
This is still the standard work on women in the USSR. Lapidus's aim is to explore the ways in which the Soviet state has sought to change women's roles in the economy, politics and the family. Her analysis covers the period from the October Revolution to the Brezhnev years, with some discussion of the "woman question" in pre-revolutionary Russia.


This is a collection of articles by Soviet scholars and, therefore, a good opportunity to see what the Soviets themselves have to say. For more recent material from the USSR, see *Moscow News*.


See the book review by Heather Jon Maroney, p. 101-02.


Tatyana Mamonova was one of the founders of a dissident feminist journal, *Woman and Russia*, in Leningrad in 1979. The KGB were quick to repress the new publication and Mamonova was deported, along with three fellow editors. For an English translation of the first issue of *Woman and Russia*, see *Woman and Russia: First Feminist Samizdat*. Sheba Feminist Publishers, London, 1980. Mamonova's volume is a continuation of her work in Leningrad — documenting the experiences of Soviet women.


A selection of works by both women and men. For more on literature, see Goscilo.

*Moscow News*. A weekly newspaper published in Moscow.

In 1988, *Moscow News* began to run a column, about every four weeks, entitled "She and We." With the advent of glasnost, Soviet women are talking openly about their problems. "She and We" makes for fascinating reading. Available in English, English and Russian. Also see Hyer.

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**This Poem’s for You!**

**SUSAN L. HELWIG**

"Shall I write a poem or iron your shirts, 
O husband mine?"

"Iron my shirts, my dear, for clothes make the man, not poems the woman."

"Shall I write a poem or bake a cake, 
O husband mine?"

"Bake a cake, my pet, for man shall not live by bread alone and Marie Antoinette herself once said, 'Let them eat cake!'"

"Shall I write a poem or wash the tubby, hubby?"

"Oh scrub the tub, my lamb, for cleanliness is next to Godliness; less toil is your bon ami."

"Shall I pen a poem or pour your beer, my dear?"

"Pour me a beer, my dear, for it's surely Miller time, and time and tide wait for no man."

With that she poured her own beer, raised the glass and said

"This poem's for you!"