



No Country (Club) for Old Women

Women. Can't golf with 'em and can't golf without 'em.

Nestled in our Phoenix urban bosom is a tiny little enclave of the late 19th century. You remember that fun era—bustles, the vapors, no birth control, can't vote, can't practice law. Women knew their place.

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The beginning of the end of domestic tranquility as we knew it was suffrage. Let the little lady speak her mind behind a closed curtain and the whole system is in peril. The outrage of suffrage has spawned the devil in so many areas: Equal pay for equal work. No sexual harassment in the office. Title IX so little girls can kick balls, literally and figuratively. The power of the women's vote is so great it is driving this presidential election, although Hillary and Sarah share nothing more in common than chromosomes.

But none of this new-fangled women's power has touched our little bubble of retro-thinking. The Phoenix Country Club has taken on all comers to ensure

that their male members, as it were, do not have to eat with women (as opposed to having them do the cooking and serving), even though women pay the same club fees.

And of course once they leave the Sacred Grill the boys are still protected from having to go *mano a mano* with women on Ye Olde Golf Course. That may be because some of the women, whose tee times are restricted, could beat the plaid golf pants off the men. Or it could be because some of the men know how they look in plaid golf pants. But it is probably because they forgot to set their hour-glasses and think they get to live happily ever after in the Land Time Forgot.

Not.

When a private club walks, acts and quacks like a public club, it is. And a public club has to behave with a modicum of fairness to all—even to uppity women. Even women with a 4 handicap.

And the State Attorney General's Civil Rights Division decided that in fact PCC is a public accommodation because it did not enforce its exclusivity in two areas: It allowed out-

side groups to rent its facilities, and it did not enforce its own rules regarding membership selection. Both practices were driven by the need to keep the cash coming. Hmm. Sounds like a business.

And the Club's reaction to this finding? Chicken Little should take lessons. Even with lawyers peppered throughout its Board, and many lawyers and some judges in its membership, no cool heads have yet prevailed. As if to underscore the PCC's obsession with nostalgia, within the last year they passed the *Etiquette Policy*, a euphemism for treating members rudely. Under its guise, members—disproportionately women—have been suspended or even expelled for speaking to the press, criticizing the facilities, asking for these absurd policies to be brought into line with the United States. So far, only one member has filed suit, but the Attorney General has now dropped the other shoe (it should be one with cleats and those goofy tassels in front). Because, after all, this is now the 21st century, where women who don't get to tee off can get really teed off. **RT**



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No Mixed Grill



As we went to press, the Arizona Attorney General's Office filed a lawsuit against the Phoenix Country Club. The AG's suit alleges: ongoing violations of the Arizona Civil Rights Act's public accommodations provision prohibiting sex-based discrimination. The suit alleges that PCC engages in sex-based discrimination by excluding women from using the Men's Grill and men from using the Women's Grill.

More information and a copy of the complaint are at www.azag.gov.