WOMEN CAN.

formerly the PEDESTAL vol.6 no.4
vancouver's women's liberation newspaper 25¢

In This Issue

WOMEN, DOCTORS AND DIAPHRAGMS .....page 2

.....page 3

WE TRIED IT AND HATED IT..page 5
a book review

HOW BABIES ARE MADE.....page 6

RAPE: THE ULTIMATE COME-ON page 8

THE SINGLE MOTHER EXPERIENCE ..... page 10

"WHY WOMEN'S STUDIES?"
a conference report.... page 12

THE POLITICS OF ICE-CREAM. page 14

and of course all through the paper are little and larger things we slipped in for your amusement and interest.

Buy, buy, buy, please buy a subscription to

Women Can. which formerly was the Pedestal.

$3.00 per year.....Canada
$3.50 per year.....U.S. of A.
$4.00 per year.....Overseas
$10.00 per year.....Institutions

Women Can. (Pedestal)
804 Richards St.
Vancouver, B.C.

WOMEN'S LEGAL ADVICE CLINIC

Ste 4-45 Kingsway
Vancouver 10, BC
874-8525
Monday & Wed. evenings 7-9

ADVERTISING

Please note Pedestal rates for business ads: $5.00 per 3"x3" col. camera ready art

or we will design an appropriate ad if requested.

The Women's Health Collective is now at 4197 John St. Their phone number is 873-3984. For the time being the self-help clinic is by appointment only but appointments are easy to make. Just give them a call.

They are open until 6:00 Monday to Fridays.

Letters to the Editor

Serials Dept.,
University Libraries,
N.I.U.,
De Kalb, Il. 60115

Dear People of the Pedestal:

Please don't!!! We like your title just the way it is!!!

Rather than expounding at length on our sentiments toward serial title changes, we are enclosing TITLE VARIES. Although it is humorous, it should be taken seriously.

Please read it and file it for reference in case you should decide to change your title again.

Sincerely yours,

Serials Department.

Title Varies is a small publication dedicated to the fight against unnecessary title changes. To quote their toast/benediction:

"May your serials be regular and one time. May they have title pages and indexes, and contents worth reading. May they be easy to bind and impossible to steal, and may they have long life, immaculate invoicing, and distinctive, permanent, unwavering titles."

The rest of the paper contained nominations for "Worst Serial Title Change of the Year Prize", personal testimonials from librarians about the grief they suffer due to title changes and, A short story about a librarian who on his death bed asks, "Why? Why was the Universe created, why Vietnam, why the love of a woman for a man, why does a dog have soulful eyes, and why does a publisher change the title of his serial?"

Women, DOCTORS, + DIAPHRAGMS

I have recently become very interested in the statistics available re: the effectiveness of various methods of birth control. This article will focus on the Diaphragm used with Spermicidal jelly.

In beginning this research I looked in the Medicus Index which lists all articles and journals published in medicine and related fields. There was not one article written specifically about the diaphragm as a contraceptive method since 1949. I began to understand why so few doctors consider the diaphragm a serious option. And, in the McGill Birth Control Handbook there was not one reference listed which pertained to diaphragms specifically. However, in Our Bodies Our Selves were three leads to articles. From these I gathered the following info.

Whenever one talks about the effectiveness of a contraceptive method it is necessary to clarify whether this refers to the "use" or "theoretical" effectiveness. Use effectiveness means the effectiveness for all users whether or not they use the method constantly or not. Theoretical effectiveness means the effectiveness of the correct use of the method in consistent or constant users. The formula used to compute the Failure Rate per hundred women years=

$$\frac{\text{Total accidental pregnancies} \times 1200}{\text{Total months of exposure}}$$

With this information in hand I started to look through the various available statistics and made an interesting discovery. When the statistics for the Pill are quoted they are always quoted as theoretical statistics. When the statistics for the diaphragm and condom are quoted they usually appear as use-effectiveness statistics. Of course, there is no comparison between the two. The following chart shows comparative statistics for the various methods.

Failure Rates (pregnancies per 100 woman years)

	theoretical effective	use effective
condom	2.6	11.1-28.3
diaphragm + jelly	2-3	8.8-33.6
IUD	1-2.7	6.1
the Pill	0.1-1.0	16.5-26.0
foam	3.05-3.14	29
condom + spermicide	1	5

Note! in some studies the Pill is not the most effective method available.

Now back to the diaphragm and spermicide as an effective method of birth control. The effectiveness of this method is contingent on several factors. The diaphragm must be correctly fitted. The woman must have all the necessary information about the method. She must be albe to insert the diaphragm each and every time she has intercourse. The diaphragm must be used during every act of intercourse. The spermicidal jelly must be effective in killing the sperm. The diahpragm must be cared for correctly to ensure that the rubber is good. If all these conditions are met this method of birth control is very effective.

If a woman chooses the diaphragm as her method she must be fitted for it by a doctor or a health worker. Correct fitting and instruction would decrease the number of accidents, and increase the woman's confidence and thus increase its use. Women only use diaphragms when they are thoroughly comfortable with them.

Although this method of birth control is both safe and effective, it is not generally considered a serious choice for birth control. Why?? Well, first of all, women wanting to use a diaphragm must first be fitted for one and then taught to insert it properly. And that takes a lot of time and effort on the part of the doctor. It takes far less office time for a Doctor to simply insert an I.U.D. or prescribe Birth Control Pills and so the tendency is to do that. Less times means more patients means more money. Doctors require both encouragement and pressure from women to offer the diaphragm as a serious choice for birth control.

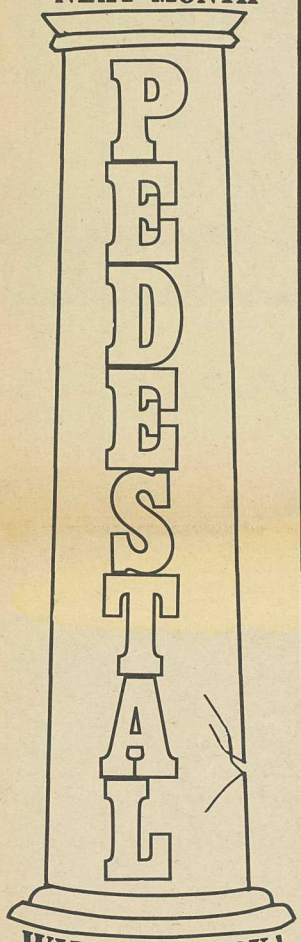
Darlene Steele

Yesterday. Today. Tomorrow.

THE VANCOUVER WOMEN'S BOOKSTORE IS LOOKING FOR NEW VOLUNTEERS TO HELP STAFF THE STORE WHICH MEANS BECOMING FULL-FLEDGED MEMBERS OF THE BOOKSTORE COLLECTIVE.

IF YOU WOULD LIKE TO KNOW WHAT THAT ENTAILS OR WOULD LIKE TO HELP OUT CALL THEM AT 684-0523. OR YOU COULD DROP BY. THE STORE IS AT 804 RICHARDS ST. AND IT IS OPEN FROM NOON UNTIL 5:00 p.m. EVERY DAY EXCEPT SUNDAY. OPEN UNTIL 9:00 ON THURSDAY AND FRIDAY.

DUE TO POPULAR DEMAND NEXT MONTH



WILL BE BACK!

a saskatoon mother needs our help

A Saskatoon Lesbian mother is fighting to retain legal custody of her two children. This custody is now being challenged by her husband because of her sexual orientation.

Legal fees are now beyond her means. She needs support and money to see the case through the courts.

THERE IS NO CANADIAN PRECEDENT FOR AN ADMITTED HOMOSEXUAL PARENT GAINING OR RETAINING CHILD CUSTODY.

This case has important implications for both women and gay men and the Pedestal asks that women who can, dig in their pockets and send a donation to her defense fund.

All donations are welcome and tax deductable. Cheques and money orders should be made out to ZODIAC FRIENDSHIP SOCIETY and marked DEFENCE FUND. Box 1662, Saskatoon, Sask. Tell them if you want a receipt.

Dear Sisters:

Congratulations on "Women Can."

It reflects so much the feeling of women working together under extreme difficulty that I feel I am no longer alone. I would also like to thank you for printing the letters from Jeannine Mitchell and Women of the Peace as I think that virtually every women's group that has been around for very long has had the experience of being excluded when they would like to be included. Since I have also had the experience of helping to organize a women's conference with government funds I also have sympathy for the women in the Secretary of State's Office. We have been isolated from each other so thoroughly that our communications between groups and interested individuals just isn't very good yet.

I hope the down-turned thumb on page 12 will be interpeted by your readers as displeasure with the amount of money alloted by the Secretary of State's Department for women's program, rather than displeasure with the women within the department who are trying to do a good job with totally inadequate funds. The 1974 budget for women's programs for BC and Yukon region in the Secretary of State's department is $25,000.00. This is an insultingly small sum! What can we do about it?

I'll do my bit by renewing my subscription to Women Can. plus a little extra and I'll be on the look-out for future ideas to pass along.

Sincerely,
Alice James.

A FEW WORDS ABOUT CROTCH SPRAY

The advertisements for crotch sprays hint that there is something unclean or unpleasant about the normal smell of a women's vulva. These ads apparently work, because according to Ellen Frankfort (Vaginal Politics), profits from the sale of sprays came to about $53 million in 1971. The sprays are classified as cosmetics and therefore the manufacturers are not required to list the active ingredients on the container.

For health reasons, crotch sprays should NOT be used:

1. they may mask an odour which is a sign of infection
2. the delicate membranes of the vulva may be irritated (the genitals of a man having intercourse with a womean who has just sprayed may also be irritated)
3. many women who use the spray have allergic reactions
4. most of the sprays contain hexachlorophene, which is under suspicion for causing brain damage and paralysis in monkeys.

The very best regime for a fresh and pleasant-feeling crotch is: wear cotton underwear, wash with soap and water (take it easy with the soap - it too can irritate), and powder iwith plain old cornstarch.

Arlene Higgs
reprinted from the Vancouver Women's health Collective Newsletter, 4197 John St. 873-3984

O.K. SO YOU'RE REALLY CRAMPED FOR SPACE
HAD ENOUGH SURPRISE VISITORS TO LAST YOU A
AND B WOULDN'T IT BE NICE TO PUT SOMEONE UP FOR 3 DAYS THIS SUMMER
AUTOMATIC ALREADY YOU'VE SUMMER'S & WHILE LONG DO TO MUCH SO THERE'S
HOME PLACEMENT 689-8771

WOMEN ARE INVITED

to the grand opening of **VANCOUVER MS.**

a new club for women

facilities include: music, dancing,
a quiet rap area, a games room
and in the future, special events in the conference room

JULY 12th DOORS OPEN AT 8:PM ADMISSION IS FREE **2089 West 4th**

LAUNDRY SOAP

Saving your bacon drippings can supply you with the basic ingredient for your own home-made laundry soap. The woman who supplied this recipe grates her bar soap on an ordinary vegetable grater to make it fine for dishwashing. She also uses these fine shavings for washing her hair.

You need:
one large apple juice tin of fat, strained
1/4 cup ammonia
2 cups borax
1-lb. can of lye
1/4 cup coal oil

(These ingredients can be purchased at regular food stores)

What you do:
Mix lye with 5 cups cold water. Use a plastic or enamel bucket. Stir it outside with a stick or wooden spoon kept only for this purpose. DO NOT INHALE FUMES!

Melt the apple juice tin of fat. Put the tin in water so there's no danger of fat catching fire.

When lye has cooled so that it is lukewarm and fat has cooled to the same temperature, add the lye to the fat, stirring virourously.

After stirring for a few minutes, add the borax, ammonia and solvent and stir until it is a nice, smooth cream.

Pour mixture into a prepared box (cardboard or wood will do) lined with heavy cotton (such as an old sheet or ragged shirt). Put plastic or more heavy cotton on the floor under the box in case any soap seeps through before it sets.

Before the soap is completely set, cut it into bars, any size you want. Oil of rose, lavender or pine can be added when you are stirring the fat and lye mixture if you desire fragrance. Thank you Alice, for this contribution.

HAND SOAP

Our friend has not tried this recipe while she has used the previous one for years. If you master the first one and want to try another, here's one.

1 can of lye

1/2 cup ammonia

1/2 cup powdered borax

2 ounces lanolin

4 tsp. aromatic oil of rose, lavender or pine

3 Tbsp. finely ground oatmeal

11 cups melted and strained f

5 cups rain water or soft water

1/3 cup of sugar

3 ounces of glycerine

Measure rain water into crock or enamel pan. Add to it vigourously, stirring one at a time until dissolved, lye, ammonia, borax, and sugar. Continue stirring until cool. Slowly pour in fat, add fragrance and stir for 15 min. While doing so add lanolin, glycerine and oatmeal. By this time, mixture should be thick and creamy. Pour into molds the size of soap bars, or glass pans lined with wax paper. Let stand until firm and cut, wrap in wax paper. Let stand one week before using. ♀

WE TRIED IT... AND HATED IT

DON'T BUY THIS BOOK!

by Marnie Smith

(NB. his quotations are in capital letters)

Neil M. Fleishman has written a book titled "Counsel for the Damned" to brag about his prowess in browbeating and insulting people in his office. These people are mainly women and are viewed by Fleishman in some of the following ways:

...IT TAKES ON THE AVERAGE, FIVE HOURS FOR THE EAGER BRIDEGROOM TO WRESTLE HIS BLUSHING AND OCCASIONALLY INNOCENT BRIDE INTO BED.

ALL A WOMAN HAS TO DO IS JUST LIE THERE. IF YOU GET DOWN TO THE PHYSIOLOGICAL FUNDAMENTALS, IT IS THE MAN WHO HAS TO DO THE JOB.

THEY STAND AS A TRAGIC TRIBUTE TO THE MASOCHISM SO COMMON TO ALL MEMBERS OF THE FEMALE SEX.

...WOMEN ARE LIKE GONGS. THEY SHOULD BE BEATEN REGULARLY TO KEEP THEM IN TUNE...

WHY, YOU'VE NEVER EVEN HAD THE DECENCY OR THE GUTS OR THE WHOLESOMENESS TO HAVE ANY CHILDREN OF YOUR OWN!

NINE OUT OF EVERY TEN OF MY CLIENTS ARE WOMEN. AND A WOMAN, ESPECIALLY, WEARS THE ROLE-PLAYINGS, THE FICTIONS, THE HONEYED SAYINGS AND THE DOWNRIGHT LIES THAT HAVE BEEN PASSED ALONG FROM MOTHER TO CHILD FOR HUNDREDS OF GENERATIONS LIKE SO MANY COATS OF ARMOR.

To explain away men's lack of 'staying power' in bed, he presents this tidy gem:

...NINETY-NINE PERCENT OF OUR MEN ARE BROUGHT UP UNDER THE STRICT CALVANISTIC DOCTRINE THAT THE CARDINAL SIN LIES NOT IN COMMITTING THE ACT OF LOVE BUT IN ENJOYING IT!!

The only woman client Fleishman presents respectfully is the wife of a doctor. However, just as the reader is about to reconsider damning him for all time, Fleishman reverts to another put-down. He quotes this woman as having said,

"I know what I am looking for in a man, and you know as well as I do that it won't be long before I cast my net and land another goodie."

and with this quote, he renders her a witch, with a net to perpetrate evil rather than a cauldron.

A woman who finds her husband's sexual demands aberrant is given this advice:

IF YOUR HUSBAND WANTS TO SCREW YOU WHEN YOU ARE BOTH HANGING FROM THE CHANDELIERS I CAN'T SEE WHAT THE DIFFERENCE IS AS LONG AS IT GIVES PLEASURE TO BOTH OF YOU. OR IF NOT TO YOU, AT LEAST TO HIM.(My underline). I CAN'T SEE WHAT THE HELL DIFFERENCE IT MAKES TO YOU.

Fleishman sets up some Immutable Laws of Marriage Breakup which push him into further absurdity.

THERE ARE SEVERAL KEY FACTORS WHICH I FEEL DOOM A MARRIAGE BEFORE IT STARTS. FIRST OF ALL, WHEN A MAN MARRIES A WOMAN WHO IS OLDER THAN HIMSELF--YOU CAN WRITE THAT MARRIAGE OFF RIGHT AWAY.

THE SECOND CAUSE OF MARITAL FAILURE, ACCORDING TO MY IMMUTABLE LAWS, ARISES WHEN THE WOMAN HAS HAD A HYSTERECTOMY OR THE MAN HAS HAD A VASECTOMY. WOULD YOU BELIEVE, I HAVE NEVER SEEN A SUCCESSFUL MARRIAGE THEREAFTER?(The writer asks how many successful marriages one finds in a divorce lawyer's office.)

THIRD IMMUTABLE LAW - WHEREEVER YOU FIND A MARRIAGE BETWEEN AN ANGLO-SAXON WOMAN AND A MAN OF SLAV ETHNIC BACKGROUND, THERE - IN MY OPINION AND AS A RESULT OF MY MANY YEARS OF OBSERVATION - YOU WILL FIND A DISASTER AB INITIO. YOU CAN ALMOST GUARANTEE THAT FROM THE MOMENT THE BEDROOM DOOR CLOSES ON THESE TWO PEOPLE AFTER THE CEREMONY, THERE WILL BE PERPETRATED UPON THE BRIDE A VERITABLE CATACLYSM OF PHYSICAL VIOLENCE AND MENTAL TORTURE. (So that you will not buy this book just to actually see this in print, I assure you it is there. It is followed by an amateurish attempt to explain that when men live in a matriarchal society, they hate their mothers.)

A case history concerning a male client whose wife is a lesbian is presented. The client did not find it necessary to remove the two teenage daughters from their mother's guardianship but Fleishman was concerned about leaving the girls in that "atmosphere". He says,

WHAT FURTHER CONCERNED ME WAS THAT THE WIFE WAS A HIGH-SCHOOL TEACHER AND GIRLS' COUNSELOR TO BOOT. AND A BOOT IS JUST WHAT I WOULD HAVE PUT IN HER REAR END.

..Fleishman's 'better to harry and to spurn' attitude. Perhaps we ought to scourge the schools, seeking out would-be sex offenders. You offend my sex! Get out! You can't be too critical when it comes to drooling lasciviousness.

The jack of this book claims Fleishman is angry about the disintegration of the family unit but I feel this is just a ploy to lend respectibility to an otherwise shameless attempt to make money on controversy. Please don't buy this book. ♀

we didn't like this very much either!!!

"WANT MEN? GET WOMEN"

TERRACE. Highways Minister Graham Lea has an idea to get male workers to stay in the north - women.

He said during a taping of a television interview Wednesday that northern development will cause social problems with an influx of single migrant workers.

One way to alleviate the problem, he said, would be to hire more women in the work force - 'not just in the traditional jobs.'

from the Vancouver Sun.

how babies are made

I was playing in the after-supper coolness, those few precious hours before having to wash and get ready for bed. A flimsy pink milkiness water-painted the evening sky. Through the screen door I heard Mom calling me, "Marlene, come in now, I want to wash your hair tonight."

"Oh do I have to?" I cried, "I don't want to come in yet and if you wash it I'll have to stay in the house."

"I know," she answered, "But you have to, now c'mon. I've got the water all ready."

I gave a final pat to my sand castle and trundled off to the house. At the door, I forgot to take my shoes off and the sand fell quickly from my saddle oxfords to the kitchen floor. As I turned to hurry back out, Mom saw me and to my surprise, she simply said, "Here, I'll sweep that up while you wash your hands and face. Hurry up now." I had expected to hear "Get out of here with those shoes. Don't you ever learn?" and I was really quite baffled. I wasn't going to push my luck though, so I slip-slid to the bathroom in my stocking feet and washed. I returned to the kitchen clad only in my underwear and dunked my head in the basin of warm water in the sink. Mom came over and began to massage soap into my curls. She talked soothingly of ordinary things like what was coming up in the garden now and the neighbour's new car. Once in the water, I really did enjoy having my head rubbed and rinsed, rubbed and rinsed.

Later, the washing part finished, Mom towelled my hair while I sat in a chair at the dining room table. She began to speak from behind me where she stood twining my hair around the pink and blue rubber curlers.

"I think it's time we had a talk about something," she said

"About what?" I asked, turning to look at her.

"Be still," she commanded, turning my head forward again, the way she did in church when she caught me looking around. At first I thought she was eager to get on with the job of hair curling, but gradually I sensed that she kept my head facing forward so she wouldn't have to look at me.

What had I don that warranted a talk such as this? We had never had a talk before. She told me what to do or what not to do but she never asked me to have a talk with her. I felt trapped as pictures of wrongdoings flashed rapidly before me.

Maybe she had found out I had had a chocolate bar at Bertha's after school on Friday. No, it must be about Gordon and me hiding in the outhouse when we played hide and seek. Suddenly, I knew--she had found the pickle jar. We kept it hidden in a hollow log. Johnny and Gordie and I all peed in it and we kept it to see if it would change colour with time. She must have found it. Oh, how could I explain so she wouldn't hit me? What could I say?

Then she said, "I want to talk to you about making babies."

So that was it. Whew! At least I hadn't done anything wrong.

She continued, "I didn't want to tell you so soon, you're only six. But some things have been going on with the boys next door, haven't they?" and before I could answer, "So I figured I'd better tell you now. Do you know how babies are made?"

I shook my head, my eyes focusing on the curler box. Tommy had told me they were made by fucking but I didn't really know what that meant. Could there be a baby growing in the pickle jar? Surely not. I couldn't tell her I knew the word fuck anyway. Tommy always said it to me to make me embarassed but I never said it. When I heard that word I felt guilty, as though my ears had sinned by listening.

"Well, my Mom went on, "I have to tell you because I'm afraid if you don't know you might do something bad, just because you don't know it's wrong, you see. If you did this thing you might have a baby..."

"Right now?" I interrupted, "When I'm still a kid?"

"Turn around!" she said, frowning, "How can I put these curlers in the back when you have your face turned this way?" She paused a moment, then drew her breath in heavily.

"Probably not right now," she said, squeezing the words out, "There's a time, when you are about twelve when your body changes and from then on you could have a baby. And you're so big for your age..." She said the last words almost to herself.

"My body changes? It must be when I get titties," I thought.

Mom walked to the kitchen to get water to dampen my hair. It was drying and she hadn't finished curling it yet. The damp towel lay heavily on my shoulders.

Someone ran up the front steps. Karen, my younger sister, opened the door and peered in.

"Hey," she whispered, "What are you doin' in the house? What did you do?"

"Nuthin'," I answered, "Just gettin' curlers in."

Mom returned just then and shouted to her, "You get back outside and play or you'll have to go to bed. And shut that door after you!"

I began to feel a little special having this talk that Karen wasn't allowed to hear. Mom asked if I had any questions yet. Did I have questions!

To establish my position as the partner in this talk, I crossed my legs and clasped my hands on the uppermost knee. Then I began, "Well, I still don't know how you do it," I said.

"How you do what?"

"How you make babies."

"Oh. Well,...the boy puts his thing in the girl's thing."

"Yuck! Really?" and then more controlled, "Gee, I'd have never figured that." I didn't want her to think she was scaring me or she might stop talking about it.

"Doesn't it hurt?"

"At first, but soon you get used to it."

"But why do you have to do it that way? Is that the only way?"

God planned it that way. Yes, it's the only way. See the man's thing has some stuff in it. When he puts it in, this stuff comes out and stays in the woman's thing and later it grows to be a baby."

"I don't like it."

"What don't you like?"

"That he has to put his thing in. Why can't you put the stuff on your finger and put it in yourself?"

"Well," a sort of 'here goes' sigh escaped her lips and then she went on, "sometimes a really good feeling comes over you when his thing is in your thing."

"Oh?" Now I really couldn't imagine any good feeling coming out of that.

My Mom seemed to interpret that 'oh' as though I'd just asked that a boy be brought in to demonstrate for she began a strong tirade, warning and threatening me.

"There, you see. That's why I have to tell you now. You must never never never do this thing until you are married. You wouldn't want to have a baby before you were married, would you? That's a cardinal sin. And if any boy tries to do it with you, you come and tell me right away. Do you hear? Now, you are not to go in the bush with any boy ever. Promise me?"

I promised.

"Now, there's just one more thing. Don't tell Karen what we've talked about. Promise? She wouldn't understand. And don't tell any other kids, OK? Because every mother likes to tell her kids a different way and you might just mix someone up. You would n't want to ruin this nice talk for a friend of yours, would you and you would do just that if you told her before her Mom got a chance. Nowgo call Karen to come in and wash up for bed. OK? Oh yeah, if you ever have any questions you ask me OK? Nobody else, OK?"

I nodded my head yes and finally she took the wet towel off my shoulders. I got up and turned to face her but she kept her eyes on the table as she picked up the rest of the curlers.

"Go on," she said, her voice gentle, "Go call Karen now."

"Kar-ren!" I called out the front door, "Bed-time!" She came running, her frail white hair flying out in wisps. Mom scooped her up and cuddled her as she carted her off to be washed.

I put my pyjamas on and sat cross-legged on the couch. There was so much to think about. Though I couldn't see any reason why she would make it up, I seriously wondered if it were true. How could that tiny noodle go into me? He'd have to stand right against me!" I shivered at the thought. Then it came to me. She didn't want me to go in the bushes with boys so she told me all this to scare me. Who ever heard of a little girl having a baby anyhow? Yes, that must be it, I decided and having satisfactorily dealt with the problem, I went out to the kitchen to make a peanut butter sandwich.

by Marnie Smith

RAPE: THE ULTIMATE COME-ON

Seven years ago I was raped by a semi-acquaintance of mine. Though it may sound strange, I did not know that it was a case of rape until just a year or two ago. I was operating under the assumptions that many people these days have, that rape is something that happens as you are walking down the street, minding your own business, and some pervert male jumps out of a nearby bush or alley way. He sticks a knife at your throat, rapes you and then usually runs away, never to be seen again until the cops miraculously find him with their ESP about criminals.

My rape was much different than that stereotype. The man came over for a coffee to say good-bye to me before I was leaving for Europe. I was prepared for and expected an evening of coffee and talking; he was prepared for and expected an evening of sex. The conflict came down to a Yes-No and rather than give up his own expectations, he turned the conflict into a physical battle which he undoubtedly would win, being 200 pounds and muscle-wise bigger and stronger than me. The whole scene was a long-term sexual trauma for me and the conclusions I immediately drew from it were that if I didn't want to screw in the first place, I shouldn't have asked him over. A woman should expect that whenever she invites a man to spend time with her. It may not happen but then that is just luck.

As with so many things in our male-dominated society, the right to choose sexual encounters is still seen by many to be the prerogative of men. They initiate, we wait for their advances. If we do not want to be sexually approached then we should NOT WALK IN THE STREETS BY OURSELVES, NOT INVITE A MALE OVER WHEN THERE IS NO ONE ELSE THERE, WE SHOULD NOT HITCH-HIKE, WE SHOULD NOT BUY A MALE A BEER OR SAY WE WOULD LIKE TO TALK TO HIM AND GET TO KNOW HIM BETTER. All of these situations are seen by men as possible indications that we are sexually open to them in our own discreet "female" ways.

The rape that happens in the street between strangers, with the male carrying a knife, is just an extreme form of the sexual powertripping that many of us women have experienced for years.

Forced intercourse, where there is little trace of a mutual desire or decision, is a phenomenon which has its roots in our upbringing.

When many of us were young we were taught that as women we must say "no" to sexual advances and inclinations in order to maintain a man's respect. We were to remain "pure" until we had finally secured a love (read marriage) contract. We knew (and men were aware) that what we said was not necessarily an indication of our feelings or desires - it could very easily be an expression of the values we had learned. So often our statements of what we did and did not want to do were seen by men as challenges and sexual games on our part.

With the sexual liberation of the sixties, that philosophy and value structure was supposed to have disappeared. However, what changed was only the hidden meanings of "no" - translated now it means either sexual immaturity and conservatism or a symptom of being a cold, castrating bitch.

Whatever the case, there seems to be a lack of respect for women to be able to make decisions and choose their sexual partners. Men have no right whatever the circumstances to force a woman into something she has stated she does not want. Even if she has difficulty choosing sexual relationships, a supportive role is not force but to allow her to feel more secure about sex with less aggressiveness and more understanding and warmth on both sides.

In this context then, what distinguishes rape from many "ordinary seductions" is merely the simplicity of tactics. Rape is a more marked, physical show of power but the relationship is still very recognizable.

The law, courts and police are not helping the situation to

change very much. They are all aware of the fine line between seduction and rape but to them that line is drawn by the woman and whether or not she consented to the show of force. It is not rape if she gave any indications like hitch-hiking (an obvious clue!), wearing shorts or no bra!, having a past herstory which reveals her to have slept with men who were not her husband or even the possibility of becoming long-term. All these factors go into the big boiling pot of doubt that what happened to her was not an infringement of her rights to determine who she will and will not sleep with but the obvious action for a man who was merely responding to her advances. In the slang world, she "was asking for it."

Going into the courtroom where a rape trial is taking place, there is a further development of male-dominated state of affairs. The woman is supposedly a victim of rape. But the line of questioning and investigation is turned on its head in such a way that what is really being discussed is the credibility of the woman to lay charges of this nature. There is no discussion around the past of the man to indicate whether or not he might have raped someone. In fact it is illegal to bring any previous rape charges out in the court or any sexual problems or hassles with the law. This is all reserved for the woman. Her past is picked apart and looked at with a fine, male-chauvinist comb to see if there is any indication that she, albeit unconsciously, consented. Or maybe she just likes to take men to court and experience the power of watching them go to jail. Even if the latter is true, she will have no luck, cases rarely get that far.

And if a man is found guilty, what are the rewards for having followed the situation through the justice system? The only consoling fact is despite the badgering and humiliating experience of being presented as a slut, the jury (mostly men) believed you. Whoopee! At present the maximum sentence for rape is life imprisonment, rarely given out but a deterrent for convictions. The man usually gets something like 2 years and with our penal system in the state that it is, he comes out not rehabilitated but probably more in need to assert his sexual power than ever before. All in all, being raped is a trauma and an incredible nightmare which just begins when the woman is attacked.

What do we have to do? At the top of my own list is learning how to say no to sexual advances that I am not interested in. I have just as much right to choose who I want to sleep with as a man does and no longer buy a package which contains my sexual success with my ability to be a succumbing object. Secondly, women can learn different ways to handle come-ons which could lead to a rape situation - hitch-hike but be discrimate about your rides; learn places to poke, scratch and kick and develop your own physical power if it has to be used, in self-defense; practice memorizing license plate numbers and report harassers and followers (the first steps toward learning how to rape). Thirdly, women can support each other through the courts - in front of and behind the scenes. We can insist on starting a re-evaluation of the whole rape procedure. We can instruct women who do go to court not only what will happen and why, but how to emerge with your self-respect intact.

As with the other issues which women are trying to take control and change in order to regain a respectable idea of ourselves, rape and the whole area of sexual politics is of prime importance to us. We have begun some work but there is a long hard struggle ahead.

Janet

Vancouver now has a 24 hour Rape Relief Centre. They offer supportive counselling, legal and medical information and have community educational programs. The address is 4197 John St. and the phone number to always remember is 874-7911.

THE SINGLE MOTHER EXPERIENCE

My daughter says she doesn't have a family, only a mother.

She wants a daddy and a baby and a crazy, raucous, family dinner hour. My heart saddens. I want those good feelings for her.

Something is missing.

I am missing the familiarity of another's body, the warmth beside me.

I am missing old friends, family. They wonder, and sometimes pull away.

I am missing the satisfaction of a life unfolding according to plan, ordained by God, my mother and the president of the PTA.

Rhythm is interrupted. Permanency is gone. So is security.

We are all going through it. ...divorced, separated, widowed, never-been-married mothers with children under 18. We vary in age. We are a racial mixture. Some of us are broke. Some of us are rich. Together we share a unique lifestyle. We are solely responsible for the care and well-being of ourselves and our children.

What to do?

I am not willing to wait for the shrinks and the social workers and the politicians to decide how the ideal family operates. They will be years at it, even if they do know what they're talking about.

I am not willing to wait for the next man. Maybe he will come, maybe he won't. Maybe I will stay with him. Maybe I won't. I refuse to continue my life as a "stage between marriages."

I want responsible work.

I want enough money.

I want a nice place to live.

I want a good place for my daughter to spend her days.

I want leisure time.

RIGHT NOW.

How? How for me? How for all of us?

We can't change something we know little or nothing about.

What is the single-mother experience? What is our commonality? I am not unique. What is my experience? What do I do? How do I feel?

ALONE

Late at night. Full of things to talk about, wonder about, questions to be answered, tickles to be tickled, jokes to be cracked, backs to be rubbed, love to be made. But alone. Tonight I don't like it.

AFRAID

There is something terribly wrong. Nobody is getting along with anybody. Splitting up. Arguing. Moving on. I can't cope with this confusion, this uprootedness. The lies I get told. The lies I tell. The fraud on peoples' faces. The stiff bodies. The words. Nobody is moving. Nothing is happening. We are all stuck in a lonely, nobody-knows place. We are doomed.

RESPONSIBLE

Brandice (my daughter) is crying. Lost her shoes. Someone scared her. She's spending the night with a friend...Okay Mom? Needs her allowance. No money. Damn. Money.

OVERWORKED

Too much to do. Strung out. Meetings, papers organizing, decisions, dinner. Too much. My energy is gone. I should have more. What's the matter with me?

TIRED

Let's not even eat dinner!

PLEASED

Brandice told me she was afraid she was pregnant (she is nine). She's been "playing" with the neighbourhood kids. I reassured her. She was glad she talked to me. I was too. Pleased that we are so close. She's been invited away for the weekend. Pleased that I have some time for myself.

TOUCHED

Bob and Sydelle and Sybil and Mike and Cory and Amy sit beside me, hug me, while I am crying and being sad because I haven't felt cared for in a while. Sylvia offers to lend me $200 when I am broke and getting desperate (panicking). Germaine Greer tells a national TV audience that she "blew" her last relationship...did it all wrong.

PROGRESSING

Telling a male friend who is having a problem with Brandice to talk to her about it, not me. Getting the oil changed in my car when the red light first comes on, not three days later. Being aware that I didn't ask that friendly man in the clothing store to have coffee with me because he would think I was crazy...knowing that I'll do it next time I meet a friendly man.

ANGRY

Brandice went on a camping trip and took the only tooth brush. And the toothpaste. Having my mother call me up long distance to tell me that my sister is blissfully happy in her three-year marriage. My landlady won't get me a new hot water heater. Discovering that a new man won't let me get upset. I am upset.

HOPEFUL

Someone understood what I was talking about. Brandice tells me a secret. I meet five new interesting people. Someone is honest with me, even though it hurts. Having a fight with a friend and still being friends when it's over. An old lover shows up for coffee (we're still friends).

ONTOP OF IT ALL

Money in the bank, food in the refrigerator, work done, Brandice laughing, a new friend coming over.

But jobs are hard to get, much less careers. Lovers are gone... and hated. We long for a rest from a child's cry. The weekend jaunt doesn't get past the local drive-in movie. We overdraw at the bank.

I don't want us to be so hard on ourselves. You know we never really expected to "handle all of this" --shape our own individuality. Since we were little girls we have been taught, expected, to revolve our lives around a man. He was our father, then our husband, and for some he's now our paternal "friend" the government. We are inexperienced; we don't know how to create, control, maintain our own lives.

Some of us are ready. Really ready.We lack the resources. The tools. The recognition.

Quality child care is simply unavailable. The little that there is costs too much for anyone ($100 per month per well child). The job. We are competing in an overloaded, white male-oriented job market. That means we get the dumb jobs and at lower salaries, even if we do have the skills. Child support and alimony are considered unstable income by most credit bureaus. They are right. Counselling centers assure us that everything will be fine "once we remarry".

And we lack a community.

We are not in touch with ourselves or with each other.

We are not getting what we need.

This isolation must end.

There is an opportunity here, it has to do with openness. Discovery. Risk. Sharing. Another woman's solutions reveal our own alternatives. Another woman's feelings soften the bitter sting of our own isolation.

We must talk to each other.

Learn from each other.

Discover each other.

Be recognized.

We have no other choice. Nobody else knows what we're all about.

Just us. * * * * * * * * * * *

Adapted from MOMMA the newspaper/ magazine for single mothers.

THE HOME PLACEMENT PROGRAM

The Home Placement Program has been set up again to house people who will be travelling this summer and find themselves in Vancouver in need of a place to stay. Many trave travelling women prefer to stay in someone's home rather than a hostel.

Last year 1,154 women asked to be housed through this program. Some were part of "straight" couples because hostels wouldn't take them, some were single parents and others were single women travelling alone or in groups.

This year there will probably be more women on the road than ever before and good accomodations are really needed.

I work at the Home Placement Program and I think that it's a good idea to put up some of these women, take them into our homes.

The Program will be in operation all summer and will be able to help place people according to their preferences. (Even the forms ask "what sort of guest do you prefer?"). Hosts for the summer get paid $3.50 a night for each adult visitor and $2.00 for children under 12. Two meals a day must be provided and the maximum stay is three nights although there may be some extentions if requested.

If you would like to sign up or would like to know more about the Program, phone me at Home Placement.

Ann,
1845 W. Georgia,
689-8771

Send us your stories, your photos, poetry, letters and ideas. Or you could help us immensely by sending your womanpower down to the Collective meetings. Sundays at 11:00 a.m. at the Bookstore, 804 Richards St. And we're never to proud to accept donations of cold, hard cash.

The cover photos this month are of members of the Women's Theatre Co-op, taken at the Women's Studies conference.

The graphic on page 14 was blatantly and shamelessly adapted from the December poster of the Vancouver Women's Calendar, 1974. The original design was done by Pat Davitt.

WHY WOMEN'S STUDIES?

march 30 conference at capilano college

-930 ~ 1000 registration

The Women's Movement has in the past few years become as diverse as life itself. Health, art, media, labour and education have all come under the scrutiny of feminists working both "within" the system in reform programs, and "without" the system in the developments of alternatives.

Womens Studies as reform and/or alternative fits somewhere into the broad spectrum of the movement but until I attended a conference entitled appropriately enough "Why Women's Studies" I wasn't sure where, how, or why...

The conference, sponsored by the North Shore Women's Centre at Capilano College, North Van, organized a day long program to demonstrate both the need for and the effect of Women's Studies Programs. By the end of the day, I was ready to enroll.

Pat Smith.

The following is my attempt to read and interpret Pat Smith's notes and comments on various aspects of the conference. I hope I can make everything come together. She would do it herself but she is in the other room talking layout with Beverly Davies, a talented artist from the "Magic Marker Collective" (we are going to have to think of a better name for the Women Artists...) so I am going to try. No Im not. I just looked at them and there is no way that they are going to come together. In fact a lot of them are fine the way they are so I will just type them out and maybe add a comment there and here.

C. Bell.

10⁰⁰ - 11⁰⁰ speaker: LINDA SHUTO

LINDA SHUTO: is on a two year leave of absence from teaching and is currently investigating the status of women for the British Columbia Teacher's Federation.

Common misconception of the recent women's movement such as bra-burning, a media joke.

Suffragist: Middle class movement around vote - property, working conditions, education.

Idiots, lunatics, criminals, and women could not vote.

The average wage for women is forty to sixty percent less than the average man. Equal pay for equal work is not yet a reality.

Two-thirds of welfare recipients in Canada are women.

Only twenty per cent of Master's Degrees are women. Only eight per cent of PHD's are women.

Text books in schools: stories are mostly about males. Roles are such that men's jobs are middle class, and far removed from reality.
the woman is always a housewife and mother but in reality, one in three women work outside the home.

In stories our kids read men are brave, agressive, strong and resourceful. Women are timid, passive, sometimes stupid and almost always weak.

Here Ms. Shuto gave an example of gross sexism appaling in 1974: In one school, there were two clubs, one for boys and one for girls. The boys club was called the Leadership Club. The girl's club was called the Service Club.

Women sometimes say: I must be one of the fortunate because I've never been oppressed.

Q: But by grade XI or XII, isn't it too late??

A: In a lot of ways, kindergarden's too late.

KINDERGARDEN !!??
OH, NO!!

Men and boys are always treated better, with more respect and money given to them in any level of our school system. There is a course in Vancouver called "Bachelor Survival" where apparently the poor lad learns enoughtto get him through the lean period between his mother and his wife.

Men in highschools get a better deal too, as in this example:

Men: gourmet cooking
Women: normal home ec trip; how to make ends meet and make macoroni taste like a dream.

Anecdote of woman who when talking to her principal about her students in general, referred to them all as "she". When called upon not including the male students, the woman said, "now you know how I felt when they told me that when people said "he" they meant me, too!"

And what of the gentle, sensitive boy?? Doesn't he suffer by the stereotypical roles forced upon him by our cockeyed view of life?? Linda Shuto says that of course he suffers, but that little girls suffer more than little boys do. And we should not be trapped and sucked in by what happens to little boys.

Are men the enemy??
Our whole system is.

11⁰⁰ ~ 11¹⁵ Coffee

11:15 - 12:15 cynthia flood: speaker.

CYNTHIA FLOOD - Instructor at Vancouver City College. Her subjects include a Psych. 195 interdisciplinary course on Women's Studies.

She stated that this is a most exciting time for women because we have a chance to win. Much has been achieved eg. abortion, equal rights amendments, women's centres, women's programs.

Should women be part of male, hierarchical, compartmentalized education structure? She talked instead of separate as opposed to existing apart.

12:15 – 1:30 lunch and the Women's Theatre Co-op

The Women's Theatre Co-op entertained at the conference. And broke up the audience. I for one probably embarassed the women I was with by howling too loud with laughter. But I didn't cry. Not that my throat didn't feel entirely closed off more than once, but I didn't cry anyway. I'll just tell you briefly about one particular moment in "Freud's Follies" as the "play" was called. Svetlana Smith was an older women sitting in front of the doctor's desk. Just Svetlana on a chair, but I swear I could describe the doctor who wasn't there, she made me so aware of him. He looked mean at her a couple of times. She moaned and sniffled about her pain, and at the end of her monologue, cried, afraid of death.

The show was a collections of short and shorter skits and monologues by various writers, some of them locals. The Theatre Co-op is always looking for material, so if anyone out there is sitting on a manuscript, or an idea for a play, why not send it to the co-op?

I am not going to run on anymore, or this will turn into one of those three page epics. Only this: All the Theatre Co-op people seem to be able to pull props out of the air, and to zap ideas and impressions from their heads to yours. Each of the actors and actresses were sincere and fine. The material was great. The feeling and support they deserved from the audience, they got. Such a nice, high feeling when that happens, and when does that happen at the (gasp) Playhouse Theatre?? Our best to the Women's Theatre Co-op. Long may you play.

1:30 - 2:45 Group Discussions

The following were the group discussions open to people attending the conference. With such a bevy of talented women and interesting subjects, it was hard to choose:

Sociology with Beatrice Baker
Psychology with Cindy Schbeck
English with Jean Clifford
History with Barbara Roberts
Anthropology with Wendy Eilliot-Hurst
Economics with Rosalind Kunim

following are two accounts of two of the groups...

SOCIOLOGY WORKSHOP

At the "Why Women's Studies?" conference on the North shore in March, the Women Can. (Pedestal) staff splintered into the separate workshops. Mine was Sociology, with Beatrice Baker, Sociology prof. from the University of Victoria as coordinator. We spent some time discussing what areas we wished to delve into and then began. Of the points we touched on, some are listed below:

1. Under "Deviant Behaviour" in traditional Sociology courses, Juvenile Delinquency claims a bulky segment. But reference material and research projects deal almost exclusively with boys. Beatrice asks "When the boys are getting in trouble with the police, what are the girls doing?" They seem to have been overlooked. Illegitimate pregnancies seemed the only way to attract the attention of sociologists.

2. Sociologists work closely with governments in formulating those pesky census sheets you must complete. The statistics you read today are based on male-oriented questions. Beatrice informed us there was a time when if your husband could not be the "head of the household" due to being dead, or estranged, or whatever, you had to list your father as "head of the household". Liberate sociologists and consider the statistics of our society in a whole new light.

3. The attitude of society is changing toward prostitution. Why is it? What social forces are at work here? These are questions that should be being asked. In many cases, male sociology students do not deem these themes important enought to research and when and if they do, Sociology profs reject them as insufficient or unnecessary.

4. Attitudes to homosexuality are changing and Lesbianism is emerging as a viable alternative. The American Psychiatric Association recently dropped the defining of homosexuals in terms of mental illness. How does this affect Lesbians? Canadian Lesbians? The attitudes of mental health professionals in Canada? Women can research this as no men can. This would be of outstanding importance in influencing the attitudes of mental health professionals.

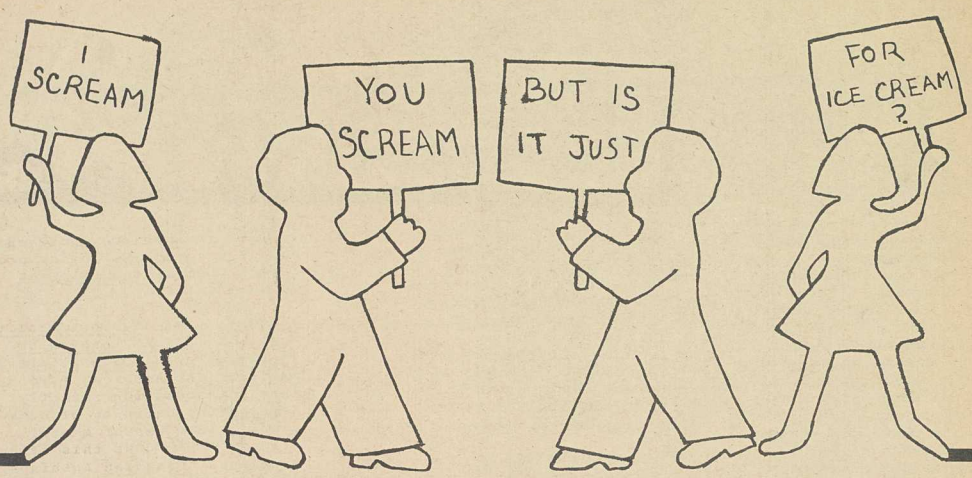
5. The Women's Liberation Movement is never compared with other social movements in traditional courses. Only recently have any research projects been done on it and then only by women.

6. In the current educational system people try to "get through" courses, school, university, etc. while academic motivations isolate them from one another. They feed into a system that does not reflect the input. Hence the current debate of should Women's Studies Programs have a degree course? Would that only be perpetuating errors of other faculties?

In summary, there are several areas of unresearched or only briefly researched topics in traditional Sociology courses. These primarily concern women. Is Sociology another course we must re-write? Or...why not study it in a Women's Studies Program with aware profs who would encourage projects in the areas outlined above as well as all those popping into your head right now? It's something to seriously consider.

by Marnie Smith

Women's Studies cont'd page 15



BY VERA WILLIAMS

A SMALL CONFRONTATION BETWEEN ONE WHO IS FORTY SEVEN AND ONE WHO IS FOUR

Little Noah. Little Noah.... much littler than little Vera.. little Noah is four and little Vera is forty-seven and they are walking down the street together. She having borrowed him and he being willess in the event, though wanting to go along and do neat things... still...denied an effective escape now. He can't walk away on his own.

He wants ice cream. His whole being is engaged in wanting ice cream. If it were only so simple. But I do not let it be. It is not at all clear from his voice or attention or the stance of his body whether he wants ice cream...or...he wants. ...he is only four and already it is unclear what he wants. Does he want his mother? Does he want ice cream. Does he want the pleasure of the power of getting me to get him ice cream? Or does he want ice cream? Most likely is that he wants all these and they are knotted finally for him in one lovely ascendant pointed creamy cone.

And what do I want. Heavens, I am forty-three years more devious than he and the audience for which I act out my refusal is so much larger than his and stretches back in time and out into a whole hallful of absent observers and governors.

I say that it is not good for him to have one now, "so near supper". I say that ice-cream is made of shellac and cottonseed oil and sugar and who knows what. I know it would be better for him to have an orange. I know that except for ice cream cones are special he would like an orange just as well or better. In fact he has just executed a sly manoever at the park to get an orange section from a fellow bench sitter.

But after all I'm not his mother so why can't I just get him an ice cream cone and let it be...No I can't. I must illustrate that his mother gets him these things in the wrong way. I must show that you can't just say "Yes" and buy your peace with ice cream cones. I must show that I know how a child can be handled and happily or at least acceptably, be dissuaded from ice cream cones and persuaded to oranges. And his predictable crying...so tainted with intent to get his way...puts me on more mettle. No, he will see that a grown-up can be nice, take you places and do neat things and <u>not</u> buy you ice cream whenever you <u>try</u> to work your winning wiles on her.

So he cries and I excercise vast power. The drama is performed over several blocks and he ends up with a large orange.

Of course he loses...But I lose too. It's so trivial and unclear and I feel stupid. Why didn't I get him an ice cream? Even if they are no good for you. What control do I have over his diet and what difference is one more cone going to make in the long series of non-foods he will surely down. It would have been more appropriate to bomb General Foods etc. if I was thinking of his health.

Well, the event was good for my education but probably bad for his. What did he learn? Some grownups have to be manipulated by different methods than my mom. Ice cream cones are hard to come by and therefore far more desirable than oranges. Begging and refusal and argument and compromise make the air I breath.. Life is not very satisfying and one of its satifactions is wanting to be satisfied...longing has the shape of ice cream cones and a creamy sweet artificial vanilla taste.

And I am ashamed to admit that I had to relearn what I must have learned evening after evening in the course of being the mother of three children and the teacher and minder of many more...that at five o'clock children are tired and hungry and their adrenaline is low and they are hard to deal with and grown-ups are in the same condition and have also to make supper and get everyone to bed, and they are even harder to deal with. I recalled all this as I carried him a few blocks...a guilt inspired action to make up for my ill-considered denial of an ice cream cone and he fell asleep on my shoulder.

Then I remembered too the all-suffusing pleasure of child-care...the feeling of a little body relaxing so completely against one's own (as a grown-up's body never seems to be able to) spreading rivers of tenderness, all up and down my spine...defenses melt away. A delight in the happy-being of another person takes their place...an intelligent concern and optimism start to life in this fertile ground of temporary parenthood. So, he has not gotten his ice cream cone, but carrying him close against me, I have got mine. I would love to lick his little cheek.

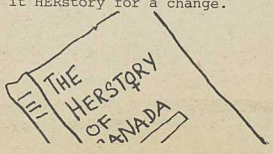
Women's Studies Conference continued from page 13.

THE HISTORY WORKSHOP - C. Bell

There were about 15 women in the history group. A few students, a couple of women who worked for their husbands for nothing, a teacher or two, and Barbara Roberts from Douglas College. She told us an interesting thing about Laura Secord. But first I'm going to go into one of my lengthy "asides".

I knew about Laura Secord. I mean, I knew who she was, that she didn't make candy and that she was a Canadian heroine. In our Centennial Pageant at Balfour Technical School, H. Heinrichs, the french teacher, cast me as Laura Secord. I wish I could find my speech. It must have been a hoot. I was all gussied up in this black dress and had to carry a milk stool, go out on the stage, sit down on the stool and spout off about how I had navigated my way through enemy lines leading my faithful cow and saved the day. The second night I did the Laura Secord schtick in the Pageant (this show had a long run, folks...) Henry Schubach, this jerk who was playing John A. MacDonald, stuck his hands clasped together, thumbs down, through the opening between the curtains. I noticed a titter or eight in the audience and then I turned around and saw dumb Henry's hands stuck out there so all I could do I am sure you agree was to start milking his thumbs. Laura Secord, my big dramatic first, didn't quite make it. (My next big stage exposure was my imitation of Phylis Diller which was no mean feat considering I outweigh her by at least 30 lbs.)

Anyway, that was my first exposure to Laura Secord other than Laura Secord Candy. But Barbara Roberts told us how old Laura became a heroine. She did, in fact, go through the enemy lines although I was never quite clear if she did it with or without the cow, who seems to have been thrown in to give the story some colour, but she was a well-to-do woman who made darned sure that it was documented, would you believe it, so her deed would go down in history. She even got rewarded by some upper class dude, I read somewhere later. From then on we discussed that everything we studied in history, all the facts and dates, were those which had been documented. And do poor, struggling, starving working class and peasents have time, money or inclination to whip down to the local courthouse and document some terrific deed they did?? I don't think so. There go those rich folks again, in there like dirty shirts getting credit for all sorts of goodies while if some poor person does something great....oh well we all know the way things are. We hardly had any time to discuss anything further, but we did talk about taking the HIS out of HIStory and making it HERstory for a change.



245-330 Panel Discussion..

PAT THOM from UBC Centre for Continuing Education described her program, function, and the necessity of it paying for itself.

JEANNETTE AUGER from UBC Women's Office talked about the low budget given to women's issues, the wide arch of workshops, lectures and cultural things available. (eg: the Women's Artshow.)

LILLIAN ZIMMERMAN from Douglas College described how interest started with non-credit courses and after women were more sure of themselves, credit courses were not such a scary deal.

ANNETTE KOLODNY from UBC was forceful and extremely exciting. Made you want to sign up for Women's studies. Here are some excerpts from more notes taken:

1. Why Women's Studies? Because it forces universities, professors etc. to re-examine a methodology of research and interpretation of data which obviously is inadequate.

2. It develops a new methodology to continue to find and utilize data.

3. A multi-disciplined Women's Studies Department forces universities to re-examine compartmental studies.

4. Women must accredit and legitimize Woman's Activities, access to funds and power withing the system, and education is the only way this can be done.

Finally, women's studies must be taught by women, not be liberal male groupies. Women's studies must not- go the way Black studies did.

330-400 EVALUATION

Well, it was quite a day. A lot of information went through one ear and stayed in my head for a change. There were hundreds of women I had never seen before and a few usual familiar faces. It was a good time. The North Shore Women deserve hearty congratulations.

It was a nice day!!!

CBell.

POEMS

by stephanie judy

for Ingrid Bengis

I remember walking home from school one day & a man
in a car stopped to ask me where some street was & I
said I wasn't sure but I thought it was in Highland
Park which was quite far away that way & he
asked me several times & I kept telling him I didn't know
& he asked if I would get in the car & help him find it
& then was when I got scared & said no & I
started to walk away & he begged me to get in the car
& I kept saying no I was late for my music lesson & I
said no for the last time & turned to walk away & he
called me back saying he had one more question & I
was really scared but I didn't want to be rude
& I knew what being paranoid was & so I looked
in the window & he said what shall I do with this
& he pointed to his lap & he said it again what
shall I do with this & pointed to his lap &
I looked & it was dark & I couldn't see very well
but it looked like a limp & very large thumb
but I wasn't sure what it was & at the same time
I knew and I started to run & I was afraid
he would follow me in his car

I saw his car drive by me & I tried to get the license
but I couldn't remember it & when I walked in the house
I was pale and shaking & my mother asked if I was sick
and I said no I was fine & I went up to my room and cried

I knew I couldn't tell my mother so I didn't but I
wondered years later if I would have been raped & maybe
killed if I had gotten into his car & I wondered years
later if he picked up some other little girl that night
& raped & killed her & a few years after it happened
I volunteered to be a Candy Striper at a hospital
for retarded kids & I was touring the ward
where I was going to work and there was a crew
of workmen in the hall and one of them was him
& he was crouched on the floor & he looked up at me
& I was terrified & I started shaking & I went home
& I put away my uniform & I never went back to help
the retarded kids

sj/12/73

See. Hear.

I did not intend any unkindness
I only stumbled at the end of my vision

(I remember my mother--during the only outburst of my adolescence, the single show of the despair that was so relentless for me--running after me, frightened, through the kitchen, up the stairs, she climbed into my bed, into my night, trying to follow me, begging, begging 'Oh Stephanie, please don't be so unhappy')

but only this:
can you see?
how surely and widely
I can quote, repeat,
recite and set down
the words of other hearts
but cannot speak my own
and the despair of that silence

more than to love me
I would have you say
in truth
'yes, I see'

I am here
not because I think you will
but because I think you can

(how ironic
that I stand speechless
before one for whom
speech is paramount

I know you cannot save me
these 'locked doors and bars of Bedlam'
are my own
and I stand about, surrounded
in circumstances
of my own creation

but I sometimes grow impatient
and think, if someone will not soon
take my life seriously
I will take it myself

my friend calls this chaos
Difficulty at the Beginning
how long how long
how long I cannot
how long go on
how long like this
how long forever

sj/6/73