My book on women, for which I have not yet
directed a title will be a collection of essays
taken from the experiences of women in 1900.

What I am after, in writing a book on women, is
not to present a plan, or even a series of certainties or
correct observations, but a correct statement of a problem.
The problem is not one of personal happiness, (although doubtless
many women will decide that there is no problem,
except for individuals like me), but the problem of female
identity. There was a time when getting the vote seemed
the essential step in emancipating women; as part of the
context of playing a useful role in society, of getting
education, equal pay. In fact none of these has had
so vital an effect upon the plight of women as the development
of the pill, which freed woman from the necessity of bearing
children, and brought home to her most strongly the difference
between her sexuality as it had developed, and the man's.
Our sensibility has been formed by our experience and our
experience is all in the past. How shall we go forward,
having the education, the anxieties, the prejudices that
we have? There is no quick way to freedom, but perhaps one
could clear the decks for whatever progress will take place,
by correctly discerning what is old, retrogressive, spurious
in the culture offered to women in what is still a male
society. We got the vote, but no female concept of politics;
we got education, in male universities; frilly women at home
are quick to tell us that career women are only inferior men,
because the industries in which we work have been formed and
imagined by men.

My object in all this is not to separate women from
men, but to ally them in a different way, so that instead
of the mutually limiting relationship of dependent and
willing, there is a spontaneous self-generating attachment, which is
among other things much more sexual than at present.

I do believe that
women are different from men, and that many of those differences,
but not all, derive from their having been an oppressed class.
These differences are commonly called weaknesses, because we have
a concept of strength, of intellect as well as body. Perhaps because she has in general been less exposed to
the discipline (self and otherwise) of education for a career,
the mind of the female may have retained a certain anarchic
strength, and in the grinding cerebration of our electronic
society it may be only that strength which can save us.
Therefore I should like to define female sensibility in such a way that my sisters recognise it and feel proud of it, in such a way that this psychic energy is released. My enemies are shame and dishonesty, aspects of the female situation as deeply inherent as menstruation and vanity. I am probably as fit to do this as any negro leader, having achieved what my sisters usually cannot do in the male society. I feel discontents and shames that they have not yet stirred to, and I believe that the most important factor in overcoming female castration is the beginning of awareness, otherwise I should not bother with a book at all.

It will be therefore a sensational book. I shall strive to write with the fullness of my femaleness, in a language both accurate and sensual, with a direct rhetoric as powerful as Eldridge Cleaver's, speaking to the viscera of womankind, not the babble of bluestockings. I hope to preserve my creative rage through the writing of this book, to prove that women in masses, transformed, that though the shit is killing us, we have not died.

I have abandoned the notion of a systematic study, for a more organic form, a collection of essays on related topics, beginning at the black/white confrontation of male and female in our language and symbolism, a woman's skirmish with some aspects of cultural anthropology and the analogy industry as practised by Norman O. Brown and perhaps Horney. Then a piece on the female orgasm and female genitality in general. Then an examination of the moral stature of the female in Western culture, from virgin worship and misogyny to womanhood as sacred martyrdom. Then the reification of the female, the woman as thing, indicative of her owner's wealth, prestige, good taste, in the never ending competition with him friends and colleagues. This ought to expand to a discussion of women in western literature (written by men) in western painting (the nude) and the entertainment industry (the pin-up, the stripper, the female comedienne etc.).

Growing out of this somewhere, should come a discussion of women and clothes (not I think limited to western culture—are of the most revealing bits will come from a comparison of our culture with eastern and primitive cultures). Then female culture as such: the lending library romance, the women's magazine, female pornography, weepy movies, the male pin-up (perhaps even dogs and horses? fetish objects in the home?). I look forward in these sections to some provocative skirmishes with Lesley Fieldler and Sir Kenneth Clark. Although these discussions are not lighthearted
they will be witty, deo volente, for example, I shall take one of James Bond's sexual conquests and write it side by side with the lady's blow by blow account of the proceedings. I intend to outrage the editress (male or female) of every woman's magazine in the country. Barbara Cattland will (as she has once before) grind her aquamarines into my nose in some very public place. into my face.

The last chapter will be my apocalypse. I shall suggest some very exciting but utterly unacceptable experimental measures for releasing the female identity, a form of Venus power, not Lysistrata-like punishing both sexes with the withdrawal of the female as commodity by withdrawing sex, but by withdrawing fidelity and eschewing modesty. and

Even God (being male, despite the suffragettes) does not know whether women really are monogamous or "instinctively" modest. I shall describe some ways of being outrageous which I privately think also mirror some of our deepest desires, so that women can make revolution for the hell of it (my book is aware of The Women, too) which is the only kind at all likely to succeed. Besides I have half a hope that women are not violent, and that if they ally themselves with the other dropouts from The White Man's society, physical force may become a resistless tide of another kind.
If it's true that the
whole world's 1969 has
accepted the idea that
women can have
unrealized experien-
ced women who love
him, will he come to
realize that he is
unrealized? But then

A woman who love him.

A woman who love him.

A woman who love him.

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A woman who love him.
The suffragette,

Our sensibility is largely if not totally formed by our experience; and all that our understanding of new conditions must always lag behind their existence. What difference has adequate contraception made to us? What connection does that have with the changing nature of property, ownership and transmission in our diffuse and disintegrating bureaucracies? Could marriage be inappropriate to our actual way of living and its usefulness? Any case rests upon no insanthropy. Indeed, my problem is much more that I cannot like women. Our oppression which becomes more evident as it moves away is the oppression of the male too. When the Thor freed the hero he was fundamentally freeing himself from his responsibility. Souls dependent upon his charge. Man struggles to be free of us, and we cling on, terrified to drop into the void, distrustful of our own capabilities, afraid of freedom, because it is the most demanding condition. Women have long wondered what men like fascinating bitches; the "he needs me but he dreams of her" syndrome. Neither bitchery nor sexual unfitness is a total role for woman.

I would have woman release her last clutch at man, not to have her recreating some absurd Amazonian society, but to improve female empire with the male, to ally female
The Female Cununn, or Why I Hate Women.

In an essential way, this book is about my sensibility, which is the only one I know, and my reporter, Anne, must also be my heroine. Like Newton, I can see some of her inadequacies although I don't accept them. Some of them I regard as strengths.

The vote was once a valid aim for women in a patriarchal and paternalist society which in its socio-economic pattern was predominantly male.
institutions naturally, because they were all there were. But since then, men have made a mistake. In admiring us as all men made a fundamental error — he educated an oppressed class to understand and resent their oppression. The housewife with a few words of a degree has more depth and more meaning expressing it. The immediate increase in suffering was the most immediate effect of false emancipation and many women rebounded, dropped out and back into the easy mindless life of the un feminine, and developed her native cunning and her intelligence declined into the primitive cunning with which the woman exploits her oppressed male vanity. We know men because we serve them. Our advantage is that they have not bothered to know us, and this ignorance is our weapon.

But now we have our ally so powerful and we thought here can begin in a new way; the pill has radically altered sexual female sexuality, separated it from feminances the effect of almost adequate contraception upon sexuality have yet to be charted. It centers at a time when the property transmission patterns of our society have
male in a way which is not mutually limiting but—what? I do not know, but “I have a dream.”
The day on which my book begins itself, and Janis Joplin sings at the Albert Hall. Yesterday, the title was 'Stormpet Voluntary'—what shall I be today?

I ought to explain why I think this book should be written, which is the same as explaining why I should write it. Firstly, I suppose it is to explain, to expiate my guilt about being an uncle Tom to my sex. I don't like women. I probably should in all the effortless and unconscious contempt that men pour upon women. Probably—do.

Most women would deny that they are oppressed, which is why it will prove harder to liberate them than it was to liberate the toil of the Negroes. But all the same, they will say, women can be captains of industry, brilliant brain surgeons, poets, nuclear physicists, even such Nixon's little eyes can see far enough to envisage a female President—she, as I say!—explain her own lack of ambition, such women will claim that the hand that rocks the cradle rules the world, as if any one of them had ever rocked a cradle. They will say that behind every great man stands a great woman, and will not even blush at the proposition. They will point to the glory of the working wife who earns money, which will be impiously taxed to her husband's second income, keeps a home going and stays desirable and feminine at the same time. I have underpaid many such, been in love with them, kissed them in heels in the sudden freedom, and sent them break down screaming in a sudden sense of nerves when he swayed for four hours responsibility for them. Most of them are in
He sold as well, charmed to twenty little interferences
with their metabolism amount bravado
(see: manfully) ignoring the suspicion
(stomach and cerebral catastrophe.) If
working mines are an index of the steadiness to
which women can aspire, dressing out at
lunchtime to bring something appetizing
for dinner — "Bill is awfully glad — he always
helps with the washing up" after working the
dinner up which I always find the hardest
part, keeping herself pretty, was protecting
the ego of one man during the day, and another
more difficult because threatened by the
washing wife we are told) during the night.
OK, so he goes up work, and relish to a kept
woman, maybe making some children — a
woman's real fulfillment was to this. Any
woman can bring up kids, well or badly,
somehow. The most intelligent, resourceful woman
can expect no greater means of success and
fratricide than the men. Indeed, if you look
up satisfy yourself by through your children
you are a fool, as Chiron would have told you
at the birth time, when he was eaten by minions.

Women are such bears, such jeez ravers, that
they pretend at all points along their experience,
to be grateful, peaceful, satisfied when they
aren't. What must and causing their parents
hard times at the effort wants to be met by a rise
with fraternization, at home. Women's magazines
tell the miserable creatures, worn out doing the
same drummy jobs over and over again flattened
by interminable conversations with people
they feel high who do not listen to her answers
burdened by the one-dimensional pronouns
I being intrinsically mild and omnipotent all
day to keep themselves desirable (whether they
are actually deserving or desired a not).
No one takes to admit failure. Women are told
from infancy that if they behave with-kind and
EQUAL PAY

Leaders of Transport and General Workers' Union call on TUC to launch new campaign. Announced Frank Cousins 16.7.69. "Biological disadvantage and a responsibility to the child" - pass a resolution to call for equal pay places at TUC. Confined jointly by management and unions. TUC was not granted equal pay for women anywhere at 1969 in London.

Government propose - woman not eligible pay if higher paid unless for the bill -

Hatt Fettes motion 1888 - John Newton, camp new pres. put down all 57 to 20 male 9 men. - Common method of payment - pay for same work 11-0. - Equal pay for work of equal value.

STRIKES THREATENED - by Amalgamated Engineers among others.

TRANSPORT UNION PLAN A UNIFIED INCREAS

Current Glenn, Day has less women may be employed - tendency to be pregnant - in caluing, retail trade, domestic work + nursing - equal pay for identical work, provides for non-industrial unit service, equal part + teaching

Hardly more than 1 in 30 gets even as much as average man's wage -

WOMEN NEED RIGHT TO UNION, A RIGHT TO PROMOTION

General + Municipal Workers' Union. Annual Conference female strike in Heading, aged - 220,000 members, 45 women turned number of any English Union.

NATIONAL EXTENSION COUNCIL

30% of O-level students women - English majoring subject over 40% whole student body studying it.

MORE MIDDLE-RATED UNITS

14. 7. 69. Walking union march from Trafalgar Square in protest against 16% cut of day nurseries in North Area of London from 3.2.69. to 60-7.

Include teachers & nurses - Means cut?

In Bank, women at top 1 incremental scale for £500 compared 2 £1,100 pr week - women in Reproduction Home of Hope & Commonfel. 

30s less than now.
Women constitute 35% of the working population. ILO convention 110, 111 - equal pay, equal opportunity. Britain does not want to satisfy before condition change.

General

36% of women work - 3/4 are only 2% in administrative jobs. 5% in the professions. They are paid less than half the industrial average and only 25% are unionised.

Three times as many girls as boys leave school at 15. Only a third of A level students are girls - only 1/3 university students. 75% of eighteen-year-olds feel they receive no training at all.

Regarded as temporary labour.

1919: Miss Kelly's speech: "Women are needed to do jobs which are peculiar to women."

1918: Joyce Buxton introduced Private Member's Bill for sex discrimination. Passed.

Every half of all women between 16-64 work.

Women protected from night work. Women allowed to be protected in factories. 16,000,000 houses only.

US: Women's advisory committee rejected special women's status commission.


20,000,000 have vote.

8,900,000 women work - 56% of married.

But in 1937, only 3,700,000 were married; 85% of married women in same rank.

Women do women's work. In 1851, 25% of all married women had a paid job as well as domestic duties.

In England and Wales - majority housewife. Half the number of US women - only 1/3 are executives. 88% functional.

Women at Work by Pauline Pinter.
JILLY COOPER

HOW DO YOU manage to keep so clean and neat, when you've got all your work to do, including the cleaning of your flat, look after a husband and a lodger to feed, and still keep a large establishment going for five months to bring up a baby?"

"Well, we started up our equipment. We understood our cats and pets and made sure we didn't let them jump on the soft furnishings or lie down on the carpets. We also made sure that our ironing and cleaning materials were always available and that everything was done in a timely manner."

"That's a good point. But what about the practicalities? Like the laundry and cleaning?

"We kept our laundry schedule and made sure that the clothes were washed and ironed on time. We also made sure that the kitchen was clean and tidy, and that the household was well-organized."

"I see. But what about the cleaning of the flat and the lodger's room?

"We made sure that the flat and the lodger's room were cleaned regularly, and that the lodger's belongings were kept in order. We also made sure that the lodger's meals were prepared and served on time."

"That sounds like a lot of work. But what about the children?

"We made sure that the children were bathed and dressed on time, and that their rooms were kept clean and tidy. We also made sure that their meals were prepared and served on time."

"I see. But what about the husband?

"We made sure that the husband's meals were prepared and served on time, and that his clothes were washed and ironed on time. We also made sure that his belongings were kept in order."

"That sounds like a lot of work. But what about you?

"I made sure that the cleaning and laundry were done on time, and that the kitchen was well-organized. I also made sure that the household was well-organized, and that the lodger's meals were prepared and served on time."

"I see. But what about the baby?

"We made sure that the baby was bathed and dressed on time, and that its belongings were kept in order. We also made sure that its meals were prepared and served on time."

"I see. But what about the household?

"We made sure that the household was well-organized, and that all of the tasks were done on time. We also made sure that the lodger's meals were prepared and served on time."

"That sounds like a lot of work. But what about the cleaning?

"We made sure that the cleaning was done on time, and that the house was well-organized. We also made sure that the lodger's meals were prepared and served on time."

"I see. But what about the laundry?

"We made sure that the laundry was done on time, and that the house was well-organized. We also made sure that the lodger's meals were prepared and served on time."

"That sounds like a lot of work. But what about the husband?

"We made sure that the husband's meals were prepared and served on time, and that his clothes were washed and ironed on time. We also made sure that his belongings were kept in order."

"I see. But what about the baby?

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"That sounds like a lot of work. But what about the husband?"
Mr CB Morrison wrote to Observer July 27.69
claim qualified asked to be canceled, disagreed by Law Society

CONDUCTRESSES - lured by equal pay now threatened by 1 man bus.
Three thousand drivers short - five years before eligible for sick pay benefits
fierce pension scheme - cannot be dished to female managers
& transport - general unkey acepted. A equal rights in Test - yet National
officials have not yet agreed

TV - women on BBC board of Firemount ITA. - Grace Wyndham
Goldie was TV news anchor chief - now John Freeman (Ashme
Goldie) Pilkington - many Somerville was head of school,
broadcasting succeeded by a man - Yvonne Hillewood
Producer WTV Entertainment, Paddy Fox Music Magne Sale
(Talbot) Margaret Bostock (current anchor) - do not going
management ladder - below ? female news readers

MUSEUM - Suzi Menke: How to be a model
war between agencies & photographers - delay of
payment - lack of professionalism & padding of models
A.F.A.P. - Brian Bush and Donald Silverstein will head
dee which deals with standard of payment "true male"

Penthouse on Advertising - Central report? - Tony
Nason's idea - Penthouse above put on his pill-
Bob Greene's claim had words removed... feel sharpened
clothed, toned, manured. £200 per day -
flattery and fun...

Penthouse Readers, 3 company executives, 2 directors,
exhausted, 1 professional, 12 to 20 medical men
executive have ill depress 18% 3/6 100 pa.
4 married
Women working at home -

Unknown number of women working at home employees do not supply lists of numbers - £20 fine if failing to make return. 60 unemployed likely to employ number. Only one has clause relating to them -

- Earner aprons at 50 - four an hour - a skilled Roman Bank Sheerness - for Tycoon Ltd.
- 10 an hour - with shush & motors - 100 a day
- 250 aprons a bonus - nearby 8 women who earn 600 in 3½ days.

Bread, fireworks - housewives to sell cardboard cases

Woman making sponge bags at 50s. a dozen sell at £1.5 each - factory machinist could not take more than 3 hours.

Conway Stewart ballpoint pens assembled at 8 a.m. 9 a.m.
- 51p each - put in refill, screw cap at one end, fit clip at other
- 1, 17, 6 in 5½ p.m.; all must be perfect - work also supposed to spastic centre, mental homes, prisons, detention centres, approved schools;

Brown plastics - assemble toys etc. £5.6 a gross - 12 in a packet - prices of 40p - fill them to body - retail for 9d. ea.
- Plastic parts at es a 20c - "expensive labour" because badly done.

Plastic parts at es a 20c - "expensive labour" because badly done.

- Produces 6 pairs in 3½ hours. 1/7 an hour.

"I regard it as a hobby to fill in my spare time... I like doing it."

The Standard Moulder, Co. etc.

The women's movement depended on it in 1968 - P.B. admitted machinery to production had fallen into decrease.
Clothing industry has 15,000 homemakers - supplied - Only one of 118 local authorities approached by P.B. had substantial list of homemakers -地狱 against regulations in trade.
1st woman
Pioneer radio producer - Doris Arnold
joined as typist in 1926 - stood in for
pianist who was too ill to broadcast.

The phenomenon of flattering and daring women
to ink - United Biscuits decided this summer
to lure girls in hot weather by selling them a serial
story over loudspeakers & a disc jockey - girls
stayed away in unusual heat, United profits faltered
there, fell 50% - 31%.
WOMEN'S WORK

HOUSEWORK.

Summerhill bill of 1964 enables keep 'i
housekeeping allowance

reform of laws - no more actions for
Breach of promise
Restitution of conjugal rights & Enforcement & Seduction
Family Law (Reform) Bill
24 suits for restitution last year
financial help for wives + children of broken home.
restitution of money invested incorrectly.

"Importance of the contribution which the wife has
made to the monetary success & prosperity of the
marriage even if she has not earned a separate
income.

1968 8/5, 000 married - lists

over 75% women married + started family at
24 - women teachers on 3/ a week after 6 yrs

if married fire term of his investment to wife liable to

3 million divorced in Britain
10 million widows in USA - husband 65% at 65 - 75 yrs. A life alone

GOING ON ALONE - By H. Kelman & H. Watman

VISE Married Women's Association - head Mrs. D. B. J. James
Matrimonial Property Bill - Ex. Olive Stone - read in Law of 1SE
Results - divorce may to the rich...

24.9.62. Sketch report that law commission investigating
damage claims against other woman
It has been quite a week for the American-Americans.

First, Amoco (U.K.) the Welshely-based marketing subsidiary of the American International Oil Company, which is part of the giant Standard Oil (Indiana) group, thought it would be a pleasant and profitable idea to hold a regular series of special teas for women on car care for women motorists. They gathered the press for a preview, and the marketing director, Mr. Don Acker (?We have 200 servicestations in this country, and open a new station every five days? said they could create a climate in which women would ask plenty of questions. The women journalists didbasically on why it had been made far too elementaryand Mr. Acker left the conference muttering "very worthwhile comments? and resolving to make a car available for the women to examine technically.

Then cute Miss Tricia Nixon, the President's daughter, told the world that she had reacted to the bi-weekly "subject" with awe, but had not actually met Prince Charles.

Finally, Mrs. America—30-year-old Mrs. Joan Fisher—paid a flying visit to Britain and spent part of Independence Day in the House of Commons. "It was just wonderful, we were shown round by a real M.P.," she said. "My husband could have stayed all day."

Mrs. Fisher's husband is a lawyer, and entered his wife for the Mrs. America contest because he thought that it was more of a compliment than bringing home a bunch of flowers. He also disclosed that some Americans have strange ways of choosing their lawyers. "They ring me up and say 'Are you married to Mrs. America? I would like you to do some work for me.'"

Mrs. Fisher is the youngest Mrs. America, for 10 years, and she competed against 30,000 entrants. It lasted for 10 days. "One thing we had to do was a fun contest. My husband and I had to pitch a tent together, to show that we could work as a team. Wasn't that cute?"

She agrees that she must be the typical all-American housewife and says, seriously, that she feels she must set an example. "After all, when a lot of American women are thinking of the right way to do something, they think 'Would Mrs. America do it like that?' We are fairly typical— we live in a suburb of Salt Lake City, have three children and two cars and a barbecue—but I wouldn't say we were wealthy really.

A Government Bill which under the Government's report will be introduced next month and is to operate with divorce reform from January 1, 1971.

The commissioner's key proposals are:

- The power of courts to award assets to former spouses should be extended.
- It should be possible to order either party to pay maintenance payments for the benefit of the other partner and children.

Factors

The contribution of the wife in looking after the home and children, and the loss of any chance of making a woman's pension should be among factors considered by the courts.

All orders for payment to a former wife or husband should cease if the remarry.

Court should be able to order payments to be secured on the property of the payer. These should not end for the lifetime of the other—only if he or she does not remarry.

The court's duty to ensure that arrangements have been made for the welfare of the children before a divorce is granted should be speeded up.

The other woman

Faye Ditz

READER R. T, of London, laughs at the idea that woman work as hard as men.

I am one of the "privileged" sex he disparaged; a mother of five children for whom I cook, sew, knit, etc. I also do all the decorating in our three-bed-roomed home.

Oh, I nearly forgot. I am also a farm labourer in my SPARE TIME—9 a.m. to 6 p.m.

The job entails doing everything on the farm from mucking out to hoeing plants.

This week we are harvesting until seven or eight in the evening—

(Mrs.) B. Richards, Truro, Cornwall.

HAVE yet to see a woman work a twelve-hour day, a seven-day week, 365 days of the year.

Yes, we are clothed and fed by our hard-working masters but not nearly the Negro slave in America—(Mrs.) C. C. Edmondson, London.
Politics
Jason Mrs. Margaret Thatcher - M P Finchley
"Brilliant attractive " 2 kids
"Transport's 1st function is to facilitate trade" 3.8.80

Bettie BRADBICK

Here dressing + photography

donated by men - Christine Nuttall - Omere Mayhew (Mayfair) - photographed by Caroline Aker - our studio in
Soho "practically every top model naked for me for nothing"

Phil: claim women discriminate against them - prefer men

(addresses)

Shop assistants

US CWA, 20, 000 members in multiple grocery shops
16s. rise shared by men-
men 24. f. 6. women 18. 8. 0.

(was not passed by 3. 8. 1969)

Teaching: how many women in NUT? Why
N Ass. of Headmasters?
ODDITIES

Mrs. Elizabeth Casey - 60, 4:10, stacking tiles, in concrete factory - then heavier bricklaying blocks in 17 years - to support husband - chronic bronchitis.

"she worked exceptionally well, always on the job, never late and never ill" it was a hard job but she did it well. if ever anyone deserved equal pay to equal work Mrs. Casey did." People, 27.7.69

Jenny L. Phillips - goolooknow slui lewky bennett - 28 - TV comedy brunette, her own clothes, wants to get only friendly, named to opera, suet - could be kept up, husband at onset - buys clothes like cap, baton, diamond - 2,000 + - although ton to 1st 45 plays plus timed to make TV, stage

Miss wilhel me, designer delpainted in aerosol - spray away years - owns patent to the formula

Aerospace engineer, Jean Andre less £7,500 - 4yr fib because tried to persuade full normal behav, to learn 6hrs

a day, at General Dynamics plant in 1969

"conductor in becoming member of management."

17.8.69 - Sunday Times

Complaint by Jenny News 5-9-69. - had secretaries named for 18-25 - accommodation unpalatable - claim employer wanted named staff

IF HUSBAND + WIFE BUY HOUSE, WIFE CANNOT PUT NAME TO DEEDS WHO CONSENT FOR HUSBAND ?!

Princess Pianatelli, fashion coordinator of Eva Rone

Joy Adams - working animals in Africa, husband

PILOT Tumi Botherve 30 - Scandinavian Airlines - co-pilot

in Minneapolis, cola 5c.85.

100 ladies - 813 after tax - double time on Sunday - 50 - at

Triggar Manor

In Weilbunly Hotel Mayfair - 17.10 + tips - 25 x 30 p/day.
Lloyd's has admitted women - in Feb - 3 months later
40 applicants

STOCK EXCHANGE - Richard Bradshaw asks for floor
rights for women - no resolution
1967 - motion that women be granted full membership
but be barred from the floor of the House of Business
horns - Rule of Stock Exchange, Deed of Settlement, had
to be altered - required 75% majority - only 60% -
2 groups voted against - Mon, April, restricted membership
+ Beachman,

1968 - unrestricted membership for women proposed -
needed only 51% majority - only 30%.

Mrs. Elizabeth River Ralkeley has fine to NY Stock
Exchange -
Mrs. Shawn Shaw - former stock exchange broker still
waiting + Miss Muriel Bailey - candidate for
membership since 1962 - investment broker
- no minus kid, push out female clerks, have facilities
cannot be a partner in a firm, cannot start a firm

FAIR SHARE FOR THE FAIR SEX - Reportly Supply Free
Legal status of women - by recommendations
of Annual women's conference of Conservative Party
3,000 delegates.
DT's

Nightingale &
Margaret Howard "tremendous attractive" broadcasts since
16 - World Service Radio - trained Nigerian radio
announcer... Radio 2.

Doctors - prejudice?

Willa Simpson of Glasgow in Kendal 9.8.69.
That three men of surgery taken had a man
doctor would have to see them...

NATIONAL FEDERATION OF BUSINESS + PROFESSIONAL
WOMEN'S CLUBS - Past Mrs. M. T. O'Driscoll - 46 -
With husband, joint Managing Director of Newspaper
Reprsentatives - major issue tax discrimination
Inland revenue always consult husband -
Higher tax than single - disingenuous... 23,000 women,
clean + 470 clubs

FINANCIER: Asla Radnoti - SSE from Oxford - Apple Bd.
Served banking etc., tuned company at IBM, B managment
consultants., Indental - analyst in investment research dept.
- 19 mths to Canadian Banking Investment Banking from
London, Westinghouse Subsidiary - ass'd. in Investment
Director - Head Portfolio manager in Castle Britamside Unit
Investor Group - daily - day resp. (investment) 4,000,000
more.

MAGISTRATES

Women 1:2 (unpaid)
Mrs. Betty Bell, 35, working class TP
We are not talking to patients as we should.
We haven't time to talk to relatives when they
are worried... we have little time to be humane
or kind... word filter, edit family at Originnat Pop
Year - economic - staff cut - 14 yrs ago but 20
Nurses - have to do unskilled work & lack g Danger
Staff - Public Meeting April 28 69 - more educational
Standards required - Red tape - lack of communication with
Regional board
16K May - Nurses discussed in HAC - 640 100 nurses
Whitley council abused

Tina Bogan + Mary O Keefe - State Registered Nurse in
Charge of general ward in St. Meen's Hospital.
Kensington - found eating leftovers in ward kitchen.
Mary taking coffee, Tina a jelly life in NIC from 7 am before
-very busy

Daily Mirror 14.6.69
£2 2 a week to medics - nursing agency

31.5.69 - Whitley Council award 65,000 student
wages + 8 p. per meals - tapered - minimum 1,200 hospital
Yearly amount Strike by extra staff anim
Student nurse 395 - 480 minimum tax - United Nurses Am
Led by Suki Vial, demand 570 - 620 take home money
Teacher training ten years ago 15 00, nursing 26 000
New year
39 000
30 000

NOT CONSENSIVE GROUP - DO NOT TAKE PART IN PROTESTS
Qualified nurses not identify as profession, divided
Health visiting, theatre sister, psychiatric nurses, ward sister
District nurse, maternity, state enrolled nurses - not all
belong Royal Coll. A nursing - on Whitley Council, neg. pay
+ conditions 12 weeks rep. nurses
UNASA has only 300 members
Patient throughput almost doubled in 20 yrs - hospital
case places - Unemployment 4 2 pwn.
35% increase... cheap labour
Small change upon qualification - low academic precept
Management aspect not stressed
1 in 3 have more than 30 levels
1 in 3 not even 2 part general Nursing

Contact text
Angie Brooks:

Liberal lawyer - lb. ass't attorney general,
UN delegate, Ind. woman pres. of UN General
Assembly - divorced - 4 sons, mother - two
sons - adopted 3 children, kills

Female aldermen - not rare - but female
chairmen & council members rare...
Mrs. G.E. Jones, Cardiffshire
Mrs. Gardiner, Cornwall as Cllr Burs
Mrs. Anne Yates, N. Devonshire
Mrs. Betty Patterson. N. Herts - J.P., married to GP in
Bishop's Stortford - physetherapist - son + married
daughter

Mrs. Willian Pett, Barking - refused, sacked

Laurie Oliver, secretary of Hull Trawler Owners' Guild

"I have been asked by the wives of some of my members
to state that the action of Mrs. Pett is not enhanced
by image the public may have of fishermen's wives.
Women who have lost men in the three ships have
had the lead to say about it, which is what we admire.
The idea of forming a women's committee to fight these
battles for the men, is, in my mind, completely
ludicrous."

[Handwritten notes and text]
250,000 single women stay at home to mind elderly or sick parents - earn £ 4.19.6 - National Council for Single Women and their Dependents - save the country millions - was £4.19.0. 13.10 for insurance stamp -

Jessie Williams 52, look after mother who gets 6.12.0.

"But I knew my mother would need help as the great war older so I turned my spinster away."

Miss Bennett 58 - used to be head physiotherapy dept. London Hosp. - 1961 - father crippled - 2 7½ feet. Left mother's stead. Miss Bennett gave up job.


Acrons - Michael Craft - director of National Youth Theatre. 4,150 applicants for York Theatre, 200 vacant places. More than 93 girls - in new plays rarely more than 2 female parts for 5 men - in profession 80% of unemployment higher for women - Daily Mirror 7.7.69.
STRIPPERS – Skin deep in S.O.S. – Richard Bratley

"S.O.S. frustration" –
THE editorial

one age upon another, there is a time when the change of age is

the fountain of life, the source of all grace, the spring of all
goodness, the root of all virtue. And yet there are those who

are content to remain in the dark, to live as they please, to

be guided by no law, to be led by no light. But there are

those who seek the truth, who strive to understand the

world around them, who try to make a difference in the

lives of others. It is only by such efforts that we can

maintain our humanity and our dignity. It is only by such
efforts that we can hope to create a better world.

In an essential way, we must be guided by our sensibilities, for it is all that

we have left to us. If we are to remain true to our sense of self and our

values, we must be willing to confront the challenges of our时代 and

our world. And we must be willing to fight for what we believe in, for what

is right and just.

The vote was not a victory for women or an end to

women's subjugation. It was a victory for democracy and for the

rights of all citizens. It was a victory for freedom and for equality.

And it was a victory for the future, for the generations to come.

When women took control of education, they

were able to shape their own destinies, to

decide their own futures. They were able to

use their knowledge and their talents to

make a difference in the world. And they

were able to pass on that knowledge and

that talent to the next generation.

They were able to show the world that women are

capable of great things, that women are

equally capable of leadership.

And so, we must continue to fight for equality and for

fairness. We must continue to strive for a world

in which all people are treated with respect

and dignity. And we must continue to

work towards a future in which

women and men are equals.

The vote was not a victory for women. It was a

victory for democracy, for freedom, and for equality.
clamoured for admission to the most narcissistically male institutions - naturally, because they were all there were. In admitting us at all men made a fundamental error: they educated an oppressed class to understand and resent their oppression. The housewife with a good (or even not so good) honours degree has both more discontent and more and better means of expressing it. The immediate increase in suffering which followed false emancipation caused many women to retreat, to drop out and back into the easy, mindless life of the "little women", the "Ultrasfeminism". They allowed their intelligence to decline again into the primitive cunning with which women exploit male vanity.

Our sensibility is largely, if not totally, formed by our past experience. Our understanding of new conditions must always lag behind their existence. What difference has almost adequate contraception made to us? What connection does that have with the changing nature of the ownership and transmission of property in our diffuse and disintegrating bureaucracies? Has marriage outlived its socio-economic function?

My case involves no misanthropy. Indeed, my position is much more that I cannot like women. Our oppression, which like all oppression becomes more evident as it
withers away, is the oppression of the male too. When the tyrant announced the freeing of the serfs, he was not liberating them, for that is impossible, but liberating himself from the responsibility of souls dependent upon his charge. Man struggles to be free of us and we cling on, terrified to drop into the void, distrustful of our own capabilities, afraid of freedom because it is the most demanding condition.

I would have women release her last clutch at man, not to have her retreat into some absurd Amazonian society, but to improve female congress with the male, to ally female with male in a way which is not mutually limiting but—but what? I cannot know, but "I have a dream".

It is true, I think, that women are different from men, and that many of these differences, but not all, derive from their having been an oppressed class. These differences are commonly called weaknesses, because we have inherited a male concept of strength, of intellect as well as of body. Perhaps because in general she has been less exposed to the discipline (self and other) of education for a career, the mind of the female may have retained a certain strength, and in the grinding cerebration of our electronic age it may be only that strength which can save us. Therefore I should like to define female sensibility in such a way that my sisters recognise it and
feel proud of it, in such a way that this psychic energy is released. My enemies are shame and dishonesty, aspects of the female condition as deeply inherent as menstruation and vanity. I am probably as fit to do this as any negro leader, having achieved what my sisters usually cannot do in the male society. I feel discontent and chance that they have not yet stirred to, and I believe that the most important factor in overcoming female constriction is the beginning of awareness, otherwise I should not touch with a book at all.

It will be therefore a sensational book. I shall strive to write with the fullness of my feminism, in a language both accurate and sensuous, a direct rhetoric aimed at the viscera of womankind, not the babbles of Bluebeautings. I hope to preserve my creative rage through the writing of this book, to prove that though the units are killing us, we have not died.

I have abandoned the notion of a systematic study, for a more organic form, a collection of essays on related topics, beginning at the clash of the confrontation of male and female in our language and civilization, a woman's Strivings, with some aspects of cultural nature study in the analogy of its practised by Norah O'Flaherty and her maybe others: then a piece on the female orgasm and the female sensuality in general. Then an examination of the moral status of the female in Western culture, from virgin worship and misogyny to womanhood as sacred martyrdom. Then the reaffirmation of womanhood...
the woman as thing, indicative of her owner's wealth, prestige and taste, in the never-ending competition with his male friends and colleagues. This ought to extend to a discussion of women in western literature (written by men) in western painting (the nude) and the entertainment industry (the pin-up, the stripper, the female impersonator etc.) growing out of this somewhere, should come a discussion of women and clothes (not I think limited to western culture - some of the most revealing bits will come from a comparison of our culture with eastern and primitive cultures). Then female culture as such: the lending library romance, the women's magazine, female pornography, weepy movies, the male pin-up (perhaps even dogs and horses? fetish objects in the home?). I look forward in these sections to some provocative skirmishes with Lesley Fiedler and Sir Kenneth Clark. Although these discussions are not lighthearted they will be witty, degenerate; for example, I shall take one of James Bond's sexual conquests and write it side by side with the lady's blow by blow account of the proceedings. I intend to outrage the actress (male or female) of every woman's magazine in the country. Barbara Cartland will (as she has once before) nurture a wish to grind her aquamarines into my face.

The last chapter will be apocalyptic. I shall suggest some very exciting but utterly unacceptable experimental procedures for revealing the female identity, a sort of Venge
power, not legislated-like punishment. The source was the withdrawal of the female sex from society, but by withdrawing entirely and therefore "surviving" theach of them, over 90% (with slight lapses in the suffrage step) shall not know another we so nearly or consciously or "instinctively" anecdote. I shall succeed some out of being outgrowing which I failed to raise these inner some of our deepest desires, as any woman who has travelled for the bell of the (as have I seen of Amy and her too) which is the only kind at all likely to succeed. Unless I have only a hope that women are not violent, and that if they ally themselves with the other groups left from the white man's society, physical force may become a real threat to the other kind,
Women's liberation is dead trendy these days.

The 1969 "second wave" of women's liberation manifestations were very much a media-created phenomenon of the free minister forces in our society which we call the media. While pulling in millions of dollars, live and raw, what have you from brainwashing women into demanding the emulsified fat, perfumed douches, lever-conducing analgesics and other "products" which are as necessary to keep our economies on an even keel as the moral, moral or amoral insurrection, the papers sold their advertising brochures partly kept up their circulation, and little their sale of advertising by inventing a new sensation, "Women's Liberation". Their gargantuan appetite for novelty was well served by witchcraft, everybody's fantasies were well served by the ladies in broomsheds, who coined the slogan, "I'm on top". This, too, was well served by the Wall Street Journal, which invented a new sensation, "you have a friend in the Chase Manhattan", and all of the admiration in their dally-boo. Wall Street suffered a teensy fissure next morning, as the market obediently dropped five points and then righted itself again. Betty Friedan led her reformist organisation, NOW, against The NY Times which gained an enormous reputation for fanaticalness and freedom from male chauvinism by desegregating the Want Ads. Needless to say, the ex-Mrs. Friedan did not manage to desegregate the jobs, so many qualified women wasted time and psychic energy in reading about, applying for and being rejected
Juliet Mitchell (The Boston Feminists)

... adds with Read, cubs, woman, Marx, Engels...

sees women's oppression as result of lesser capacity for violence.

... given majority portion heavy work... forced to assure paternity...

This explains: 

Stability. She explains: 

Athy Rockefeller - bad if given in obviously to male concept - if there is an alternative but... 

violence there will be no change - women will have to maintain a task force result constant warfare.

Note to Family: women now spend less time child

... becoming less in time more time socialising becomes oppressive...

In USSR: In 1950's divorce free & automatic, illegitimacy abolished, abortion free, results disastrous - Stalin... restored "normal"

in China women encouraged in production - but sexual repression & punishment intense - low level of indoctrination.

... means actual advantage very small... women's Federation

Castro - National Guardian August 1967. Thanking women for

... fighting in hills, now time to serve husband & children...

... who will do the cooking for the child who still comes home for lunch? Who will... 

moisten the babies' face, care for the sick child? Who will cook in his own when he

comes home from work? Who will wash and clean and take care of things?"
REVOLUTION
Make Female F uranium editorial file

Give your love to the men who will not make war dominant. You,
be successful, be rich - upset male competition by counter-rewards -
establish your own criteria.

Establish chaos - be a witch - reveal absurdity - be healthy, be
happy, be born, be un Logical, unreliable and successful.

Keep to despised female weapons, illogic, cowardice, unpredictability.

Refuse fashion and be beautiful, your way. There is a beautiful way to
be fat, as well as black.

Alley yourself with your child against middle class manners.

Don't hit kids - use nakedness.

Deface the stereotype - add a cunt to human ads.

Love other women - build them up, offer them help and compassion -
love yourself.

Defend yourself:

Tell your own stories - don't murmur, take risks (except AIDS)
fuck until you want to - Want what you do do, and reject what you
don't.

Love your cunt.
physical abuse

discipline and bondage (o? de Sade)

daily jokes (Legman)

See Johnson, Folklore of the Lips and Downs: "Body Words American History"
(compounding) cock-sucking

and-lapping, mother-fucking, words like whipping bastard (ie. fatherless, son of mother) i.e. son of a bitch

Hustler

easy - terrible, dirty, filthy, rotten

from what I know, not decent

boobs, knockers, breasts

TRUE STORY December 1969

(Temporary Female Ginger)

Nowadays much shall

genuine self-abuse.

See Johnson, Talc The Ups and Downs of Dirty Words American Memory?

Thr. 700 - 8.40. Monday:
Abuse of sexually compliant woman — misuse of term nympho

easy - terrible - duty, duty rotten
cheap, sold used, no good
forward fast, hot, not decent

TRUE STORY December 1969
(Frankly / Female Liar)

nymphomaniacင်းနာမ်အသစ်င်ဆောင်မှု

genuine self-abuse.

belief that women are exhibitionists.
Bulwer Lytton’s Twins
Anne Sexton’s Woman with Griddle

What is this thing called Love
Femaleannel

Resentment

Romance P. 31

I cansms awn ant (vomen name uingm oor hyilicled sars, the way until pantuion. This I prays pse the pnaahled apssumpions that cksempticy and eftility are c-c cytial. A woman ould be replete that oigging me has a limited number of possible sexual encounters in a week (say) from a man who can make a person haved a night cannot prep it up indefinitely. A woman often finds that the more famished she is, the more likely she is amused. Having sex in the afternoon does not render her incapable to the lover of the evening, unless trashy mental状态 intimidate. A woman with sat aion of uncertainty about her sexual supply is more ready more responsible. If women need not be harassed when who art capable will find more than those are giving them. The myth also is to be able to find lust satisfactions elsewhere. Female promiscuity is further sanctioned by National concern about morality. (Anything about better than his deay of a roosed passion into taking electric massage.)

John Morris's Quota for Volnol C. Woodhall call chaply POLYANDRY

This sub-line have old Damp warmd is genenly

manny amnium...
IS ASSUMED THAT MEN ARE POLYGAMOUS, BECAUSE IN A TEN MONTH PERIOD THEY CAN FERTILIZE AN ENORMOUS NUMBER OF WOMEN, WHILE A WOMAN, ONCE FERTILIZED, STAYS THAT WAY UNTIL PARTURIENT. THIS SPRINGS FROM THE MISTAKEN ASSUMPTION THAT SEXUALITY AND FERTILITY ARE CO-EXTENSIVE. A WOMAN NEED TO RECOGNIZE THAT EVERY MAN WHO HAS A LIMITED NUMBER OF POSSIBLE SEXUAL ENCOUNTERS IN A WEEK (SAY), ENSURES A MAN WHO CAN MAKE IT SEVEN TIMES A NIGHT CANNOT KEEP IT UP INDEFINITELY. A WOMAN OFTEN FINDS THAT THE MORE AROUSED SHE IS, THE MORE EASILY SHE IS AROUSED. HAVING A LOVER IN THE AFTERNOON DOES NOT RENDER HER INCAPABLE FOR THE LATER. OFTEN EVENING, UNLESS TRICKY MENTAL FACTORS INTRODUCE. A WOMAN WITH TENSION OR UNCERTAINTY ABOUT HER SEXUAL SUPPLY IS MORE TENDER MORE RESPONSIBLE. IF WOMEN NEED NOT TO HARASS MEN WHO ARE UNABLE TO FULFIL MORE THAN THEY ARE GIVING, THEN SHE MIGHT ALSO TO BE ABLE TO FIND HER SATISFACTIONS ELSEWHERE. FEMALE PROSTITUTION IS FURTHER SANCTIONED BY NATURE'S CONSCIENCE ABOUT PATERNITY. ANYTHING MUST BE BETTER THAN THE DECAY OF MONOGAMOUS PASSION INTO LECHEY, ELECTRO-MASSEAGE & ETC.

USE JOHN MARAN'S QUOTE FROM VICTORIA COYNE-HALL CALL CHAPTER POLYANDRY

THE ONLY GOOD THING ABOUT BEING MARRIED IS YOU CAN'T MARRY ANYONE ELSE.
The unimportance of modesty:

Honest vs. Radical

Rebellion

Revolution - conclusion

A reversal of values, concepts, new vocabulary, new attitudes, new activities - thus not only sexual and political revolution - but also literary, philosophical, and humanitarian - much demanded.

Initial shock, new form of the sense. Primarily unmeasurable outcomes of polarity between both and

need - now a question if non-male, non-competition, non-acquisiteness, non-violence - given extraordinary changes in environment - liberalism no answer, no socialism, nor democracy (unpractical) - no revolution has yet occurred in basic authority

organ structure family - only male alternative

individualism - cannot provide utopian free at all - impossible to price what permits
Hate
: Loathing + Violence

Mistress + Ridicule

Resentment

Contempt

Faery, Fat, Ugliness

(Violent women?)

Revolution + Witchcraft

Rebellion

Liberation

Revolution - conclusion

A reversal of values, concepts, new vocabulary, new attitudes, new activities - thus the only sexual and political revolution - all else were permusiveness and libertinism - male-dominated political parties, alluring to the same. Spinning on same axes of plurality, between male and female, now a question of non-rule, of non-competition, non-acquisitiveness, non-violence - given extraordinary changes in environment, liberalism no answer, no socialism, no democracy (unpractical) - no revolution has yet occurred in basic and universal human structure, family - only male alternative individualism - causes profound anduniverse free at all - impossible to pass what possesses.
emerge when sex has ceased to resemble a crime in an eugenic fit, when possessiveness is seen to be ridiculous, and all men and women in totality + total warfare no plus ultra of male achievement — even if we don't know when we go from here, and every way looks like backwards & so. No sudden resolution or external enrichment, but revolution in our lifestyle will produce most subversive attitude of all, happiness. The jailor of the oppressed includes, blasphemy, delusional, sexual licence, and injury and dancing and masking and learn lesson of Dionysus before it is necessary to tear Pentheus with your limb. Release energy and for depression and find out what it can do. If you want to join a workshop, do it — if only to learn to love your sisters and inspire your articulateness — but beware of clichés and uniformity of male models, beware of jabbed fronts, strive to make art uniform, society not matronly, and jealousy and mates ever if you cannot avoid judging others. Admire yourself with children and learn from them where the shoe was first shaped to it. Welcome persecution as a test of respect, but fear paranoia like the political plagues that it is. Reject the feminine stereotype, but do not reject beauty. Odalisks and pompeius are no
Marriage happily etc.

Cinderella: 18th century fairy tales masquerading as antiquity.

Dr. Laurence - both pinnacle and nadir.

Great books like *Pride and Prejudice*, written in the medium, and the best always indicate the contexts of the m/f relationship, imply eccentricity and difficulty of achievement.

Best novel of weakness, possibly be *Middlemarch* ...

*Henry James*
SONATOPHYSICS

Your mons veneris
Shame, like Clutchets
In a jungle dream.

INQUIRY (KNOWLEDGE?)

ENERGY

Repression: in the unfold, it will fail, "protection."

Puberty: sensation anxiety

Sexuality

Castigation

Impotence

Willing power
Some - needs - amplification / concept of energy - denial of fear - more explicitly linked

Inquiry might to be called KNOWLEDGE.

An explanation of the defect in female narcissism and the failure of female bonding - taken over and amplified from love - comments on failure of women to learn, parents etc.
SONATOPSYCHE

Endocrinology
Menstrual cycle

SOUL
INTELLECT: capacity, data from tests

ENERGY
Cause of: inanimate, incarnation

INQUIRY (KNOWLEDGE?)

REPRESSION: of the infant, the little girl, "protection"

PUBERTY: castration, anxiety

SEXUALITY

CASTRATION

IMPOTENCY

WOMAN POWER
BEBEL: Trans Wallace: Women in the Past, Present and Future

Of Love

FOURIER, Théorie des Mouvements

MATTHIEU, The Holy Family

SCHVR, E. Med. The Family & The Sexual Revolution

BELLNH, & VOGEL EF: The Family

PARSONS TOOKA & BALE'S ROBERT E. Family, Socialization & Interaction Process

I Byrd Caroline Born Female

I LOVE You.

In Family situation: Wasting energy on children as WRITE (not writing)-communique exaggerated power struggle (mother - the tree)

Unresolved issues: Jealousy, under-estimation

Risk control dynamics: general destructiveness - husband's ego diminishing, husband's activities
Resentment:

Battle of the sexes: we observe it all the time. Seldom admit what it is... recognised that women are touchy, bitchy and never more so than in social situations. Not unman public expressions of resentment are:
- fleeting & demeaning to attention seeking or undermining of male partner (like telling competition with other women reactions to liquor etc.
- disruptive performances of various kinds
- deflation of the partner's husband
- accusation of infidelity & drunkenness
disloyalty in various forms
desire to go home (obstruction of seeing as unsentimental gossip husband's appendage)

alternatives very often obliteration.
- women not encouraged to outshine men attached women very often dull, silent

In family situation: nagging (real meaning?) children as weapons, viruses (baiting), arguments actually disguised power struggle (mother + the tree)
- illnesses, reproach, exasperation
- build cathartic dramas
- general destructiveness - husband's ego
- blocking husband's activities
In extreme cases, abduction of a husband's
career—The Rosamund Syndrome
Keeping up with the Joneses
Sexual bargaining (see BC)
Housework as mainstay—husband
forced into redundancy, Denver art of house
(lucy)
Pets (green privileges)
Paramour + extravagance
Enlightened doctor/analyst, paid friends
as wives vs. husband.

1967: Women's Manifesto issued by National Council of
Women, Women's Convention, 1967
Sixth National 
Women, Convention in Canada. In membership increases
1968: Women's Manifesto, or the Male Convention

Women, we have a Common Enemy
Third wave women:
Betty Friedan, Jane O'Hara, Gloria Steinem
Plane" towards a female liberation movement
Now begins: gift exchange in activist/gender discussion
Words on women's feet in Manager's Voice
Teach-in, Atkinson College, GLS 1968: break away, Ebony
Federal; A National Organization to Mandate Sex Roles
Who Hurts Women? Women's Place in Society, December 1968
projects: "Another is the Karp—developmental work?
" - shawnee community arts
" - Sarah Prince Project—The Truth to the Unfounded
Organized Feminist Reproductive Theater—Antelope Theatre Project


Sisters Chinese... listen! 11th women's group in Canada - to membership conference.

1968 - Women revolt at that same convention.

Marilyn Webb describes situation in N.V. June 10, 68: "Women we have a common enemy." That same month, Beverly Jener & Judith Barnet's "Towards a Female Liberation Movement" is banned. CAA is refused permission to have an exhibition of sex toys at the Plaza Hotel.

If Grace Atkinson (CCW) & NOW - break away - becomes Feminist - A Political Organisation to Annihilate Sex Rule also Human Rights to Women - will sponsor research projects - another is Anna Karp - propaganda unit - closed - Anne Roedt - The Myth of the Vaginal Orgasm Feminist Reproductive Theatre - Anselma Del'illo.
New York Radical Women - Eileen Willis - consciousness raising (Urbana)

Red Stockings emerged from anti-inaugural demo in Washington - 30 young women. Suddenly Firestone was exiled.

1968 c/o 172-4 Hex Wall Street, bum bras, 3 pimps adored each -

Boston Female Liberation Movement - Roxanne Dunbar

WCTU murals Madison Square Garden, Bridal Fair.

Columbia Strike ends, women liberation school convocation.

contemporary, rather than organization.

WCM national conference in fall of 68 - women from 50 states, Canada.

May 1969 conference at Tammie. 500 women, 7 up at 10 on Sunday to watch Kanalé.

New Feminist Theatre filling, Village Gate.

Shana Alexander becomes editor of McCall's.
SUMMARY

"The world has lost its soul, and I my sex."

(Hinkemann, Hauptmann)

So far the female liberation movement is tiny, privileged and overrated. The situation has only changed recently in the last respect: for the last hundred years there have been associations of professional women who agitated against discrimination in their professions, and, determined to reject their sex role, went so far as to eschew male company and adopt masculine dress. Many distinguished academic women still follow this stereotype, and most of their students exploit the contrast by being outrageously feminine. The difference between them was largely, as Betty Friedan noticed, a matter of era, of having been exposed to the post-war sexual sell, but it was also a result of the unattractiveness of the old New Woman. The heavy-footed tweed-clad New Women who presided over my college were too inefficient, too crabby, too joyless to serve as ushers into any new way of life. They were so consciously elitist that most "silly" girls felt that they were better off left outside their charmed neurotic circle. Most "normal" girls hastily denied any interest in liberty, which in those days was called "emancipation". Nothing seemed clearer five years ago than that "emancipation" had failed. The cage door had been opened and the canary had refused to fly out. The conclusions were that the door ought never to have been opened, that canaries are built for captivity, and so the door gradually closed again, just as the captive was gathering courage to broach the threshold.

What is remarkable about the present situation is not that Mrs. Friedan has formed N.O.W. and that the viewpoint of women is being sought by congressional committees, but that such affairs are given massive coverage by the press and television, because (and therefore) they are exciting
interest from the silent female majority. Even the suffragettes did not have grass roots support on this scale. When I travel up to the regressive north of England where men are men and oppression is oppression to speak about female liberty, I find an audience of ordinary little women of all ages, hatted and decently dressed, speaking diffidently, tremulously, telling me how much worse it is than I know, asking searching questions about morality and the family, agreeing that women should have abortions on demand, and promptly, we can only speculate about the causes, perhaps the sexual sell was oversell; for whatever reason, women whb don't like demonstrating, who don't want to lead a revolution, are dissatisfied, and they will say so in front of their husbands, and their husbands are listening. Every time I have spoken, I have had a spate of hurried letters from men and women telling me what they were too embarrassed to say at the meeting, some things that were too painful to be uttered aloud. The most rewarding part was the look of relief on a woman's face to be told something other than that she had failed to adjust, because she was neurotic, a castrating woman, a bad mother, deficient in the female virtue of resignation. At last she had someone to talk to. The signs of women talking together has always made men uneasy: nowadays it is rank subversion. "Right on!"

The professional liberationists are not much nearer to providing a revolutionary strategy than they ever were. Demonstrating, compiling reading lists and sitting on committees are not themselves liberated behaviour and will not educate the people who must take action to liberate themselves. It is evidence of the worst kind when the same faces appear every time a feminist issue is discussed. The concept of liberty set out in their programs is vacuous; at worst, it is defined by the condition of men, themselves unfree, and at best it is left undefined in a world of very limited possibilities. The housewife who must wait for the
withering away of the state and the abolition of the private ownership
of the means of production for her liberty, might be excused for losing
hope. It is not possible to draw up a blue-print for future freedom with
only the rejection of bondage for a guide, but it is absolutely essential
that women arrive at a correct description of their present plight in
order not to incorporate its worst aspects in a new order; so I have
come to write a book.

The argument of The Female Eunuch is that the chief element in the
subjugation of women is castration. It is a difficult case to argue,
because I had to invent a sex that nobody has ever seen. In our spectrum,
men are sexual beings; they have desire and energy - while women are
sexual objects, passive in themselves, serving as rewards and goals for
male desire and energy. The one is masculine; the other feminine. The
unknown alternative was the element that was suppressed in the creation
of the feminine, which we may call female. Many qualities, including
desire and energy, which were ascribed only to the masculine, are in
fact human, sexual, belonging equally to either uncastrated sex. The
doctoring of the female was necessary to the safety of patriliny and
private property. In demonstrating the operation of this effective
neutering in all aspects of womanly life, it seemed advisable to take
the most obvious cases first, and work back to the more sophisticated
formulations.
The book is written in short sections, as unacademically as I knew how.
I wish that each page might contain as well as the main argument of the
section in words the familiar images of feminity with which we are daily
bombarded. Ideally every glance at this book, however
hurried and distracted, should reveal some little thing which will give food
for thought to a woman whose concentration is disturbed by other calls
on her attention. Basically the book is aimed to direct her attention more critically to the forms of conditioning and exploitation in her everyday environment. Rather than brainwashing her to accept a political theory about her role in modern society, I should like to arouse her with a shock of recognition. Examples from the newspapers and women's magazines are more cogent in this process than evidence from Engels or Bebel. Women have been dazzled with fake science or repelled with strident doctrine long enough; it is time they were encouraged to feel that they are the only experts on the female condition.

The first group of topics is called Body. Here, at the most obvious level, I present evidence of the castration of women, in the obliteration of the female sex organ, the vagina, from the imagery of femininity, and the suppression of signs of vigour and strength in the rest of her body. So body hair is shaved off or melted away, strong limbs are wasted by dieting or disguised, while the curves proper to the sex object are simulated or exaggerated. Perspiration and odour are checked, and vaginal secretions obliterated. Female agility is discouraged or contoured; weakness and daintiness are rewarded. Actual differences in her skeletal structure are exaggerated or invented (like the celebrated rib of Biblical mythology) and extraordinary assumptions about female flesh, fat, skin and endocrinology are made fact by conditioning. Generally women have the characteristics of the castrate, timidity, obesity, laziness and a high voice.

The first section was called Body. Soul is introduced by an ironic celebration of the crown of creation, the feminine stereotype which is served by men and women alike, the object of all aspiration and desire, chief sales gimmick and chief buyer of this world's goods, the heartless phantom hobbled with precious fabrics and laden with jewelled chains. Soul is where I make the fullest statement of the castration theory. Female castration has meant that for men sex has come to mean their own senility.
The penis has had to take sole responsibility for sex; the penalty is erection anxiety and the castration complex. With the devaluation of the sensuous, emotional and imaginative elements of sexuality, sex has become an act of aggression upon a victim, woman, who is consistently degraded as sex becomes increasingly brutalised and depersonalised. The energy of both sexes is thwarted and deflected, but while in men the result is perversion into aggression, in women it is a severer repression into a cycle of masochism, destructiveness, hypocrisy and possessive maternalism. The reason for the difference in the pattern is the difference in male and female conditioning.

_Soul is the most speculative and abstract section in the book; it describes the process of conditioning the woman-child from birth to womanhood, with special attention to the direct curbs placed upon her libido, and to the real meaning of some manifestations of juvenile female behaviour. The Psychological Sell deals with the phallocentricity of psychology, and the patriarchal values which it assumes, so that its only function for women is to remedy defective conditioning by treating revolt as mental illness or penis envy. The Raw Material is a brief summary of the results of years of investigation into male/female intellectual ability in the attempt to establish the sex of mind, so that women can see that, even working on already conditioned subjects, psychologists have been unable to establish any significant differences in the mental capacities of the sexes. Perversely, taking the predominant mythology of female intellect as exemplified in Otto Weininger's Sex and Character, I try to set up an alternative mythology of Womanpower, showing that, if we accept the views of Merleau-Ponty, A. N. Whitehead and Edward de Bono, _women ought men_ be better at non-computer thinking than men, partly because of their deficiency in education and discipline. Soul concludes with a description of the dominant patterns of female Work, emphasising the
ancillary nature of most female employment, and women's impotence in questions of job control.

Work forms the link with the next major group of topics, LOVE. First I have endeavoured to present an ideal of love like that of Plato, Freud and Borges mixed with commonsense. Basically I argue that love is the recognition of likeness and commonalty between peers, as Adam felt for Eve in the Garden of Eden. It depends upon a just pride and love of self, and freedom from threat, and as such, is for most women impossible of attainment. For them even other women are rivals and enemies, and men are too desperately needed to be loved, even if love were possible between superior and inferior, between provider and dependent. From this depiction of an ideal relationship of love, existing between self-regulating personalities like those of Maslow's sample, I go on to describe the most prevalent and persuasive perversions of love in our time, first Altruism by which the self is sacrificed to the other, and then Egotism in which the self consumes the other: as is the case with polarities generally, one is seen to be merely the obverse of the other and both perverted. Obsession deals with the way in which falling in love is chaotically presented as the crown of experience, a divine frenzy, a hallucination, and the basis for lifelong cohabitation. What follows from this is a discussion of the ways in which inauthentic modes of feeling are inculcated in popular culture, for women in Romance, and for men in the presentation of women as the objects of conquest in adventure stories. Then follows an attempt to describe the development of The Middle Class Myth of Love and Marriage as the cornerstone of our literature, cinema and stage, from earlier times when it did not figure, as well as some discussions of its repercussions on religion and morality. It was essential to discuss the role of woman in the family,
and therefore the development and diminution of the family circle in western society without falling into the snare of phony anthropology. My aim was to prove that the self-immolation of the woman in the nuclear household was not part of a natural, immutable order, and that it does nobody any good, especially not the children. Some speculations are included about the future and effects as well as the political significance of the nuclear family. The section closes with an animadversion on Security, the ruling deity of the welfare state and principal motive for marriage, and the irony of the fact that security has never been a more insubstantial notion than it is now in the age of total warfare, global population and population explosion.

Love in slavery is always accompanied by hatred, and the fourth major section deals with the hatred caused by the polarisation of the sexes. The first section is called Loathing and Disgust and it deals with the commonest manifestations of hatred of women, from casual scorn and contempt to rape and physical outrage. The next section deals with Abuse of women, the insult and mockery which women bear as a matter of course, with special attention to the gradual development in the English language of a whole battery of abusive terms applicable solely to women. There is also a brief catalogue of the belittling caricatures of women, as Wife, Mother-in-Law, Office Battle-Axe, Curvy Moron, Woman Driver, Old Maid, and the rest. The next section shifts to the subjective question of Female Misery and its manifestations in such banal symptoms as nail-biting and overeating, to chronic depression, neurasthenia, "breakdowns", female representation in mental hospitals, loneliness, nervous compulsions like shoplifting and reliance on cosmetics and clothes, as well as aspirin, other drugs and alcohol. Such misery is not often borne without Resentment, and the next section deals with women's concealed vindictiveness. Women are often not themselves aware of the motives behind their destructive
behaviour, both at home and in public, so Resentment describes some of the commoner lethal games women play.

Rebellion describes the attempts by women to break out of their environmental tangle and challenge the system openly, but while implying that such revolt is as old as history, it concentrates on the most recent manifestations, from the formation of N.O.W. and the publication of the manifesto of the women's committee of S.D.S. However, fairly strong criticisms are implied. All of the liberationists play the male/female game, without redefining either term, and the best they can see for women is an approximation of male privileges and opportunities. There is a tendency to suppose, as Friedan seems to do in her book The Feminine Mystique that a woman is enslaved by her sex as well as by her sex role, and even in the case of extremist groups, to discourage heterosexual contacts altogether. These attitudes ignore the necessity to redefine sex in order to rescue it from its present deformity, which must be recognised if women are to survive. Many of the feminists have failed to see to the heart of the matter, the sadomasochistic perversion of sex, which necessitates the male role of Omnipotent Administrator, together with the complementary role of the Ultrafeminine.

The last section of the book is presumptuously called Revolution. It seeks to invent another alternative. The techniques advocated to bring about a radical change will be condemned by reformers as irresponsible, and by Marxists as a-political. For once, a feminist is not arguing that men must be forced to grant this or that, for I am much more concerned with the ways in which women contribute to their own oppression. Men will resist female liberation, because the existence of a female libido will severely threaten the flimsy foundations of phallic narcissism.
If women are liberated, men will have to face the necessity of their own emancipation, a painful and risky business, but by and large there are strong indications that men themselves feel that the responsibilities they have taken on as sole custodians of sexual energy and universal protectors of women and children are too great to be borne, now that their misdirected energies have resulted in the concept of the ultimate weapon. What emancipation women have is the result of the attempts to share the responsibility with women; men are attempting to free themselves by casting off their dependents, but women cling to them, desperately afraid to drop off into the void.

As a prerequisite of revolution, women must retain some bargaining power, instead of pledging it away for life in marriage. Their guarantees of fidelity and paternity which support the system, are easily withdrawn, and withdrawal would open a genuine ground for negotiations between the sexes. In order to do this, women must learn to disregard the will of the wisp of security, and learn to be self-reliant. To buttress their self-sufficiency, they need not so much to organise as to co-operate with each other. By this means they could bring pressure to bear directly on the economy, by refusing to man the basic unit of consumption, the nuclear household, and managing to own or administer houses and household goods in common. They would have to stop being the victims of hard and soft sell, especially in the bullshit areas of clothes and beauty, and establish their own style and their own beauty regardless of the year's fashions. They must refuse to be considered as part of the rewards accruing to the most competitive, oppressive males in the community, rejecting the marrying "up" pattern of aspiring females. If they could reject the notion of the male companion as insurance and evidence of achievement, they might arrive at a state resembling that of Maslow's self-regulating
personalities, who resist enculturation and neurotic patterns of exploitation and dependence. To women who find themselves in a situation from which there seems to be no escape, within which they feel themselves pent and obliterated, I hint that they ought to run away, even leaving the children behind, because their continued suffering is useless, and will be revenged on all those who they imagine themselves to be serving. Ideally, children would be women’s allies in the struggle for liberty, especially because it is the new born child who contains the secret of the wisdom and energy which is foiled by upbringing, but where the children are the battleground where the sexual engagement is fought out, they are already lost, and a struggling woman must first save herself. By breaking the chain of symbiosis of mother and child she may not only give herself another chance at life, the rupture may incidentally prove to be the child’s advantage as well. Above all the revolutionary woman must know her enemies, the doctors, psychiatrists, health visitors, priests, marriage counsellors, policemen, magistrates and genteel reformers who flock about her with spurious advice and Job’s comfort. She must look to her rebel sisters for support, but above all she must trust to her own joy and pride in the struggle. As soon as she is drilled or disciplined, or otherwise diminished by a feminist elite, she must identify the warping of the revolutionary way, and escape from it. Joy is not hilarity, but the sense of purpose, achievement and dignity, which ought to accompany the devising of a lifestyle which allows women’s etiolated energy to reflower.

It is left to the women who read the book to devise strategies to fit particular cases. What I wanted to do was to open up the possibilities of radical movement, explaining that commonly derided or maligned behaviour is most surely radical because it is so. The first exercise in self-
determination for each woman is the devising of her own mode of revolt, a mode reflecting her own independence and originality. As she goes further along her own path, the pressures of oppression will declare themselves, so the shape of future action becomes clearer. In the search for political awareness there is no substitute for confrontation. It will be argued that the result of such uncoordinated action will be chaos. First of all, it is unlikely that the liberation techniques of women will be utterly irreconcilable; however diverse they may be, we may all learn from them, but secondly, and more importantly, there can be no fear of genuine chaos when we live in an undeclared chaos of warring and destructive disciplines.

The book will draw fire from all the articulate sections of the community. The conventional moralists will scream because I have derided and denied the myth of the Holy Family, devalued motherhood, and worst of all encouraged women to behave as if they were not by nature monogamous. The political conservatives will point out that by altering the patterns of consumption at the lowest and broadest level, I am inviting depression and hardship. This is tantamount to admitting the necessity of continuing oppression of women in maintaining the economy, and simply bears my point out. If the present economic structure can only change by collapsing, it had better collapse as soon as possible. The argument is no different from Wilson's regret that the nation could not "afford" to give women equal pay for equal work. The Freudian psychologists and their ilk will deride the book as metaphysics, forgetting the metaphysical basis of their own doctrine. The female reformists will regret that the book encourages delinquency and lowers the female image still more in the eyes of the administrators, just as they begged more vociferous and lively demonstrators to go away from their genteel demonstrations. The socialist women will
regret the book's unorthodoxy and apparent innocence of the correct Marxist line on the family. They might even identify the authoress as an anarchist and first for the firing squads after the revolution.

Really it is immaterial. As long as the book causes discussion it has served its purpose. I should hesitate to publish if I thought I had constructed yet another rod to beat women's backs with. If, on the other hand, the authorities found no need to castigate it, or ridicule and vilify it, then I would have failed of my mark. What they can tolerate is for me intolerable. When the old opponents cried out against the issue of emancipation, they lamented that women's liberty would mean the end of marriage, the end of morality and the end of the state. As usual, their comprehensive and committed conservatism was more au fait with the exigencies of the survival of the status quo than the woolly-minded liberals and humanists were. They were after all right.
Although the official religions of the western world share a belief that the soul and the body can be separated and life of some sort ensue, the available evidence seems to prove that they will only be found separated in cases of death. The religious emphasis is complemented by the bias towards belief that restraints suffered by the body are wings applied to the soul, stone walls not being adequate to make a prison or iron bars a cage. Cripples who endure smilingly have benefited by their disability in increased moral strength and beauty of soul. Now that we are less and less inclined to believe that we are making a short journey through the corporeal medium on our way to a life of bodiless bliss, it seems clearer that stone walls do a prison make, and that fantasy is no substitute for experience. The discovery that madwomen had less interesting delirium than madmen was not a discovery about the essential female soul, because even the fantasies of the insane are constructed upon the reality that they have observed. Now that soul and body, matter and form, thought and emotion are being forcibly reintegrated as the printed book loses out to electronic media, we are perhaps in a better position to see that the shackles laid on the female’s body are also shackles upon her mind. The eye painted and drawn around, with fringes of bought hairs stuck all about it, is no longer an organ for seeing, but an object to be looked at. Even its expressiveness is hampered, for if the lids wrinkle the lashes stretch against the fine skin and hurt. Such a construction is uncomfortable, expensive and delicate. In fact the eye has become the decorated back of a mirror, which reflects only inward. The jewelled hand with long gilded nails can hardly pick anything up, but it can frame a face, or toy with a lovelock.
Capped teeth bite gingerly, and painted lips arch themselves away from food, and taint what food they touch. Swags of bought hair affect the balance of the head, and slow down the turning of the neck. The feminine idol does not see, but is seen, does not touch, but is felt, does not eat but is eaten, does not pay but costs. The same media which are changing the quality of experience for a new generation are disseminating her image more rapidly and more widely than ever happened before. She is the universal beloved and the universally unattainable. For the men who are in love with her, there can be scant pity; she appears at their side occasionally, to show that she is bought and paid for, she wets her already gleaming lips and smiles beside objects they want to sell, to men and women alike, and she sells them. Because of the efficiency of the communication of her image, it changes rapidly to sustain interest, clad in leather, silk, skin, fur, trousers, floating skirts, uniforms, nothing at all, Indian, Chinese, Mexican, Eurasian, black, languid, laughing, cruel, romantic, cute, impressive, mysterious, always perfect, lustrous, luscious, never a wart, wen, mole, freckle, pimple, frown, reddened eye, wrinkle, scar or bruise. Women are in love with her. Perhaps not one model, not one photograph quite makes it, for women will find fault with what they spend hours trying to emulate, nevertheless the feminine idol is their dearest beloved.

The attempt to define the identifying traits of the female mind is as old as psychology itself. More than half a century of testing has failed to reveal a clear-cut consistent difference in any of the intellectual activities of the sexes, so the question of whether the mind has any sex is yet to be answered. The unconditioned
mind does not exist; even the experiments on tiny babies revealing differences in skin susceptibility and motor activity were not performed upon entirely unconditioned creatures, and the results are not impressive in any case. Money and Hampson decided from their observation of children with the adrenogenital syndrome (females with male external genitalia) that children are the sex that they are brought up to be, for the children correctly identified as girls knew that they were girls, and the boys incorrectly so-called were equally secure in the conviction that they were boys. A more recent study of intersexual and transsexual cases complicates the picture but does not remove the possibility that Money and the Hampsons were right. Certainly a child’s consciousness of his sex role does not depend upon his having a penis, or a clitoris or a vagina, but on the other hand he often clings to a sex which his circumstances and treatment have sought to belie which endocrinologically speaking turns out to be the right one. The part played by biology in determining sexual characteristics is simply not known. The complex relationships of the somatopsychic do not yield up their secrets so soon.

Moreover there is an inbuilt conservatism factor in the medico-psychological test situation. Adjustment and the concept of the norm are necessary assumptions for such testing. Martians will discover more about our concepts of masculinity-femininity from the tests than they will from the results. Moreover in discussing the intellectual gifts of men and women it is important to bear in mind the level of general culture attained by the tester. The notion of genius which Terman and his helpers had is certainly not mine: the following poem is proudly quoted as an indication of the exceptional
gifts of Sarah:

The Virgin

Her pride subdued by shyness, or by art,
The maiden walks; the whispers of her heart
Only betrayed by the elusive rose
Upon her cheek. Through all her being flows
A consciousness of happy innocence
And youth more sweet for its impermanence.

Eager to live, yet fearing to be caught
On life's rude turbulent flood, wise though untaught,
Aware of all she is designed to be,
She savors and delays her destiny.

All that this vapid, posturing rhetoric can testify to is
Sarah's glibness and facility in emulation. University teachers
have good reason to mistrust the evidence of school performance
in indicating intellectual ability, for, as Sarah's case indicates,
what most people learn in school is how to stop learning, discovering
and creating, and get taught. Nevertheless, bearing in mind such
disquieting factors, we can glean from the psychological
statisticians some carefully understated observations which may
be taken as indication that the general tendency of my argument is
correct. In the pre-school years there is little difference between
the abilities of boys and girls: if anything little girls are quicker
at learning to count and read. By school age however, the boys
begin to overtake the girls. Girls continue to get better grades in
school, although they do not perform so well in tests.

For both sexes there is a tendency for the
more passive-dependent children to perform
poorly on a variety of intellectual tasks,
and for independent children to excel ...

... subjects who refuse to accept authority
do considerably better on the E.F.T...

For girls, by contrast (with boys) the crucial
factor in the development of I.Q. appears to
be relative freedom from maternal restriction —
freedom to wander and explore.

... girls are more conforming, more suggestible and more dependent upon the opinion of others, than boys.

The general picture is consistent with the idea of docile industry producing good academic results for little girls, but limiting the development of their actual intellectual ability. The evidence for cross-sex-typing as a correlate of intellectual abilities is stronger for women than for men, which we could take to mean that more of the attributes of intellectual ability are ascribed to the male side of the polarity, which might then help us to understand a phenomenon which McKinnon found puzzling, that 'a girl should have to repress her masculine tendencies more strongly than a boy does his feminine tendencies', for he sees the limitation of the girl's mental processes as stemming from repression, which

has a generalised effect upon thought processes, interfering with the accessibility of the individual's own previous experiences. An individual who is using repression as a defence mechanism cannot be, to use McKinnon's term, 'fluent in scanning thoughts'. McKinnon has evidence that creativity is in fact associated with the absence of repression (as indicated through personality assessment tests) and Barron reports that originality is associated with 'responsiveness to impulse and emotion.'

As I hope to illustrate in a fashion which these learned gentlemen would not accept for an instant, the repression practised both upon and by the girl, is a repression of the energy of the mind and body itself, of 'masculine' tendencies which are tendencies which are denied the female, those powers of mind which are inseparable from libido, which the Freudians identify as masculine. The nature of the jokes played upon women is becoming clearer. Catch 22 is not more diabolical.
Despite the difficulties which have prevented an army of investigators from devising a description of inherent differences between the male and female mind, an enormous gulf yawns between male and female achievement. If there had been a female Bach or Beethoven, the anti-feminists argue, she would have flourished despite all the curbs and obstacles. The whole point of conditioning is that it prevents a Bach or a Beethoven from coming into being. It is no indication of what the female mind could accomplish to say that so far it hasn't accomplished it. It is obvious by now that no amount of testing is going to produce an ontogenic cause for the absence of female achievement. But why should a woman achieve, why should she accept the male discipline of school and university, or concert hall or studio, when her reward will be to be considered freakish? On every hoarding, every can, every pressure pack, every shop window, every television screen, every cinema, the feminine fetish smilingly dissuades her. After all, for doing nothing, simply being, she is offered all the rewards of our civilisation – fame, fortune, love, security, power, and praise. She is not happy or unhappy, satisfied or dissatisfied, she has no desires and no duties, she need produce nothing, not even, at least in England, babies. The power of her image is unlimited and utterly limiting. Men strip themselves to grey flannel convict suits, and bestow all the plunder of the markets of the world and the refinements of the new technology to adorn her. In return she spends their money on toys for the childhood world to which they may return as their reward for drudging their hours away in the productive machine. Custom-built cars, deep freezers, diamond bracelets, babies, are her toys. There is real horror in the situation, for
whole nations are infatuated with this ideal which does not exist. She is more tantalising than la belle dame sans merci, for she is genuine walking, talking phantom, infinitely variable but eternally unchanged, without smell but perfumed, without flesh but ultra-plastic. She is the embodiment of sexual inauthenticity. For despairing love of her girls grow fat, acneous, thin, querulous, insipid, withdrawn: those who can manage to masquerade as the feminine idol for a few hours a day practise the duplicity of woman/feminine, but every time they dress up, paint or unpaint their eyes, every time they menstruate, every time they apply deodorant, every time they feel a passionate desire to embrace, they know they do not make it. Moreover, as their real duties grow more and more menial and irksome, they are torn by new contradictions. As they grow older, and the struggle to emulate their beloved image grows tougher, when it becomes a matter of tip-tilting breasts and stretching away bags and wattles, when hair grows thinner and bleaching more disastrous, when legs become knobby and crepey, old desires which were sacrificed for the easy rewards offered to the feminine mammet appear again more insistently than before. Disillusionment may set in at any time, for some women realise early that they cannot make it, others, much fewer, that they do not want to. They take up old enquiries, cultivate new interests, but their attitude is barbaric. They try to plunder knowledge, to coquette with mental disciplines. The habit of narcissism is too strong to be overcome by merely willing to: they are sterile, querulous, bored.

It would appear that lots of women see through this fantasm, that I have exaggerated the problem. I don't think so. Even intelligent women, who ought to have explained our condition as John Stuart Mill besought them to, have explained womanhood in
terms of the feminine idol. Those who rejected her, embraced masculine ideals in a masculine fashion, because they thought that femininity exhausted femaleness. What they did not understand is that the principal instrument in the inculcation of the idolatry of the feminine is direct castration of the female. Female desire, female power and female energy are not outlawed, but denied to exist. Insofar as she feels rebellious the little girl is a freak. Her energy puts up protests of varying intensity until puberty, then suddenly it is extinct. The feminine fantasm is in full power. It is not that the girl's energy is punished, although it may be. It is simply that it is ignored, given fewer and fewer outlets, while passivity, coyness, sweetness, softness, shyness, gentleness are all rewarded. The stereotype is built into our understanding of language. We can hardly form a concept of woman without reference to it. As a tiny girl I was so impressed by the dichotomy that I believed for a long time that all cats were female and all dogs male, because cats were soft, withdrawn and elegant and dogs were messy, extroverted, noisy and active. Insofar as I knew that I was female, I knew I had to be more like the cat than the dog. In fact a female child early learns that approximation to the feminine idol is her real goal, and no matter how fat, pasty, pimply and plain she is, there are moments when she finds herself adorable, when she stands in front of the bathroom mirror with her towel wound up around her head and her eyebrows raised, looking at her reflection with unfocussed eyes, loving what she sees and what Mr Right will one day see as well. Beauty is her highest achievement; what power can schoolmistresses with their straining faces and dusty clothes bring to bear against the effortless feminine? They are losers in the female battle, and school is a conspiracy to put their young
vanquishers out of the race. Some of the teachers may be young, sunny, and beautiful but the headmistress is certain not to be. Schoolgirls speak cruelly of their teachers, regarding them as innocents or perverts or frustrated old hags. The cruelty and injustice of their observation can be best explained in terms of their fealty to another image. While they seek love and approbation from their teachers, and retain their own energy to express, which cannot be indulged by the daydreams of the feminine fetish, they make (often furtive) efforts to work and achieve distinction in the schoolroom ethic as well as the feminine battleground, but even this aim succumbs when our little person arrives at the status of sexual object. The feminine idol is the only sexual object, because she herself is without libido, so the little girl's masturbation fantasies are principally focussed on her, and thereby her ideal bathroom-mirror self. The essential narcissistic-masochistic limitation on female sexuality is fully established, except that the will to love sometimes persists until it is finally stamped out in heterosexual and other adventures. In a year or two she will know that her only power henceforth is to refuse: she will build up a whole economic system on a principle of staged, controlled refusal. When she was born, the little girl was a person: by the time she is eighteen she has become a thing, in her own and others' estimation. The part that estimates and manipulates her own thing-ness is the stump of her individual energy. At various stages in her life she may try to redevelop this, when thing-ness has ceased to be rewarding, or has simply failed. It may be possible to de-castrate a physical eunuch, but the mental eunuch is in a worse position. No-one can find the organ she has lost; she was neutralised almost before she knew desire. In her attempt to reintegrate her personality
she will be looking for a lost part of herself, not for external reality. When she examines her own quest, she may see that she is seeking a lost organ of her own, rather than external reality which she has no faculty to comprehend until she finds what she has lost, and then she imagines with horror that it is a penis that she seeks, for in the realm of the feminine idol there is only one sexual organ, the phallus, which services the sexless object. Not a single authority to whom she can turn can reassure her that she has a self and satisfactions of her own to seek. Even among the psychologists, anthropologists and sociologists, male or female, the feminine idol holds court.

I have strained credulity long enough with this theme. It is time to describe how this maiming is effected, in an attempt to indicate where the female, considered as antithetic to feminine, principle might lie impotent. What follows is addressed to the delinquent in every woman, and to the suppressed desire for the delinquent woman which disturbs the dreams of men.

The notion of energy that I use throughout this chapter and the rest of this book is deliberately unspecified. It is the faculty of the psyche which impels activity, both physical and mental, and it cannot be denied in any of its operations without damage or distortion of the whole psychic balance. Whether I call it elan vital, like McDougall, or libido, like Jung and Reich, or tension, like Janet, or vigilance, as Head does, or general orectic energy, as Flügel does, makes very little difference in the long run. However it is clear that I make certain other presuppositions: just as the power of the body is adversely affected by unequal exercise of its parts, which D.H. Lawrence saw as the great deformity of industrial civilisation, so the mind ultimately suffers if curbs are put upon
the free exercise of energy. Just as confinement and enforced inactivity weaken the body, deprivation of varied contacts with reality debilitates the spirit. It is the worst extreme of the Cartesian solipsism to suppose that energy deflected from expressing itself in one area of cognition, will serve to strengthen mental activity of another kind.

Freud believed that the personality was a closed system with a limited amount of energy to dispose of, and that the principle of the conservation of energy applied. Energy not invested in one activity is said to be withdrawn from that field and reinvested somewhere else, so that the new activity is enriched by the energy transferred to it. The economy governing performance then is a capitalist one. The notion that energy can be husbanded and properly invested is as fantastic as the Victorian fantasy correctly identified by Stephen Marcus, that vigour not wasted in shedding semen went to build a strong bodily frame. No-one is born with an initial capital of energy which he must invest wisely, any more than he has a fixed amount of semen which he must be sure not to squander. It is absurd to suppose that a man would make a better painter if you cut his legs off, and it is equally absurd to suppose that the limitations which the growing girl daily encounters in all fields of activity and enquiry strengthen her for some mysterious avocation as wife and mother. The limitation upon a girl-child's energy begins, as soon as she is born, just as it does for a boy, but the boy is eventually encouraged to be independent and exercise his specially contoured energy, while her restriction is intensified until she can be relied on to continue it herself after puberty and all her life.

It is not even a question of cutting off one limb so that
another may flourish, however misguided it may be to treat human beings like fruit-trees. The aim of female conditioning is total impotence. As a teacher, I am convinced that 'l'appetit vient en mangeant', indeed I might reformulate the old saying as 'l'appetit ne vient qu'en mangeant'. If you starve a girl-child's hunger for the world long enough, it will cease to exist. By the time girls are eighteen, unless they are extraordinary survivals, they have lost appetite, desire, energy and joy. This is the reason why female emancipation never happened. Women are not interested. The cage has been opened, but the canary will not fly out, and so it is shut again, and his master says 'He doesn't want to get out' and imagines his continued captivity to be thereby justified.

In the palmy days of unified sensibility, the word used for sexual activity was knowledge, and without broaching the never satisfactorily accounted for Tree of Knowledge in the Garden of Eden, we might profitably consider love as a mode of cognition. Many attempts have been made to reunify understanding and love, which must also be attempts to break down the characteristic Freudian explanation of love as dependent upon over-stimulation of the love object and fixation on it, a situation which does not involve increase of understanding or the acquisition of new information. When the Hippie says 'You dig?' he is not merely using a jargon which will signify his adherence to a group, for the word means 'understand-and-therefore-like-and-like-and-therefore-understand'. Another terms with the same resolved duality is to be into something or somebody, which is to say, to be deeply interested in and exploring something or somebody. It does not connote the usual idea of mastering the subject, of being an expert, in the sense that the subject now has to consult
the knower to make sure that it is still the subject. Notions like these are at the basis of the current dissatisfaction with traditional education. The students' demand to follow a line of enquiry which they have discovered for themselves might be justified in the same way that Montessori defended the autonomy of her bambini; the distinction between work and play becomes meaningless, because the occupation itself is regenerative and recreative. Energy is not expended in such a self-chosen task, but stimulated. The child reveals powers and resources that had never before appeared, performs feats which are said to be beyond him. His natural tendency is towards complete efficiency which is the incarnation of all his potentialities. What he discovers exists in his mind of itself and for himself, and not some ulterior purpose of gaining prestige or mastery over men or materials. It is the relationship which Martin Buber called I-thou, the awareness which hippies try to rescue from the anaesthesia imposed by our civilisation, so abnormally efficient in all its operations, by the use of drugs, most of which simply provide the excuse for the return of the mind to its natural mode of knowing. The situation is difficult to describe in our language, but the current interest in eastern philosophies stems from a desire to develop a concept of human mental activity which cannot be excelled by a computer. The emotions are being revalued, and some form of reunified sensibility is sought. The male's attitude to the universe is essentially one of exploring, mastering, controlling, while the female seems to have no attitude to it at all. The state of both is the result of the operation of our civilisation upon the infant, who, as even Freud admitted, knows and loves everything about him.

There is much to suggest that when human beings acquired the powers of conscious attention and rational thought they became so fascinated with these new tools that they forgot all else, like
chickens hypnotised with their beaks to a stalk line. Our total sensitivity became identified with these partial functions, so that we lost the ability to feel nature from the inside, and more, to feel the seamless unity of ourselves and the world. Our philosophy of action falls into the alternatives of voluntarism and determinism, freedom and fate, because we have no sense of the wholeness of the endless knot and of the identity of its actions and ours. As Freud said:

'Originally the ego includes everything, later it detaches itself from the external world. The ego-feeling we are aware of is thus only a shrivelled vestige of a far more extensive feeling - a feeling which embraced the universe and expressed an inseparable connection of the ego with the external world.'

Moreover, Freud also believed that 'Love with an inhibited aim was originally full sensual love and in men's subconscious mind is so still', which seems a further proof that the integrated personality, unlimited in any of its functions, has a capacity for response and absorption which it later loses. Wordsworth's description of the journey away from empathy which the growing boy makes does not seem so far wrong. Certainly the infant's powers of learning are enormous. Girls have a slight edge over boys in the rapidity with which they accomplish the first and most Herculean task of the human intellect, learning to talk, although it is sad to notice that in cases which are not as rare as they should be, even this self-initiated enterprise is perverted and foiled. The baby's first instinct is to love and emulate, the best way of gaining information, but he is equally disposed to love and emulate of his own accord. What actually happens is that he is treated as mother's new penis. Most of the time he is made to sleep, so that all the receptive powers of his little supersensitive body, to which all contact, all stimulus which is not painful is pleasurable and interesting, are spent on the familiar feelings of his bedcovers and his developing sight on
the walls of his bassinet. When he is not asleep he is supervised unnecessarily and given special objects which provide him with false information, most of which, like the rattling beads strung across his pram, are meant to act as hypnotics. Nowadays the treatment of the baby as a phallic extension of the mother does not go so far as swaddling him into a rigid cigar-shape, but other forms of swaddling are still prevalent. The most significant and delightful form of information, the bodily contact of the people he loves, is that which is most specifically denied him, especially is he is bottle-fed. Despite the fact that we see him learning with his fingers and his mouth, hooting with joy in his bath as his whole body feels varying sensations of hotness, wetness, coolness, dryness, powder, nakedness, other's hands all over it, holding, petting, stroking, probing, we do not learn what his wisdom shows us. What we offer him is not love, like the spontaneous interest and tenderness he offers to us and any other people he knows, but an exclusive relationship, loaded with conditions and exclusions. The degree of success in limiting the scope of the child's confident enquiry can be measured by a momentary consideration of the large number of coy, petulant infants who refuse information by hiding their faces in mother, and at the same time exploit mother's desire for unique and undisputed dominion in their own desire for power, which has replaced the spontaneous desire for knowledge which is love. Baby would not have to spend so much time in his cot if he were allowed to investigate more promiscuously and if he had access to a wider range of people than mother. The principle that becomes operative is the same one that saps the industrial vitality of the welfare state: baby is kept free from exertion, pain and deprivation, but he is allowed no liberty, left
with no incentive to do anything but keep still. Nevertheless, the desire to live is stronger than the pressures of repression; sooner or later he forces his parents to stop treating him as a cross between a toy and an invalid or a work of art, and his decorative garments are laid aside for rompers, in which he miraculously preserves some desire to romp. But now he has become naughty and active; mother withdraws a large measure of her sympathy, and prohibition becomes the familiar situation especially connected with raids on the unknown. No-one is really interested in him, although any suggestion that this necessarily meant that no-one loved him would be hysterically denied. Days of unrelieved boredom alternate with crises like visits to the shopping centre, when his arm is dragged from its socket and unfamiliar legs and bags and buggies thunder past him. Mother is both his first love and his first hate. The Oedipal situation is a direct result of the nuclear family and this intensification, limitation and confusion of the child's interests. The little boy is more or less emancipated from the eye-to-eye confrontation with his mother when he begins to go to school and his independence is fostered, but the little girl, for whom the problems have been the same, remains close to her. She may be dependent upon her, and need her sanction and approval and even guidance for all she does, but this was not a feature of that first infantile love, and it is not really related to that kind of love-understanding. Where discipline of the boy is probably handed over to his father, the little girl is still exposed to the diurnal carpings of her mother, which themselves follow the pattern of mother's own frustrations and disappointments rather than any principle of equity or reason. Boys eventually learn to handle their mothers, partly because they can manage to keep out of their way.
Usually the worst that father can do to his daughter is to be indifferent to her, a crime which children forgive more readily than destructive interference. The Oedipal situation exists most significantly for adults probably. My brother learnt at an early age how to cope with my mother, and actually managed to curb the more striking manifestations of her hysteria, because she was more submissive and more inclined to treat him as a person than either of her daughters, whom she liked no more than she did herself, and of whom she was perceptibly jealous. The very fact that girls 'take more bringing up' than boys is a cause for resentment and persecution, for all oppressions are carried out by the oppressed.

The justification for the degree of parental interference with daughters is the same one that applied for the baby-protection. In the name of protection, the growing girl will be encouraged to spend most of the time when she is not at school at home, despite the known fact that the great majority of accidents occur in the home, and she will be taught to fear the world at large, on grounds which are darkly hinted but never specified. The prohibition is irrational on many grounds. First of all it does not work, because sexual deviates are not so resourceful that they cannot waylay little girls even when they are limited to the scope of activities that protectiveness will sanction. Secondly, the sexual assaults suffered by little boys are much more damaging because they so frequently involve outrage and physical mutilation. Bit by bit little girls learn to regard themselves as objects for assault, and the subjects of some kind of lecherous regard by all strangers, and so the situation is perpetuated in which victims of the same system must prey upon them. In the Trobriands violation of children is unknown. The other result is that when the assault is offered the little girl can think
of no defence, because first of all she has no clear idea of what the threat is, and secondly she has been trained in a habit of submission. If she does talk to a stranger and he does turn nasty, she has asked for it, and is so afraid of reprisal that she keeps her shock a secret. In fact most children suffering any degree of sexual assault from the most mild to the most serious feel that they cannot tell their parents, either out of guilt or a feeling that the parents couldn't take it, so the whole purpose of the prohibitions and the limitations fails. Another factor in the haphazardness of the whole business is the too frequent occurrence of 'fates worse than death' within the family circle.

In this way, the limitation on the little girl's acquisition of information about the world is directly linked with the repression of her libido and her concept of herself as a passive victim of the sexuality of 'strange men'. That limitation may be more simply termed a limitation on her power to love and understand.

If infantile desires for reality are to be construed as sexual, then it is clear that I am not speaking of the urge as understood by Freud; detumescence is not the aim of these impulses to intimacy. But then it seems unlikely to me that the urge to detumescence is as important even in the adult as the urge to make pleasure and express love. In the highly sexed character, who might be understood not as the sexual-aggressive type but as a person whose impulses to tenderness are not crippled as efficiently as usual, detumescence itself is a pleasurable state, erection is provoked and maintained, and detumescence is postponed because of the pleasurable quality of the tension. On the other hand fetishes, masturbatory behaviour, and most socially sanctioned Saturday night marital sex are all governed by the urge to detumescence. The little children who flung their arms
around me in a school that I visited in Manchester to do a
television film did not kiss me so fully and forwardly on the mouth
because of an urge to detumesce, but because they wanted to know
me, my skin, my smell, the touch of my fur coat. When the desexual-
isation of this urge is complete, we have the appalling phenomenon
of maddened sparagmos, when public figures have their clothes torn
off and their hair torn out. Between the wild and loving kisses of
the children and the brutal insults and familiarities of a football
crowd lies the tragedy of our civilisation. It is more clearly
described in The Bacchae. When Pentheus attempts to suppress the
Dionysiac orgies because of his prurient suspicion and anxiety of
what human beings will do if left to leap and dance and be
exhilarated unchecked, he first of all falls prey to his own
repressed tenderness and becomes a ludicrously impotent transvestite.
Then his behaviour turns the exultation of his womenfolk to murderous
frenzy in which he himself is torn to pieces and mania reigns in
a devastated land. What Dionysus offered was turning on, a trip
back into the potentialities of the body, and Pentheus reacted like
a well-trained boy, with an indistinct anxiety arising out of his
feeling that the body was evil. The baby is at one with his body:
he is not body and soul but somatopsych, and any notion that his
body is evil or inimical is nonsensical. Among my earliest memories
is the fascination of watching a little girlfriend shitting, and
then letting her watch me. It was like peeping into a cupboard
that had never been opened before. By cooperating with each other,
we saw what otherwise we could never have hoped to see. I cannot
remember when I discovered that boys had a 'tiddley', but we must
still have been in that infantile condition of unified sensibility,
because we all bathed together naked at the seaside from the age
of a few months. Genital trauma seems most unlikely in such
circumstances. When I stood in a cupboard with a little boy and his bicycle lamp I was only impressed by the sweetness and softness of our baby genitalia. Anything seemed possible and all things exciting.

Most of my childhood pleasures were anticipatory. A mere holiday in the country caused physical thrills for months before it happened, expectation of a bosom and high heels was glorious. I felt heartily sorry for the boys who already had it all, and could look forward to no extra bonuses. Like most little girls, I exhibited my crutch to anyone who looked as if they would be interested, whipping down my little knitted skirts with elastic waistbands, with a great sensation of being daring and entertaining. Moreover, I used to befriend old tramps in the sea-front park that ran along in front of our apartment, and sit gravely with them, holding their flaccid old organs in my little hand, with as much affection as I could muster, and one eye on the kitchen window because instinct told me that my mother would have gone ratshit if she had seen me. I was famous for making friends easily, and once went for several hours walk with a young couple I liked. After my mother had beaten me savagely several times to instil mistrust of the world at large, for the usual twisted motives that mothers punish children who have caused them to harbour murderous fantasies by being independent, I stopped undoing old men's flies, but I wasn't frightened by exhibitionists who were numerous in our park than sea-gulls, until a man approached me once with a terrible smile and tried to stop me from running past with his arm. This was not a genital experience, but a child's intuition of evil, for the man was holding sweets like a bait and smiling horribly. I used to see him about, and would desperately try to tell people what he was up to, but because he didn't undo his flies, everybody thought he was
a pleasant chap.

I cannot have even seem my parents fucking, which is pretty unlikely on the face of it, but my father did not come home from the war until I was six and then he seems to have desired my mother pretty rarely. At all events when I was eight, someone blabbed to her mother about the love games four of us used to play in the sunroom on the roof of the apartment block, and we were all in the severest trouble. They were love games, for we used to inspect each other for a bit, and then lie very close and warm in the hot silent room, smelling each other’s hair, and rubbing our hot cheeks together, but our parents seemed to think we had been doing awful things, for they were obviously shocked and upset, and we were forbidden to see each other. We accepted their judgment, the summer holidays ended, the boys went back to their boarding schools and the myriad perversions thereto appertaining, and the girls went on with learning housework and taking flowers to school. The interesting thing is that a Jewish girl called Miriam who lived in the flat beneath us, asked me if I had let John or Michael put his little thing inside mine. I remember thinking that it was a very cute idea, and wondering why she had sniggered and whispered when she said it. It seemed a mere trick, an irrelevancy. Not an outrage, not a delicious immolation, just a neat thing to do, maybe. Thank heaven so many things were prohibited for my greater health, like chips, white bread, sweets, movies, that the sexual prohibition did not make it seem shameful, just another part of my mother’s prejudice against my pleasure, which was always obeyed and never accepted.

All of which makes it seem that I was a very cool, odd little girl, with a superhuman knack of turning my parents’ blunders into
advantages. Maybe. I believe that children are naturally strong and cool until the pressures get so heavy that their enormous powers of self-preservation are perverted into autism or anxiety or destruction. Children live flexibly. What they know experientially is so much more potent than what they are told to believe that they are accustomed to the constant duality and manipulate it more or less successfully most of the time.

If I had seen erect penises I might have had the right reaction, but I have never seen, in thirty years, an exhibitionist with an erection, and the boys, although tumescent, were hardly frightening. I remember the first time I saw a full-grown erect penis. A man was standing half way up the cliffs on our beach, drying himself in the bushes, with an enormous erection. My girlfriend and I clutched each other and moved closer to inspect it. I think we felt vaguely sorry for him, because it seemed so rigid and unmanageable, swaying from side to side as he rubbed himself dry. We were not shocked, not disgusted, but pleased that we had this extra piece of experience to knit in to what we already knew in the ludicrous clinical way. What we told each other about sex, crude and mistaken though it was, was much more real than our parents' long circumlocutions. The word fuck was true. Sexual intercourse had no referent. Now we had a true bit of knowledge to unite the real mystery of our word with the meaningless of the euphemism of authority. We began to feel how it was done, and we were grateful, if not satisfied. This is not the whole story: I was disgusted when I was told how babies were generated, but mainly I think because I couldn't imagine how my parents, who treated each other without respect or love, could do it together, except in some appalling way, lustfully with smiles like the man in the park. With them it was like the crude drawings on the corrugated iron walls of the public lavatory, but when I
thought of the sex I would have it was in terms of searing passion
and Gina Lollobrigida miming Nedda's aria in the film of I Pagliacci.

The opportunities for such unsupervised exploration of the
world were few and far between. My official environment, like other
little girls', was home. At home the little girl receives her
training in domesticity. It is not like building a treehouse or
mending a bicycle. It is supervised work, for Mother is always
there, so it has not the same learning value as the process devised
by herself to achieve an end which she spontaneously desires. Her
leisure time is spent perforce in a sedentary fashion, reading,
dreaming, or playing with dolls. If she is lucky enough to have
older brothers she may be allowed to hang around with them, but
they will either baby her or resent her parasitic presence and
make her feel it... At school she sits unnaturally still and
unnaturally quiet, absorbed in the struggle to avoid boredom and
suppress restlessness, for a shadow of the love she carried with
her when she was born. Because there is no alternative independent
learning process which combines intellectual inquiry and discipline
with immediate experience, which boys find in their playing, girls
must fall for one or the other. If the sensual retains its hold,
they prefer to work with their hands, cooking, sewing, knitting,
but the creative element of their work is missing, so the master
cooks and tailors will be men: if they fall for the dessicated
academic routine, their sensual perceptions are suppressed and
channelled.

The following description of girls' behaviour in the learning
situation was made in 1903, but it is still the reason why any
university teacher who finds that his option is to be studied by
twelve girls feels his heart sink, and why one particular Cambridge
don who is quite interested in heterosex never invites women to
his weekly soirees.

At lectures women students are models of attention and industry; perhaps they even apply themselves too much to carrying home in black and white what they have heard. They generally occupy the front seats because they enter their names very early and then because they arrive early, well before the beginning of the lectures. Only this fact is noticeable, that often they merely give a superficial glance at the preparations which the professor passes around; sometimes they even pass them on to their neighbours without even looking at them; a longer examination would hinder their taking notes.

The preparations are the real subject of the lecture, but the girls do not want to learn - they want to be taught and so the subject escapes them. A famous professor of Anatomy at Melbourne University used to devise hideous pranks to jolt the girls in his classes out of their servility, but the only result was open hostility. They do not want to experience the fact for themselves, but only to satisfy the teacher's requirements. All creativity is gone, not because women have no need of it because they will bear children, but because it has stifled for want of space and encouragement to move and grow. It is too late now for a university teacher to goad it back to life. Women are prepared for drudgery, and the most inspiring work in their hands will become drudgery. The objects that they handle are not real and existential with a life and history of their own, but toys. They are not to be built up or broken down but played with. The routine of cleaning and straightening up and cooking and shopping is not work, but a kind of dreary self-perpetuating play. When it was exhausting its real character was obscured by its apparent effect. Now that it does not even exhaust the female, its real uselessness is too evident to be ignored. In our economy men suffer the same pain, but they more often invent ways of counteracting it in the
time that they may dispose of for themselves. Most housewives feel that none of their time is theirs to dispose of, or if it is, that they cannot manage to be creative in their disposition of it. D.H. Lawrence was occasionally right.

There is no point in work unless it absorbs you, like an absorbing game. If it doesn't absorb you, if it isn't any fun, don't do it. When the Hindus weave long lengths of stuff, with their thin dark hands and their wide dark eyes and their still souls absorbed, they are like trees putting forth leaf, they are living, not merely working.

The futility is both a symptom and a cause in the continuing syndrome of female frustration. It is futile to vacuum the floors every day, but it is already neurotic to think that you must. As a little girl, I sometimes felt so helplessly thwarted at the chores I had to do that I used to scream softly over the sound of the vacuum cleaner. It was not that I had anything else to do: mother would often haul me inside to work because the 'devil finds work for idle hands to do'. It was just that the work had no end, no possible achievement, and no scope for variation. The carpet was always clean before I started, but mother was liable to leap in and claim that I had not done one bit properly. The noise drove out any thoughts I might have liked to entertain, and if my attention strayed I bumped the furniture or ran over a pin. Likewise I was likely to discover when I had almost finished washing up that mother felt like washing the skirtings down or cleaning the stove. Weeding was never ended, neither was hosing the garden. You just did all those chores until you were allowed to stop. I was the eldest child by six years, and so I got the boys' jobs too. What a difference! Clipping the hedge was wonderful, because it looked so lovely when it was done, and it was full of nests, old balls and
lost things, with even the threat of a venomous spider. Digging holes was even better. The smell of the earth and the way the layers changed, and the bits of old crockery that appeared were delightful. I used to dig until my whole body ached, and nothing was visible from outside but the mounds of loam all about the edge. I chopped all the hard logs that father refused to endanger his back over, with such abandon that the axe once bounced off a knothole and into my foot. The dangers of unlimited roaming paled into insignificance beside mother's need for horse manure, and I used to toil around the neighbourhood for hours bringing back great tins of manure for which I was given a threepence, but I wasn't in it for the money. Nevertheless I was so listless and despondent at home, that my mother when she first saw me leaping around on a public stage singing and dancing the Duke of Plaza Toro in a school production of the Gondoliers, was convinced that my strength would never hold out. Indeed, if I had not been much better loved at school than at home, I might not have invented so many reasons to stay behind and produce plays, write poems, sing songs, design posters, and read and argue and steal bread and jam from the convent kitchen. If I have survived the feminine conditioning at all, I have this circumstance to thank. During the same period I learned three languages and how to read music. I am to some extent deviated still, but the small space I had to act in gave me a chance of correcting a good deal of my conditioning, although it was a slow and laborious process, fraught with hazards, any one of which could have thrown me back into all the sterile postures of femininity.

A single fact lies at the source of all deviations, viz. that the child has been prevented from fulfilling the original pattern of his development at the
formative age, when his potential energies should evolve through a process of incarnation ... thus welding the acting personality into unity. If this unity is not achieved, through the substitution of the adult for the child or through a want of motives of activity in his environment, two things happen: psychic energy and movement must develop separately, and a 'divided man' results. Since in nature nothing creates itself and nothing destroys itself, and this is especially true in the case of energies, these energies since they have to work outside the scope assigned to them by nature, become deviated ... They are deviated above all because they have lost their object and work in emptiness, vagueness and chaos. The mind that should have built itself up through experiences of movement, flees into fantasy.

Montessori believes that fantasy itself is an indication of deviation: Deutsch and Horney believe that it is not a deviation in the appetent female because it stimulates her narcissism and protects her until the social and physiological conditions are right for her impregnation. The Freudians cannot be refuted, for we have no completely unconditioned subject to illustrate our argument from - nevertheless if we simply reject the necessity of the situation and consider women as deviated people, thwarted of their desire for reality, an integrated desire which is also sexual, although not concerned with possession and power, we have a picture which seems easier to adapt to the other facts of modern life, the pill, total warfare and the decline of the family.

There is one aspect of the mental development of the female which all observers are agreed upon. Delaunay in 1900, Freud, Deutsch, Horney, Terman, all observers of female development notice that puberty gives a sharp boost to the decline of the girl's learning powers. Dr Chapman thinks that 'women are to be congratulated on being able to traverse this stage of life retaining any semblance of emotional stability.' For the Freudians this decline of energy in the girl is biologically determined: she
is passing her phallic phase and moving into the narcissistic-
masochistic passive period when she may be courted. Without for
the moment considering Freudian monosex, it would seem that there
are ample sources of conflict which are more demonstrable than the
secret ministry of biology.

I have a worry which is too embarrassing for
me to seek the advice of my mother. I sometimes
feel very lonely and simply long for a boyfriend.
I yearn for an experience which I have never
known. I know I am very young to be talking about
this sort of thing as I am only thirteen but I
can't help it and it reduces me to despair when I
think I have so long to wait. Please don't advise
me to forget about this desire because I can't
however much I try. My mind runs on it most of
the time. Please help me.

Obviously a case where the conditioning has not quite worked.
Although this woman-child knows that her desire is too embarrassing
to be revealed to her mother, nevertheless she is clearly aware of
its nature and origin. Somebody has not convinced her that she is
narcissistic and passive and that her feeling of unspecified desire
is masculine. On the other hand this child has been too successfully
conditioned.

I am the plain Jane in our family and just long
for beauty. When I go to the pictures and see
the beautiful girls it makes me nearly cry to
think I'm so unattractive. Can you help me? Is
there any way I could make myself attractive,
could you give me any beauty hints?

Any women's magazine can provide such instances of adolescent
girls battling with the difficulties of assuming their adult sex
role. The strain is expressed overtly in irritability, nightmares,
bed-wetting, lying, giggling, shyness and weeping, nailbiting,
compulsive counting, picking at sores and cuticles, or simply
increased introspection. New conflicts arise and conflicts which
have prevailed since infancy are exacerbated. Now the female child
confronts the requirements of femininity which she must learn to
conform to, and is in turn required to forget her pre-adolescent urges to develop her ego and make her own mark upon the world, which were the expression of her psychic energy. There is no parallel in girls' schools for the extensive polymorphous genital activity which goes on at boys' schools, activity which increases the divorce of such feelings from tenderness and involvement and stresses the mechanical quality of sexual specificity. The growing girl is encouraged to use her feminine charm, to be coy and alluring, but also to be blind to the real theatre in which these blandishments operate. Her strong desires to love become dissipated in passive fantasies, and their connection with sexuality is effectively obscured. Kinsey's statistics, that 90% of males masturbated and 62% of women at least once give a very imperfect idea of the actual difference in this kind of activity for boys and girls. Most affective neuroses in women make their first appearance at this stage, and can, I think, be directly related to the deeply contradictory nature of the roles that girls are expected to play. During this period a girl is expected to begin her dealings with men, dealings which are based upon her attractiveness as a sexual object, without consideration of her own sexual urge. If she fails in her manipulation of the situations in which she finds herself, either because of her unfitness to attract the marital prey, or her own susceptibility and desire, she turns to guidance. James Hemming studied the correspondence sent to a weekly periodical magazine, noticing that twice as many letters came from girls as from boys and that the great majority of them dealt with personal problems of adjustment. All the reasons he gives also apply.

What accounts for the sex difference is not clear. It may be that boys find it easier to adjust to a society which is still predominantly controlled by men in spite of the growing emancipation of women.
It may be that problems exist for the girl which the boy escapes because parents are more anxious about their adolescent daughters than about their adolescent sons. It may be that the girl's sensitivity in matters of personal relationships lays her open to more anxieties. It may be that she is more disturbed by the existing confusion of values than are boys. It may be that the girl's greater facility in expressing herself in words makes her more willing to write about personal problems. Or it may be what Dr Ian Suttie called 'our tabu on tenderness' makes boys shy about sharing their problems in case this should make them appear 'soft'. Whatever the reason, all research into problems of adolescence produces more problems of adjustment from girls than boys.

Karen Horney noticed the same phenomenon. The connection of the disturbance with castration, although Horney would never use the term in my way, is clear.

In analysing women with neurotic troubles or character disturbances, one frequently finds two conditions: (1) although in all cases the determining conflicts have arisen in early childhood, the first personality changes have taken place in adolescence ... (2) the onset of these changes coincides with menstruation.

She goes on to describe the common symptoms manifested by all four of the main types of disintegration represented by these neurotic characters, deep sexual guilt and anxiety, and the fear that they do not measure up to the feminine ideal, deep defensiveness and hence suspicion and antagonism. Her conclusion runs counter to some of the earlier observations she made as a young Freudian and underscores my argument in this chapter. She closes her paper with a general admonition that it is better 'to educate children in courage and endurance instead of filling them with fears'.

But what use is courage and endurance when the point of my existence is waiting to be exploited by Mr Right? All the liberalising tendencies of a girl's education, which were always in conflict with the behaviour she was learning outside school, are now actively contradicted by her social environment. In the dating situation
she finds that she is only appreciated for qualities which her
schooling sought to devalue. One may see examples of the anomalies
on many streets in England on a Saturday afternoon, when bands
of thirteen-year old girls saunter along behind groups of boys
who affect unconscious superiority, occasionally flinging taunts
or direct insults. The boys feel contemptuous, even brutal, and it
is easy to see why. During this phase, girls often say that they
hate boys. Only a psychologist would believe them. Pretty soon the
girls abandon this kind of frustrating boldness and struggle to
acquire the sort of feminine appeal that dated girls have. Instead
of sneaking out with lipstick and eyebrow pencil in their purses,
they begin to stay at home and wait for the phone to ring. The
agonising self-examination begins. What she cannot go out and get,
which could simply be described as genuine communication with boys,
she tries irrationally enough to deserve. She becomes the white kid
in the clearing and waits for the lion. On very rare occasions, for
example at pop concerts, twelve to sixteen year old girls are able
to respond in a sexual and even genital way to an overt stimulus.
The ferocity of the phenomenon is an index of its rareness and its
inadequacy as a release mechanism. Most of the time the pubescent
girl denies her sexuality, and gives in to crushes and day-dreams
which sap her energy and waste her time. The phenomenon is the same
as the antics of girls in other circumstances, who spent hours
casting spells and performing rituals to reveal their sexual future.
This example is too good not to quote.

Young wenches have a wanton sport which they
call moulding of cockle-bread; viz. theygett
upon a Tableboard, and then gather up their
knees & their coates with their hands as high
as they can, and then they wabble to and
fro with their buttocks, as if they were
kneading dough with their arses, and say the
words, viz: -
My dame is sick and gone to bed,
And I'll go mould my cocklebread
Up with my heels, and down with my head,
And this is the way to mould cockle bread.

I did imagine (Aubrey comments) nothing to have
been in this but meer Wantonnesse of Youth —
rigidas prurigine vulvae. Juven. Sat. 6 (129)
but I find in Buchardus in his Methodus Confitendi
on the VII commandement one of ye articles
interrogating a young woman is, if she did ever
subigere panem elunibus, and then bake it and
give it to one that she loved to eate; ut in
majorem modum exardesceret amor?

It is the helplessness of woman to encompass the expression
of her own sexual urge which leads to these inefficient phantasy
gratifications. At least the content of the seventeenth-century
ritual is overt. The effect of a modern girl's elaborate fantasies
upon her efficiency as a student must be great. If she fights her
sexuality by intense application to her work, however, she tends
to replace creativity with industry. Creativity, including the
creativity of self-willed intellectual inquiry, is to be feared,
because it must reveal deeper desires and preoccupations, so the
girl student takes safer and safer lines, and nothing in her high-
school education reveals the fruitless track her mind has taken
until she begins to apply it to the freer university situation.
Moreover, the education which she has been allowed to deserve, is
male education extended to females, obviously, for no women have
ever been in a position to invent any other kind. Those qualified
to do so have been qualified in male-initiated institutions and
tend to perpetuate what they know. The only alternative that they
can supply to femininity is a grotesque mime of masculinity.
Almost no adolescent girl passes through the puberal stage
without a deep love of some kind, the efficacy of the repressive
measures adopted in her family, an efficacy not related in any
direct ratio to severity for the cruder the method the less
effective, is reflected in her choice of love-object. If her mind has already been undermined by the mass media, she fixes her passion upon Andy Fairweather Low or Steve Ellis, or George Best or Tony Blackburn. If not, she is more likely to offer this great love to some member of her immediate environment. The commonest situation is a blend of both, for the adolescent passion is not jealous or exclusive. Frequently, as in fan clubs, girls cooperate to express their love in expensive presents, in handmade favours, in songs and shows offered more generously than they are ever found to do their other work, and in the same way, they offer love of different kinds in different ways simultaneously.

For example:

When I was fourteen years old, after several friendships with the daughters of neighbours or other girls who just happened to be around, relationships which ended because they moved away or because of incompatibilities of a pretty obvious kind, I came to love a girl in my class at school. It happened quite gradually; she waited for me after classes, and I waited for her. At lunchtime she kept a seat for me, or if I was early I kept a seat for her. We were rivals, as far as the rest of the world was concerned: she sang the best in the school, I about second best, I was the cleverest in the class and she about the next cleverest. What was more, we both loved and admired the same girl, Judith, an elegant, off-beat, rather plain girl who was a very good comedienne. Some time before I fell in love, I saw my first movie, because my grandmother insisted that I could not catch lice, get hysterical or be morally corrupted at a screening of Saramouche, and took me regardless. When Stewart Granger kissed whoever it was in a huge screen close-up, something strange happened in my vitals which I discovered could be
made to recur by looking at a photograph of him. This happened with other film actors as well, and so Jennifer (for that was my love's name) and I were united in love and fealty in the RoToStGrAllaFeCOWBrRoHe club, named after Robert Taylor, Stewart Granger, Allan Ladd (who rocked us in Shane), Mel Ferrer (an odd choice from Scaramouche and Lilí), Cornel Wilde (whom Jennifer had seen in A Song to Remember(?)) and whom I also desired because she acted out all the best scenes with me, swapping roles as the spirit moved), Marlon Brando (God knows why - I had no seen him in anything), Dale Robertson (whom I didn't like at all from his photos), and Robert Helpmann (we were all allowed to see Red Shoes). All our spare time came to be spent together, usually in an annexe in an unfrequented part of the school, where we saw the nuns' feet flash by as they came down a wooden staircase that ran past the windows from some commonroom above. This was the room where we practised for the school special choir, a crack musical squad that won prizes up and down the country, singing Pachelbel, Palestrina and Monteverdi, music so beautiful that it was no wonder we were in love with each other. The piano there was always in excellent tune, and Jennifer, who was a fine pianist at fourteen, used to play me the Sonata Pathétique with incredible strength and fire. She identified with all the dashing interpreters we had ever heard of; she was ever Eileen Joyce, she was Liszt, she was Paderewski, dammit she was Beethoven; nothing was too much for her, and she sightread the great works with an impudence and empathy which made up for wrong notes. I would sit on the piano stool hearing and her neck, the chords vibrate in her chest, kissing her hair/ I kissed her more and more and she played better and better; then she would stop and kiss me back. I do not know why our noisy forty-minute spare periods
were not discovered. Certainly is the nuns had found us clinging together in that dingy annexe we would have been treated as disgusting obscenities and causes of great grief to the Almighty, but perhaps they respected our errant genius and refrained from inquiry. I would stay with Jennifer at school as late as I could, and then go home, full of light and glory, because Jenny'd kissed me. We both wanted to become great divas and have many lovers. We enacted love scenes from our favourite books and rolled about on the wooden floor in ecstasy to a battered recording of Anitra's Dance. One day, after choir practice, Jennifer laid her hand on my bud of a breast. My first reaction was a tremor of fear, then a gush of joy because I had wanted her to do that for so long, then a further joy because I could lay my hand on hers, already full and heavy. We wrote poetry, made presents, read and sang together; when apart we thought of being together again, and when we were together all things were possible. In a vague way we knew that we were outlawed, but we felt rather that we would have scorned to reveal to the vapid girls who sat obliterated in the classroom, or the withered prurient nuns, the beauty and power of what we were together. I began to visit Jennifer's house when her parents weren't there, and there I saw her quite naked. Her body did not absolutely delight me, for her breasts were heavy and slack, and I sometimes wished, although I loved her, that she would not insist upon nakedness and upon particular caresses, which I always rejected. A new source of tension set in when I began to fear a kind of sexual exploitation from her. Then summer intervened, and when we came back to school, Jennifer proudly recounted that she had a boyfriend, a lame Czech, whom she drove wild by her teasing so that he would weep. I renounced her one bitter day in the playground, on the grounds that she was worse than a whore, for our dreams of being great lovers
had not included this squalor. Suddenly she left school, and eventually music. I did not fall in love again for nearly four years.

For all its lack of geniality, this was a sexual and spiritual relationship of great intensity, as full of the sublime as the ridiculous. Because of these two years we were both able to keep our intellectual energy through the rigours and anxieties of puberty, although Jennifer was such an early victim to the absurdities of the heterosexual situation. The sordid bargaining that she conducted with her distracted Czech was totally unlike her sweetness and generosity with me, except for a habit she had which drove me to distraction, of testing my love, which she once did in the middle of a geography exam, when she sent me a note saying that I was conceited and empty, and that she was looking elsewhere for the perfect love. Nevertheless if her narcissism took this form, mine took another, ultimately more hurtful possibly, in not allowing her to caress me as she wanted to. Considering the pressures operating to inhibit such a relationship, we were extraordinarily lucky to achieve it at all. When it was already over, my mother discovered one of Jennifer's letters and screamed and ranted of sins against nature. I remember telling her with suicidal calm that all adolescents went through a homosexual phase. That night I cried more bitterly than usual. The world approved of the toying between my love and her demented admirer, but our love was a 'phase' and an ignoble substitute for that! Of course we longed for men's embraces, we longed for love in all its forms, but somewhere between girlhood and womanhood the unlimited possibilities that we spoke of while the Erotica pounded and roared through the cheap gramophone died out and left no trace. I began to read the
women's magazines and wonder about the proper conduct of sexual haggling.

My only reason for recounting that story, is that it is the only illustration that I can use with confidence of the love urge of the young girl. Dr. Deutsch and Dr. Horney both go to great lengths to deny any sexual motivation to the adolescent girl. Indeed Deutsch is principally concerned with her delinquent charges because their innocence of a sexual drive leads them to underestimate the dangers inherent in the company they keep. This indifference she regards as absolutely normal. Instead it seems to me that that indifference itself is an index of abnormality, and ought to have been regarded much more closely. Impotence in men is always assumed to be a sign of ill-health, mental or physical, but in women it is assumed to be a kind of natural situation resulting simply from the combination of the tricky female genital organisation and male ineptitude. Nymphomania is understood crudely to be sexual desire so excessive in the female that it becomes a mania. In fact nymphomania is of the same genesis as religious mania; it is a compulsion neurosis which appears in an attitude to sexual behaviour. The compulsiveness is the problem, not the degree of sexuality. The sexually potent character, regardless of the degree of its activity, that is to say, the orgasmically potent character, is healthy. The prejudice against promiscuous sexual activity in women, tends to obscure the central problem, which is whether or not that activity is satisfactory to the woman, and concentrate on promiscuity itself as a clinical symptom. The sad thing is that the promiscuous woman has so many guilts and social pressures acting to inhibit her activity, that she too tends to assume that her desire for more than one man is guilty.
and abnormal and may even seek therapy saying that she is ashamed and unhappy and wants to be made less promiscuous. Thus the genesis of her anxiety is obscured: the psychiatrist promises to render her less promiscuous when what she really wants is to be less anxious. In extreme cases the anxiety may take the form of inventing excuses for promiscuity which seem to be indications of a compulsion, for example a pain in the stomach which is only relieved by intercourse, which is seen as an indication of the abnormality of the desire for intercourse itself. When we two girls sat clasped together speaking of the wonderful men we would meet and love in the world of wonderful things to do which we were to set out and earn our fortunes in, we knew that we were not monogamous. When I asked my mother how a woman ever renounced all potentiality for actuality on a green form under someone else’s name she told me that I would find out when I fell in love. Nothing was clearer to me than that she was not in love with my father, and I wondered why she uttered such perfunctory nonsense in answer to a straight question. When I asked if it was not possible to love more than one man in my life, she answered that women were monogamous and men polygamous. The choice was clear, be a woman and monogamous, or a monster and polygamous. ‘When you are young, you are in love with love,’ the saying goes: it’s really a tacit recognition of the fact that a young girl has to learn monogamy, usually the hard way.

Within a year of leaving school, I met and worked in an acting troupe with a man whom I admired enormously. He was a gifted actor, and a sane and quiet person with a dry wit and gentle manner which inspired the deepest affection in me. However I discovered of course that there was nothing I could do to persuade him to share my feeling or even cultivate an intimacy with him. Dull,
demanding boys were ringing me up on all sides and dragging me into corners at parties, ruining good films by pawing me, so that I had to spend time on them and get to know whether or not I liked them, but I could not even get Stan to notice me. Through embarrassment at the scorn which pushy lovesick women obviously deserved in our society, I was even less forward with him than I might have been with impunity. A kind of dreadful diffidence began to turn my brains when I was near him, so that I said stupid things and became more and more nervous. One night after a party that his regular girl, the most despised and untalented dolly-bird in the troupe, did not attend, he offered to take me home. I tried to conquer my misery, and I thought I’d succeeded. At least I was funny and gay, and sure enough he turned off the road like all the others, and kissed me. He became very aroused, and I was filled with awe and generosity. I remembered, through the worst three months of my life, that in all virginity I said I wished I could take him home to my room. He suddenly apologised, and instantly drove me home. The next time I saw him, he came towards me with an anaesthetic smile and begged my pardon for the liberties he had taken with me, and assured me that it would never happen again. Three months later a doctor assured me that I was in a state of nervous exhaustion, and asked, as he doled out the tropinal, if I was in trouble. Trouble? Sure I was in trouble, but I knew there was no point in telling him. I didn’t take the tropinal because I wanted to get firsts in my university exams. I got used to the idea that my desires could not bring anything to pass, and that at least as far as men like Stan were concerned I was a thing which ought to be left unsullied for an eventual owner. He married his dolly, who became a model for hair products, while he rose to great heights as a psychiatrist, what else? My illness was not the
result of unrequited love, for I was not really in love, but shock and revolt at the discovery of the squalid role I was henceforth to play in human relationships. For the good of my soul, I decided to lose my virginity, as a first step on the road to personhood.

The case history of Germaine Greer would fit the typical picture of penis envy, as Freidians will not hesitate to point out. I use the present tense advisedly because even the most recent books on the subject of women, like the gynaecologist J. Dudley Chapman's *Feminine Mind and Body* (1967) apply the Freudian schema. I cannot now undertake to refute Freud, because unverifiable statements like his and those of his disciples can only be rejected, not refuted. I have denied the Freudian account of the development of personality, because there is good evidence that genitality does not develop in boys or girls as he assumed it did, and that the latency period is entirely contingent upon factors in conditioning. I have hinted that children are not the restored phallus of the mother, that there is no such thing as the vaginal orgasm which ought to indicate mature femininity and the end of the clitoral or phallic stage (with the comforting presence of Masters and Johnson at my back) because the female genitalia do not consist of an illusory penis and a passive hole. I believe that passivity is not the normal attribute of female sexuality, but the feminine negation of it. If I am allowed to run on unchecked I might question the basis of the patriarchal family and of the state: the logical outcome of such a position is chaos or the orgone chamber. Quite so. I am unable to accept my biologically determined role as wife and mother, I have had extensive abdominal surgery for a pyosalpinx, I do have menstrual pains. But I am damned if I am going to feel guilty as well.
Reconciliation and adjustment to reality, i.e. the status quo, are all very well, provided one can accept that we live in the best of all possible worlds. The society which we live in is insane: if sanity is acceptance of madness then it seems proper to be mad. Vietnam and Biafra are not eggs broken to make an omelette: the ultimate deterrent is itself evidence that adjustment is out of the question. Women cannot obey biological urges and produce children for a destiny which they have refused to consider on the grounds that they have not got a penis. Moreover, social pressures are such that women cannot obey their biological urges however much they would like to. In other words, I refuse to abandon my independent inquiry into the world I live in, even if such an abandonment would mean that I had no more abdominal upheavals and a brood of phallic children instead. I have not got the right. And neither has any woman. When Jack Bruce sings

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Please, open your eyes
Try to realise
I found out today
We're going wrong
We're going wrong
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his words are also addressed to women. In order to see where we are going wrong, or where men have gone wrong, women must re-enter mankind. So, I reject Freud on the grounds that normalcy is meaningless in a lunatic world. We have assumed that maternity is a full time job, and perhaps when it was a skirmish with maternal and infantile death and disease, when families were large and kingdoms viable forms of state structure, it was, but it is not any more. The energy which women now have must be directed to the job of reclaiming the earth from pollution, overcrowding, famine, waste, dehumanisation. We may ride on a phallus to the moon, but we need female creativity to improve the lifestyle on earth. Nevertheless I do not reject Freud on the grounds of his paternalism alone, but also because the Freudian
account depends upon and enforces the extremities of dimorphism, and so estranges the sexes while compelling them to cohabit.

According to the Freudians, the development of the little girl parallels that of the little boy, with the clitoris taking the part of the penis, but it is complicated by the little girl’s discovery that she has lost her penis. This feeling of deficiency is only allayed by the bearing of children, and the psychic pressure to achieve the child/penis reinforces the biologic urge. Women live in a state of appetency and frustration until they are impregnated, when they become whole, and suddenly fully responsible people. The arrival of the menarche sees the attainment of woman’s genitality; sexual tension becomes localised and she feels the need to masturbate; the spurt of interest in her environment and general activity which heralded the development of her ego is replaced by an increase in passivity and a withdrawal into domesticity. Menstruation is more than bleeding; it is the result of having been on heat and not conceived. Women’s failure to adapt to menstruation is in fact resentment or disappointment at having failed to conceive. A conflict is set up between that ego that was developing fine until the menarche the desire of the girl to be a real person and have work of her own devising to do in the world, and the biological duties of the 'servant of the species'. And from this inherent conflict arise all the difficulties in explaining the female’s attitudes and character. If she battles against the pull into passivity and dependence, she must be attempting to revenge herself for the loss of the penis - the only alternative. As she cannot immediately fulfil her role as mother and wife, she falls into fantasies which characterise the waiting period. As these are patently unsatisfactory and the pressures of education militate against them, she must suppress them and get on with some sort of work, but this
alternative contains a further hazard.

The essentially sound activity and the social and intellectual energy developed by the young girl who renounces her fantasies often blight her emotional life and prevent her from achieving complete femininity and later, motherhood. That women frequently remain entangled in infantile forms of emotional life while their minds and activities are extremely well-developed is an interesting fact that still requires explanation. It appears that the development from fantasy life into fully mature femininity is a psychologic achievement that can be inhibited by intellectualisation.

The disintegrating nature of the Freudian theory can easily be grasped if we pause to consider what Deutsch would have regarded as essentially sound activity which is nevertheless proceeding from an emotionally blighted person. The dichotomy set up by the Freudians is impossible to live with: Deutsch sees that girls ought not to mope around until they are in the right circumstances to be pregnant, but also that any activity they undertake as self-regulating individuals is likely to militate against their later assumption of the passive, masochistic posture of the servant of the species. In fact what we have is in both cases a deviation, a deflection of the energy of the integrated personality into limiting forms. Neither the wife-to-be or the young schoolmistress ought to be inventing compensatory activities while they wait for a chance to be whole at another's expense. But to the Freudians the urge to motherhood appears essentially masochistic, for it is the acceptance of an entirely other-directed role. Self-sacrifice is the flag that mature, normal feminine women fly. Even Horney began to wonder about the importance of masochism as a female secondary sexual characteristic of the mind. In a later paper included in Feminine Psychology she argues that female masochism cannot be related to factors inherent in the anatomical-physiological characteristics alone, but must be construed as importantly
conditioned by the culture-complex or social organisation in which the particular masochistic woman has developed'. This is a blow for my side; unfortunately she never recast her influential early papers in the light of this decision. If Deutsch could consider masochism a female sexual characteristic, we may be sure of one thing; that she saw so few women whose attitudes were free of masochism that she assumed that such freedom was abnormal. The female ego, she argued, was protected from the dangers inherent in this strong urge to sacrifice herself to male dominance and eventual impregnation, by the beneficent operation of narcissism, which could be construed as her compensation for genital deprivation, and was only operative until the birth of her children, which supplied her with her penis surrogate and overrode her concern with her self-esteem. Narcissism inhibited the desire to submit to the male in imposing conditions for the submission, causing an intensification of male desire and greater flattery for the female, a situation which, when it finally ceased to prevail, made for great satisfaction all round. The result of the harmonious balancing of all the forces that militate inside the feminine woman is this:

These women are not only ideal life companions for men; if they possess the feminine quality of intuition to a great degree, they are ideal collaborators who often inspire their men, and are themselves happiest in this role. They seem to be easily influenceable and adapt themselves to their companions and understand them. They are the loveliest and most unaggressive of helpmates and they want to remain in that role; they do not insist on their own rights - quite the contrary. They are easy to handle in every way - if one only loves them. Sexually they are easily excited and rarely frigid; but precisely in that sexual field they impose narcissistic conditions which must be fulfilled absolutely. They demand love and ardent desire, finding in these a satisfying compensation for the renunciation of their own active tendencies.

If gifted in any direction, they preserve the
capacity for being original and productive, but without entering into competitive struggles. They are always willing to renounce their own achievements without feeling that they are sacrificing anything, and they rejoice in the achievements of their companions, which they have often inspired. They have an extraordinary need of support when engaged in any activity directed outward, but are absolutely independent in such thinking and feeling as relate to their inner life, that is to say, in their activity directed inward. Their capacity for identification is not an expression of inner poverty but of inner wealth.

Well, there she is, the crown of creation, and what a bore she is. She does not exist, as Sartre said all men must exist, in her own terms at all. Her whole life is a commodity for another life, and all her companion has to supply is love and ardent desire and a noble life’s work of his own that this extraordinary being can helpmate him with. Her utter dependence upon her husband or rather companion (for Dr Deutsch is no prude) is fine as long as there is a man equal to the weight of this lovely burden, with an endless fund of love and desire to keep her demand satisfied. Loved, desired, handled, excited, influenced, she renounces, collaborates, adapts, rejoices and identifies, and occasionally refuses, in return. It’s a bad bargain. She does not love, desire, handle, excite or influence, for they are prerogatives of the penis, although without desire there is no movement. Despite Dr Deutsch’s own lust after her archetype, she is not lovely, but dull. The inner richness which Deutsch postulates with defiant arbitrariness is not evident anywhere, even to her husband, who is more interested in his work, his friends and his doxy, although he will never leave his wife because he feels so responsible for the poor cow. How many men are there in the world who can use a woman of this sort? As long as a woman’s value is all attested in relation to a man’s it must be less than his. If she is more intelligent than he, or better educated, she must obliterate
the signs. Sexually she has only power to refuse. He is allowed no element of helplessness or submission, no shudder of excitement, and instead is bound to her by the unremitting spectacle of her self-sacrifice. In fact, Deutsch and ultimately Freud's design is for an anchor in the middle-class status quo, which is now the status quo ante. Women need no longer sacrifice themselves, and men are harassed both by the sacrifice and the subsequent blackmail. Having children is taking on the aspect of a social deviation, and certainly Mark Twain's desideratum of a world full of wives either barefoot or pregnant is out of the question. The logical outcome of Freudian hokum about masochism and deep biologic urges is the infanticide of nine out of ten females and the constant pregnancy of the remaining. The conditions implied by Freud for female mental hygiene are absurd. If only on those grounds, we must reject Freudian monosexuality in which there is only one sexual organ.

If this seems to be an unwarranted accusation of the father of psychology, it is only necessary to consider the argumentation in this passage to see how the Freudian dichotomy must prevail. Libido is male, whether it exist in women or not, because activity is male and passivity is female. Regardless of whether my subject is a man or a woman his sexual impulse must be male.

As we all know, it is not until puberty that the sharp distinction is established between the masculine and feminine characters. From that time on, this contrast has a more decisive influence than any other on the shaping of human life. It is true that the masculine and feminine dispositions are already easily recognizable in childhood. The development of the inhibitions of sexuality (shame, disgust, pity, etc) takes place in little girls earlier and in the face of less resistance than in boys; the tendency to sexual repression seems in general to be greater; and where the component instincts of sexuality appear, they prefer the passive form. The auto-erotic activity of the erotogenic zones is, however, the same in both
sexes, and owing to this uniformity there is no possibility of a distinction between the two sexes such as arises after puberty. So far as the autoerotic and masturbatory manifestations of sexuality are concerned, we might lay it down that the sexuality of little girls is of a wholly masculine character. Indeed, if we were able to give a more definite connotation to the concept of 'masculine' and 'feminine', it would also be possible to maintain that libido is invariably and necessarily of a masculine nature, whether it occurs in men or in women, and irrespectively of whether its object is a man or a woman.

James Strachey, the translator of this passage, adds a fevered note attempting to reduce this to a question of linguistics, but it hardly dispels the effect of Freud's own words. What happens to the little girl is, in his own terms, a more effective repression. What can be the psychological justifications for supposing a greater disposition in the subject to discipline itself, I cannot imagine, especially when it is easy to point to extra repressions brought to bear on little girls. The statement that boys and girls masturbate in exactly the same way is wrong, especially in the light of new discoveries about the connection of the clitoris and orgasm, for Freud's point is that massaging the clitoris or its immediate surrounding flesh is the same as manipulating the penis, on the grounds that the clitoris and the penis are the same, for clearly the actions are different. What the last sentence can mean practically speaking, if not that womanly women are without libido, is hard to imagine.

The dualism of masculine-feminine is merely the transposition into genital terms of the dualism of activity and passivity; and activity and passivity represent unstable fusions of Eros and Death at war with each other. Thus Freud identifies masculinity with aggressiveness and femininity with masochism.

Brown's comment makes it clear that while Freud's conception may be discussed as a matter of linguistics, it represents a profound and limiting duality in our way of thinking about people.
Men are educated to survive and move, they are allowed to work out their own reconciliations between Eros and Thanatos, but women are gradually created victims. If female libido, which though unaggressive is alive and active, is denied, then Thanatos must win the battle, because Eros is left without half of his force.

Men have brought their powers of subduing the forces of nature to such a pitch that by using them they could now very easily exterminate one another down to the last man. They know this - hence arises a great part of their current unrest, their dejection, their mood of apprehension. And now it may be expected that the other of the two 'heavenly forces', eternal Eros, will put forth his strength so as to maintain himself alongside of his equally important adversary.

Freud wrote this himself before 1920! So far Eros has not made his appearance, neither have women come forward to save the world. The reason why they have failed to do so can be found in psychoanalysis itself, in the limitations of Freud’s account of the biologically determined repressions of the feminine character. Probably the best procedure in understanding Freudian conservatism and paternalism is that hinted at by Dr Suttie, of psychoanalysing Freud himself.

May it not be he (Freud) himself who 'clings to' the father role in his practice and who is a victim to that 'specially inextorable repression', which I suggest is responsible alike for his personal inability either (1) to experience the 'oceanic' feeling in his life or (2) to admit to the significance of mother and love in his theory.

The genital trauma has certainly to be proved, although Freud still has the advantage that it cannot be disproved. The latency period seems quite distinctly to depend upon repression and frustration, if one takes Malinovsky’s experience in the Trobriands into account. In fact in my own experience latency coincided with
lack of opportunity, surveillance and desire not to displease
and worry my parents. Sexual curiosity can be demonstrated at
any age. The clitoris, which Freud called a phallus, is
certainly an odd thing, for according to the Freudians, the
female child uses it for pleasure, but is nevertheless aware
that she has not got one. Although Ernest Jones voiced the
suspicions in 1933 'that men analysts have been led to adopt an
unduly phallocentric view of the problems in question, the
importance of the female organs being correspondingly under-
estimated', no-one has come forward with a psychoanalytic theory
which corrects the emphasis of Freud, and indeed if we think
Jones's misgivings through it would seem to threaten the very
basis of psychoanalysis itself. What inroads upon the unknown
might we make were we to deny that the increase of passivity
which accompanies female puberty were the symptom of the just
and natural takeover of the vagina, the passive hole? In
describing this situation, Deutsch is forced to undervalue the
intense polymorphous sexual activity of the pubescent girl,
and describe it as the expression of a childish attachment to
the mother in the case of strong attraction to an older woman,
and the interchange of sexual discoveries with peers. When I
taught in a girls' school, I was the recipient of much of this
intense affection, precisely because I was unlike my more
motherly colleagues. The manifestations of these feelings were
so marked, that I could not even question some girls in the class,
because their blushing and trembling was so disturbing. The girls
pursued me everywhere even at weekends, took photographs when I
was on playground duty, gave me presents, insisted on carrying
my books, begged to comb my hair, stole and forced physical
contacts. At one school where I taught, the girls were from particularly deprived and crowded environments, and most of them had heterosexual contacts not available to more sheltered middle-class girls, and the incidence of crushes on teachers and each other was very much less. What impels these girls is sexual desire, not desire to renounce, adapt, submit and all that, but desire to embrace, to experience, to express.

The passion that the adolescent girl feels for her horse is, as Dr Pearson said, sexual, but it is not a reflection of penis envy, or a hangover into adolescence of the genital phase. It is a straightforward expression of sexual energy. What the girl feels between her legs is not the longed for penis, as Dr Pearson would have it, but something other than herself, which responds when invited, being obedient to a controlling hand, which was Eliott's way of describing potent love. She does not want to lie beneath the horse and be violated by it, nor does she want to use it as her penis. What is revealed by such a supposed dichotomy is Dr Pearson's own sexual limitation. In the Housewives Handbook Rey Anderson describes the pleasure that she feels in female superior positions, which is surely the real parallel to the girl astride the horse. I rode bareback as a girl, and certainly there was no invitation in that situation to think of the horse as a part of me, for although he responded to my signals with knees and heels, I could feel all his musculature and his hard spine rolling about beneath me. For many girls, who will marry and lie beneath their husbands in the missionary position for the rest of their lives, horse-riding is the only time when they will use their strong thighs to embrace, to excite, to control. George Eliot knew what she was doing when she described Dorothea's delight in riding at the
beginning of Middlemarch. It is the necessary datum to make
sense of her frustration in the house of Casaubon, and her later
response to Willie's claim on her sexual power.

The little girls who loved me at that Church of England Girls'
Grammar School had no great understanding of their own desires,
which were amorphous, but nonetheless sexual. The agitation which
overcame them whenever they came into proximity with any of their
love-objects was simply arousal complicated by the taboos on their
expression of this feeling, which resulted in a hysterical
distortion of the feeling itself, like what happens to mirth when
it is suppressed in similar circumstances. In their love affairs
with each other these excessive symptoms did not appear, although
the feelings were often deep and strong. Girls who are inseparable
at school are often fascinated by each other, deeply altruistic,
without any secrets from each other, and may be involved physically
and even genitally to a greater or lesser extent. It will not do to
identify the situation as the seduction of a feminine or submissive
girl by another who is suffering from the masculine complex. Nor
is it adequate to find in such love the girl's transferred longing
for her mother, or the desire to talk of forbidden subjects. The
behaviour of the adolescent girl suffering from a crush, especially
if it involves her peer, is a manifestation of the desire to love,
which may include the great infantile passion for the mother, and
curiosity about the body, but is comprehended in all its forms as
the desire for knowledge, for experience of another person, other
people. Only if we castrate the female, and establish one partial
sexual feeling for all sexuality can we come to such equalized
accounts of the passions of the developing woman.

Embraces are Comingslgs from the Head even unto the Feet,
And not a pompous High Priest entering by a Secret Place.
The urge to penetrate is only a part of sexual feeling, even in the stunted form in which it is allowed to exist in our society. Both sexes embrace, both sexes kiss and enter each other's mouths with their tongues, both sexes give each other pleasure with caresses. The pressure to ejaculate, to detumescence is stressed by such phallic imagery, while the other-directed desire to draw forth, to enfold, to envelop, to swallow, is denied.

Identification, introjection, incorporation is eating. The oldest and truest language is that of the mouth: the oral basis of the ego. Even in seeing there is an active process of introjection: perception is a partaking of what is perceived. (Fenichel); we become what we behold (Blake).

Communion; oral copulation. Ist nicht die Umarmung etwas dem Abendmahl ähnliches? Eucharist is marriage feast; the union of the bridegroom and the bride. He gives himself to the bride with the bread. Eat your fill, lovers; drink, sweethearts and drink deep. The two become one flesh, incorporate each other, by eating. The transubstantiation is in the unification; is in the eating.

The tyranny of the penis has outlawed communion; this is the language of Christ, of William Blake, of homosexuals and lesbians, who do but rarely, despite the fancies of pornographers, use dildoes or penis substitutes, or practise anal intercourse. Even for the sex endowed with the magic wand, phallocentricity is a limitation, for the most harmless forms of alternative sexual behaviour are seen as denials of phallic virility. The unstated embargo on male submission, the high value placed upon male superiority and control in the sexual situation has led to all kinds of crippled behaviour, like rubber fetishism and the Venus-in-furs syndrome. The relative frankness in describing sexual behaviour which has blessed our generation has had an unlocked for side-effect, for when all sexual indulgence was outlawed, it
was also free, in the sense that it was lawless, so that people 'indulging' their sexual desires did what they wanted to, in an innocent way. The degree of polymorphous perversity that resulted was unconscious, free from the special guilt that surrounded the assumption of abnormality. Now that sex is a public matter, phallic orthodoxy is enforceable: one kind of freedom has been gained, another lost. In 'freer' societies, where the tyranny of the penis has become official in this way, fetishistic behaviour has become commoner. This is a kind of fact which will be used to justify the reimposition of censorship, in the same way that the failure of female emancipation is used as an argument for not continuing it. In both cases the new information about the way we live is not understood. Its implications are so fearful that it must be repressed. The real implications of the denial of the sovereignty of the penis are political: the liberated woman desires to degrade the penis, for so far it is impossible to understand what liberated female sexuality would be like except in negative terms. Degrading the penis means destroying the basis of paternalism, property and ultimately politics. But men have asked our help in this very project: the load of responsibility has grown unbearable, now that male culture has produced the ultimate phallus, the total weapon. But in return for freedom from unwanted pregnancy and the fear of it, women have so far repaid men by increasing their sexual demand. They have assumed an unalienable right to the rigid male organ which has increased male anxiety, instead of lessening it. This cannot be what female emancipation is: until women understand that freedom must be freedom to love, not freedom to be loved, freedom to do, not be done unto, freedom to give and not to receive, they are enslaved.
'The Happy Nation sucks', or so the saying goes. Certainly if it did, male sexual anxiety and the bogies of impotence and premature ejaculation might disappear. Ours is not a happy nation however: it is almost impossible for a woman in our civilisation to make her lover understand that she wants to make love to him without him assuming that he has to summon up urgent desire and rock-hard erection, even if she on her part does understand that erections are fairly arbitrary things. It is assumed that both sexes have only the right of refusal, and that it is more damaging for a desirous woman to seek to make love to a male than it is for her to submit to caresses without desire.

The human female who has learned through a long childhood education to value a great variety of rewards, and fear a great variety of punishments, finds that her receptivity - although perhaps retaining a slight degree of periodicity - is actually subject to a great deal of modulation. Where receptivity requires so much less of her - merely a softening and relaxing of her whole body, and none of the specific readiness and sustained desire that is required of the male - she can learn to fit a simple complacency together with a thousand other considerations of winning and keeping a lover or a husband, balancing the mood of the moment against the mood of tomorrow, and fitting her receptivity into the whole pattern of a relationship. There seems to be little doubt that the man who has learned various mechanical ways to stimulate his sexual specificity in order to copulate with a woman whom he does not this moment desire is doing far more violence to his nature than the female who needs only to receive a male to whom she gives many other assents, but possibly not active desire.

This for one lady anthropologist at least is the nitty gritty of monogamy. That same lady should have known that among the primates, whom she also consults for clues about behaviour which is not culturally conditioned, the male is not stimulated to sexual activity until he is shown the female's sexual skin, inflamed and coloured by her desire and readiness. The arbitrariness of the assumption of passiveness in connection with the vagina
may be grasped by considering a linguistic example: when a man
masturbates, he is said, not to be fucking his hand, but to be
pulling himself off, which is to say that the hand is the agent
of the orgasm, the penis the sufferer, likewise fellatio is
called sucking-off, not mouth-fucking. In fact the vagina is
more or less active, depending upon the narcissism of the woman.
Sarah Mavis has the typical narcissistic attitude in My Secret
Life: she conceals her body because of the marks of childbirth, she
concedes sex as a privilege and a one-sided occupation which
interests her not at all, except when she is drunk when a kind of
hollow sexual rage overtakes her. No description of her sexual
response is afforded. On the other hand the author is specific
about the way in which less self-conscious girls, peasants and
menials, use their vaginas to clip and suck. It is evidence of
the extent to which even he was a victim of the official sexual
morality, that he was obsessed by the professional sexual object
Madame W---t-n, and that he exploited innocent desire so casually.
Most of the cunts that responded so warmly to simple caresses
were those of vigorous, hardworking servants: one might fairly
lay their undamaged potency to their lack of education and
refinement. Mead's savages behave more like those heroines of
Krafft-Ebing.

If she is normally developed mentally, and well-
bred, her sexual desire is small. If this were
not so the whole world would become a brothel
and marriage and family impossible. It is certain
that the man that avoids women and the woman that
seeks men are abnormal.
... Nevertheless the sexual sphere occupies a
much larger sphere in the consciousness of women
than that of man. The need of love in her is
greater than in the man, and is continual rather
than intermittent.

It is probably too much to expect that Krafft-Ebing should
elicit the fact of repression from his own description of fantasy
inadequately compensating for reality. Of course all adolescent girls would have seemed to him, as they were represented to themselves, as maniacs, outlaws and savages, until long skirts and corsets stifled the last surges of ego and energy.

The energy and love of the woman who carries out the development that our society sees as natural and inevitable in all normal cases are changed into the narcissistic-masochistic urge to set up dependencies and exploit them. The mature, feminine woman has accepted a vicarious life; she dreams of the prince who will come and let her share his life, with no inkling that she is not fit to shame anything, and the dream persists all her life, becoming even more vicarious as she extends it to her own daughters and their daughters. The other side of the coin, the duplicity and parasitism of the situation is only ever admitted when she considers the women who will want to marry her sons and her sons’ sons.

The effects of having one’s sex denied are much more pernicious than those of having it admitted, as the male sex urge is, and outlawed. Men know that they are sexual beings, and the limitations upon their sexual activity serve to exaggerate the fact. Indeed, one of the principal drawbacks of the permissive society from the male point of view, is that it leaves a man little excuse for lack of sexual activity but feebleness of desire, which he is forced to construe as a reflection upon his maleness. In societies where female sexuality is recognised, although conspicuouslly curbed, as in Southern Italy, women are in general in a less serious plight than they are in Anglo-Saxon communities. Father keeps his daughter in the house, and under surveillance at all times, because he knows, as the Elizabethan father knew, that she would do it if she came to it. As a result the air crackles
with sexual tension. Where the eyes of the family are always watching, a girl can look and move in very expressive ways. The effect of her subtle blackmail is to keep her husband attuned to her desire, and indeed when a wife passionately desires her husband he is apt to respond to the demand. Narcissistic wives have themselves to blame for their husbands' early loss of interest. Once it is lost, no amount of engineering can revive it again.

My case for the female soul then rests upon the assumption that the female in our society is castrated. From the beginning of her life her energy is hemmed by the exigencies of a prototype, so that her imagination and her will are stunted, and her sex obliterated. Most of the difficulties that men encounter in understanding women could be resolved if they could distinguish the functioning of this induced deformity. Women are as they stand, with notable and amazing exceptions, incapable of loving. The masochism of the female character, which Deutsch considers as essential in the childbearing sex, means that the relationships that women form follow the sado-masochistic pattern.

The passive form of the symbiotic union is that of submission, or... of masochism. The masochistic person escapes from the unbearable feeling of isolation and separateness by making himself part and parcel of another person who directs him, guides him, protects him; who is his life and his oxygen, as it were. The power of the one to whom one submits may be inflated, may he be a person or a god; he is everything; I am nothing, except inasmuch as I am part of him. As a part, I am part of greatness, of power, of certainty. The masochistic person does not have to make decisions, does not have to take any risks; he is never alone - but he is not independent; he has no integrity; he is not yet fully born... the person renounces his integrity, makes himself the instrument of somebody or something outside himself; he need not solve the problem of living by productive activity.

This is the relationship, the only relationship, of which 'normal' women are capable. When their unfortunate lovers meet
them they are usually engaged in some apparently productive activity, but this is often a sham, because they are not interested in their work, and dawdle most of their days in the typing pool away, dreaming of the man who is going to endow them with a life. Once the relationship is established, even if the man is not inclined towards sadism, towards commanding, exploiting, humiliating and hurting, he finds that his behaviour is constantly interpreted in these terms, and willy nilly finds himself in the sadistic position. Some girls are so expert at this that they can even provoke overt violence in public places from men who are, when allowed to be, extremely gentle and affectionate. Few are the women who let the situation become so extreme, but most women prefer a sado-masochistic type of sexual economy because it is so easy for them. Men are not 'such brutes', but the voluptuous feelings of many women depend upon the idea that they are. Because she only knows herself through this symbiosis, the masochistic woman is appallingly egotistical. All data she may absorb is only valuable in so far as it is information about her relationship with her beloved, therefore ultimately about herself. The bemused lover, listening to his girlfriend screaming and sobbing because he has spoken of another girl to her, is hurt and puzzled by her resolute application of the story to her present circumstances, unless he is already perverted in himself, in which case he has told the story to precipitate just such a reaction. The number of relationships which depend for their excitement, and their orgasms, on such sado-masochistic exhibitions of the strength of the ties that bind them is unfortunately very large.

Fromm says that mature love is union under the condition of preserving one's integrity, one's individuality. If women have never had integrity or individuality, but have been trained in
duplicity and in conformity to a marketable stereotype, it follows that they are incapable of love. They produce nothing, and therefore have nothing to give. They are forever checking their disguise, their defences. It is absurd for the Freudian psychologists to claim that their lack of productivity in other fields will be allayed by their production of children, for it usually occurs too late if at all, and it is the deepest disservice to the children to have to suffer the consequences of mother's need to confer a meaningful existence upon herself. Children are other people, and all the impotence which prevents mother from loving father will strangle and pervert her love for her children. Even if it were still possible for women to be pregnant as often as biologic urges would seem to render it advisory, Horney and Deutsch would be wrong. In fact, very few women have a sense of personal achievement at having brought forth a child. As Eglon pointed out, it is usually the doctor who is the hero of the hour. On her back with her legs in stirrups, her vagina slit back to the anus, and her lungs clogged with anaesthetic, unable to see what is going on, while a small army bustles about her, the new mother feels more done to than doing, and as resentful about that as she is about all the other things over which she has no control. There is no limit upon creative energy, except what happens to it when it is given no scope for development. It may atrophy, and it seems more likely that the women who are stunted in their psychic development will be as unproductive in their attitude to childbearing as they are in everything else. Certainly the sado-masochistic emotional orientation will affect the rearing of children, who will suffer through mother's excessive self-abnegation or her compensatory over-assertiveness. It seems obvious that before one can live
with others, one must be able to live with oneself, and this most women cannot do.

In this haphazard and unscientific way, I have attempted to explain the development of the normal woman, that is the woman who is considered desirable in our society, as a conservative influence, as principal consumer of the products of industrial capitalism, as the anchor of the patriarchal family. But there are women who survive, and I do not simply mean those women who find the male roles more congenial. In his sample of self-realising personalities Maslow found some women. The struggle against feminine conditioning is unremitting and so much energy is needed to survive it, that we might expect that among the women who have had the courage to choose their own way of life, a high proportion would be self-realising, venturesome and creative, even if they are at the same time eccentric or battle-scarred in other ways. Once a woman realises that the security which will be her reward for denying her own active desires is chimeric, and in the age of total war this is obvious, she should quite quickly see that her active participation in the affairs of the world may have some point. When marriages become daily easier to dissolve, when bored divorcees and confused young widows trudge around the tourist resorts and recreation grounds of the world joylessly consuming their alimony and inheritance and other forms of invalid pension, she must see that the answer is not to denounce divorce reform bills as Casanova's charters, but to seize her enforced liberty and make it her own. Already our society is hopelessly riven between the rawness of new liberty and the inert power of family conditioning: the woman who falls for the feminine mystique cannot for long remain unaware that she has made an unrewarding choice.
Given the conditions that I have pessimistically described, how can the castrate exercise a strength she has not got? Inasmuch as any woman who buys or reads this book has a motive for doing so, she has retained some access to her personality. Perhaps it has only the negative form of discontent, but as soon as this operates as the spur to an action, the progress towards self-realisation has begun. Let us consider Maslow’s description of the end result, the self-realising personalities. The key to understanding this privileged minority, for they are very few, is simply that they have a better perception of reality, an innocent eye, as Herbert Read would have put it. In other words, their relationship to the world of phenomena is not governed by their personal necessity to exploit it or be exploited by it but simply to observe and to seek to understand it, the first step on the road to love. They have no disgusts, no feelings of irrational rejection, the unknown does not frighten them, the capacity is the same as that called by Coleridge negative capability. They are without defensiveness, without distaste and its concomitant affectation. ‘No healthy woman feels guilty or defensive about any of the female processes.’ The only things which cause them to feel guilt, or more properly regret, are laziness, outbursts of temper, hurting others, prejudice, jealousy and envy. Their behaviour is spontaneous, but it corresponds to an autonomous ethical code. Their thinking is problem centred, not ego-centred, and as a result they have a sense of commitment to a cause beyond their daily concerns. Because they are self-regulating and poised, they do not spend their time in idle regret or expectation, but in response to the present. Things seem to be ‘better now than they ever were’; no phase is simply to be traversed in expectation of joy to come. It is bad psychology to suppose that a person living
in appetency, like the fantasy-ridden nubile female, will ever adapt to reality which will always be less impressive and more inconvenient than her fantasy. The religious experience in the self-regulating personality, what Freud calls the *oceanic feeling*, of expanding scope and continuously developing possibility, is easier for the self realisers to attain, than for those people who serve a religion out of guilt or compulsion. Their personality is authoritarian: they prefer to collaborate rather than command even when they find themselves in positions of authority. They are creative, with an unhostile sense of humour; they resist enculturation. The handicaps can be, and it is easy to see that they are handicaps developed in response to the prevailing pressures against self-realisation in the peculiar structure of computer society as we know it, vanity, irrefutability, ruthlessness and excessive independence. Nevertheless they are more capable of actually loving than the people who cultivate dependencies. 'We can love a person only to the extent we are not threatened by him.'

The self-realising personality is not threatened by anyone, because he is not vulnerable in the ordinary way, although if you prick him he will bleed. Therefore he can love in the most immediate and satisfying way; he is interested, desirous, cooperative, and altruistic. On the other hand, he is lovable, because his desire is not to dominate or exploit. For those champions of heterosex who feel that maleness and femaleness are desirable absolutes, Maslow has another interesting piece of observation of these characters:

Another characteristic I found of love in healthy people is that they made no really sharp differentiation between the roles and personalities of the two sexes. That is, they did not assume that the female was passive and the male active, whether in sex or love or anything else. These people were so certain of their maleness or femaleness that
they did not mind taking on some of the aspects of the opposite sex role. It was especially noteworthy that they could be both active and passive lovers... an instance of the way in which common dichotomies are so often resolved in self-actualisation, appearing to be valid dichotomies only because people are not healthy enough.

The dichotomy assumed between female mental traits and male mental traits is as false as the dichotomy of weak-strong and active-passive, as false and spectral as the masculine-feminine stereotypes. The uncastrated woman would have as great an appetite for experience, for the world and the flesh and the spirit as any man. The justification for the feminine stereotype, cited by most anthropologists, is the necessary attraction of man to his unlike. If it is the case that we are spontaneously attracted to our unlikes, then it is odd that so many married couples resemble each other so closely. It is odder that men react to men of different colour with such uncase and suspicion. It was universally supposed by classical and neo-classical thinkers that love was engendered by similes inter pares, and that this exchange of selves, complete sympathy, so that the friends were always present to each other was the necessary quality of love. They were aware that there were other types of love, but the love of fellows was placed highest in the canon and not only by Plato. Women could be fellows if they were more than physical objects and were capable of the altruism of true love, but this seems then as now to have been seldom the case; the homosexuality of Ginsberg and Burroughs could in some way be put down to the unsatisfactory nature of communion with women. Lovers in the Platonic sense always acted in each others' best interests, not submitting or ruling, but neither censoring any sentiment of criticism. Advice was considered the friend's distinctive duty (and it is still assumed, as in 'even your best friends won't tell you').
Because of their similar background and years, the ideal classical friends understood each other, and there was little need to explain anything. In some crude literary forms the closeness of the friends was symbolised by their appearing physically very much alike. There has never been any reason why these intimacies should not include sexual intimacy, and indeed there is every reason to believe that they did, both for Plato and others. The Renaissance theorists of love saw that such a love could exist between man and woman in theory, although they were a bit dubious about achieving it in practice because even women of equal social status, years and wealth were trained in submission, and in need of guidance. In fact the development of the dichotomy masculine-feminine which has divorced the male from feelings which exist in his make-up and which he needs to express, and divorced the female also from desires and urges which are equally essential to her, has resulted in an estrangement between the sexes, who meet now only for brief sexual skirmishes, despite the tendency of our society to institutionalise relationships founded on a minimum of common interest and call them marriage, until death do them emancipate. The gulf of unknowing between the sexes is tacitly admitted to exist, in exhortations to young women to preserve their mystery, to cultivate their prospective husband's interests, however foolish or tedious they may find them, until the household is established and with it the wife's suzerainty. Even when they live in the same house, the interests of husband and wife need never coincide. Even when they go out together, they often sit silently in restaurants, or gather with their own sex in separate rooms at parties, a tendency much more frequently observed in America and Australia than here. Wives have their friends and their interests, and so have husbands. In extreme cases of what is in
fact a normal estrangement, they need never meet.

A society can only be saved by its victims; the wounded surgeon must ply the steel that questions the infected part. To rescue our culture from its inhumanity, the special powers and graces of maimed womanhood must be called forth. Women have been reviled for falseness before, but no attempt has ever been made to explain women's duplicity in terms of the real woman, masquerading as the unreal or ideal, feminine. Aspects of the female have been reviled as unbefitting the feminine, and aspects of the feminine have been reviled as simply contemptible. And yet occasionally a man makes a blind plea to something that he believes, probably because of the primal situation at his mother's breast, must really be there:

The woman, at her best, is and will remain a being untouched by the machine. It may, if she becomes a machine operator, tire her physically but it cannot paralyse or make impotent her spirit. She remains, as she will remain, a being with a hidden inner life.

Having exploited the social machine inadvertently all her life, the woman retained a fundamental frivolity in her attitude towards it. One has only to stand in a factory, looking at the incredible heads of curlers, of chartreuse, orange magenta, silver and purple hair, to overhear the disrespectful, bawdy, anarchic chatter of women doing a stupid job with all the inattention that it deserves, to realise that only the victims of a deathly social mechanism ever escape it. The sad thing is that women who try to make that disloyal voice heard above the clatter of heavy machinery, are swiftly educated into a conformity and a vested interest in the machine.

Marriage or a career. The career is a worse fate than the marriage, if that is possible. Betty Friedan's attack on marriage conditioning in America was an attack on the sex-oriented educators who were in
fact teaching the negation of sex; the alternative was the kind of dessicated efficiency that characterises the beautifully groomed female Omnipotent Administrator. The girls roaring with laughter over a dirty joke on the assembly line still retain the shadow of a capacity for real love and real work, they can still play, if only sometimes and not without guilt.

One of the sick doctors of Western culture was a mere boy, Otto Weininger, who embraced the ideology of nineteenth century German society with such fervour that he performed the stoic's only sensible achievement, suicide, a few years after writing his remarkable book, Sex and Character. His life may be taken as the illustration of what dimorphism, the ultimate in disintegration and boundary building, can accomplish, and it is all on the side of Thanatos. He identified women with the body, with unconscious sexuality, and therefore, because of his own manicheanism, he condemned them.

No men who really think deeply about women retain a high opinion of them; men either despise women or they have never thought seriously about them.

Like Freud, he thought of women as the castrated sex; because the phallus meant so much to him, he supposed that it must have done so to women:

An absolute nude female figure in the life leaves an impression of something wanting, an incompleteness which is incompatible with beauty...

The qualities that appeal to a woman are the signs of a developed sexuality; those that repel her are the qualities of the higher mind. Woman is essentially a phallus worshipper...

While Weininger was probably a homosexual and highly neurotic, he was also brilliant. What he did was to think the logic of sexual dimorphism right through, and discover that man could have no communion with women, but in the criticism that he made of the
female mind, we might find food for hope that such minds may save us all from following in Weininger's suicidal footsteps. Most of his objections arise from the fact that women are passive, masochistic, and dependent, as we are told that they ought to be, but some of them arise from his feeling that they are pretending to be so, because of the exigencies of their sexual role, and that in fact they are exploiting the situation, hence their organic duplicity and mendacity. Because woman lives vicariously, she need take no responsibility for her behaviour; because she has no responsibility, she has no morality, and no ego. Because she has no ego, she is logically innocent and incapable of a genuine interest in truth or in argumentation. Because of the lack of ego, and the variety of roles that women consciously manipulate, they have no identity — witness their readiness to give up their names. 'Woman is never genuine at any period of her life.' The feminists will cry out in rage and horror, when I say that this is all true. In my remarks about female university students I have certainly implied something like it. But, if we were only to consider the desirableness of ego, logic, identity, morality as Weininger understood them, we might find that these defects are in fact freedoms which the female has been able to preserve because she was not allowed to take a personal interest in her society and her destiny. We might as well let Weininger describe the advantages for us:

> With women thinking and feeling are identical, for man they are in opposition. The woman has many of her mental experiences as hensids (Weininger's own coinage for undifferentiated perceptions) whilst in man these have passed through a process of clarification.

Can it be that women have escaped Descartes? If Spinoza was right, if omnis determinatio est negatio, then it seems that what Weininger really means is that women do not falsify or negate or
repress the actual experience by the process called clarification, but retain the actual experience in a non-classified or non-verbal form, so that it continues to be accessible in different contexts, and to be capable of incorporation in varying contexts. If Weininger is right, unregenerate women have retained a unified sensibility. The point is unverifiable, because once a woman has been educated in our masculine-oriented institutions her sensibility has been modified in the usual way: if she is not educated, the quality of her sensibility is likely to remain unknown. However there is a curious account of the phenomenon in a grown and articulate woman in a letter from Artaud to Anaïs Nin. I have an uncharitable feeling that Nin was bluffing, but at least the bluff points in the right direction, and role has its own existential power.

I brought many people, men and women to see the beautiful canvas, but it is the first time I ever saw artistic emotion make a human being palpitate like love. Your senses trembled and I realised that the body and the mind are formidably linked in you, because such a pure spiritual impression could unleash such a powerful storm in your organism. But in that universal marriage it is the mind that lords over the body and dominates it, and it must end up by dominating it in every way. I feel that there is a world of things within you that are begging to be born should it find its exorcist.

Most of what Artaud says is nonsense; we might expect that the inventor of the theatre of cruelty would see the phenomenon of unified sensibility and spend a paragraph trying to prove the domination of the mind, because his manicheism prevented him from seeing that the signal was sent to the brain by the eyes in the first place. All that happened was that Anaïs Nin responded to the signal of the eyes with mind and body. The civilised disintegration did not operate. What she demonstrated was the phenomenon of sensual intelligence or intelligent senses.

In the study of ideas it is necessary to remember
that insistence on hard-headed clarity issues from sentimental feeling, as it were a mist, cloaking the complexities of fact. Insistence on clarity at all costs is based on sheer superstition as to the mode in which human intelligence functions. Our reasonings grasp at straws for premises and float on gossamer for deductions.

Men are then the victims of a superstition which women have escaped, as any woman realises when her husband asks for the coat he insists on calling green, even though it is blue in some lights and green in others. Clarification, the function of logical thought, is more and more clearly an impoverishment in an age when most information is not disseminated in books, or even in a controlled verbal form. The electronic media have succeeded in making us feel that ideas are more than concepts, just as facts are not the same as statistics. The increase in political passion, which critics never tire of telling us is not the same as knowledge, although intimately connected with awareness, in the younger generation is the result of seeing one Vietnamese shoot another identical Vietnamese in the head in the open street at point-blank range, on even such a low definition medium as television newsreel.

Thought and feeling are being forcibly reintegrated by the paradoxical achievements of a machine which was originally the triumph of thought without feeling beyond that sentimentality for the scientific. The irresponsible genesis of the electronic environment still warps its function, but if integrated responses can save us, we had better pay attention to the lucubrations of women which have a head start. This faculty is fragile however: education can easily deflect female minds into parodies of the scientific instrument; my own arguments have none of the virtues of unified perception but only the defects of an insufficient reverence for logic. The inclusion of images in the typography is my attempt to attain consciously to that kind of imagination which
less efficiently educated women have spontaneously. In fact such power is present in the uneducated, undisciplined mind unless its efficiency is impaired by neurosis, which it nearly always is. Women share their facility for thinking in feelings with children and savages, but now there is a possibility that an education can be devised which does not disintegrate perception. Maria Montessori has already had a good try, but her methods have been modified and limited in the state education situation. It is time more women interested themselves in genuine education, distinct from the induction into the machine which is what is compulsorily administered to our children, if only because the particular machine for which it was developed had already ceased to exist. The change in learning processes outside school is the most potent reason why children cannot be got to study science.

A woman cannot grasp that one must act from principle; as she has no continuity she does not experience the necessity for logical support of her mental processes... she may be regarded as 'logically insane'.

It is true that women refuse to argue logically, but it is also true that in most situations logic is rationalisation of an infralogical aim. The best educated woman knows that arguments with her husband or lover are disguised realpolitik: she decides whether she wants to win or lose, not whether the point at issue is true or not. This is simply hardheadedness confronting the sentimentality of men who think not that they are rationis capax, but that they are genuinely rational animals. Men understand this to be terrible depravity, because certain rules, no more related to genuine combat than the Marquis of Queensberry’s are being violated. Feminine intuition, which is supposed to be a sort of occult compensation for logical incapacity, is merely the female perception, essentially non-clarifiable, non-verbal, unclassified, which cannot justify itself in any argumentative or discursive way. It is a byword among
women how little men actually notice of what is happening around them. One of the attributes of ‘passivity’, which man has been encouraged to suppress in himself, is receptivity, without which he can never ‘become a channel drawing all the world towards it;’ so that ‘being a channel for the world, he will not be severed from the eternal virtue, And then he can return again to the state of infancy.’ In some ways the infantilisation of women may be considered an advantage, if it were what did in fact happen. Women however are not made infants again, but continue in the doll-like state that infants are so wrongly reduced to, all their lives. Schopenhauer thought that most women lived their lives in a state of moral infancy, and Freud was forced to admit that something went wrong with the development of the female superego:

I cannot evade the notion, (though I hesitate to give it expression) that for women the level of what is ethically normal is different from what it is in men. Their superego is never so inexorable, so impersonal, so independent of its emotional origins as we require it to be in men. Character-traits which critics of every epoch have brought up against women — that they show less sense of justice — than men, that they are less ready to submit to the great exigencies of life, that they are more often influenced in their judgments by their feelings of affection or hostility — all these would be amply accounted for in the modification in the formation of their superego... We must not allow ourselves to be deflected from such conclusions by the denial of the feminists, who are anxious to force us to regard the two sexes as completely equal in position and worth.

Position and worth are mysteries to me, a mere woman. I know I earn less, which may be worth, and that I cannot drink in a bar on my own, which might be position, and that would seem to be inequality. If it comes to morality, however, I can argue that seeing that my sex has been denied moral responsibility by male 'justice', and seeing that we have been called 'angels' by men
who found us only contemptible; it seems likely that we have formed our own conclusions about the superego and the illusory morality of men. The morality of protestant Europe is the morality of integrity, the individual conscience, which is always to accept full and unending responsibility for actions, without possibility of penance or healing. The chief mainstay of such religion is the capacity of the ego to continue repression, the self-punishing organism, acting to excite moral feeling through guilt. One of the advantages of oppression is that women are bad protestants.

The feeling of identity in all circumstances is quite wanting in the true woman, because her memory, even if exceptionally good, is devoid of continuity... women if they look back on their earlier lives, never understand themselves...

Poor Weininger is here admitting that the ego is ersatz, because it consists of the memory of the self at a particular time. He notices with horror that if you ask a woman about herself, she understands it to be her body. Man has a temporal illusion of identity, woman spatial. Again we remember the child's ego which allowed him to connect freely with external reality, his greater power of empathy. It seems likely that women, even in Weininger's crabbed account have managed to preserve that too. 'The absolute female has no ego': the absolute female does not exist in any sense, but if we may believe that women have no identity, no separateness, no self-concept which regulates their actions, this, while it has clear repercussions on morality, may also prove to be an advantage, in terms of the vitality and comprehensiveness of her psyche. 'Energy is the only life and is from the Body... Energy is Eternal Delight.'

The primal act of the human ego is a negative one - not to accept reality, specifically the separation of the child's body from the mother's body... this negative posture blossoms into negation of self (repression) and negation of the environment (aggression).
This is not the whole story: the action of the ego is dialectical, and the repressed is always reincorporated in some form in the ego, but if women have less ego, less identity, less sense of self, which is a dubious proposition, but one which we might find a place for in a new female mythology, then they ought to be more capable of the kind of understanding of the universe which Whitehead and Needham saw as a necessary corrective to the insanity of pure intelligence, namely 'a science based on an erotic sense of reality, rather than an aggressive dominating attitude to reality.' The champions of scientific investigation and logical methods have never achieved a satisfactory account of inventions, and originality, and it would seem that those are to be the faculties that might preserve us from becoming the slaves of more intelligent machines. Women reading Edward de Bono's books on lateral thinking may be surprised to find in them a description of the very modes of a-logical thought which they are usually accused of conducting illegitimately. If the lack of a sense of identity or separateness and personal responsibility means that women are less moral creatures, it can only be true in that they feel no necessity to justify their actions by appeal to impersonal principles, for one of the consequences of a weakened sense of self is a greater potentiality for love and compassion. The greatest virtue of the Christian church is charity, and the greatest myth of Christianity is that of the mystical body.

This sense of continuity with the rest of mankind is a sexual character of the female, and displays itself in the desire to touch, to be in contact with the object of her pity; the mode in which her tenderness expresses itself is a kind of animal sense of contact. It shows an absence of that sharp line that separated one real personality from another...
Also sprach the suicide. The morality of consistency, of behaviour rationally and logically therefore ethically motivated, is the morality that bombed Hiroshima. Argumentatively the action was right, but viscerally it was wrong. Nothing will convince a woman, if Weininger is right, and if she has not been conditioned to ultramasculine forms of argument, that Hiroshima was right. According to Weininger, separation is the necessary attribute of personality: in a world which is becoming perceptibly overcrowded a sense of separateness is at odds with reality. In every nuclear household there is only one personality, father's, but the rest of the family must share his self-imposed isolation; the results for our society have been all bad. The sense of separateness is complemented by the pressure for conformity: the result is loneliness, the disease of the twentieth century metropolis. Women are not less lonely than others, because their opportunities to express oceanic feelings are few, and grotesquely transmogrified into organisations, where that genius of hers for contact and soothng has no play except symbolic attitudinising. We need not share Weininger's repugnance for animal contact, which still characterises most socially sanctioned contact, even the most obscenely intimate, psychoanalysis.

Thinkers like Whitehead and Merleau-Ponty did not think to address their pleas for a new mode of thought, based upon erotic knowledge of reality, or 'carnal inter subjectivity', to women, and it is probably just like a woman to snatch the highly sophisticated arguments from their contexts and misinterpret them in the service of a female mythology. Nevertheless, the sheer ignorance of women, which is the defect which gives rise to most of the other defects that Weininger finds, may be in itself a source of strength.
Dominant ideas need not always be so obvious for them to exert just as powerful an organising influence on the way a person thinks and approaches a problem. Old and adequate ideas, like old and adequate cities, come to polarise everything around them. All organisation is based on them, all things are referred to them. Minor alterations can be made on the outskirts, but it is impossible to change the whole structure radically and very difficult to shift the centre of organisation to a different place.

What lateral thinking sets out is a one-dimensional analogue of the child's mode of thinking. Inasmuch as she has not been encouraged to develop her powers of thought, a woman still thinks like a child in some respects, although her mental processes are very much limited and defused. As long as education remains induction, ignorance will have advantages over learning. Most of the other qualities of the female mind, deduced by critics in any age, have simply been the obverse of fashionable male intellectual virtues. Whatever men sought to repress in their own mental functioning, they assumed that women had in abundance. In some ways, partial repression, the form of deliberate contouring of personality, is less damaging than total repression, which seeks to destroy it. One of the reasons why women are devious, is that they have always known that their mask was a mask. They were never fooled by the myth of integrity. In some ways, living an obvious lie and knowing it, which is called hypocrisy, is healthier than living according to equally false notions in full and agonising sincerity.

If women are to understand by emancipation, the adoption of the masculine role, then we are lost indeed, for all of their animal faculties of compassion, empathy, innocence, and sensuality will fade out, and there will be nothing to hold us all back from Weininger's fate. The goal of women who have preserved enough of their energy to be interested in it, is the revivification of the
Scientific society. So far most publicly influential women have adopted the masculine methods with more intensity than men themselves; the disgusting spectacle of Barbara Castle misusing the vestiges of chivalry in her audience of English workers by calling them comrades while berating them as a criminally irresponsible menial element is the most significant emblem of what female emancipation has meant so far. Castle is still exploiting the old sado-masochistic interdependency of the sexes, in which in Sacher-Masoch's term 'we have only the choice of being hammer or anvil', which ought to be modified to 'we must always be both hammer and anvil'. Wanda wore feminine clothes to torture her Gregor, just as Castle makes sure that she looks 'attractive' when she goes to berate the electorate. We must develop an idea of female power, against which the Omnipotent Administrator in frilly knickers cannot prevail.

The only possible attitude for the female who seeks liberty in a new lifestyle is one of revolt, because only rejection of all the baggage of paternalist society will give her room to move. The penalties are terrible; it may be no more than exchanging one neurosis for another, but at least it has the merit of being a definite choice, the first prerequisite of moral action. Moreover, the female revolutionary will never herself see the ultimate goal,
Love is a smoke rais'd with the fume of sighs;
Being purg'd, a fire sparkling in lovers' eyes;
Being vex'd, a sea nourish'd with lovers' tears;
What is it else? a madness most discreet,
A choking gall, and a preserving sweet.

R & J I,1,196-70.

Je le vis, je rougis, je palis a sa vue;
Un trouble s'eleva dans mon ame epuise;
Mes yeux ne voyaient plus, je ne pouvais parler;
Je sentis tout mon corps et transir et bruler;
Je reconnus Venus et ses feux redoutables,
D'un sangqu'elle poursuit, tourments inevitables...

Ce n'est plus une ardeur dans men veines meche;
C'est Venus totu entiere a sa proie attachee.

What is love? its not hereafter,
Present mirth hath present laughter,
And what's to come is still unsure.

Per fare una leggiadra sua vendetta,
e punire in un di ben mille offese,
Amor L'arco riprese,
Come uom ch'a nocer luogo e tempo aspetta...

...i be' vostr'occhi, donna, mi legaro.

Trovommi Amor del tutto disarmato,
et aprta la via per gli occhi al core...

Love is a sickness full of woes,
All remedies refusing;
A plant that with most cutting grows,
Most barren with best using.
Why so?
More we enjoy it, more it dies;
If not enjoy'd it sighing cries-
Heigh ho!

Love is a torment of the mind,
A tempest everlasting;
And Love hath made it of a kind
Not well, not full nor fasting.
Why so?
More we enjoy it, more it dies;
If not enjoy'd, it sighing cries-
Heigh ho!

Daniel.
If thou lovest me too much,
It will not prove as true as touch;
Love me little, more than such,
For I fear the end:
I am with little well content,
And a little from the sent
Is enough, with true intent
To be steadfast friend.
Love me little &c.

Love all our senses doth beguile
And bleareth all our eyes;
It cuts off freedom of the mind
And makes us gape for flies.
I think some furious fiend of hell
The heart doth thus inflame,
And brongeth whiteneth the same adown
From lofty reason's frame:
Ne is tis Love a God indeed,
But lies an bitter bane.

Poor I, that lived in thraldom linked of yome,
Unboundat lenfth, will learn to love no more.

What thing is love? for, well I wot, love is a thing,
It is a prick, it is a sting,
It is a pretty, pretty thing;
It is a fire, it is a coal,
Whose flame creeps in at every hole;...

Fien fe on blind fancy;
It hindereth youth's joy:
Fair virgins, learn by me
To count love a toy.
When love first learnt the ABC of delight,
And knew bo figures or conceited phrase,
He simply gave to due descent her right,
He led met lovers in dark, windingways;
He plainly willed to love, or flatly answered no.
But now who lists to prove, shall find it nothing so.

Now what is love, I pray thee tell?
It is that fountain and that well
Where pleasue and restance dwell...
'Et what is love, I pray thee sain,
It is a sunshine mixed with rain,
It is a tooth-ache, or like pain;
It is a game where none doth gain...

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