



Now Grandma Is Pissed

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On Saturday, January 21st I joined the Women's March in Santa Fe, New Mexico. As I walked across Paseo De Peralta toward the Round House, a man accosted me with the remark, "I just love helping little old ladies across the street." He reached for my arm, "watch out for the slush there." I jerked away from him, wishing I had a cane to strike smartly him across his shins. Later, a male friend told me he was surprised about this since he saw me as "spry."

Now that I've been reduced to some of my component parts, it is time to Reveal my fifty plus years of activism and to point out that I'm not dead yet. In 1963-I volunteered for the Congress of Racial Equality in the Fillmore District of San Francisco; in 1965-1968 I was an anti-Viet Nam War activist in Los Angeles; From 1969 to the present-I became a feminist, including marches in mud and rain for reproductive rights; in the 1990s-I emerged as disability rights activist, marching in Washington, DC and Oakland, California. In 2017, I am a climate change activist.

On the day of the inauguration of Donald Trump, I was dispirited because I felt that my years of activism were invalidated, but during the Women's March in Santa Fe with 15 thousand people, I realized it wasn't true. What we did as the second wave of feminism lives on in our daughters and sons and in our grandchildren. The glory of the Women's Marches all over the world is that they were cross generational, diverse in skin color and ethnicity, men, women, trans people, and families of all types.

Some television pundits tried to make the March into an anti-Trump event

Submitted 26th January, 2017.

Accepted 14th March, 2017.

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but it wasn't that at all. Instead, it was a celebration and a joyous reminder to ourselves and the current government that we are not part of Carnage American but that we are still here and that we can take action. The Marches were peaceful and in Santa Fe we walked singing on our way to the statehouse.

My anger was dissolved into a sea of knitted pink hats with kitty ears and signs with Pussy Power written on them. Silliness is a sly and insidious undermining of imperial power. The seizing of Trump's use of the word "pussy" is so much fun that I start playing with its alliteration with my first name. "I'm going to change my name to Pat Pussy Power," I told my friend. "My first name is Pat. My second name is Pussy and my last name will be Power."

"Well, maybe it should just be Pat P. Power and then people can wonder."

"Or P.P.P.," I added.

So Grandma may be pissed but she is having a good time.

Regards to one and all,

Spry Little Old Lady, Pat Pussy Power aka Patricia A. Murphy