

A Politics of Intimate Life: A Funny Thing Happened on the Way Through the Eighties

Roberta Hamilton
Queen's University

If a progressive politics of intimate life seemed beyond reach strategically during the late 1960s and 1970s, there was, nonetheless, a certain assurance among many feminists and socialists (and the peculiar hybrid, among whom I continue to count myself) about what this would look like if it could be managed. More communal forms of living; shared responsibility for child care between men and women, parents and friends; space for lovers and other intimate friends; shifting and expanding sexual and gendered identities; collective projects for sustaining life and transforming society — all this underpinned by an assault on the nuclear family as the key site of women's oppression and on monogamy as the most insidious form of "private property." During the 1980s, however, if people undertook such projects, they did so more surreptitiously, no longer as part of a collective project, no matter how loosely defined. This article¹ examines how the assumptions underlying the alternative visions, and our experience in trying to "live" them, led to their eclipse.

It would be comforting to discuss the decline of a progressive politics around intimate life in terms of the decline of left politics more generally and the concomitant rise of the right. It would surely not be beside the point either. Revolutionary movements from the English Revolution, the French Revolution, the Russian Revolution and the mass movements of the 1960s all encompassed collective and public challenges to gender hierarchies and stereotypes, to accepted and traditional forms of the family, and to the restriction of sexual life to the monogamous nuclear family.

In a collection of articles about the English Revolution titled *The World Turned Upside Down*, historian Christopher Hill explored some of this for the English Revolution in a chapter called "Base Impudent Kisses." Hill came to the Learned's two years ago to do a retrospective on his friend, C.B. McPherson. During a brief conversation with him, he accidentally spilled some coffee on his jacket. "Oh dear," he said. "My wife is going to be so upset; she just had this jacket cleaned before I left England and now look what I've done." He took himself off to the washroom to see if he could remove the tell-tale signs before having to face his wife on his return home, leaving me to ponder the perplexities of life. Here was this legend-in-his-own-time historian of the English Revolution — indeed, the man who more than any other had insisted that those mid-seventeenth-century events had been revolutionary and not just the English Civil War and who, in ingenious ways, and before the contemporary wave of feminism, had looked at how family and the relationships between men and women were challenged during that tumultuous period — here he was in the washroom trying to get the coffee out of his shirt so that his wife would not feel her trip to the drycleaners had been in vain.

I am not trying to suggest that nothing has changed in English life despite the Revolution, the experiments by the Owenites which Barbara Taylor (1983) brilliantly interpreted, and the unforgettable 1960s, although we could be forgiven for some technological determinism: male-female relationships are now mediated by the modern technology of drycleaning. Indeed, when an associate dean of my faculty said to

me, quoting one of our vice-principals, "The quintessential academic is an excellent researcher, a gifted teacher and makes an effective contribution to administration," my only reply was, "And who takes his clothes to the dry cleaners?" He did not respond, quite properly treating my question as a *non sequitur*.

My point here is a rather tired one: it has been a lot easier to change the ways we clean our clothes, than to change the persona responsible for cleaning them or having them cleaned. Still, many of us live in relationships where there is a good deal of sharing about these kinds of things. More significantly, it is possible, though not easy, for women and men to live openly in same-sex intimate relationships, and this provokes challenges to the gendered division of labour. Whether because of divorce, desertion, or choice, many women now raise children alone, although many of them are terribly poor. Some men raise children alone, although, more often than not, their decision to go for custody means that some other woman is standing in line to assume the role of primary parent. Margrit Eichler is quite correct when she points out the statistical decline of the nuclear family and its replacement by many other forms.

There has been a great deal of loosening up since the 1950s. Young people sleep with their boyfriends and girlfriends, often with parental knowledge, if not delight; the side effects of contraceptive use — the ongoing politicking about criminalizing abortion notwithstanding — no one who seriously remembers the 1950s would argue that there has not been monumental change which has affected how people live their sexual and reproductive lives. If the young do marry, they do so usually after a period of "shacking up" that is no longer done in secret. People leave live-in relationships and marriages and, whatever the personal pain or relief, no longer face the wall of disapproval and ostracism so common even twenty years ago.

When my son was nine or ten, he went to a school camp. One day, he and three or four friends were out in a boat with a teacher. She later told me this story, where apparently the other children were comparing notes about what they had done the previous weekend. "I was at my father's and his girlfriend," said one. "I went to the movies with my mother and her boyfriend," said another. Finally, Joe spoke up despondently, "I

only have one mother and one father, and they live together."

All this shuffling, in which Joe's parents, too, engaged ultimately, has had an undeniable impact on people's experiences and ideas of family and intimate relationships. This means people now confront more choice and fewer constraints, and are less repressed in ways that we once found oppressive. Still, few of us would argue that this new map of intimate relationships bears any relationship to the visions and dreams of the 1960s — by which we really mean the ten years after 1965. The ideology of the nuclear family begins to look antiquated not because feminists have attacked the family, but because so many people live in other arrangements, a result of every conceivable blend between necessity and choice. Many women are on their own with children — economically as well as logistically — because their husbands deserted and refused to pay child care. Barbara Ehrenreich argues, successfully I think, that a good deal of the much-vaunted breakdown of the nuclear family occurred not because women sought economic, psychological and sexual independence from men, but because men rejected the job of economic maintenance (1983).

To the extent that feminism provided a justificatory ideology for family desertion, one can understand why many women saw feminists and feminism as their enemy.² Certainly right-wing politicians and intellectuals have capitalized on the anxieties unleashed by economic recession and fear of worse times to come, from fears of assault and muggings — often from those who seem to have been permanently excluded from inclusion in the society itself, let alone the body politic — and from fear of sexually transmitted diseases and drug use. Brazenly have they blamed people who challenge traditional, privatized gender roles — women who seek waged work, mothers who do not provide full-time care for their own children, people who love and desire those of their own sex, and the decline of the nuclear family, in general, for all the catastrophes of late twentieth-century life. In Canada, they do not seem to have been terribly successful. Too many people know they have no choice but to live as they do, if they are going to live. Women feel guilty as they juggle their several lives — but juggle they must — and they know it.

These developments notwithstanding, the relations between the sexes have been in a pretty fragmented

state for the last ten or fifteen years. If some ideology and practice of complementarity once provided the *raison d'être* for the relations between the sexes — an ideology that feminists critiqued and ridiculed — we would be hard-pressed to argue that anything has taken its place, although individual men and women are "working at it." But it has not been easy. All the awful secrets about these relationships have been brought up for air. Indeed, the move from private trouble to public issue of everything from rape to battering to child sexual abuse has been a major achievement of the feminist movement. In this context, it is not surprising that both lesbian separatism and celibacy are practised and preached, and that feminists who have relationships with men sometime feel on the defensive. Even if men are not the enemy in some genetic sense, keeping one's distance certainly has salience as a period piece — and some periods last longer than others. What is problematic here, of course, is that lesbian coupling has not led to personal nirvanas either; the politics of personal life, it would seem, generate power differentials and jealousies that can have a field day in these relationships, too.

I finally want to come to my major point about the decline of the feminist vision of personal life. That it is buried this far down is no accident. I am no longer convinced that, in the overall scheme of things, it is a major point and, to the extent that it is, I think that the poets and novelists do better with it than theoreticians or ideologues. Our visions of personal life were grand collective projects which involved redesigning everything from the built environment to our psychic structures. Michele Barrett and Mary McIntosh said it best with their book entitled *The Anti-Social Family* (1982) — anti-social because it sucked all the intimacy and care out of the public space for its own purposes. We care for our own children, not all children; we make love only with our "own" partners; we are only allowed one partner at a time. Indeed, this was the signal achievement of the sexual revolution — serial monogamy.

It was easy enough to blame the nuclear family on corporate capitalism — in whose interests it was that we all owned our own washing machines, left idle most of the time. Dolores Hayden made a convincing case for the role of corporate capital supporting some living arrangements over others (1981). It was also easy to blame sexual monogamy within the nuclear family on the power of patriarchy. Engels sketched it out;

feminists elaborated. Men not only demanded legitimate children; their fragile egos demanded sexual fidelity, and their desire for power motivated control over women and children.

I remember noting a very interesting phenomenon in the early 1970s. On the one hand, there were men — whose wives were sexually loyal and at home raising the children — behaving as many men always had: having affairs on the side. On the other hand, the partners of those feminists who were proclaiming the oppressive nature of the nuclear family and sexual monogamy were becoming adamant proponents of monogamy. I doubt if there has ever been a collection of more sincere male monogamists than the husbands and partners of those feminist adventurers (among whom I would have to include myself at certain moments).

It is easy to describe the generations after us (and ourselves as those heady times gave way to the realization that the millennium had come — and gone) as reactionary and conservative. The consequence of the women's movements and the sexually more permissive 1960s was to erode the old high school dating practices. You remember it: boy calls girl, asks for date, girl accepts or refuses; repeat for the next weekend and the one after that, until something more permanent happens or does not — as the case may be.

From what I observe surreptitiously, this has been replaced by a rather nebulous arrangement that works like this: both girls and boys can look; if someone strikes their fancy, he or she declares the interest to a friend whose job it is to scout the territory, bringing back news about whether there is any reciprocity. If there is, conversations between the principals may take place and, from there, if all signs are go, the two people are seeing each other (sometimes without anything that we of the antediluvian years would have called a date).³ Once that happens, neither person is supposed to see anyone else until someone calls it off. Strict fidelity is enforced. It may only be for six days, but no matter. Girls who see more than one guy at a time, or who are unfortunate to see a guy who talks too much, are called sluts. Seeing two people at once is absolutely verboten; the preparation for serial monogamy starts young and is rigorously policed. All this serves as another reminder that history is the story of unintended consequences. Social movements have an impact, except not in the ways that their members

intended. We will sound like Mrs. Grundy if we fuss and sigh about it in front of the young. Besides, they are smart enough to know that we are not sanguine about how things turned out for ourselves and our friends.

Why did those who came after us not embrace the range of possibilities that we had sketched out? What did we not know? I think that our ideology was insufficiently informed by the kinds of understandings more recent feminist appropriations of psychoanalysis might have rendered. To put it another way, I think we too readily bought sociological understandings of human relationships and needs. In my case, I know that I read male anxieties and jealousies as a form of patriarchal ideology, and sexual jealousy as a manifestation of the contrived law of scarcity.

Patiently I told my mother over and over again that it was possible to love more than one person at a time, just as it was possible to love more than one child at a time. To believe anything else was to suggest that love and sexual desire came in finite containers with fixed amounts. Just as patiently, she told me over and over again that I was wrong — crackers, in fact.

Perhaps we were both right. A friend told me recently that she thought it was possible to love more than one person at a time, that this part of non-monogamy did not pose a huge problem. What was much more difficult was to be loved by someone who also loved someone else. They are the ones who have to be the true non-monogamists and they are the ones who feel the pinch. She was trying to help me come to terms with my hypocrisy: that my long and serious history as a committed non-monogamist had washed up on the shoals of despair and near-madness when I found myself unable to manage with my lover having another lover.

During this period I thought a great deal about jealousy — but I read very little because there is scarcely anything to read. At the end of Nancy Friday's five-hundred-page book called *Jealousy*, there is a conversation between her and the man who had been her therapist and mentor. Dr. Robertiello has always insisted that women are like streetcars: if one leaves, you get another. At the end of the book, he loves a woman; he admits he does not want her to leave. "And the old street-car philosophy?" asks Friday incredulously. "Oh that was just a defense. If I really

believed it, I wouldn't had had to say it so often, right" (1985:521-2). Five hundred pages for this? There are only two pages on jealousy in the popular book *The Dance of Anger*. A woman whose partner has taken another lover gives an ultimatum: her or me. He chooses her. The author comments, "Joan suffered a good deal; however, she felt good about the position she had taken" (Lerner, 1985:104-6). I flung the book across the room.

My own self was shrinking, both physically and emotionally. I was becoming, at the same time, invisible to myself and totally consumed with my own anguish. There were times when some task or event still had the capacity to transport me, but the effort to get there was monumental, and the crash afterwards was always instantaneous. My lecture would end; my insides would turn over. In therapy, I felt I had gone back to some preverbal state; if this was where the dilemmas lay, how could there be resolution? The healing power of language — in which I had always placed such stock — hit bedrock, a power greater than itself, for which there were no words. Was it living with the risk of losing him? His other lover was "in it to win it," as she put it herself. My overtures towards her were always rebuffed; she wanted him, not the whole menage. Was this experience letting some old preverbal sibling competition for a mother's love out on a rampage?

My feelings of abandonment and annihilation filled all the space. The confident mother of three nearly grown children; the newly promoted associate professor of sociology; the teacher who so many sought out to help with personal as well as academic problems; the friend who knew how to listen; most of all, the feminist, born in the winter of 1970: this person seemed to be gone. At first, I hoped it was a vacation; as it continued, I felt she had died.

You can see why I cannot be sanguine about our earlier ideology; you can see why I now feel that I know so little about "a politics of intimate life." As it happened, my lover decided at the end of yet another stormy day that he could no longer live with me as I was, and offered to end his other relationship. I accepted; I was transparently grateful.⁴ And for months I lived peacefully, postponing any introspection. I felt that he had given me a huge present; I had been given back to myself. Underneath I knew that I would have

to try sometime and figure it out, that it was not as simple as recanting.

It was in that state of mind that I accepted Meg Luxton's invitation to give a paper in this session. All I knew was that I knew much less than I had once known; this did not seem like a solid enough basis from which to write. And it still does not. But somehow I want to reflect upon our earlier ideology in a way that is true to my own experience, just recounted, but which does not give it all the space.

Our critique of monogamy came in the context of our critique of patriarchal society and, in particular, of contemporary marriage, a relationship which had gradually, over the past one hundred years, ceased to be an expression of men's property in women *tout court*, but which had still not broken away from that completely, not in legal, social or cultural terms. We were the beneficiaries and contributors to a sexual revolution which meant that we were the first generation of women who could speak openly about sex and our desire for pleasure without automatically being castigated. At least within our consciousness-raising groups and among friends, we spoke the unspoken; we laughed.

Much has been written about how we came to acknowledge our oppression, later called victimization. But we were also heady with power. We felt we could do anything. At that point, in the context of a mass movement, calling the personal political was not a retreat from society but a way of taking the whole catastrophe on board and shaking it up until it would never be the same. We loved each other and all our other sisters; our passions were fully engaged; egos were enhanced, but ego boundaries were blurred, and in ways that made one secure and confident. Far from being a scarcity, love was there for the asking. When relationships ended, and many did, the pain was mitigated by the experience and promise of an expanded world of intimate relationships. The nuclear family as ideology, as social construct, and as experience paled in the context of these possibilities.

In a recent article in *The New York Times Magazine* (April 15, 1990), Vivian Gornick expresses the feeling of those times as I remember them.

That is a moment of joy, when a sufficiently large number of people are galvanized by a social explanation of how their lives have taken shape, and

are gathered together in the same place at the same time, speaking the same language, making the same analysis, meeting again and again in restaurants, lecture halls and apartments for the pleasure of elaborating the insight and repeating the analysis. It is the joy of revolutionary politics, and it was ours. To be a feminist in New York City in the early 70's — bliss was it in that dawn to be alive. Not an I-love-you in the world could touch it. (27)

As women's liberation splintered and diversified, as the other social movements of the 1960s and 1970s spent themselves and were repressed, as people got older and looked for economic security, the world seemed to move back into discrete categories. Old partners had been left — in the kindest possible way, to paraphrase David Lewis before he engaged in a ferocious attack on some opponent — but nonetheless left. Sometimes, former partners turned into best friends, but the replacements turned out to be people with their own hangups, too. When all was said and done, both the new feminist woman and the male revolutionary looked a great deal like their mothers and fathers; in many ways, they went on loading their baggage onto each other with even less discretion and more expectation than had their parents. Nor did lesbians escape; their expectations had also skyrocketed, sometimes fuelled by an ideology of female nurturing and superiority which brought the nicest people to pitched battles and standoffs. The gatekeepers of monogamy were loose in the lesbian communities also.

Perhaps our ideologies had served us too well. Our critique of patriarchy, male domination, marriage and monogamy suggested that those who did not change were wilfully hanging onto privilege. Indeed, I would not want to discount this motivation — even now — but surely we did discount just how much remaking could be done in a single year, let alone a single lifetime. There was a kind of linear optimism pervading our trenchant critiques, that belied our insistence on the longevity and persistence of the relations of subordination and domination. And our righteousness, our enthusiasm, our solidarity, and the crescendo of energy — sexual and otherwise — of our thirties: all this spoke not of our rootedness in mortal and experienced bodies, but of the possibility of personal transcendence. Who would want to have missed that time? Would we have ever believed that it was a period piece?

There is one book that I wished I had had then — though I doubt if I would have been so captivated: Jessica Benjamin's *The Bonds of Love* (1988). In this book, she undertakes revisionist work that calls into question the Freudian trajectory that we move from oneness with the mother to separation in the process of growing up. What Benjamin argues is that, from earliest days, the baby is conscious of self and other, in however a rudimentary sense. She posits a theory of intersubjectivity which George Herbert Mead might recognize but which takes us beyond symbolic interaction.

She reminds us that the pleasure of acting, that the pleasure of accomplishment, requires the recognition of the other. We have all seen small children learning how to walk. The amazing fortitude in standing up, only to fall down. The thrill of success as the first steps are taken. Yet, in that thrill, there is the need and the wish to have one's steps recognized: "Look at me!" The paradox is that the pleasure of independence, of success, requires us to recognize our dependence on others — our need for recognition from the other. Why is this often felt as a painful paradox? Because there is a tension here. The child wants to do something that his/her mother does not like. S/he must choose between two pressing needs: to do what s/he wishes to do and to please the mother. If doing something carries too high a cost — the mother's anger is too great to bear — the child will opt to please her and forgo that which s/he wants to do. On the other hand, if the mother never expresses her own needs, the child never has to acknowledge his/her dependence on the mother: her/his wish is the mother's command.

Benjamin argues that the idea that the mother is supposed to be selfless is problematic not only for the mother (who is supposed constantly to override her own needs), but also for the child. For the female child, there is the message that, in the end, her own projects must be forfeited in order to be a good mother. For the male child, there is the message that he can identify with his father and the possibility of autonomy, that he is not dependent upon women who, in turn, are not seen as autonomous beings in their own right; women are there to serve. There are dangers, then, as Benjamin argues, in "choosing" one end of the autonomy-dependence continuum, and these dangers are manifested most clearly in the production of gendered subjectivities: men who cannot bear to recognize their dependence and so opt for the control that renders that

dependence invisible; women whose sense of self is so tenuous that they seek to subsume their ego in the other.

What I find particularly compelling about Benjamin's analysis is her account of the "painful paradox" between autonomy and dependence. For some, it is resolved early — going for control or submission — though such resolution represents a pyrrhic victory. For those who settled in with someone early, perhaps accommodations are worked out that last a lifetime — the 60 year marriages they celebrate on CBC's Sunday morning program "Fresh Air." However, in an era when relationships begin and end, the tortuous path between autonomy and dependence has to be reconnoitred each time a relationship begins and ends. Perhaps the serial monogamy of high school and early youth which I described earlier *does* provide training for this.

Far from understanding this continuous paradox — the price of loving relationships? — I was devastated when I realized how dependent I was on my lover; I felt like the grand feminist failure of our times. Sackcloth and ashes would have been too good. Why was I so surprised to discover my dependency? Perhaps the problem resided in our critiques and ideologies themselves. Did our trenchant critique of family, of marriage, and monogamy presuppose the evolution of autonomous individuals who could retain their autonomy as they wove their way in and out of relationships?

At another level, of course, we did not believe in autonomy. As socialists we worked towards a world of interdependence — from each according to abilities, to each according to needs. Ayn Rand was scarcely our model. However, to the extent that we had a theory of the individual, did we believe in our own economic and emotional independence, particularly from any male lovers we might have? Did we understand that with love came the ongoing need to negotiate the parameters of autonomy and dependence, and that, for most of us most of the time, this would be a "painful paradox"? Did we accept that, when we really love, our ego boundaries blur? And, when that happens, as it must, are we destined to live again our oldest dilemmas of being-in-the-world, even as we chart our way through new territory?

I do not see this as an argument for abandoning our critique of marriage and monogamy, but the critique has to become deeper, more sophisticated and more subtle. The experiences of "smashing monogamy" in the early '70s, and those experiences such as the personal account (selectively) rendered here, have made us more conscious of underlying social-psychic structures which do not change just because we will them to change. As Varda Burstyn has said, "psychic structures aren't like state structures; they can't just be smashed!"⁵ Second, we can realize why such critiques of personal life have been more salient during periods of dramatic transformation. Expansiveness and fluidity in personal relationships are more easily borne — indeed, can be exhilarating — when there is a rich collective existence upon which to depend both for sustenance and recognition. On the other hand, the risks of treading differently in indifferent times are high.

What do we have to offer those who come after us? Above all, I think we have to be as honest as we can. More of us questioned more than any previous generation and in more public ways. Our excitement fuelled the second wave of the women's movement and I think we were enormously fortunate to live those times. One of my main feelings in my early twenties, and just married, was resentment that no one had ever told me "the truth"; that there was so much that remained unspeakable and unspoken. Our response to hegemonic silence about intimate life was to speak — in consciousness-raising groups, in our many friendships, in our teaching and writing. We have spoken up, blurring the boundaries between private and personal life, and denaturalizing the previously "natural."

At this point, it seems that we have found few answers. Perhaps this is just a postmodernist consciousness taking over. In an introduction to "Stories about Stories" in *Dismantling Truth: Reality in the Post-Modern World*, Hilary Lawson writes:

All our stories are in a sense fictions — they are the stories we choose to believe. To that end this collection does not present its papers as truths but as possible rhetorical moves within a category of stories, in the belief that it may become more apparent what sort of options are open to us, and what sort of stories we are able to tell. (1989:xxvii)

A local travel agency has a huge sign in its window: "Register your Honeymoon." How does such a

sign get received today? Is there the critique and complicity that Linda Hutcheon (1989) argues is the postmodernist offering? Is there not something of a parody in this sign? Will it simply be taken at "face value" — that is, the value of the amount of cash friends and relatives are willing to register? What if we changed it to "Register your Honeymoons"?

Certainly the complicity of teenage girls with current arrangements seems more apparent than critique: how they cling to prefeminist ideas of family and relationships; the amount of energy they put into having relationships with boys, and the amount of censorious monitoring of these relationships that happens among them. The female subjectivities that Benjamin explicates — the losing oneself in the other; the identifying with the powerful male; the difficulty in valorizing one's own projects; of finding others who will support that valorization: all this seems alive and well in the next generation.

Yet the move from the 1950s to the 1960s went unheralded; supposedly acute observers of those times (like sociologists!) were no better at predicting the events of the '60s than those of us who lived through them. We need to be conscious of signs that young women are also bemused critics of themselves and others. A group of high-school girls taking a class in women's studies last summer all agreed, going round the table, that boys are jerks. I am inclined to believe that, when things do not go as they wish in their personal lives, they will be less surprised and less silent than we were, that they will take up other options with more understanding and greater resilience. There are mixed messages for them in the culture and they have clearly absorbed them; there were fewer mixed messages for us, growing up in the 1950s, and certainly nothing systematic or sustained.

That we now put family in quotation marks to indicate that we are holding a concept up for analysis and critique rather than describing a taken-for-granted social institution is indicative of the road travelled in the past twenty years. All our stories add up to an enormous change in social and ideological practices, our bequest to those who next time turn the world "upside down."

NOTES

1. I first prepared this piece on the invitation of Meg Luxton for a panel discussion organized by her and Heather Jon Maroney for the Society for Socialist Studies in Victoria, British Columbia, on May 26, 1990. My thanks to them for their invitation, to those in the audience that day for their warm response and to Karen Dubinsky, Joy McBride and Haideh Moghissi. Thanks especially to G.S.S., not only for tolerating my propensity to talk publicly about things which concern him too, but also for insisting on a better ending.
2. For an illustration of this point, see Faye D. Ginsburg, *Contested Lives: The Abortion Debate in an American Community*, Berkeley and Los Angeles: University of California Press, 1989.
3. When I proposed this in my sociology of the family course this spring, the mother of teenagers agreed with my observations and added that this meant that one spends much more time talking to the potential boyfriends and girlfriends of one's friends than to one's own boyfriend or girlfriend. This is all in the interests of initiating relationships, keeping them on track and helping them to end when the time comes.
4. I am not suggesting, of course, that I had no other choice but to live in the non-mogamous relationship. The option was to leave; this is another way of recovering self, and many times, the route better taken. In my case, my friends and family were ready to move me out; they gave up on my struggle to live non-mogamously — in this particular relationship, in any case — long before I did.
5. Telephone conversation, April 1990.

REFERENCES

- Barrett, Michele and Mary McIntosh. *The Anti-Social Family*, London: Verso, 1982.
- Benjamin, Jessica. *The Bonds of Love*, New York: Pantheon, 1988.
- Ehrenreich, Barbara. *The Hearts of Men*, Garden City: Anchor, 1983.
- Friday, Nancy. *Jealousy*, New York: William Morrow, 1985.
- Ginsburg, Faye D. *Contested Lives: The Abortion Debate in an American Community*, Berkeley and Los Angeles: University of California Press, 1989.
- Gornick, Vivian. "Who Says We Haven't Made a Revolution?" *The New York Times Magazine*, April 15, 1990.
- Hayden, Dolores. *The Grand Domestic Revolution: A History of Feminist Design for American Homes, Neighbourhoods and Cities*, Cambridge, MA: MIT Press, 1981.
- Hill, Christopher. *The World Turned Upside-Down*, London: Temple Smith, 1972.
- Hutcheon, Linda. *The Politics of Postmodernism*, London and New York: Routledge, 1989.
- Lawson, Hilary. "Stories about Stories" in *Dismantling Truth: Reality in the Post-Modern World*, Hilary Lawson and Lisa Appignanesi (eds.), London: Weidenfeld and Nicolson, 1989.
- Lerner, Harriet Goldhor. *The Dance of Anger*, New York: Harper and Row, 1985.
- Taylor, Barbara. *Eve and the New Jerusalem*, London: Virago, 1983.