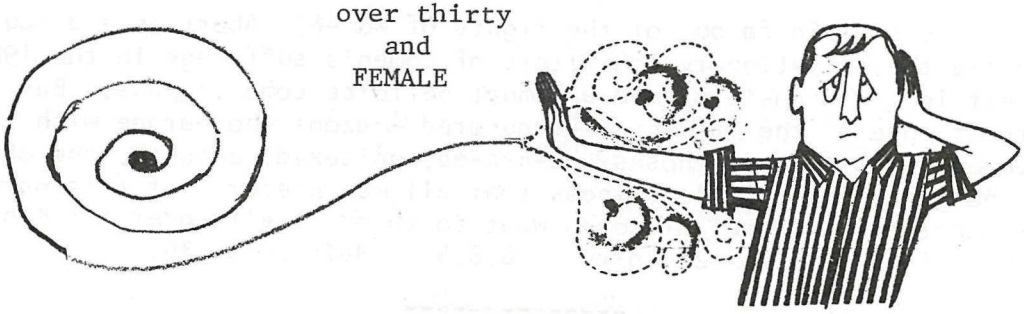
Are women inherently inferior to men? Are they essentially second rate? If one believes, as I do, that women and men are equal in intelligence one must welcome and encourage all efforts to make that equality a reality.

In my opinion women are presently treated as second class citizens. With rare exceptions their opinions are derided and their imaginations restricted. Even the basic democratic right of equal pay for equal work is the exception rather than the rule. We men often think of women only as decorations and ignore them except for our sexual interest. Many women are reluctant to demand change in these attitudes and some women even level hostile criticism at those who want to clear up these problems without delay.

The women's liberation movement is making a determined effort to alert women to the consistent denial of their democratic rights. Another aspect of the women's liberation movement is the creation and support of strong organizations controlled and directed by women. These organizations will certainly influence men to revise their thought and conduct in respect of women and to practice democracy in this important area.

Allen Soroka

THE LAST WORD.

What doth it profit a woman my dears
To acknowledge a man as one of our peers,
Good heavens my loves, they might even suppose
That for years we've been leading them around by the nose,
We've rocked the cradle and ruled men's careers
With soft patient smiles and occasional tears
And honest dear Libby I'd sooner not switch,
I'd rather be-guiling than digging a ditch.

Pat LaVac (the ed.)
over thirty
and
FEMALE