

NICK DISPOLDO, SMALL PRESS REVIEW

Kuypers is a true feminist in that she demands political, economic and social equality with men. She wishes dignity, not a pedestal, and she is not one of Margaret Mitchell's blushing belles who is vulnerable to the romance of roses and rainbows.

Furthermore, she is that rare female poet who doesn't believe that poetry initially came from Hallmark cards.

I like Kuypers because she is clear, unequivocal and cleverly calculating.

CHERYL A. TOWNSEND, EDITOR, IMPETUS

Janet takes hold of everyday stereotypes, shakes them up, and throws them at your feet. She makes you look at the vile mess we have all helped to create and exist. "This is not a pretty picture" is quite intent in describing (woman.). Broken into appropriate chapters...for men & for women, Janet pokes your own pointing finger in your own eye. Blink again and look at the absurd labeling and phrases taken to task. She gives voice to a woman convicted of killing her boyfriend during a rape, chopping his body up and then being sentenced to an asylum. This story belongs in "WOMEN OF THE ASYLUM" as it is every bit as intensifying as those within that book's pages. (woman.) is poetry relating to date rape, domestic violence, emotional abuse and recovery. I applaud Janet her stand and I will gladly stand beside her.

THE REMAINS
(Woman.)



j a n e t k u y p e r s
s c a r s p u b l i c a t i o n s
c h i c a g o

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THIRD (STRIPPED) EDITION

(i n t r o d u c t i o n .)

Recently I was at an academic Cultural Studies conference, and during a social gathering one evening, the subject of pornography came up in the conversation. I gave the standard “freedom of the press” argument, and also argued that since it is hard to draw the line between eroticism and pornography, how in any given instance can we be so certain that a picture or more grandly a “work of art” is degrading? A young woman who was present replied that her own experience told her that pornography was degrading and wrong.

It turned out that she had been married to a man obsessed with pornography, who insisted on taking her to porn films, and thence into bondage sessions, where he falsely promised he “wouldn’t hurt her.” It was, for me, a sudden glimpse into the Hell which had been her life. Finally, she escaped from the marriage, but for obvious reasons, she remains bitter about men, about pornography. She now directs a center for abused women and children.

Janet Kuypers has gazed into this Hell also, and is determined to preserve and transmit the lived record of its regions so that, perhaps, others can avoid pain and suffering. She insists that we resolutely examine the roots of our society’s obsession with owning and buying and shaping and dominating, which much of the time is men ruling women. I often feel as if she is attempting, in her work, to exorcise the demons that grip America in the name of freedom and “family values.”

I’ve argued elsewhere that America is in spite of its claims to be a democracy, an empire, that empires by their nature rot from within, and find themselves unable to reverse their decline. I still think that is probably the case, but surely telling the truth about our condition is worthwhile anyway. It is even possible that if enough truth is known, we might yet fulfill the promise of our nation.

The style of writing here is direct, honest and searching, but also illuminating. We anticipate that something bad is going to happen in the narrative, but we never know exactly what in advance. But that’s not all. Sometimes a woman will find her way out to freedom, to love. Or there might be a revelation, as when a guy gets a cigarette put out on the back of his hand. This is a message, a warning, that there will be resistance.

The truth isn’t always pretty. What we have done to women isn’t pretty. The paradox is that women are socialized to make themselves as “pretty” as possible, according to the false standards of male fantasies. I’m especially impressed by Janet’s designed texts, which demonstrate in graphic form how women are viewed in our culture. Pay attention to the language, to the images, and we can see. Yes, we can all see.

Fred Whi tehead

(forward.)

When Janet first asked me to forward this collection, I felt honored. After reading it, I feel proud. Janet and I, as with so many women throughout time, are making our stand for equality through our writing. In that same estrological vein as our foremothers; Dorothy Parker, Anais Nin, Anna Akhmatova, to mention a extreme few, we have perpetuated that step beyond our dutiful roles bequested by society as a subservient species. Ignoring the flack for facing it head on, we persist, we prevail. We've seen a woman run for President, orbit the earth, partake in professional sports, win Peace Prizes, become the Poet Laureate and generally, hold our own. As with so much squelching of Black History, both have been enlightened to regular teachings in our school systems. Books have been printed heralding such accomplishments. There is a recognition evolving in our world. A recognition of Women as equals. Outspoken women have awakened an awareness of our unyielding presence. Frida Kahlo's evoking paintings, Mother Teresa's spirit, Eleanor of Aquitaine's perseverance and astuteness, the audaciousness of Jehanne Tarc (Joan of Arc), the defiance of Harriet Tubman, needless to say, the list is as endless as our possibilities as women are endless. Modern day audaciousites as Madonna, Annie Sprinkle, Lydia Lunch, Susie Bright have all mocked sexism by flaunting sex. Not as an enticement as much as a natural. Yeah, we all have organs. Fact! The perversion of subservience is abating. We not only bring home the bacon, we can fry it up in that pan AND we can take that man's role and lead with it. Equal, yet individual.

Within these pages, Janet takes hold of everyday stereotypes, shakes them up, and throws them at your feet. She makes you look at the vile mess we have all helped to create and exist. "This is not a pretty picture" is quite intent in describing what you are about to read...what you are about to see. Broken into appropriate chapters...for men & for women, Janet pokes your own pointing finger in your own eye. Blink again and look at the absurd labeling and phrases taken to task. She gives voice to a woman convicted of killing her boyfriend during a rape, chopping his body up and then being sentenced to an asylum. This story belongs in "WOMEN OF THE ASYLUM" as it is every bit as intensifying as those within that book's pages. The following phase is poetry relating to date rape, domestic violence, emotional abuse and recovery.

With more and more uppity women standing tall, unreserved, it just has to be inevitable the world is going to listen. I applaud Janet her stand and I will gladly stand beside her.

Cheryl A Townsend

(a note from the author.)

As I grew up I did what I thought was expected of me. I didn't bring up unmentionable subjects to my parents. I didn't burp out loud. I didn't complain. And I didn't know why. And it wasn't that my parents, or my teachers, or my peers, were trying to cram a certain lifestyle down my throat. It was just the norm, what was expected, what everyone was used to. But the more time I spent on my own, the more I questioned how I was supposed to act, what I was supposed to say, how I was supposed to dress, what I was supposed to like. I saw the way men treated women in relationships, how women primarily reacted to the things men did instead of acting on their own. I also saw women feel like they were being pushed around, like they were being treated unfairly.

And then I saw some statistics about rape. That one in four women will be raped by the time they leave college; that one in three women will be raped in their lifetime. That over eighty percent of college-age rapes are committed by someone the victim knew.

Then I thought of how women are degraded and objectified in pornography, or how they are treated unfairly in the workplace. There is a different set of rules for women to follow versus men in society, and those rules let women know their place is behind men.

I looked at history. Wedding ceremonies have had the father give away his daughter - his possession - to a man she could love, honor and obey, in a ceremony conducted by a man under the rule of a male god. Virgin women have even been sacrificed throughout history to assorted gods. Ancient Chinese adolescent women had their feet bound for months so their feet would be petite, but deformed and useless for walking, because the inability to move was considered attractive to rich men. Some tribes have made it a custom to add tight rings around women's necks, continually adding more, to elongate the neck, while other tribes pierce women's ears and put successively larger rings inside the holes, to stretch the ear lobe down past the shoulder. Women were hunted and killed in colonial America for being witches - when they were in fact no more than individuals who practiced independent, rational thought in a society that didn't like their women to think.

I looked at the way our parents were raised. The woman was expected to work only during war time, and then only to assist men or to work in menial tasks. They were otherwise expected to cook for the family, to clean the house, and to please the husband. The man was the owner of his castle, worked during the day to make this life possible for his family, and expected to be pampered by his wife and children when he got home.

Then I looked at the way I was raised. I was given dolls and pretty pink dresses and was encouraged to play with my best friend indoors instead of roughhousing outside with a group. My hair was long. I had to listen to my elders, especially the male ones.

Then I looked around me. Advertising and Hollywood demanded beautiful bodies in their brainless women, who blindly followed their leading man. The workplace had female secretaries serving the male CEOs, wearing skirts and make-up and pantyhose and high heels and being called "babe." Speaking of language, even the language I heard around me - from being called a pumpkin to a tomato to a peach - made me feel like I was placed on this earth to be consumed, not to be a human being.

So I started to work for acquaintance rape education groups, running seminars, making posters and brochures for women who were in pain and had no place else to

turn. And the more I saw this pain on such a wide scale, the more angry I got. I'm an intelligent woman, I thought, and I as well as all women don't deserve to be treated like this. Although I am no longer working for any women's groups, I still feel like I am fighting. But what I am fighting for and how I am fighting for it is different from how the average person thinks of a woman "crusader." I am fighting for people to look at women as people first, before they assume we are less intelligent, less strong, or less valuable. I am fighting, through my writing, through the way I think, through my example, for men to think of women as being on the same level as them, to look at women as their equals. I am fighting for feminism.

The definition of feminism is "the theory of the political, economic and social equality of the sexes." That's it. It doesn't mean women should get a job before a man just because she's a woman and has had bad breaks. It doesn't mean women have to dress and look like men if they don't want to. It doesn't mean pornography should be made illegal, and it doesn't mean all women should hate all men. In practice, it means we should have the same opportunities as men. The choice to take these opportunities is up to the individual - not up to their sex. In theory, it means we should not be looked at as inferiors solely because we are female. In other words, we should not be treated unfairly because of the choices that we as individuals make, if we have every right to make those choices.

It is because of the way that women are looked at in society that there are political economic and social disparities between the sexes. It is because of ideas, not laws. These ideas create a spectrum of sexism that starts at jokes and cute nicknames, moves to catcalls in the street to harassment in the workplace to unequal pay for equal work, and then on to things as cruel and painful as wife-beating and rape. All of these things, severe or tame, stem from the idea that women are inferior and all of these things contribute to the inequality between the sexes. They all are manifestations of the same idea, only at different degrees.

A friend of mine told me in the Soviet Union, after the revolution, Stalin wanted to make sure all people were equal - that women were free from their economic dependence on men - so they enacted laws to make women work and industrialize the country. But ideas about the role of women in society did not change, and in the post-revolution economic crisis, not only then did the women work, but they also had to stand in line for rations of bread. Household chores were still women's tasks; the rules changed, but the ideas stayed the same. When women were asked whether they were happier after the revolution or before, they said before, because at least then they didn't have to work as well as do their expected chores.

I'm not trying to enact any laws. I'm not trying to twist anyone's arm. A change doesn't occur in a free society by forcing rules down people's throats. This book is a collection of old as well as new material all about different parts of this spectrum of sexism. What I'm trying to do, in this book as well as in my life, is make both men and women think about the conflicts between the sexes in all of their manifestations, why they occur, and what effect they have on our society. To think. And then to act.

Janet Kuypers

questions about the english language

a book for men

It occurred to me when I decided to do this project in 1991 that there were so many more derogatory terms for women than there were for men. Then I started to think about the actual names themselves:

1. Both "nice" and "rude" terms were less-than-human, like inanimate objects, animals, foods, or what have you.
2. More terms for women who were promiscuous were "mean" than for men (for men it was something to be proud of; slang terms were complimentary).
3. There were more jokes and phrases about women being either stupid or promiscuous than men.
4. Terms for sex with women (terms used by men) were often sports analogies, references to power tools and other masculine objects, or violent.

I originally thought of taking photographs of what these terms really are (and not of their slang definition) in order to show how ludicrous the contrast was to what the terms have come to mean in our society.

The jump to make the following pages a reference tool for men in order to help them degrade women with their terminology was to show how ludicrous these terms were. These pages are to make it look like this name-calling is a conscious effort to degrade women with the terms they use.

Although the effort is not made consciously, the effect of these terms for women has the same result as if it was a concerted movement. No, it isn't a concerted movement: it's worse; it is second nature to everyone.

hey, all you **men** out there - do you
remember the time when life was simple
-when a **man** was a **man**
and a **woman** knew her place?

well, we think it's time you had your say.

introducing the **man's** guide
for **derogatory**
terms for **women!!**

be **vicious!** be **malicious!**

put **women** in their place!

now, the key to **degrading women** is to call them
names that are **less than human.**

you can easily do this by calling **women**
anything from **animals** to **plant life**

to **food** to **inanimate objects.**

(we know they're thinking adults, but by calling them names that
are less than that, they will eventually feel like less than
human beings.)

to **start off,** you can call **women** names
that are **less than adults**

(by referring to them as children, like baby, babe or girl.
terms like these are less effective, since they are so common-
place, but can still degrade **women,** so use them liberally)

(and they can even sound like **compliments**

so they won't **complai n!)**

(like baby or babe, for example)



(or call someone a
girl)

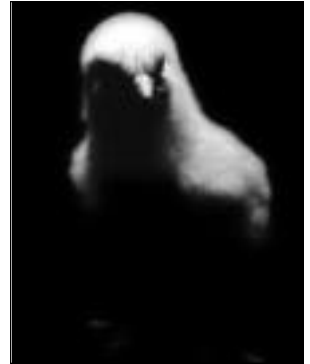


how about degrading women by calling them

animals



(pussy)



(chi ck)



(bi tch)



(fox)

or refer to
their body
parts,
like their
hooters!

or to be cruel, try calling them a
cow, heifer, sow, pig or horse!

how about degrading women by calling them

ki nds of food



(peach)



(tomato)

(sugar)



(cherries)



(tang)



(pie, or cherry pie)



(honey)



(a piece of meat)

(or refer to her body parts as food,
like melons - or call them a pumpkin)



this is a good one because it has become an
affectionate term, but still refers to women
as non-thinking items for human consumption!

can you think of any others?

like sweet pea, or muffin
or cheesecake

call her a dish and it sounds like she's to
be consumed instead of treated with respect!

...but degrading Women

by calling them kinds of animals or kinds of food
only begins to scratch the surface

there are other ways

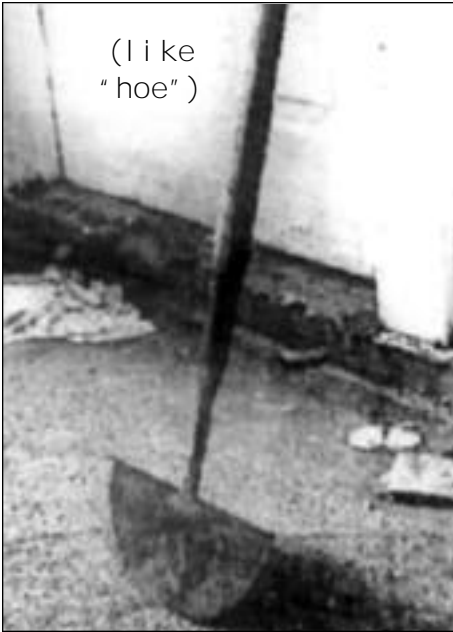
to turn Women into objects

other names you can have for Women

or you can refer to their body parts

instead of them as a whole human being or you can

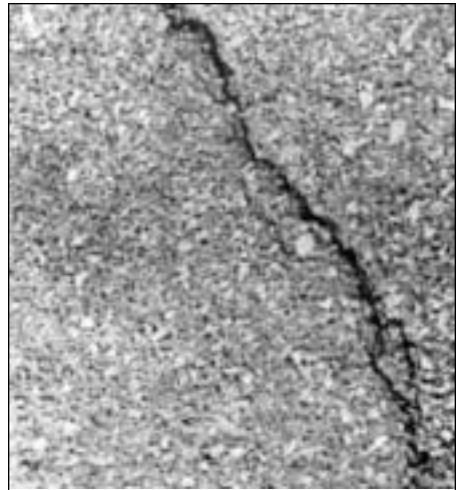
even objectify the act of sex!



(like
"hoe")

how about degrading
women by defining
them by their

body
parts

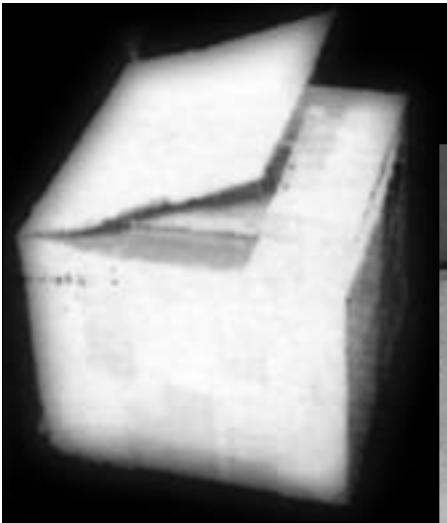


(her crack
or her bush)





(her hol e)



(her box)



or refer to her knockers,
her hooters, her beaver, her j ugs,
her rack or her s l i t!

how about degrading women by calling them

inanimate objects

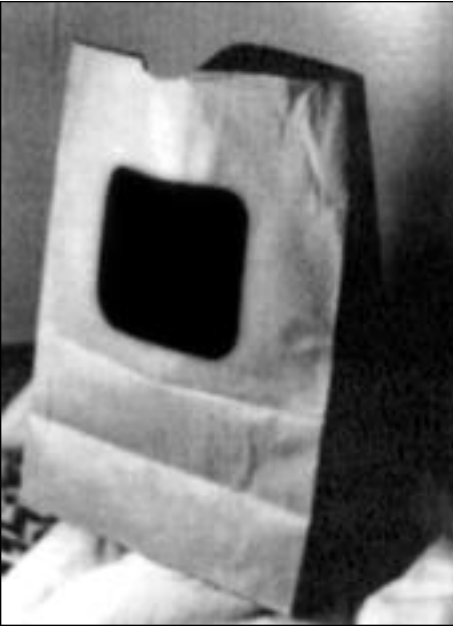


(doll)



how about degrading women by making sex with them

vi ol ent



(bag)

(bang)



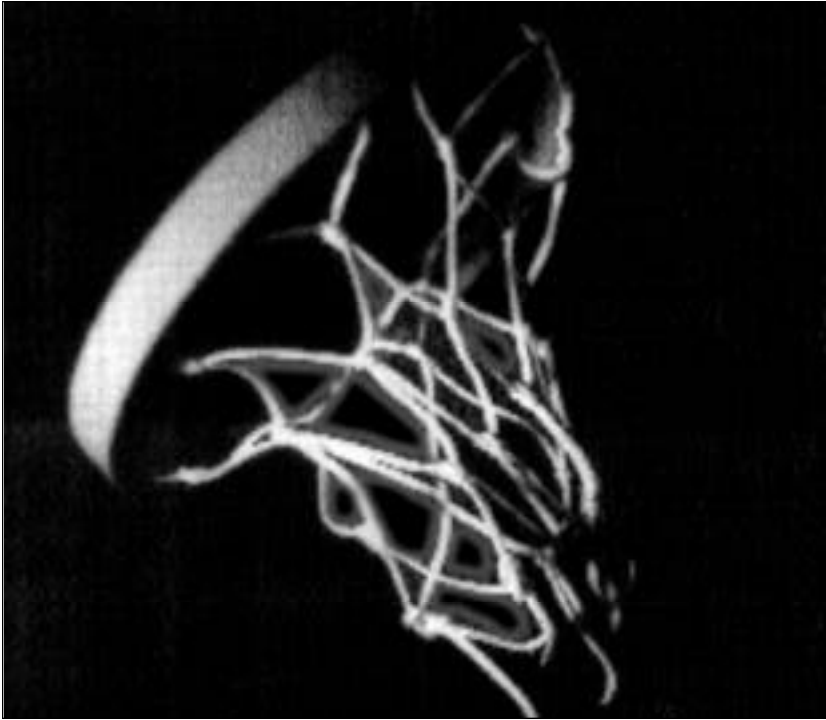
how about degradin g sex wi th women by usi ng

workbench slang



how about degradin g sex wi th women by usi ng

sports anal ogi es



(like score)

separate the women from the sex with

sports,
power tools
and violence

and then the women won't matter at all!

try some degrading **jokes** about women!

what do **WOMEN** and beer bottles
have in common?

they're both empty from the neck up!

why do **WOMEN** wear panties?
to keep their ankles warm!

what's the difference between a **woman**
and a bowling ball? you can only put
three fingers in a bowling ball!

what do you call a prostitute and three
blondes walking down the street?
regular price, 4 bucks, 4 bucks, 4 bucks!

why is a beer better than a **woman**?
it will always give you a head
and will never talk back to you!

what makes a perfect **woman**?
a flat head, three feet tall and no teeth!

what is the flabby skin around a **vagina**?
a **woman**!

try some degrading **phrases**
for **women!**

call them sluts!
she can't wrestle, but you should see her box
call them whores!
call them rags!
liquor in the front, poker in the rear
call them bimbos!
call them cunts!
smells like fish, tastes like chicken
call them skanks!

call them anything that defines them
as a **sexual object!**

make **women** feel stupid!
make **women** inadequate!
make **women** inferior!
then they will be!

and remember, **men** - degrading **women**
isn't just for **fun.**
it's **tradition,**
it's the way we **stay ahead.**

it's our way of life! so keep up the good work!