

TAPESTRY

A FEMINIST QUARTERLY



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TAPESTORIAL!

This winter, 1987, edition of Tapestry uses as its theme Peace and the Politics of Peace. What can we do as individuals

to ensure that we and our children live in a secure, peaceful world? We have tried to present some options - participation in Peace Groups - letters to editors of local papers demanding disarmament - education - travel. Be sure to read the interview with Elmo Wolfe who travelled through Russia with Peace Odessey 86. He came back hopeful and secure in the knowledge that the Russian people fear war even more than we do! Thanks to everyone who worked on this issue, especially to a particular and most professional typist, our good friend Ernie.

NOTE: Opinions expressed in TAPESTRY are not necessarily those of the Okanagan Women's Coalition.

TAPESTRY is published by the

Okanagan Women's Coalition

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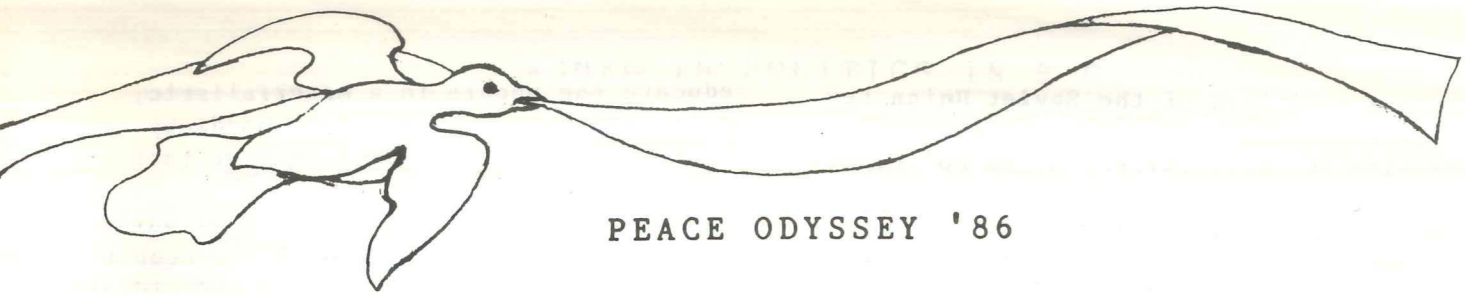


The Okanagan Women's Coalition meets collectively on Mondays at 10:00 a.m. The Coordinating Collective welcomes new members to become involved in the many and varied activities and issues. The library, the quarterly newsletter, TAPESTRY, workshops, advocacy, research and lobbying are a few of the areas where more women energy is desired.

Membership information, library cards, t-shirts, cards and buttons, tea and coffee, children's play area, photocopying, support and conversation with other women is available at the Centre.

The Okanagan Women's Coalition is a non-profit organization working to improve the status of women in the Okanagan - Shuswap.

Women who helped with this issue of TAPESTRY: Anne Bolivar, Marcia Browne, Catherine Connell, Muriel Hurry, Tilou and Jan Schumacher



PEACE ODYSSEY '86

An Interview with Elmo Wolfe

-- by Muriel Hurry

In the early fall of 1986 an American group called Peace Odyssey '86 made a pilgrimage to Russia. The only Canadian in this group of 42 was Elmo Wolfe of Vernon.

As peace symbols they took portions of a 26-mile-long banner, called the Peace Ribbon, that had been carried in a parade in Washington, D.C., on Hiroshima Day in August. This ribbon was composed of segments made by school children and members of peace groups, each bearing pictures of doves, olive branches and other peace symbols. These individual rectangles, each about two feet by three feet, were joined together to form the Peace Ribbon.

The Peace Odyssey's first day in Russia was spent in Leningrad, where a Peace Celebration just happened to be occurring. There was singing and dancing in a large Peace Square and the American group spontaneously joined in. They exchanged parts of their Peace Ribbon for Russian flags, formed circles, sang "We Shall Overcome," a song already familiar to the Russian people. It was a remarkable beginning to a remarkable trip.

At the beginning of our interview Elmo painted a word picture of Russia that was awe inspiring. An immense country, he told me, covering 11 time zones. Icy winters and brief hot summers in Siberia and the north. Geographically stretching from Poland in the west to the Pacific Ocean, within sight of Alaska to the east. And from the Arctic Ocean in the north to the Black Sea, Iran and China to the south.

For centuries the people within these immense boundaries have endured tyranny and slavery. They have been conquered many times and they have learned well the lessons of survival and of endurance. They have many faces; they can be open and kind, if necessary they can be secretive and stern.

Within this vast region there are 280 million people who speak 130 different languages, and have five different alphabets. Fifteen republics form the Union of Soviet Socialist Republics, and they must all be a part of Mother Russia in order to survive.

This image of Mother Russia is a powerful image, where individual rights have had to be sacrificed in favor of group rights. The Russian emphasis on group rights as opposed to the western world's demands for individual rights, Elmo feels, is probably the result of the vast amount of suffering they have undergone.

The Russian people still deeply mourn the loss of 20 million people in the Second World War. Leningrad was under siege for 900 days, Stalingrad (now Volgograd) was constantly bombarded for 5½ months.

Peace, Elmo continued, is for the Russian people a religious commitment, and therefore we get this renouncement of war and the rejection of its wastefulness. He felt strongly that it was unmistakably clear that the Russian people desire peace, and feel a need to survive by being part of the family group, one for all and all for one. That they are backed in this desire by their government, the peace group felt no doubt.

Under Gorbachev there exists a whole new situation in Russia. The Iceland Conference was happening at the time of the visit, and the Peace Odyssey members were impressed by the Gorbachev presentation and his knowledge and concern. They felt strongly that the Russians respected him as a humane person.

"IN RUSSIA," ELMO WOLFE DECLARES, "WE ARE SEEING A GREAT ECONOMIC, SOCIAL AND PHILOSOPHICAL MOVEMENT WHICH IS PROFOUNDLY AFFECTING ALL OF HUMANITY."

Many other interesting facts came out of the interview -- There is no unemployment in Russia -- People are expected to work -- There is great shame in losing a job.

Every citizen of the Soviet Union receives free education to enable them to develop to their fullest human potential. This results in a very high literacy rate, and excellent free health care. Seventy percent of the doctors are women. Equal pay for work of equal value is fully established, and educational and employment opportunities are equal.

Excellent day care is provided for children and ~~one of the larger~~ centers was visited by the Peace Odyssey group. Three hundred children, seven years and younger, were learning in a "beautiful" atmosphere. Discipline showed only in some of the play activities, such as drills and dancing. At one point the children insisted on the participation of the group members, much to the delight of all.

With this equality for men and women, Elmo noticed, however, that men seemed to dominate the engineering fields and women the medical and teaching ones. But he also noted many women taxi drivers and museum attendants.

Other surprises were the amount of cars. There were lots of cars, and no bicycles, not even for children. There was plenty of hearty food, but not too many green vegetables, perhaps due to the Chernobyl disaster.

Toward the end of the tour when they were in Georgia, they spent a memorable evening in the town of Tbilisi, where the tour leader was acquainted with a prominent Russian sculptor and artist named Zurab Tsereteli. This man invited the entire 42 tour members to his home for dinner and the evening. Other guests included two Russian architects, a judge and an engineer. A fleet of taxis was sent at the host's expense to pick up the group and they were banqueted and entertained in his beautiful home. This same man has offered to design and build, at his own expense, in Washington, D.C. or in any other eastern U.S. city, a memorial as a token of peace, as large, he explained, as the Statue of Liberty.

Churches are, in general, not well attended, although there is beginning to show a renewal of interest in more modern forms of the old Orthodox religion--perhaps because churches fulfilled a need for socializing.

The Museum of the History of Religion and Atheism in Leningrad declares: "We

educate the people in a materialistic, scientific way. In times of hardship, grief, sickness and loneliness we take care not to leave such people alone."

Elmo concluded the interview by saying that in Russia the welfare of the people comes before the profit of the individual.

He is optimistic about peace between the United States and the U.S.S.R. but would be doubly so if John Kennedy were still the president of the U.S.A.



STAR WARS LULLABY

As I sing a quiet lullaby
To a sleepy baby at my breast,
I look outside to a star-filled sky
Peacefully we rock and rest,
My lovely babe and I.
Up above us bombs about to test,
A war to start so way up high.
Peace is such a far-off quest
So many people doomed to die.
Defense budgets skyrocket with such zest--
And my babe begins to cry.
Of men in power I request --
Stop the bombs and clear the sky
In more bombs please don't invest.
My babe shall sleep with a peaceful sigh.

-- Karen A. Osborne.

WOMEN IN POLITICS IN B.C.

Women have become more visible in provincial and municipal politics recently. We now have a woman for mayor in both Vernon and Penticton. More women ran in the provincial election than ever before particularly for the NDP with 21 women running throughout the province.

The Liberals ran 12 women, the Socreds 6, Conservatives 2, Green Party 3, and the Communist Party 1. Unfortunately out of 69 seats in the B.C. Legislature only nine are held by women, five of whom are New Democrats and four are Socreds.

Let us not despair too much at the astounding inequality in the ratio of women to men in the B.C. Legislature. Judging from the number of women who ran in this last election I feel it is inevitable we will see an increase of women in Legislature in the future.

For all the women involved politically it is important that they realize they are role models for other women who hope to follow political careers. For those women elected this is a great opportunity to display to society in general that women can handle their responsibilities with honesty and efficiency. They will be closely observed by sympathetic and critical individuals.

Now is the time for women to demonstrate that the cliches "no politician can remain honest", "power corrupts and complete power completely corrupts" are myths created to excuse those politicians that are corrupt.

As we discover that most women politicians are invariably open and honest, hopefully the future will be brighter with more women in decision making positions.

It is understood that most male politicians, hungry for power and to further their personal careers, are into manipulation and making money. They call it "playing ball". People are growing tired of this game.

Now, for the first time in history/herstory it is within the grasp of women to have more political power and to revise the political structure.

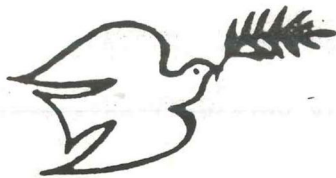
It is time for every feminist, every thinking woman and man to get on the po-

litical bandwagon. Get women nominated and work hard to have them elected on school boards, hospital boards, as mayors, alderwomen, MLAs and MPs. Let's start thinking in terms of "the best man for the job may very well be a woman."

-- by Catherine Connell



PEACE UPDATE



-- by Margaret Chapman

The International Year of Peace has ended leaving many peace activists wondering what, if any, progress was made, and disappointed in our government's lack of participation to any degree. It is important for the women who make up 70% of the peace movement to review the positive things that are happening in the peace movement, so that we remain confident that we can, in fact, effect change.

Let's look at a few things close to home. On Vancouver Island the Motherpeace Eight will be going to court January 15 and 16. The Nanoose Conversion Campaign women pleaded not guilty at the October preliminary, after being arrested August 3 for trespassing on Winchelsea Island, the computer headquarters of the Nanoose Test Range (CFMETR). These brave women need our support, moral and financial. NCC has a special fund established for legal defence. Lawyers from Vickers and Palmer, Victoria, are donating their time, but there are many other expenses involved. If you can help please write a letter of encouragement. If you can make a donation please do that, too. The address is:

Nanoose Conversion Campaign,
#225 - 285 Prideaux St.,
Nanaimo, B.C.
V9P 2M2

Another great event! After 50 days on the junk "Wang" in the Bay as an interim peace camp NCC has found a little gray house with a superb view of Nanoose Bay and good visibility from the Island Highway. Purchased by dedicated peace workers Maggie and Hank Schubert and leased to the NCC for their headquarters and vigil activities for a nominal fee, it is to be opened to the public early this year.

It will combine the functions of maintaining a peace presence in the area, permit the distribution of information to enquirers who stop by, as well as monitoring the visits of US ships and submarines capable of carrying nuclear weapons.

The words of Sunshine Liberty, one of the Motherpeace Eight, said it all. With a great sigh she said that what she really wanted to see was a peace village growing up on the site of the base.

The Canadian Peace Alliance held its second annual convention in Winnipeg Oct. 31 - Nov. 2 in 1986 with 166 participants. After much discussion CPA expanded its mandate from simply facilitating campaigns initiated by member organizations to administering them when approved by a mail ballot returned by more than 70% of the constituent groups. It also voted not to admit political parties as members.

CPA prioritized four campaigns for work in the coming period. They are: The Canadian Campaign Against Star Wars linked to a Comprehensive Test Ban Campaign, making peace an issue in the next federal election (Peace Voter Campaign), a campaign to make Canada a nuclear weapons free zone and campaign against NATO low level flight tests in Labrador/Quebec.

Unfortunately, with the extended discussions on the role of CPA the Nanoose Conversion Campaign presentation was slotted at the same time as nine other events, one of which was the tremendously popular "Meet the Soviet Peace Committee Rep." How disappointed the NCC representatives must have been.

Fortunately Laurie McBride's presentation on conversion of Nanoose Bay Test Range at the Edmonton "True North Strong and Free" conference attended by 5,000 people was well received, even by some high DND officials who were there. The conference apparently opted for a neutral Canada, but a well-armed one.

The summit meeting between Gorbachev and Reagan, though disappointing in its outcome, represents a significant step in the slow and tortuous path to arms reductions. Some agreement was reached regarding a 50% cut in all elements of the strategic nuclear triad (intercontinental ballistic missiles, and the missiles stationed on submarines and strategic bombers) in the first stage. The second stage would eliminate all nuclear weapons by 1996.

BLANK VERSE

Regarding medium range missiles (cruise, etc.) the zero option was adopted for Europe. For Asia and US territories a reduction of missile number to 100 warheads on each side was agreed on. However, the accords were not finalized due to the fact that Reagan refused to accept the Soviet proposal that the 1972 ABM Treaty be adhered to during the next ten years and that SDI research be restricted to the laboratory, avoiding tests in outer space.

How can we reverse this foolish stance? Our only recourse is to take what action we can in stopping Canadian participation in Star Wars and pressuring our government to pursue a comprehensive test ban.

There are petitions on both aspects still being circulated. If you haven't signed them yet or require further information please contact the Okanagan Women's Coalition. Over 1,000 signatures have been collected locally, but we need many more. End the Arms Race has proposed that all the petitions collected across Canada be presented to parliament on the anniversary of Reagan's infamous SDI speech in March, simultaneously with media events across the country. Watch for local details in your newspaper.

In Vernon the Peace Coalition participated in the Tools for Peace Campaign in the late fall, collecting \$1,000 in goods (hammers, sanitary napkins, pencils, baby blankets, medical supplies, etc.) and about \$450 in cash for Nicaragua.

The Christmas Pot-Luck and Social was a time for fellowship and the Christmas Carol Singsong and Vigil sponsored by the Okanagan Women's Coalition and the Vernon Peace Coalition was a success. These events will no doubt be expanded and made annual events.

The peace movement, both world wide and locally, will have its work cut out for it in the coming months. We must do our utmost to build and strengthen the movement. We must rekindle our faith, pursue disarmament, and create a just and peaceful world. Together we can do it in 1987!

Once I wrote in a sing-song rhyme,
Words strung out in a metered beat,
My thoughts held bound within the rut
Of accented and numbered feet.

But now I am Free!

No pattern made by man
Can bind the thoughts
That burst from out my soul!

One
Word --
Or twenty in a single line if that is
what I need!

Free!
Lighted from within by God's own hand
A flame not felt before.
Sing out, or magic words --
On through the years ahead
Cleansing my soul --
A fountain ever-flowing
To freshen wilted hearts
That come my way.

-- Ruth Wolfe.



R.E.A.L. DANGER TO WOMEN

-- by Jeani Read

The real trouble with REAL Women is that they sound so reasonable. At first. If you describe them briefly. And spare the details.

If REAL (Realistic Equal Active for Life) Women think women should stay home and raise children, after all, what's the problem? Raising children is a perfectly honorable pursuit, if you can afford it. Most women can't, of course -- these are not the best of economic times -- so you could think of REAL Women as unREAListic, but harmless enough. Traditional. Grass roots, if you will. Which is the way they describe themselves.

Except, you shouldn't. Harmless they are not. Last fall, REAL Women, who claim a national membership of 45,000, told a House of Commons committee studying secretary-of-state funding that public money shouldn't be used to finance women's groups. But -- if it was -- that they wanted a \$1 million grant.

The National Action Committee on the Status of Women, which has three million members in affiliated organizations across the country and has applied for a comparatively paltry \$540,000, retaliated -- criticizing REAL Women's philosophy as dangerously ultra-conservative, and a threat to the entire women's movement in Canada.

And now, the fight is on. Women against women, "radical feminists" against "real" women -- the hottest women's media event in years.

But what seems to escape most of the coverage here is that what REAL Women appear to be fighting for is something that already exists. Women have always had the "right" to stay home and raise children. This is not an idea that needs a grant.

It is worse, of course, than this. Behind the frontispiece of a return to the traditional family unit, REAL Women are against abortion, sex education in schools, affirmative action, equal pay for work of equal value, universal day care, homosexuality recognized as a valid sexual preference, and feminism as a valid philosophy. These attitudes, of course, which would effectively re-establish the kind of oppressive, patriarchal system that, before feminism, isolated,

alienated and repressed women as a matter of course.

What is most scary here is how easy this women's fight is to misunderstand. REAL Women have painted feminists as the root of all social ills -- up to and including the fact that people at cocktail parties are not interested in the work of a home-maker "any more." (They don't choose to remember that "women's work" had always been held in disdain -- at cocktail parties as well as everywhere else -- and it was feminism that drew attention to that and the further assumption that it was the only role women were capable of filling.)

To defend this very simplistic attack on feminism, you would have to go back to the early roots of feminist ideals and principles -- and how likely is that? Even if we could summon up the strength to revive the dogmatic phrases and first-year consciousness-raising we no longer use or need, so many points have been won along the way that they are virtually invisible in the culture, taken for granted even by those who fought for them in the first place.

The biggest irony, of course, is that feminism helped create the flexible atmosphere of comparative choice and freedom in which REAL Women came into being. And the biggest danger is that, given our recent reactionary readings, REAL Women's deliberate misinterpretation of feminism may be taken as any kind of truth, or earn any kind of popular credibility.

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from The Province.



-- by Muriel Hurry

Asura's father, an Iranian, had named her after an obscure Persian goddess of wisdom, but her mother, a Haida, called her Azure, to remind her of the blue seas that surrounded the islands of her birth.

Her early childhood was stable and happy. She lived with her parents in the small village of Hope, where her mother, Rose, was a night shift waitress in a small highway cafe and her father an operator of heavy, massive machinery.

When Azure was seven, her whole world changed. Her father's crane had toppled and he was dead, instantly. Rose, outwardly calm, buried her husband, sold the small home, and fled with Azure back to the Queen Charlottes. To her mother Ellen and her Aunt Maggie, and the house of her childhood on the west coast of Moresby Island.

And quiet, wise old Aunt Maggie spun her healing web. When it was windy and raining, when lightning and thunder and storms shook the old house, Maggie and Rose donned rain gear and walked the miles of beaches, heads down, shoulders hunched, feet marching steadily, grief blowing away with the wild winds. Rose slowly healed, became her old self again.

Three years they spent this way, and Paul Jonas came back to Moresby from the oil fields of Alberta. Paul and Rose had been lovers once, a dozen years ago. And so Rose left with Paul, when he went back to Alberta.

"Good-bye Azure," she said to the child. "An oil field is no place for a child of your age. You'll learn more here, more of strengths than of weaknesses. I'll come when I can. And I love you, always remember that."

Aunt Maggie was a mystic. Two hundred years ago she would have been a witch doctor, a healer of souls, a woman of power. As it was, she was a gypsy. For days on end she walked the western beaches of the island, wrapped in a blanket and protected from the rains at night by a wickiup. With only a knife and a snare, she could survive for weeks, living from greens and the roots of plants, from a rabbit she snared or a fish she speared



with a sharpened branch. As a child she had learned to make fire with flint and leaves, but as an adult she had sensibly adopted the use of matches.

Why she did these walk-about no one ever understood. For months at a time she would stay happily at home weaving tapestries which she sold at excellent prices to gift shops where American tourists shopped when their cruise ships stopped briefly on the north island. She would make and mend fishnets in the old way, and she could catch the fish as they wended their way from the sea, and smoke them and store them for future needs.

Between Maggie and Azure an almost instant communication sprung up. Even without their silences they communicated, as almost wordlessly Maggie would teach the child how to weave, or cure a hide, or clip and spin the wool from the dozen or so sheep they kept on the small farm.

Ellen taught Azure how to knit the wool, and the child would carefully knit a sleeve while the grandmother completed the heavy, water-resistant sweaters, and they, too, were sold to the tourists.

In this way the sisters made their living. They had a garden, where vegetables and flowers and raspberries and gnarled old fruit trees formed, in the summer, a hodgepodge of beauty and treasures.

The house was big and drafty, heated only by a massive old stone fireplace at one end of the big common room and an old iron woodburning cookstove at the other end.

Azure's small bedroom was sandwiched between the rooms of the two sisters, Ellen and Maggie. It had been her mother's room and a faded picture of Elvis still decorated one wall. Her grandmother had wanted to take it down and redecorate with flowered wallpaper but Azure objected. She felt close to her mother, somehow, here in this room where Rose had spent her childhood nights.

She liked to look at the faded picture, hair falling over one eye, the practiced smile, the torn corner. And below the picture, a crucifix. As if Elvis Presley was a god, Azure thought, to all the young girls of those distant years.

"Tell me about God," she demanded of Maggie, as she watched her deftly spinning the fleece into strands of yarn. "Just who is God, anyway?"

"He's whoever you want him to be," her great-aunt answered. "He's a figment of the white man's imagination, a method of control. I've got my own myths, you know. They served the Haidas good enough,



and you can hear them still, walking the old beaches in the middle of the night, listening to the wind and the rain. They were the voices of the old spirits singing, my grandma used to say. It's just that no one listens to them any more."

"I've never heard them," Azure said. "Can you take me to hear them?"

"It is better to listen alone," Maggie told her. "Next time the wind blows the rain against the window, go down to the beach. Sit under the rock with the big overhang, and listen to the echoes. Them's the voices of the old ones, crying for the ones they left behind."

"But don't they stop crying when their children die?" Azure demanded. "When their families join them in heaven, do they still cry?"

"They cry for the old days," Maggie said sharply, "for the days before the white men came and took our lives away."

"My father wasn't a white man," Azure said. "He wasn't an Indian either. He was a Moslem. What do Moslems believe, Aunt Maggie?"

"Who knows?" Maggie shrugged. "Who knows what anybody believes, deep down inside?"

"What do you believe, Grandma?" Azure turned to Ellen. "Do you believe in God?"

"Well, I used to, I guess," she sounded uncertain. "I was baptized a Catholic, and so was your mother. Haven't gone to church in 20 years. If you live good, you'll go to heaven, I expect. The whole thing's a matter of chance, I guess."

For weeks Azure thought of the conversation with the two old ladies. Somehow religion seemed too important to be just a matter of chance. Somewhere there must be answers. Surely her schoolteacher would know.

Her schoolteacher was knowledgeable. He had many answers, really. He explained carefully the Christian religion and all of the various branches of the Protestant churches, so many of them -- Lutheran, United, Pentecostal, Mormon. And the Catholic and Anglican and Greek Orthodox religions. Then he went into her father's Moslem beliefs and the Hindu and Buddhist and various other eastern cults.

"But which of them is the truth?" demanded Azure. "Doesn't anybody know?"

Slowly the young teacher shook his head.

"I'm afraid I don't," he answered her. "I'm agnostic, you know."

"So what's agnostic? Is that a different God?"

"That's no god at all, I guess. Agnostic means you don't believe that the existence of God has been proven, but you can't prove he doesn't exist either."

Azure was bewildered. She went back to her Aunt Maggie.

"Where do babies come from?" She demanded to know. "How come nobody can tell me about God or about babies? Doesn't God make babies?"

"People make babies," Maggie told her. "All kinds of people make babies, no matter what gods they believe in. It's nature to make babies, just nature."

"Then nature must be God," Azure exclaimed. "Tell me, Aunt Maggie, is nature God?"

"Nature is my god," Maggie answered her. "Nature makes things grow. Nature brings the springtime and the summer and life and death. Nature sings the songs you hear in the wind and in the rain. And nature makes you grow into a tall beautiful woman, like your mother."

"And like you and like Grandma," Azure said. "That's good enough for me. So that answers that," she said firmly.

Softly Maggie stroked the dark straight hair of the child.

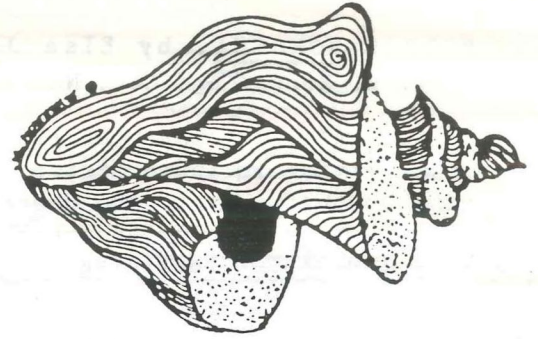
"Yes," she said. "Yes."

"Then why didn't you tell me?" Azure had tears in her eyes. "I went to a lot of trouble, finding out. You could have just told me."

"No, my child, I couldn't," the old woman held her close. "The answers to the questions of life are ones we must seek for ourselves. Such a wise child you are, to have found an answer that satisfies you so early in your life. Now you can go on to really important things."

"Like what?"

"Like spinning the wool," and Maggie laughed, "or like listening to the answers in the wind, my child -- like listening to the answers in the wind."



ARTICLE BY MARY REAY

"The Struggle Had Just Begun" by Mary Elizabeth Reay is an outline of the political history of the feminist movement in Canada.

It arrived a little too late and is too long to include with the material we have already printed, so it was decided to "star" it in the spring magazine.

Following is her own summary of her article, which we thought would provide a tasteful preview of a treat to come.

-- The Editorial Staff.

SUMMARY

The role of the Federal and Provincial Governments in the struggle for women to attain equal status in Canada with men has been one of a stumbling block. When you think about the effects the different governments have had on women's status it is devastating. I realize that the roots of the reasons why this has happened run far back into tradition and time, but that can not be used as an excuse.

If the struggle for the basic human rights to vote and hold office for women had not encountered such governmental (male) opposition, women would be closer to obtaining real equality of status with men in our society, the power holders.

Women are nowhere near attaining full equality to men in Canada yet -- maybe in intellectual theory, maybe in most laws, but we are still not even close in general practice. When women represent forty percent of all persons in elected government bodies then our general status will be equal to men. Then women will hold political and economic power and the question of the status of women will no longer be relevant.

-- by Mary Reay.

BOOK REVIEW

POPPIE NONGENA, by Elsa Joubert.
W. W. Norton and Co., New York, 1985.

This book is about the life of a black woman living in South Africa as told to Elsa Joubert. It is the powerful and moving story of a woman oppressed on many levels but remaining strong throughout a life full of love of family and children.

The Pass Laws were made to control the lives of the African people. Alan Paton, in the foreword to this book, writes that the Homelands, 13% of the total land area but set aside for 70% of the population, are used as a catchment area for, principally, the wives and children of black workers in the cities, who are not wanted in the so-called "white areas."

Poppie, whose Xhosa name means "girl born from line of great women", is reared by her grandmother in a house full of brothers and sisters, aunts and uncles. Her mother works far away and must send her children to her mother for raising. Children move from household to household and six-year-olds have the daily care of babies. There is an enormous hunger for education but it is not only freedom which has been taken away from them -- language also has been lost. They can speak some Afrikaans, some English, and some Xhosa, but in all they are limited and so abstract thought is almost impossible. They are in the limbo between tribal life and modern society.

Poppie's happiness ends when she marries a migrant worker and moves to Capetown. For ten years, rain or shine, in sickness and in health, she must go every month or two to beg the authorities for an extension to stay with her husband and children in Capetown. Eventually, she is forced to take the children to the Ciskei, a barren area which has been designated as her husband's homeland. There, she raises her children alone and when her husband dies, she is penniless. Leaving her older children behind, she takes the two youngest and returns illegally to Capetown to work. Her employer arranges a pass for her; what had cost Poppie fruitless years of bitter effort in the past is accomplished by the white woman in minutes.

We are given almost no insight into the white mentality in this book, but the employer who begins by trying to exploit Poppie ends by defending her fiercely when the troubles begin. There are riots and killing and the police are everywhere. Poppie's children are involved and she realizes that the future belongs to them, and there is no more she can do for them. Their existence and that of South Africa lies in the hands of God.

Joubert is extremely skillful at drawing the reader, first into Poppie's powerlessness and eventually into her despair. There is no hope in this book, simply the endurance of a strong, vibrant and angry people, as personified in one woman.

-- J. Evans



Seanette Nelson

THE VALLEYS OF MY MIND

-- by Muriel Hurry

Saturday, 7:00 a.m., and I'm half awake. I yawn, stretch. What have I got pegged for today?

At the beginning of every week I make commitments. This is how I handle retirement. It doesn't always work but it's the best idea I've come up with. Some of the commitments are fun, some are the pits. Saturday has usually got all the pits, the cherries have long gone.

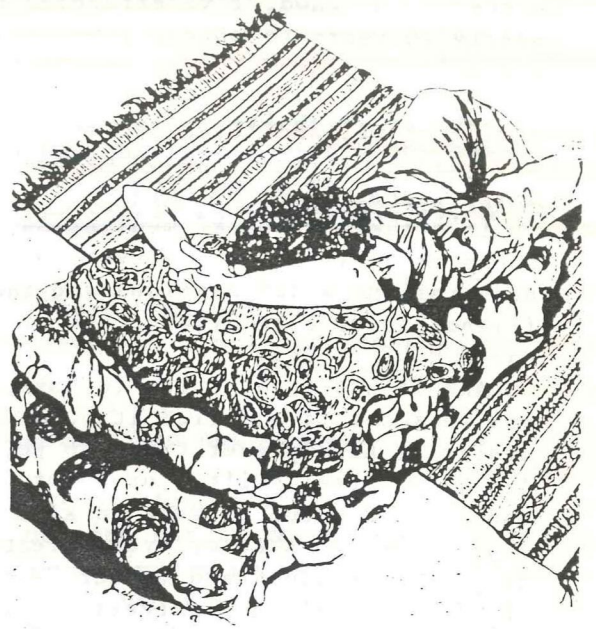
Clean the oven! Gawd! Table that one for next week.

The article I promised to write for Tapestry on inner peace. It's been running through the dark, back valleys of my mind all week and not a light has dawned.

Where to begin? I reach for my dictionary, always with my writing material on my bedside table. My fingers fumble down the columns -- the type is faded, blurred. I grope around, locate my glasses. Where are we? Why do I always think in the plural? Patronage, pawn, peccant. What the hell does peccant mean? Sinful, guilty. Carefully I file the word, knowing it will be lost in the jungles and impossible to relocate. So I've gone too far--I backtrack. Pea, peabrain, peace (pēs) n. The absence of war or other hostilities, freedom from quarrels, harmonious relations, public serenity, inner commitment, calm: The American Heritage dictionary has it all right--right there on page 963, column 2, all neatly laid out and packaged. They don't offer any handy answers, but they tell you what it is, clearly and concisely. Great things, dictionaries. They tell you how to spell, too, providing you're lucky enough to be able to locate it. Some of my friends have a lot of trouble just locating the words.

Too early, at 7:00 a.m. (now 7:30, actually), to start an article on peace. While I've slept, some male dominated mid-east country on the far side of the world (thank God) has already practiced birth control by dumping a few hundred bombs on their babies. In Ireland, another Catholic has blown a Protestant to purgatory, or is it the other way around?

Now I'm getting myself upset. Stop it,



Muriel. Look for your affirmation. Handy things, affirmations, calm you right down. I find it, under my bed. Already I'm calmer -- see, I'm hardly shaking at all. I breathe deeply, clutching my scribbled affirmation like a drowning woman clutching at a straw.

"In the infinity of this universe," I mumble, "I live with inner peace and outer serenity. I am the power within my life and I approve of myself."

I close my eyes. I force every muscle to relax. I breathe deeply -- too deeply. I choke.

"You alright?" my husband bellows from the kitchen.

"Awright, awright," I answer. "In the infinity of this universe I live with inner peace," my eyes shut tight.

"You say something?"

"No," I scream. "Go make the bloody coffee."

"Oh --" his voice is relieved, understanding. "You're writing." Quietly he shuts the bedroom door behind him. Silently I start again. "Within the infinity -- " By the time the coffee arrives I'm calm. Inner peace has made it through. This battle has been won.

But the question still remains, all day, haunting me. Like a shadow. Dark. Hulking. With a scythe over his shoulder.

Where does peace begin? Are we talking about inner peace or the absence of warfare? My gawd, I've struggled for nearly 70 years to obtain inner peace and it's still new to me--so new I hardly recognize the feeling. But it's there, inside of me, and I can put my hand on it, just four inches below my heart and three inches above my navel.

It's taken a lot of meditation, three books of affirmations, eleven consciousness raising group sessions and the friendship of a remarkable counsellor named Robin Ledrew.

And it's a great thing to have, once you've roped it and tied it down. After awhile it hardly ever tries to get away. And when I feel guilty, or upset, or mad enough at someone to want to kill them, I just have to shut my eyes, breathe deeply three times and mutter "Within the infinity of this universe I live with inner peace and outer serenity." Well, I'm still working on the serenity bit.

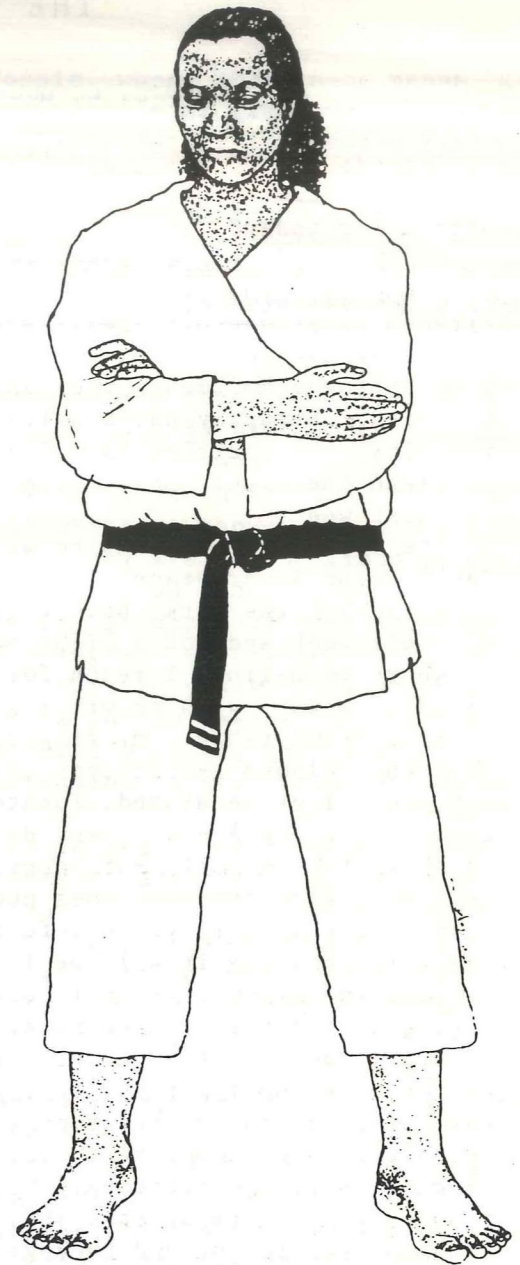
And it occurs to me, when I read that ominous three-inch headline, "MAN SHOOTS HIS FIVE CHILDREN," or hear the screams on the TV newscast as wailing Moslems (or whatever their so-called religions are) mourn over ripped bodies of children -- the thought sneaks out of one of those valleys in my mind. Have they ever known inner peace? Ever? Even once in their lifetimes? From the very day they were conceived? Even in the first seconds of their conception, when inner peace is the perfect reward for the struggle toward the ecstasy that, if they're lucky, the prospective parents have just achieved?

Somehow I doubt if the word PEACE even appears within the dictionaries that are available to violent reactionaries. Have you ever heard of a murderer who uses a dictionary? They're much too busy, making the little time bombs, connecting wires, hopefully blowing off their fingers before they blow off their neighbors' heads.

Maybe we, the editorial we, should start here, by learning a little bit about inner peace, and then by teaching our children, our friends, our brother-in-law who hits his kids.

Maybe, like the Taiwan flu, we could start an epidemic. If we could spread this satisfying, glowing, inner peace --.

Hey! Do you think we could network it?



WANTED!

Artists

Writers

Poets

Cartoonists

and people who just want to help assemble Tapestry.

We publish four times a year and we are seeking submissions NOW for our spring issue. Fiction, poetry, informative articles on your pet project, recipes.

It takes a lot of time and effort to put an issue of Tapestry together. We send a copy of each magazine to women's centres across Canada and we welcome your subscription.

The University of Western Ontario London, was the site of the NAC mid-year conference in January. Violence Against Women was the theme addressed by speakers and workshop facilitators. The full range of violence was explored by the four women who comprised the keynote panel.

Julie Lee, a survivor of child sexual assault, was the first woman in Canada to lay charges against her father. Julie's talk was insightful and emotion packed. She described her earliest childhood memories and explained that her situation was not atypical. She claimed that many have the notion that incest is an occasional occurrence in families but that her personal experience and her studies indicate that child sexual assault is regular and frequent.

The role of mother in an incestuous family is extremely difficult. Julie claimed that mothers are silenced against getting protection for themselves and their children by lawyers who accuse mothers of fabricating charges in order to win custody. Mothers are also silenced by Social Service workers who put them under a microscope and examine for guilt. Julie's mother suffered greatly from the accusations from the psychiatric community which bombarded her during her year long court trial.

Julie, as well as the victim of the psychiatric community. She found no comfort in any of the treatments offered her but stated that she could describe herself as a survivor because of the support of her feminist sisters.

Nikki Colodny, doctor and psychotherapist at the Morgentaler clinic spoke about the violence to our rights in the Pro-Choice struggle. Nikki stated that inherent in the violation of our reproductive rights is the tradition of mysogony on which the medical profession is based. Where women were once the healers, their healing powers have been usurped by the medical profession. We are now

most often the recipients and frequently the victims of male practice.

Nikki spoke of a vision where all people would be served well. She described health clinics within the community where care was available in languages spoken by the community. A function of the clinics would be sexuality counselling and birthing options. These would be provided in a non-judgemental atmosphere so the heterosexism which discriminates against lesbians, celibate, and child free women would not emerge.

A question from the floor referred to an unnamed survey which reported that 10% of female patients are sexually assaulted during medical exams, and asked if this problem is being addressed. Nikki responded in the negative and said that she thought the 10% figure was too low.

After a break we heard from Kathleen Shannon who spoke about violence in our culture. Her speech can be read in its entirety elsewhere in this issue of Tapestry.

The fourth panelist was Marjorie Cohen whose energy and enthusiasm for economics leaves the head spinning. She talked about Violence in the Economy and called Brian Mulroney, Barbara McDougal and Brian Wilson economic terrorists on the free trade issue. Marjorie stated that free trade with the U.S. was economic violence against women in that women will gain the least and lose the most.

NAC news with a regional focus comes from our Southern B.C. regional rep. Jane wants us to know that its not too early to think about running for the 87/88 executive. You can see that four voting representatives on the national executive would ensure a greater awareness of western issues. Please give some serious thought to putting forward qualified and willing women who would be able to do these jobs.

--by Jan Schumacher

VIOLENCE IN THE CULTURE

London, Ontario, was the site of the NAC mid-year conference last month where Kathleen Shannon of Studio 'D' spoke as a member of the keynote panel. She delivered continuous pearls of interest too numerous for me to record adequately but TAPESTRY readers can enjoy her address in its entirety because Kathleen graciously gave me a copy of her speech.

-- Jan Schumacher.



During the process of thinking about violence in the culture I found I was using the terms violence, culture -- and media -- almost synonymously. So to try to sort out my thoughts, I've started by looking at some of the forms in which we experience the violence of this culture, then I've attempted to look at how -- and why -- the culture itself embodies, creates and promotes violence, and through all this is woven the role of the media in being both a reflector, and a creator, of the violent culture we live in.

We can all write lengthy lists of manifestations in the culture of violence against women: There is the humiliation of pornography, as well as the fact that the models of violent sexual behaviour it prescribes and endorses will be played out on some of us. We don't need to agree on all the ramifications of the issue of pornography to still see it as a paradigm of the relation between what is served up by the culture and the eventual physical effects in some of our lives. There is the objectification, and unhealthy (let alone impossible) models of thinness, beauty and youth demanded of us by advertising and fashion. There is the equating of women with recreation, with amusement, as accessories to the enviable male life, not only in Playboy but in "innocuous" old expressions like "wine, women and song". There is the violence of the movies of men, where women are reduced to background props for the action, victims, or, again, status and recreational commodities. There is the violence done us in what many men revere and extol as Great Writing -- like Henry Miller for example, where the ideally desirable woman is a mute and helpless servant.

There is the violence done us by the culture denying us verification of our perception, never reflecting the world back to us AS WE EXPERIENCE IT, FROM OUR POINT OF VIEW. The violence of being ignored, some of us experience more acutely, because some of us are not only excluded by being ignored as women, but are ignored for other characteristics that are considered to set us apart from the official malestream. The violence done us by being deprived of our history. Of spending time in school learning about white men's wars, and being told that is history! As Paula Gunn Allen wrote, the past is told to us as myth, legend, folklore -- till the soldiers come, then it is taught to us as history.

Examples are everywhere. I recently bought a computer, and I looked forward to feeling that I was wielding a magnificent and magical pen. Instead, I keep getting the impression that there is a vicious knife in my hand.

Its literature tells me that the word to command a process will be short, and easy to associate with the function it is assigned to represent. Now there are lots of words that are short and to the point that could be used to represent the idea of deleting something. WASH, for example, I would find easy to recall as representing the function of creating a clean space. Well, they've assigned the word KILL. When you want to quit the process underway and change to something else, because you've thought of a better way to do it, I might have chosen INSTEAD or OPT or STOP or even WOOPS. They chose ABORT.

It is violence done to us when our perceptions are continually negated, when our reality is denied. When any woman who agrees with male perceptions is welcomed as being part of "the majority" and those of us, all those of us, who disagree with male perceptions are dismissed as a lunatic fringe. It is violence to be made into a people with no history, treated as a people whose activities and accomplishments are not worth remembering, who have never created anything worth saving, a people whose past is not worth teaching to the next generation. To be cut off from any sense of roots, and resonance with the experience of people who went before us. To be

served up very few truncated models of HOW WOMEN ARE SUPPOSED TO BE rather than having access to the broad tapestry of HOW WOMEN HAVE ACTUALLY BEEN IN ALL OUR SPLENDID VARIETY, among which we could choose the composite models to emulate and be inspired and challenged by that are the most suitable to our individual needs, abilities, ambitions and inner promptings.

Moving to another level, there are the manifestations of violence in the culture that impact on everybody, but it seems it's mostly only women who are noticing, who are worried. The violence of finding that your house has been built on a site that is toxic. The violence of giving birth to children and finding later on that indeed the early sixties was a dangerous time for gestating humans, especially if you lived in areas where heavy rainfall dumped most of the fallout from nuclear tests. The violence of finding our food, our water, our air, are more and more dangerous to the very life we must count on them to sustain. I have a friend who is pregnant, and is pondering the fact that recent research claims that mother's milk has a level of PCBs 20 times that of cow's milk, that an infant nursed a full year will already have ingested the maximum level of PCBs now considered to be "acceptable", for its lifetime.

This is an intolerable labyrinth of violence. First, we are all trained that motherhood is our highest possible calling, and therefore our only appropriate ambition. So our lives are truncated and our individuality trampled in the culture's attempt to conform us all to a dedicated model of nurturance of others. Then, when we choose to devote a part of our life to raising a new generation, we find we are being made into instruments of their destruction.

What are technological gadgets worth when we cannot take care of ourselves and each other?

But just to list these things, doesn't accomplish much in the way of empowering us to do something about it all. So at this point I decided to look at what role the culture itself plays in doing the violence, in teaching violence, in perpetuating it. First off, I needed to define what we mean by the word "culture".

When you ponder it, this is a remarkably bewildering word, almost as bewildering as the words "men" and "man". You know, the way we can utter -- it is even demanded that we utter -- such nonsense as "nearly half of all men, are men". We can equally, though not any more clearly, say "In North American culture, Culture is often considered unnecessary".

Now, when we read something by an anthropologist we understand the term 'culture' to encompass the beliefs, values, traditions, food, clothing, health care, economic system, etiquette, child rearing, ways people relate to each other, law, economy, the entire context in which a people lead their lives, WHICH INCLUDES THE WAYS IN WHICH THEY TRANSMIT AND REINFORCE ALL THOSE THINGS from one generation to the next, which may be orally, in paintings, in songs, through stories and in formal teaching. In other words -- through language, and images -- in yet other words, the information and communications media.



When we speak of "North American culture", I think we mean something like "the way things are these days", kind of like "rotten weather we're having, isn't it". We often are using the term as a synonym for the information and communications media. What do we mean by the term "Canadian culture"? We tend to mean

books, movies, opera and ballet, painting, the arts, culture with a capital "C", or "culture" as in "cultural industries". But I want to use the term "Canadian culture" like we'd understand "Trobriand Island culture". We all know that means -- well, everything about a people. So, what is Canadian culture? We talk as if we know what we mean by native culture, northern culture, Acadian culture, pop culture, teen culture, Quebec culture, urban culture, prairie culture.

We've been told that Canadian culture is a mosaic of all these things and more. But, then again, "multiculturalism" does not mean that amalgamation. "Multicultural" means anything that isn't "us", the "mainstream". So who is mainstream?

The earlier example of the word "man" is useful again here. We are assured, when we raise the issue, that this term "man" means everybody. Of course it includes women. Till you carry it to logical conclusions and say things like "more than half of all men menstruate". Then, well, no, ONLY women menstruate. So "men" don't menstruate. Trying to make sense of this, I came to realize that, yes, women are considered to be included in the term "man" EXCEPT WHERE WE ARE DIFFERENT. The use of that so-called collective term ERASES THE VISIBILITY OF OUR DIFFERENCE, IGNORES OUR UNIQUENESS. We are included insofar as we are upright talking mammals. We are not included when we do not conform to the ways men are, and to be more specific, to the way white, middle class, heterosexual, able-bodied, men are. So, insofar as we do not conform, insofar as we are different, WE DO NOT EXIST IN THE OFFICIAL CULTURE, at least we are not acknowledged to exist as actors and thinkers and doers to be reckoned with, as makers of the culture.

This is a long way to go to demonstrate the obvious: that what passes as our collective culture is EuroAmerican men's culture. What do we know about that culture that helps explain its violence?

Elizabeth Dodson Grey describes it like this. "Throughout the past history of the human race as it has lived in a variety of patriarchal cultures, the unique perspective of women has been ignored or disregarded. To continue to do this is to proceed into the future like

a person with two eyes who insists upon wearing a blinder over one eye. Obviously such a person will never see in three dimensions, for that can only be done with two eyes open and working. . . . The human species has, so to speak, been driving down the highway of life with one eye (the female) held firmly closed. We have listened to the music of life with one ear completely blocked. Certainly this is a strange behaviour. For a two-gender human species interested in survival, it seems curiously maladaptive and self-destructive.

"What we need to work toward is a balance in perceiving -- so that we perceive reality with a stereoscopic vision and incorporate into all that we do, both the way males see reality and also the way females see reality. Our problem now is that our survival as a species on the earth is threatened by the spread of a monoculture -- a scientific and industrial and militaristic culture created out of the male consciousness."

What do women investigators have to tell us about the male consciousness?

THE WORLD COULD SURVIVE QUITE
WELL...WITHOUT THE ACTIVITIES
THAT MOST MEN SPEND THEIR TIME
DOING.

From the work of people like Nancy Chodorow, we know that men grow up as a process of separation, of ever-increasing individuation, while in women is preserved the knowledge of connection with others. Carol Gilligan has shown that men's moral development proceeds in an ever increasing direction towards entirely abstract ideals of fairness and justice, while that of women proceeds to consider, more and more, the effect of actions, the impact on other people, in other words THE CONTEXT.

Men's cultural process divorces them from a sense of context. Perhaps that is why seemingly decent fathers, making sure that their children brush their teeth so they'll have them when they grow up, can cavalierly pollute the planet where their children will have to live later on. One of the opposition members of the Manitoba government recently said that he just can't worry too much about nuclear wastes being deposited in the Whiteshell area, because they'll be safe for the rest of his lifetime and probably even that of his kids, and he just can't imagine any further than that. Who was it said that if men had to look after all their own personal waste and garbage starting in early childhood, they might find it easier to understand the connection between what you do now and what's going to happen later.

Thoughtless actions are like boulders hurled into the sea of human existence and it seems that women see and can even predict the ripple effects, and their interaction with each other. Men are so preoccupied with counting the stones or analyzing their molecular structure, or arguing about who threw them, or which quarry they came from, that they are oblivious to the tidal waves that are gathering to engulf us all.

Barbara Walker has observed that the world could thrive quite well, as it did for thousands of years, without the activities that most men now spend most of their time doing: competing, aggressing, making money, inventing ever more complex technology for its own sake. But without the activities that most women on the globe spend most of their time doing, we could not survive even a generation.

Susan Griffin and others have speculated that men have projected those characteristics that they fear to acknowledge, onto women. So they fear and hate us, for what they fear and hate in themselves.

What happens when we take a long view of "this culture"? We now live in the result of centuries of EuroAmerican patriarchy. We can set aside the notion of progress, the notion that we have, as a civilization, made a continuous march forward, ever upwards out of the slime to the enlightened present. Instead, let's just glance at one period we are taught was a highlight, an extraordinary

flowering, indeed "rebirth" of "man's" intellect and creativity. The Renaissance is the period that coincides historically with the extermination of vast numbers of women, in the Witchhunts. It would be fascinating to compare that Renaissance to the Nazis' notions of purification.

For women, it has hardly been a continuous march forward. Instead, there has been wave after wave of repression, and we have a long way to go to regain what we could claim as our own during any one of several periods of history that mainstream culture calls backward. Dale Spender and others have documented the continuous voices of our protest. We are not now aberrations demanding something new.



How can we separate the idea of violence from our idea of culture? Maybe we can say that violence is the acting out, the "tangible proof," of power over others. That without inner power and without context, without a sense of a life-affirming purpose, beset by fear of the parts of the self that are denied, violence is left as the only way this culture's "real man" can know who he is.

If the culture that claims to be our collective culture is a men's culture, then what is women's culture? -- the part of culture that's left out? Here, we ourselves often fall into the other use of the word, and we discuss "women's culture" as though it were just something to occasionally entertain us at a NAC dinner: a song written here, a tapestry woven there, some poetry in *Herizons* magazine -- and we forget that our culture is as broad and encompassing a concept as it is for any other people.

Culture is the entire context that we

Because the culture around us has denied our perceptions, we often have begun to do this too, so hang back till someone else takes the risk of pointing out that the Emperor has no clothes. In a world that is being run by nude Emperors, we need to trust our inner knowledge and wisdom and dare to act on it, and we need to always be alert to support each other to do that too. We need to celebrate and trust aspects of our culture that we take for granted sometimes, skills that we have developed that we sometimes neglect to honor as skills.

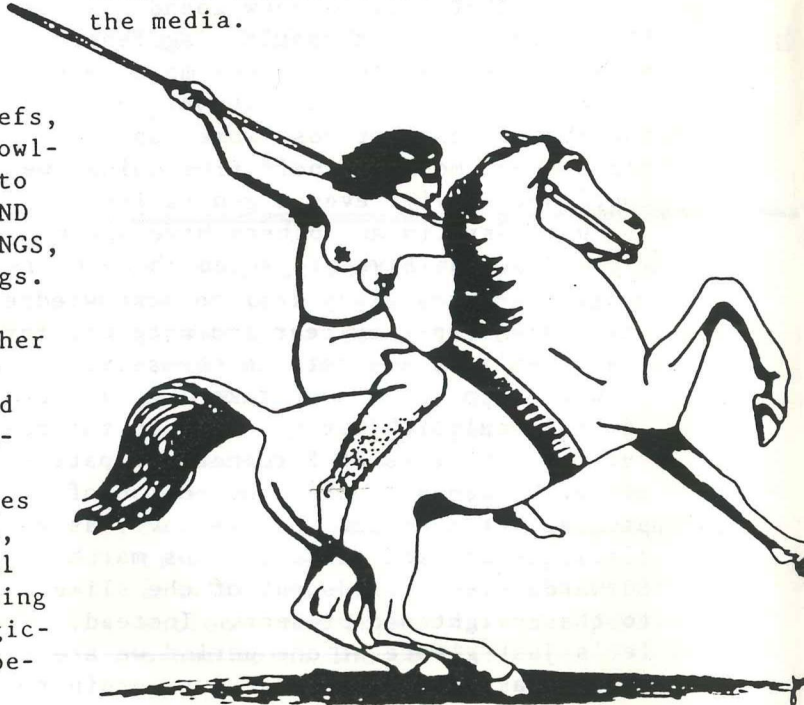
And we need our own media, and our share of the so-called public media. Not only to present our knowledge, our information, but to heal ourselves and reaffirm that we exist. To see people like ourselves. To hear perceptions like our own expressed and endorsed. To feel -- if only briefly -- that we inhabit a world in which we are not crazy. To know we are producing ideas that we can build on, and no longer will the next generation of women have to invent and discover the same things all over again.

Then our knowledge and wisdom, our culture, will have substantial form, and the necessary continuity to contribute our full share to the creation of a fully-dimensional human vision, according at least equal value to nurturance as to competition; to cooperation as to hostility; to the traditional skills of women as to those of men; to diversity as to conformity; to the power of developed inner capability as to power over others. And then, maybe, we can still create a newly, and truly, collective human culture before it is too late. weave for and with our lives: our beliefs, values, traditions, food, clothing, knowledge of health care, ways of relating to each other, child rearing practices, AND THE WAYS OF TRANSMITTING ALL THESE THINGS, through language, images, stories, songs. "Women's culture" is as urgent as our other issues, as it encompasses our other issues, and provides symbolization for our other issues, giving us a shorthand for shared experience, in common archetypal images, a common language.

Now, our stories and songs and images rarely make their way into men's media, so don't appear as part of the official culture. The way we solve problems, using tongues instead of fists, or technological fists, isn't considered among the be-

havioral options at the negotiating tables. We don't encourage children to fight it out so the strongest or nastiest bully gets the biggest piece of cake, we invent things like the deal where the person who cuts the cake gets last choice. (I want to emphasize that my using the example of children does not imply that I assume we all have, should have, or will have, our own children. I am speaking of children as an example of how we tend to relate to other people, and they are a convenient example of one group of people that a lot of women deal with, whether personally or professionally, and an example of the kind of influence we bring to bear in a situation where we have the opportunity to bring our influence to bear.)

How can we deal with, how can we reduce, the violence of the culture that surrounds us? I believe it is not a case of "either" we organize against pornography "or" we support women artists, "or" we lobby to change legislation "or" we join the peace movement, "or" we do spiritual work, meditating, imagining and visualizing a felicitous and harmonious world in which we can all thrive. These are all important, and between us we need to do them all, each focusing wherever we each happen to find the opportunity, or gain the skills, or feel enough utter fed-upness to be the most effective. Between all of us, we must dismantle the labyrinth as it manifests as violence, as it surrounds us as culture, and as both are reflected and perpetuated in the media.



Jewels Graphics

URANIUM IS THALIDOMIDE FOREVER

-- by Caroline Osborn

Seven years ago a lot of caring people in British Columbia fought a hard battle, and won. A seven-year moratorium on the exploration and mining of uranium in B.C. was reluctantly announced by ex-premier Bennett.

On January 8th of this year an article in the Vernon News, was headed: Uranium "Safe," Says Davis, B.C. Resources Minister. Obviously the wheels are grinding, and the political machinery is creaking into motion. Pacify the public, pay some election debts, let's get uranium going.

And are we, the people, the feminists, the mothers, the humanitarians, going to let them get away with this? A wise Australian woman, Dr. Helen Coldicutt, calls uranium the thalidomide forever. Because the damages of mining and processing this material is insidious and irreversible. There is too much known about the dangers, and not enough knowledge about such pertinent questions as safe disposal of tailings, medical hazards to miners, health threats to adults and children drinking the water that drains away from mining sites.

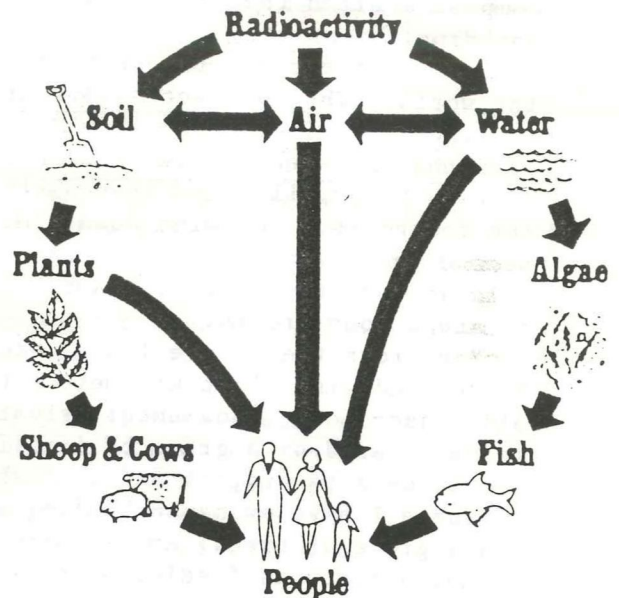
There is no evidence that during the seven-year moratorium any research was done in this field at all by the B.C. government. It appears big industry and government do not put money into research that would, without a doubt, disprove their claims.

But the research that has been done, mostly before 1980, shows a thousand reasons that uranium should not be touched until a great many more answers are known. There is so much material available about these insidious dangers that in a week of researching, I found a dozen questions to every answer.

In the North Okanagan area alone, we have much reason for alarm. There are 121 claims updated and alive, in this area, many of them in the Aberdeen Lake district, the source of water supply for all of the Coldstream area.

Horrifying!

All of the reasons not to mine uranium that existed when the moratorium was put into place still exist -- not one of the



problems has been solved. Every bit of existing material points at the dangers of lifting this moratorium.

Public pressure put this moratorium into effect. And public pressure is all that will keep it alive.

The fact should be stressed that uranium ore is used only for making nuclear reactor fuel and for the manufacture of bombs. And bombs kill people, a whole lot of people. It is unthinkable that, as women and as parents, we should allow this to happen. Both the children and the atmosphere that could be destroyed may be ours.

The Socreds themselves are divided on the uranium mining issue. Cliff Serwa, M.L.A. for the Kelowna area, spoke at a meeting on Jan. 15, 1987. He expressed concern about the lifting of the moratorium and has spoken to the premier about his position. He suggested that the public express their concerns by writing to Mines Minister Davis and Premier Vander Zalm.

In Vernon, the Uranium Moratorium Action Group has been formed, headed by Caroline Osborn. The Vernon Women's Centre (OKWC) is giving full support, including copy work space, mailing address and volunteers.

PEACE IS WHERE YOU FIND IT

In every person's life there is a place that symbolizes peace. An area where nature and harmony and tranquility compose a blend that forms the perfect backdrop.

For me, there are two such places in the world. The most accessible of these is Sugar Lake in the Monashee Mountains, less than 50 scenic miles from Vernon. East to Cherryville and then north into the foothills. You wind down a hill and beyond the third bend, there she is. Wild and breathtaking, a beauty so sudden it stops your breath.

You cross the single lane, uncertain bridge and wind eight kilometers to the old Fraser Lodge, now under private lease, shared by a group of families who care enough to protect and cherish it.

There I have my hammock slung in a small grove of trees, and I spend lazy summer afternoons feeding sunflower seeds to my friends.

A chipmunk observes me gravely from his perch on my stomach, cleverly turning the kernel with adept paws until he reaches the seed within. Two gophers scurry across my patio, demanding their fair share. A deer and her twin fawns saunter past, stepping to munch a daisy only a few feet from my outstretched hand.

A breeze rustles the vine maple at the foot of my hammock and stirs my Chinese chimes into a faint echo of music.

I close my eyes. Peace. I remember my favorite poem, an oldie by Yeats -- "The Lake Isle of Innisfree."

"I will arise and go now, and go to
Innisfree
And a small cabin build there . . .

And I shall have some peace there, for
peace comes dropping slow,
Dropping from the veils of the morning
to where the cricket sings;
There midnights all a glimmer, and noon
a purple glow,
And evening full of the linnets' wings.

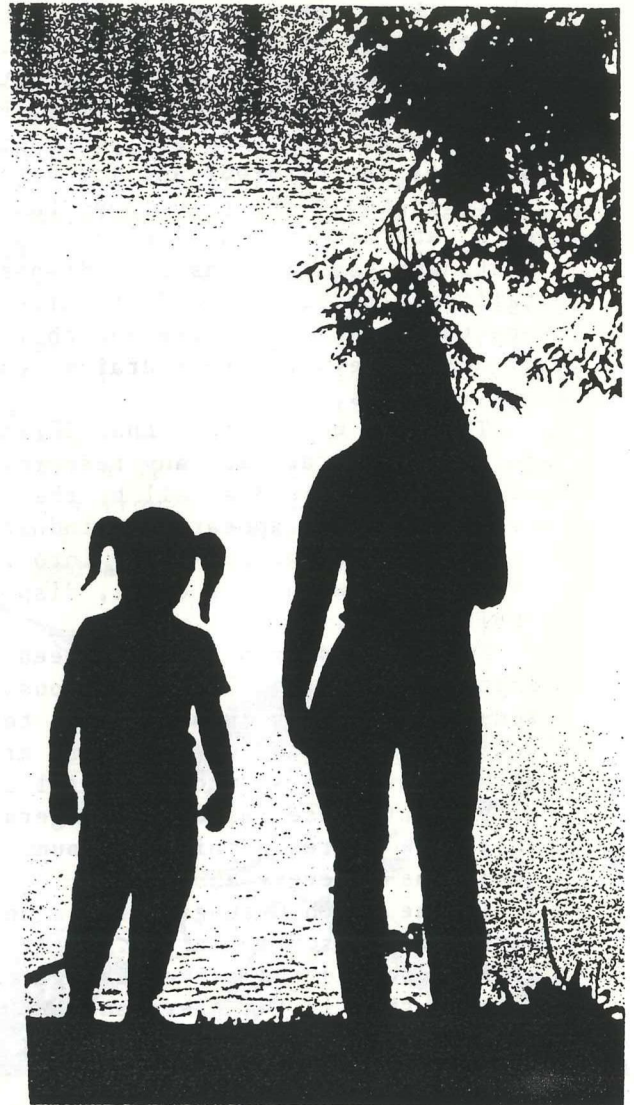
I will arise and go now, for always
night and day
I hear lake waters lapping with low
sounds by the shore;

While I stand on the roadway, or on the
pavements grey,
I hear it in the deep heart's core." . . .

At Sugar Lake you can hear it, the peace dropping, slow and easy. You can hear it in the deep heart's core, and each drop fills me with happiness -- sheer and pure and joyful.

I know, of course, that Yeats never visited Sugar Lake. His lake, after all, was named Innisfree. But to M.E. Sugar Lake is Innisfree -- my sanctuary of peace, and of peacefulness.

-- M. E.



Jewels Graphics

NEW RESOURCES

Policy on Sex-Role Stereotyping in the Broadcast Media is the CRTC policy in response to government initiatives that aim at ensuring a more realistic portrayal on Canadian airwaves of the diversity and growing roles played by women in our society. Public notice CRTC 1986 - 351.

A Friend Indeed is a newsletter for women in the prime of life. This issue concerns itself with hormone therapies and effects for menopausal women. Volume 3, #7, December 1986.

Equality Now is the report of the Special Committee of the house of Commons on visible minorities in Canadian Society.

Facts on Unemployment This booklet contains general information on Unemployment Insurance rights and obligations in 1987.

Assistance Directory for Ethnocultural Communities in Canada This directory presents a guide to assistance available to ethno-cultural communities from foundations, corporations, municipalities, provincial and federal governments, federal cultural agencies and labour groups. Issued by the Multiculturalism Directorate Secretary of State Department

Report and Recommendations of the NDP Task Force on Race Relations and Human Rights is the report to the 1986 Annual General Meeting of the B.C. New Democratic Party. It recommends widespread changes to the B.C. Human Rights Code that would better protect against racial, sexual and age discrimination.

Legal Services Society Publications Catalogue 1986-87 contains a listing of available resources. Many pamphlets are free.

National Welfare Grants Inventory Published by the Minister of National Health and Welfare. This describes projects funded between 1976 and 1985. Its purpose is to inform you and your organization of the activities eligible to be funded from this source.

Abandoned Teens published in Oct. 86 by the B.C. Government Employee's Union. This report deals with inadequacies in the Ministry of Social Services and Housing due to cutbacks.

Dimension of Equality: A Federal Government Work Plan for Women This document reviews the federal government progress in its effort on behalf of women and identifies initiatives that will help maintain that progress. Annual Conference of First Ministers Nov. 20-21 1986.

The Canadian Research Institute for the Advancement of Women (CRIAW) marks its tenth anniversary. This newsletter documents the history and future plans of this organization.

Women, Poverty and Public Policy analyses the experience of women and poverty in Victoria B.C. A joint project of Women for Economic Survival and the Community Council of Greater Victoria. Nov. 85.

It's Time This project done in the form of a survey seeks to define the value of women's unpaid contribution to society, ie; housework. By Housewives in Training and Research.

...after sexual assault... Your guide to the criminal justice system. Published by the Minister of Justice and the Attorney General of Canada.

Women and the Economy Kit The materials in this kit will provide the reader with a perspective on the economy that includes all aspects of women's work, paid and unpaid, public and private. Women's Research Centre 1986.

Achieving Labour Force Equality for Women: Federal Government Initiatives This information package contains copies of documents printed following the Annual Conference of First Ministers. Nov. 86.

Our Time, Our Place This booklet contains 55 short stories about youth-directed projects across Canada. Published by the Minister of State for Youth 1986.

Blended Family Handbook is an instructor's resource kit for use in workshops. Published by the B.C. Council for the Family.

Single Parents Handbook is instructor's resource materials for use in workshops. Published by the B.C. Council for the Family.

Family Reunification is the response to the 59 recommendations of the Standing Committee on Labour, Employment and Immigration related to each step of the immigration process through which people pass.

Speaking Notes for the Honorable Barbara McDougall, Minister for the Status of Women and Minister of State and Minister Responsible for Regulatory Affairs: To Women's Symposium de la Femme. Oct. 4, 1986. Status of Women, Canada.

Annual Report 1985-1986 of the Canadian Advisory Council on the Status of Women including its' recommendations to government.

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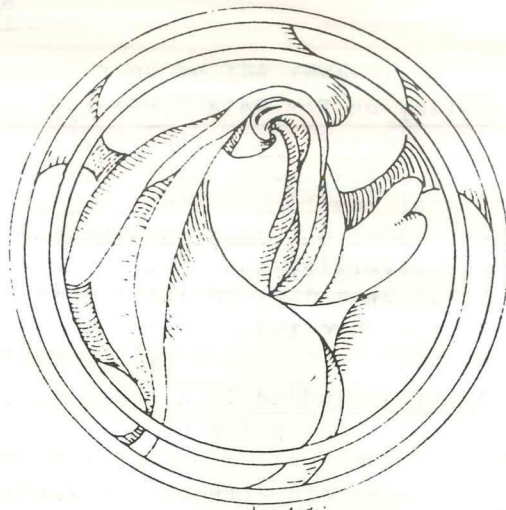
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CLASSIFIEDS

A group of concerned citizens in Vernon is now in the process of forming a vernon Pro-Choice Group. We are welcoming people who share our views, to become members. Please remember that it is a matter of Choice and must remain that way. For further information feel free to phone 542-4018.

Margaret Carrier will do childcare anytime, preferably in her own home. Margaret has lots of childcare experience and her rates are reasonable. Please call her at 542-9290.

DEFINITIONS

ANTENNA

"Invisible organ that one has at birth which allows for instantaneous perception of the possible alliances between lesbians." (Monique Wittig and Sande Zeig 1976, 8)

CIRCLE

A curved structure, a ring which can be used to break down "the fragmentation and linear thinking of patriarchy." In a circle "every woman sits in the same relation to each other." (Eileen O'Laura 1978, 3-4)

IN LOVE

A difficult condition to maintain "when you've got no money, no decent housing, no job." (Vera Brearly 1982, 23)
(See FALLING IN LOVE, LOVE)

COMING EVENTS

SPEECH-CRAFT-COURSE

To begin Monday, April 13 at 7:00-9:00 P.M. for eight Mondays at the Okanagan Women's Coalition. Minimum of 8 participants, maximum of 16. Cost is on a sliding scale of \$5.00 to \$15.00 per woman. Register by dropping in at #4-3000-30 St. or call 542-7531. Speech Craft is a program designed to develop leadership skills as well as teach speaking skills in a seminar workshop format. Facilitator is Inez Armitage.

FESTIVAL OF AWARENESS

This annual event will take place at the Village Green Inn on March 21 and 22. For further information please call The Centre at 542-6140.

ANNUAL KAMLOOPS CONFERENCE

This years conference will be held March 6 and 7 at the Allen Mathews campus at Cariboo College in Kamloops. The cost of the conference is \$25.00 per participant which includes Friday evening and all day Saturday with lunch and an International Women's Day dinner. Some of the workshops offered on the Saturday are: Native women, women's self defence, women and the environment, violence against women, childbirth, assertiveness training, stepping out of line, recovering catholics, midlife daughters and aging parents and a workshop about disabled women. For further information and to register please call the Kamloops Women's Resource Centre at 374-3383 or write to #190-546 St. Paul St. Kamloops, B.C. V2L 5T1

MEETINGS

The Okanagan Women's Coalition Coordinating Collective meets every Tuesday morning at 10:00 A.M. New women are always welcome.

The Okanagan Women's Coalition group meetings of support and consciousness raising will be the first Wednesday of each month at the women's centre, #6-3000-30 St.

INTERNATIONAL WOMEN'S DAY

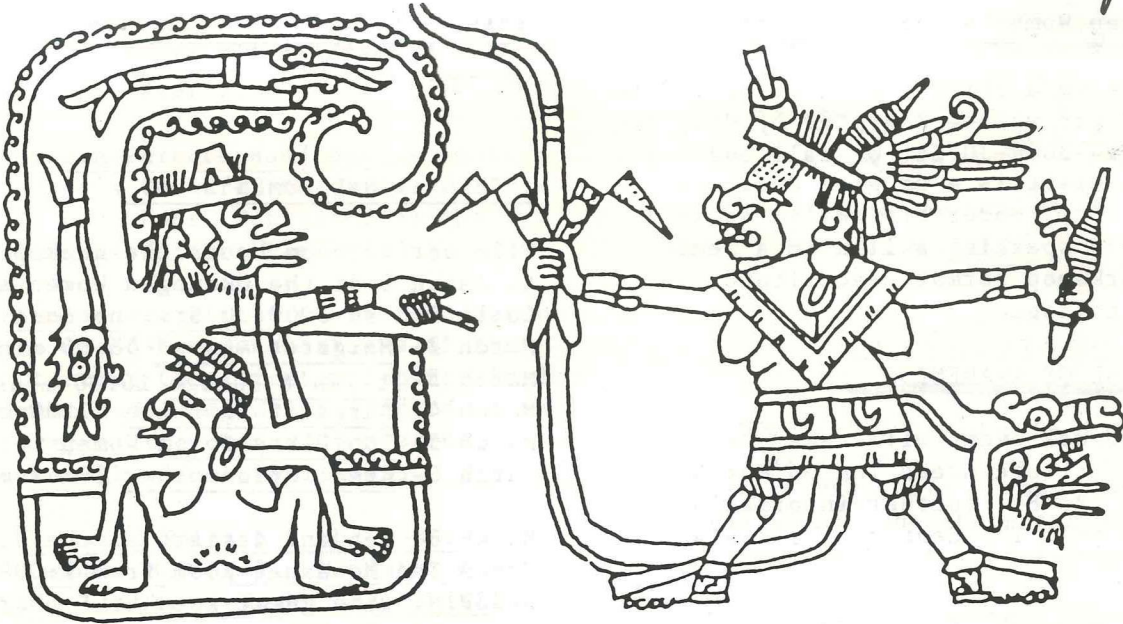
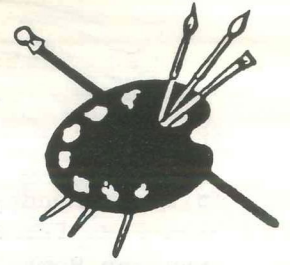
Film series noon hours the week prior to March 8 at the Okanagan Women's Coalition #6-3000-30 St., no cost.
March 2- Margaret Atwood 58:00 mins.
March 3- It Isn't Enough 16:00 mins.
March 4- Margaret Lawrence 52:00 mins.
March 5- Too Dirty For A Woman 16:00 mins.
March 6- Great Grandmother 28:47 mins.

March 8- Tea and dessert at the Village Green Inn Monashee Room from 1:00P.M.-3:30P.M. with guest speaker E. Margaret Fulton O.C., B.A., M.A., PH.D., F.R.P.I., D.S.E., D.L., L.L.D. former Dean of Women's Studies at the University of B.C. and President of Mt. St. Vincent University in Halifax. Cost to tea is \$5.00 per woman.

IMMIGRANT WOMEN-UNDERSTANDING THE ISSUES

This conference will be April 24&25 with a keynote address and wine and cheese the Friday evening. Saturday will begin with a panel discussion followed by workshops covering Immigrant women and the Charter Of Rights, Domestic Workers, Communication Skills, Education Programs with a Multicultural Emphasis, Cultural Awareness-A Two Way Street and Employment Programs. The Okanagan Women's Coalition as members of The B.C. Human Rights Coalition are organizing this conference with Vernon's Multicultural Association and members of The Social Planning Council. The conference will be held at The Village Green Inn, for further information please call the O.K.W.C. at 542-7531.

ART



Ehcatl as a hurricane threatening Tlazolteotl (Laud)



Winged goddess Itzpapalotl wearing knife-fringed skirt

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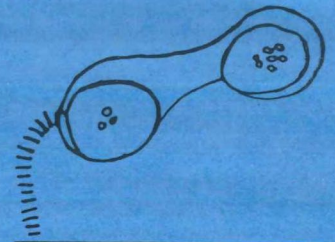
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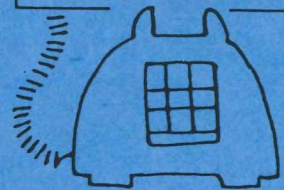
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