

# Women in Film

At midnight, October 31, 1972, at a San Francisco Halloween party I was shot in the forehead two inches above my right eye by a sniper. In the midst of congenial conversation I raised my hand to my head saying, "I've been hit." Dressed in my bonnie Bonny ganster costume, I had nothing so serious as a real wound in a real reel time on my mind. The drinking and piping mirage of Kubrick-like burlesque replete with an obscene plastic virgin spouting vaginal wine snapped to cinema verite. I ran into the kitchen adjoining the back porch where I'd been hit; I pleaded with the party-goers to do something, to lie down on the floor and look for a silhouette, to go into the street and watch for a madman. Nothing. Nothing we can do. We are all so happy eating and drinking we really can't be bothered. Satyricon. Finally I persuaded someone to reconstruct the scene with me. We moved out on the porch, determined the direction of firing, warned the neighborwoman taking in clothes from her backporch. Nothing else.

Upon leaving the party(?) I notified two policemen of the assault. Badge number 2024 tried his best to persuade me not to make a report. His counterpart reinforced his persuasions. After I asked and wrote down his badge number, 2024 and brother got out of the patrol car and standing in towering metallic trim intimated that I might have to go to the station if I indeed wished to pursue this report. But don't you want to know the vicinity? What if this should happen five times next week? What if my eye were put out? Yes, yes lady but while you're standing here talking there may be an armed robbery round the corner. Flicking officers, it could have taken five minutes to write the info down. 15 minutes later, they drove off, around the corner, with a few notes

on a blue-lined memo pad, and it was reported.

The third grotesque scenario takes place in the familiar California State University, San Francisco, Health Service. There, three x-rays show a round b-b next to the cranium under a quarter inch of skin. "Would you take it out, Dr. ?" I asked the young doctor.

"Oh, I'd love to, just love to pop it out," he exclaims, "but I can't."

"You can't? Why not?" I query.

"I can, however, refer you to a dermatologist or plastic surgeon in the area."

"Doctor, I can't afford that; will you take it out?"

"No, but believe me, I'd love to!"

"Would you do it if I were a male?"

"Yes."

"Can you tell me why, the discrimination?" I asked.

He mumbles something about "cosmetics", never explaining. I assume he's worried about a scar. I tell him that a scar would be acceptable to me. He still won't do it. I ask to see the head of the Health Service, Dr. As Dr. and the nurses walk down the hall I hear on of the nurses asking him why he would do it if I were male. No answer. I hear the doctor asking Dr. to look at me. No mention is made of "cosmetics" or sex. Dr. approves the removal of the b-b and loans me x-rays for a film. Dr. is very friendly. Headnurse, is exceptionally warm and comforting during minor surgery. What I'm mad about is the initial refusal based on sexist discrimination which provides a State service for men and not women.

by Agressa

*Pseudonym for BH  
early 70's*