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a women's alternative

Pandora

Volume One, Number Two

December 1985

Halifax, Nova Scotia



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Budworm Lady may be heading for new labels

Elizabeth May

We get labelled. Feminist. Environmentalist. Activist. Anti-Spray. Anti-War. Anti-Nuke.

The other day, another contributor to these pages, lawyer Anne Derrick, found herself being introduced by a beaming and friendly woman as: "Anne Derrick, you know, the Budworm Lady."

Anne gracefully but firmly corrected the impression, "No, I'm sorry, that's my friend Elizabeth May."

The woman recovered quickly, "Oh, that's right, of course. You're the Hooker Lady!"

So we shall be forever labelled. Long after the budworms and the controversy are gone, I'll be the budworm lady. Anne will be the hooker lady.

I suppose it can't be helped. But I don't know that labels are par-

environmentalist" must be a good thing if all these good people want to be described as such — adjectives notwithstanding.

I accept the label, among others. If short-hand characterizations are necessary, I like "environmentalist" better than some others (the "Brigitte Bardot of the Budworms" comes to mind).

The reality is that women (here I'm generalizing from "me") don't pick causes. Causes pick us. Issues are not a "hobby" to fill the void left when macrame supplies run out.

No one but a masochist with martyr tendencies wants to spend time the way we spent nearly two years fighting those "responsible, working environmentalists." But they picked us. Out of the blue, on a sunny June afternoon, the pulp companies' plan to spray 2,4,5-T and 2,4-D on Cape Breton



Elizabeth May

contributed photo

mounting evidence it was related to higher cancer and teratogenic risk in humans.

Bitter that the Nova Scotia government twice tried to sneak

And I'm bitter at a system where the liability for costs can be used by a more powerful adversary to force settlement. The public interest can rarely be represented if private interests (land, home, farm) have to be sacrificed in the process. If the courts are the private preserves of the wealthy, what counter-balance is there to government excess and multi-national greed?

I was lucky. When I felt as though my heart had been wrenched from my chest, and pain seeped in at every pore, I had my family (well, but poorer), my friends (who understood the tragedy of that defeat, not at the hands of the court, but through the shattering soul-numbing fear of losing everything), and I had a job. I was very lucky to have that job. First, articling clerk and then associate at Kitz Matheson. It gave me structure. (Life can't fall apart with three memoranda due tomorrow.) It gave me faith in the judicial system. (I know it's hard to believe, but true — I've still got faith.) I will always be grateful to that firm and the people in it.

Lately, I've been really lucky. I have been appointed Associate General Counsel at the Public Interest Advocacy Centre. Good news is I get to work full time on

behalf of consumer, handicapped, environmental, citizen-type groups. Bad news is I had to move from Nova Scotia to do it. I'm now living in Ottawa.

In addition to my new position, I've somehow or other gotten involved 1) organizing a new group in Ottawa to send long-term development aid to the Sudan (based on the N.S. Ethiopia Airlift example), 2) working on the board of Friends of the Earth, 3) co-chairing the 3rd Biennial Fate of the Earth Conference (scheduled for June 5-8, 1986 in Ottawa), and, 4) getting the Canadian Environmental Defence Fund launched.

(The CEDF is the first Canadian organization dedicated to helping worthy environmental litigation. We have a tax number and will soon be announcing the first cases for which we will fundraise.)

I know I'll miss Nova Scotia. My work in the environmental movement there has shaped my life as nothing else. The environmental movement has grown. I don't have any sense of being indispensable. There are lots of people, lots of good women holding down the fort. Who knows? Now that I'm in Ottawa, maybe I'll get a new label.

Women don't pick causes, causes pick us

ticularly helpful. I always find myself at something of a loss to explain what an "environmentalist" is. Kingsley Brown insists that he's one. So does George Cooper. I think that they like to be described as "Responsible Environmentalists."

And then Stora (ne N.S. Forest Industries) Scott and Bowaters' ad campaign declares that they are the "working environmentalists" (capitalizing, in case you've forgotten, on Bambi and the Beatles).

Clearly, being described as "an

and mainland forests was unveiled.

The communities next to spray blocks suddenly became "environmentalists." The local priest an "activist", and, if you listen to the latest in propaganda from the looney anti-environmentalist right, inspired by Maoist philosophy and Soviet rubles.

I'm still very, very bitter about the herbicide case. Bitter that the federal government abdicated responsibility by continually re-registering 2,4,5-T with temporary registration in the face of the

the spray programme in when opposition would be powerless to stop it (first by announcing the herbicide programme within two weeks of when it could start, the day after the House rose and the Minister of Environment Greg Kerr had gone on vacation, and secondly by announcing the spray permits had been "varied" to allow ground spraying).

It was that deliberately contrived lack of time for public discussion which forced us into court. Out of the frying pan and into the fire.

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Title Word Index

or KWIC Index is a computerized index that lists articles from feminist periodicals plus items about women published in other academic and popular journals. It serves to fill the gap between publication of the periodicals and publication of detailed subject indexes later on. Three issues are published per year, and a fourth cumulative issue incorporating all three is also produced for use by libraries and institutions.

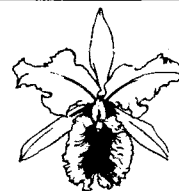
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MSVU policy on choice issue challenged

Valerie Mansour

The Catholic Church hierarchy, the pro-choice and anti-choice movements, a women's studies program and a university president who thinks choice is too divisive an issue to discuss. Halifax's Mount Saint Vincent University has more than enough ingredients to stir up one of society's most controversial debates — abortion.

And the issue is not simply pro-choice or anti-choice. Rather, it is a question of open debate in a university setting.

On two occasions in the past year, a public dispute has erupted over the presence on campus of a booth operated by the Canadian Abortion Rights Action League (CARAL).

Last February CARAL was present, along with anti-choice groups, at the Women's Health Fair. According to CARAL member Kit Holmwood, the organization received a good response from people attending the Fair, including some nuns teaching at the Mount who felt it was important to educate women about both sides of the issue.

But some people, including Roman Catholic Archbishop James Hayes, who is also chancellor of the university, personally objected to CARAL's presence. In fact, Archbishop Hayes issued a notice in all church bulletins to relieve any anxiety caused in Catholic circles.

According to the bulletin, "The Senate of Priests is concerned that the impression may be given that Mount Saint Vincent University, with its long Catholic heritage, may now be moving towards promoting abortion on demand. University authorities expressed regret over the affair and provided assurance that the commitment to the University's policies remains unchanged."

Despite the university's regret, CARAL was once again on campus, this time in August as part of the provincial NDP convention. No indication was given to the NDP that particular organizations were not welcomed on campus and according to NDP leader Alexa McDonough, the Mount was well aware the customary groups would be in attendance.

The day following the weekend convention, however, a **Chronicle-Herald** story voiced criticism of the NDP by both the Archbishop and the Mount's president, Margaret Fulton.

"We received terrible publicity for a couple of days," says McDonough. "Their conclusion would be that we had committed an unpardonable sin and insulted the Mount. It's unfair. You can't make the rules after the fact and then be accused of not observing them."

McDonough says had the Mount specified who was allowed to display literature at their convention, the NDP would have reconsidered going there. She says she was relieved Margaret Fulton phoned to say the article had misrepresented her feelings.

"It's absurd to think the Mount should take responsibility or credit for everything at a convention," McDonough adds.

The CARAL booth is consistent with national NDP policy although the provincial group actually has no position on the issue. A discussion paper is currently making the rounds to create such a policy.

Margaret Fulton was more than reluctant to elaborate on the Mount's situation. "The position of the university is that it is owned by the Sisters of Charity who are very respectful of the doctrine of the Roman Catholic Church. I really wish you'd leave it (the issue) alone. Polarization is doing women a great dis-service."

"The issue is divisive," agrees McDonough. "I think Margaret Fulton felt caught up in the whole thing. It's an amazing contradiction for a women's university which is supposedly supportive of equal status and advancement of women."

Fulton says the Mount does not take an advocacy role. "We are here to examine knowledge, not to project any position. But I hope

there is always room for an open exchange of ideas, an intellectual exchange of the problem, not advocacy groups."

Asked whether the recent presentation given at the Mount by Dr. and Mrs. Wilkie of the Campaign Life movement was not

Holmwood continues. "It would be nice if she came out and says she supports pro-choice. But at least I do expect her to defend the fact that it's a university and it should show both sides. She should go that far."

These incidents not only call in-

hearing clear messages not to talk about reproductive rights and women's control over their bodies — choice issues — in class.

Feminists in the community, like Holmwood, realize the difficult situation the Mount's president is in. And they say in order

"It's an amazing contradiction for a women's university"

an example of an anti-choice advocacy group, Fulton's response was a long pause followed by, "The position of the Mount is that it is owned by the Sisters of Charity."

CARAL's Kit Holmwood is disappointed Margaret Fulton doesn't feel she can rock the boat. "It's a hot issue and she won't speak up," says Holmwood.

"To say the Mount is an educational institution and to dictate what that education is, is wrong,"

to question the Mount's discouragement of a full discussion of the abortion issue, but also its impact on the women's studies program.

The Mount has created some excellent programs and feminist professors are attracted to the institution because of them.

Susan Clarke of the Women's Studies Program says she has never felt any pressure on her teaching methods, although other sources say some professors are

for her to take on the Catholic hierarchy which controls the purse strings, she will need support from members of the university, the Catholic Church and the general community.

So far, there is no indication that support is going to appear.

Valerie Mansour is a Halifax freelance journalist and broadcaster. She orders books for Red Herring Co-Op and is author of "Alexandra's Lebanese Cooking."

We all profit from celebration

Brenda R. Bryan

On October 5, 80 women gathered to celebrate the birth of Pandora. Once again, Veith House opened its doors to the wonderful energy of women coming together to party.

The program consisted of performers and dancing. The evening was soothing and relaxing as the MC — myself — led us through the list of performers, all the while promoting the involvement of women in the direction and production of the paper itself.

SilverFrith, from PEI, started us off with her own songs. From there we moved to acapella singer Lisa Braude. Eleanor O'Donnell MacLean read from her unauthorized book on Sobeys. Diann Denis and SilverFrith presented a mask, mime and music piece

on violence in our day-to-day lives, leaving the audience deeply touched by the impact of their statement.

Maxine Tyne's warm personality and expressive readings enriched the setting even further. When she finished her portion of the set, she introduced two members of the MUMS — and Pandora's editorial group — Heather Schneider and May Spinney who were heading off to Ottawa to present information on the problems posed by family allowance de-indexing for low income families. They were sent with flowers and our support and well-wishes.

Andrea Curry finished the entertainment section with some of her own compositions as well as a few sing-along songs.

The rest of the evening was for dancing and general good times. The joy of smoke-free dancing and moderate imbibing left most feeling just fine the next day. The profit of \$445.00 didn't hurt either. (It went straight into Pandora's account!)

At this time I would like to thank all those who helped in some way — providing design for the poster, putting up posters, helping set up, the entertainers, the technicians, the bartenders and ticket-takers, the clean-up crew and, of course, all those who came out.

See you at the next Pandora celebration.

Brenda Bryan is a political activist who works on Pandora and has put together a lot of benefits in her time.

Financial Statement Pandora Publishing Assoc. November 1, 1985

Income for Issue 1:	2,450.51
1/4 subscriptions:	598.28
Advertising:	1,035.00
Single sales (approx.):	338.50
Other:	478.73
(wimmies words, etc)	
Expenses:	1,572.62
Postage:	126.15
Photocopying:	130.00
Equipment:	153.95
Photographic:	336.50
Graphic supplies:	141.76
Printing:	591.26
Office supplies:	91.41
Bus distribution	41.50
Note: some ad & consignment accounts are outstanding	

Judith Meyrick



May Spinney and Heather Schneider of the MUMS (Mothers United for Metro Shelter) take time out from a great party to show us how pleased they are to be heading off to Ottawa to let the bureaucrats — elected and non-elected — know how women feel about the current housing crisis, de-indexing family allowance and anything else that happens to hit the news while they're there. May and Heather joined other women at Veith House to celebrate the birth and continued prosperity of Pandora. (photo by Jan Skeldon)

Pandora

Pandora is published four times a year by Pandora Publishing Assoc., a non-profit organization of women in Nova Scotia. Our editorial policy is straightforward: We want to provide women with an alternative to the mainstream media.

Pandora has no single voice. There is no collective opinion, no editorial position. Each article reflects the views of the woman, or women, who wrote it.

Submissions are welcome. Pandora Publishing Assoc. does, however, reserve the right to edit — usually on the basis of length. Submission does not guarantee publication. Discussion of submitted material is encouraged. In fact, we hope to work as facilitators for the publication of material produced by women who are without writing experience, especially for those without access to any other form of media.

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Betty-Ann Lloyd

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May Spinney

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Brenda Bryan, Betty-Ann Lloyd, Judith Meyrick

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Carol Millett

Phone tree:

Sara avMaat

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Writers

Nancy Bowes, Brenda R. Bryan, Cathy Busby, Barbara Cottrell, Margaret Davis, Anne Derrick, Jo-Anne Fiske, Sharon Fraser, Anne Fulton, Alex Keir, Pat Kipping, Betty-Ann Lloyd, Valerie Mansour, Elizabeth May, Kate McKenna, Eleanor O'Donnell MacLean, Judith Meyrick, Judy Mills, MUMS, Wilma Needham, Leah Nomm, Betty Peterson, Deborah Preeper, Beth Sherwood, Carol Sinclair, Lisa Timpf, Darl Wood

Cover photograph:

Jan Skeldon

Pandora welcomes volunteers to work on all aspects of the paper. We have regular meetings every second Wednesday, we have smaller committee meetings for things like distribution, lay-out, story editing, photography. We also have short-term tasks that require no meetings at all. Our next issue deadline is February 15, we will start working on it immediately.

Correspondence and Subscriptions:

Pandora Publishing Assoc.
5533 Black Street
Halifax, N.S. B3K 1P7
messages: 902-455-1287

Supporting subscriptions are \$5.00 for four issues. There is a sliding scale. Women on limited income, send what you can. We ask women who can afford more to provide a contributing or sustaining subscription.

Presswork by Kentville Publishers

Wild Womyn weekend didn't include karate

Betty-Ann Lloyd

No newspaper ever puts out a first issue (or second, or third) without a major mix-up somewhere. **Pandora** is no exception.

It was very late the last production night. We were putting the last pieces of the paper in place when we realized we were missing a cutline (the short explanation or story that goes underneath a photograph).

We weren't desperately surprised. (At that point there was little energy left for strong feelings of any kind.) To be frank, we had had a lot of trouble getting cutline information for several photographs and realized that this was a problem area.

We looked on and under every surface. We went through every little brown envelope containing copy, photographs, etc. Then we decided to let it go. Instead of trying to re-write the cutline, get back to the typesetters with it, get it photoset and processed, cut, waxed and in place — we decided

to leave it out.

The photograph on page 26 for the WWDGTB (Wild Womyn Don't Get the Blues) third annual retreat would remain mysteriously without explanation. Unfortunately, but not a major problem. Everyone is allowed one mistake — especially the first time around.

What we didn't realize until much later the next day, until the pages had been delivered to Kentville, printed (all 2,500 copies), ready to distribute across the country, was that the WWDGTB cutline was, indeed, in the paper. It was under another photograph.

The Martial Arts in Action photo on page 18, a photo of two women taking part in an indoor karate demonstration, was described as a gathering of 30 maritime women in the beautiful Nova Scotia countryside. The cutline didn't make a lot of sense and we probably would have put that down to experience as well, except for one thing.

The retreat was described as a "womyn-centred, lesbian spon-

sored event." The women in the photograph were thus identified in a way that could result in some personal embarrassment. We are sincerely sorry for any discomfort they may have faced because of our mistake.

What we decided to do was insert a correction in all copies of the paper that were sold from our major outlets — Red Herring Co-op Bookstore and Atlantic News. We would contact and explain the situation to the two women involved and the karate club. We would explain and apologize for the error in this issue.

We have done all this. We have also tried, really tried, to catch any more such errors in this issue. We hope we have succeeded. If we haven't, please let us know as soon as possible, as gently as possible.

Betty-Ann Lloyd is co-ordinating editor of Pandora. She is technician and lecturer at the Journalism School, University of King's College, mother, lover, and often in need of sleep.

Do you want more mail?

Pandora has been asked to share its subscription list with groups interested in passing on information about their activities. So far, we have not agreed to any requests. We felt we should check with our subscribers first. Here are our thoughts on the matter.

Any request for the subscription list will be discussed at a regular Wednesday meeting. Basically, we would agree to the request if we would ordinarily include the information in **Pandora**. While we encourage all women's groups to use our Calendar or Letters pages to pass on information, our three-month publication schedule often makes this difficult.

One exception will be requests for financial donations. While we might include such a request in the paper, we don't want to add to our subscribers' unsolicited mail this way. (This was obviously a sore point with several women at one of our meetings!)

This would mean that groups such as the National Action Committee and CARAL would not be given the list because their mailings usually include a request for funds. A group organizing a women's film series would be given the list since they are interested only in passing on information. Mother's United for Metro Shelter (MUMS) would be

able to ask for support for a letter-writing campaign or demonstration, but not for donations.

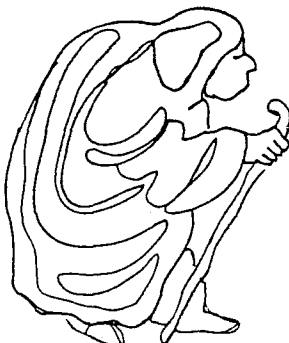
Our new subscription forms ask subscribers to indicate if they want to be **excluded** from this list. Unfortunately, those women who have already subscribed will have to let us know if they want to be excluded.

We're sorry for this inconvenience. Write us at **5533 Black Street, Halifax, NS, B3K 1P7**. (Why not jot down a few comments on what you like or take exception to in **Pandora** while you're at it. We love to get letters.)

Any comments on this policy would also be appreciated.



Pandora calls her sisters.





Constructing peaceful, just reality

Feminist perspective only hope

Pandora:

I have received with great joy your information about the plans to start a new feminist journal. More than a month ago I tried to write a letter of congratulations but I failed. My heart was with you but my brain was empty.

I asked myself what I would expect from a new journal and found that I became confused. The whole world of women's affairs has stayed invisible within the media. Over and over again we are allowed to play only the roles of housewives, whores, mothers, and victims.

A well known American media researcher labelled the treatment

of women in mass media very accurately. He called it "symbolic annihilation". As a social scientist I get alarmed at this. If our construction of social reality comes from the way we are confronted with information, then our social reality may contain fewer women today, in the time of television and big papers "constructing the world," than when women and men were together in the workplace, in the market place, and in the home.

I was brought back to an idea which has been central in my wish/thinking for many years. I had hoped that women in the Nordic countries could come together in a central town in Scandinavia

once a week. There they would review the news of the great dailies, rewrite it from a woman's perspective, and criticize it.

They would evaluate the news differently: blow up actions which threaten the world's peace; show sympathy with the poor and disabled; and accentuate the uneven distribution of goods and power. In short, they would give a design for a decent, feminist world perspective, using the same material as that used by the official power papers.

It would mean that the male world would see clear-cut and different intentions when women review the world, different from the intentions and values which

underlie the present presentation of news. It would become clear that there is something women want:

•We would plan and report locally when thinking globally.

•We would revile power, violence and brutality, and declare how we would have acted if we had been in power.

•We would describe positive acts of justice and plans for contact between persons, groups and nations so that it could inspire and encourage persons to take the initiatives.

•We might construct a new understanding of "the economy of gifts" which directs women's work. Almost everything women give to the society is work in unpaid production

I would love to have been the one to provide a whole series of new models for society, models which depend upon where we live at present, on what resources we have at hand, and on knowledge, technology, and organizational power. We would become strengthened in a new spirituality.

So please tell me the guidelines for your new product and rely on the truth that only a feminist perspective will be able to avoid war and construct a peaceful and just social reality.

With sisterly love,
Berit As
Oslo, Norway

(Many Maritime women will remember Berit As from the time she spent here in Halifax, working at Mount St. Vincent University and visiting with the peace and feminist community. She is a professor of social psychology at Oslo University and has taken the initiative in organizing the Women's University of Norway which is now active. She also acted as a member of parliament and as leader of the Socialist Party in Norway.

Letters

Pandora would like to see pages of letters each issue. It's one way we have of knowing you're out there. We will consult all writers before letters are edited for reasons other than length. Any letter edited for length will be marked with an asterisk.

Question sexual perspectives

Wide range of contributors positive

Pandora:

I was sold the first issue of **Pandora** at the benefit for the Tearman Society in Pictou, on September 13th. I was interested to see a Nova Scotia feminist

publication.

On reading **Pandora**, I found that some of the articles were very progressive and thoughtful. Those I liked best were written by Kate McKenna, Rose Johnston and

Anne Derrick. These articles dealt with the authors feelings in an honest way and questioned the status quo — even, as Kate McKenna, within the women's movement.

The wide range of contributors to **Pandora** is positive, since it gives a sense of the breadth of the women's movement in Nova Scotia. Also, the various articles give some idea of what is going on around here.

The most objectionable article in the magazine, in my opinion, was the one written by Reika with Betty-Ann Lloyd, "Men's world — a matter of laughter." This film review was completely supportive of the killing of a man out of hate for all men. From the review, I would say that this film is a "snuff" movie — that is, killing for sexual gratification. It is reverse pornography — men replacing women as the object of exploitation.

How is this any different from what we are supposed to be opposed to? When the co-ordinating editor associates herself with such an article, one wonders at the possible future of **Pandora**.

Another aspect of **Pandora** I don't agree with is the strong emphasis put on the lesbian/gay issue, which is promoted as a progressive social movement. There are quite a number of articles on this topic. Lesbianism, it is implied, is something all women should aspire to. I oppose discrimination because of sexual preference, but I strongly object to having the women's movement turned into a movement to promote sexual gratification — whether homosexual or heterosexual is irrelevant.

Please find enclosed a money order for \$5, for a year's subscription to **Pandora**.

Helga Hoffman
Saltspings, N.S.

Editorial response

Let's consider context

Response from Betty-Ann Lloyd:

Thank you for your letter, and thank you for your subscription. We welcome all comments on the paper. (In my opinion, we would be doing something wrong if we did not receive criticism.) I would like to comment on a few of your points.

A snuff movie, as commonly defined, contains the actual murder (not dramatized murder) of an individual (almost always a woman by a man). This murder is done entirely in the context of violent sexual activity — either in conjunction with orgasmic release and/or as the impetus for further arousal and release.

As you say, it is killing for sexual gratification.

In **A Question of Silence**, the man's murder is central to the development of the film's political theme, as is the deliberate (although not premeditated) action by the women.

However, the murder is symbolic, not actual. It takes one or two minutes of a feature-length film and is done almost entirely off-camera. There is absolutely no sexual context for the action (although it might be argued that one of the women later translates a sense of empowerment in a sexual way).

The murder provides a focus for the question of how women may respond, how they can respond, to the constant oppression of their daily lives.

Secondly, I think it is important for women who have not read the first issue of **Pandora** to understand that one major article (about the international lesbian and gay conference in Toronto) and one short information piece (on the new community centre for the

Gay Alliance for Equality) centred on lesbianism as a lifestyle (not as a source of sexual gratification!).

A couple of other articles included the idea or fact of lesbian affectional preference in context — as a natural element in the writer's story.

In our society, heterosexuality is assumed and the inclusion of any other lifestyle can seem alarmingly blatant. However, I think it is important to keep in perspective the actual emphasis placed on lesbian lifestyle in **Pandora**.

Pandora and Darl Wood:

Am I glad that we have a newspaper that attempts to discuss many different aspects of our lives!

The article I enjoyed the most was Darl Wood's impressions and

feelings about the International Gay Association Conference.

In Darl's article she questioned stereotypes in her lifestyle and by doing that opened up new ways of viewing my own life.

Darl's emphasis on communication and learning excites me

because often we mask our fears and hide behind the rhetoric of the movement.

I'm greatly concerned about getting too narrow in deciding what is right for ourselves and others.

It has taken me a while to in-

trinsically understand that people outside my belief and value systems are very important to me. I learn and experience unusual connections often with people I least expect. (My equivalent to Darl's early assumptions about bar dykes would be my own attitude toward lawyers.)

It shocks me (not often enough) how easy it is to dismiss each other.

During the media coverage of the firing of the CFB Shelburne women for being lesbian, I felt great respect for the courage of Darl Wood. I wrote her a short note of praise — but in the end was afraid to send it. Why? Because I was overawed by her guts.

I'm used to speaking out on peace and environment issues, but not on sexual rights issues in such a personal way.

Thanks for giving me the opportunity to finally send my letter.
Liz Archibald Calder

Maritimes silent too long

Pandora:

We just got your copies of **Pandora**, exchange ad info, etc. Congratulations! The paper looks great. Lots of variety in the articles, much thought-provoking analysis, and nice layout! The Maritimes has been silent too long.

It's very flattering to be mentioned so many times in what I am sure will be an important contribution to Canadian feminist publishing.

Do you know about the annual feminist periodicals conferences? Or soon to be annual. We had the

first one this spring. I enclose a letter about the organizing for the next one.

Anyway, I just wanted to write because I got such a charge out of reading your paper. Keep it up.

Again, congratulations,

Emma Kivisild
(Past) Editor, Kinesis

P.S. Thanks especially for mentioning the attacks on us. We need the support.

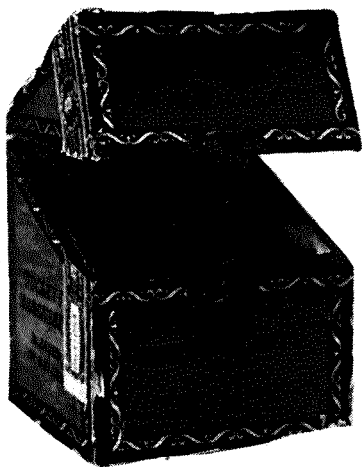
Lots of lids need lifting

Pandora:

Great project — desperately needed!

Best of luck in your venture — there are a lot of Pandora's boxes begging to be opened up for public viewing and consideration!

In sisterhood,
Alexa McDonough
Leader, New Democratic Party



Letters

Pandora would like to see pages of letters each issue. It's one way we have of knowing you're out there. We will consult all writers before letters are edited for reasons other than length. Any letter edited for length will be marked with an asterik.

For now, label me realistic/optimistic

Political correctness often trying

Pandora

As I chuckled over your "Are You Politically Correct?" questionnaire, I also felt rather sad that we are still forced to wear labels like 'feminist,' etc. etc. etc.

A friend of mine once said, "Labels are a kind of shorthand." As you know, in shorthand symbols are used to represent words and ideas. A secretarial student, in order to write these symbols as quickly as possible, is taught to skip a step. That is, not to try to understand what she is writing, but to write the symbols automatically.

Dear Pandora, what I am trying to say is that when we label people we are sometimes doing the same thing — skipping a step. We don't

take the time to understand the person behind the label. One person might assume, for example, that a "feminist" is a woman who chews tobacco and carries hand grenades in her purse. While to another, a "feminist" is a person (male or female) who is concerned with the injustices women suffer in today's society.

To one person a socialist is one who "likes to party." My definition of a socialist is: A person who sees the injustices in society, and can't ignore them.

If you take the scenario a little farther, it seems logical then, that a socialist is also a feminist — feminism being a niece of socialism.

Examine the socialist (the one

who "likes to party") and you will find a person who loves people, is interested in them, cares about them. Is there that much difference between the two?

Perhaps, if when we were socializing we were actually trying to find out who people really are, the only labels we would need would be our God given names.

For now, label me "realistic—optimistic."

Deborah Preeper
Halifax, N.S.

Judith Meyrick responds:

The questionnaire was originally submitted to Pandora with the article "Women stress their image" by Leah Nomm. However, we didn't have enough room to

run it on the same page. The context changed when it was separated from the article and its "tongue-in-cheek" quality became somewhat obscured.

Weaving more webs supported

Pandora:

I came across you at the Toronto Women's Sexuality Conference October 4-6 and think you're great! A really nice looking paper. I have worked with the **Webspinner** collective for three years and appreciate the time, energy and dollars it takes to publish an "alternative" newspaper. I'm enclosing a few issues of **Webspinner** so you can see how we've done it.

Webspinner was a travelling newspaper with each issue created by an entirely different group of women (with the exception of two or three collective members who travelled with her) in their own community. I've also enclosed a letter that we sent subscribers when the energy ran out.

Anyways, I loved being part of her and I congratulate you on an auspicious beginning. I've enclosed my subscription too!

In sisterhood,
Suzn L. Morgan
Calgary, Alta.

P.S. I am also enclosing our newest edition to our feminist community: **Newsmagazine**.

This is a glossy magazine somewhat similar in format to **Herizons** out of Winnipeg. It's address: 213, 8203-99 Avenue, Edmonton, Alberta T6E 4E6. Ten issues for \$15.00.

Pandora welcomed by Lesbian Inciters

Pandora:

You have surely let Pandora out of the box and her name forever cleared of the ominous meaning!!! She clearly is alive and well, doing just fine, thank you, up in Halifax.

Contributions received with many thanks

Pandora:

Having had only a very brief peek at your publication, I am not really qualified to act as anything other than a subscriber at this time.

I have enclosed a subscription fee of \$5 and an additional \$5 as subscription fee for someone who would enjoy and contribute to the paper, but doesn't have the fee.

It is not generosity on my part, but simple concern. While I have some scorn for Family Benefit programs that do no more than supply financial assistance to recipients, I also realize that there are people who accept that situation and use the time to re-educate or re-skill themselves for the future benefit of themselves and their children.

Sincerely,
Heather Robertson
Sheet Harbour

We received a copy of **Pandora**, unexpectedly, and were delightfully surprised at the scope and diversity of focus of your articles, and the high quality of your writing. I found myself reading one after the other, aloud to my partner, you know how it goes, I would begin reading, get two or three sentences into the essay and say, "hey, Kate, listen to this".

We especially like the articles on the Nairobi conference, for we, too, felt dismay at the media coverage, or lack thereof, and the importance and impact of Black women in the Peace movement!!

Diann Graham's article on women and prison holds a message for all of us activists and for those of us who publish women's papers and offer them "free" to women who are locked up. That "other" women pay the price is important to remember. I will now watch our local papers to see if when one of our "actions"

takes place, prostitutes are rounded up the next day, for example.

Reading about Redwood Records was great, for we live right here and don't know what is happening. Talking about children, child care, pregnancy; all are important to all of our lives. Now, impacting Lesbian lives, too, for many of us are choosing children. Working to dispel "hatred" towards mothers is important, for we are all daughters, and many of us are mothers.

I could go on and on, but time

Sisters:

I am delighted to discover a new Canadian Women's paper — especially for the Maritimes.

Please find enclosed my cheque for \$10 to cover my sub and to pay for a sub for someone else who can't afford it.

I await my first copy eagerly!

Good luck in keeping the presses rolling.

Sharon E. Enman
Vancouver, B.C.



Pandora

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5533 Black Street
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Tying a ribbon binds wounds of many wars

by Betty Peterson
August, 1945

It had been a hot, dry summer in Pownal, Maine. For two years now a group of conscientious objectors (World War 2) had been assigned to alternate service in the Pownal State School. My son, Larry, and I had flown up to join Gunnar, the industrial arts teacher at the school. We weathered the bitter winter in an 8 X 12 log cabin in the woods, banked and insulated by snowdrifts.

The house was precariously heated by a kerosene stove and Larry's crib was suspended by ropes above our heads for warmth. Gunnar back-packed and skied foodstuffs from Portland and we "made do" on \$15-25 per month.

The ugly war went on, spring maple-sugaring gave way to gardening, goat-kidding and berry-picking, and the weight of the wars and of our ineffectiveness hung heavy, as did the deep deliberations among us all. Some of the unit felt morally obliged to register further protest by walking out to prison.

And thus it was that on an August day, just like any other, I was preparing a meal when the staticky radio, our only link to the outside world, suddenly interrupted its program with a newsflash. The U.S. had dropped a new kind of bomb on a small city in Japan.

Our minds and senses had been numbed with news of saturation bombings — Coventry, Dresden, Tokyo. Yet this seemed different. "New bomb? You know you can't trust this government. They're always bragging about the biggest and best." Was it only a ghastly rumour? We ate our meal in unaccustomed silence that day.

August 1951

Old wounds need help to heal. The American Friends Service Committee sponsored international student seminars where students, often former enemies, lived together and studied the

ways of peace and reconciliation.

Among the students was a shy young Japanese, Makoto Nagawara, an atomic bomb survivor from Hiroshima. I had not met a *hibakusha* before. At first I was too ashamed to look him in the eyes. He, in turn, confided that he had never been able to speak of his Hiroshima experience to anyone.

We attended July 4 celebrations — the great American display of fireworks and explosions. Our students struggled with it all and left in dismay. The red glare of the rockets, the bombs bursting in the air, it was still too traumatic a memory for these recent victims of war, and the display was somehow offensive.

Makoto and I sat in close silence on the anniversary of Hiroshima with a "sadness too deep for tears." That summer we helped each other in our effort to adjust to forces beyond us.

August 1978

At my home on the rocky Cape Breton coast, a miracle in my mailbox! After 27 years of mutual neglect and silence, Makoto's attempts to re-establish contact had succeeded. For we had moved from the States as a political protest against Vietnam and Watergate to a small farm in Nova Scotia. Our children had grown and Gunnar's death had left me somewhat becalmed. Mak's letter was most welcome.

He was now a professor at Ritsumeikan University in Kyoto, with a family of his own. For some years he had headed the Hibakusha organization in his city and was an active worker for peace and for "No More Atomic Bombs." I had become a full-time grandmother for peace.

Makoto and his wife, Mitsumu, visited me at Cape Breton and he spoke to peace groups and "No More Hibakushas" street theatre, who were awed and inspired as he pinned them with "doves of peace."

August 1984

Another reunion with Makoto,

this time in Japan. Our destination was Hiroshima and I stood by an old Buddhist temple and watched Makoto sweep and tend the graves of ancestors that spanned centuries. We placed flowers on the grave of his mother, who had died a month after the blast from radiation sickness. His father had been killed outright and was buried in a mass grave. Makoto had arrived just too late to see his sister on the island in the Inland Sea. She had been one of the many members of the youth brigade who had reconstructed fire breaks in central Hiroshima. She died of burns.

Even such personal tragedy could not prepare one for the magnitude of the Peace Park, almost empty and silent, save for the stirring of thousands of doves and the tolling of the Memorial Bell. Our emotions were drained before the Eternal Flame, the Peace Dome, Sadako's great mound of colourful paper cranes, and the graves of 100,000 victims. "No more hibakusha," whispered Makoto. I nodded and bowed my head.

August 1985

The Ribbon — a kaleidoscope of patterns, colour, impressions, and emotions. I was in Washington, the capital of my former country. My emotional tension was extreme; how could I ever make my peace, come to terms with my disillusion and bitterness?

How could I now face that ugly Pentagon and wrap a ribbon around it non-violently when I wanted to throttle it in the name of Hiroshima, Vietnam, and Nicaragua? The impact of the new Vietnam War Memorial nearby burned in me and the conflicts stuck in my throat and my heart.

I had come to Washington to support Justine Merritt, whose imaginative vision of the Ribbon and her full-time activism had become a model for thousands of women. And I had come for Makoto who was at that moment in Hiroshima for the fortieth time.

I thought of our little company of registers at Pownal, Maine; of Makoto turning from past bitterness to working toward a peaceful future; of the strengthening of personal relationships; of Justine's transforming vision and its fulfillment through many women's hopes and prayers; of the power of one spirit when joined by so many.

And it came together for me. Connections and interconnections! Wrapping the Ribbon around the Pentagon, around the battered Peace Dome in Hiroshima, a Ribbon binding up the wounds of war and our own wounds with it. If the survivors can look to the past without bitterness, can we do less? I held my banner high.

Einstein once said "The unleashed power of the split atom has changed everything — save our modes of thinking."

Justine says, in contrast that "the unleashed power of the human spirit has changed everything — including our way of thinking."



Betty Peterson has been a US expatriate in Canada for 10 years, becoming a landed immigrant in protest to Vietnam and Watergate. As a Quaker, her life's work has been in the service of peace, human rights and the environment. During five years in Halifax she's been active in Voice of Women, women's peace affinity groups and, lately, in social justice for native Indians, the third world people of Canada. (photo by Sara avMaat)

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Pandora should help others make connections

Sharon Fraser

One of the great joys I find in reading a feminist publication is the total relaxation that comes from knowing I'm not going to stumble into "your smile for today" and read, as I did recently, something like this: "Have you noticed that lately there seems to be three distinct sexes? Men, women, and persons . . ."

Ho ho.

The first issue of *Pandora* afforded me not only that relaxation, but the pleasures of good writing, well-expressed opinions, healthy anger, and the good humour that always seems to exist when women are together.

In short, I was proud of and exhilarated by issue number one, and I'm looking forward to issue number two.

Having said that, I would like to share my thoughts about the policy of not having an editorial policy. I believe that newspapers should have an editorial policy, although I hasten to add that I'm not suggesting that policy should be written in stone, or be, in any way, restrictive to women's own needs for expression.

Rather, I believe it should recognize the simple fact that some women have had the advantages of time and opportunity over the years to have read more, talked and listened more, learned more — and now, should take the responsibility of sharing that knowledge, and helping other women make the political connections.

I've just used the expression "making the connections," which is almost becoming a feminist cliché but which is such an accurate expression of what happens when it all starts to fall into place. It brings me to another reason why I believe an editorial policy would be helpful for readers.

Not very long ago, I read (in a women's publication), yet another personal account of a woman who

had been, in succession, a victim of incest and then a battered wife. It was a heart-rending story, and, if I may so describe it, a "textbook picture" of such tragedies. It was presented on its own, with the usual unanswered questions and no editorial analysis.



Sharon Fraser

The woman who wrote the story felt isolated and demeaned by her experience. She blamed herself.

She complimented her husband about what a good father and provider he is. Etc. etc. etc. At the risk of sounding cynical, I'm afraid I feel that if we are just going to continue reading and publishing such stories without dealing with their political implications, then we're simply wallowing and it's not doing anyone any good.

The very least that publication might have done is to publish at the end of her piece, some information about where she might find such women — at a transition house, a therapy group, or a neighbour, perhaps.

In *Pandora* itself, I can also find an example to help me make my case for an editorial policy. The example I'll use is a short piece written by Deborah Preeper about the very moving experience she had in meeting some women from third world countries. It's a compassionate and well-intentioned piece, and I liked Deborah very much for feeling as she did and for writing about it. I did not, however, agree with her political conclusion which was that we are so lucky to live here and we should guard Canada's freedom very carefully.

Every feminist I've ever known has had to defend feminism in Canada, when faced with this accusation: You middle-class Cana-

dian women should be ashamed of yourselves for complaining about your lot when there are women in other countries who are really suffering.

I feel the newspaper owes its readers a little more on the subject — even a list of books written by feminists which make a clear and excellent case that the oppression of women is the same oppression around the world; it is simply manifested differently in different cultures.

Besides, saying that we're so lucky to live in Canada negates the experiences of thousands of Canadian women who have been committed to mental institutions (for not adjusting to their female roles); of women who are prisoners of an economic system which is designed to keep them poor and powerless; and of women who are — quite literally — prisoners in their own violent homes.

I was talking to a woman only a few weeks ago whose unemployed husband picks her up from her job and then locks her in when they get home. She has three small daughters. When mother and daughters have an outing together (shopping for groceries is all he "allows" her to do on her own), he locks them all into separate rooms when they get home so he can get their "stories" separately.

This woman has been working at the same, quite responsible job for seven years. She said to me,

"He's just like this because he's so jealous. I guess I should be flattered that he still thinks I can attract other men, at my age."

Well, let me tell you, I have a personal editorial policy and I am not content to let such old myths exist as long as I have the opportunity to offer a good comforting helping of feminist philosophy. In fact, I am constitutionally unable to tell myself that she's just telling me this because she wants a good listener. Anyone who tells me such things is going to get analysis and advice.

Finally, I believe *Pandora* really does have an editorial policy. The statement which says, in effect, that just because you submit something doesn't guarantee publication, is an editorial policy. It's just not a stated one.

The offer to be a facilitator for contributors who have little writing experience is also an editorial policy. Perhaps, if it were up to me, I would expand that offer so that the true feminist instincts that most women feel would be supported by solid editorial knowledge and experience.

Sharon Fraser is a journalist and commentator who has worked with community newspapers on the Miramichi in New Brunswick and as a freelancer with CBC radio throughout the Maritimes. She is currently editor of *The Atlantic Fisherman* in Montague, Prince Edward Island.

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- must be prepared to live away from home •must hold a valid driver's license.

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- experience in non-formal education techniques.
- experience in community development and/or equivalent work experience.
- university degree in social sciences/education, or equivalent work experience.
- bilingual English/French an asset, Spanish an asset for Latin America exchanges.
- must be prepared to live away from home •must hold a valid driver's license.

Conditions

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One says, "Chronologically I'm fifteen." Two others are also fifteen and one is seventeen. They're uninhibited, happy and bright highschool students who often interrupt and finish each other's sentences. No one seems to mind. They all say they seem to think as one person, so it doesn't matter who expresses the thoughts (the text below, therefore, does not attribute comments).

Juscha Grunther, Alison Murray, Megan Holtz and Munju Ravindra are good friends, peace activists and defenders of women's rights. For people five, 10, 20, 30 or 50 years older,

here's a chance to listen to another generation . . .

They're former members of the Youth Action Pact, a group of young people in the Halifax-Dartmouth area who have been involved in a non-violent workshop, a 'No Business as Usual Day,' a Warships Die-In, and benefit dances for Amnesty International and soil preservation in Tigray.

We discovered that they were reading *Pandora* — and enjoying it, if not always agreeing with it — so photographer Sara ayMaat asked them to work with her to provide images for this issue's house ads. Here they talk with Eleanor O'Donnell MacLean.

Young women speak about links between peace, feminism

I don't call myself a feminist. I don't want to fit into labels. If somebody else calls me that, I say suit yourself, but I don't like being stuck in a category.

I would have thought that in my idealistic world that I'm aiming towards, all women are feminists. — But you shouldn't be afraid to be called a vegetarian or a feminist just because the media create this image of all feminists as being crazy and wild and deranged and hairy and dirty and ugly —

Well I still don't call myself a feminist but if I have to be called something, I'd prefer to be called that than anything else.

I think the older generation of feminists — I may be completely wrong in saying this — but they wouldn't have anything to do with men, and the press picked up on this, and sort of made a big deal of this man-hating-lesbians image.

So then the younger people came along and said, Well if that's feminism then we don't want it because we want to work with both sexes. So in that way, I wouldn't want to be called a feminist if it's going to scare people off. But I think the others have to overcome that image and realize that's not what feminism is.

Q. What brings you together?

We're friends and we all basically have the same views about oppression, about anything.

There are a lot of people whose views are opposite to ours, but not because they've really thought about it. It's because they haven't thought about it that they've accepted the views they have.

Even the punks, who are supposed to be rebels, but some of them are as conformist as anybody else. Take the benefit concert we organized with the Youth Action Pact. It turned out really violent and horrible — holes got kicked in the wall. We thought we'd try to reach the punks, who are supposed to consider themselves open-minded and alternative and concerned about their world and everything.

Just because their music says that, it doesn't mean that's how they act. — And some of their music doesn't even say that. There's one really horrible band that starts a song by singing, This is a slow song so grab a girl and dance! Grab a girl, grab a girl! And I said, Hey there are girls here who don't want to be grabbed.

And another guy came by and said, Let's start a war, and I said, Let's not, and I got spat upon. There was a big backdrop on the stage saying, Fight War, not Wars, and they didn't even notice

And the same guy started screaming, Hairy Bitches! at us, and he yelled into the microphone, All women should shave their legs!

I think the Youth Action Pact was aiming at the wrong audience.

— But not that we don't want to reach everybody, because we do . . .

Q. But you became dissatisfied with the Youth Action Pact . . .

Yeah, so did they. We did the benefit and we put out a fanzine and after that we left.

Fanzines are small papers that young people produce themselves really cheaply, with their own ideas and stories, and they sell them to other youth. Everyone circulates their ideas.

So after we put out the fanzine, others in the Youth Action Pact started to complain about the article on Miss America, that it didn't have anything to do with peace. But there was another article on capitalism, so I asked, If feminism has nothing to do with peace, what does capitalism have to do with peace? And they said, Well that's different.

So I said, Well if I did an article on vegetarianism, would that work? And they said, Well I guess so because vegetarianism has to do with animal rights. Racism, sexism, speciesism, capitalism, it was all right to talk about all the other isms except feminism! We were accused of being too aggressive and too feminist. And they said we talked too much — all they had to do was speak up

if we were talking too much. I refuse to go to meetings and feel I have to shut myself up. One of them said, If you don't leave the Youth Action Pact, eight other people are going to, so we left.

Q. So now will you only work with women?

Oh no! No no no, not at all! I'll work with anyone for awhile — just because a person doesn't have the same ideas as me, and even if they say they're not feminists, it doesn't mean I won't work with them. You want to work with somebody and talk with them, and maybe they'll teach you something you don't know, and hopefully you can teach them something too.

I think it could be neat if we could work mainly with people our own age . . . It's funny, the fanzine we put out is bought mostly by older people. — But then the older people are giving them to younger people they know. So indirectly we might be reaching more people than we think.

I think there's an age of kids too. There's under our age and

above our age, and it seems that people our age just can't accept things. Kids I babysit or my little brother seems more open-minded. Maybe it's just adolescence, teenagehood or whatever it's called.

Q. You are supposedly at "difficult" ages . . .

Ha! I don't see it as a problem, it's made a problem by the people who think it's a problem. I don't classify myself as a teenager.

Q. But you're at a certain age and you spend five hours a day at school with others. When they're socializing, do you go to the dance organized by them?

No. — Most of my friends are older than me, except for us here. Everybody sticks too much to their own age groups. You don't see many forty-year-olds making friends with twenty-year-olds...

Q. Do you see yourselves as leaders?

Oh no! No no no no no! We're kind of rejected — we're kind of rejected but we're looked up to, too.

We take things a little bit farther than they would.

I know all the kids — all the boys and girls in this class — would say men and women are equal, but if you talk about small, little things, they say, It's our choice to do this, it's our choice to be unequal.

That's what society pushes on them. It takes them a really long time to realize the decisions that society pushes on them and the decisions they make for themselves.

Q. What's going to bring about change?

I think more of working on all the problems together rather than isolating them. And I think that was the problem with Youth Action Pact. Some of them think you can have peace without stopping racism and sexism and all the other oppressions and problems in the world.

What would have happened in South Africa if those people hadn't gotten out there and had riots and gotten arrested? It's fine for us who are all comfortable and happy to say it's hypocritical for people who want peace to fight for their causes, but if I were living there, I'd fight.

I used to think that this generation — our generation, women and men together — would fight against sexism and the problems of what had happened before them. But that isn't the case . . .

I'm incredibly idealistic, my aims are incredibly high and I probably won't reach them. But I'd rather aim for everything than nothing.

And even though we left the Youth Action Pact we'll still go to their dances and everything —

I'm never going to quit fighting for peace — that sounds funny because I'm a pacifist — I don't think I'll ever stop. It's not a matter of stopping and starting, it's an ongoing battle.

Juscha Grunther, Alison Murray, Megan Holtz and Munju Ravindra in conversation with Eleanor O'Donnell MacLean. Eleanor is a Halifax resident and author of *Between the Lines: How to Detect Bias and Propaganda in the News and Everyday Life; and Leading the Way: An Unauthorized Guide to the Sobey Empire.*

Clarifying lines of oppression

Women-only events exceptional

Leah Nomm

Once upon a time, my experience with women-only events was confined to bridal showers and Tupperware parties — neither of which I found particularly enjoyable.

Ten years ago, a friend introduced me to another concept. Now, a decade later, I've become

As one woman so aptly put it — if you're sitting with two other women in a bar, a man (or group of men) invariably will come over and ask: "Are you girls alone?" The answer, "No, we're together," is not taken seriously.

And although in those days I was too shy to dance with anyone, male or female, I could appreciate

I've observed at all women-only events.

My church sponsored a women's retreat and I, along with three other women, left our 27 children at home and drove several hundred miles to the beautiful lakeshore conference site. Again, in a completely different context of women working

In recent years I have participated in professional conventions composed of women, only, both as a participant and as a facilitator. Here, too, there has been a delightful lack of grandstanding, one-upmanship, competitiveness, and glory-gathering. Rather, the women have shared knowledge and experience willingly.

After each of the various women-only experiences that I have had, I've thought — maybe I'm just lucky — maybe it's only just this group of women gathered together that are special.

But in reviewing in preparation for this article I find, much to my surprise and pleasure, that in British Columbia, in Oregon, in Vermont, in New York, in New Brunswick, and in Nova Scotia, women-only events have produced the same feelings in me. Feelings of unity, relaxation, freedom, and curiosity.

These are important experiences and I wouldn't want to miss the opportunity to feel them again. And so I support "only" events: women-only, kids-only, men-

only, Armenians-only — as long as their time spent together is affirming for them and not affecting my life by decisions that have been made without me.

A government caucus of male parliamentarians is one type of male-only event I do not support. In short, in our society, discrimination by class, race, and gender is dangerous if oppression results from such a gathering.

Women discovering and celebrating their femaleness oppress no one.

Leah Nomm is a holistic health practitioner who's getting more radical as she gets older. (photo by Sara avMaat)



Feelings of unity, relaxation, freedom and curiosity

a veteran attender of women-only gatherings. All of them have been positive experiences.

First of all — a definition: A women-only event is a function with a social, spiritual, educational, political, or commercial focus, planned by and for women. Men are not invited, and those who inadvertently appear are generally politely but firmly turned away.

Wait a minute, you might say. Isn't that discriminatory? Aren't we working, as feminists, to eradicate discrimination — whether it be by class, race, or gender? The answer to both questions is yes.

Now, then, can I ethically support the goals of liberation while at the same time promote experiences which automatically exclude 48 per cent of the human population?

Let me share with you a few of my experiences. Ten years ago my friend took me to a women's coffee house. Frankly, I thought — how peculiar. Two hundred women patrons, 15 women staff, 12 women musicians. Not a man in sight.

And I had a good time.

Afterwards, I realized that part of the positive experience was the freedom to be out for an evening, unaccompanied by my husband, and not have my intentions questioned. (Remember, this was in the 1970's.)

that the women dancing at the coffee house were not being mauled by boozy strangers hoping to take them home afterwards.

A year or so later I took part in a three-day women's festival as a workshop facilitator. Women of all walks of life attended the classes, films, booths, and entertainment. Once again, I felt a benefit in meeting so many diverse women.

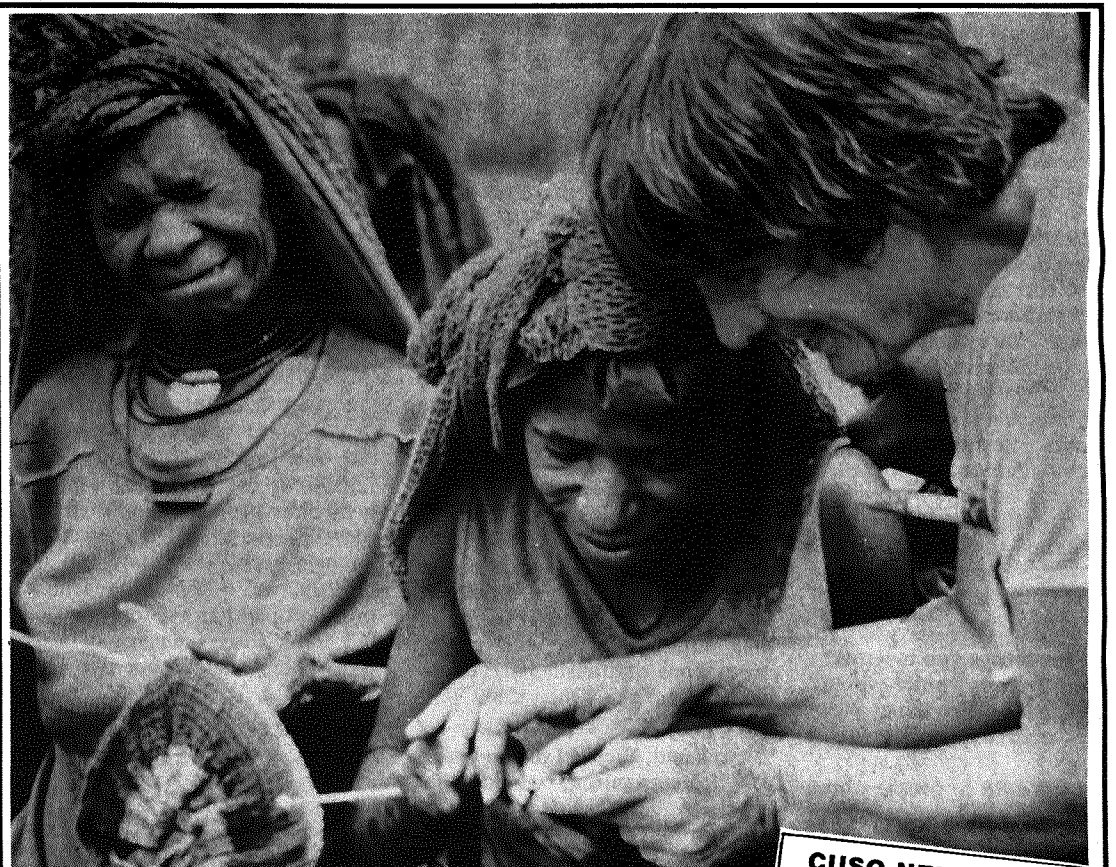
In my usual white middle class existence, I had few opportunities to meet Puerto Rican women, women living below the poverty line, single parents, women of colour, disabled women, and so on. The stark reality was that I led a privileged, protected, and naive lifestyle. And this festival helped raise my political consciousness.

Close on the heels of this festival came a boat cruise around Lake Champlain. Again — all women, 400 of us, eating, drinking, and making merry. All of us contributed something to the cruise in addition to our ticket purchase. Those with cooking skills brought food. Some women volunteered to clean up afterwards. Some contributed money, rather than time. It was a loose collective effort with incredible organization and I had my first glimpse at non-hierarchical decision-making.

In fact, this spirit of non-competitive co-operation and work sharing is something that

and living together, some of the characteristics that I have come to appreciate about women-only events emerged.

There was a refreshingly different sense of being with adults who were all self-sufficient. The women did not wait on one another or interrupt study sessions to ask in which compartment in the trailer were the extra socks kept. Women did not feel compelled to entertain each other and many took off for solitary walks and canoe trips around the lake.



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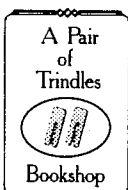
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WHAM lambasts medical education

Judy Mills

On the second floor of Dalhousie's Sir Charles Tupper Medical Building is the storage room of the Dal Medical Students' Society. For the adventurous type willing to climb past stacks of beer cases and old textbooks, tennis rackets, and Christmas ball decorations, a surprise awaits at the rear of the room. It's the headquarters of one of the newest and most talked about women's groups on campus — WHAM: Women Health and Medicine Committee.

Actually, the committee has been around for a couple of years, formerly under the name of Women and Medicine. What started out as a group of half a dozen frustrated women medical students concerned about the images of women presented in the classroom and clinical setting has grown to encompass students from a variety of health disciplines who want to address the gaps and misconceptions in their own education regarding women's health issues.

Our current name, WHAM, reflects a new emphasis on the

health of women and our desire to critically examine the forces in society which serve to either enhance or undermine women's health.

So far, WHAM has attempted to educate its membership and other interested students through lunch hour film and speaker presentations held at the medical school. For example, we have heard from two of the Consumer Reps to the new Grace Maternity Hospital Planning Committee; a member of Mothers United for Metro Shelter (MUMS); a staff-person from the Centre for Victims of Sexual Assault; a disabled woman who has done research on disabled women in Nova Scotia; and a woman physician who works with a Premenstrual Syndrome support group in Halifax.

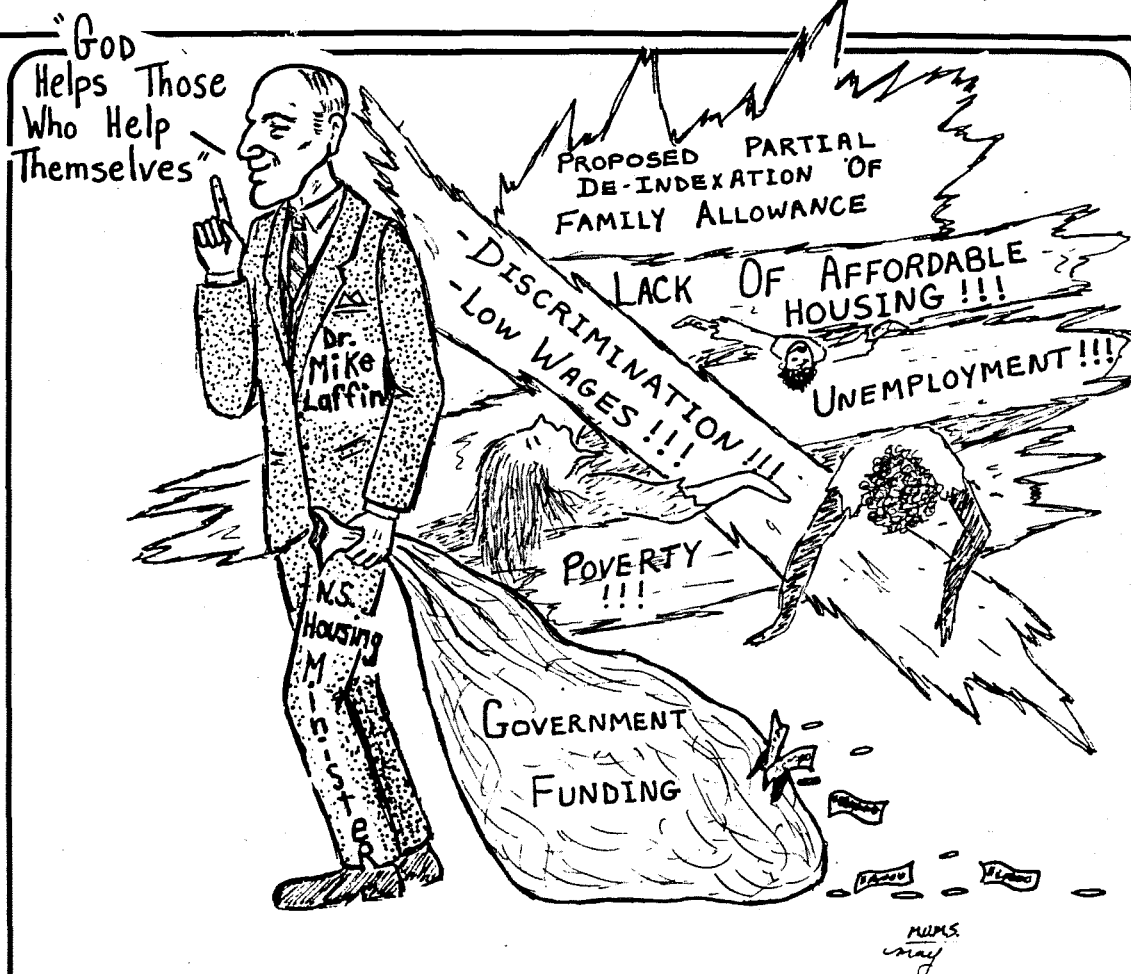
For many in the audience, these sessions provide the only encounters they have with the broader social, economic, and political dimensions of women's health and with the women themselves who are directly and intimately involved in these issues.

As a feminist group, we think we have an important role in providing women with a forum for sharing their knowledge and experiences with future health workers, especially future physicians.

In particular, we are interested in hearing from women outside Halifax, either through submissions to our newsletter or noon-hour presentations. WHAM is financially unable to provide honoraria. However, we can cover transportation and child care costs.

Please write or call if you have suggestions or if you would like to know more about the committee. Our next newsletter will be out at the end of November and copies are available on request. Our mailing address is: WHAM, PO Box 400, Sir Charles Tupper Medical Building, Dalhousie University, Halifax, Nova Scotia B3H 4H7. Contacts: Judy Mills (425-4514); Angela Hallet (422-7698).

Judy Mills is a third year medical student and a member of WHAM.



Homeless women want understanding not bigotry

May Spinney and the MUMS

The MUMS — Mothers United for Metro Shelter — would like to dedicate this article to Ginny Green, a dear friend and supporter who recently passed away. For those who know her, Ginny is very important and is with us in our hearts and memories.

In September of 1984, Heather Schneider and I met in Bryony House, a transition house for battered women and their children. When we look back at the many weeks we spent at Bryony, we often make a joke of it as being the weeks we did time together. I think, however, there is a sad truth to these words. Women and children who are the victims of cruel and senseless abuse are treated as criminals.

As we did time together, Heather and I became close friends, as did our children. While apartment hunting we soon found out that we were facing a shortage of affordable housing and landlord discrimination toward low-income single mothers.

I felt Heather's pain when she explained to her young children that the bigot who offered an apartment earlier on the phone, later refused them because of the colour of their skin.

Heather did not become discouraged, just angry. She carefully managed her anger into constructive channels. Letter after letter she wrote to all major officials expressing to them our concerns. When this received no response she became angrier and more determined. She encouraged beaten and tired women to rise

and resist.

On the morning of November 4, 1984, the MUMS rose. Seventy of us, women and children from Bryony House, Collins House, Adsum House, and the two Second Stage Houses, along with their supporters, marched down the streets of Halifax. Banging pots and pans, carrying placards, we protested our housing crisis... the denial of our basic human right to a safe and secure home.

A year and six more demonstrations have since gone by. The housing crisis still exists; many women have come

•“There is no housing crisis!”

We would like to challenge Mike Laffin and his followers. Using the statement of Christ being born in a stable is a sick and twisted means of justifying homelessness! It is not the first time the Bible has been twisted to support oppressive views and actions over others. As I recall, Jesus called upon all people to show compassion and give aid to people in need through his illustration of the good Samaritan who tended to the wounds and needs of a battered stranger.

Mike Laffin tells us we should “Quit protesting and start looking.” What are we to look for? Decent affordable housing is almost non-existent for low-income single mothers.

“There is no housing crisis,” says Mike Laffin. For Mike Laffin or the “well-to-do” he represents, there is no housing crisis. Government apathy toward the concerns of low income families is a strong offensive statement which implies that, in their eyes, we do not exist!

We are MUMS! We are struggling for ourselves, our children, and each other. We are fighting for a better tomorrow. We are oppressed women and children who dare to rise and assert ourselves for our rights and the rights of others. We dare to ask for more than mere survival. We are tired of being used and abused, tired of being passed by, tired of slave labour, and tired of homelessness.

We are the Prime Ministers of our families, we want to make our Government and our Country into MUMS.

See story
MUMS and
Status of Women
Page 16

and gone. The transition houses remain packed with women and children who are continually abused and evicted. Some have had to give up their children, many return to abusive spouses when they realize there is no where else to go.

MUMS are disgusted with the lack of government public response. Our own housing minister, the “Honourable” Mike Laffin has this to say to us....

•“Christ was born in a stable and no one complained of a housing crisis then.”

•“Quit protesting and start looking!”

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Must be sincere, genuine, mutual

Joint custody moot arrangement

Anne Derrick

Joint custody probably works most effectively for those people who don't realize they are exercising it. Joint custody is ideally experienced during the course of the "happy marriage" by partners who, as loving, mutually supportive parents, cooperate in the upbringing of their children. Even if child care is not shared equally in practice, in the "happy marriage" it is assumed that the partners are entitled to share in the raising of their children.

Domestic breakdown shatters this comfortable assumption. Often the result is simply a reflection of an existing reality: one parent, usually the mother, continues to bear the principal burden of caring for and supporting the children as a single parent.

The courts have traditionally considered the best interests of the child as being paramount in determining custody. Custody represents a bundle of parental rights and obligations entitling the custodial parent to make significant decisions affecting the child. The parent who fails to obtain custody or chooses not to pursue it does not get to participate in these decisions.

The granting of even the most liberal access does not confer the right to share in the upbringing of the child. Parents with joint custody have the right to continue to act as parents, as well as the responsibility of sharing in decisions concerning the child's health, education, residence, and spiritual and general welfare. Joint custody provides for both parents' participation and influence in the child's life.

The courts in Nova Scotia have expressed philosophical approval in support of continued participation by both separated parents in the upbringing of their children. Joint custody has been ordered by the courts in circumstances where the parties have already agreed to such an arrangement. In other words, the courts endorse cooperative child rearing arrangements that parents have reached themselves.

American courts have encouraged joint custody "primarily as a voluntary alternative for relatively stable, amicable parents behaving in a mature, civilized fashion."

Canadian courts have identified two essential matters on which prospective joint custodial parents should reach consensus: that each of them accepts the other as a fit parent to have custody of the children on the shared basis to be arranged; and that each of them is persuaded that they can cooperate with each other. Such willingness to work together to ensure the success of the joint custodial arrangement which must be sincere, genuine, and mutual, and by its very nature cannot be imposed by a court or legislated by parliament.

The realization that participation and parenting cannot be dictated is significant when considering lobbyists' attempts to influence changes to proposed divorce legislation relating to custody. Fathers seeking "equality

in custody" are determined to correct the failure of the courts to order joint custodial arrangements by lobbying for legislation that provides for presumption of joint custody upon the dissolution of a marriage.

Legislation establishing a presumption of joint custody would fly in the face of judicial decisions which have refused to impose joint custody on separating parents. Presently throughout Canada, both parents are equally entitled to apply for custody if an agreement as to custody cannot be reached. Whatever criticisms may be levelled at the adversarial system as a process for resolving family

disputes, the situation would hardly be alleviated by imposing a presumption that both parents be equally entitled to share in decision-making concerning the children.

An analogous presumption can be found in the Nova Scotia Matrimonial Property Act. The Act, which applies only to married persons, recognizes the joint contribution by spouses, financial and otherwise, that entitles each spouse equally to the matrimonial assets. An unequal division of assets, although possible under the Act, requires evidentiary proof to satisfy a court that the division of matrimonial assets in equal shares would be unfair or unconscionable.

This type of analysis simply cannot prevail where children are involved. Children are not chattels, and legislation expressing a presumption of joint custody would be a regressive step, patently imitative of dividing property. Legislative and social reform have overcome the earlier, traditionally chauvinist presumption that fathers were entitled to custody as of right on marriage breakup. Concern for "father's rights" is misplaced; the courts have shown no reluctance, particularly in recent years, toward giving custody of even very young children to their fathers.

Legislative reform is more critically required, not to enhance fathers' custodial rights, but to



enable mothers and children struggling in poverty to lead dignified existences as single parent families to secure adequate support and assistance from their former spouses and the state.

Anne Derrick, a Halifax lawyer and feminist, practices family and criminal law and has a baby daughter. (photo by Sara avMaat)

Courts can't solve personal problems

Judith Meyrick

Over the past months, several fathers' groups have formed across the country. Calling themselves "Fathers for Equality in Divorce," these groups have lobbied strongly to the House of Commons justice committee for specific amendments to divorce laws. Their primary interest is to have these laws provide for the presumption of joint custody — mandatory joint custody — as well as for the removal of lawyers from the divorce process; free mediation services to replace these lawyers; the removal of judges' discretionary powers in deciding custody; and the elimination of discrimination against divorced fathers.

Divorce is the ending of a relationship, the final step. It is often bitter, antagonistic, and acrimonious. It is painful and difficult for all concerned. If "father is pitted against mother" in the process of divorce, as this group says, surely this is not the fault of the legal system, but the result of breakdown in personal relationships.

Professional mediation and counselling services are already available, and if there was an ability to come to understandings and compromise within this arena, these bitter custody battles would not take place.

The legal system is being asked to provide a solution, to act as Solomon, when all else has failed. It cannot do this. The courts cannot solve the personal difficulties of adversaries, it can only attempt to rule fairly in the best interests of those who are the most vulnerable — the children.

In order to succeed, joint custody requires an atmosphere of

co-operation, understanding and compromise. It is hard work. If conditions such as these do not exist before divorce, can they miraculously be attained afterward? I think not. Joint custody may be an ideal, but it cannot function in an atmosphere of distrust and enmity.

Mandatory joint custody would place huge numbers of single parents (primarily women) and their children in jeopardy. If joint custody is assumed and the conditions necessary for it to succeed do not exist, some power over the structuring of family life would be placed in the hands of an adversary. The potential for children to become pawns in a power struggle would be enormous. Stresses in family relationships, often already difficult after a divorce, would increase, and it is hard to measure the long-term negative effect of such stresses.

Mandatory joint custody cannot work. As long as there exists antagonism between the parents, the courts must be able to rule in the interests of the children, a ruling which must be legal and binding to all concerned. History has shown that such basics as maintenance and support payments often are hard to enforce even by court order. To expect two persons who have been unable to communicate to come to "understandings" regarding custody does not seem feasible. In the absence of a general consensus on both sides a legal route needs to exist which will clearly define the rights and responsibilities of both parents.

It is interesting that these fathers' groups are demanding both the presumption of joint custody and the elimination of

discrimination against fathers in the granting of custody. These two issues seem to be mutually exclusive. If joint custody becomes mandatory, the elimination of discrimination would make no difference. If "discrimination" is eliminated, then the custody decision would be made by the courts for one parent in the best interests of the children.

Historically, the courts have shown a bias in deciding custody in favor of women. Women have always assumed the nurturing, care-giving roles in their lives, roles which have been given little or no value by society as a whole.

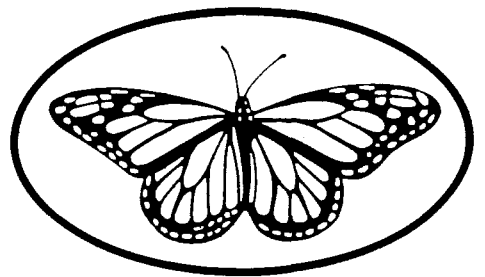
In deciding custody, judges have recognized that women have performed these roles, and have recognized the bonds formed between the mother and children as a result.

It seems that we have made some gains in demanding that our

roles in society be valued more highly; however, the outcome of changes in attitudes should not be that we lose our children in custody battles, but rather that each parent respect the other's love and caring for the children involved.

There is no doubt that parents have rights respecting the upbringing and nurturing of their children. To be unable to exercise parental roles is a difficult and painful position for any parent, but alternatives other than these proposals must be sought — alternatives which will respect the rights of all concerned, but most of all will respect the rights of children to a secure, stable and loving environment in which to grow.

Judith Meyrick is a parent who lives in Halifax. She is a member of Pandora's editorial group.



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Peace exhibit possibilities in our hands

Wilma Needham

As a feminist artist I have long been aware that it is not enough for me to get the message out by doing my own work. As most feminists, indeed most women, know, our roles are rarely clear. They are webbed together in networks.

That is, a feminist artist will do her own work and, in addition, may curate an exhibition, sit on a gallery board, participate in a community organization, write critically for women's/arts magazines and participate in public actions.

All this happens of course while doing whatever one does to keep financially secure and to keep personal relationships intact. A simple enough agenda!

In talking about the process of working with the women and peace art exhibit held at Mount Saint Vincent University this fall, I would like to explore how this particular web, this network, evolved.

Two years ago when Mary Sparling of Mount Saint Vincent University Art Gallery asked me if I was interested in a solo exhibition, I asked her what she was doing for the End of the Decade. The result of both questions was the acceptance of my proposal to curate an exhibition of work by women from across Canada entitled Women and Peace. I had in mind a very large representation of work filling the walls in the gallery.

It seemed to me that the End of the Decade should be acknowledged by a theme or event of international significance at the gallery. The choice of the theme was easy. I paused only a moment

to consider possible objections to a woman-only show on a topic of such wide-ranging concern. The mandate of the gallery and the Mount itself supported the special contributions of local women to peace — and that cemented the decision.

It was very shortly into the project that I realized it was more than a one-individual job. Having already had some positive responses from Voice of Women members, I proposed it as a project of the Voice of Women and it was met with enthusiasm.

The tasks that lay ahead were those of clarifying criteria for the show, funding the show and the catalogue/resource book and planning other programmes in conjunction with the show.

The "Call for Proposals" poster had gone to women's institutes, women's centres, peace centres, various ethnic and cultural centres. Because I had thus decided that the women exhibiting would not necessarily be those that the Canada Council could accept as "professionals" this usual source of gallery funding would not be available.

To shorten a long and all too familiar story, after two unsuccessful Explorations applications and one written and rewritten Secretary of State application (one full year of grant writing), the Voice of Women finally received funding from the Secretary of State, women's division. I am presently preparing a supplementary grant proposal as the first funds received were only one-half of those requested.

During this funding process, curatorial decisions were made. The Call for Proposals requested



Exhibitors and friends at the Oct. 17 opening of the Women and Peace — Visual Art of Resistance exhibit. Back row, from left, Wilma Needham, Danna Gallagher, Carol Millett, Agnes Nanoguk, Nancy Colpitts, Jenny Maarschalk, Liz Archibald

Calder, Pat Kipping, Tara Kipping Perkins. Middle row, Melody Calvert, Leslie Sampson, Laureen Marchand, Helma Rogge, Cathy Busby. Front row, Sara Newman, Cathy Quinn, Gillian Thomas, Donna Smyth. (photo by Jan Skeldon)

works from women that either critiqued conditions of oppression that lead to conflict (such as racism, heterosexism) or celebrated the strength of women by envisioning a world without war.

There would not be one particular "look" or "rhetoric" in the work. Therefore, of 50 exhibitors who proposed work, it was possible to choose 40 for the show.

Few women in art school are exposed to questions of art and politics and many are fledgling in developing images that speak directly to the issue. This meant that a large proportion of pieces were not presented by "artists." In the show there are one or two works that are highly dependent on their title and context of the exhibit to understand their message; for many theirs was the first work on this issue.

There are a variety of ways to work for peace. With a large number of works in the show, I felt that the local audience (which I saw as the peace community,

more than the art community), would find materials and messages to respond to their experiences and concerns. Having worked with site-specific art pieces myself, I considered that the support of the art works with each other and in the Mount/gallery context would augment the significance of each piece rather than pit them against one another.

In art world considerations, therefore, there were many decisions that ran counter to prevailing conditions both in "political" art work and "dominant" production.

There was no one work which was a model for resistance in the exhibit. I was personally drawn to certain works for a variety of reasons such as humour, clear and compelling communication of information, moving narrative and, yes, such as sensitivity to materials. All these of course, work only when they are about something — getting their message out.

One of the most lasting results of the project is yet to come

because the largest portion of the grant from the Secretary of State will be taken by the production costs of the catalogue/resource book, Women and Peace.

In the first section will be writing on art and politics, the women's peace movement in Canada, and creative writing. The middle section will have reproductions of artists' work and the third will be a networking/resource section to include women/peace networks in Canada.

It will be printed and designed by Meredith Bell, a local feminist, on the press at the Nova Scotia College of Art and Design. The Voice of Women is at work on various sections of the book and we are in need of a distribution crew. This is also, therefore, a call for real physical and mental support.

This small proposal for a curated exhibit has changed to a group fundraising project and finally to a publishing venture. As women have constantly learned, in order to reach each other we must not only make the work, but organize it and write about it too. The job is never ending, but at least this one is in our hands.

Wilma Needham is a feminist artist who lives in Dartmouth. She teaches a feminist criticism course at the Nova Scotia College of Art and Design. She is also a member of Voice of Women and the NAAAGs affinity group.

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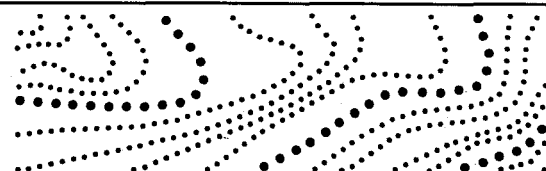
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Carry Greenham Home

Hand in hand, the line extends
All around the nine mile fence
Thirty thousand women chant
Bring the message home.

Chorus

Carry Greenham home, yes
Nearer home & far away
Carry Greenham home.

Singing voices rising higher
Weave a dove into the wire
In our hearts a blazing fire
Bring the message home.

(Chorus)

No-one asks us if we cared
If cruise should be stationed here
Now we've got them running scared
Bring the message home.

(Chorus)

Here we sit, here we stand
Here we claim the common land
Nuclear arms shall not command
Bring the message home.

(Chorus)

Singing voices, sing again
To the children, to the men
From the channel to the glens
Bring the message home.

(Chorus)

Not the nightmare, not the scream
Just the loving human dream
Of peace, the everflowing stream
Bring the message home.

(Chorus)

Woman tiger, woman dove
Help to save the world you love
Velvet fist in iron glove
Bring the message home.

(Chorus)

Words and music by Peggy Seeger

Greenham women

Kate McKenna

Hundreds of us go to the fence and, working quickly, quietly together, we cut through. Great sheets of interlocked wire and barbs fall down in waves all along as far as eyes can see. No one rushes to cross over, but women move off, strolling together in different directions.

From the top of a hill, looking back on the fallen barriers, I feel once more awed by the power of our spirit. Surprised laughter at finding, again, how easy it becomes when we work together.

The images of my dreams, sleeping outside the fence of Greenham Common that September night, had their source in Greenham reality. Nearly two years earlier, on Hallowe'en, women dressed as witches had cut down miles of fence. Many had no thoughts of "storming the barriers" but cut through the physical barriers to make their absurdity apparent and in order to question their very function: that of keeping out the women they were said to protect.

I understood the evolution of Greenham more fully through the time we spent with the Hackney Greenham Women and during a women's conference we attended in Manchester entitled: "Many Visions — Many Hands."

The Hackney Greenham Women are involved in direct support work at Greenham — going down from London to keep night watches so the women living there can get some sleep. Spending weekends, and participating in C.D. actions at the base, they also initiate action in London and other parts of the country.

Some of these have included a peace camp outside Hackney Town Hall on Valentine's Day, a demonstration at Heathrow Airport against nuclear and racial exploitation in the South Pacific, protest demonstrations at Military Tattoos, "Mines and Missiles" solidarity with Women Against Pit Closures during the miners' strike, participation

During the past four years, many of us have. Their ingenuity and persistence, the creative resistance and their process of working have vision. Four Halifax women, Kate McKenna, Lorette Gendron visited Greenham as representatives of the Chester community group that created day of the peace camp.



in the International Shadow Project on Hiroshima Day, as well as a protest linking arms spending and the threatened closure of a local hospital.

All these actions are as much Greenham actions as those at the base itself. These women, too, are "Greenham Women."

The debate over how wide to make the issue of peace has been going on throughout the peace movement. Over and over at Manchester we heard how it is the Greenham women who are making the links, breaking out of a

narrow definition of the state, are acting on their struggle for separated from the and class that industrial complex

During a world women in the peace and white women we talked about how people involved in ment" is itself a

Disarmed soldiers lose t

DEAR SPINSTERS:

The trip to Greenham has come and gone and up until now I haven't had time to share with you some of my thoughts.

I guess for the most part it was what I had expected — but the impact of the hardship can only be really felt when you're there. The conditions are hard, with little water and firewood, while the bailiffs evict the women up to three times a day. There is little physical comfort that can be maintained. The spirit, however, is strong.

There is the irony one feels when looking at the soldiers inside the fence and then the women, dressed in their multicolors and singing their life-giving songs. It just makes me shake my head.

As most of you know, I have this overwhelming fear of authority, so it's such a good eye-opener to see these women jest and play with these powers — to the point where the soldiers are disarmed and baffled, looking silly and small.

I began to realize how I am, in some ways, the perpetrator of this power myth and I felt a certain liberation to come to this point.

It was easy for me to fit into the Greenham Camp itself as so much of the

work we do together here is using the same process. Yet there was some awkwardness. I felt that the Voice of Women, who sent us, and the Chester Women, who made the banners, had different objectives for our trip. I felt unsure of my role at times — I felt outside of the process when it came to working with the banners themselves.

The political differences among the four of us were also hard to absorb. It seemed the dynamics involved in the trip forced us to stand apart on some issues. And the scheduling and time restraints gave us no time to resolve the conflicts.

Enough of the sadness. Let me tell you of June and Marmalade. What a wonderful pair they made! June is in her middle 50's, from South Wales. She ran away from her family to live at Greenham. Marmalade is 13 and the daughter of a woman who has been at Greenham for two and a half years. This woman, her mother, now has throat cancer and has decided to live her last days out at Greenham with her two children.

June has set up a new gate — Green Gate — where the land borders on a farmer's land. He has given them permission to set up camp on his land. This means when the bailiffs try to remove

them, they just throw the fence, out of reach.

In this way, this is Marmalade's mother's winter. She has been which is now too hard for me, easy is not as their terms.

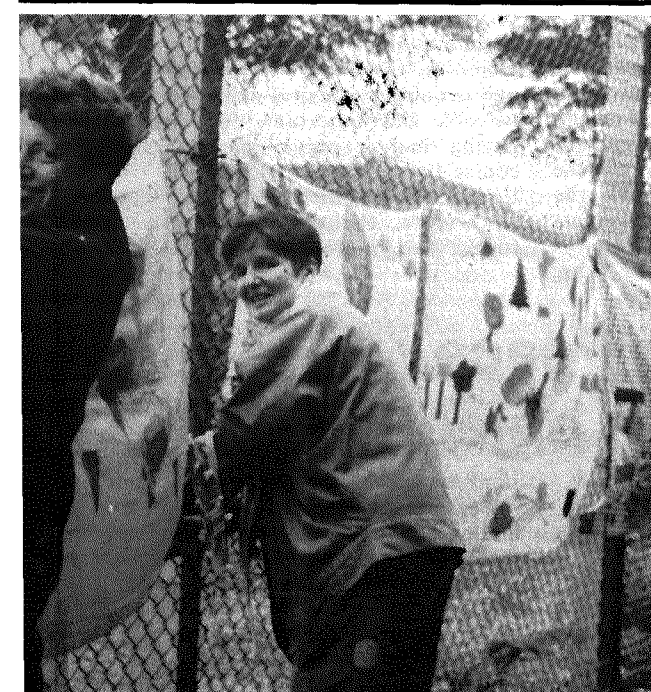
Because of our trip, Kate, Barb and I thought a project centering on women do need support want contact with the have to know what's Let's think about it and do.

Over and over again say how important it is going to Greenham are needed. To have presence is essential media blackout in the way of getting news from national visitors like

As I spent time there to feel guilty. The soldiers have taken on making conditions seem like incredibly challenge physical needs and the peace movement.

meet everywhere

us have been inspired by Greenham women. creativity and humor of their non-violent have become symbols of women's power and McKenna, Brenda Bryan, Barbara Taylor and representatives of the Voice of Women and of ated banners of support for the fourth birth-



ition of peace. By con- state, Greenham women their understanding that for peace cannot be the issues of sex, race, hat keep the military- mplex ticking.

workshop on "Black : peace movement: Black men working together," out how "getting black ved in the peace move- elf a racist assumption.

What is meant by "peace" and whose yardstick is measuring involvement?

We observed that white women who don't want to "broaden the issue" tend to have a charity approach to peace work and aren't interested in organizing. Keeping the peace movement single-issued means keeping the status quo.

As Wilmette Brown wrote in her book "Black Women and the Peace Movement," "The peace movement is women who are fighting for peace in all kinds of ways in their daily lives, in

their homes, just as the black move- ment is that, just as the women's movement is that."

One contribution of black and white women's leadership in the peace move- ment has been to show how private personal violence is connected with nuclear and military violence. Greenham women, through their ac- tions, have become increasingly critical of police handling of women and have been focusing attention on the connec- tion between women and the police that black women have understood for generations. Brown says "the police — like the neutron bomb — are not there to protect us but to protect property from the world's people who have pro- duced it and especially from those who are poorest."

When the English Collective of Pro- stitutes occupied a church in London's King's Cross red-light area, where half the women working in the streets are black, they sent a letter to Greenham saying, "if prostitutes had the military budget, we wouldn't go into pro- stituting."

Some Greenham women responded by arriving at the church with their sleeping bags. Later "Whores Against Wars" joined women at Greenham for the Embrace the Base action.

When people learned I was going to Greenham I was often asked if I was going to climb the fence and be ar- rested — a question I was not asked about returning to Halifax or Whitedog.

In carrying Greenham home I believe it is necessary to begin to cut holes in our attachment to Greenham as mecca, Greenham as the place somewhere else, where we would climb the fence and join in women's actions. What we support from a distance needs to be connected to our day to day actions at home.

The fences are very real and it will take more than dreams and symbols to bring them down, but perhaps we will find how easy it becomes when we all begin snipping together!

Freedom fenced out

Betty Peterson

I talked to Barbara Taylor about her experience at Greenham Common. While she wanted to be a part of this two-page sharing, because of other commitments she felt unable to write something herself. So I will pass on to you my impressions of her im- pressions — making links as we do.

Barb's participation in the Greenham Common demonstration was, for her, a time of sharp contrasts.

The diverse protests at each of the different gates was different from early expecta- tions of large, well-organized crowds in one mass action. The idyllic weather and sur- rounding woods, ferns and fields of blooming heather contrasted with the tight, grim security of the base.

But hovering helicopters overhead could not drown out the friendly welcomes and the appreciation of Greenham women who seemed so free compared to the soldier/prisoners behind barbed wire.

It was early to bed that night, for some women were going through and over the razor-sharp wire fence between four and five the next morning. Two women who had spent four days inside this top-security base, emerged to re-enter as part of this observance of the fourth anniversary of the Greenham camp.

Demonstrations held at the gates at noon were followed by tying banners to the fence — an illegal act — or to nearby trees. The Nova Scotia women carried with them some 36 blanket-size, colorful banners, more than any other country. One side of them faced the base, with "Mother is Watching You" and staring eyes (wide- open, winking or crossed, but never asleep). The other side cheered the women with flowers and a celebration of life.

They were soon untied or cut down by guards and a few were pulled through the fence and burned.

One high point of the day (there was no specific climax) was when 200 women were bussed to the demonstration at the Newbury police station to protest one woman's strip-search and forcible internal examination in the presence of men. A formal complaint was filed.

Solidarity was very strong. Barb was impressed by the evident support of Greenham women by miners' wives (Women Against Pit Closures) who came during the trials. (Some 2,000 women have been charged, many detained and imprisoned.)

Barb regretted arriving too late to meet the South Pacific women. School in Halifax prevented her from staying for the Manchester Conference. In the end, she left very aware of the different agendas — perspectives and expectations — that the Nova Scotia women arrived with. She hopes that most were fulfilled and feels, herself, that the most valuable contribution was women just being there, making links and connections. It was obviously very much appreciated.

Barb left all her camping gear behind with her newfound friends. She joins with other women who came from Nova Scotia in recommending that a group of women here "adopt" the Greengage Gate. It is in dire need of money, equipment and morale-boosting encouragement now that winter is coming on.

This twinning between diverse women's groups or individuals, a growing trend to- day, would be an on-going activity that would really "bring Greenham home." You can send supplies to June, c/o Bunker Farm, Bunker Road, Newbury, Berkshire, U.K.

their authority

it throw their things over of reach.

this camp is set up to help mother have an easier as been at Yellow Gate too hard for her. Believe at easy, merely better in

our time at Green Gate, I thought we would start ering on one gate. These I supplies but mostly they ith the outside world. We hat's happening to them. ut it and see what we can

r again the women would tant it is to have women ham — that it is us who o have an international ential. There has been a t in Britan and the only ews out is through inter- s like ourselves.

me there, it was hard not The struggle these women makes our own working n like the Ritz. I've felt langed in terms of my and commitment to the it.

However, that's my problem, since few women at Greenham would ever say you must be doing what they are doing. Instead, they are busy discussing and act- ing upon the connections between the cruise missiles and all the issues that lead to oppression. It is this dis-covering of connections that keeps them going.

It is rewarding in many ways to see that the women I work with at home are Greenham women. They carry with them all the love and spirit that the frontliners do, and I understand, for my part at least, that no effort is too small, no guilt is necessary. We can continue to put our energy into carrying on the building and understanding we've already begun here.

There is a song that I came to love — "Carry Greenham Home." I think all of us who made this journey know that this will happen.

Well, now I feel empty, even though there's lots more to tell. But, as Spinsters, I know we will have a chance to share it all.

In Sisterhood,
Brenda

Brenda Bryan is a member of United Spinsters, a women's peace affinity group based in Halifax.



At Greenham Common, the fence is no longer a physical barrier, but a symbolic one. As the military use it to bar people out, Greenham women everywhere have learnt to use it to focus atten- tion in.

The banner project was but one of the many hijinks carried out there over the years: some well-planned, some successful, always imaginative.

The base didn't seem to find their work any entertaining. Perhaps they should consider joining one of the many organizations on the side of the fence!

Photos by Lorette Gendron



Union women learn strategies for change

Beth Sherwood

Recently the Women's Committee of the Halifax-Dartmouth and District Labour Council held a workshop for women in local unions. The workshop for me reinforced the age-old keys to effecting change.

Firstly, it reminded me of how important it is for women to get together, to share experiences, to

learn from each other, and to construct strategies for change. Secondly, it brought home the importance of understanding our situations, obstacles, and allies (analysis). Action, the third point, needs to follow quickly but not carelessly. Finally, I was reminded of the need for evaluation.

With these key points I thought it would be useful to reflect on the

recent Nova Scotia Federation of Labour convention with an eye to the goals the Women's Committee of the Labour Council had set for the convention.

To say that the Women's Committee had done some strategizing for the convention would be misleading. Simply put, we met a few months prior to the convention and discussed priority areas of concern to us in terms of submitting resolutions. None of these areas was astonishing. They included the provision of child care expenses to parents who attend Federation of Labour functions; the wider recognition and observance of International Women's Day by the Federation of Labour; a concerted campaign by the Fed to pressure the provincial government to legislate equal pay for work of equal value.

As delegates to the convention itself, we had to be prepared to speak in support of the resolutions. Had I "practised" before the Labour Council, I would have been less nervous. As it was, I spent a fair amount of time writing up little speeches to say in front of the 300 or so delegates of the convention, modifying them as I became aware of the sentiments against a resolution or questions which would be raised.

I had not gauged the amount of support for these resolutions, or caucused sisters to also speak on them when they came to the convention floor. I simply saw these resolutions as supporting motherhood. "Good sense would prevail." Feeling that everyone, ultimately, must support motherhood is one thing; knowing you have sisters or brothers who are also going to speak and support what you say is much more reassuring.

The Women's Caucus was an important forum for discussion to debate on the convention floor. Here it was possible to talk about some of the resolutions and to encourage women to speak about

them.

The power of such a caucus, however informally organized, also could have been used to discuss the nomination of women candidates for office, or to identify terms of reference and priorities for the Federation of Labour Women's Committee itself. Such was not the case.

Getting a resolution passed is not a goal in and of itself. Debate on the floor can raise awareness and lead to greater receptivity to an issue later on. Even if a resolution passes, it is only a symbol. Now it is incumbent on us, the Women's Committee of the Labour Council, to ensure that action is taken. This means monitor-

ing action and progress, even pressing for it, in the months ahead in order to achieve, in fact, the goals of the resolutions.

All this brings me back to the educational. It served as the impetus for reminding me of those hard-learned lessons. It reinforced my knowledge of the importance of getting together as women, and of spending time developing our understanding of issues and priorities. Obtaining information and acquiring technical skills are valuable and important, but my having had a public speaking course before I went to the Fed Convention wouldn't have changed a vote. Perhaps next time round, being more strategic will.

Rich women challenged to recognize crisis

MUMS recently attended the end-of-decade conference sponsored by the Nova Scotia Advisory Council on the Status of Women.

We felt anger and disappointment that we had not been asked to attend this conference. Nor had we been asked to set up a display booth.

When we questioned the organizers of the conference about this omission, we were told that a housing panel discussion had been included in the conference agenda because the MUMS had been pounding the streets, with their children, trying to bring attention to the housing crisis faced by low-income women.

Yet the MUMS were not invited to participate in this panel.

It infuriates us that our own sisters, women, were treating us just like our government — pretending that we, as individuals, just do not exist.

On Saturday we brought our concerns to the 250 women gathered together by the Status Of Women:

- There is a very real crisis in Halifax/Dartmouth.
- There is a shortage of housing.
- There is a shortage of communication between the poor women and the rich women.
- There is a shortage of understanding of our suffering.

And to us this is a very real crisis.

MUMS asks all women to acknowledge the housing crisis that is crushing Nova Scotia women and children. We want to see a new awareness of the needs of women in the next decade.

Tools for Peace surpasses objective

Judy Mills

Bicycles, sewing machines, typewriters, clothing, and blankets are just a few examples of goods that have been collected in Nova Scotia for the 1985 Tools for Peace Campaign for aid to Nicaragua. As the fifth annual national campaign winds up, it looks promising that last year's national total of \$1.5 million worth of material aid will be surpassed.

In Nova Scotia, local Tools for Peace committees in Halifax, Amherst, Pictou County, Sydney, Wolfville, St. Ann's Bay, and Mahone Bay have gathered crateloads of goods. The Wolfville committee alone collected more than \$4,000 worth of educational and school materials.

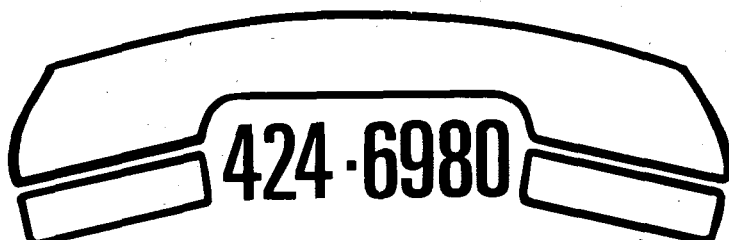
Fifteen crates of medical supplies, including syringes, needles, sutures, and catheters were donated by Nova Scotia hospitals through the Third World Medical Assistance Project, based in Halifax. To date, \$5,000 in cash has been raised and more dona-

tions are arriving daily.

Besides collecting, servicing, and packing the donations, Tools for Peace workers are still busy with the educational component of the campaign. Equipped with firsthand recollections and slides of their visits to Nicaragua, they are travelling throughout the province, speaking to schoolchildren, community groups, churches, and women's and labor organizations about the circumstances facing Nicaraguans today.

In view of the steady yearly growth of Tools for Peace across the country, there is no doubt that this momentous expression of Canadian support for the people of Nicaragua will continue for many years to come.

If you have goods to donate, call: Peggy Matthews 835-0138. Cheques, payable to Tools for Peace, can be sent to: Tools for Peace, 1649 Barrington Street, 3rd Floor, Halifax, Nova Scotia, B3J 1Z9.



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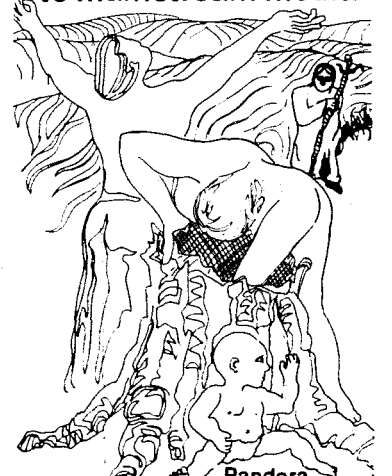
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Write us a letter

Housework: Re-evaluating women's work

Pat Kipping

Someone has shown me a petition called "Women Count, Count Women's Work." It is put together by individual women like Selma James of the English Wages for Housework campaign, by groups of women such as Black Women for Wages for Housework, English Collective of Prostitutes, Wages Due Lesbians and WinVisible. The petition demands that "the contributions of the unpaid work that women do in the farms, at home and in the fields" be counted in the Gross National Product of every UN member nation. It also called for a worldwide women's strike Oct. 24 to bring about the petition's demand.

The ideas in this petition begin to help me focus some of my feelings about housework and motherhood and connect them to other issues I've been working on: disarmament, appropriate technology, environmental sanity and international development.

The petition allows me to recognize that my craziness and frustration with housework and motherhood is more than a personal problem. Rather, it's part of the oppression all women endure because of the low value this society places on the work we have been assigned or which only we can do because of our biology, (such as bear children and breastfeed them).

So, in keeping with my need to develop my political analysis from my personal experience, I start to look at the whole area of re-evaluating women's work as well as some of the strategies and tactics which have been developed.

What follows is certainly not the whole story. It comes from my personal bias, which is heterosexual, white and middleclass.

The idea of wages for housework has been around since at least Charlotte Perkins Gilman's time. In her 1898 book, *Women and Economics* she urged that food preparation and serving be treated as a paid trade or profession.

Since then, many feminists have called for similar changes. Most of the work I've come across, however, has been developed by Selma James and her cronies in England and Western Europe since the early 1970s.

From their perspective as socialist feminists, and using Marxist analysis, they take the line that housewives produce the main commodity for carrying on production: they produce workers. Housewives are therefore unpaid workers in the proletariat, exploited by husbands as well as by capital.

They also point out that wages are based on the presumption that a worker (male) will have free labor at home (housewife) to do the necessary tasks to keep him in fit condition to work. If a worker had to pay for these services on the open market, his wages would be totally inadequate.

Based on the premise that the housewife's labor is necessary for the production and maintenance of the capitalist state, the Wages for Housework Campaign demands that the State must pay a wage for that work.

It should be noted here that this strategy caused a polarization in the British feminist movement in the mid-70s. By the early 1980s most socialist feminists had rejected this approach. I have a lot of problems with this early strategy, too.

Would paying working class wives not lock women even more into the capitalist state of production and the patriarchal state of marriage? How much more vulnerable would we be to enforced population control? Who then would "own" our children? Who says this is women's work anyway? Do we want to participate in it or change it?

Despite these problems and questions, I think we need to look again at the Wages for Housework Campaign especially in light of its most recent strategy and its enthusiastic acceptance by Third World women at the Nairobi Forum '85.

standards.

Being paid a living wage to stay home and raise their own children would indeed be liberating.

From the early days of modern feminism, through the persistence of the Wages for Housework Campaign and Selma James, to the overwhelming enthusiasm of Third World women at Nairobi, it is obvious that counting women's work and struggling with ways of doing so is a unifying act that can bring together rural, Third World and urban women despite the many differences and divisions among us. I would like to participate in this concrete strategy with the hope that it will move us closer to envisioning and achieving a truly feminist world for all.

It's obvious that counting women's work and struggling with ways of doing so is a unifying act that can bring together rural, third world, urban middle class and poor women, despite the many differences and divisions among us.

I admire the persistence of Selma James and the Campaign. I feel we need to take the load from working class women and women on welfare whose need for an immediate solution to their poverty is greater than that of middle class women.

In 1975 in Toronto, a group of women on welfare called the Mother-Led Union came up with a tactic I found inspiring. They demanded parity with foster parents.

One of their spokeswomen, Frances Greogy, said "this would give women on benefits more money than they get now. Although the government claims they pay foster parents only enough to look after foster kids, it's pretty obvious they pay them the way they do (up to three times as much per child as a woman on welfare) because it's work to look after kids and nobody would look after someone else's kids if she didn't get paid well."

Women on welfare and working class women often have no choice in becoming financially independent. The jobs open to them are mostly poorly paid and unsatisfying. Childcare is too expensive or of low



For many middle class women, the option of working outside the home can be a real choice and many consider it necessary to maintain equilibrium in their relationships. Both partners "bring home the bacon," thus both may share the other household tasks.

The Global Kitchen: The Case for Counting Women's Work — Selma James

Fit Work for Women — edited by Sandra Burmen

The Grand Domestic Revolution — Dolores Hayden

Women: A World Survey — Ruth Leger Sivard

Black Women and the Peace Movement — Wilmette Brown

All Work and No Pay — edited by Wendy Edmond and Suzie Flemming

Seven Utopias — Dolores Hayden

Redesigning the American Dream — Dolores Hayden

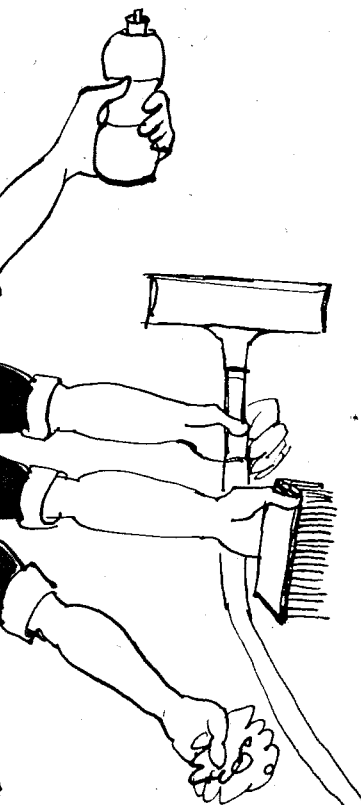
Wages for Housework Journal — Wages for Housework Campaign

I say it's a real choice because middle class women can often get decent-paying jobs (though most of us still earn one-third to one-half less than males of similar education and experience).

We can afford good quality childcare for our children (even though the caregivers are desperately underpaid), paid help with some of the cleaning chores, and frequent trips to restaurants if

we can't cope with fixing dinner.

It is a sad reflection on how we value work in the home, though, that the only way to feel "equal" to men is to work in their milieu — in other words, "outside the home." This kind of attitude, which I think is dominant in the



North American women's movement, is a dangerous trap that I'm trying to sort out myself.

As I have experienced, two people working outside the home can create a great many problems in a family, especially when our society still operates under the assumption

that there is someone home during the day. Even when faced with living proof and statistics that women are not at home during the day doing their "wifely/motherly duty," many people, businesses and institutions fail to believe it.

Three years ago, when Tara was 14 months old and I'd been back at work for a year, I was planning a trip to Brussels for a big women's peace conference and march. A male co-worker asked who would look after Tara. Was my mother coming over?

Not only was this an insult to John's considerable skill as a father and caregiver, but it totally ignored the fact that I worked at my job every day. I think he must have thought I had a little wife clone at home while I was at work.

Even the most diligent couple working for equality of parenting and housework are bound to burn out and wonder if it's all worth it.

My mother and mother-in-law are fond of saying how lucky I am to have a husband like John who "helps" so well with the cooking, children, laundry, bathroom-cleaning and such. It's their way of encouraging him, I'm sure, but they have yet to tell him how lucky he is to have me to "help" him with "his work" of bringing in the money.

I can't win! He's going out of his way if he parents his children, cooks food he'll eat, washes clothes he wears. But if I earn money he'll spend, I'm just doing my duty as expected?!

Both partners working outside the home is not the answer to putting value where value is due. In our situation, neither would the

answer be my staying home as a paid housewife. The answer might be John staying home, it might be part-time work for one or both of us, it might be special parental leave which acknowledges the special stresses of parents of preschool children and makes allowances for these in our work schedules. It might be that community kitchens would help, or childcare in the workplace. It will be many different things.

The bottom line, I think, is that we must include the unpaid work that women do in the home and community when we demand equal pay for work of equal value. We must value that work when we demand more and better public housing especially for women on welfare, we must value that work when we demand more and better daycare, care for the sick and aged.

Recognizing the contribution women make, not only to the economy, but to the very life and spirit of the planet, must become one of the loudest demands of the feminist movement.

I'd like this article to be just one part of a dialogue which I hope will take place not only in the pages of *Pandora* but also in our kitchens, playgrounds, workplaces and the offices of politicians.

These articles are dedicated to the women who look after my children during the day and to those who have looked after them in the past.

Pat Kipping lives in Halifax, sees having children as an act of defiance and "wanting it all" as the only way to live.

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CINEMA



Margarethe von Trotta — the Female Film Aesthetic

This year, in recognition of its tenth anniversary, the Toronto Festival of Festivals organized a very special series of films. Entitled 10 to Watch, it highlighted the work of ten international film directors who would, in the words of the Festival program, "leave an indelible mark on world cinema in the coming decade." Of the ten filmmakers identified in the series, two were women: Chantal Akerman and Margarethe von Trotta. After attending drama school in Munich, von Trotta began acting in films in 1968. Two years later she co-scripted *The Sudden Death of the Poor People of Korbach* with her husband, Volker Schlöndorff. By 1977 she began directing her own films and through such acclaimed efforts as *Marianne and Julianne* she has rapidly emerged as one of the leading German directors. Her films focus on women's relationships, not only between each other but also in reference to the larger society. When asked if she felt there was a "female film aesthetic" at work in her films she replied: "Provided that there is a female form of aesthetic concerning films then for me it is represented in the choice of subjects, also in the attentiveness, the respect, the sensitivity, the care with which we portrait the characters. The vital point is that we do not separate the intellect from the emotions or the big events from the small events, we still keep the antihierarchical view of the patriarchy. Under the patriarchy all people were equal because they were all children of mothers. The love of a mother is unconditional, one does not have to gain it through accomplishments. Patriarchy introduced the favourite son, he must gain his father's love through merit and obedience. With hierarchy also the difference developed between public and private. (Women) do not make any difference between private and political, between the public and the private life. Therefore we defend more in public what we think in private and we are not as readily prepared to make compromises. In my point of view, that is a quality which you will find in our films and which might lead to a new aesthetic."

Sheer Madness Sisters or the Balance of Happiness
November 29-December 5 January 24-26

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Tough questions result in value judgements

Deborah Preeper

Since your last issue, the activities of the Dartmouth Women & Community Action Project have revolved mainly around the municipal election. The questionnaire for mayoralty and aldermanic candidates in Dartmouth was completed and returned by 19 of the 31 aldermanic candidates.

None of the mayoralty candidates returned it.

Our objectives in organizing the questionnaire and panel discussion for mayoralty candidates were:

- To let candidates know that we (women) expect city council to be receptive to citizens and to be sensitive to our views;
- To provide a mandate for council, ie. to let candidates know what issues concern us;
- To provide a written record of campaign promises;
- To let other women know that there are others who have the same concerns as they do, and that we (women) aren't powerless to do anything about them, that we could have a say in the decision-making process in government, municipal and otherwise.

Another objective of our activities was to help people make informed choices. It was

certainly never our intention to tell people how to vote or to come out in favour of one candidate over another.

As some of you know, there was quite a lot of controversy over the whole project. Some candidates could not seem to believe that we were actually doing what we said we were doing, with no ulterior motive.

One candidate said "You can get yourself in a lot of trouble by answering these questions." Well, we got in a lot of trouble just by asking the questions.

It was a tough questionnaire. The women on the committee knew that when they were designing it. They also knew from experience just how tough it is living these issues.

Some knew from personal experience that there is a housing crisis. It's not something we dreamed up. Others knew that if your husband is beating your brains out, and you have no alternative but to grab the kids in the middle of the night and leave, there is nowhere to go.

Those are our realities, and we felt that if candidates wanted to govern us, they would have to get past their

feelings of guilt and embarrassment, and take a stand on them.

By the time the next issue of **Pandora** is published, the Women and Community Action Project will be completed. Community Planning Association of Canada hopes to continue the work, assuming that further funding is received. For further information contact Joanne Cook, Executive Director, at 469-7809.

On a personal note, Anne White will be taking the year off, although she will be continuing her volunteer work in various organizations. I will be leaving for Spain and Portugal on December 21 for a long overdue vacation.

Like many women today, the challenge I face when I get back is deciding just what it is I want to do next. We have so many choices!

Both Anne and I would like to thank **Pandora** for providing us with an opportunity to share with other women our thoughts, feelings, and accomplishments in the past months.

Deborah Preeper, with Anne White, co-ordinated the Dartmouth Women & Community Action Project.

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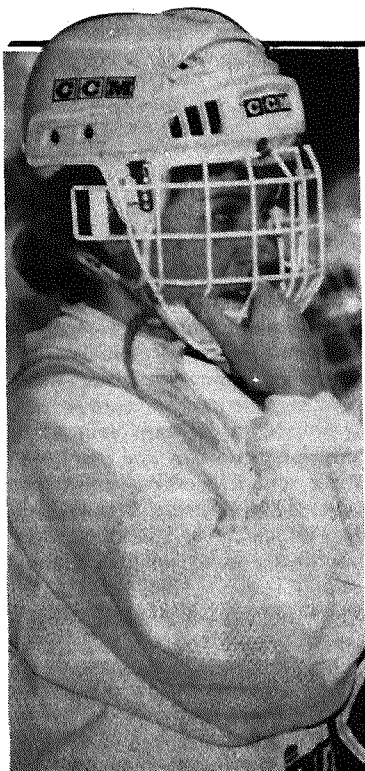
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Do we need to question the system

Courts kick Justine off boys' team

Lisa Timpf

Justine Blainey is a 12-year old girl who just wanted a chance to play hockey. One of 63 candidates for the Olympics, a boys' hockey team in Toronto, she made the final 14.

The coach wanted her on the team. Her mother wanted to see her get a chance to play at a competitive level in league games after practising with the team during the summer.

But for the Ontario Hockey Association (OHA), Justine was a problem. The Ontario girl had to go to the province's Supreme Court for permission to play with the Olympics. She lost.

The court case pleading Blainey's right to play challenged Section 19(2) of the Ontario Human Rights Code. It states that "the right...to equal treatment...is not infringed" in cases where an athletic association or club wishes to restrict participation to members of one sex.

J. Anna Fraser, Justine's lawyer, challenged Section 19(2) on the basis of infringement of the Canadian Charter of Human Rights.

Fraser was going against the odds. Section 19(2) had been specially designed to deal with cases like Justine's.

Gail Cummings of Huntsville and Debbie Bazso of Waterford had earlier petitioned for the right to play on boys' hockey and softball teams. The Ontario Human Rights Commission ruled, in their favour, that girls were discriminated against by being refused permission to play on the boys' teams.

Subsequently, however, the Progressive Conservative government then in power introduced Section 19(2), which legally enforces sex segregation in sport.

The issue may seem clear-cut, but two questions must be raised: One, if girls are allowed to play on boys' teams, should boys then be allowed to play on girls' teams? Two, do we really want girls to play sports the way boys have traditionally played them?

Such a division of opinion has led to a division of energy among administrators of sport programs for women. Why, many feel, should they channel their energies into providing more opportunities for women in men's sports when the value structure of these programs are questionable in themselves.

And there is no doubt that women have been socialized in their sport programs to place less emphasis on excellence, com-

petitiveness and aggression, and more on sportsmanship, fair play and the social benefits of sport.

Others suggest, however, that striving to create more opportunities for women in women-only sports still discriminates against

the best female athletes. They remain ghettoized within "second class" women's sport structures which continue to receive less funding and media recognition, fewer facilities and, in the case of professional sports, lower financial reward than men's sport.

Real issue centres around male ego

Lisa Timpf

"It's a moral issue — at certain ages boys shouldn't be playing on the same teams as girls."

Brent Ladds, president of the Ontario Hockey Association, is trying to justify his organization's decision to bar 12-year-old Justine Blainey from playing hockey on a boys' team. His statement points to one of the underlying problems of women's involvement in sport: the connection between sport and sexuality.

On the surface, the "moral" issue is the threat of possible sexual contact. But that's only a red herring.

The real issue is the threat to the male ego as determined by the male sex role. After all, sport has been suggested by some to be "the last bastion of masculinity in modern society."

Men are afraid, in short, that women will blow the whistle on their mythologies of superiority; hence the resentment of women's encroachment on their "turf." And hence, also, the created mythology of incompetence and weakness surrounding all women.

The myths include: Women can't play in the same league (or at all) or they'll get hurt. Women aren't aggressive enough to be

good athletes. The bottom line is the warning that women shouldn't try to be men.

Which leads to the counter-mythology, equally insidious and equally damaging. If a woman is competent, aggressive, unemotional, and strong, she must not be a "true" woman.

Enter the stereotype of the female-athlete-as-but. In some cases this becomes a self-fulfilling prophecy. In others, it is refuted by women taking the edge off the "undesirable" traits (playing less aggressively, for example), or playing the "apologetic" role (claiming not to take sports seriously or attributing success to luck rather than skill).

Women have been socialized to be, and not to be, a lot of things. That tells us very little about what they could do, in sport as in other areas of endeavour, if their potential was unleashed.

That won't happen, however, until women attempt to understand the influence of sex-role-based expectations on their sport participation and they start to question generalized apple-pie statements like the one made by Brent Ladds and ask themselves what the real issues are.

Coed sports — walking fine line

Lisa Timpf

It's a muggy Tuesday night in Southern Ontario. Mosquitos hover in a thick curtain above the lush green grass in the outfield. The OPP (Ontario Provincial Police) team takes the field in the third inning of a Haldimand-Norfolk mixed league game. The team I play on, Bollert Fur Farms, is up to bat as I sit quietly on the bench, eyes and ears open, doing a quick review of the data collected to date on my own participant-observation study of what it feels like to be a minority group on a men's team.

Each team in the league is required to have a minimum of two women on the field at any one time. Most teams do not exceed the minimum allotment unless forced to do so by player shortage. Some teams even do their best to make sure the women don't touch the ball. More than once I have seen a male shortstop run far out of position to snatch away a lazy infield fly that was headed right to the female second baseman. A similar move on an all-men's team would have earned him a kick in the ankle, or a little higher up.

Most teams put one of the token females in right field, the place least likely, statistically, to be hit to with a right-handed batter. One team goes so far as to call time out to shift the female right-fielder to left field when a left-handed hitter (who is more likely to "pull" the ball to right field) comes up to bat.

While I am concluding my brief summation of the research collected to date, the second baseman of the OPP team, a female, executes two excellent fielding plays in a row, resulting in two of our players being called out at first base.

"What a hot dog," one of our players (a man) yells disgustedly. He is affronted that a woman should do so well and furthermore have the nerve to do it while playing against men. His anger is real and I sense it as he stands beside me and glares balefully at the guilty party. I lose my appetite for the competition. For the rest of the game I perceive that while my physical opposition is on the other team, there is a philosophical chasm between myself and some of the members on my own team.

Should I try to walk the fine line between not-too-good and not-too-bad, or should I play the game as best I can? Or should I not play at all, under these conditions?

The experience has been similar in many of the coed sport experiences I have had. On some of the teams I have played on, the men were supportive and willing to give credit for good play regardless of whether it was performed by a male or female. But I continued to see blatant examples of women's contributions being downplayed, negated, or circumvented on other teams.

On some teams in a coed intramural basketball league, the men make the one pass to a woman in the offensive zone as required by the rules, then run their offense by passing among themselves, oblivious to their female "teammates" other than perhaps telling them to stay out of the way.

On other occasions, male opponents taunt the women. "Hit it to me, I'm ready for it," boasts the shortstop on an opposing softball team. You're just a woman, his cocky glare says, you can't swing a strong bat. I get some degree of satisfaction out of successfully knocking ground balls past him twice, but I then have to listen as he explains to his teammate at second base, "Ah, I should have had it. It was an easy play. I just missed the ball."

Ah, the joys of coed sports.

From past experience, I could take them or leave them.

Preferably, leave them.

Lisa Timpf is a graduate student in physical education at Dalhousie University. Last year she was sports editor at the Dalhousie Gazette and part of that newspaper's feminist vision.



In Nova Scotia, girls do not play organized hockey. There are no teams for girls and, as far as we know, no one has ever tried to integrate a boys' team. What girls do play is ringette. As our photographers Jan Skeldon and Sara avMaat discovered, ringette players enjoy their game —

they're not feeling left out of the boys' arena. Kim Thornton, above, is coaching the District Seven Bunnies (ages 4-7). Up above, a member of the Belles waits her turn to hit the ice for practice. For more information about ringette, call Sandra Alexandra, Sport Nova Scotia, 425-5450. (photo by Jan Skeldon)

Solidarity, sisterhood and lots of talk

Alex Keir

—Toronto, October 4, 5, 6,

About 400 bisexual, heterosexual, lesbian, and celibate women representing diverse economic, occupational, and cultural situations from all over Canada . . . A time of exploration and affirmation of our sexuality in the context of our feminism . . . Challenged by exposure to a wide range of ideas and experiences of women with differing lifestyles and points of view . . . A reconfirmation of our commitment to solidarity and sisterhood . . . Whew!

Keynote Address

Friday night we gathered at the Sanctuary, Trinity, St. Paul's. It seemed strange to attend a women's sexuality conference within the walls of a church. Susan Cole, feminist journalist and co-founder of **Broadside** magazine gave the keynote address titled "Is There Sex After Feminism?" from the pulpit.

Ms. Cole's animated, intense discussion blasted us with new

perceptions: If rape isn't related to sex, why don't men just hit us? Seven point eight per cent of women will **not** be sexually assaulted in their lives. Seven point eight per cent? Women have not been believed for a long time. We must start to believe in each other.

Saturday

Saturday morning we moved to the Ontario Institute for Studies in Education and a keynote address by Connie Clement, feminist activist and member of the **Healthsharing** collective.

"We must talk more about sex," she said, "and talk about it the way it really is so we may dispel the myths and pressures that demand intense sex and orgasm nightly. If as teens we had known that our gym teacher had sex now and then, or that she was a lesbian, perhaps we'd have a more positive image about sexuality."

Taking control of our language, a common theme throughout the

conference, arose here. Ms. Clement pointed out that we are apt to see sex as intercourse (penetration). She suggests we also make "vagina" a positive word and get it into the action so sex as intercourse is enveloping or enclosing.

Rally

Videos scheduled for lunchtime were cancelled to enable women to attend a rally and march protesting both the appeal of the latest jury acquittal and the ordering of a new trial against Dr. Morgentaler.

Workshops

After lunch, workshops became the order of the day. Thirty-four workshops spread over four time slots — for heterosexual women only (such as Patriarchal Power in the Bedroom: Who is on Top), for bisexual women only (Bisexuality, Another Closet), and for lesbians only (Dykes with Tykes). Other workshops included Exploring Periods of Celibacy, Religious Guilt and Sexuality — you name it!

I attended "Strange Bedfellows: Lesbians and Heterosexuals Working (and sleeping?) Together." Working on the premise that feelings are okay, it's what you do about them that makes the difference, we were able to open up and list some of the political and sexual tensions in a "mixed" group of women. Some of these points were: •heterosexual women are screwing the enemy •heterosexual privilege in society •lesbian privilege in the women's movement •misogyny — women hating women •sexual attraction to each other

We didn't have much time to discuss these feelings. However, it appears most feminist women's groups have, or will be, working through these issues.

At this point we split into groups to define lesbian, heterosexual and bisexual. We had a dreadful time of it but

managed to narrow it down to words such as: primary relations, self-definition, and political identification.

Relaxation

Saturday night was party time and what a time it was! An excellent D.J. played a terrific selection of music, mostly by women. The crowd went wild and boogied until 2:00 a.m. The dance hall was large enough and divided so cigarette smoke was not a problem. —What a treat!

Sunday

Sunday morning came a little too early, but we were jolted out of any possible stupor by a keynote address by JoAnn Loulan, author of **Lesbian Sex**. Ms. Loulan is a marriage, family, and child counsellor who works primarily with lesbians.

We spent a good deal of time talking and trying to get personal. JoAnn Loulan came right out with "it". Off she went at a remarkable pace with the one-liners of a stand up comic and then right back into evaluating relationships.

Then a serious moment as Ms. Loulan took us into ourselves to seek out the little girl with a broken heart. "Somewhere, sometime, you got your heart broken, whether you were sexually abused, or perhaps your mom wasn't there when you got home from school. Sometime you got hurt. That little girl is still there and appears, for example, when you're depressed for no apparent reason, or in the middle of lovemaking you suddenly don't feel like it anymore."

Ms. Loulan suggests we get in touch with that little girl with the broken heart and recognize her as an element of ourselves. Thank you, JoAnn Loulan.

And now I'm home . . . Dogs sprawled out around the stove . . . Rain splashing against the window . . . Hard to imagine only miles away three million people are buzzing in Toronto . . .

Alex Keir is a woman living in the country, working in the women's community — with a special interest in the area of women's health and sexuality.

Will Halifax women put abortion on trial

Nancy Bowes

The Halifax Chapter of CARAL (Canadian Abortion Rights Action League) is looking for some feedback from the women's community. We have an idea and we'd like to know if you think it will fly.

The Ontario Coalition for Abortion Clinics (OCAC) is urging us to plan a tribunal as part of a national program to pressure the federal government into changing the abortion law. In the course of such an event, women who have had abortions — both before 1969 (when it was illegal) and since 1969 (it is now legal under certain restrictive conditions) — would be asked to "testify," to tell their stories.

The focus of the tribunal would be on the law itself. Section 251 of the Criminal Code would be put

on trial and found guilty of discriminating against women.

In principle, we think this is a great idea. However, we worry that there is not enough support in the Halifax area for such an event. It seems to us that there is not a large enough corps of women prepared to take on the issue of choice in any active way.

Your comments are needed. We would like to lay our worries to rest. Please let us know if you think Halifax women should put the abortion law on trial. We can be reached at: P.O. Box 101, Station M, Halifax, N.S. Or you can call Nancy Bowes at 425-6185.



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In search of role models Princess: 1, Feminists: 0

Margaret Davis

Not long ago, I was one of millions of Canadians watching CBC's *The Journal* when it rebroadcast a British Independent



nions, CBC Radio and CBC Stereo. I was dismayed to realize that during regular weekly programming, male hosts and presenters on CBC Radio outnumbered their female counterparts by about 13 to 3.

On the weekend, women did only marginally better, with a ratio of 16 men for every seven women. The story was even grim-

seen to make news. With exceptions rare enough to be noticeable, one discovers women in numbers only on the social pages.

As the week passed, my search for role models grew ever more depressing. Then, for a few brief shining moments I thought I'd hit the jackpot with a *Herald* story on the five women who produce, write, narrate and research the CBC current affairs show *Inquiry*. Talk about your positive images for young women!

My elation was shortlived. The show's executive producer was asked by the (male) interviewer to comment on whether women today "still feel they have to work harder just to prove themselves". Not this group, apparently, since their executive producer staunchly declares their credibility doesn't need proving.

Roxana Spicer does have one concern, though. "I worry that in some quarters people will think we're a bunch of feminists, burning bras and trying to take over the CBC! We're really not like that at all." Which must come as a considerable relief to CBC management — not to mention local fire departments, who doubtless live in fear of the proven pyromaniac tendencies of the feminist movement.

Role models, you ask? In the Maritimes at least, it seems princesses are in and feminists are definitely out.

Margaret Davis likes to think of herself as Pandora's foreign correspondent. She lives in splendid isolation (with two cats) on the Eastern Shore of Nova Scotia.

mer on the stereo network, where during the week men outnumber women 10-2 and weekend hosts are 15 male to only two female.

As a rural resident without access to cable television, I have only occasional exposure to news and current affairs on the American networks. But on the local-regional level, it should be noted that high audience supertime news shows are hosted by men with women in supporting roles as consumer reporters, weather readers and at least one sports reporter.

CBC's *First Edition* has a woman co-host, although she is often absent on assignment for the national network. When she is on the set, her male co-host receives top billing and usually conducts studio interviews with the day's newsmakers.

ATV, meanwhile, has hired a woman sports reporter, but her infrequent appearances give the impression she's just filling in while the real reporter takes a holiday.

The provincial daily does provide us with women reporters. What's discouraging here is that while women are permitted to write news, they are obviously not

Television interview with Prince Charles and Diana, the Princess of Wales. And, in common with most people who tuned in, it was Diana who held my attention.

For nearly five years this young woman has lived under the glare of television lights and photographic flash bulbs — singlehandedly, Diana may be responsible for keeping scores of British journalists off the unemployment rolls. Her public appearances are met, worldwide, with crowds of adoring Diana-watchers, a significant number of whom are teenaged girls.

The idea of a princess as role model for a generation makes me nervous, especially since it's nearly impossible to find a media report about Diana that doesn't include the term "fairy tale". The unspoken message seems to be that if a girl is pretty and modest, inevitably a prince will come along to take care of her for the rest of her life.

Few of my fears were allayed by the ITV interview. It was reassuring to hear Diana say she saw too much of herself in the media, when surely there are more important topics to be addressed.

On the other hand, my heart sank when Diana told the interviewer her much-publicized passion for fashion was prompted because "my husband wants me to look presentable". As for her own place in the grand scheme of things, "I feel my role is supporting my husband whenever I can and always being behind him." (Emphasis mine.)

The interview piqued my curiosity. Where do young women find their role models, I wondered, and what sort of messages are they receiving about the place women have in Western society?

To answer these questions I turned to the media themselves and along the way discovered a sobering fact: Women may represent 52 per cent of the Canadian population, but you wouldn't know it by listening to the radio, watching television or reading your daily newspaper.

I began my informal survey with my near-constant compa-



JANET THOMPSON

original: 11x14 color print from a 4x5 negative
included in *Environmental Portraits*
an exhibit by Jan Skeldon
Anna Leonowens Gallery, NSCAD, Oct 15-26

I am interested in combining the formalities of a color portrait with the documentation of people's lives. I use natural light and photograph each person in their home/living space. I am familiar with each person. This familiarity, when combined with the home environment, brings forth qualities in each portrait not possible in a studio situation.

Breast cancer group forming

Ann Brimer, an adult educator and former member of Dalhousie University's Continuing Education staff, recently underwent surgery for breast cancer. She is interested in meeting people who are seeking information about current conventional and alternative treatments, support groups and the prevention of the disease. Ann has collected in-

formation on these topics and has visited a cancer treatment centre in England.

If anyone is interested in forming a group to discuss breast cancer, its prevention, share their own findings and/or experiences, please contact Continuing Education at 424-2375.

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Just looking at the topic sets you apart

Eleanor O'Donnell MacLean

I marched in, glared at the men at the magazine rack who dispersed like flies to other parts of the store, then flipped through a few magazines myself. Took one more look at their embarrassment (in order to ward off my own) as I waited for my change.

One defiant man returned my look of anger with one of contempt and hatred. I harrumphed out of the store and strode down the street thinking, "I must be trying to shake off the atmosphere of these places . . ."

And suddenly I felt like the pictures of the suffragettes or Ladies Temperance Union members, sweeping down the silent streets in all their indignation.

In the hushed studios of CBC, linked to a national network of live radio, I read words which made some of those pictures again. I had practised them aloud beforehand, so it would be the interviewer and the audience, not me, who would gasp and reel and grieve at what I had to say.

I agreed to write on this subject matter reluctantly, not only because by doing so I would be reminded of certain images which I loathe, but also because so often the messenger is tainted by the message.

By even addressing the issue of pornography, you risk being categorized even before your audience has heard what you have to say. For some, mere willingness to

look at the topic sets you apart. For some, it indicates that you must be frustrated, man-hating, puritanical, obsessively anti-sexual.

For others, perhaps, you appear to be the wholesome, "good" person (or loyal and "strong" feminist) who, of course, would agree that something as dangerous as pornography simply must be banned, no question about it. And perhaps worst of all is the typecasting of you (not them) as the person who's designated to deal with all the messy difficult questions . . .

Several journalists across the country were to feed reports into Peter Gzowski's *Morningside* on what pornography was available in their area, and after this a panel would discuss the pornography/censorship issue.

Not surprisingly, those of us assigned to do the story found the same things the Fraser Commission did: pornography of all kinds and degrees which celebrated incest, sadism, the annihilation of women, and more.

The entire experience highlighted for me the myth of objective journalism and the related myth that one can remain unaffected by the images and subject matter with which one is dealing. I came out of the stores — "respectable" and seedy alike — as angry and as appalled as I believe most women would be.

How can someone report on the mutilation (fictitious or otherwise) of women, dismemberment of children, and battering or ridiculing of the elderly and not express feelings and an opinion about it?

People can remain "detached" only if they are unconnected to their own bodies and their own

surroundings and therefore feel little if any connection to others.

The last question in our interview was: How did you feel as you were doing the research? I said I felt angry, humiliated, robbed of my own sexuality. Furious at being perceived as being anti-sexual. Alienated, as if I were from another planet, observing the strange customs of a dying species whose males were sexually aroused by images of females, not the females themselves . . . and whose females then imitated the images of females, often created by the males . . .

Afterwards, the producer in Halifax said the item went well, but if he had been the one to assign people to the story, he

wouldn't have chosen me. This was because he had known I had "strong views" on the subject. I do not know what he thought my views were nor how he thought he knew what they were, but my answering the last question (How did you feel?) had confirmed for him that they were strong — whatever they were! And journalists should be detached.

For another time is a critical look at other aspects of "objective" journalism, but because my item and others across the country fed into a relatively intelligent debate on censorship/pornography, there is some point to including the vicious and ugly images which it was my job to describe.

Biggies recognize Our two cents worth

Following its premiere last month at the Atlantic Festival Atlantique 1985, *Our Two Cents Worth*, a 30 minute video tape produced by a Halifax women's video collective, Women and Video Exploration (WAVE) has been featured by special invitation in the program of screenings at the Grierson Documentary Seminar.

This prestigious seminar organized annually by the Ontario Film Association is named after John Grierson, the founder of Canada's National Film Board and one of North America's first documentary filmmakers.

This year approximately 20 film and video producers (16 Canadian, three American, one overseas guest) were invited for five days of screenings and discussions focusing on the work of women documentary makers and their use of documentary as a social tool.

Our Two Cents Worth, co-produced and directed by Pam Murphy and Sara Newman, is a self-reflective documentary which addresses current economic problems facing women today. While trying to depict the trials women face, the producers and primary character Toni Goree discuss the

difficulty of avoiding narrative clichés which misrepresent women who are trying to survive on a low income.

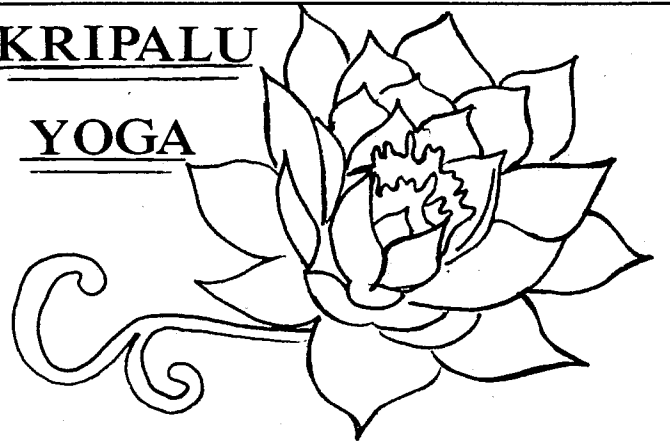
The program not only expresses these concerns but also offers some solutions. It was on the strength of this process that the tape was invited to the Grierson Seminar.

Two other works in progress deal with the topics of "Sex Bias in Language" and "Femininity." Upon completion all three tapes will be screened at the National Film Board.

For further information contact: Pam Murphy at 424-4456, 4407 or Carol Millett at 454-0570.

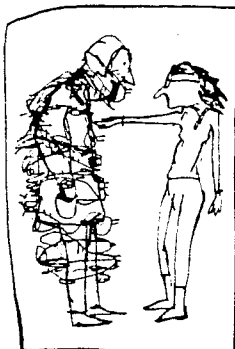
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This conference is free and will focus on the experiences of both rural and urban women.

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Women challenged to confront isolation of middle class rut

Barbara Cottrell

"In all the years I have been in the Women's Movement, this is the first time I have ever been in a meeting where we talked openly about racism."

This stunning truth was spoken by one of the women attending a recent meeting with Toronto poet, feminist, and community worker, Dionne Brand. We were there to discuss how *Pandora* in particular and women's groups in general can reach out to all women. One look around the table made the point: the large majority of *Pandora* women were white and middle class.

Dionne began the meeting by asking us how we decide who will write for *Pandora*. We explained that when we hear about a topic, we call someone we know or have heard about and ask them to write the story. "Someone we know" is the key phrase. That process, says Dionne, is a middle class rut.

And it is a rut that isolates black women. They can find solace from racism by working with men in the black press, but they are then subjected to sexism. The reverse happens when they try to work with white feminists.

For example, said Dionne, a group of black women asked the editorial board of a Canadian

feminist journal, *Fireweed*, to devote one issue to the writing of women of colour. The editors had problems with this. They were concerned that if they relinquished control, their academic standards would not be upheld. And this, says Dionne, is racism.

The editorial board was concerned about the correct use of English, making sure the semicolons are in the right spot. In fact, it is precisely this patriarchal standard of the educated intellectual that usually excludes most black women, for most black women are working class.

Ironically, this is the same mechanism traditionally used by

men to silence women; the same mechanism used by the upper and middle classes to silence the working class.

To insist that black women meet certain "standards" excludes them, silences and oppresses them, explains Dionne. Language has always been used to oppress, to define others as "lesser." Educated women are trained to speak and write in a certain way. It is our passage into the middle class and we learn to denigrate those who do not speak this way.

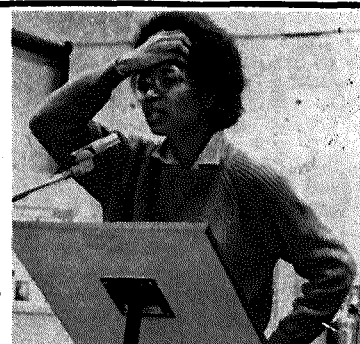
Women's words relate the way we lead our lives; to the context in which we live and struggle; to the way we are, to what we are, the words we use, the order of those words in sentences, are connected with our lives.

We are now recognizing that women's language is valuable, and we must write ourselves, black, white, middle class, or poor, the way we are. We must allow ourselves, and each other, to speak in women's ways.

This is not a simple process, nor a familiar one. It was at this point in the meeting I began to feel uncomfortable. Surely, I thought, it is patronizing to say to someone, "I want you to write for us because you are black." But we must do just that, says Dionne, if that is what it will take to give black women a voice in *Pandora*.

Once black women know they will be heard, she added, they will be encouraged to raise their voices, and eventually the *Pandora* collective will truly represent women of all races and social positions.

For are not all aspects of women's lives feminist issues? This is what Dionne called "avoiding the feminist trap." If we are to give all women a voice in *Pandora*, we must more consciously and actively reframe the issues of feminism to include those issues relevant to black, poor, and working class women. This can be achieved only if we work in coalition with women who are black, poor, and working



Dionne Brand

class.

We do not have the answers. I still have working class friends who would feel out of place at a meeting of feminists, who would not feel equipped to write for *Pandora*, who are thus excluded from the Women's Movement. But now I know I am not alone in my concern; it is not some quirk of my personality that makes me uncomfortably aware of being part of an organization for the privileged class.

Dionne ended the meeting by talking about this concern. She told us about an article she read that covered black women's involvement in a Women and Words conference. The author, in celebrating the fact that black women were involved, said that it did not matter what the black women said, what mattered was that they were there.

Dionne disagreed and offended the author by writing a letter to the editor criticizing this as a racist statement belittling the voice of black women. What black women say must be heard. The fact that they are speaking is not enough in itself.

As I left the meeting that evening, I took Dionne's hand and said, "I hope I don't write anything that will offend you." With a warm smile, Dionne responded: "And I hope that if I do challenge you politically, you won't take it personally."

Now, without being threatened, I welcome response from Dionne. I hope I can learn from her criticism. I know now I will not be insulted by them, for we are learning to listen to each other. At last.

Barbara Cottrell works at the Dartmouth Library in the community services department, is Calandar Co-ordinator for *Pandora*, and, as co-chair of the N.S. branch of Canadian Research Institute for the Advancement of Women, is actively taking part in an attempt to make that organization more inclusive.

Ginny had a clear vision of world as it could be

On Saturday, November 9, Ginny Green died. On Wednesday, November 13, over 100 women gathered at Brunswick Street United Church to say good bye. Ginny

worked on women's issues with the peace, labor, housing, health and art community. She lived her politics, her vision of what life could be. At her memorial service, Anne Fulton shared her vision of Ginny.

Anne Fulton

I've known Ginny for many years but I didn't get to know her well until this past year. I especially spent time with her in the past few months, in what were some of her darkest hours. For the first day, after hearing of her death, I remembered her mostly in that way — fighting a battle I didn't understand.

Then, Sunday night, I saw the documentary made about the action for peace which happened in Debert, in which Ginny took part. When Ginny spoke, she was strong, articulate; she was magnificent. She saw what was wrong with the world and had a clear vision of what should be. And she was fighting a battle which I do understand.

Regardless of which battle she was fighting, the one I understood or the one I didn't understand, I loved her very much, and have the greatest respect for her . . . for her fight, for her vision, and for her final choice.

I feel this final choice was made in part to keep the patriarchal institutes she was slowly being entrapped by from taking control over her life. The only way left of keeping control over her own life was to take it — Ginny was not one to compromise herself.

Ginny was a loving and gentle woman and she touched me very deeply. Ginny was also a visionary — she saw the world not as it is, but as it could be. And when reality brutally intruded again and again, she was deeply hurt. I feel that in many ways Ginny was far too beautiful for this world.

But if this world is ever to hold on to people like Ginny, it has to be radically and totally changed so that it is more peaceful, fairer, gentler, and more loving.

And if we are to do justice to Ginny's memory, we must all work in our own way to change these things, and we must give each other the love and support we all need, regularly, and not wait for some crisis to draw us closer together.

It's strange that since Ginny's death I've felt closer to some people and felt more of a community than I've felt in a long, long time. This is the way it should be . . . and maybe, in her own way, driving us closer together, Ginny is showing us the way.

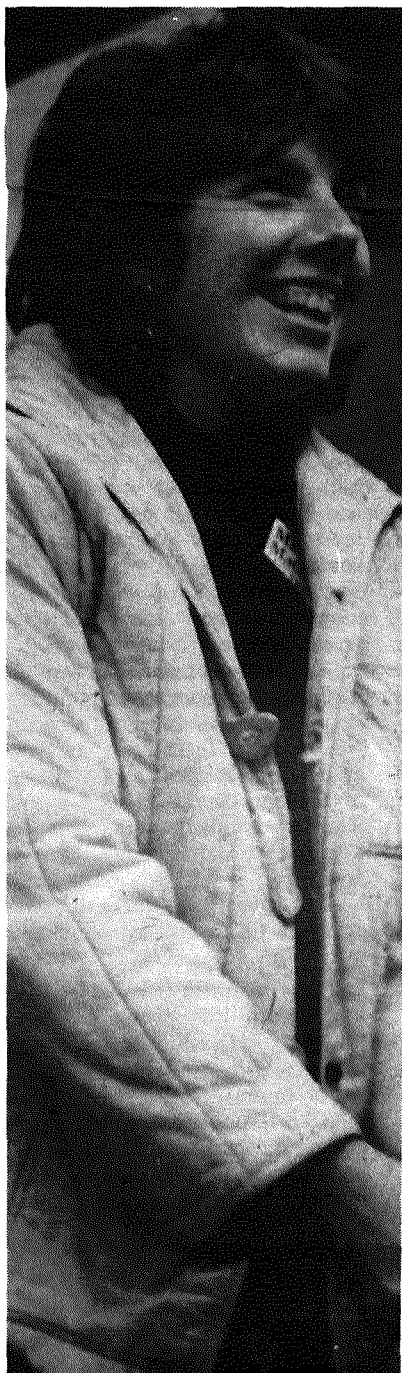


photo by Sandra Lore



photo by Ginny Green

Seems to me
we have much to celebrate
seems a bit strange
to say that
after Ginny's memorial service
is there not joy in our lives
somewhere
or has that gone the way
of the revolution
what do you say?

Electra Productions invites women
to an evening of celebration

Prison abolitionist enigma for feminists

Jo Anne Fiske

"I'm an abolitionist." In a quiet, unassuming manner, Claire Culhane declares her opposition to Canada's penal system. Rehabilitation and re-entry into the community must be given precedence. Culhane appeals to the Canadian public to recognize and redress the inhumane conditions of our penal system.

Culhane is drawn to the abolitionist movement by the magnitude of human suffering. In prison, women and men have few privileges and few clearly defensible rights. Whether it is receiving their mail, visiting with their families, or avoiding a multitude of charges of infraction of arbitrary rules, the prisoners' smallest desires are subject to the whims and threats of their keepers.

Not surprisingly, she is challenged with women concerned with their safety -- whether it be protection from an abusing partner or from the violent stranger given to rape and mutilation. Culhane has no clear answers to this problem. She acknowledges the need to imprison the "truly dangerous" and maintains that a single prison could handle this problem.

When pushed on the more prevalent issues of family violence, incest, and rape by known men, her answers are vague and, to many in her audience, unrealistic. She suggests that counselling on a one-to-one basis and -- or the establishment of neighbourhood committees to

mediate disputes and shame wife batterers pose better alternatives than imprisonment.

She links violence against women to overall social conditions and suggests with the alleviation of poverty and unemployment the situation will improve.

But Culhane does not address the magnitude of sexism and misogyny in our society. She does not persuade us that either counselling or public shame can be effective in a society with an apathetic attitude toward these problems. Nor does she convince us that it is such a small minority of the prison population who threaten our well being.

It is estimated that no fewer than 10 per cent of Canadian women who live with male partners will suffer abuse this year. At least 20 per cent of children will also be victims of sexual abuse. Clearly, more than 100 or so "dangerous criminals" are responsible.

Shameful as imprisonment is, it does not seem reasonable to trust that either counselling or public shame will provide the protection women and children desperately need. Culhane fails to ask the critical question: With violence against women so prevalent, who in our neighbourhoods can be trusted to shame theabusers?

When confronted, Culhane responds with challenges to the feminist movement. She acknowledges feminist-voiced concerns for female victims but contends they are not carried far enough.

She criticizes academic feminist researchers on the grounds that their concern is for liberal issues of equality within the class of the educated elite and corporate professionals at the expense of "our invisible sisters" in the prisons -- in particular native women.

She refused to differentiate her struggle from those which are labelled "women's issues". The thin line between offender and victim, she claims, makes this impossible.

Culhane poses an enigma for feminists. Her liberal humanistic stance on the basic rights and her

single issue approach is at odds with explicit feminist concerns for women's safety and the denouncement of sexism within our mainstream culture. Yet she also provides a role model consistent with a long-standing feminist tradition.

To inform the public of the issue, she has written two books, **Barred From Prison** and **Still Barred From Prison**.

JoAnne Fiske is a lecturer in Sociology -- Anthropology Department at Mount Saint Vincent University.



Clare Culhane spoke at Mount Saint Vincent University during her recent Atlantic Canadian tour. Discussion following her presentation was lively. Here, she talks with Virginia Turner and Mary Liz Greene. (photo by Marilyn Lamb)

South Shore women's centre becoming even more active

For over two and a half years, women's interests and concerns on the South Shore have had a very recognizable focus in the Second Story Woman's Centre.

An information, resource, referral, and drop-in centre located in Bridgewater, the facility recently moved to 9 Dominion Street. This is a ground level location, making it all the more accessible to anyone wishing to visit. And visit they do, with the Centre's statistics showing close to 10,000 uses since first opening in 1983!

In responding to its mandate of trying to fill in the gaps of existing services, the Centre's organizational skills have led to the creation of new community services, such as HELpline South Shore, Friends for Women in Crisis, and the South Shore Transition House Association.

The well-stocked resource library at the Centre receives wide usage and provides the foundation for an information service much

called upon by the local community. Staff members also offer a peer counselling and referral service.

Promotion of women's culture is another of the Centre's mandates. An art show held this year in International Women's Day provided the inspiration for a recent juried exhibition of Women's Art in Lunenburg County, co-sponsored with the Desbrisay Museum National Exhibition Centre in Bridgewater.

Second Story welcomes drop-in visitors, whether it be for a quiet place to nurse or change a baby, have a cup of tea, or just relax in the middle of a busy day in town. Community groups are also encouraged to use the Centre as a meeting space.

Anyone wishing more information is asked to contact Second Story Women's Centre, 9 Dominion Street, Bridgewater, N.S. B4V 2J6 or to phone 543-1315.

Shiatsu therapy traditional choice

Darl Wood

An alternative to anything in this society, I figure, is always worth a closer look. When I heard there was a womyn in the city who

was an expert in Shiatsu, an ancient Oriental holistic health treatment, I had to check it out.

Womyn have been suffering from environmental ailments, both psychical and sociological, and have too often and too long been told by our traditional western doctors it is imaginary or psychological. This new/old approach to health care should be greeted with our arms wide open.

Silvie Groulx provides womyn here in the Halifax area an opportunity to alternative health care. Newly arrived in Halifax, she is a graduate of the Kikkawa College of Shiatsu Therapy in Toronto. She has studied with Shiatsu Master, Mitsuki Kibbawa. She is now busily involved in setting up her practice, but makes herself available to do free introductory workshops for interested groups.

"The treatment is based on the application of pressure with thumbs along acupuncture lines called meridians, which parallel major muscle groups. One meridian corresponds to each major organ or body function. Imbalance, or blockages, in these meridians cause the conditions we call dis-ease or illness. The pressure stimulates the body's natural healing power and thereby helps maintain or restore health."

You can get more information about Shiatsu by calling Silvie and talking to her about it at 425-6802.

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Poster project makes links between issues

Cathy Busby

Last spring I participated in a nonviolent direct action training workshop. Many diverse groups came together in the weekend-long event and we began to make connections that led to the production of the first poster and, eventually, the poster project.

We discovered that, while specific issues vary, it is the priorities of the existing power structure that prevent basic human needs and rights from being met. The same value system that supports militarism will not acknowledge and respond to a housing crisis.

We came to realize that our sources of power and support can be shared between groups that focus on varied issues. We are all involved in the same ongoing process: working to change current priorities.

Paula Bowley, a local architect and activist, and I decided to work together. As an artist with a specific interest in graphics and as an organizer, the idea of designing and producing posters seemed a direct way to contribute to the grassroots community organizing already underway.

We decided to use a photograph from a nonviolent direct action and discuss the issue on this background. The text would overlay the image of a vigil protesting the presence of nuclear submarines in our harbor. This factual information would place the specific event in context and lend support to it.

We invited groups within Halifax and Dartmouth to put their names on the poster, both to indicate their support of its statements and to increase their accessibility to other groups and individuals.

We felt the posters would also contribute to the alternative media that records and supports actions against injustice and dares to criticize well-packaged conservative, capitalist values. Mainstream media rarely applaud activities that challenge governments and/or big business.

Each group was asked to contribute \$20 toward producing the poster. We hoped that at least half the groups would be able to provide this support. We sold the posters for \$2 each and the profits went to the MUMS (Mothers United for Metro Shelter). In this way, the poster had a direct impact, as a fundraiser.

When we began contacting groups, initially ones we knew about from our personal involvement in the activist community, the question of identity was raised repeatedly: "Who are you?" We decided we were the Halifax Poster Project. Our credibility was increased. We had a rubber stamp made. Our credibility was increased even further.

At the time of producing the first poster we didn't anticipate a series. The first one was completed in time for the last day of Woman's International Peace Conference, June 9, 1985. While we met our deadline — after a

month of intense work — we were discouraged that the key information, the names of the supporting groups, was not easily read, due to the size and the colour of the type.

Several months later I met American art historian Moira Roth who was visiting the Nova Scotia College of Art and Design. She was very supportive of the concept and suggested that the posters continue as a series. Technical difficulties shouldn't deter us.

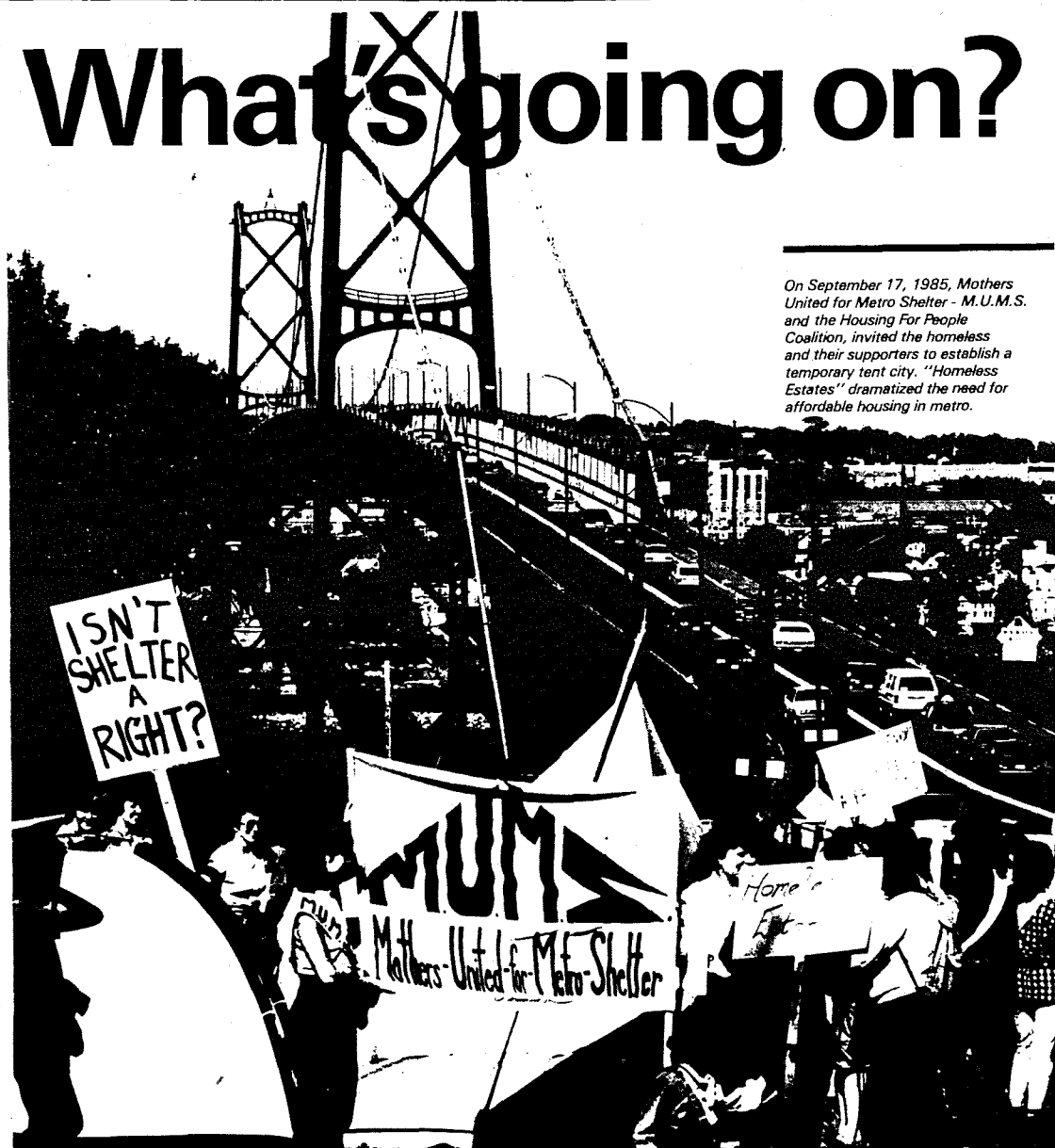
So, the second poster, the MUMS and Housing For People Coalition's September 17th, 1985 demonstration, grew out of a collaboration with Cathy Quinn, also a local artist and activist.

As co-ordinator of the project, I think that our series can provide visual links that contribute to the vital process of making connections between the issues. The discovery that current priorities within the power structure limit progressive change will help us to act in solidarity on local, regional, and global issues.

(Both posters are available for \$2 each at Red Herring Co-op Books, or from The Halifax Poster Project, 2096 Gottingen Street, Halifax, N.S., B3K 3B3.)

Cathy Busby is a feminist/activist artist. She feels deep concern about the injustice of the world and believes in the effectiveness of creative non-violent direct action in gaining public support and bringing about change. She lives in Halifax with her partner John Bouris. She runs an art gallery. She believes that once an attitude of critical inquiry is adopted, it's very hard to go back to not questioning. "I feel fortunate that I'm motivated to act on these discoveries and turn out rather than inward with the despair I feel."

What's going on?



On September 17, 1985, Mothers United for Metro Shelter - M.U.M.S. and the Housing For People Coalition, invited the homeless and their supporters to establish a temporary tent city. "Homeless Estates" dramatized the need for affordable housing in metro.

housing crisis. When housing is a marketable commodity and not an essential right, people suffer: mother-led families, senior citizens, students, disabled people, the working poor and the unemployed.

Tenants in metro Halifax/Dartmouth face a vacancy rate of a half percent or less. A recent study suggests that a vacancy rate of 9% is required to create competition among landlords. Rents are unreasonably high relative to incomes and there is no competition or choice in the market.

Our political leaders - federal, provincial and municipal - have priorities other than improving immediate prospects for affordable, secure housing. Municipal governments consistently encourage high income housing developments with little serious planning for the needs of all citizens. We need women and men on our Councils who will develop a creative housing strategy, designed to meet the needs of all people. The current one-dimensional approach is unacceptable.

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Halifax Citadel NDP Association
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Halifax Needham NDP Association
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Housing For People Coalition
5557 Cunard Street, Halifax B3K 1C5

Dennis Therman 423 8105

MUMS - Mothers United for Metro Shelter
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Neighbourhood Housing Association
2015 Gottingen Street, Halifax B3K 3B1

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Nova Scotia College of Art and Design
Student Union Women's Committee

Student Union Office
5163 Duke Street, Halifax B3J 2J6

One Parent Family Support Network
337 Herring Cove Road, Halifax

Study Action Group
425 6740 423 9593

SUNS - Student's Union of Nova Scotia
6136 University Avenue, Halifax B3H 4J2

Tawaak Housing Association

This poster is available for \$2 at Red Herring Co-op Books, 1558 Argyle Street, Halifax, or by ordering from The Halifax Poster Project, 2096 Gottingen Street, Halifax, Nova Scotia, Canada B3K 3B3. Proceeds, after expenses, to the Mothers United for Metro Shelter - M.U.M.S. This is the second poster produced by The Halifax Poster Project. Let us know if your group would like to be included on our next poster.

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Run You Over

Carol Sinclair

I am lying on the diagonal in bed, as is my mother alongside of me. As I stretch I imagine we are like two sardines between bread. I, the actress and she, the nurse. The selfish and the selfless, a dedicated pair.

I know she is not sleeping. My mother never truly sleeps. No one asks, "Are you awake?" We know without speaking we are.

Though I am a woman now myself, and a woman of almost thirty at that, I still often share her bed when I am home and my father is away. And my father is often away.

Our deep smokers' laughter keeps our loneliness at bay late into the night, and in the morning murmured voices are relaxing. We are not due for consciousness for an hour yet, and there is infinite luxury in that.

Between yawns she softly interrogates.

"How are you going to get those bloody trunks to Toronto?" she asks. I laugh toward the ceiling. This is so typical of my mother.

"I'll send them on ahead, pick 'em up after New York." She laughs. This, I suppose, is typical of me. Where 'ere she finds potential for problem, I will oversimplify.

"And how are you going to get them up from the basement?"

"Thought Uncle Geddy could help me."

"He hasn't got time to take you."

"Just to get them up the stairs."

"Oh. I see."

"I'll get a cab over to the station."

"I see. And how will you lift them?"

"The driver'll help. I'll get a good one."

"I see." She has heard all this before.

Had I been more fully awake I would have anticipated her next words, could have predicted her automatic response. But the inevitable is cagey and takes us by surprise again and again.

"I can run you over," she says simply.

This has been her motto for years now and will probably one day be her epitaph. Her solution to so many, many situations now.

"I can run you over."

Mum, so afraid that any of her children might get wet "when the heavens could open" and contract double pneumonia and die. Mum, in a thin cotton nightgown with a coat thrown over it, folding plastic raincoat in hand and bare feet in cold plastic boots coaxing the car engine to beat the bell. Always one wing extended over the ducklings against the cruel rain outside a bedroom window.

And it literally had begun to run me over in the end, or so I supposed at the foolish age of eighteen years when one still speaks of "spirit" when one means "self", and speaks of it often, and speaks of this "spirit/self" as if it were some delicate bud in continual danger of being fatally trampled.

"I can run you over" had saved my neck more times than I am completely comfortable at this point in recalling. The sum of all the otherwise missed classes, exams, job interviews and Friday night movies downtown would have been staggering. This practice of hers, early in my life, has

permitted to develop within me a character trait unaffectionately referred to by most as "chronically late."

At the time it was a practice which was very helpful, in that I almost always arrived at the appointed place at more or less the appointed time. But at the selfish time, particularly the last few years of it, I began to assume I had outgrown such coddling and that she was in error for encouraging my "spiritual baby fat" to remain, softening my "spiritual spine", and allowing me to make little "spiritual detours from REALITY," if you will.

While in retrospect there seems to have been some grain of

dubious nobility in the adolescent desire to bolster moral resistance, I do not recall, at any time, under any circumstances, having endeavoured to employ, in response to her offers an attempted application of the cosmic phrase, "No thanks, Mum."

Indeed it remains to this day a distinctly difficult set of words to coax out of the mouth.

When the singers called the McGarrigle Sisters sing the lyric to one of their songs that goes: "Don't throw the meter, Mama.", I overlay an interpretation, no doubt of my own invention, which I can't seem to shake whenever I hear it. I hear the sisters singing that their taxi

drivin' mama will some day want her due. And didn't I always vaguely hear some sort of emotional meter ticking over all those miles to all those Brownie meetings, ballet classes, the Mall?

Surely the McGarrigles meant nothing of the kind, and surely my mother never intended the induction of guilt that formed like a crust over so many miles of gasoline and so many hours of unselfish time. Only concern for us. Only love.

Carol Sinclair has worked as an actress and writer across the country for the past 10 years. "Run You Over" is an excerpt from a full length story, "When the Heavens Open."

Confessions of a delinquent borrower

What happened to amnesty?

For reasons which will become obvious, the following article has been submitted by "Jane Doe."

Did anyone else notice that the public library did not have an amnesty this year? Or, horrors!, am I the only borrower who takes advantage of these blessed events? I anxiously awaited the news that I could return my books without fear of condemnation or reprisal. I was patient.

I now feel let down, and slightly offended that the books I have out do not appear to be critical to the library content of the shelves. It is almost November and I have finally faced the fact that the summer amnesty will not happen.

So what to do? Well, I could

change my route to work. My ten-block path takes me past the North Branch on Gottingen Street. This means that morning and evening I become drenched in guilt as I skitter by. And the building is not getting smaller to pass. On the contrary, its tentacles seem to be spreading, and I am considering moving if it comes within two blocks of my house.

The South Branch library is not a problem. I no longer go downtown. I am told that downstairs at this branch there is a wonderful children's section. But I'm no fool. I've seen the bars on the windows.

I once saw a "cartoon" pinned up in this library. Showed a pic-

ture of a child tied to a chair. The librarian was saying into the phone: "Let's not beat about the bush, Ms. Smith. You have our books and we have your child." The staff were laughing about it.

I don't let my daughter go to the library any more.

Of course, I could return the books. But I'm afraid to go in.

Library security has had many an opportunity to take my picture — after all they have my address — and "wanted" posters are not expensive to make. Has anyone seen them yet? 10 X 12 glossies in living colour, with book titles listed underneath. Reading tastes displayed to the world.

I just know the public notice board has a poster of me furtively slinking in my front door, with a caption: WANTED, DEAD OR ALIVE (Please don't damage books).

Have the library police been issued guns yet? I need to know these things. Evasive strategy takes planning. Should a bullet-proof vest become part of my wardrobe? Do they come in nice colours? Army green is quite incompatible with my present style.

And so the question of what to do still remains. I mean, moving seems somewhat extreme under the circumstances and I'm sure bullet-proof vests are beyond my budget. So return them I must.

One day when I feel a strong urge to organize my life for yet another time, I will pack those books into a plastic shopping bag (which will undoubtedly give way, as they always do at these times) and I will stride purposefully to the library.

At some point between the sidewalk and the front door, however, the resolve to be assertive-without-aggressiveness, apologetic-without-whining, will desert me, leaving behind a grovelling wimp who will break into a sweat as she oozes up to those nice library staff who, contrary to popular belief, have never shown any inclination toward prosecution or violence.

I think all they really want is their books back.

And, of course, I will never do it again.

Freedom has beckoned

Words and music by Delvina Bernard
Four the Moment

I won't let the world turn my head around, no,
I won't let the world turn my head around, no,
I won't let the world turn my head around, 'cause
Freedom has beckoned me to come.

And I won't stop until the weak become the strong, no,
I won't stop until the weak become the strong, no,
I won't stop until the weak become the strong, 'cause
Freedom has beckoned me to come.

And we won't be free until the humble women speak.
We won't be free until the humble women speak.

I won't let the world turn my head around, no,
I won't let the world turn my head around, no,
I won't let the world turn my head around, 'cause
Freedom has beckoned me to come.

And I won't stop until black people stand as one, no,
I won't stop until black people stand as one, no,
I won't stop until black people stand as one, 'cause
Freedom has beckoned me to come.

And we won't be free until South Africa is free.
We won't be free until South Africa is free.

I won't let the world turn my head around, no,
I won't let the world turn my head around, no,
I won't let the world turn my head around, 'cause
Freedom has beckoned me to come.

And we won't stop until the Pentagon has fallen,
We won't stop until the Pentagon has fallen,
We won't stop until the Pentagon has fallen, 'til
Like Jericho its walls come tumbling down.

And we won't be free until the trumpet sounds for peace.
We won't be free until the trumpet sounds for peace.

I won't let the world turn my head around, no,
I won't let the world turn my head around, no,
I won't let the world turn my head around, cause
Freedom has beckoned me to come.
Yes, freedom has beckoned me to come.



Rita MacNeil: She's out there doing it

Darl Wood

When my friends get excited about something it is hard to say no to them. So off we went to hear Rita MacNeil at the LBR (Lord Nelson Beverage Room). Two or three of us do this periodically when we hear she is in town. An evening with Rita is a rare and sweet taste of our own culture as womyn and Nova Scotians.

Born in Cape Breton, Rita left Big Pond and moved to the big T.O. at 17. Fortunately for us she decided to move back home and I was able to talk to her just before her cross country tour this month.

Darl: Rita, how did you get started anyway?

Rita: In the early '70s I got involved in the womyn's movement in Toronto — a group called Toronto Womyn's Caucus. The reason I really got involved was because when I would go to these meetings they would be talking about so many things that really affected my life. I wanted to express how I felt, but being shy I felt I couldn't speak out very well.

But I found one way to communicate and that was — I went home and wrote a song. At the next meeting when I came back I asked their permission to share it with the group and that's how I got started. That's the first time I'd ever written anything.

I moved back home in the mid '70s. What happened to me was a wonderful thing. I found that it was like rediscovering something I'd lost a long time ago and I was able to write. It took on another direction. It was still written from the point of view of a womyn but it was about other things.

I kept growing and writing, and concerts started to come and more performances. I found that in 1984 and '85 I was going to other parts of Canada and a trip to Japan and I am heading into a cross country tour in the middle of October as well as three weeks booked at Expo 1986 in Vancouver. And that's a long way, from Big Pond to the Womyn's Movement back to Big Pond.

I feel very . . . sometimes very strange that all these things have happened, from the first time I sang at that womyn's meeting to today. There have been a lot of people who have supported me. I've had a tremendous amount from the womyn's groups across Canada. They've always been there for me and understanding the direction my music has taken, and to support another womyn artist no matter what.

If she's doing something that she feels is politically correct for her and still coming from the point of view of a womyn, that of course is very important. That support is really important, I feel very good about that.

Darl: Do you think the music you're writing now isolates you from the Womyn's Community?

Rita: Well, not the womyn that I know. Some womyn might feel that I've gone in a whole other direction, which I have, but everything I write is from a womyn's point of view and as a feminist.

I'm out there doing it. It's been a long hard struggle and I've never once failed to mention the Womyn's Movement and how important it has been to me. I find the stronger feminists have stuck by me, especially the ones out west, Toronto . . . They're always there at my concerts. I needed their support, and I still need it.

Darl: What about Halifax?

Rita: I get an awful lot of support from womyn in Toronto and Vancouver. They always want to know when I'm out that way and they get the word out to the Womyn's Community, to make sure there's womyn there. After all these years that means a hell of a lot. I don't really know anyone here and I don't really notice a lot of womyn when I play here.

I can remember going to Harbour Front, where the majority of the audience were womyn. I closed with "Working Man" and I felt really nervous. Well, are they going to hate me? How are they going to react to that song? It is a strong song. I felt every bit of it and I meant every bit of it. Of course, it's such a totally different direction from what they were expecting of me that I didn't know what their reaction would be.

Well, they gave me a standing ovation and an encore. I talked to a lot of womyn and of course it's the feminists who say it's from a womyn's point of view and there can be nothing more powerful. I mean, they tell me, "you wrote it, it's you."

From then on I was never worried again. But I've learned of other womyn ar-

tists going out there and if their direction at all has changed sometimes it has been very hard for them. That didn't happen to me. I think that it is very important that for what I do now I be accepted by other womyn. It's important. . . .

I can't help noticing that numbers of women I look for in Halifax aren't there. A few are, but certainly not like they come out for other womyn performers. Because I've been there when other womyn artists appear and I see the womyn in the audience.

Darl: How does that make you feel?

Rita: It hurts . . . but I can live with it. That's too bad, really. I go back a long time in the movement and I don't know what to say. I'm not the only one who's felt it. Other people have mentioned it to me.

(a long pause)

Do you sense a difference when you do an all womyn's concert?

Rita: There definitely is a difference. I've always believed that when womyn are alone, that is when they are strongest, because you have to discover yourself. I find when men are around womyn are often intimidated and can't really be themselves. I'm saying that from experience — through different situations — and there's nothing I like better than playing an all womyn's concert.

I love it very much, I can really be myself. Not that I'm not myself at another concert but I can be myself in a different way which only womyn can understand. That's very wonderful.

Darl: I remember the first time I saw you in concert, you looked so beautiful in your red flop hat and great, brilliant clothes.

Rita: I met two large medicine womyn out west at a health conference for womyn and they were practicing medicine womyn. They discovered me all in black and they pretty well had me pegged. I was kind of hiding behind the colour.

They said not to wear all black, even if you have a splash of red or something. Just something at my centre where evil darts from the audience cannot penetrate. To them that was very real and they were very

large medicine womyn and were dressed in incredible yellows and oranges, greens. They were marvelous.

I took that literally, so if I do wear black now — which I do intend doing on Saturday night (concert at Rebecca Cohn — 28 Sept.) — I want to make sure I have something red on. I certainly believed in them. They were very powerful womyn, very.

Darl: Would you feel okay talking about your body image?

Rita: It's very hard when you're my size and you're out there. It's not the image they're looking for, and it's not the music they're looking for. It's very hard to win over an audience . . .

Darl: I notice there are things that are very wonderful about a womyn people don't recognize as being beautiful, like gray hair running through dark hair, older womyn. I mean my Mom has always been pretty but as she gets older she gets wrinkles and she gets more and more beautiful. A lot of womyn are just starting to realize that in themselves — that they are beautiful.

Rita: (she smiles) . . . um hum . . . for a lot of years I didn't even know . . .

Darl: I would like to ask you something that may sound trite, that you've probably been asked numerous times — who is Rita MacNeil?

Rita: Who is Rita MacNeil? Well now, I see myself very differently, I think, than how other people see me. I feel — not trying to sound ridiculous — but I believe there are two.

The one that stands up there and sings and then the other one, that's the one who lives in Big Pond, gathers the wood in for the winter, lives very simply and is still very shy and lives alone in that house, with her son and daughter who visit when she is home.

I kind of look back and think "oh my god, I'm not really doing that concert next week, it's really not happening."

I sometimes have a job fitting the two together. Maybe that's the only way I can do it. Deal with the two different lives, you know . . . to separate them.

Darl Wood is a Nova Scotia writer and outspoken lesbian rights activist. She has worked for many years in both the womyn's movement and the peace movement. Currently, she is busy doing research for her second novel and an anthology of lesbians in the military. She also wears re-appropriated army boots.



A video still from "Rita MacNeil in Japan," a one-half hour television show recorded in Japan this year by Red Snapper Films Ltd., Halifax. Contributed photo

Calendar of Events

Notices

- Women's dance every Tuesday Rumours — a social club for lesbians and gay men
1586 Barrington Street, Halifax
902-423-6814
- Anna Leonowens Gallery (Nova Scotia College of Art and Design)
Openings take place on the Monday evenings preceding the exhibitions
Call 422-7381 for information.
- Another Women's Network Potluck on the third Monday of each month at 6:30 pm.
Spencer House 5596 Morris St.
465-4745 (Patricia Martinson)
- Byrony House meetings for ex-residents held last Thursday of every month.
If interested please call 423-7183
- Can Save the Children fund has regular monthly meetings the first Tuesday of every month at the International Education Centre, Burke Education Building, St. Mary's University on Inglis Street.
- Understanding the Law — A Guide for Women in Nova Scotia, 2nd edition will be available in December, free of charge.
To obtain a copy contact The Public Legal Education Society at 423-7153 (Thelma Costello)
- Any womens groups wanting to organize a legal information session for their members or community, please let us know.
- CARAL (Canadian Abortion Rights Action League) Meetings held second Monday of each month. For location please call Kit Holmwood, 455-8170

December

December 1

- Canada World Youth — Now is application time for 1986 programs. Deadline dates as follows: field staff, January 8; participants, January 15. See page 8 for our ads and how to get more information.

December 2

- Center For Art Tapes at 8:00 pm
Videos about women: "Growing Together," "Elder Artists," "Escape."
Call 429-7299

December 3

- Pat Schuyler will give a talk and slide show presentation on her trip to Nairobi following the End of Decade Conference. Sponsored by CANSAVE. International Education Centre, Burke Education Building, St. Mary's University at 7:30 pm. Call Vickie Trainor at 422-2350 or 429-9780 (ext. 256)

December 4

- Red Herring will be open evenings starting today. Volunteers welcomed.

December 5, 6, 7

- Nova Dance Theatre performances at Sir James Dunn Theatre, Dalhousie, at 8:30 p.m. (423-6809)

December 5

- Free demonstration of Shiatsu (finger pressure) therapy. Held at the North Branch Library at 7:15 pm. For more information call Silvie Groulx at 425-6802.

December 6 and 7

- Nova Scotia Teacher's Union, Women in Education Conference. Open to teachers only.
A training conference to begin to organize women at local school board level.
For more information please call Yvonne Sears at NSTU (477-5621)

December 7 and 8

- K.D. Lang makes her first appearance with a symphony orchestra on CBC Radio. The zany cowpunker and her band, The Reclines, join the Edmonton Symphony Orchestra in a concert of original and classic country selections on Sat. at 10:05 on CBC stereo, and Sunday at 2:33 pm AST on CBC Radio

December 8

- Harold and Maude at Rebecca Cohn Auditorium (424-2298)



At a recent meeting of Another Women's Network, Linda Christiansen-Ruffman, Cathy Brideau and Betty Malo discuss some alternative means of reaching women. With other members, they extend an informal invitation to women concerned about social issues, both locally and abroad, to meet each other and discover what is happening in the Metro Halifax area.

The meetings take the form of pot-luck suppers and are held at 6:30 p.m. on the third Monday of every month at Spencer House, 5596 Morris Street, Halifax.

Occasionally a program will be scheduled. In the past, programs have included a report on the Nairobi Conference, a discussion on the housing crisis, a feminist poetry reading, and a performance by Clearing By Noon.

Recognizing that most women are already overburdened with work, this meeting is designed as a relaxing time for information gathering in a comfortable setting with no demands for further commitment. (photo by Marilyn Smith)

December 10

- "Censorship, Sex and Beyond," Varda Burstyn, Bell Auditorium, NSCAD at 8:00 pm (Co-sponsored by the Centre for Art Tapes and Nova Scotia College of Art and Design)

December 12

- Christmas Party, Second Story Women's Centre, Bridgewater. Come and participate in the laughs, fun and good companionship. We invite members of the Queen's County Women's Group and all Lunenburg and Queens County women.

December 16-17

- Women's Committee quarterly meeting for Canadian Labour Congress. Held in Ottawa — call Gwen Wolfe at 425-3521

December 20

- Solstice Open House, Red Herring Books.
Drop in at 1558 Argyle from 4:00 pm until closing (or afterwards!)

December 29

- "Dad's House, Mom's House," D Lynn Wright at NFB 7:00 and 9:00 pm (Free)

December 31

- New Year's Eve Slumber Party for kids! YWCA
8:30 pm to 10:00 am January 1
Phone Gretchen at 423-6162

January

- Remember to renew your membership in the National Action Committee on the Status of Women (NAC) Kit Holmwood (455-8170)

January 5

- International Women's Day organizing meeting, at the Centre for Art Tapes, 2156 Brunswick Street, Halifax, 4:00. All women welcome!

January 7-25

- "The Continuing Thread," (a textiles exhibit) at Eye Level Gallery, 1585 Barrington Street, Halifax (425-6412)

January 10-26

- The Family in the Context of Childrearing, a photography installation by Susan MacEachern at MSVU Art Gallery. Opening at 8:30 p.m., January 10. On January 12, 3:00 p.m., Susan MacEachern will discuss her work.

Upstairs, Disrupted Lives: Children's Drawings from Central America.

January 13

- Winter Registration for Halifax Continuing Education Programs (Halifax School Board), Queen Elizabeth High School, 7:30 to 9:00 pm
Phone J. Cochrane (421-6801)

January 16

- "What is Feminism?" a panel discussion at Sir Charles Tupper Medical Building, Theatre A, 8:00 pm. Sponsored by Dalhousie's Women, Health and Medicine group (WHAM)

January 20-March 13

- Volunteer Training Workshop (18 sessions) Sponsored by Service for Sexual Assault Victims (SSAV) Call Ann Keith at 455-4240.

January 24-26

- "Marat-Sade," (Glenda Jackson & Peter Magee) Jan 24 at 11:30 pm, Jan 25 at 11:30 pm, Jan 26 at 2:00 pm, Wormwood Theatre, Barrington St.

January 26

- Electra Productions presents an Evening of Celebration — a women's event (see advertisement). Veith House, 8 p.m., \$5.00/\$3.00

January 31

- "Women and the sex of their doctors," Researcher: Scarlet Pollack, Sociology Department, at Dalhousie, 12:15 to 1:30. Call 424-2211 for place.

February

- Birth and Technology Conference sponsored by CRIAW. For more information contact Adele McSorley (429-7192) or Jane Gordon (423-7687)

February 8

- "Compulsive Eating and Body Image," Sponsored by Cont. Ed, Dalhousie, 6100 University Ave 9:30 am to 4:00 pm (limited enrolment)

February 9

- Introduction Workshop for Siatu Therapy with Silvie Groulx. Help reduce headaches, backaches, tension. YWCA — 425-6802

February 14-March 9

- Musclemen: Portraits and Cutouts, paintings and drawings by Rebecca Burke (sounds wonderful! ed.) MSVU Art Gallery.

Upstairs, Prints: The Domestic Object Series, The Apron Series, The Housewife Series, Mary R a w l y k .

On February 14 both artists will be attending the opening. On February 16, they will give consecutive presentations

February 15

- A Continuing Dialogue: The Art and Politics of Making Time for Making Art. A day-long workshop for women juggling life and art. At Mount Saint Vincent University Art Gallery. 443-4450 for more information.

February 21

- "Normal Menopause," Henson Centre (Corner of University and Seymour, Dalhousie), 12:15 pm to 1:30 pm Researcher: Dr. Jane Haliburton

March

March 4, 6, 11

- A series of lectures on the general theme of women in development, continuing education and the feminist movement. Co-sponsored by the Women in Development Committee of the Pearson Institute for International Development and Dalhousie's Continuing Education Department. Call 424-2375



Interested in going places? Our Calendar lists events of interest to the women who read **Pandora**. If your favorite event **isn't** listed, give us a call or drop us a line.
Pandora, 5533 Black Street, Halifax, B3K 1P7.
Phone 902-455-1287.