

January 11, 1973

Dear Pauline,

This is an SOS. It is 10:42 a.m. and I am sitting in the Faculty Lounge of Luther Burbank Jr. High, on Brazil and La Grande, in the depths of the outer Mission. 2nd period band won, they reduced me to hysterics, another teacher took over because I simply could not handle it. I am an incompetent secretary (THANK GOD) and I am an incompetent substitute teacher (PRAISE THE LORD). I earn \$80. a month directing the Experimental Chorus in El Cerrito, a job for which I am suited and which is a positive learning experience. That pays the rent and \$5 toward the heating bill. I am really stymied. I simply do not know what to do next. I have been writing a lot, and feel my creative impulses are best served through that medium right now. I get a lot of positive reinforcement from people on that front, and have been published, but not offered any money for what was published.

I went to see Zonett, a psychic in Santa Rosa who gives aura readings. She is a very wise woman and told me that the reason I am so out of sorts is that I am ending a 10-year cycle, and next May, on my birthday, I begin a new 10-year period that will be very productive, although totally different from what I have been doing. It gave me comfort that this stranger knew where my head and soul were at, but I do not know how to go on. There has got to be a way for me to earn a living without deadening myself. It is NOT in the public schools. These teachers, I don't know how they go on. I listen, I watch them offstage in the lounge, and I do not want to drift toward their deadness.

I have such a tremendous urge to go home and rest, but I don't know where that is. It is certainly not in this city.

January 17

as things will with me, I am somewhat calmer 6 days later. I want to tell you that my Experimental Chorus has embraced sonic meditation and sound/movement games. We spend an hour and a half a week on the floor and then an hour at the music stands. By the way they performed Sound Patterns a year or so ago under Ron Daniels. The first weekend in February we are going on a weekend retreat in Portola Valley to delve into kinetic awareness, massage, and more meditation. We are giving each other good energy.

there is the possibility that I could give a six-week seminar in kinetic awareness and sonic meditation thru the Galileo Adult Education Center at Bay + Park. I want reassurance from you that you bless the carrying on of our work. Re my "occupation" identity crisis, I feel more and more, through the doing of it, that I offer people much when I lead them in these kinetic/psychic awakenings. I want to continue with it and I want you to be aware that my work with you has been the strongest possible base for me. I have heard thru the "grapevine" that you are coming to UC Extension some time in Feb. My choir wants to attend, I want to see you, I hope that we can meet and talk, I need very much to talk with you and I hope you can see me. Of course you are welcome to stay here, Betty + Hsing-Zee are upstairs, Shirley + I have the

1st floor to ourselves there is an extra bedroom
you are welcome.

I will continue to write you.

I miss you very much.

Your post-cards are always right there at the
moment I need/receive them. I hear you —
you clearly hear me.

I love you

Bonnie Mara

P.S. Mazel Tov (congratulations) on the grant!
Read about it in the chronicle....)

Pauline I Love you I had to explode yesterday let's talk

march 5, 1973

Pauline hit me hard I screamed

I shrieked at her. I cried and screamed and drove to Jeff's.

I read Kafka cooked dinner listened to a preacher from National City and listened to Jeffrey play Debussy Reverie and Beethoven.

I played Partita No. 6 and Jeffrey heard how I heard it.

We stopped at my house to get a joint and Dyan called to tell me about a job.

Lester called to find out what was wrong and he understood he really is my friend.

Jeff and I drove to the Bahia Hotel on West Mission Bay Drive and listened to not just OK but engaging jazz devoice here too Sue Gormlie came up and said she was real glad I looked better than I did at three o'clock after Pauline pushed me she wouldn't talk she wouldn't listen to what I was saying she held on to her silence and shut me out I had enough too much could feel everyone jerk from the shock of my explosion.

After nine weeks of de-focussing

After nine weeks of quieting

After stopping after listening

after glimmering DOING

we sum up by

SLAP!

performing Phantom Fathom

a theater piece which

includes Removing the Demon: NO SMOKING

RSVP

March 5, 1973/page 2

The Bahia Restaurant and Lounge has round-shouldered cocktail waitresses who wear blue felt hot pants overalls with white crushed plastic boots that aren't high enough. I was looking at her crotch and turned to see Jeffrey intent upon her legs.

Edwin London Salvatore Martirano

He's so quick he's quiet waiting for you to offer something he can respond to with delight. glee. engaged. stillness of availability.

Especially we in the Women's Ensemble have learned this: that there is in a musical situation with more than one producer two responsibilities:

first to yourself as an individual
and second to the ensemble WHICH MEANS

if the group phrase is over
you adjust your flow
to make it part of that
movement.

it is another responsibility.

it's hard.

it is frustrating to work with people who do not feel that responsibility. It is a level on which you do not meet.

March 5, 1973/page 3

He was touching the waitress' ass he was feeling he made her
purse her lips she blushed she didn't want it then in the
Bahia Lounge it gave license for any man to do it I felt her
tightness and yelled rape to everyone's amazement.

Sun glinting on filthy water,
Waves crashing,
as though they did not know
what trampled ground they wash.

Sully, sully;

City land you sully this water
that washes so headstrong out. you,
bathes you,
briefly purifies.

Sully, sully;

Marks of "deep pussy"
and "Lola Loves Jim"
Scar the sand,
are etched forever to brise the eye.

And yet the dogs frolic,
The sea-birds taunt and lead a chase
And turn about to chortle at the earth-bound beasts.

February 1974

bonnie mara barnett

hi women.

i had a gay affair.

pam is glad she thinks
I'm con- ver- ting.

I'm glad.

I'm con- tinuing.

4 more weeks of public school
teaching. (sigh)

probably will be in Del Mar
around June 21. Will you be
gone already??

have a good summer. teach well. relax.
brian says he wants to come visit you in
toronto. he sprained his back & i've been
helping him out. we drove down to felton
where the ♀ party occurred and also went
to BONNIE DOON.

Love + Virginia
Woolf

yes the panic.

Yes now the weeps.

Desolation desolation

hands hot, throbbing.

head dully paining,

light retracting.

Seeking to protect,

to smear the consciousness with suffocating deadness;

to quiet.

to

- stop -

out.

for Kenneth Gaburo,
— a passing mood of May 1974

'Golden age of singers'



EXPERIMENTAL CHORUS — Musical Arts' Experimental Chorus, directed by Bonnie Mara Barnett, will present music of Schoenberg, Webern and Buel along with sonic meditation, sound/movement processes and a film by Alan Johnson and Ms Barnett tonight

at 8 p.m. at Cat's Paw Palace of Performing Arts, 2547A 8th St. at Dwight Berkeley. The group will also perform at 2 p.m. June 16 at the First Unitarian Church, 1 Lawson Rd., Kensington. Admission to both is by donation.

GALILEO COMMUNITY COLLEGE EDUCATION CENTER
1150 Francisco Street
San Francisco, California 94109

presents

SONIC MEDITATION

A six-week seminar in the process of
physical/psychic tuning through the use of the voice

by

BONNIE MARA BARNETT

Instructor, Student of the Founder of Sonic Meditation

FRIDAY EVENINGS

7:30 to 9:30 p.m.

at

MARINA JUNIOR HIGH SCHOOL
Chestnut and Fillmore Streets
ROOM 140

* * *

SONIC MEDITATION: An introduction to the process of WAKING UP mentally and physically in order to become centered and to develop non-verbal communication skills through vocal work. The work is cumulative; therefore no one can be admitted after the start of the session. A commitment to the full six weeks is necessary. Wear comfortable clothing for work on the floor.

* * *

- MAY 3: BREATHING AND RESONATING
Exercises in deep breathing and basic vocal production.
- MAY 10: KINETIC AWARENESS
Techniques of body tuning and massage are introduced. These physical activities serve as preparation for the meditations.
- MAY 17: EXPLORATION OF VOCAL POTENTIAL
Basic vocal production and the introduction of extended vocal techniques. Tibetan and Mongolian chanting serve as models.
- MAY 24: NIRODHA, AN AMERICAN INDIAN MEDITATIONan error (egregius)
- MAY 31: TEACH YOURSELF TO FLY
By Pauline Oliveros. Ms. Oliveros is the founder of Sonic Meditation. Teach Yourself To Fly is the earliest meditation she composed (1971) after extensive work with the ♀ Ensemble, a group of women based in La Jolla, CA., devoted to the development of sonic meditation.
- JUNE 7: MEDITATION AND CELEBRATION

This seminar is presented as a public service of the San Francisco Community College District.

For further information, please telephone 776-5018.

MUSICAL
ARTS OF WEST
CONTRA COSTA COUNTY

PRESENTS
**EXPERIMENTAL
CHORUS**

DIRECTED BY
BONNIE MARA
BARNETT

25 MAY /74, SAT.
8 P.M.

CAT'S PAW PALACE OF
THE PERFORMING ARTS
2547 A 8TH STREET
OFF DWIGHT WAY
BERKELEY

16 JUNE /74, SUN.
2 P.M.

1ST UNITARIAN CHURCH
OF BERKELEY
1 LAWSON ROAD, KENSINGTON,
N. OF BERKELEY.

HSIUNG-ZEE WONG '74

Schönberg
Der Mai tritt ein mit Freuden
1948

Grossman
Laudate Dominum 1965

The Group: Various sounds
& movement processes

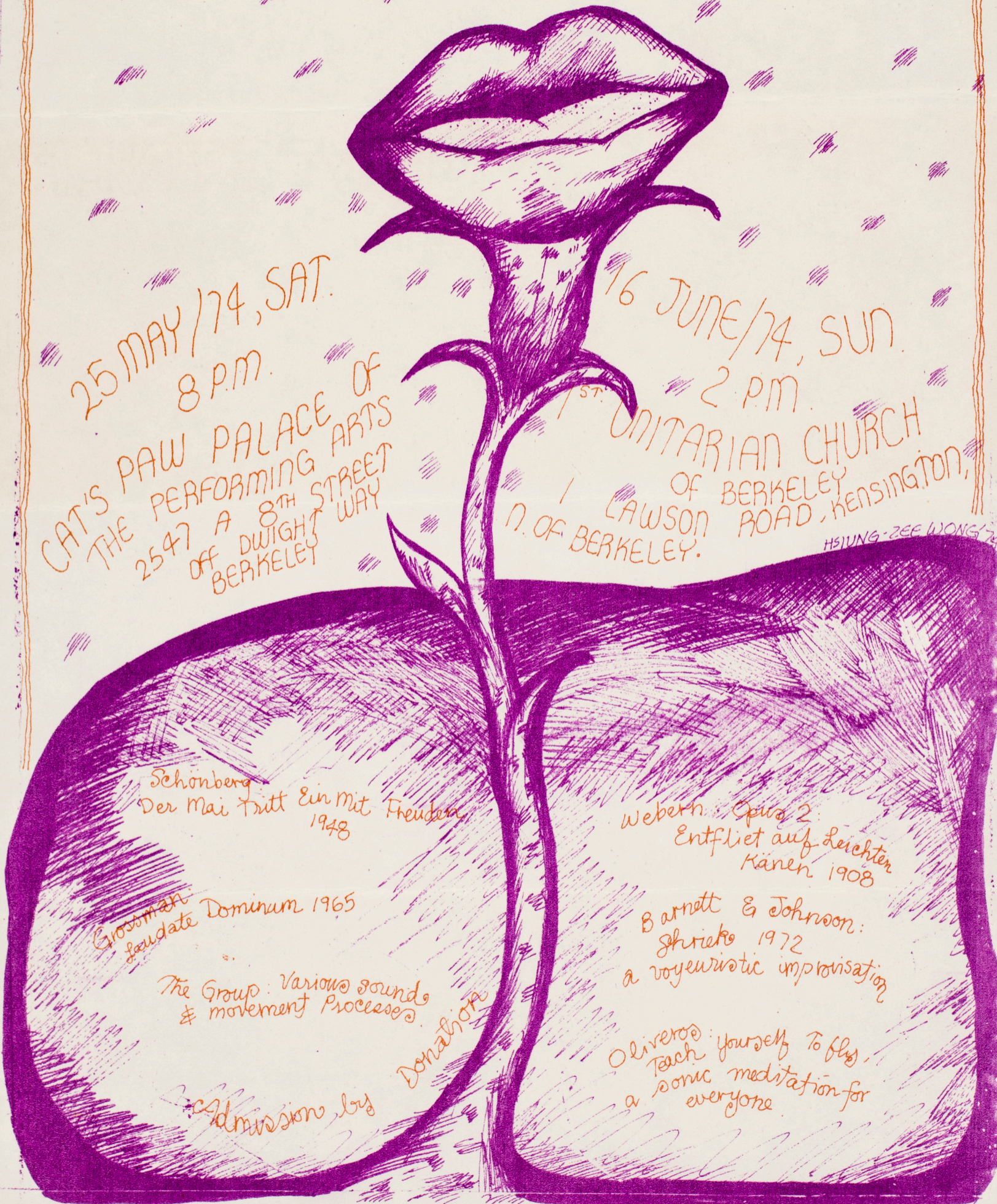
Admission by

Donations

Webern: Opus 2:
Entflieht auf Leichter
Känen 1908

Barnett & Johnson:
Shtrieke 1972
a voyeuristic improvisation

Oliveros: yourself to fly
a sonic meditation for
everyone



6/26

hello pauline its good to hear from you. the meditation seminar was a success, I really feel I have tuned 12 people in to self-resonance of course its true that the attendance of the men was sporadic and the women came the whole time.

I'm in Del Mar now resting and swimming. after the end of SF I gave myself a migraine and a bronchial attack also some vomiting.

I'm quieting down and the other night I finally felt 'at home' chanting with Melon and Christian in your meditation room.

The dogs are magnificent Jason is so tuned in that I am stunned -

as Ellen was (painfully) massaging my feet he couldn't bear my whelps and climbed up on the bed to lie down next to me. I think he misses Lin.

Jewelie Rubyechild took X-rays of my back and found 5 subluxations. The nerves to my vocal cords, lungs, digestive tract and reproductive organs are being steadily suffocated and pinched. Well, the sight of my feeble curved spine and her saying my muscles are flaccid have sent me into a state of shock.

She offered a 2-week intense treatment, but I have decided to wait until I find out more about chiropractic.

Ellen & Christian
have been working
with her for a
couple of months
and they're very
pleased - they look
good too.

brother armin is here
with his fiddle
getting bright RED.

I'm getting ready for
Rome and points
unknown - WEIRDED
OUT as the SoCal's say -
trying to find out how
to be quiet after
URBAN RAPE.

I recommend the Biography
of Virginia Woolf by
Quentin Bell

and send me a BUZZZZZZ
hello to SHIVORE

LOVE YOU

Bonnie Mann

Saturday, May 25, 1974
Cat's Paw Palace of Performing Arts
Berkeley

Sunday, June 16, 1974
First Unitarian Church of Berkeley
Kensington

MUSICAL ARTS of West Contra Costa County PRESENTS

EXPERIMENTAL CHORUS

Bonnie Mara
Barnett • CONDUCTOR

Der Mai Tritt Ein mit Freuden. (1948) Schoenberg
(Now May Has Come with Gladness)

Entfliet auf Leichten Kanen (Opus 2, 1908) Webern
(In Swift Light Vessels Gliding)

Laudate Dominum Grossman

Shriek (1972) a 16 mm sound film
by Bonnie Mara Barnett and Alan Johnson

" Alan and I became interested in a duet: The Camera (the voyeur) and The Performer (the seduced). I, as a performer, was interested in tracking three layers of attention: the movement of my body, the sounds, and the connection between Alan and myself. The camera was a point of focus for me on all three of these levels. Alan has his side of it, but we haven't discussed it.

The documentation of this improvisational process was supplemented with three tracks of extended vocal techniques taped in the summer of 1971 at La Jolla. "

Sounds and Movement Processes The Experimental Chorus

Teach Yourself to Fly-- a sonic meditation for everyone Oliveros

SOPRANOS
Ruth Burton
Emily Fox
Pamela Sawyer
Susan Smith

ALTOS
Kyle Rolnick
Karin Stenberg
Kathryn Vergeer
Linda Wood

TENORS
Neil Rolnick
Brian Vermeersch
Phillip Raynal Wheeler
Armonita Yuen

BASSES
Michael Haller
Andrew Letchworth
Norman Stadum
Lowell Wadsworth

wed. august 7. [1974]

dear pauline -
what excitement! yes I will be thrilled
to fly to Berlin for the 7th. I can go
to Milan (1/2 hr. from Como) and fly from
Milan.

I forgot to tell you the name of our
group in Como - it's PRIMA MATERIA
and Roberto Laveri is the head of it, so
if you write to me, 40 R., 40 Prima Materia,
at Como, it ought to arrive.

I hope this separation with lin is not
very hard on you - it probably is, so what can
I say except I send quiet vibrations
to you via the North Star.

The thought of doing Energy changes,
or Removing the Demon in Berlin is
staggering - the thought of being reunited
with you + Joan + Ron so far from
San Diego is so sweet.....

Keep in touch -
see you soon

Love
Bonnie Mara

40 Roberto Laveri
Lungotevere Navic 22
00196 Roma
Italia

→ over

AEROGRAMME

LUCHTPOSTBLAD



**SPOEDBESTELLING
EXPRES**
P 4578
PTT

Ms. Pauline Oliveros
c/o Cunningham
463 West Street
New York, N.Y.

U.S.A.

PAR AVION / PER LUCHTPOST

Friday Sept. 7 dear Pauline welcome to NY after your retreat. I have lots of news from the continent. I^E, due to bad vibes I'm not singing w/ Roberto's group. Details later, but I will say that he sets himself up as judge and does not understand the concept of reflexive thinking - to turn the tables back on oneself when problems arise that are [on the surface] directed towards others. I've left the strain of Italy and am returning to normal in Amsterdam. I talked to Walter B. from Rome who said he could (would?) not send me travel fare to Amsterdam, but that if you would send it to me he will reimburse you when you arrive in Berlin. The fare is 209 guilders which is about \$90. If you can send \$100 - there might be a fare increase on Sept. 15 - to me by telex (wire) 4. American Express, Amsterdam, Holland, then I can come to Berlin. My \$ situation is pretty grim, I'm staying at a Christian youth hostel in a dormitory - sharp flashes of undergraduate experiences which I don't like. Walter said accommodations for me are from Oct. 5-6-7 only - that you are arriving on 29 Sept. for a workshop. So I would still like to come on the 29th to hear the moules and spend a week with you and Ken and Joan. I can't tell you **[OH YES I CAN]** what a pleasure it is to ~~look~~ look forward to a reunion w/ you + the Georges after such a heavy Italian male ego-puffed experience. I will find a pensione from Sept. 29 - Oct. 4 unless you can waive something from Walter. Or know someone there with an apartment... whatever - I hope it works out because I am losing my San Francisco tension and am singing and doing yoga and lots of massages to people and getting TUNED. You can send a letter to me 4. Poste Restante, Amsterdam, Holland, and wire money 4. Am. Express. Let me know how you are and if this event is truly occurring - I wait in Amsterdam to hear from you hang-out love and a Mara

EXPÉDITEUR / AFZENDER

Bonnie Mara Barnett
40 Poste Restante
Amsterdam, Holland

NEW YORK, NY
SEP 9 1974
14

RECEIVED
GENERAL POST OFFICE

NIETS INSluiten!

GEEN ADRESSTROKEN, SLUITZEGELS, PLAKBAND, ENZ. GEBRUIKEN

NEW YORK, NY VILLAGE
SEP 9 1974
3PM
SPEC. DEL. RECD

~~XXXXXXXXXXXX~~

RUIJITE VOOR SLUITKLEP

OUVRIR ICI / HIER OPENEN

5 December 1974

Dear Pauline

I have been thinking about October in Berlin and this is what I've been thinking. I was angry with you and afraid to express my anger. I was angry because it seemed to me that you were using your creative strength in a manipulative way with me. That is a power trip. I know that when one is creating and doing work and making work and there are others doing the work with one and they are not as strong as that one, that there is always a struggle in all of them to not misuse power (strength) and not slip into irresponsibility (weakness). I think that I was not so strong when I got to Berlin. I felt very "used" by you from the final meditation experience. I still do not understand why you can not follow the instructions and I cannot not follow the instructions.

All of this did not have to be such an emotional issue, but I forced it into one because of my fear of my own anger. I was afraid to be angry with you and say "I think you were misusing your power with me." I must learn to express anger and I want to be able to express my anger with you, because being able to do that creates more intimacy.

I am hoping that you forgive me for mindfucking you when you tried to get this all out of me in the pensione because I want to work it out (me with my anger and me and you and our intimacy).

If any of this is unclear please let me know.

Are you having a good school year?

I returned to the Hague and became very involved with early music. The Conservatory accepted me as a Guest Student for next fall and Lucas Having at the Danse Academie in Rotterdam will let me teach a 6-week class in body work and vocal resonance to see if we get along and then I could do more teaching there. This plan is a very exciting one for me, but it takes money. I am in Chicago and I have been writing hundreds of letters to see if a music job will open up anywhere and meanwhile Pauline I am a White Collar Girl and its pretty awful. I think I can make more money in Chicago but the sun and vibes of California are pulling me west. Also Jewelie Rubyechild is there and I need her help. But if you have any ideas about work, I'd love to hear them.

I spent 3 weeks with Brian in NYC and Pennsylvania. We had some of that acid and it was very good. We talked straight through for three weeks. We talked mostly about the definition of ritual, and why it is that rituals are becoming important now

and thinking about where they came from
and what are their function. At Charlotte's
Circus in Shea Stadium Brian + I collected
2½ hrs. of answers to the question "What was
the last ritual you participated in?" Very interesting.

Public vs. private rituals

for one thing has to be discussed.

Tried to see Elaine but she was busy and
then she was sick. Then the very last day
before I left Brian + I emerged from the
subway and walked right into Bob Kushner.
He took us to his loft and we exchanged
massages and he gave us a preview of
"The Persian Line" his latest show of costumes
which will happen at the Kitchen soon.
He of course looks marvelous from all his
work with Elaine.

It's a pretty hard time for me right now,
especially with the typing.

Please let me know how you are and
Say hello to SoCal for me. Maybe I'll come
back there soon.

Love,

Bonnie Mara

Smt

Dec. 9, 1974

Bonnie —

Exactly what does "Power Trip" mean? to you? You don't define it. I assume your context is pejorative.

Power trip, as I understand it in the current lingo, is when someone tries to gain power over others, using any means, without regard for the needs of others, FOR THE SAKE OF HAVING THAT POWER.

I do not qualify for that definition. However, I do most certainly wish to have power over the outcome of performances of my work and to gather performers who are willing to perform that work as it is intended. As the composer I have the obligation and right to protect my work from sabotage and misunderstanding. The performer who disagrees with my work or any work has the right, and I say obligation, to refuse to do the work.

my idea of "power trip" is when
the performer agrees verbally to
follow the composers intentions, but
during the performance does not.
The composer is most certainly then
in a power LESS position and is
at the mercy of the performer.

Sm Berlin I acted in the interest
of my works. If that is a
power trip, then so be it.

Pauline Oliveros

Dec. 9, 1974

Bonnie —

I don't know what you mean by "POWER TRIP" since you don't define it. I assume you mean it as pejorative.

Power trip, as I understand it in the current lingo, is when someone tries to gain power over others, using any means, ~~for~~ without regard for the ~~other~~ need of the other, FOR THE SAKE OF HAVING THAT POWER.

I do not qualify for that definition. However, I do wish to have power over the outcome of performances of my work and to gather performers who are in tune with that work. As the composer I have the obligation and right to ~~take~~ protect my work with actions as I see fit during a performance. The performer has the right to refuse to participate in a work or accept a part which she does not believe in doing or disagrees. The composer has a right to deal

with sabotage as an espionage agent. necessary. It is an age old and traditional relationship.

My idea of a "power tripper" is the performer who agrees to follow the composers procedures ~~then~~ but during the performance does not.

you qualify for this definition.

It has nothing to do with strength or weakness. It has everything to do with ATTITUDE.

If you do not agree with the procedures in my work then you should not agree to participate. It is as simple as that.

"Action speaks louder than words"
your words and your actions do not go together."

Pauline

Dec. 9, 1974

Dear Bonnie

My idea of a "power tripper" is the performer who agrees to follow the composer's procedures, ^{but} and during the performance ~~decide~~ ^{does} to do her

own thing despite the agreement ^{and rehearsal} ^{mean} A "power tripper" ^{but it} ^{do I} ^{don't know what you} ^{obviously} ^{in your way.} ^{understand}

it in the current lingo is someone who ^{tries to} ^{using any means} gain power over others for the sake of having that power with out regard for the need of the other.

I do not qualify for that definition.

However I do wish to have power over the outcome of the performance of my work and to gather performers who are in tune with my interests.

If you are not willing to work in the manner required by my pieces then you should not agree to perform them. As the composer I have the right and obligation to take the

necessary actions to protect the work as I see fit during a performance. In this sense I certainly used my "creative strength" to manipulate or counteract your power relay during the performance in Berlin. I felt misused by your irresponsibility and deviation from the ability you have. You agreed to follow the instructions for the piece, then you proceeded not to. Any composer in my position would have to react.

Therefore you are a "power tripper". Whether it is conscious or unconscious is of no consequence. That was the situation. Not only that you were being paid for the part you agreed to do. You not only violated the piece but also a professional commitment. How would you expect me to react?

As far as "intimacy" is concerned
it seems to be strictly a one way
affair. you know nothing of my
feelings because you are too busy
defining them without asking me
what they are. I am not going
to bother trying to knock down your
definitions in order to let you
know what I am or where I
am at. It's too goddamned
troublesome to work through what
some one else thinks you are. and
try also to express feelings
openly. I have no time for
pseudo intimacy.

If you see yourself as "not as
strong as me" that is your
problem not mine. you have
not bothered to find out what
I think. If you thought that
then you accepted the engagement
under false pretences. In other
words if you couldn't cut the

front then why did you try. —

Get the hell out of my brain you
stupid dripping pus cunt bitch.
I don't need your phoney attempt
to make me into some kind of
drag ~~slut~~ dyke dupe who plays
your game. Go to hell & stay there.

As far as your other questions are con-
cerned I have no ideas - as you
should see from the above until your
actions line up with what you
profess with your mouth.

until then

don't bother me.

Paulmi

△ PIECE

for kenneth and pauline

3 people sit in a triangle. locate a comfortable pitch whereby each person can produce a strong, resonant tone.

Focus clearly on the point that is equi-distant in the center of the Δ . Each one should see that point and reach out and articulate that point with his/her hand.

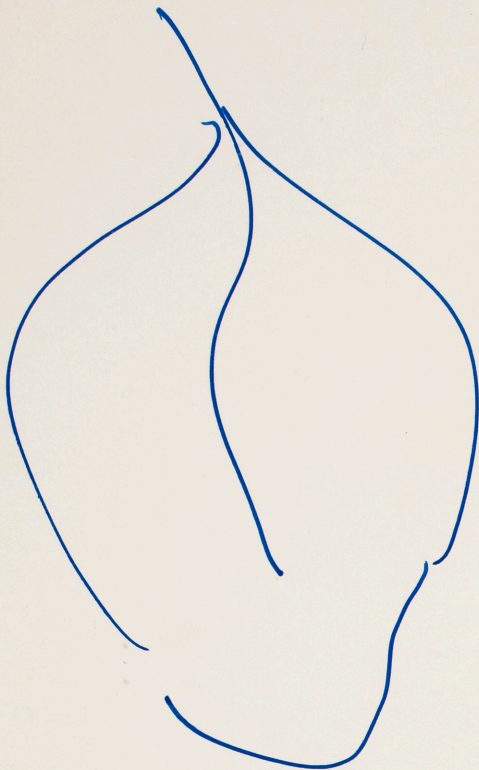
First send your breath to that point. Then direct pitches toward it. At first all three should send the same pitch (the one determined just after being seated). Movement away from this unison is possible.

The process is one of getting centered, finding your own resonance, and then listening. Through this intense attention directed toward the energy interchange of the 3 frequencies at the center of the Δ a whole, microscopic universe of sonic transformation becomes revealed.

Bonnie Ware Barnett

May 1975

ciao



bonnie mara



Thank you, the fee is
so generous.

Thank you for the jolt
also. I feel I am
moving as quickly as I
can. Do you get impatient
with me? That's what I
perceive. I hope I do not
disappoint you.

Peace

♡ Bonnie Mara

Pauline

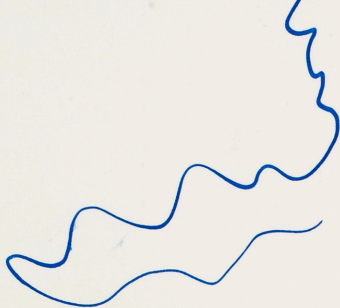
hope to see you later tonight
- 9'm coming back here
eventually ..

I'd like to
leave Wednesday
evening

So-

9'm off to the

woods now





p.o. oh oh I'm off to Rome in
 one hour and found no home
 for him Ellen said, 324 she'd
 take care of him this
 summer I am asking you
 to adopt him because I
 could not bear to ⁶⁵ take
 him to the pound, which
 seemed the only other alter-
 native. I hope this is not
 out of line and not too much
 of a burden. I am OK after
 2 solid weeks of Rubychild's
 healing powers - walking
 slowly, not getting upset -
 going into this adventure
 with my eyes open. I'll write
 from strange places.

F.K. 15 - GENERAL FLORIDA SCENE FROM KODACHROME BY R. D. POPE
 "COURTESY CHOLOR" REPRODUCTION FROM KODACHROME OR EXTACHROME ORIGINAL

HIBISCUS BLOSSOM TIME IN
 SUNNY FLORIDA

Love -
 Bonnie Mara

753-
 9912
 Letter

PLACE
 STAMP
 HERE
 2C-K162

POST CARD

Pauline Oliveros
 G. Music - Stong College
 York University
 4700 Keele St.
 Dairmsview, Toronto,
 Ontario

CANADA

for Pauline (a little supplementary
information)

"The Squatter"

Jenny Petherbridge was a widow, a middle-aged woman who had been married four times. Each husband had wasted away and died; she had been like a squirrel racing a wheel day and night in an endeavor to make them historical; they could not survive it.

She had a beaked head and the body, small, feeble, and ferocious, that somehow made one associate her with Judy; they did not go together. Only severed could any part of her have been called "right." There was a trembling ardour in her wrists and fingers as if she were suffering from some elaborate denial. She looked old, yet expectant of age; she ~~seemed~~ seemed to be steaming in the vapours of someone else about to die; still she gave off an odour to the mind (for there are purely mental smells that have no reality) of a woman about to be accouchée. Her body suffered from its fare, laughter and crumbs, abuse and indulgence. But put out a hand to touch her, and her head moved perceptibly with the broken arc of two instincts, recoil and advance, so that the head rocked timidly and aggressively at the same moment, giving her a slightly shuddering and expectant rhythm. She withered under the necessity of being unable to wear anything becoming, being one of those

panicky little women who, no matter what they put on, look like a child under penance.

She had a fancy for tiny ivory or jade elephants; she said they were luck; she left a trail of tiny elephants wherever she went; and she went hurriedly and gasping.

Djuna Barnes, Nightwood (1937)

notes from down the road (mara)

This, I think, is how it began. The first day I was allowed to get up, I felt a kind of giddiness which made me totter on my legs, as was only natural after three weeks in bed. If this giddiness got a little worse, thought I to myself, can I imagine what would happen? Oh, yes; I should feel my head sink backwards; my knees would give way (I was in the little passage that led from my room to my mother's) and I should suddenly collapse on to the floor. "Ha!" said I to myself, "suppose I were to imitate what I imagine!" And even in the act of imagining I could feel what a relief, what a respite it would be to yield to this suggestion of my nerves. One glance behind me to make sure of a place where the fall would not hurt too much and...

I heard a cry from the next room. It was Marie who came running. I knew my mother was out; some remains of shame or pity restrained me when she was there, but I counted on her being told all about it. After this first trial, encouraged by my success, I grew bolder, cleverer and more decidedly inspired; I ventured on other movements; sometimes I invented jerky and abrupt ones; sometimes, on the contrary, they were long drawn out and rhythmically repeated in a kind of dance. I became extremely expert at these dances and my repertory was soon fairly varied; one consisted in just jumping up and down on the same spot; in another, I went backwards and forwards across the little space between the window and my bed, on to which I sprang, standing upright, at every return journey -- three jumps in all hit it off exactly; sometimes this lasted an hour on end. There was another I performed in bed with the bed-clothes thrown off, consisting of a series of high kicks done in cadence like those of a Japanese juggler.

I have often reproached myself since that time and wondered how I had the heart to carry on in this way in my mother's presence. But I must confess that nowadays my self-reproach seems to me less grounded. These movements of mine, though perhaps conscious, were barely voluntary. That is to say that at most I might have controlled them a little. But they gave me the greatest relief. Ah! how often in later days, when suffering from my nerves, have I regretted that I was no longer of an age when a pirouette or two...

Andre Gide,
If It Die: An
Autobiography

1935.

Why Zoe got uptight

Mary Stanyan
 The Mayor, the Chamber of Commerce — prissy men — they feel sexual organs are so they can't even be mentioned. Yet female sexual organs can be used to sell anything... they're shown the time, bandied about. I don't feel this is acceptable.

Thus did dark-haired, stoutly built Zoe Joyner continue her anti-city contest campaign week, following an incident earlier this month that made her the newest head-maker in the feminist movement. Also, perhaps, youngest: Zoe turned 17 yesterday, the day she returned to Terra Nova High School after a five day suspension for speaking her mind, complete with specific anatomical references.

Targets of her blast were the Pacifica Mayor Audrey Lumley, principal Panos Pangoulis, and the reigning Miss California Miss Pacifica. When the two Misses were presented to students in a publicity push for the 1974 contest, Zoe was ready. She stood up, asked the Mayor if he would tell her the measurement of his sexual organ, "So we would know you are worth listening to." Then she marched up,

presented him with a tape measure, and lay down in classic protest style.

Zoe recalled details in a completely unrepentant manner, during a conversation in a park near the garden apartment of her parents, the Russell Joyners. Her father works for a communications publication in The City, her mother is in real estate, and "while they don't agree with my beliefs, they respect my right to speak my mind."

"There was Miss California with plastic boots up to here and a white plastic coat and very blonde hair I would hesitate to say is naturally that color," Zoe said. "All I can say is that in dogs — and I know something about showing dogs — we do not permit them to be done up with all kinds of plastic accoutrements."

This was the only touch of the cat in the conversation and, stressed Zoe, referred to "... the standards that win the Miss Type pageants... the exploitation of women." Nothing personal.

Zoe had been building up to the confrontation ever since she heard of the beauty contest promotion, for two reasons. First: "I believe it's degrading to ask women to line up in a row and have their bodies com-

pared, their secondary sexual characteristics — their breasts — measured. I know they talk about the talent side of it, but any person who is careful could look into this and see they are not primarily interested in talent. What about your budding physicist in the closet, how are they going to judge this kind of talent?"

Secondly, Zoe has a special interest in her school keeping clear of all discrimination.

"I am a student here because of discrimination in San Francisco," she said. "In school up there I had a 3.25 average. Not a really fine student, but in the gifted classes. I was denied entrance to a college prep high school (Lowell), however, whereas if I had been a boy or a minority with the same qualifications I would have been accepted. I know. My counselor told my mother so."

Zoe and her parents then picked the Pacifica school as the ideal place to proceed with preparation for college, and moved to the community, "but not without some disturbance of domestic tranquility."

She is not a member of Women's Lib, she does feel it is necessary to have an organized voice. "I just don't agree with some of



Zoe Joyner spoke her mind

their issues. For instance, I think abortion is all right if a woman doesn't have the capabilities to care for a child, but I don't favor it as a simple means of birth control. Anyway, my feminist beliefs are individual. I've worked them out for myself."

Back in school, Zoe finds "most of my peers approve of what I did, surprisingly, especially the young men." She is pursuing courses leading to enrollment in a nursing school, choosing that field as a key to her ultimate goal, specialist in Middle Eastern affairs.

"As a nurse I could go to the Middle East and work with the people," she said. "I don't believe in being a major in a big subject and then sitting in an office and telling others what to do. How could I work on important Middle Eastern affairs until I knew what it was

like to be someone living there?"

As a strong backer of Israeli causes, is Golda Meier an idol?

"I admire her, but no one is my idol," she answered. "I take suggestions from many great women — and men. Anyway, I could never go along with Mrs. Meier's ideas about shicker soup," she added impishly.

Has Zoe ever been suggested as a beauty pageant contestant?

"Oh no. I'm not conventionally beautiful and I haven't a flat stomach," she said. "I like to be clear but I don't like makeup. But I do think some of the earlier painting masters might have thought I was a fine woman, you know, to paint holding a bowl of fruit."

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Spicy Talk in the Cafeteria

A Pacifica High School girl has been suspended from school for five days for performing what she termed an act of "improvisational theater" to protest beauty pageants.

Zoe Joyner, who will be 17 when her suspension ends tomorrow, was one of 25 young women let out of class last Wednesday at Pacifica High to hear Miss California, Miss Pacifica and Pacifica Mayor Aubrey M. Lumley extoll the virtues of the 1974 Miss California contest.

They were all in the cafe-

teria, Miss Joyner recalled yesterday, and the mayor was making opening remarks.

"Since the important thing about a woman is her measurements," Miss Joyner said, standing and looking Mayor Lumley in the eye, "how about you telling us the measurement of your penis, so we'll know of you are worth listening to?"

During the silence that ensued, she walked to the improvised podium and gave him a tape measure.

"She has her beliefs, we

have ours," the mayor said yesterday, declining to comment further. "She does her thing, we do ours."

What Miss Joyner also did last Wednesday was turn to her sisters and say "I have had experience exhibiting dogs (a Belgian sheepdog) and I have some idea what it means for a dog to be displayed for its body."

"I think it's a debasing thing for a woman to display herself and the measurements of her breasts to get some trophies in order to sell products."

Then she lay down on the floor.

The meeting kind of broke up at that point and everyone left.

Miss Joyner stayed home from school with a cold the next day and her father Russell got a call from the school saying she was suspended for five days.

"No one put me up to it," she said yesterday, still nursing the cold. "I have extremely strong feelings about this."

"They don't ask men to line up and compare themselves."