

TI-GRACE ATKINSON

**MEN OPPRESS WOMEN!**

by Ann Ostroski

No men! — no sex! — no marriage! Ti - Grace Atkinson has long passed the age of denouncing marriage, motherhood, and is now writing elegant analyses of the need to give up sex and love, because both, in her view are fundamentally means of enslaving females.

Ti - Grace is questioning the validity of sex and love as central pillars in women's life. "I have almost no personal life left," she says, "many women are not yet ready to give that up, but when they see that they're not so much giving up something, but getting rid of it, they will."

Miss Atkinson, daughter of an upper class, Louisiana family, tall, elegantly feline, age 31 years is spokeswoman for the militant faction of the feminists.

She spoke at Capitol Campus Oct. 19, 1970 at 8 p.m. in the school auditorium.

She was married at 17, with the encouragement of both parents, who hoped domesticity would cool her rebellious spirit, but the marriage dissolved after 5 years and two children.

She presently lives in New York where she is completing her doctorate in political philosophy at Columbia University.

Ti - Grace was, as of 2 years ago, a member of N.O.W., but that old cause seems to have flared into a new, desperate and angry struggle for her in the radical movement for Women's Rights.

In her speech and informal discussion she expressed her defiance of the definition of women. We are just in the labor rhetoric, but almost always defined and limited by the sexual role, rather than open to the unbounded human possibilities held out to most men. Women become secretaries, teachers, a nurse, a lawyer, an occasional doctor or head of anything, whether she makes it in a factory or in one of the elite professions she earns less than men and no matter how superior she may be, women by definition are less superior than men. Comment "Bull Shit"!

When a woman has children, she is chained to their needs for most of her vigor and youth. She is John's wife or Suzies' mother, and beyond that she has no other identity.

The other alternative of no identity is the dumb, sexy or shrill female as advertised on TV and magazine

ads. Is that what's called a woman? Bull Shit!

Ti - Grace wants women on an equal plain; her biggest concern, however is putting forward a clear program, (i.e. a skeleton of the so very many areas to be developed in the movement. She says, it's easy to mobilize women, but once we mobilize we don't want to lead them over a cliff."

Ti - Grace is not interested in people liking her; "this is political not personal."

She doesn't hate all men, just most. "A few men are standing up for us now." They are the ones not as cowardly or shallow to be so obviously threatened to retort with a laugh or babble some disbelief in the liberationists seriousness.

Ti-Grace will no longer be seen with members of the opposite sex, except as a matter of "class confrontation" — a T.V. debate, or a public platform.

She says that total separation works wonders since it desolves ambivalence and it is ambivalence that fosters rage.

"It's impossible to be a feminist and be married." Marriage is suppressive to women; it's unpaid labor. Women become a subservient prisoner. The institution of marriage said Ti - Grace, is a contradiction to the ideals of the movement. To sit down and agree to all of the feminists beliefs and plans and then go home to a husband or boy friend is both humiliating and tragic in their view. It's like being in love with the enemy.

All those in the movement light their own cigarettes and open their own doors. "Chivalry is a cheap price to pay for power." The small masculine niceties now appear to liberationist as an extension of a stifling tradition that over protect women and keep them in their "place."

Ti - Grace, as well as other feminists will go to all extremes in their plight for women's rights and to prove their seriousness.

Besides having coverage on T.V. and magazines they have both a radio station W.B.A.I., New York and a women's Lib Magazine sponsored by the movement.

No extreme is too far for the radicals for feminists — even violence and sadly enough the ultimate death.

**PEACE POEM**

Anonymous

As things are, and not as we are,  
Seeing for seeing the being that is.  
To go one foot before the other,  
And not behind the barricades  
Of mind, and other minds.  
To make distinctions, and know  
A oneness. To flow as water,  
Yet cut your own path, for  
Yieldings the way, by which  
You rarely need stop. To build  
Your scheme of things, yet go  
Into others, to change with  
Change, not bracing the old,  
Moving through the eviclades of  
thought,  
In boundless patterns never taught.

**Mimeo Machine  
Precautions**

by Leroy Lévan

Recent questions concerning the use of the Gestetner mimeograph machine have prompted me to set forth a series of guidelines for the use of this machine.

The machine is jointly available to the Office of Student Affairs and to students of Capitol Campus. Through the SGA, it is available to either individual students or chartered student organizations, subject to the following guidelines:

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**BLACK WOMAN**

by Chandler D. Wolf

Soft is the hue of her skin  
Tenderly brown the color  
Coarse is the sight of her hair  
Soft to the touch  
Warm the lips that touched mine  
Gentle the arms of her embrace  
From your womb shall come the sons  
of my hope  
Upon your breast shall feed the sons  
of my sperm  
Nourish them with CARE.  
THE SALVATION OF MY PEOPLE  
LIES IN YOU!  
Out of the wells of her soul shall flow  
depths of love  
Upon my back rest the burdens of  
centuries  
I shall rest my weary head upon  
those breasts that soothed my  
CHILD  
IN THE NIGHT YOU SHALL LULL  
ME TO SLEEP

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