A WOMEN'S LIBERATION NEWSPAPER

PEDESTAL

VANCOUVER B.C. VOLUME IV NO. 10 DECEMBER 1972

SPECIAL CHRISTMAS POETRY & GRAPHICS ISSUE!

PEACE ON EARTH AND REVOLUTION FOR WOMEN

For Shoshanna -

How can I tell you:
my love for you was
so fragile
already the warmth
was drowned with
my pain.
my pain of knowing
I cannot love my sisters
freely and openly but with
hesitant child-steps of
one crippled with years
of love-deficiency.

Loving all is still
only a theoretical goal
in my mind.
Sometimes I feel strong
sometimes I think
my strength
lies in my celibacy.

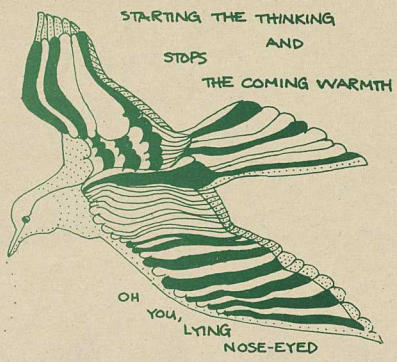
Today my body is torn
between my logical mind
and my illogical emotions.
Not fully knowing why;
I let my tears fall
reminding me that perhaps
I should spend
3 more years
alone.

early moon
four gulls
appear in a cloud.

-Loder

brenda now
i ain't got
none of all those things
we talked
around
i've got a joint and
too much trembling
to not
cry
and feel
how fragile
gentle
truthful
women are
please tell me again
about limits
to the pain

WOMAN FRIEND
SISTER
MY LOVER
INSIDE
EVEN US
THE SEXISM
DARKENS
PULLS AT
OUR INNOCENCE
STARTING THE THINKING
AND
STOPS
THE COMING WARMTH



OH
YOU,
LYING
NOSE-EYED
NEXT TO MY SLEEPING
SUCH WARM FRIENDS
WE'RE
BECOMING

"you're doomed if you leave the working class"
communist miner

file clerk
one of the women
runs mad
chasing numbers
her work races ahead
winning all odds

you sort her pack
watch in split.
breaths
if the boss lurks
her job spills
into the file
at 5

her madness piles higher
into the file
9 years/3 months/1 day
& a new system
more numbers
smaller cards
a pack out of control

Myrtle
caught in the file
with the rest of the
working class
she doesn't believe in

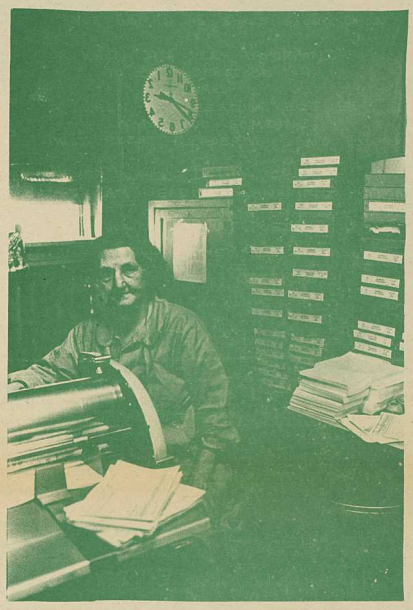
workers are men
in the cold day
pasting roads together
incessantly

her short fingers
fumble with the numbers
her tongue numbs
against the men
who work

how do you survive
in the working class?

I write poems
on the back of cards
later, when we move
onto micro film
we'll laugh
remembering the luxuries
of time
before

Sharon Stevenson
first published in WHITE PELICAN



REALITY IS EATING INTO MY BONES
IT CREEPS ALONG MY RESTLESS SPINE
AND TOSSES ME IN RYTHMN
TO THE TUNE OF
BLACK NIGHT BREATHING GRINDING TEETH
OF THE BODY BESIDE ME
I WANTED A SMILING MOMMY
AND A STATION WAGON DADDY
AND GRANDMA BAKING COOKIES ON HER FARM.
O AMERICA
YOU HAVE BRANDED YOUR SCHOOLBOOK IDEALS
ON MY BROW
BUT I REFUSE TO BE A GOLEM
FOR ANY GOD
OR COUNTRY
OR MAN.

-COLETTE CONNOR

SOMETIMES IN CANADA

SOMETIMES I TALK IN AMERICAN.
USUALLY WHEN I'M TRYING TO
BE A PERSON
NOT WOMAN AS SHE'S STOOD UPON

OR WHEN IT'S VERY IMPORTANT
TO BE UNDERSTOOD
CLEARLY
OR WHEN A DECISION MUST BE
MADE AND SOMEONE
MUST EXERT LEADERSHIP AND POWER.

NEVER WHEN I LOVE YOU
OR AM READING CANADIAN HISTORY.

OR THINKING ABOUT POETRY.
STILL, SOMETIMES I TALK IN
AMERICAN.

-Sharon Stevenson

ALL NIGHT I PROTECTED YOU
AGAINST THE CURIOSITY OF THESE STRANGERS
BY SILENCE
ABOUT YOU
AND WITH CHARMING STORIES
OF DEEDS DONE
IN FACT WITH YOU
BUT WHY SHOULD THEY
KNOW
THESE PEOPLE WHO
BEGIN TO ACCUMULATE
THE EXCRESCENCES OF
A BETTER HOMES AND GARDENS
HOME
WHILE YOU ARE LOST TO ME
FAR AWAY FROM OUR MUTUAL
ADVENTURE
FAR AWAY FROM ANY SAFETY I CAN GIVE
BUT SILENCE.

– SHARON STEVENSON

HEY THERE, LESBIAN WOMAN
STANDING IN THE CAN'YON
LOOKING SO PROUD
SCREAMING TO ALL THAT HAVE EARS
THAT THEY SHOULD BE FREE
BECKONING THEM TO TAKE
YOUR HAND
SHARING ONE MOMENT OF YOUR WISDOM
HEY THERE LESBIAN WOMAN
SO SOFT AND GENTLE.

AND YOU BEG AND YOU MOAN
AND YOU FEEL THEIR HUMILIATION
AND THEY LAUGH AND POINT
THEIR FINGERS–
JUST AS YOU WEEP FOR THEIR LIVES
HEY THERE, LESBIAN WOMAN –
LEND ME YOUR MIND.

AND AS IF TO GRASP
TOMORROW BY THE ARM AND
LEAD IT TO THE TIMES
WE SPEAK OF FAILURE,
GIVING UP – FALLING BEHIND.
OUR VEINS PUMPING FIERY ENERGY
AS YOU SPEAK OF THE DAY
WHEN WE'LL BE TOGETHER.
HEY THERE LESBIAN WOMAN
WITH A FIST IN THE AIR.

–SHOSHANNA BET-CHAI

I LIKE ME
AROUND YOU
YOU LAUGH AT
THE SAME THINGS
I CAN EVEN
SEE IT STARTING
IN YOUR EYES,
AND
WHEN
OUR EYES CATCH
WE MAKE LAUGHTER
EVEN
WITHOUT
SOUNDS

READ MY POEMS AT THE GALLERY TODAY
MY SON JOHN KEPT GETTING UP AND GOING OUT THE DOOR
I FIGURED HE WAS UPSET
MAYBE AT THE LOVE POEMS
IN WHICH HIS FATHER WAS DEFINITELY NOT THE HERO
ON THE WAY HOME JODY LET ME KNOW
THAT ACTUALLY WHAT HE WAS DOING
WAS GOING TO THE DOOR TO EAT THE CANDY
I HAD FORBIDDEN HIM TO BRING INTO THE GALLERY
JODY DIDN'T SAY TOO MUCH ABOUT MY READING
SHE LIKED IT SHE ADMITTED
JOHN KEPT ASKING ME WHY I HAD TO SWEAR IN THE POEMS
HE DIDN'T LIKE MY USE OF THE WORD PENIS
HE SAID WHY DON'T YOU CALL IT A DOEY
HIS ATTITUDE REMINDED ME OF THE DAY
I HAD TO DRIVE JOE'S TRUCK
BECAUSE MY CAR WAS BROKEN AGAIN
AND JOHN KEPT REPEATING
LOUDLY
'BUT WOMEN JUST DON'T DRIVE TRUCKS, MOTHER!

- BETH JANKOLA

THERE ARE NO LOVERS

I WILL SPEAK OF WOMEN AGAIN
WHO ARE NO LEGEND.
I OUGHT TO KNOW: MY OWN LIFE
ALWAYS SOUGHT TO CLOSE THE GAP
ONE WAY OR ANOTHER
THE MYTH WAS PENETRATED
I SPILLED, I GAVE, I FILLED
I CRAVED, THE GODDESSES INHABITED
ME ONE BY ONE I FASHIONED
GODS BESEECHED
THEM: TAKE
YOUR PROPER PLACE DELIVER
ME FROM MY KIND

THE REALITY WAS
I WAS BORN FEMALE, BORN
TO SUFFER MY KIND, BE KIND
TO OTHERS.
NO SISTER GIVES
ME CHARITY, NUNS ARE DISCREDITED.
BROTHERS ASK. I GIVE
WHAT I TOO A LITTLE
DESPISE, HAVING NOTHING ELSE
LEFT
TO OFFER
IN EXCHANGE FOR HUMANITY

- HELENE ROSENTHAL

WE
KILLED TODAY
A BLACK WIDOW SPIDER
AFRAID OF BEING SICK
IF BITTEN
AND NOT FINISHING THE ROOF,
OR
GETTING ENOUGH
WOOD
CUT,
AND
YOU CAN'T PLAY MUSIC
WITH SWOLLEN FINGERS;
BUT
NOBODY EXPLAINED
BEFORE A FOOT THUMP
ENDED HER LIFE

No Way Out

I give you diamonds
and you give me disease
actually what I gave him
in return for my car
that they had towed away
was jade
but all that is incidental
it is the disease that I dwell upon
it went like this
I did not have ten dollars to pay him
I had already tried in the beginning to escape
but he had radioed his buddy the tow truck driver
to block the passageway
I couldn't get out
these men have their Viet Nam
right there
in that car lot
every nite they tow cars away from the Cecil parking lot
and every nite
beer filled patrons
come begging for their cars
he said maybe I'd like to step in the back room with him
and he could twiddle his twit in my twat
then he would let me go
and even give back the bag holding the jade
his buddy snickered
I said sure and stepped into his office
he hesitated
his fellow war veteran said
what's the matter chicken
the operator went ahead and made arrangements on the radio phone
for someone to take over his commander position
I said just a minute I have to tell my friends
that I will be here a little longer
I walked thru the rain to Michael's car
asked him to take the people to Burnaby
he didn't have enough gas
they all looked warm and cosy huddled together talking
I turned back into the nite
suddenly a black rage enveloped me
and I experienced a familiar trapped feeling
I went to my small green Volkswagen
turned the key got it going slammed it into gear
and drove it back and forth
back and forth
they said later that I had scrapped the bosses car
and may have dinted another
they made me get out
there was a short scene
of checking for damage with flashlites
the operator said
give me back the jade
you'd better get out of here
Michael's voice from back of me said
would you like me to head your car out
yes
I moved under the wheel
my car pointed towards a clear road
the others climbed in and I was free
but the fury still possessed me

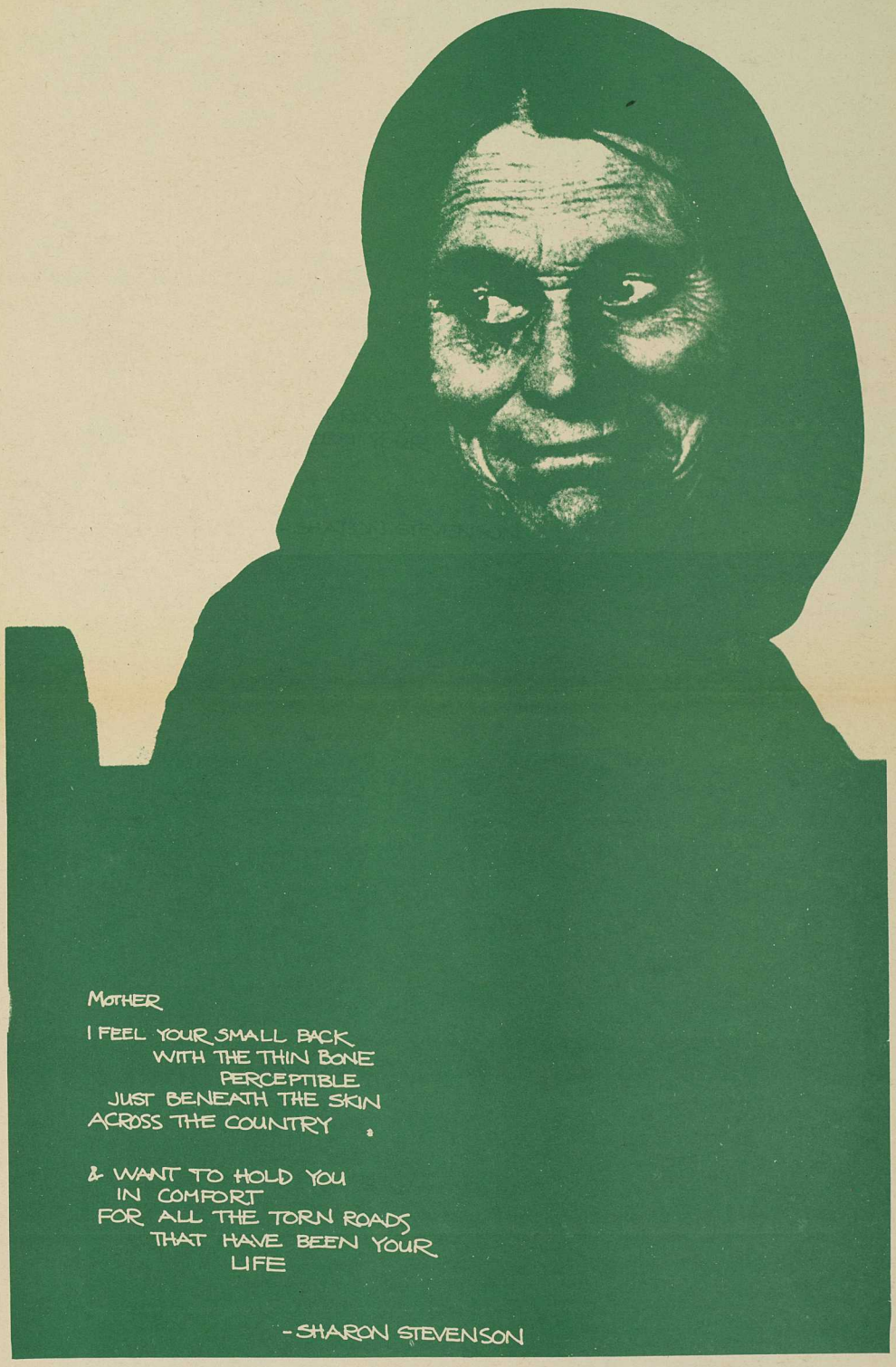
– Beth Jankola

i am a revolutionary
because society killed my father
i am a feminist
because my father killed my mother
i am an artist
because she died so slowly

Roslyn Smythe

august 25
canada, on the road

talking
"i want a home"
"how many trees was it
takes to make
the new york times?
hiway 23 in the making
man-on-the-caterpillar
sexually assaulting
the cedars
"30 minute delay here, ma'm, while the bull dozer
comes
through"
so i climbed out of my tin can, like the other
ones the road is made for,
walked over the uprooted trees to sit inside
a tree's trunk
to cry
to say, i'm sorry
sitting among her dead limbs
rubbing my hands over her cuts



MOTHER

I FEEL YOUR SMALL BACK
WITH THE THIN BONE
PERCEPTIBLE
JUST BENEATH THE SKIN
ACROSS THE COUNTRY

& WANT TO HOLD YOU
IN COMFORT
FOR ALL THE TORN ROADS
THAT HAVE BEEN YOUR
LIFE

-SHARON STEVENSON

There are 2 things that you gotta remember about making a Revolution.
One is that we're gonna get our asses kicked.
The other is that we're gonna win.

political poem*

Though born from an egg, not all
of us beautiful women
can boast a bird
for father. Rather we
construct our own
births of tragedy, eschewing
superman, his wars.
The lover we take
in our own image
of what a man should be
to deserve us, seldom is. Like a god
dressed up in feathers, he betrays
his pure-white promise of ascent
in patriarchal foment.

He's an attack
of need, a wish, an itch that wants scratching.

So what we do,
we auction ourselves off
in his eyes, let him dupe himself with his own mirrors.
Meanwhile we buy our own
egalitarian image · of time
in which to grow wings,
and ask ourselves: to engage, or disengage? That is
the question. Maybe a second war
in heaven? angels with breasts and vaginas calling
the bluff on those scholarly sex-
less abstractions the Greeks
and Romans would have laughed themselves silly over?
History rewritten? Religion, poetry, our viewpoint?
Paradise?

Well we have to go a long way
back. Oh yes. In deed.

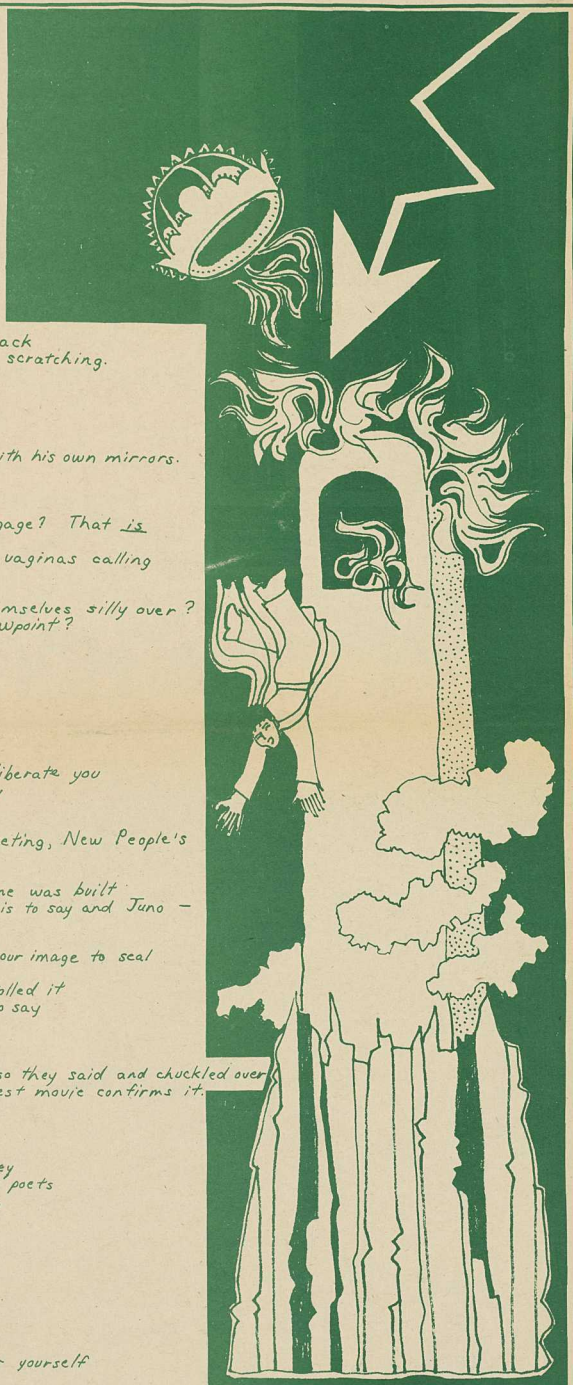
Venus, baby, take it: we're going to liberate you
from the old man's service, give you
a decent job. So get set
to rehabilitate yourself, burn
your license. We're going to call a meeting, New People's
Republic style, and let you confess:
For one — how you let Dido burn
to make a man's success story. How Rome was built
on our bones. Love vs. Marriage, that is to say and Juno —

traditional enemies coming together in our image to seal
woman's fate. Oh what a craven
betrayal was there — as men have extolled it
(and have you been among us as cause to say
it isn't so?). Two thousand years
made to lie burning
under the man
's myth. And then, you loved War, so they said and chuckled over
the scandalous bedding. And the latest movie confirms it.
Fun with violence, at our expense.

But we learn. "Seize the day." They
never meant us, of course, those classic poets
but we clean house for the last time;
change our house
dresses for the working pants of history.
So dismiss
your dove-drawn chariot, Mother —
the romantic lie. Start flying
on your own.

You'll never have to lower yourself
to help Zeus con-descend, again:
The Old Man's
good
as dead.

-Helene Rosenthal



*IN MYTHOLOGY HELEN OF TROY WAS CONCEIVED FROM THE UNION OF LEDA AND ZEUS WHO DISGUISED HIMSELF AS A SWAN. HELEN WAS THUS BORN FROM AN EGG.

THE LAST TIME I'LL SLEEP WITH A MAN (MAYBE)

I KNEW AT ONCE I'D MADE A MISTAKE
WHEN I WOKE IN YOUR BED THIS MORNING,
AND YOU SAID, HOW DO YOU LIKE YOUR EGGS?
I HOPED YOU WERE JOKING
... YOU WEREN'T.
I LIED, RECOILED,
THINKING OF NOTHING
WITTY,
ALL YOU HAD IN YOUR HEAD WAS BREAKFAST.

I SHOULD HAVE KNOWN YOUR PAINTINGS WERE RIGHT
ABOUT YOU,
CLEAR,
SHARP,
PRECISION-CRAFTED,
NO ROUGH EDGES
I SHOULD HAVE PUT MY EAR TO THE WALLS AND FLOORS OF YOUR HOUSE.
STERILE, CLEAN,
(SO VERY, VERY CLEAN)
AND LISTENED
YOU PLACED AN OMELETTE (WELL DONE) IN FRONT OF ME,
TOAST, COFFEE,
WE EXCHANGED A FEW SMALL IDEAS
I LISTENED POLITELY,
ATE DELICATELY
CHOKED,
GAGGED (EVER SO SLIGHTLY)
AS YOU COUNTED OFF THE SECONDS
TICK,
TICK,

BY THE END OF THE SECOND CUP WE'D WRAPPED UP THE EVENING
TO DISPOSE OF ME NEATLY, YOU WANTED TO DRIVE ME HOME,
I SAID NO, AND STEPPED OUTSIDE,
SUSPENDED MOMENTARILY OVER THE SIDEWALK
LAUGHING
DIZZY,
CRAZY,
I KICKED MY DISPAIR (MISTAKE)
ALL THE WAY HOME

- N.R.

NOTHING'S SACRED ANYMORE

I WAS ALONE
AND YOUR HAIR WAS THICK AND SOFT
AND YOU DRANK AND TALKED
WITH SUCH AN EXACT AMOUNT,
OF CONCERN
THAT I WAS FOOLED
BY YOUR DESIRE FOR FRIENDSHIP;
OR FLESH.
SO WHEN YOU LEFT ME
AND SLOWLY FADED INTO,
THE SWAYING CROWD;
AND DARKNESS
I SHOULD HAVE REALIZED
THAT I WAS THE ONE TO LAUGH
AND YOU WERE THE ONE ALONE.
I SHOULDN'T HAVE CARED
I SHOULD HAVE TOLD YOU THAT;
NOTHING'S SACRED ANYMORE.

- MONA 72

No. 5 ORANGE ST.

SATURDAY NOV. 4. 1972

FACES ROSE AND FELL
LIKE THE HEAVY BREATHING,
OF BURDENED ANIMALS.
SALTY ATMOSPHERE
CLUNG TO THE NOISY RUSH
OF DRINKING BODIES
AND PERPETUAL GLASSES.
INDIVIDUALS POSED,
TO IMPRESS
MEN SAUNTERED,
WITH EGOS AGLOW
LADIES MASQUERADED,
WITH PRETENTIOUS CARE.
AND I LAUGHED
AT THE DOWNFALL,
OF OUR DISPLAY.

- MONA 72

AND YOU THINK I PLAY GAMES

KEEP IN TOUCH
WAS ERIC'S LAST COMMENT
BEFORE HE HUNG UP THE RECIEVER
WHAT DOES HE MEAN
I HAVEN'T SEEN HIM IN A YEAR
MAYBE I AM UPSET
OR
HE EXPECTS ME TO BE UPSET
I MEAN REALLY I QUIT GOING TO SEE HIM
A LONG TIME AGO
I KNOW I LOVE HIM
I ALSO KNOW I CAN'T BE WITH HIM
HE WON'T LET ME
JEEZ THEY ALL LAUGHED AT ME
WHEN I TOLD THEM
THAT I WAS IN LOVE WITH MY PSYCHIATRIST
THAT'S WHAT IS SUPPOSE TO HAPPEN THEY SAID
HE LAUGHED TOO
GENTLY
HE'S 63
SO WHY DOES HE PHONE ME?
NOW BETH
HE DOESN'T KNOW ANY MORE ABOUT YOU
THEN YOU KNOW ABOUT YOURSELF
YOU JUST VISITED HIM 8 TIMES
LONG ENOUGH TO FALL IN LOVE
I WAS SO HAPPY TO HEAR HIS VOICE AGAIN
IT WAS AFTER HE HUNG UP THAT I GOT MAD
HE KNEW THAT I WAS IN LOVE WITH HIM
WHY DOES HE TEASE ME
HIS VOICE AWOKE FAMILIAR PLEASANT FANTASIES
HE'S RICH TOO
I REMEMBER HOW HE SAID
HE WOULD HAVE AN AFAIR WITH ME
EXCEPT HE WAS SO DARN BUSY WITH HIS PRACTICE AND ALL
WHENEVER A MAN REJECTS ME
I IMMEDIATELY FIND ANOTHER
BUT MOSTLY IT'S FUCKING
HE IS FUCKING AROUND
IT WAS VERY REAL TO ME
THE WAY I FELT ABOUT HIM
I DON'T CARE IF IT WAS SUPPOSE TO HAPPEN
IT DID
ANY OLD MAN DOESN'T WALK UP TO ME
AND PUSH A BUTTON
AND WHAMMEY I AM IN LOVE WITH HIM
THIS MAN IS NOT AFRAID OF ME
HE LIKES THE WAY I AM
AND MY POEMS
THINGS DON'T HAPPEN IN A VACUUM
AND I DON'T BELIEVE IN FREUD.

BETH JANKOLA

Seeing a Psychiatrist

Seeing you
I felt child's fear
when trying
to find parents
in a roomful of strangers.

– Karen

sporadic sharing
unblissful sex
the awareness that
the hour
has changed

–Loder

bad marriage
the husband he
lies on the far
side of the bed;
letting his wife
hear him
jerking off.

Rosalyn Smythe

You make me nervous

Basically
I guess
the fact that I
am 5'8.5" tall
and you are 5'5"
shouldn't make
a helluva lot of difference

Yet why do you
stand on the step
above me when
we kiss good-night?

– Karen

BEING POOR INCREASES THE APPETITE
FOR EVERY THING.
WHEN YOU CAN'T AFFORD A QUARTER
FOR THE BUS
AND STEAL THE MORNING PAPER
FOR LACK OF A DIME,
YOU END UP HATING EVEN THE GARBAGE MAN.
SOLITARY VENOM IS HARD TO LIVE WITH
AND OLD GUILT SNEAKS DOWN YOUR THROAT
WITH EVERY GASP OF AIR
SUCKED THROUGH CLENCHED TEETH.
HATE IS NOT ENVY
DESPITE WHAT MOMMA AND SUNDRY PREACHERS
FORCED DOWN YOUR THROAT
ALONG WITH PORRIDGE AND HAIL MARYS.
UNCENSORED,
HATE IS CHURNING GUTS
MANGLED SIGHT,
A PENDULUM SWAYING FROM DISGUST TO NAUSEA

SO WHEN THE PANIC WEARS THROUGH THE ARMOR
PERFORMING ITS TRAPEEZE ACTS
ON THE NERVES IN YOUR
BEGGIN-FOR-SLEEP BRAIN,
AND ROCK MUSIC,
POETRY,
DOPE,
AND THEN, AT LAST,
EVEN FUCKING CAN'T SQUELCH YOUR PAIN,
COME SCRATCH AT MY WINDOW,
AND IF YOU'VE GOT THE RIGHT SORT OF RED EYES
I'LL LET YOU IN
AND SHOW YOU THE ONLY WAY OUT.

COLETTE CONNOR

To you who would like to know me:
Listen.
There are some things you must understand.

I'm Colette.
Insane,
and driven so right around,
I appear rational.
I pocket my emotions
like hastily used kleenex.
My jacket is stuffed with smiles.
The creatures who inhabit my brain
flip switches at regular intervals
known only to them.
I cringe about exits
on the verge.
I have walked on the edge of pavement
wet by sprinklers
and was afraid to kick empty beer cans
at 9 p.m.
I wait patiently for a book,
a sudden rainbow,
or a letter from Santa Claus
to bestow the gift of sight.
Sometimes I hate the sun.
I've always loved cities at night.
My life is a series of good-byes
and lately,
I cry from my armpits.
I walk on fantasy beaches
and slink behind black velvet drapes.
I don't like good looking men
and love hurts too much to be taken seriously.
Certain women would be found between my sheets
did I not pay such close attention
to red lights or my fingernails.
My madness is flourishing
seeping into my present like a gas leak
and the pain is so great
I suck in the fumes.
I can be relyed on
to be myself
but don't forget my overpopulated brain
and my intensity
which slips out sometimes
and startles even my closest friends.
I am not defined in a dictionary.
I'm Colette.

Colette Connor

only
yesterday
you
were unafraid
to need a sister
holding away
the earth's death
and your fears
maybe we learned
together needing
turns into strong,
but stillness
hasn't come to me
and to ask
needing you
is my fear
today

TO CHEER ME UP ON BREAKING UMBILICALS

YOU
YOU'RE SO MUCH
LIKE MY SPIRIT
WOMAN,
ALL THE THINGS
I'VE WANTED TO DO
AND WAYS
I'VE WANTED TO BE
THE GIVING OF MY OPEN SELF
NOW
NOT LISTENING TO THEIR NO'S
ANYMORE
LETS GET STRONG TOGETHER

I ALWAYS THOUGHT IT WOULD BE DIFFERENT
HE SAYS IT'S NINETEEN FIFTY EIGHT ISH
I SAY WE'VE BOTH BEEN THROUGH THAT
AND LOOK HIM IN THE EYES FOR THE FIRST TIME IN
AN HOUR
ASKING FOR SECURITY IS ADMITTING THAT YOU
NEED IT.
I DIDN'T KNOW THAT WOULD HURT HIM
SEEING, THAT I WAS SO WEAK SOMETIMES.
HIS HURT COMES OUT IN ANGER.
I ASK IF HE WANTS ME TO BLEED SO MUCH
'CAUSE I AM
HE SAYS IT'S ME THAT WANTS TO BLEED AND
THAT I WATCH TOO MANY SOAP OPERAS
MY KID GOES ON CRYING IN HIS BED AND
SOMETHING INSIDE OF ME KNOWS THAT YOU
CAN'T PUSH THESE THINGS THROUGH AND
HAVE THEM TURN INSIDE OUT AND BE
O.K. AGAIN. BUT I KEEP ON TRYING,
HE SAYS I PLAY ALL THE ANGLES.
I KEEP ON SURCHING FOR THE DOOR THAT
TURNS IT ALL RIGHTSIDE OUT
AGAIN
I ROLL AN OTHER CIGERETTE AND LOOK
DOWN ALOT
LISTEN TO YOURSELF, HE SAYS
I TRY TO SAY I WANT YOU TO LISTEN
BUT HE SAYS IT AGAIN.
SO I STOP & LISTEN IN MY HEAD.
I FEEL THE TENSNESS IN THE BACK OF
MY NECK AND WONDER HOW WE GOT THIS FAR.

Bn

THIS MORNING
I LEFT YOU
DEAD
AMID SOUNDS
OF TRAFFIC

THERE WERE 6
GIANT TUBES
OF TOOTHPASTE

ON A CHAIR
NEAR THE DOOR
I CHOSE GLEEM II
AND WALKED HOME

-KAREN

sometimes,
the couple is a psychological trick
to hide our real nature from our selves;
the couple is a political unit
to operate efficiently with;
the couple is a social protection
to keep other (awkward) loves away;
the couple is a media dream
regular sex & all that not to
mention emotional sustenance now & then
who can knock that
in these times of coldness
we all need some body or somebody
or we all think we do which
may be the same thing or
just nothing
just nothing at all.

Roslyn Smythe

I'LL WHIP YOU WITH MY HAIR,
LAUGHING THREATS
AND LONG STRANDS SMOKED
ACROSS YOUR SKIN.

MY SISTERS ALWAYS,
USE THEIR HAIR FOR WHIPS
TO DRIVE
THE UNWILLING MEN.
AND THE MEN?

- SHARON STEVENSON

1973
WOMEN'S
GRAPHICS
CALENDAR

ALL ORIGINAL GRAPHICS

IMPORTANT CANADIAN HERSTORY DATES INCLUDED

ORDER FROM:

WOMEN'S CENTRE
130 W. HASTINGS
VANCOUVER, BC.

ONLY $1.00

MANY WOMEN CONTRIBUTED POETRY AND GRAPHICS FOR THIS ISSUE. WE WEREN'T ABLE TO USE EVERYTHING BUT KEEP SENDING US YOUR STUFF FOR FUTURE ISSUES!

THE DECEMBER PEDESTAL STAFF:
DIANA, NORA D., JOADIE LORI, GUTHRIE, BEVERY DAVIES, B. THOMPSON, KAREN LODER, PAMELA, JOSIE, AND JUDITH.

AND PRINTED BY SYLVIA

PHOTOGRAPHS FOR THIS ISSUE WERE FIRST COLLECTED BY THE BALDWIN STREET GALLERY IN TORONTO, AND LOANED BY THE MIND'S EYE

NOW OPEN

WOMEN'S CENTRE BOOKSTORE!

WE HAVE: THE VANCOUVER WOMEN'S HEALTH BOOKLET
1973 WOMENS GRAPHICS CALENDAR
SHE NAMED IT CANADA (NEW PRINTING)
WORKING IN HOSPITALS AND > PRINTED BY THE WORKING WOMENS ASSOCIATION
WOMEN'S WORK
AND THE PEDESTAL

ALSO BUTTONS, STICKERS + ETC!

THE DAY CARE BOOK

PUBLISHED BY THE WOMEN'S EDUCATIONAL PRESS IN TORONTO THIS BOOK PRESENTS IN A NOVEL FORMAT, THE VIEW THAT THE RAISING OF FUTURE GENERATIONS SHOULD BE A SOCIAL RESONSIBILITY. SUPPLEMENTED WITH CARTOONS AND PHOTOGRAPHS. ORDER COPIES FROM: THE WOMEN'S EDUCATIONAL PRESS
280 BLOOR STREET WEST No.305
TORONTO, ONTARIO

PRICE $1.50 (2.00 in U.S.) POSTAGE INCLUDED

momma

the newspaper/magazine for single mothers
926 marco place, Venice, Cal. 90291
Subscriptions: $3.00, institutions $4.00

MONSTER

a new collection of poems BY ROBIN MORGAN

$5.95/$1.95 Vintage paper Just Published by Random House, Inc.

DECEMBER

SUN	MON	TUES	WED	THUR	FRI	SAT
POETRY READING WOMEN'S CENTRE 8:00 P.M. 17	WORKING WOMEN'S ASSOCIATION 7:00 45 KINGSWAY 18	1915 BIRTH OF EDITH PIAF 19	FEMINIST THEATRE GROUP 7:00 WOMEN'S CENTRE FULL MOON 20	PICK UP EXTRA COPIES OF THE PEDESTAL AT THE WOMEN'S CENTRE FOR XMAS GIFTS! 21	RENT PARTY! phone The Women's Centre 684-0523 FOR INFORMATION 22	23
24	25	26	FEMINIST THEATRE 7:00 GROUP WOMEN'S CENTRE 27	28	29	FEMINIST THEATRE GROUP 7:00 WOMEN'S CENTRE 30
31						

JANUARY

	1973 HAPPY NEW YEAR SISTERS! 1	2	1793 BIRTH OF LUCRETIA MOTT FEMINIST THEATRE GROUP 7:00 WOMEN'S CENTRE 3	FILM SERIES MEETING 1:00 WOMEN'S CENTRE 4	WOMEN'S SELF-HELP CLINIC 1952 W. 4TH 6:30-9:00 5	6
BOOKSTORE MEETING MONDAY → 1:00 WOMEN'S CENTRE 7	WORKING WOMEN'S ASSOCIATION 7:00 45 KINGSWAY NO.3 8	9	FEMINIST THEATRE GROUP 7:00 WOMEN'S CENTRE 10	WOMEN'S CENTRE GENERAL MEETING 7:00 phone if you need babysitting 11	WOMEN'S SELF HELP CLINIC 1952 W. 4TH 6:30-9:00 12	OPEN HOUSE WOMEN'S CENTRE 130 W. HASTINGS 1:00 – ? 13
14	WORKING WOMEN'S ASSOCIATION 7:00 45 KINGSWAY NO.3 15	WOMEN'S STUDIES 7:30 UBC SUB BALLROOM 16	FEMINIST THEATRE GROUP 7:00 WOMEN'S CENTRE 17	18	WOMEN'S SELF HELP CLINIC 1952 W. 4TH 6:30-9:00 19	20

SPECIAL

DESTINED TO BECOME VALUABLE COLLECTOR'S ITEMS, ORDER BACK ISSUES OF THE PEDESTAL WHILE THEY LAST!

(ONLY SEVERAL ISSUES ARE OUT OF PRINT.)

1970 - 10 ISSUES $5.00 FOR SISTERS
$10.00 FOR LIBRARIES
1971 - 11 ISSUES 5.00 FOR SISTERS
$10.00 FOR LIBRARIES
1972 - 10 ISSUES $5.00 FOR SISTERS
10.00 FOR LIBRARIES

SET OF 31 ISSUES
$15 FOR SISTERS
$30 FOR LIBRARIES

SUBSCRIBE

NAME.....
ADDRESS.....
.....

MAKE CHEQUES PAYABLE TO:
THE PEDESTAL
130 WEST HASTINGS
VANCOUVER 4, B.C.

NEW RATES:
$3.00 YEAR 3.50 FOREIGN
$10.00 LIBRARIES