

Branching Out



THE DAY *THE GLOBE* BELONGED TO WOMEN

BILINGUAL *PUBLIC* SCHOOL IN ALBERTA

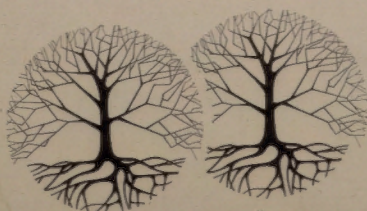
LA DIFFICULTE D'AGIR

ALL LIFE FROM THE SEA — NEW FICTION

CULHANE ON VIETNAM — CARRY ON!

ACCEPTED VILLAIN — THE COLOURING BOOK

canadian magazine for women
march/april 1974 \$1



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Volume 1, Number 1, March/April 1974.

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Staff

Coordinating Editor
Susan McMaster

Fiction
Sonja Chandra
Roberta Kalechofsky
Susan McMaster
Helen Rosta
Meg Shatilla

Non-fiction
Sharon Batt
Mary Alyce Heaton
Roberta Kalechofsky
Naomi Loeb
Susan McMaster
Meg Shatilla

Art
Alice Baumann-Rondez
Iona MacAllister

Production
Alice Baumann-Rondez
Ghislaine Campbell
Iona MacAllister
Janice Riddell
Maureen Scobie

Publicity
Sharon Batt
Naomi Loeb

Business
Mary Alyce Heaton

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Volume 1, Number 1, March/April 1974

letters

Sincere congratulations on the initial effort. It is nothing short of heart-warming to notice the variety of contributors — the famous as well as those not so well-known — and I am most impressed with the way you have sought out so many talented individuals in the preparation of this first issue.

Keep it warm and human so that it fulfils a need in the lives of your readers.

Horst A. Schmid

*Minister of Culture, Youth and Recreation
Edmonton, Alberta*

... promises to become a quality addition to the Canadian magazine scene.

Jim Osborne

Communications Department

*Grant MacEwan Community College
Edmonton, Alberta*

I hope you will print strong material — not necessarily politically tough, but positive, spiritually strong. I think it's a grand idea.

Good luck.

Anne Smart

Saskatoon, Saskatchewan

If your plan is to help women gain courage to be brave enough to be honest — then I applaud.

If your plan is to offer an organized format for disclosure of brave attempts at independent life — then I applaud.

I offer my heartfelt encouragement to continue *Branching Out* — I plan to.

Cecile A. Gillet

Edmonton, Alberta

I think that your magazine is taking an important step in helping the Canadian woman to establish her identity as a person. Your editorial was excellent.

Aritha van Herk

Edmonton, Alberta

How refreshing to have an unashamed and unaffected woman's magazine as well as a western point of ... birth? I am so sick of everything coming to us from Toronto or New York. Unfortunately few of us have much contact with the voice or activities of French-speaking women, however strong they are in Quebec. Maybe a forum of ideas and attitudes from various parts of the country would be interesting.

Marguerite Spaulding

Manotick, Ontario

There is a real and growing need for a publication which will provide an outlet for those contributions from women which express the contemporary approach to the concerns of the feminine culture.

It would be a notable milestone if we in Alberta were able to sustain a magazine which, while reflecting a national flavour, simultaneously and authentically conveyed a western Canadian viewpoint.

Catharine E. Arthur

*Director, Alberta Women's Bureau
Edmonton, Alberta*

After I read *Branching Out* from cover to cover, the two things that I liked best were the casual format, and the short story that actually used locations in Alberta.

Joanne Grover

Lethbridge, Alberta

I thoroughly enjoyed the first issue of *Branching Out*.

I do hope, however, that you do not equate gutter language with equality. One poem was somewhat marred for me by the use of one word. It is easy to be equal if we all live in the gutter!

Otherwise, congratulations and good luck!

Margaret J. Borle

St. Albert, Alberta

I can see your magazine is aimed at the well educated woman; in order to be successful it will have to appeal to a great majority of women.

Terry Reginbald

St. Albert, Alberta

Well done — you deserve congratulations.

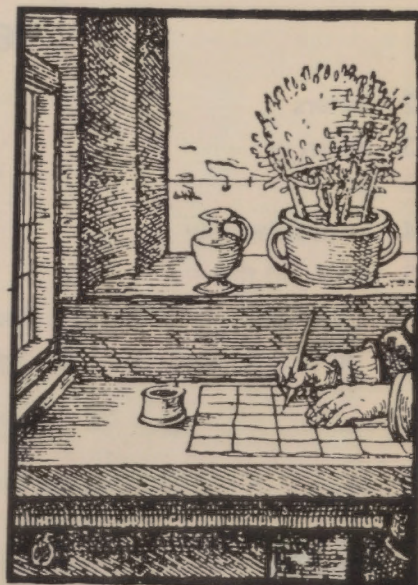
Sandra Foster

Toronto, Ontario

We finally have an alternative to Ms.. Thank God!

Elizabeth Humphreys

Vancouver, British Columbia



Your magazine has made me very excited. It's possible to purchase the works of better known Canadian women authors but I feel I miss so much readable material since I don't have ready access to university bookshops or other retail shops that carry more than *Chatelaine*. I am looking forward to enjoying the wide variety that your magazine offers.

Helen King

La Ronge, Saskatchewan

... a nice balance of material, particularly in the arts areas.

J. Forsyth

Library Development Officer

*Dept. of Youth, Culture and Recreation
Edmonton, Alberta*

I would like to see serious censorship of advertising where possible! I realize your financial difficulties may prevent this. However when advertisements seem to indicate that it is necessary to have male companionship to enjoy a cigarette, drink, car, etc., it seems to contradict the idea of treating people as individuals in a broad sense.

Joanne McIntosh

Hamilton, Ontario

about us:

Publishing this magazine has been an educational experience for us on the editorial staffs of *Branching Out*.

Everyone knows — or eventually learns — the value of money. We learned the value of not having it. Our first operating capital came from contributions from our staff, which amounted to \$120. Most magazines pay their staff members, but our staff members had to pay the magazine. Eventually we received contributions from some organizations and many individuals. But the cost of putting out our first issue was about \$4,000 and our total capital in the beginning was less than \$500. The difference was made up in loans from the staff. Fortunately, our success is enabling us to reduce these loans.

Because of the difference between the operating cost of \$4,000 and the initial capital of \$500, we learned that even minor errors such as choosing the wrong paper, not buying stationery in bulk, or inadequate information about the high cost of shipping and mailing can be serious. We have been forced to look at each dollar three times and to try to spend it three ways. This is not necessarily depressing, because in the process we refined our tastes, our demands, our ideals, and learned how to be careful about the choices we make now.

We had applied for several different grants and were disappointed not to receive any of them.* But this too was a maturing experience. We had to cut our publication from twelve to six issues per year and to reduce our expectations in other ways, but we learned that the enthusiasm and determination of the group were our best capital. We still cannot afford to pay our staff salaries nor our contributors more than a token payment. Most of our staff members have regular jobs elsewhere, which means that work for the magazine is done in the evenings and on week-ends. Money would permit us to meet payment responsibilities to our staff members and our contributors, and therein lies its great value for us.

In the beginning the internal organization of the magazine seemed haphazard. We had no regular committees. Some of us found ourselves doing jobs we had never done before, like lay-

out; some of us found ourselves doing jobs we felt temperamentally unfit to do, like button-holing advertisers. In addition to stretching our dollars and time, we had to stretch our personalities into new patterns.

Since *Branching Out* was and is put together by volunteers, a kind of honour system prevails. Everyone does what she has time or talent to do. Some of us are married, some are not; some of us have children, some do not. Our jobs and private lives make different demands upon us. Because of the nature of our organization a regular working day is impossible. We don't even have a regular office.

Little by little our organization has become regularized, in spite of the fact that many of us were inexperienced in magazine work. We have divided ourselves into committees. Those of us who are artistically talented are responsible for layout, design and decisions about printers. Those of us who have good business heads and/or relatives with good business heads are responsible for handling money matters. Almost everyone is involved in making decisions about content, because we feel that is the substance of the magazine. Unfortunately, almost all of us are still involved in the business of advertising and distribution, which keeps us from becoming too smug.

The third, and perhaps the most important lesson we have learned is that we have a responsibility to our audience. We had to go through the trials and errors of the first issue and get it before the public in order to learn this. At first we were responsive only to ourselves. It was the extraordinarily encouraging feedback from our readers which made us decide to go on — debts and all.

Overriding our financial and organizational problems is our desire to produce a magazine which reflects the women of Canada — reflecting what they are doing, their concerns, dreams and realities. We have come to recognize more than ever that *Branching Out* does answer a real need. We hope always to be responsive to that need. Only a continuous feedback process can make us so. *Branching Out* has become a two-way process.

*At press time, our application for a grant from the Department of the Secretary of State, Women's Division, was still pending. If accepted, it will help us with the printing costs for one issue.

by Mary Alyce Heaton
Roberta Kalechofsky

both sides now

The colouring book is not as innocent as it looks — it may destroy your child's artistic creativity.

After being exposed to colouring books, a child loses confidence in his ability to draw.

THE COLOURING BOOK - AN ACCEPTED VILLAIN

Colouring books destroy the creativity which is so important to the development of independent thinkers. Creative activities serve as an emotional outlet and help the child to face new situations with ease. The groundwork laid down during a child's first years sets the pattern for the rest of his life.

Constructive use of leisure time is becoming increasingly important in a world of shortened work hours. Life can be greatly enriched by interests and skills which occupy time richly, rather than leaving it empty or filled with non-educational radio or television programs.

If creativity in children is to be encouraged, children should have opportunity in babyhood and in early childhood to use toys and other play experiences on an imaginative and free basis. Free play situations, "do-with toys" and plenty of paper, pencils, crayons, paints, clay, scissors, blocks and imaginative stories offer stimulus to the imagination.

In order to understand the effect of colouring books on children, let us assume the first picture a child is confronted with is the outline of a dog. The child's relationship to dogs may be one of love or fear. In the outline picture in the colouring book, the child has no opportunity to express his own relationship to a dog and therefore to express his anxieties or individual differences.

The child may be very proud of his picture in the colouring book, but after being exposed only to colouring books, he loses his confidence in his ability to draw and knows there is no way he can duplicate the stereotyped dog. Then, when asked to draw a dog, rather than have a meaningful method of expression the child is only frustrated and says "I can't draw a dog." I have seen this response innumerable times in my preschool art classes.



Many adults say that their children love coloring books. This statement is quite true just as most children prefer candy to vegetables, but we do adjust their diets to satisfy their wants. If a child is conditioned to coloring books, he will find it difficult to enjoy the freedom of creating.

Another prevalent argument for the use of colouring books is that they help develop small muscles in the hand and help the child stay within the boundaries of a picture. More children colour beyond the given boundaries of a colouring book than they do of objects they draw themselves. If a child draws his own dog he has much more incentive to remain within the boundaries than the one in the book, to which he has no size relationship.

Children at an early age are ego-centric and highly individualistic. They are not concerned with realistic representation or perfection. Any adult interference to improve their output only serves as an interruption of their thoughts. A situation that is even more harmful to the development of a child is to have an adult prefer one child's work to that of another — "Oh,

Jimmy paints so much better than Susie." Susie soon loses all her confidence and refuses to paint, or says she can't. Children do not develop creativity at the same rate, just as they do not grow at the same rate. When drawings fail to communicate the intended ideas, usually a verbal description fills the gap. An alert adult may ask questions like "Are you playing with your dog? Is your dog outside? Tell me what colour your dog is." This type of question helps the young artist to expand his thinking and his pictorial communication. It is very crushing when the parent asks "What is that?" The subject of children's art centres around themselves, their homes and home environment, so usually a tactful question or a comment such as "Tell me about your picture" reveals the hidden meaning.

It has been proven that imitative colouring and workbooks that are conditioned to adult concepts which the child cannot reproduce only frustrate his creative growth and consequently affect his future life.

by Myrna Fyfe

This column is intended to serve as a forum in which women can discuss their opinions on different topics. Submissions are invited; please enclose a stamped, self-addressed envelope with your copy.

photo by Alice Baumann-Rondez



here and there

Have you read a recent book which you think should be mentioned in this page? Has your women's group started a new project or set up a Women's Centre? Would you like to announce an upcoming event in your community? We welcome your contributions (and corrections) to Here and There, 11443 - 77 Avenue, Edmonton, Alberta, T6G 0L9.

Vancouver Status of Women Ombudsman and Women's Centre, 2029 West 4th Avenue, Vancouver, B.C. (Has a newsletter.)

Options for Women Council and the Alberta Women's Bureau received a Priority Employment Program grant to establish an Alberta Women's Newsletter.

Three Edmonton women have been hired to organize the newsletter and to make contacts with women outside Alberta's main urban centres.

The newsletter will give voice to women throughout the province. It is vitally important that women have this opportunity to communicate their concerns about women and the law, education, health and the community.

The Women's Independent Publishing Association has recently been formed in Edmonton. Representatives from *Branching Out*, *On Our Way* (Edmonton's Women's Newspaper) *Poundmaker* (Edmonton's Alternate Newspaper) and the *Alberta Women's Newsletter* met to discuss their aims, diversities, and the ways in which each could help the other.

The new association will welcome inquiries and support from other women involved in publishing in Canada. Write to The Women's Independent Publishing Association c/o Edmonton Social Planning Council, 10006 - 107 Street, Edmonton, Alberta.

"The Feminist Bookmobile is coming" is the slogan of a Toronto women's group as they begin their tour around rural Ontario. The vision is to bring to rural women books, films and articles of interest to women and also to break down the separation of urban and rural women.

Erewhon Books is a new Edmonton mail-order house for feminist literature. For more information, write to: P.O. Box 2827, Station A, Edmonton.

In December 1973 the Victoria Women's Centre opened "Transition House". This house will attempt to provide humane alternatives for women in crisis situations, such as the beginning of separation, divorce, et cetera. A grant to fund the project has been provided by the Department of Human Resources, Government of British Columbia.

A new radio series showcasing women's achievements in music began in January. It is broadcast on CKUA (Edmonton) Saturdays at five p.m. and will run until early April. The program explores women's contributions to the various fields of music including classical, jazz, rock, blues and folk. A weekly calendar of news and events will also be featured. So listen in and send your suggestions, reactions and women's news to Beverly Ross, c/o Radio Station CKUA, 10526 - Jasper Avenue, Edmonton, Alberta.

Clearing House for Feminist Media is a new quarterly publication which will list media presentations on feminist topics from across Canada. If you want to add information, or obtain the quarterly, write to: *Clearing House for Feminist Media*, P.O. Box 207, Ancaster, Ontario.

Priorities is an exciting well-written publication put out by the B.C. NDP Women's Committee. The last issue features a section on "Women and the Law". Back issues are also available. For a year's subscription, send \$3.00 to: *Priorities*, c/o 8-2295 West 1 Avenue, Vancouver, B.C. V6K 1E9

On Our Way, Edmonton's Women's Newspaper, returns with its February issue featuring articles and interviews on Women and Psychiatry. Subscriptions are \$3.00 per year; individual copies and back issues are 25 cents from *On Our Way*, Box 4508, Edmonton, Alberta.

Quebecoises Deboutte 4319 St Denis, Montreal, Quebec, H2J 2K9

The Other Woman Box 928, Station Q, Toronto 7, Ontario

A Women's Newsletter Box 1816, Charlottetown, P.E.I.

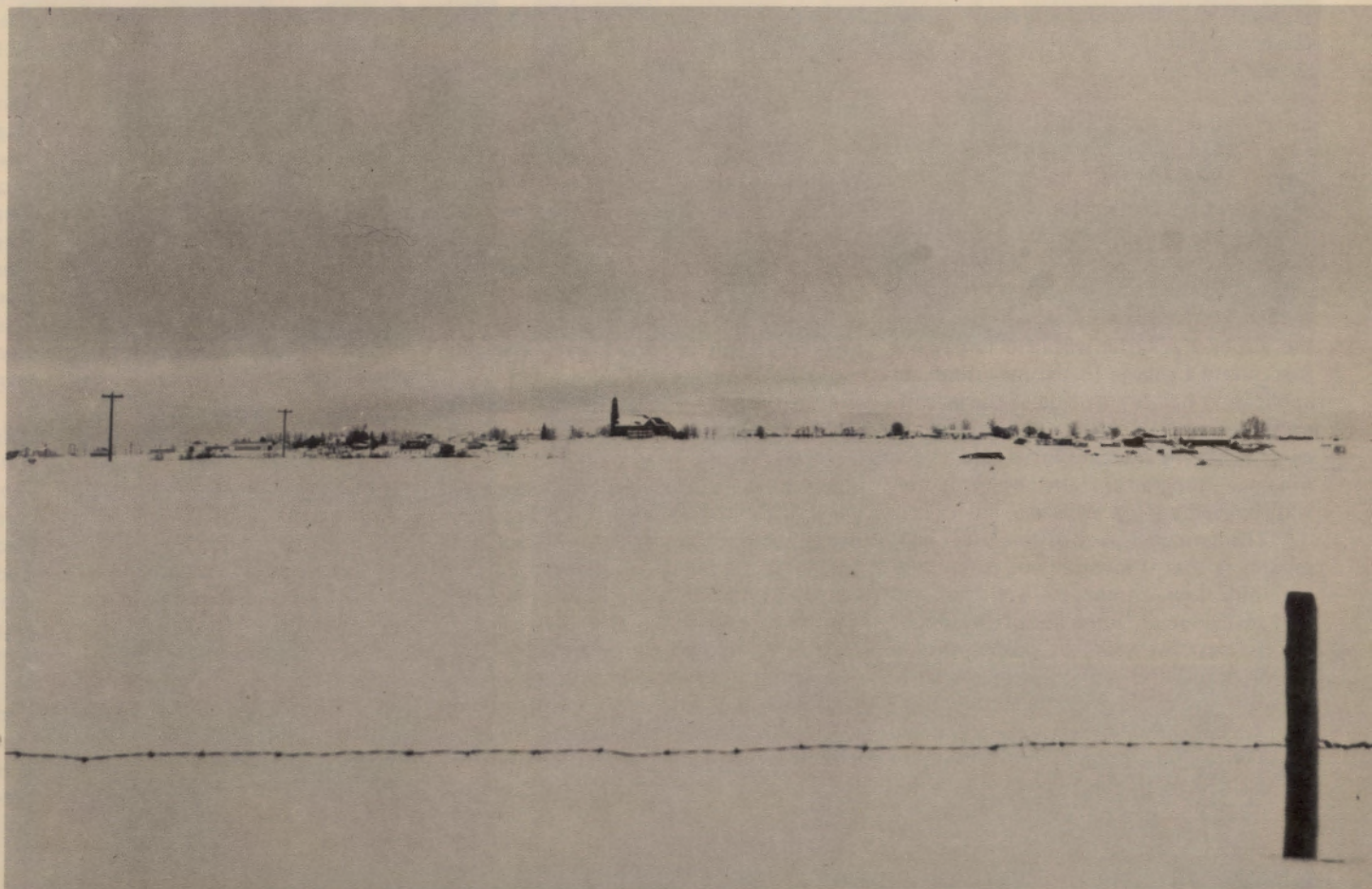
The Women's Centre in Hamilton, Ontario, now has a newsletter, titled *Woman-Made*. To receive it, write to: Women's Centre, 551 York Street, Hamilton, Ontario.

The Vancouver Women's Bookstore has a large collection of books and periodicals of special interest to women. Write or visit 804 Richards, Vancouver, B.C. There's free coffee and a place to relax.



Français? Mais Oui,

Beaumont School — a progressive experiment in bilingual education and community cooperation



1

English? Why Not!

by Naomi Loeb

Photos by Alice Baumann-Rondez

A few miles south of Edmonton, is the cozy little town of Beaumont, Alberta. Perched on a hill, its imposing church can be seen for miles around. This may look very ordinary at first glance, but what is unusual about Beaumont is its progressive outlook toward education. Its school is bilingual and a model of community cooperation rarely found in Canada today.

You might ask yourself how or why a bilingual school would exist here. The community dates back many years to French-speaking settlers from Quebec and Minnesota who came to farm the land. There were few people at first, but with families like the Bérubés, with 21 children, and the Goudreaus with 16, the town soon developed and the Beaumont school grew along with it.

But French was not always the language of instruction as Laurent Beaudoin, the enthusiastic young principal explained. "Seventeen years ago, in Alberta, French could only be taught one hour a day in the schools. Naturally it didn't af-

fect the children here since they all spoke French at home."

There have been two major changes since that time, however. First, the provincial Department of Education changed its requirements for French language instruction from one hour a day to a maximum combination of 50 percent English and 50 percent French. In grades 1 and 2, instruction is almost all in French, and then levels off in the later elementary grades. The other major change in Beaumont has been the influx of English-speaking families to the community. Sylvia Beaudoin, coordinator of the Pre-School Project at Beaumont School,

recalled that, as a young girl, she knew everyone in town. "Now," she said, "unless I make a special effort to go out and meet each newcomer, it's just impossible to know everyone the way we did before."

The Pre-School project coordinated by Sylvia Beaudoin is one example of the remarkable community spirit in Beaumont. As more English-speaking families began moving in (approximately 25 percent of the town is now English-speaking) they wanted to develop a pre-school French program to help their children become better prepared for Grade 1. Finances presented a major obstacle. The parents managed to decorate a basement section of the school with supplies generously donated by Edmonton firms. But another problem remained - how to pay the teacher? A raffle was held to pay her first month's salary. In the meantime, an application had been made to the government (any school system can receive up to a 9 percent increase in its budget for bilingual programs), and confirmation was received a short while ago.

The unique aspect of this pre-school project is that it involves not only children, but their parents as well. Jan and William Bloomer, residents of Beaumont for the past five years are participants in the program. "We wanted an opportunity to learn along with our children," explained Jan Bloomer, whose five year old daughter is in the pre-school program, "so we decided to try and set up a class for 2

parents too."

According to Laurent Beaudoin, this was a need expressed by the English-speaking residents of Beaumont and reflects their positive attitude toward keeping Beaumont a bilingual community. As he expressed it, "We are trying to make this community a model, to satisfy both the English and French-speaking segments."

This same spirit is quite visible at the school itself, where many activities encourage lively participation by the students. One such event is the annual public speaking contest, held in French, which for the last two years has been won by non-native French speakers. These junior high students were the first to begin the bilingual program six years ago and their success disproves the popular opinion that kids can't or won't learn a second language.

Raymond Stadlwieser is one such example. Oldest of a family of eleven children, his parents emigrated from Austria eighteen years ago. He didn't know a word of French when he began Grade 1 at the Beaumont school. Now in Grade 12 at J.H. Picard, a bilingual school in Edmonton, Raymond can hold his own in either French or English - and knows some of his parents' native German also!

Another innovative feature of the school is the joint staff meetings, regularly attended by parents and students. The meetings are held alternately in French and English, depending on the

language of the majority of the people present. This is another means of involving residents in the school's policy-making decisions. In many schools, parent-teacher evenings are more common than the Beaumont system of having parents and students at regular staff meetings. But as Mr. Beaudoin said, "they aren't as spontaneous, and don't really involve the parents as deeply as they might like."

Occasionally the bilingual issue can prove amusing, and at times, embarrassing as well. "Every so often," recalled the principal, "the supervisory staff were a little hesitant to visit, thinking they might miss something. This can happen at times when a certain French expression fits the context perfectly, and there is simply no way to get the same inference across in English." Equally amusing is the situation where kids speak French far better than their parents.

What happens to weaker students who have serious difficulties with language? "All children start out in the bilingual program. Those unable to cope are sent to Leduc (a nearby town) to attend the regular public school there," stated Mr. Beaudoin, "although this doesn't happen very often." He added that there is no attempt to coerce students to learn French if they are not capable.

But this is much more the exception than the rule. In Beaumont, if you ask someone, "Do you speak French?" he is very likely to answer, "*Mais naturellement.*"

* * *



1. Beaumont, as seen from the south.

2. Laurent Beaudoin, Principal of Beaumont School, talks with Naomi Loeb.

3. Kindergarten: *Sur le pont d'Avignon...*

4. English - French - what's all the fuss?

5. A grade one student putting French words together - in a dynamic reading method.

6. Raymond Stadlwieser speaks French with Naomi Loeb.

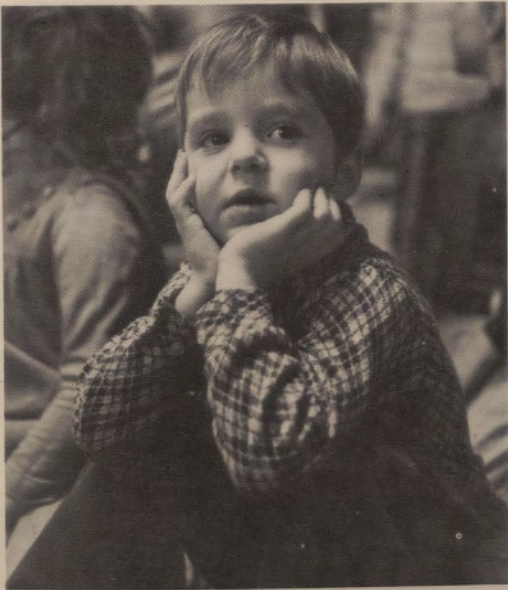
7. Grade one classroom.



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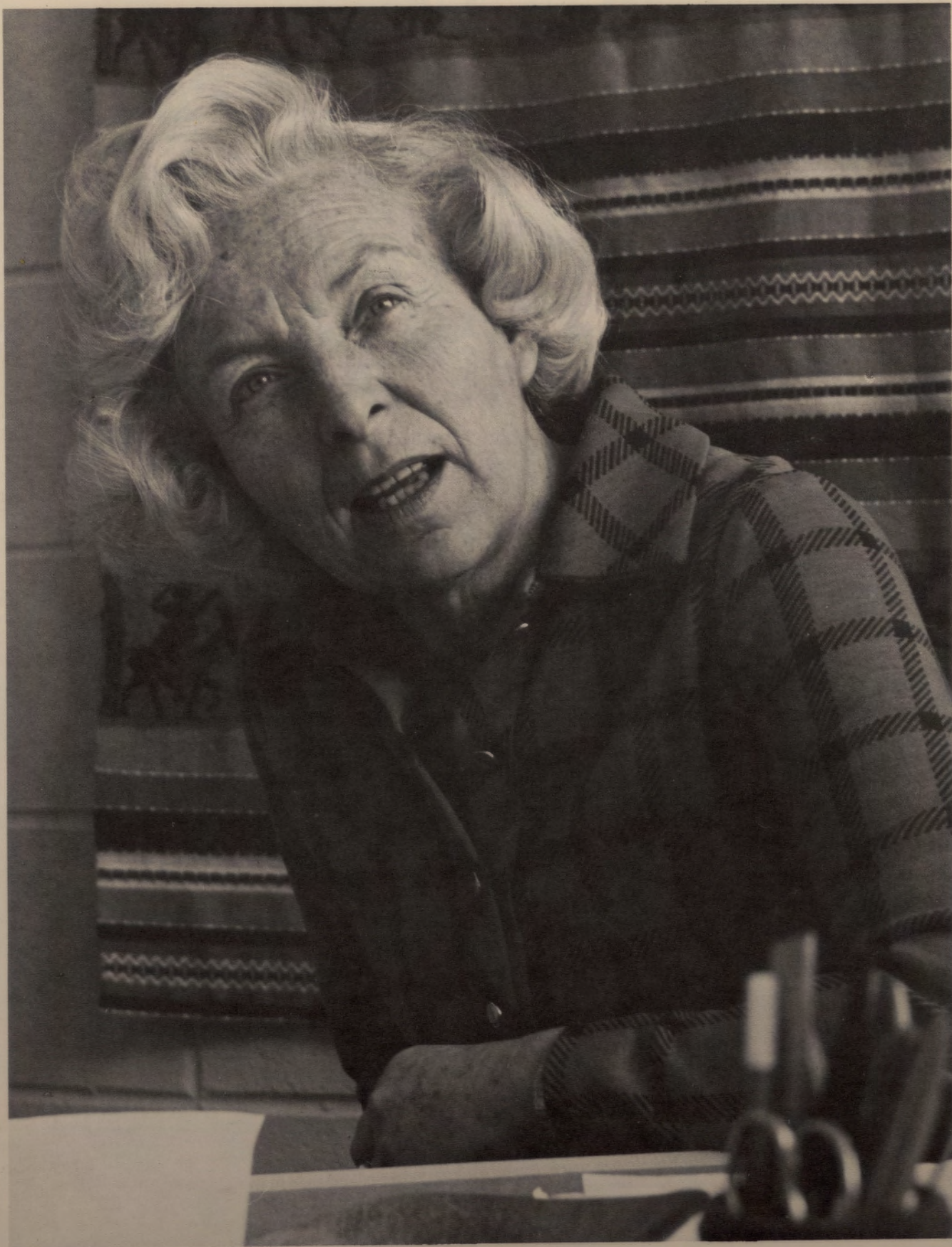
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Mme Monod, University of Alberta, photo by Alice Baumann-Rondez

French has a place in the West

By Mme Monod as told to Alice Baumann-Rondez

There is a popular belief here in Western Canada that there is no reason for our children to speak French. I couldn't disagree more. "But," you say, "how many times in Alberta do I have the opportunity to speak French?" You have more opportunities to speak French than you realize, yet even French-speaking Canadians will resort to English. I think that the reason for this is that if you speak any other language than English, then you are a part of a minority. The French-Canadians don't speak French for this very reason. If they do, they are considered poor, stupid farmers, so to avoid this connotation they speak English, which makes them part of the accepted people. I can give you an example of this from my own experience. When we came to Canada my husband, who had English from school, would not speak French to me on the street. I said, "This is ridiculous! This is our language!" But he said, "Nobody understands it." "Well," I said, "you don't understand them either, so what?"

Why should we learn French?

In our country, where we have two official languages, I can't understand why we are so slow in understanding the cultural reasons for becoming bilingual. Culturally, I think if a child learns two languages early in life, he learns to accept a different set of values because there is no way you can learn a second language without immediately getting a new slant on things. These thoughts for example pertain directly to French culture: "*Je pense, donc je suis.*" "I think, therefore I am." This is typically French-speaking, we say this very often, without thinking, or we say "*Le coeur a ses raisons que la raison ne connaît point.*" This is from Blaise Pascal, from the seventeenth century and it means "The heart has its reasons, which reason ignores". Another thing which is

said very often: "*La critique est aisee, et l'art est difficile.*" "It's easy to criticize, but art is difficult." If you start thinking about these things, then you see that you are learning a culture with the language.

Goethe said that to learn a second language is like opening windows on the world, because reality isn't the same thing if you speak one language or the other. For example in English, when you see something is brown and it has four legs, you say, "It's a brown dog." French-speaking people first see that it's a dog, then decide to give it a colour, so we say, "a dog brown". This is very trivial, but it is a different way of looking at life. I can give you another example at the affective level. I think the French-speaking culture has made a point of learning to use all their senses to perceive reality. Sensuality in French is not an ugly word, which it still is in English. Despite all the sexuality we see, this has nothing to do with pure sensuality, by which I mean smelling a flower, distinguishing the smell of a petunia or a carnation. Another thing at the affective level is the extroverted way the French show love. The mother will wake up the child with a kiss; when the child comes to the table he will give a kiss to the mother, when the husband goes to work he will kiss the wife goodbye, and so forth. Now when you tell that to kids here, they start to laugh, they find it pretty ridiculous. Yet it is a completely normal way of showing one's love to one's child and to one's parents.

So if a child learns two languages, he sees from very early on that there are two systems of values, but he won't perceive them as two systems, because they both become part of his thinking. He becomes less judgmental, because we judge everybody according to our own values. The child with two systems of values is necessarily ready to adopt a third system of values without this "Ugh, how can anybody think

like that!" He already thinks two ways, so a third way is really no problem.

How should French be taught?

Well suppose your children are studying French in school, what are the chances of them becoming bilingual? Rather small, if you consider the way the language is typically taught. We expect kids to know French after a maximum of 600 hours of instruction spread over six or seven years. The child takes twenty minutes of French every three days, or once a week at the elementary level, and then in Junior High he takes half an hour a day. What's the use? You might as well forget it! If we take what research has said, namely that most of what you forget, you forget during the first two or three days after learning, it means that every time you stop teaching French on Monday, when you see your kids again on Friday, they've forgotten what you've taught them. So having many half hours interspersed over the years is just paying lip service to the teaching of French.

I would much prefer to say, okay, in grade seven we give twenty minutes every day, just twenty minutes, and at Easter and the first week in July we have camps in French. These would be opportunities to learn the language in a real situation.

We're fighting everything here. We are fighting lack of time, lack of a real situation, and then again we are fighting individual ways of learning. Maybe *you* learn better by reading, maybe *I* learn better by hearing. Maybe if you give me a number of sentences I'm going to make my own rules. Maybe you've got to tell me what I'm doing before I understand. So we should also have enough time to discover how kids are learning. But if we teach it early enough, then we don't need to bother with this question, because they learn the second language automatically as they're learning their mother tongue. The later we start the more problems we have. The later we start, the less time we have.

cont. on next page

Start early.

I believe the only way to really get at teaching a language is by starting at the kindergarten and early elementary level. What we should have is a kindergarten where the teachers would speak exclusively French, and the kids would speak whatever they speak. By and by they would learn "give me — *donnez-moi*", and "I want a drink", and so on, which would be *no* problem. They would be communicating to satisfy their needs.

In Edmonton there is a kindergarten run by a group of French-Canadian women who decided that if they were going to save French at all it would be by having a kindergarten. They got Federal help which wasn't enough. In order to get Provincial help they had to make it bilingual, so they allow in some kids who are English-speaking but who want to learn French. However they only accept so many English-speaking kids to make sure that really, everything is going on in French, despite a few odd words in English from the kids.

The reason that I think it is important that they learn it at the kindergarten level is because at the grade one level kids want to read and write. But if you teach a child to read and write in a language he does not understand, he gets all mixed up. This is why I say, don't get kids into grade one to read and write in French unless they can speak it. In my way of seeing things this is vital.

Who should teach French?

I believe we should have teachers whose language is the standard French which has been established by the bureau of languages in Ottawa. This has nothing to do with accent, it has to do with structures. Here in Canada the best standard is what you hear when you listen to the news in French, sent from Montreal, on the radio and on television. If you listen to men like Trudeau or Lesage or Bourassa or Leveque you hear a beautiful French, as spoken by educated people. Now what irks me in the West is that people generally say, "What are you teaching, Parisian French or what?" My contention is that Parisian French is to French what Cockney is to English, and nobody has ever asked us to teach Cockney! But what they are referring to, I suspect, is standard French, versus the French spoken by uneducated people in Canada. Whether we speak of English or any other language there are different levels of language and it is very obvious that the person who has not gone to

school very long speaks a language which is not at its best. When you get kids in school, for the first ten to twelve years you correct their English — their pronunciation, their spelling, and the way they use structures. This is done for twelve years in his mother tongue, which the child also hears, reads on the media — papers, radio, television.

How can pupils master French in 600 hours?


I think there is a need for the parent to be aware of the *ease* with which a child learns a second language. Not only that, there is a need for the parent to be aware of the fact that learning a second language doesn't make you less intelligent, and it doesn't mean you possess your own language less well. It may on the contrary mean that you are going to possess your language better because, especially with French, all the learned words in English have the same stem as the French word, namely Latin. And when we don't teach French we are depriving our children of one more way of looking at their language. Until a human being has learned another language he doesn't realize how his own language functions.

One of the things which very much hurt the cause of bilingualism was a study which was done in New York with the Puerto Ricans. I.Q. tests set in English were imposed on those kids, who did *not* know English, so they "proved" that their I.Q. was lower. What they were really proving was that they did not know English.

All the research that has been done lately proves that the bilingual child is more open-minded than the child who knows only one language. He is more successful and he has a better acquaintance with his own language. He is more successful in his mother tongue by being bilingual than is the unilingual at the same level.

* * *

Mme Monod received advanced degrees from Geneva University, Switzerland, and Strasbourg University, France. She is now an associate professor in the Department of Secondary Education at the University of Alberta.



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IS/NOT

i)

Love is not a profession
genteel or otherwise

sex is not dentistry
the slick filling of aches and cavities

you are not my doctor
you are not my cure,

nobody has that
power, you are merely a fellow/traveller.

Give up this medical concern,
buttoned, attentive,

permit yourself anger
and permit me mine

which needs neither
your approval nor your surprise

which does not need to be made legal
which is not against a disease

but against you,
which does not need to be understood

or washed or cauterized,
which needs instead

to be said and said.
Permit me the present tense.

ii)

I am not a saint or a cripple,
I am not a wound; now I will see
whether I am a coward.

I dispose of my good manners,
you don't have to kiss my wrists.

This is a journey, not a war,
there is no outcome,
I renounce predictions

and aspirins, I resign the future
as I would resign an expired passport:
picture and signature are gone
along with holidays and safe returns.

We're stuck here
on this side of the border
in this country of thumbled streets and stale buildings

where there is nothing spectacular
to see and the weather is ordinary

where *love* occurs in its pure form only
on the cheaper of the souvenirs

where we must walk slowly,
where we may not get anywhere

or anything, where we keep going,
fighting our ways, our way
not out but through.

Margaret Atwood



photographs by Zonia Keywan

From Her Own Corner

by Susan McMaster

I went to interview Claire Culhane intending to ask her a few questions about her six years spent publicising the Canadian involvement in Vietnam. Still flogging that dead horse, I thought, she must be a fanatic. An hour and a half later when I left, I had made friends with a gentle, clear-voiced woman with a wry sense of humour — not with a demagogue. She has a deep sense of commitment to the suffering people she nursed in Vietnam, and because she is familiar with the situation she feels she has a duty to help make Canadians aware of our responsibilities towards them. As she puts it, "I fight from my corner, and at this point in my life, Vietnam is my corner." But she is not trying to force her own particular beliefs upon those who cannot sympathise with them. Two things struck me about her — her warm concern for all people, no matter what their life-situation, and her optimism. In spite of the

many horrors she has seen you feel she believes that life is worth living, and people are worth loving. The following are some excerpts from our conversation.

Isn't Vietnam a dead issue these days?

Hasn't it always been a dead issue for people in Canada who try to make it into one by saying it's not our war? There are two reasons for this. Number one, there are those that are too sensitive to want to cope with the horror of the whole thing. Certainly there's never been a war that's been so well photographed and documented. People have a way of blocking out things that are disturbing. The second reason is that we're all victims of our own media. There hasn't been a Canadian journalist in Vietnam since the Canadian team withdrew, but the fact remains that over 50,000 people have been killed since the agreement was signed, troops are there, ships are there, planes are there, 20,000 Americans are there, and we are continuing to pour aid into the country. The Canadian government is still sending aid

to one part of the country and not the other, which is about as political as you can get. As well, we should feel responsible for helping to repair what we've profited from damaging. A lot of the components [of napalm] are from the subsidiaries of Dow Chemical in this country; Canadian planes are flying overhead, the TNT comes from Valleyfield. So there's no way to separate yourself from it.

Ms Culhane points out that we're told there's an energy crisis in Canada at the same time as we're shipping a million barrels of oil a day to the U.S. and 22,000 are going to Saigon. "Are we prepared to go cold so that Americans can keep the bombers going?" But she claims that people don't know about these things because there's a deliberate news blackout. She's trying to get around this problem by lecturing, writing, and traveling across Canada talking about Vietnam.

She feels that the Paris Peace Agreement does lay down the basis for a peaceful settlement of the war, but that Thieu won't even begin to carry out its provisions. He refuses to even hold an election. The only way he can continue to remain in power is with American and Canadian aid, which we are still pouring into the support of his regime, while giving nothing to the North. "We haven't sent a penny's worth of aid or a bandaid yet, although we promised to send two million dollars last February."

Are you getting anywhere?

Yes, definitely, but along with instant coffee and instant breakfast we tend to want instant results, instant revolution. Six years isn't a very long time. My report on Vietnam is hopefully going to be considered by the Standing Committee on External Affairs and National Defence; I have a lot more credibility across the country than I used to. I find that people aren't apathetic — they're concerned, frustrated, but too ready to give up..."



Branching Out

But is it possible to affect the political situation as it stands?

Well first you have to have facts, then you have to realise that the struggle is still on. The Americans are still there, and we're still helping them. We've passed the point of massive demonstrations that are just a vehicle to be disrupted by various elements. So you use other methods. For example, if you're a student, do research, find out what contracts are still being accepted by Canadian companies and universities. At the moment I believe we still have over 450 contracts from the American Department of Defence. The Canadian government is spending twenty billion dollars per year on defence — how much is it spending on student grants, bursaries, etc.? Let's deal with the domination of our resources and economy by America.

What can I do?

Be a human being, don't be a vegetable, start thinking, start feeling, start doing something. I can't come with a blueprint and say all you have to do when you get up tomorrow is A, B and C, but I can be an organized person. There isn't anyone who can't belong to *something* whether it's as a student, or in the church or in the community. I want to make a point here. I'm sure you've come across middle-class do-gooders who want to help the working class and who then get terribly bitter because it doesn't work out or they get told to take off. Do something that interests *you*, that concerns *you*, where you are able to work with your own peers. If you're a medical student, well, stay with medical students. There are nurses and interns who are going into hospitals these days and turning them upside down by treating patients like human beings. You don't need a national organization or a revolution or a new political party to be voted in to do these sorts of things. Forget the numbers game. Even if you don't see immediate results, first, you're saving your sanity by doing something that you believe in, and second, it's bound to be important at one point or another. You don't have to see results now, you *won't* see results in terms of great victories. But you can't wait for the authorities to act on every issue. Be a conscious human being, get concerned about something in your own area. I'm not asking you to rush out and demonstrate about Vietnam as such. Fight from your own corner, on things that concern you.

* * *

The Women of North Vietnam

by Claire Culhane

Claire Culhane is a former advisor and hospital administrator of the Canadian Anti-tuberculosis Hospital in Quang Ngai, South Vietnam (1967-68). She is also the author of Why Canada is in Vietnam - The Truth about our Foreign Aid and Une quebecoise au Vietnam. In October, 1973, she was invited for a two week visit to the Democratic Republic of Vietnam, by the Vietnam Women's Union - members of which toured Canada in 1969 and in 1971. After her trip to North Vietnam in the fall of 1973, Ms. Culhane visited South Vietnam. Here is part of her story.

The women of North Vietnam do not have to campaign to have abortion removed from the Criminal Code in their country. It is available free and on demand. While the father's consent is sought, it is not obligatory. And since couples usually plan their year's work ahead together, whether it will include having a child that year is part of their joint decision. In the meantime all the modern birth control methods are made available. At the Institute for Mothers and Children in Hanoi, there is another department carrying out research on fertility.

This was only one aspect of the work of the six million membership Vietnam Women's Union (V.W.U.) which was explained to us by Phan Thi An, the president of this powerful organization. As many of their members are also on the various government bodies, they find little difficulty in stressing the needs of women in every area of the administration. In 1954 only five percent of those holding government offices were women — in 1973 they numbered forty-one percent. Out of a total of 420 members in the National Assembly 125 are women, 57 be-

tween the ages of 21 to 30 years. Four are Vice-Ministers in the Department of Labour, Food, Internal Commerce and Light Industry (such as textiles).

In travelling from Hanoi to Haiphong, across Ha Long Bay to Hon Gai (eighty percent of this city of 800,000 was destroyed in the 1972 bombing) everywhere we went, as guests of the VWU, we were welcomed, dined and entertained by these women who, in their modest, sometimes very shy manner, told us about their lives. The woman pilot of the Bai Chau Ferry told us how the women took over one shift of this vital communication as pilot, mechanics and crew. During the twenty-six consecutive days of bombing in May they not only kept the ferry running, but increased the number of crossings from forty-eight to fifty-two. A twenty-two year-old told us about being in charge of the city's restaurant. This seemed to be an ordinary enough job until we learned that it too had been bombed twenty-five times and finally completely destroyed, but not before six other smaller restaurants had been organized throughout the area in order to keep the population and the fighting corps supplied. Mobile units were set up and distribution was carried on without interruption.

An all-woman militia had a commander in one case who was a 32 year-old housewife. In other times she might never have handled anything nastier than a kitchen knife. She sat next to us telling about the 18 year-old who stayed at her post 116 days, covered by bombs and earth 23 times, and was now back at her studies trying to make up for the time lost, as she was more interested in being a doctor. Six hundred thousand women combatants proved to be a formidable force which Nixon's military strategy did not

anticipate. Nineteen women's units shot down twenty-nine planes in one area alone.

The women's bitterness and anger is not disguised, for one cannot shut out the memory of relatives and neighbours who were killed, or the recollection of the armless woman whose arms, holding her baby in them, were neatly sliced away from her body by the latest model of anti-personnel bomb designed in research labs - for all we knew, in the city where we came from. There are more than four hundred USA Department of Defense contracts handed out to Canadian factories and Universities - that is how close the Vietnam war hit our consciousness as we listened in shame to these stories.

This is a nation which lists among its great national heroes the Trung Sisters, Trung Trac and Trung Nhi who led the battles against the Chinese in the Year 40. Also commemorated in their history books is nineteen year-old Le Thin who refused to be married off to a Chinese Mandarin and returned to her native province where she led an uprising. A healthy respect and a high regard for their women appears to go a long way back in the tradition and history of Vietnam.

The women just laughed when we asked them the well-worn question of whether women would return to their homes and forget about their tremendous achievements after the war was definitely over. (It must be noted that this is not yet the case as U.S. reconnaissance planes still fly overhead and the Midway aircraft carrier from the U.S. 7th Fleet lies 500 miles offshore, further evidence of American violations of the Paris Peace Agreement which they signed last January.) There is still an enormous amount to be done to rebuild their country - a country so poor that even a bulldozer is a rare sight as everything is done by hand. It seemed obvious that any woman who felt she had a contribution to make was so badly needed that there was no likelihood that anyone would be housebound, who chose otherwise. The establishment of well organized 24-hour child care centres make this quite an easy choice. It has always been part of the Vietnam domestic pattern that men also do the marketing and the cooking, and share in the care of the children. One saw fathers with their children in the parks, or helping them with their studies and joining in their play. 'Returning to the home' in our sense of

the word was definitely not on the agenda.

For the convenience of families, there are many community kitchens at the place of work so that food can be brought home, and there is even enough for children's school lunches where there are not yet cafeterias. Time formerly spent in marketing, cooking and cleaning can now be spent in further studies and leisure. It was interesting to hear the woman trade union functionary list these things among her responsibilities: helping the workers in wartime to have the best possible conditions both on the production and the fighting fronts; organizing groups to take care of the children; settling differences in family matters. So, there was no attempt to pretend that all was perfect in everybody's lives. However, the basic pattern does stem from a culture where wise proverbs are not just repeated but are practised in their daily lives. "Better to share one bowl of rice with friends than to dine in splendour alone."

Returning to South Vietnam

When I was later to return to Quang Ngai in South Vietnam, where the people are still living under grim wartime conditions, as the Thieu regime continues to bomb and attack known liberated areas, each one of my friends invited me to their home to share a cup of tea even if they had nothing else to offer at the moment. They live on soup instead of rice as they feel they must continue the struggle until they have won complete independence from the US-financed Saigon regime.

This is a situation of which our guests in the northern zone were still agonizingly aware. There was never a person with whom I talked who did not express their terrible concern for their relatives and friends south of the seventeenth parallel - in most cases they themselves had originally come from the south. One woman asked, "Why does your press talk about 'invasion from the north'? How do you expect us to rest until *all* our countrymen and women can share with us our accomplishments?" Today, over 20,000 Americans still openly function within the Saigon controlled areas to keep the war going, in spite of the news media informing us that the U.S. government has withdrawn from Vietnam.

Bravery and dedication

Another group we met were the elderly women who belong to the Mothers of Combatants Organization. They told us about their wartime work: holding torches for the men as they levelled the roads; taking the children to the evacuation areas with one teacher/worker assigned to every six children, whenever possible, to help provide personal, loving care to each child as well as to help them resume their classes often with no less than a two day interruption; carrying water to the soldiers and encouraging them to fight on, as they cooked meals for them. One told about a young woman who, before she died, called out to them to "aim at the enemy and avenge me". Every woman in that area immediately joined the militia. There is no compulsory military draft, although daughters and sons are encouraged to join the army. This contributes to a very high morale. They proudly describe how in one area where fifty percent of the platoons were women, four U.S. planes were brought down with forty-six rounds of ammunition.

Such examples of bravery and dedication were endless and told in very simple and precise terms. They left us with the conviction that these women must have an enormous investment in their country's welfare to be able to participate with such fervour and determination. One sees scores of girls' teams working on the highways building roads by breaking boulder-sized rocks to gravel - all by hand. They spend half their day at work, the other half at school, and study at night. They feel a profound sense of achievement as they organize themselves under their socialist system. Their way of life is obviously providing them with the ultimate satisfaction - both a personal sense of fulfillment and a feeling of making Vietnam a better place for their children to live in - a universal desire of women in all times.

Community needs met

Coming from the North American society where advertising caters to the individual and not to the collective needs of the community, we were keenly aware of a difference in approach. General attitudes and inter-relationships seemed to be free of the many sicknesses and terrible insecurities which have become the trademark of

Vietnam is a nation which lists among its national heroes the Trung sisters who led the battles against the Chinese in the year 40.

our society. One sees no police other than a few traffic guards, and a group of three (carrying one rifle between them) patrolling the streets at night. Purse snatching, mugging and rape are unknown amongst a people who enjoy a full life of total employment and all the educational and recreational facilities they can make use of. There are no drug pushers because there are no drug addicts. "Life is much too precious to waste in non-essentials," said one woman in reply to a question relating to this problem.

Canadian Involvement

As we struggle through a long, cold Canadian winter and the question arises "Is there really a scarcity of oil?" we know that the U.S. planes and ships are still well supplied to carry out warfare against fellow human beings in other parts of the world. When we women decide that there is no way we need to tolerate any such infringements on the health of our children and our aged people in this land of plenty, and begin to take steps to make our protests known, then perhaps we can begin to look forward to enjoying a life style similar to that which our sisters in North Vietnam already enjoy, even in the face of their great poverty and constant insecurity from a possible renewal of the bombing.

We must realize that the men sitting in Ottawa are cooperating with the U.S. war machine by handing over our resources to perpetuate the oppression

of others, even while they expect us to sit back and suffer unnecessary cold, malnutrition, poor housing, inadequate medical care and educational facilities.

Women's Contribution

It became increasingly clear to us during our two week visit to the Democratic Republic of Vietnam that this nation could *never* have reached its present level of freedom and development without its women. They not only rallied to the defence of their country, but in every area of the lives of their people they contributed much of value.

We came away openly envious of our Vietnam sisters, and determined to return home to start changing our own system of government so that we too could begin to be decision-makers in our own lives - to be able to decide that never again need we be faced with the obligation to work at producing, distributing or researching items destined to kill our sisters and their families anywhere else in the world, especially when there is so much to do to improve the quality of our own lives. Full employment can be better guaranteed, and more gratifying, when, for example, we build and extend our public transportation systems than when we build fighter planes.

Canadian support still needed

The only demand made of us by our hostesses, as we left, was to do our best to encourage our government to help im-

plement the terms of the Paris Agreement which they also signed last February. With this cooperation, they look forward to being able to rebuild their homes in peace. Without this cooperation, they face continued harassment from the skies.

This did not seem like a very bold request to make of us. Certainly it is clear why it is such an urgent one. (Readers may wish to write to George Lachance, Standing Committee on External Affairs, House of Commons, Ottawa, to recommend that the Committee be reconvened to work on this issue immediately.)

This article was first published by the *Feminist Communication Collective*.

* * *



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caterina edwards

All Life from the Sea

Under the wind, the sea awoke to fury. The waves, secret muscles, gathered strength, then clenched to attack the shore. The grey spray and rain caressed her with a bitter sting. She tried to walk away across the sand, but her body, already alien to her, grew even heavier — a stone anchored in sand.

"I'll pray for you." Elena's words and dark, concerned eyes came to Jody as she struggled, freeing her from her obsession. It was soothing to think of those prayers for her benefit. Not that she was naive enough to believe that there was anyone or anything to answer them. No. Once, in high school, on a retreat at the Franciscan monastery in the foothills, she and Elena had walked for miles in the snow. They hadn't talked, they kept the silence solemnly. And, when they stopped, very still, to gaze at the enormous blue mountains on the horizon, she'd been suddenly flooded with the sense of almost understanding, almost seeing the spirit behind it all. Now, she searched, all senses open, for the smallest sign, the slightest flicker of something beyond the here and now, but the rocks, the sand, the sea betrayed nothing but brute force. And that did not answer prayers. Still, it was the thought of someone thinking and caring about her, enough to ask for things in her favour.

Besides, it did no harm.

No harm...

George certainly wouldn't agree with that. "It's all that religious bullshit they brainwashed you with at school," he'd declare whenever she threw up or had a headache due to the pill. "They breed guilt into you."

After their first major quarrel, she'd vowed she'd let no man ever touch her again and threw the pills away, one by one, the round container after, into the river swollen from October rains. Laughter, raucous and wild, had filled the air and she had begun to cry when she realized the laughter was hers. The pavement, cold against her cheek. The hands that lifted, rough. The thronging faces, distorted.

She had struggled for a moment but had been freed not from the hands but from consciousness. When the blackness cleared, it had not ended. She was no longer by the river, but in a strange car driven by a starched-white-shirt man with a flapping, fish-like mouth that kept asking her who she was. She could not make him understand that she didn't know. He let her go only when she threatened to throw herself from the car if he didn't.

"Nervous exhaustion," she'd told George. He'd immediately suggested it was the spectre of her Catholic past that had driven her to it. Perhaps he'd been right. But he'd started the fight that had touched it off — shouting and tearing up a letter from the French student she'd met and travelled with in Europe.

No harm. That had been a slip. Her mind was disintegrating in this lonely place. George was right. She wouldn't be here if it wasn't for the Church.

Having crossed the railroad tracks that bordered the sand, Jody turned her back to the sea. The steep hill before her was becoming each day more difficult to climb. She started up, the weight inside her growing until she had to stop. She stood, one-third of the way up, panting, her heart beating out of control. She used to run up hills like this without a gasp. Running, skiing, horse-back riding, she'd gloried in the pliability, responsiveness of her body. Now this ache, this pain in each movement. Still, she couldn't give up, stay closed in her room. No. She forced herself on, listening to her rasping breaths. Counting the slow steps. Then, just when she thought she'd collapse, she was at the top.

Several hundred yards ahead, in the middle of the sparkling clean, pine and glass summer houses, stood her usual place of rest, a dingy church, not much more than a shack with a steeple and a sign that read "Our Lady, Star of the Sea."

"Stop squirming, Jody." Not understanding. Grown-ups towering like trees

around her, cutting off any view of the alter.

A white dress and veil. "Body of Christ."

"Amen." Learning the catechism, sitting on Uncle's black cassocked knee. "What a lucky girl you are, coming from such a good family — your uncle a Monsignor, your aunt a Mother Superior."

Years marked not only by the seasons and her growth but by the changing liturgy and the ever-increasing number of brothers and sisters. President of the Sodality of Mary. Winner of the Knights of Columbus essay contest.

"Did you ever think you had a vocation, Jody? You're a lively girl but the Church needs spirits like yours."

Jody sank into the back pew. "Thank God, for sitting." She said it aloud, conscious of her facetiousness. "And for the Church — the only place to sit between the beach and my room."

The Church.

Mother Gabriel pointing her long, bony finger and damning them all to hell. Sins of the flesh. The daily masses, the rosaries, the exhortations against men. The yearly procession with the statue of Mary. (From the cathedral to the school gymnasium, the clouds of incense to obliterate any deviation, any fragment of inner self.

She couldn't make them understand she was Jody, not a generalization.

She wondered what the family was doing and if they were thinking of her. Probably not. If she was mentioned, it would only be as an example, a warning to the younger ones. They'd given her money — in their system, it was the only thing that could be done. Strange to think her father had been a worker once, in the coal mines of Nova Scotia. Impossible. He fit so perfectly his role of lawyer. Defender of everything as it was. Impersonation of success. And her mother, never more than the wife of a made-it lawyer. Forever, a shadow. She would have



rebelled against them even if she hadn't met George.

He was the editor of the student newspaper. He didn't like her cub reporter stories, full of high school style enthusiasm. She thought his view of news was slanted and biased. They fought — loudly — over the value of his ornamenting his editorials with four-letter words. She became the butt of his staff. She was naïve, childish, stupid. But George kept taking her for coffee, trying to convince her not to quit. Coffee grew to lunches and then suppers. The little radical clique stopped teasing her so much. She was starting to be known as George's woman. She accepted the prestigious position. Though her feelings were hazy. She accepted his criticism of her family, ideals, and reading matter. She listened to him for hours, fascinated, though she had little sense of the being behind the face, behind the quick nervous movements. She stopped seeing the other men, "the force-fed fraternity clan" as George called them. Only when he began peeling her clothes off, as one peels a fig, did she resist, convulsively closed, arms and legs drawn up around her. In that moment, it

seemed, no one could enter her. There was no room and she wouldn't let any part of herself be obliterated to make room.

Jody smiled, remembering. She hauled herself out of the pew, scraping her belly on the arm rest as she turned. By the door, underneath a rack of pamphlets on Christian marriage and parenthood, a marble holy water fount. Her arms stretched out automatically, but then, as her fingers touched the cool water, she caught herself. She wiped her fingers on her jacket.

Outside, the wind blew colder. Trudging towards her room — a small living bedroom with smaller dark kitchen branching off from it — she realized how chilled she was. Aching to the marrow of her bones. The streets were empty, desolate in the greyness of late November. She tried to walk faster.

How many times had she fought him off? He'd withdraw with a pouting look, but it never took him very long before he was trying again. She'd grown so tired of it all. Until one day, she had said yes, instead of no, and began taking off her clothes. There had

been nothing of what she expected in it. Lying in her four-postered, pink-ruffled bed. Such gentle undulations. Controlled thrusts. A silent shattering. With no hint of sweat or blood. As if a breeze rather than a man had taken her.

When he entered her, the part he destroyed was her trust, her faith. All her life, she'd been lied to. They'd built an act as simple and pleasant as diving into a swimming pool up into a magical gesture, both, sacramental and damning. The scales they'd made dropped from her eyes. Their life, their values, even their pleasure was twisted. (A memory surfaced, after years of repression. The sound of her mother's "No, no," behind the wall, like the whine of a frightened animal. The dark bruises on her mother's arm the next day.)

Holding her nose, she dragged herself up the stairs, then down the long corridor lined by black numbered doors. The musty, closed smell always made her queasy. She had to let go of her nose to search in her purse for the keys. She tried to breathe through her mouth. She was standing there mouth ajar, when the door opened and George pulled her in. He'd finally come to visit. He'd been waiting an hour. The landlady, reluctantly, had let him in. At first, instead of a kiss he held her by the shoulders and looked at her. "When there was still time, you should have gone to that doctor Maureen recommended. But you started babbling about the life you were carrying. Stupid, fucking hangups. Religious claptrap."

"It was a difficult time."

He touched her awkwardly. "It's just seeing you like this...alone. How have you been?"

"O.K. I suppose. What can you expect? As you say, you know how it is. A drag...I walk to the sea for excitement. I...I read. Mainly I sit around." He kissed her even more awkwardly than he had touched her. (As if she was a child.) "I can see how you would....Does anyone write besides me?"

"Elena."

"She can write?"

"Why not?"

"No one else writes?"

"Who do you expect? Your friends? I never made it as myself in that group. I reflected a bit of your glory. That's all. Not that I care. Hell, I do but..." She busied herself with making jasmine tea.

"Why don't you come back with me?"

"Like this?" She pointed to her stomach, so alien to her in its massiveness.

"You are sort of swollen."

"That's what happens."

"I mean, all over." Displacing books and stuffed animals, he sank into the farthest corner of her unmade bed, wrapping his black, patched cloak around him. "Swollen." He retreated farther into his cloak as if disgusted. "Your skin seems lifeless."

Jody poured the boiling water into the pot, spilling it over the sides, narrowly missing her hand.

"Jody, it hurts me to see you like this." George grabbed her shaking hand as she passed him his cup.

"I feel as if I'm dying." She looked sadly down at him and her imprisoned hand. "Slowly, as if the — as if it's sapping my life so it can live. Or as if it's not a child at all but an expanding stone or a sickness that will eat me until I'm only a shell. It's devouring my emotions, anyway. I don't care about anything anymore..." She stopped abruptly and went to sit at the opposite end of the room with her fragrant cup of tea.

"Even like this, you can come back with me. Why not? You should have never left. I can't understand why you insisted on going off on your own, accepting money from your parents, after...Are you so hung up, you're ashamed — is that it?"

"George..."

His eyes softened and reached out to her but physically he withdrew further into his cloak. "It'll be over soon and then you'll be coming back. We were happy, weren't we? It'll be all right again."

"I'm not going to just give it away."

George began chewing on the edges of his moustache. "Well, you can't keep it, for Christ sake."

"I want it."

"How could we fit a kid into our lives? We have much more important concerns. We could get married, if you really wanted to — but kids? They mean two o'clock feedings, sanitation, ordered lives. You can't just get up and go whenever you want to. They suck you into looking for security, a house, a mortgage — the whole bloody, fucking mess."

"They don't have to..."

"Jody, what's wrong with you? Don't you remember our ideals and all we worked for?"

"You keep saying 'Why did you leave? Why don't you come back?' As if

everything had been right and all the bitterness between us had never happened."

"I had to get after you. You were getting slack."

"All of you got after me. And I got sick of it. Like when Joe criticized me for having a horse because it's *private* property. Or when Ron was scandalized because I liked the Beatles or when you started yelling at me for eating a grape by mistake. Two years without a grape. It was in a restaurant too. The pettiness of it all."

"Think of the poor Chicanos. I'm sure the whole thing wasn't petty to them." George picked up his wide-brimmed black hat that had fallen on the floor beside him and put it on. "That wasn't the root of what was wrong." His eyes glowed under the brim of his hat, reminding her suddenly of Strider in *Lord of the Rings*, The Wanderer who was not lost, the unknown Prince born to reestablish the rule of peace. Her heart expanded to fill the space between them, to embrace him silently, respectfully.

She took a long sip of tea and stared at the bottom of the cup, trying not to look at him, until she had mastered her emotion. "I find it difficult to be fanatical. I'm not cut out for sainthood."

"Sainthood!" An expression of vexation crossed George's face as he stood up to deposit his empty cup. "I'm not asking for sainthood. Just a little dedication."

"To the revolution?" She asked coldly, looking up at him and thinking that, after all, he wasn't tall enough to be a true Strider.

"What else is there?"

"Your revolution isn't mine."

"Ah," he watched her, hostile, "when you came back from Paris you were right up with us. Then you started getting stoned. All the time. I would keep warning you. Dope is counter-revolutionary. It leads you right back to the degenerate, individualistic, bourgeois stance where you started from. But you didn't listen. You went right ahead."

Her love for him churned with the confusion of the past months. She felt faint, but in the midst of the chaos within her, she felt a tiny point of certainty.

"I have no place in your revolution. You want dedication — dedication to be nothing. To keep me making sandwiches and worshipping the ground you walk on. You don't want me beside you fighting. You want me following orders."

"Jody, you're a woman."

"And I'm doing just what a woman's supposed to, aren't I?" She was screaming but she couldn't moderate her voice.

"Creating. Creating. Yes. The revolution, the future, grace. It's all in here." She pointed to her stomach. "My baby is going to be the freest, happiest baby...My..."

"Jo, stop it." George grabbed her shoulders, worried by her hysteria but angry nevertheless.

"George..."

She had fallen in love with George as George. She had been happy, delighting in his nervous quirks, fears, dreams, anything that was him. And he had loved her as Jody. Their lovemaking had been the easiest, most perfect thing she'd known — so perfect that he'd become for her more and less than he was. He became man. And she for him became woman. When they had gone to a film or a play, whether the heroine was a bitch, nun, whore, or mother didn't matter, she was a facet of Jody in his eyes. Whether Rosemary, Candy or Bathsheba, he would squeeze her hand and whisper "just like you." George had a vessel in which he poured his inner self but she could find no entrance to his or any other vessel. She became the general, not only in his eyes, and the particular — her inner self — had been lost.

The sea lay waiting, restless and immense. She winced when the water touched her but she had come to be anointed. The icy waves, like monstrous arms, caressed, then embraced her, recognizing her uniqueness. "Depart unclean spirit." She grew numb, happy to surrender yet still spitting out the bitter water forced into her mouth. "Receive the salt of wisdom."

Darkness began to eat away her consciousness. "Renounce..."

"Go in peace." The sheets of the narrow hospital bed were rough. She spent the days staring at the blank ceilings. She was empty and, in spite of all, she missed the child that should be resting in her arms and feeding from her breasts. Instead her innards had expelled a stone-carved miniature of George, red and cold.

A scene, detached from her memories, like a film loop, ran over and over again. The priest, his face red and roughened by ill-temper and drink, turning from the altar to the congregation, raising his hands in ceremonial salutation.

"Will You not, O God, give us life?"

The response, uncertain, uneven.

"And shall not Your people rejoice in You?"

* * *

Since the increasing public awareness of the women's liberation movement, social scientists have been drawing parallels between the social and economic status of women in North America and other minority groups. Yet systematic investigations of the attitudes and relative performance of women working within a predominantly male occupation have been neither common in the social sciences, nor always considered relevant to the study of minority groups. But in recent years it has been re-emphasized that there are considerable statistical similarities between the salaries, rank and attitudes of women workers and those of American blacks, French Canadians, and other groups which are alleged to receive unequal treatment to white Anglo males in the North American labour force.

Minority groups are aware of the differential treatment they receive, and feel it ought to be combatted.

The percentage of women working within certain professional occupations such as law, medicine, dentistry and university teaching is extremely low despite government legislation to equalize access to higher education and positions of authority in Canada. For instance, equal pay legislation, the Canada Student Loan Program, and the policy of opening all government positions to both sexes have been government attempts to



equalize educational and occupational opportunities in Canada. However, the Royal Commission on the Status of Women in Canada found that women are still clustered in the lower echelons of the labour force and frequently receive lower salaries for doing work comparable to that of men.

Sexual integration in traditionally female occupations has generally involved a form of stratification within the profession such that men have occupied the supervisory roles or positions of prestige.

On the other hand, women who are employed in traditionally male fields are generally over-represented in the lower prestige specialties within the profession, and are more likely to serve minority status clients. Minority status refers to the social position of a group of people who are singled out from others because of physical or cultural characteristics, and are the objects of prejudice and discrimination. A minority group is generally collectively aware of this differential treatment and feels that it ought to be combatted.

If we view the trends of university enrollment in Canada, we find that a decreasing proportion of women graduate with each higher degree. For example, about 35 per cent of bachelors degrees, 20 per cent of masters degrees and 8 per cent of doctoral degrees are earned by women in Canada. The proportion of female faculty in Canadian universities is about 13 per cent if we include such fields as nursing, home economics and dental hygiene which are predominantly female.

Partly because women are less likely to have doctoral degrees, female university teachers are over-represented in part-

A decreasing proportion of women graduate with each higher degree.

time or sessional appointments which lack the usual academic fringe benefits and command lower salaries. When women do receive full-time appointments, they are more likely to hold the lower rank of assistant professor, and advance at a slower pace to the rank of full professor than men. Women seldom move into senior administrative positions.

In a study done by the Royal Commission on the Status of Women in Canada and published in 1971, the authors, Robson and Lapointe, concluded

that the average salary of a female university teacher constituted only 78.8 per cent of the average salary of male university teachers in Canada, and that slightly more than half this discrepancy results from the sole fact that they were female. They further concluded that even when women have the same amount of training and experience as men, discrimination exists against women in terms of promotion.

Faculty members are often unwilling to sponsor a woman — she is perceived as a poor risk.

Many researchers have concluded that the structure of the academic profession works against the equal acceptance of women. For example, a married woman's lack of geographic mobility often forces her to accept a less favourable position at the university or in the town where her husband is employed. Nepotism rules, which are now frequently considered discriminatory against women, are still used as informal regulations at some universities and encourage a wife to accept a sessional or temporary appointment, or to work at a smaller college while her husband is employed at a larger university. The sponsor-protege system, by which graduate students generally reach the upper levels of graduate school and eventually find employment, sometimes works against women, as faculty members will often be unwilling to sponsor a woman who may be perceived as a poor risk. Some universities have no maternity leave although they allow a

The "Queen Bee Syndrome" indicates that women who have made it in a man's world occupy privileged positions themselves and are often not willing to share them with others.

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The day women took over the TORONTO GLOBE

At a time when Canadian women still could not vote, a fund-raising tactic turned housewives into journalists and ironically, helped expand the role of women beyond the home. by Georgina Wyman

Few newspapers have been published with such fanfare and bravado as was the April 18, 1895 edition of the *Globe* of Toronto. For over a month the General City News section featured paragraphs reporting well attended organizational meetings, a state of rising interest in the Canadian reading public and the arrival of a flood of advertisements. Toronto businessmen rallied to the event, donating everything from telephone service to a

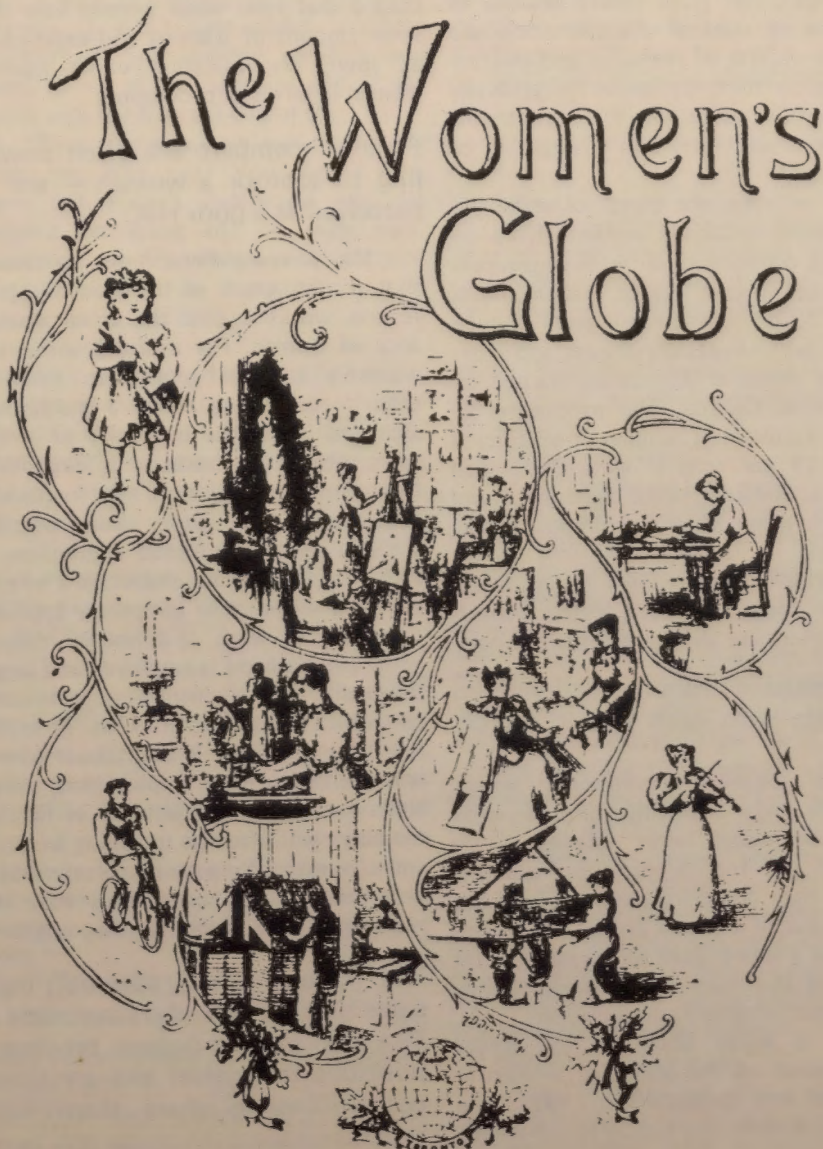
daily supply of fresh roses. As readers picked up the unusually thick edition of the *Globe* on the morning of April 18, they knew from a glance at the masthead that this was a paper with a difference. On the top left side of the page was printed "WOMEN'S EDITION": women had been responsible for the entire production of that day's issue. At a time when women in Canada did not have the vote, were just gingerly entering pro-

fessions such as journalism and medicine, and had only been admitted to the University of Toronto a decade before, the April 18, 1895 *Globe* was just what its initiators intended — a novelty.

The idea had come to the *Globe*'s Board of Directors from the women's auxiliary of the West End Branch of the Young Men's Christian Association. That YMCA branch had run into financial difficulties and its women's auxiliary had found a solution to the problem: a women's edition of the *Globe* with all profits from advertising going for the auxiliary's cause. This fund-raising tactic was being widely used by women's groups in the United States. Closer to home, in Ontario, *The Berlin Telegraph*, *The Brantford Expositor* and *The Ottawa Journal*, had each brought out women's editions.

Drawing on what the March 9 *Globe* called "the brightest women in the city" the volunteer army organized itself into a shadow newspaper staff, complete with Business Manager, Editor-in-Chief, City Editor, Advertising Chairman, and Illustrating and Circulation Committees. For four weeks they trained and prepared for April 17, when they would go out, gather the news and put together a paper.

The social background of the women who participated in the project is not clear. However there are some hints which enable one to guess at it. The *Globe*, a reputable publication which boasted the largest circulation in Ontario and which had for years supported the Liberal party, was not what might be termed a "poor man's paper." Its readership tended to be composed of the more affluent sectors of society — the professionals, the intellectuals and the well-off businessmen. It is probably quite safe to assume that the shadow staff of the *Globe* drew largely on the female segment of this socio-economic group. Who else but the wives and daughters of such men would have the luxury or the leisure to attend organizational meetings for a month? Who else would have been able to afford the education which enabled the



Globe to call them the brightest in Toronto? Who else had the social status to complain that this was not an age when "efficient servants are the rule and not the exception"?

The product of the women's labours was, in the words of the regular editor, "splendid" "an achievement of which the lady journalists have good reason to be proud". Divided into three sections, the forty-page edition combined regular news reporting with special features. Aside from the inclusion of many drawings, which a regular edition would not have had in such number, the first part was essentially the format followed by the daily *Globe* of the time, containing international, national, and local coverage, as well as business and sports pages. The news events selected, which range from a proposed meeting of the European powers to Canadian federal by-election results, were essentially the news features a regular edition would have contained.

The particular interest of the paper lies in its second and third sections, which carry a proliferation of articles under various thematic headings, including Education, Art, Household Economics and Literature. Within each of these divisions is a series of four to five articles. In them and on the editorial page particular emphasis was given to matters which interested or affected the female segment of the population. As such these articles are an interesting reflection of the thoughts and attitudes of certain women in the more affluent sectors of society at that time.

When read one after the other the articles have a remarkably consistent tone. There is prevailing optimism that, aside from a lack of good servants, women have no reason to be discontented; all is going well for their sex. Woman's useful place in society is assured: "woman was created as a helpmate for man." There is a strict delineation of social and economic roles for each of the sexes, and women are reminded over and over again that it is "nonsense" for them to consider that "whatever men can do women are fitted for" — the "fundamental duty" of the female is "the care of the household or home".

However, there is a quality of protesting too loudly in these assertions. Throughout the same writing is an awareness that changes taking place at least question the above assumptions. It is noted that ever since the days of the Crimean War women have proved to be competent nurses. It is noted that many young women are "entertaining a desire

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excerpt from the editorial section:

WOMEN AS FINANCIERS.

Women as wage-earners are called upon to make the highest use of their talents in whatever field of labor they select. The practical education that prepares them when thrown upon their own resources to earn a livelihood is the ideal education that ennobles character and fits them for their duties in life. A knowledge of business and financeering in the home will insure business habits and more than repay the time spent in gratifying them for the management of their husband's estates. Women are naturally the keepers and builders of home and all questions that affect the home are worthy of the careful consideration of every thoughtful woman. In the home, the school and the church, the three great pillars of our modern civilization lies her holiest field of labor and especially in the home where her influence is most powerfully felt and exercised for good and nothing ruins that home more surely and tends to the degradation of women more than

a want of confidence shown by husbands in their wife's financial ability. He trusts her with everything except his purse, and she becomes a licensed beggar.

Woman was created for a helpmate for man, and many a true wife would tide her husband through a financial crisis if he only gave her a chance, and by handling his money she would learn the value of it and that a penny saved is a penny earned. No study aids so much in developing and strengthening the intellectual faculties as the study of mathematics. The more you educate the brain the greater power you give it of resisting disease, and this want of mental training in women is a fruitful cause of our delicate women of to-day. A dislike for mathematics often makes women extravagant as they never stop to figure up their expenditures and have no object in economizing. Nothing would be so helpful to them as well, or strengthen the home interests so much as the study of the investments of money.

variety of reasons for a leave of absence. Thus a female faculty member may have to plan her pregnancy around her eligibility for leave of absence or take one week off to have her child (as many academic women do). Departmental decisions are often made informally outside the committee structure, and these informal groups do not always accept women as professional equals. These structural arrangements were certainly not organized to default women, but they frequently have a greater adverse effect on women than on men.

But do academic women perceive that they have any special disabilities which men in their profession do not have? Recently there has been some writing about the "Queen Bee Syndrome" to indicate that women who have made it in a man's world are less likely to state that there are impediments to women who attempt to achieve prestigious positions. They occupy privileged positions themselves and are often not willing to share them with others. To suggest that there may be discrimination against women aspiring to the male-dominated professions is to admit that their own superior ability is not the only factor which has put them in their unique position. These women often form a counter-movement to the women's liberation movement. My own research on academic women at the University of Alberta, which is still in the initial stages, seems to indicate that a large proportion of women feel that women in academia

have special disabilities which men do not have (household responsibilities, problems finding jobs and being promoted), and that women are judged by different criteria than men as university teachers. Women also make a number of compromises in order to continue their careers, such as remaining unmarried, childless, or continuing to work at a university close to their husband's occupation even though it may not be best for their own career.

Some of the faculty members at the University of Alberta indicated that they were constantly being asked why they were working and whether or not their husbands could support them. Some women felt they had to prove their knowledge and abilities to their colleagues and students before they were accepted as professionals, while their male colleagues did not have to waste their time in this way. Several women mentioned that they had been fortunate in acquiring competent household assistance and child care, but most married academic women stated that it is their responsibility to organize the household, hire any assistance, and arrange child care. These home responsibilities often prevent the academic woman from devoting as much time to her profession as her male colleague.

Generally speaking then, women are less likely to continue on to graduate studies, regardless of ability. Because academic positions are sometimes filled through sponsorship or affiliation with a prominent faculty member, and because

the ability to move to any university is an asset in finding a university teaching position, women may have more difficulty finding permanent positions than men. Once hired, women have less chance of being promoted and receive lower salaries than men with the same qualifications. Because they often have sessional appointments, large teaching loads and less access to research funding, women are involved in less research and thus publish slightly less than their male counterparts. This seems to indicate that women in this predominantly male profession have minority group status. Further investigation of the personal career histories and the attitudes of female faculty members will indicate to what extent they are conscious of their position relative to men, and whether or not they are willing to attempt to change those elements of the structure of academia which work against women's interests. The recent formation of the Senate Task Force on the Status of Women at the University of Alberta indicates that some women within the profession of university teaching are prepared to alter their status.

*Maureen Archer is a Ph.D student in Sociology at the University of Alberta. She is presently working on her thesis, which has as its subject the position of women as a group in the academic professions compared with their male colleagues. She is the instructor of a course on the sociology of women. * * **

GEOLOGY TRIP

This morning, in your kitchen, I tripped against the geode
Hidden smooth brown secret
Among your smooth brown stones.
The shell split round, struck unintentionally
With the gentle hammer of your husband's name:
Gases trapped a lifetime hissed escape,
A jagged wilderness of violet crystals fell exposed
Rimming a hollow chamber hard.

When you stopped crying I made tea
To help you fit the rough-edged matching halves together again;
A smooth brown rock safe
With a thin hair crack around its outer wall.

by Jan Andrews

Jude Wanted to Love Kittycat

by Sonja Chandra

Before coming to Edmonton, six years ago, Sonja Chandra spent most of her life on a farm near Peace River, Alberta, where she was born. She writes fiction and poetry, and is currently working on a book about child development, learning, and the assumptions surrounding traditional child-rearing and educational practices.

Recently we moved into the city. We chose the occasion to promise our twenty-month old son a kitten, since for several months he had wanted one, and he was quite distressed at the idea of leaving the lake. He was enthusiastic, and spent the remaining days at the cabin reciting "and when we go to the city, Jude will have a kitty-cat." I don't know

what Dirk or I expected, but when we arrived at our new home, complete with newly acquired three-month-old kitten, we were in for a few surprises.

Jude knew exactly what he was going to do with "kitty-cat". He was going to love her and have her love him in return; he was going to do for her all that I did for him. With an ardour which astounded us, he participated in setting up a room for her — finding dishes for food and water, making a litter box and a bed — he even gave her a stuffed dog to take to bed. He himself gave up the toy bunny rabbit which had been his steadfast alter ego and bed companion for several months, and stopped playing with his dolls. He cleaned her litter box passionately, often without the patience to wait for her to use it. He fed and watered her, then plunged her nose in the dish, sometimes causing us concern for her safety. On bath nights he exuberantly threw her into the tub. He mauled her, hugged her, and dragged her around; worried about her when he could not see her; told her what she could play with, and what she could not; took responsibility for her scratching the sofa or climbing the curtains (quickly distracting her with her scratching post or toys): he was totally involved in her.

Kittycat scratched Jude, bit him, and ran away from him. He didn't seem to understand that he was hurting her with a good deal of his 'caring', and he felt rejected when she hurt him, or wouldn't be induced to sit on his lap and purr, or when she left her overfilled food dishes untasted. He was hurt, too, when Kittycat spontaneously chose to adopt Dirk, curl up on his shoulder, nurse in his hair, and purr.

Jude became very ambivalent. What would begin as affectionate stroking would invariably end as pounding, choking or tail-pulling. Sometimes he lay on her, occasionally he threw things at her and once he almost brained her with a chair.

He continued to love her. Whatever
cont. on next page



he wanted to establish with Kittycat was so important he simply would not give up. Once when he was sitting in Dirk's chair, the cat came dashing around a corner and leapt into his lap. Jude was overjoyed. "Kittycat like to jump on Jude, just like on Daddy," he shrieked.

After three months he still cares for her as ardently. He's become a little more gentle, and she's become more tolerant. He's less likely now to jerk her from Dirk's shoulder — sometimes when he sees that she wants to be there he will place her there himself, as if her happiness is more important than whether he is the one to hold or stroke her. He has learned to play games in which she loves to participate. But he still won't let her go outside alone for fear she might get lost.

What amazes me most about all that has happened is the ease with which he bossed her, the perfect authority, the unquestioning belief that he could cause her to eat and to love him or that she simply would do these things.

I realize Jude's relationship to his cat is not so different from the way a lot of parents behave with their children, but Jude hasn't been raised by a lot of parents, and we have tried as best we could to give him freedom. It was difficult to believe we could have fooled ourselves so easily. Of course we have cared for him with a good deal of ardour, and I suppose we simply expected he would love us too, but we have always tried to avoid forcing things on him; to allow him to express his feelings and wishes and to treat these as validly as our own; to allow him to do those things which he wanted to do (without having to feel grateful to us); and to set whatever limits were necessary to his behaviour in an interactive way, by appealing to his reason or seeking his agreement and/or accepting his right to refuse to accept limits (except in occasional unthought-out reactions like hauling him out of the path of an oncoming car).

Perhaps children are inclined to perceive the world in terms of absolutes whether they are raised in an authoritarian way or not. Perhaps Jude doesn't recognize the freedom of action or choice we try to provide for him because from his perspective there are still so many things which appear to be absolute — if he touches a stove he gets burned, we drag him from the path of a car as if we believe we have no choice, we have not offered him alternatives to the way we say things (although he insists on an

occasional 'bino', 'kickok' or 'googler' and we have added these to our vocabulary), and we have few alternatives to our values within our capacity to offer him.

How can we not be authorities when we know that a bino is *really* a paint roller, and a googler is *really* a walking stick?

It strikes me as curious that Jude's behaviour with his cat should bear considerable overt resemblance to that of a young child presented with a baby brother or sister. This resemblance was sufficient that friends were at first inclined to wonder if he was 'jealous'. But clearly Kittycat was usurping nothing of his place, nor was she competing with him. His ardour and his anger both seemed to be directed toward her in a straightforward way. He wished to love her and have her love him. She didn't appreciate this, and he was frustrated.

I remember my mother's fourth pregnancy, and the way I felt about it. I was nine, and not at all concerned with the threat a new baby might pose. Quite the contrary, I wanted the baby. For myself. I developed a totally involving interest in my doll, which I took everywhere including school, much to my (male) teacher's dismay. My class standing dropped abysmally. I restricted my social interaction to a group of nine and ten year old girlfriends to whom (after swearing them to secrecy of course) I told how I had been raped by a strange man who got in through the bedroom window and now I was going to have a baby. They were apparently impressed, I was quite popular for awhile, then things died down, and my mother had her baby. Happily for me I was given a great deal of responsibility in caring for this child, and still feel tremendously close to my sister, although I went to boarding school when she was six, and have seen her only irregularly since then.

When I review the commonly presented reactions of a child to a new sibling — loving it, wanting to hold it, cuddle it, look after it, please it, and at the same time hitting it, scratching it, biting it, or dropping it on the floor — and consider these in terms of the usual rationale given for them — the old baby feels displaced or threatened by the new baby — I am impressed by the inadequacy of the explanation to the situation. Parents are counselled to be tolerant, show the child more love, assure them* they is still wanted, but in spite of parents' efforts many children still go on to throw tantrums and exhibit other symptoms of deep frustra-

tion. Other children, like Jude, can exhibit these behaviours when no threat to their relationships with their parents exists.

Nearly everyone accepts that babies' mothers are more important to them than practically anything. But babies don't see things in such a one-sided way. They don't perceive themselves as dependant, but as interactive, as an integral part of a unity: Mother-Child. They 'know' that the baby is also more important to the mother than almost anything, if and when they see mother and baby as distinct from each other at all. As the baby grows older and gains awareness of itself as a separate physical entity, they begins to imitate the mother in the way they relates to the world. What could be more important or delightful for a child to imitate than the interactive relationship they has enjoyed with their mother — I love you and you love me? Both boys and girls will relate to dolls or stuffed animals very early in life (if they are available), often in a manner highly imitative of their relationships with their mothers.

Suppose that the distress a child experiences with the arrival of a new sibling is more than just fear of the change which a new baby invariably creates in the pattern of family life, or in the mother-child relationship. Suppose in addition that the child sees the new baby as a being to be loved and related to in a mother-child type interaction — a being potentially far more rewarding or gratifying than Dolly or Teddy Bear who can't reciprocate anyway: a *real* baby. The child wants to love, to hold, to look after, to do things for and to please this infant. But the infant is a person too and doesn't necessarily respond as the child would prefer — the magical love relationship doesn't emerge, or is too complicated for the child, or mother interferes out of concern for the baby, and the child becomes frustrated. Children express their frustration fairly directly (when adults aren't laying on them too hard to control it). They scratch, bite, kick, pound and throw things — including babies or kittens if that's what frustrates them.

As an alternative to the traditional explanation of what happens when the new baby arrives, the idea that the child is frustrated in forming a positive relationship with the baby explains the observed behaviours of children more adequately, is intuitively more human, and doesn't assume (as the child-rearing experts usually do) that the children are basically selfish and hostile.

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Branching Out

helene rosenthal

THE KOSYGIN DINNER

Which of these 500 women was invited on her own account? No matter, we have come / paired with our men like so many attaché cases. "My indispensable wife," -- so The Minister of Public Works professes presiding at head table.

-- and all of us in the fond grip of public importance, social dress. Flattered with chablis, champagne, rare golden sack. (Takes me back to Falstaff. But I'm wistful. Where we're at is sort of black comedy too -- lords & dames a privileged press, subsumed in a wide spread of trivia; gulls in a rich wake of statesmanship -- spume of Great Events)

-- "The Queen!" !

We scramble to rise (Boorishly I have vodka in my glass honoring Mother Russia, but it's too late, we drink), obediently sit back, resume our strangers' discomfort with one another and settle to tedium. Speeches glide off tumescent belly fulls. I suffer sudden multiplied reproach in mine -- a thousand cuts of beautiful B.C. murdered salmon!

and at least a cramp of repression . . . the protest going on outside the building (an alliance of ordinarily hostile-to-each-other Jews and Slavs -- nationalists, submerged in a joint surge against Soviet ethnic oppression. It's the foment going on that sours the stomach: the hatred. Blood roused in slogan and chanting against the "Red Butcher" of unknown kin, loved only as victims, or that's the impression.)

But a mighty fortress is Hotel Vancouver. We are spared tidal testament waves of emotion, inside (complacent, unable) as he, ubiquitous head of all this state -- sad-faced Alexei, Little Father, his plump handsome daughter helping/sweeten the taste / of these political chores, good girl!) -- gets up to speak: intones a hope of shared technology, of hand-held peace. While the "security" dragnet plies invisible steel from slits of surveillance, sharp should the treacherous shark of death surface in the gay spray of the chandeliers, the fake sunlight.

Pulled in these tides, our table (made up of media-men mostly, and their wives) lists awkwardly. The men lean forward, keen, sniffing sport. The women slump, bored. In the sea-sawing breeze, only the waiters and waitresses move with unconcerned ease, at home in their function. They are the aristocrats of the occasion. We redundant ones feed. And soon it's clap clap clap at last it's over. We begin to leave

some craning to get a closer look at the Illustrious Guest inside his fallible armor of escorts. He looks ill or at least not looking forward to leave. As the wavering bubble of men of which he is the vulnerable centre recedes, his dread of a sudden kill seems merely pathetic. For it is we who are the real target of this tired brutality this undigested pretense

-- women trailing

the men, fed and fawning upon an anxiety of power not ours.

la difficulté d'agir

par Hélène Narayana

Il n'est pas nécessaire d'être journaliste pour se rendre compte que tout ne tourne pas rond en ce bas monde. Il est des problèmes qui sautent aux yeux de tous: la pauvreté, l'exploitation des faibles, aussi bien entre individus qu'entre nations, la surpopulation, le matérialisme, la destruction de l'environnement, le gaspillage pour n'en nommer que quelques uns. Mais quand on est journaliste, on est constamment en contact avec ces problèmes: c'est la nature même du métier, et s'il n'y avait pas de problèmes, il n'y aurait peut-être pas de journalistes! (Certaines par contre sont apparemment d'avis que s'il n'y avait pas de journalistes, il n'y aurait peut-être pas tant de problèmes! Ceux-là peuvent toujours garder leurs illusions...)

...je me sens affreusement impuissante devant les états de choses que je constate.

Comment les journalistes réagissent-ils à ce contact constant avec la réalité? Certains d'entre eux analysent une situation problématique froidement; ils en suivent les développements comme ils suivraient une partie de football, en spectateurs distants. D'autres, et je me suis laissé dire que ce sont surtout les femmes, ne peuvent rester indifférents devant les situations qu'ils observent. Je dirai humblement que c'est mon propre cas. Mais prise par mon métier et mes occupations familiales, je me sens affreusement impuissante devant les états de choses que je constate. Tout ce que je puis faire, c'est réfléchir et tâcher d'informer du mieux que je peux: décrire le monde tel qu'il m'apparaît et informer les citoyens des moyens dont ils disposent pour apporter des solutions.

Jusqu'à quel point doit-on faire des compromis afin d'assurer la réalisation d'objectifs majeurs?

Je me sens pleine d'admiration pour ceux qui *font* quelque chose et surtout pour ceux et celles qui travaillent bénévolement, qui contribuent de leur temps non rémunéré pour une cause qu'ils ont à coeur. Je sais qu'en mentionnant le mot bénévolat, je m'attire les ires d'un bon nombre de femmes qui n'y croient pas et qui n'en voient pas la nécessité, leur argument étant qu'en travaillant bénévolement, la femme encourage la société à l'exploiter, en n'attachant pas de valeur à son travail. Qu'on me permette de n'être pas d'accord avec cet argument, pour deux raisons: d'abord, parce que le bénévolat auquel je crois ne devrait pas être le fait des femmes uniquement, mais des hommes aussi. Ces derniers ont sûrement aussi besoin que les femmes de s'impliquer dans des mouvements, sans qu'aucun prix n'y soit attaché. Il s'agit en effet d'un besoin: il reste si peu d'actes gratuits en ce monde; tout a un prix et pourtant rien n'est plus satisfaisant que de faire quelque chose parce qu'on a le goût de le faire, parce qu'on y croit. La deuxième raison est qu'à mon avis le bénévolat est non seulement souhaitable, mais il est même un devoir. On peut dire évidemment que bon nombre de personnes travaillent bénévolement d'abord et surtout pour se donner bonne conscience. C'est vrai. Par ailleurs,

...qu'en mentionnant le mot bénévolat, je m'attire les ires d'un bon nombre de femmes...

quand on jouit d'un niveau de vie suffisamment élevé pour avoir quelques loisirs, il n'est que juste de consacrer une partie de ces loisirs, soit à des secteurs de la société qui ne sont pas aussi favorisés, soit à des activités communautaires. On peut également dire que si la société était juste et bien faite, il n'aurait pas de défavorisés et on n'aurait pas besoin d'exercer de pression sur les gouvernements pour ménager à chacun un sort digne et équitable. Sans nier qu'il faille travailler à établir une telle société idéale, on ne peut

s'empêcher de constater que le jour est encore très lointain où une telle société existera vraiment, si jamais ce jour finit par venir. Et il ne faut pas croire qu'il suffise de changer de système politique pour que tout les injustices se résolvent d'elles-mêmes. Sur papier, tous les régimes politiques sont aussi bons les uns que les autres; c'est la nature humaine qui les rend tous aussi mauvais les uns que les autres.

...il ne faut pas croire qu'il suffise de changer de système politique...

Tout cela pour justifier mon admiration à l'endroit de ceux et de celles qui donnent de leur temps pour essayer d'améliorer le monde où nous vivons!

Il existe un autre type de citoyens qui eux aussi, à leur façon, essaient de trouver des solutions: ce sont ceux qui font de la politique. Je les trouve fascinants. Il suffit de suivre quelque peu l'actualité pour voir à quel point l'influence de la politique se fait sentir dans les moindres événements. Très rares sont les domaines de l'activité humaine dans lesquels la politique n'a pas quelque rôle à jouer. Des faits aussi a-politiques en apparence que l'élevage du boeuf ou la culture des pommes de terre en Alberta, n'échappent pas à l'empire de la politique. Par conséquent, une des voies qui s'offre aux citoyens pour prendre en main leur destinée, c'est la politique. Mais pour être efficace en ce domaine, il faut se joindre à un parti, en adopter l'idéologie, militer dans ses rangs, prêcher son évangile et cela a de quoi répugner à bien des esprits indépendants et ouverts. Jusqu'à quel point doit-on faire des compromis afin d'assurer la réalisation d'objectifs majeurs?

Jouer au prophète est une occupation à laquelle s'adonnent volontiers les journalistes...



Si la politique d'une part et la philanthropie d'autre part sont vieilles comme le monde, l'émergence de l'animation sociale est un phénomène relativement nouveau, et qui à mon avis se situe entre les deux pôles précédents: même si en général il s'agit d'un travail rémunéré, le développement communautaire a bien des points en commun avec le travail que font généralement les personnes bénévoles et il y a très souvent une grande affinité entre ces deux genres d'occupation. Très souvent en effet, les animateurs sociaux comptent sur les bénévoles et vice versa. Par ailleurs, la plupart des travailleurs sociaux sont rémunérés par des agences gouvernementales et dépendent par conséquent en grande mesure de la politique du gouvernement au pouvoir. Non seulement ils ne peuvent pas se désintéresser complètement de la politique, mais plusieurs y prennent même goût...

...les animateurs sociaux comptent sur les bénévoles et vice versa.

Jouer au prophète est une occupation à laquelle s'adonnent volontiers les journalistes et ceux qui l'ont été. C'est ainsi que dernièrement, un ministre fédéral, ancien journaliste, répondait à la question qui lui était posée, à savoir, d'où allait provenir la relève en politique. Selon Gérard Pelletier, la relève en politique pourrait venir des gens qui à l'heure actuelle oeuvrent dans le domaine de l'animation sociale et du développement communautaire. Par ailleurs, le même ministre écrivait dans la revue *Chatelaine* (édition en langue française), et avec une pointe d'humour, qu'il était temps que les femmes prennent la relève, étant donné que les questions politiques sont devenues trop complexes et demandent trop d'agnégation pour les hommes!

Après tout, est-ce si difficile d'agir?

* * *

ASSIMILATION

At first she was upset
when her letters came
addressed to both of them
and she would write
dramatic answers saying,
please don't let me lose
my separateness,
and so her friends
wrote back to her alone,
apologetically,
and then she would feel guilty
and would read their letters
to him anyway,
and they would both write back
together
and so the letters came addressed
to both of them again,
and soon it did not matter to her
anymore.

by Leona Gom

KEEPSAKE

In the sunlight on the floor,
I am weaving arms and legs,
in my leotard I lie
endeavoring to firm the flesh,
suddenly I sit erect
catch my shadow opposite,
strange, 'she is distinctly me,
if you knew my look at all
you would know this silhouette,
molding dark of form and face
does not show the graying hair,
age lines etched about the mouth —
had I a lover I would give
this prettier shade with him to live,
unless he were, and this is rare,
the other half of soul we seek,
then he'd need, not husk but bread
and he would love, and I could give
this seared and scarring flesh and blood.

by Elizabeth Gourlay

Literature engagé

"Are the feminist themes in Canadian literature universal?"

"How are women portrayed in Canadian literature?"

— two of the questions asked at a recent conference

by Patricia Morley

Set: a chalet by a northern lake, grey rain falling *Time:* October 19, 1973 *Action:* Some three-score women and a few intrepid men are gathered to discuss Canadian women, in literature and in life. Camera scans assembled writers, professors, publishers and civil servants, then dollies in on Conference Chairperson Freda Paltiel as she introduces the panel discussion, "How are women portrayed in Canadian literature?"

The weekend conference at Lac Simon in Quebec was sponsored by the Department of the Secretary of State, and organized by the women's Resource Group. Workshop titles included "Approaches to Canadian literature, the Canadian imagination," "The transitional woman," "Women in Quebec literature: is there a difference?" and "Are the feminist themes in Canadian literature universal?" Sunday morning featured "Who gets published?" a panel discussion with some publishers.

The conference meant many things to many people. To me and, I suspect, to many of the assembled women, it meant not preaching to the converted but rather an increased awareness of the problems women have faced and are facing. It brought, too, a heightened sense of community in the sharing of these problems. I heard phrases that were new to me (such as classical versus radical feminism), and difficulties that were only too familiar. Whether married, single or divorced, many of the delegates agreed that it is not easy to be a woman in our society.

Feminism, or the Women's Liberation Movement, has traditionally been an offshoot of other radical and emancipatory movements such as the anti-slavery movement. Literature is inevitably part of political engagement. Novelist Sylvia Fraser said that feminism is a political term, yet the feelings which give rise to it are personal and universal. She thought that feminism had changed the environment in which a writer works (the very existence of the phrase 'male chauvinist pig,' for example, removed the necessity to use it), and changed the female writer. Whereas a few years ago a career woman

might find herself "a walking political statement without knowing it," now feminism had raised the level of consciousness and brought into the open problems which earlier were not faced openly. Delegates took issue with her suggestion that we were in a post-women's-liberation stage.

Poet Miriam Waddington reminded the delegates of such famous feminists as Mary Wollstonecraft, Georges Sand and John Stewart Mill. She quoted Georges Sand, who wrote in her journal in 1837: "If you make your heroine a strong, thinking woman, the public will despise you." Waddington noted that she had just completed a survey-article dealing with fifty-four books of criticism published in Canada in the last five years. Only five were by women. She confessed to having been "secretly liberated" all her life, but said she "always knew that man was top dog in the world we live in." She spoke with feeling of the *hunger* she had encountered in many ordinary women "to know more, to be more."

Panelist Madame Solange Chaput distinguished classical from radical feminism by the focus or polarization. She sees classical feminism as something connected with the inner self, the soul. It affects the woman's understanding of herself, her self-image, while radical feminism is an exterior political movement.

Madame Roland finds it *lamentable* (the word had a peculiarly mournful ring in French) that most advertising is based

upon sex and upon female exploitation. As she put it, "You've got to show your breast to sell a car, or to sell a tire." She emphasized that women's liberation is an integral part of the revolutionary ferment in Quebec in the last ten years. The feminist movement is more prominent in French Canada than it is in English Canada. However, the rapidly increasing number of Women's Studies courses in universities across the land, and the various women's councils in the federal government which act in an advisory capacity to the ministers testify to an increase in feminism (whether classical or radical in type) in English Canada.

Several members of the workshop on 'the Canadian imagination' believed Quebecers to be more distinctive, more courageous about being themselves, than English Canadians. Roch Carrier's work was cited as an example of a small company of writers who live dangerously and who write to save their lives, writers who are not afraid of treading the extremes. It was suggested that English Canadians feel that culture is taken care of by 'professionals,' and that the ordinary individual is content to leave it to those professionals.

References to female stereotypes kept cropping up: the seductress (Delilah), the destroying monster (Lilith, the Whore of Babylon), and the aggressive woman. One of the most insidious methods by which a male-oriented society has tried to keep women in 'their place' (cot and kitchen?) has been their fostering of the myth that strength in a woman is unfeminine and somehow castrating. Sociologist Marylee Stephenson noted the unconscious bias revealed in a reference to the word 'seemly,' meaning unfeminine in terms of the stereotyped female role. Certainly the physical stance of many of the delegates as they rose to speak in the general discussions betrayed

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Ruth, Harriet and Barbara

Two women of the Peace, and one who filmed them.

by Sharon Batt

The National Film Board has produced numerous films about women but until recently, all were made by men. Ruth and Harriet: Two Women of the Peace is a new film about women released during the past year. The director of the film was Barbara Greene, a veteran radio freelancer, but a relative newcomer to filmmaking. When I saw Ruth and Harriet and talked to Barbara later about it, I was impressed by her personal and sympathetic approach to her film subjects. Although both Ruth and Harriet have families, children and mates are well in the background of the movie. Barbara concentrated on uncovering the women's dreams, their personalities, and the strong friendship between them.

I first saw Barbara Greene at the press preview of Ruth and Harriet. She was a spirited woman, dressed in a cape and a wide-brimmed red hat, somewhat older than I expected. Commenting later on the audience reaction to the film, she said that some friends had been disappointed that Ruth and Harriet was neither funny nor dramatic. However, she explained to me that this wasn't the way she saw life in Peace River, and it wasn't the tone she had wanted in the film. Yet because people saw these characteristics in her, they expected them to be reflected in her work. "People tend to see you in one dimension," she mused. The following excerpts from our conversation reveal some of the problems she encountered while making this film.

"You don't have much time on these jobs," sighed Barbara Greene. She was describing her experiences last summer in Northern Alberta when she made the documentary film *Ruth and Harriet: Two Women of the Peace*. The film is one of thirteen in the series *West*, produced by the National Film Board and shown this winter on CBC-TV. Although she grew up in

British Columbia, Barbara had never been to Northern Alberta before she began her research for the film, so she did not really know what she was looking for when she set out to do a film on women who live between Edmonton and the Northwest Territories. She had four weeks to travel throughout the region and make a decision on her subject. "Four weeks is not very much when you're in a completely new area and it's the whole of northern Alberta. That's a lot of people and a lot of lives. You really move around, talking to people every day and every night."

She was careful to keep an open mind when she started her research in the Peace River area, but she also had an idea which she hoped would provide a focus for the film. She planned to explore the life and outlook of the "frontier woman". The prototype for this idea was her own mother. "My mom came from Toronto and went to the west coast to a very small community. We grew up as kids in this tiny fishing village up the coast of British Columbia. I guess I got interested in people who had been uprooted, people who had left everything they had become accustomed to, the places they knew, the things they liked doing. My mother was very happy in a sense to be in this simple village with my dad, helping him in what he was doing, but on the other hand I think that as a kid I always felt that she missed a lot of her life. While she didn't show resentment exactly, there was a certain sadness in her."

Years later when she was doing radio work in northern British Columbia, Barbara met many women whose lives reminded her of her mother's. "I'll never forget this kind of woman. I felt a certain empathy with them because of their confusion about following along with their husbands and not necessarily being happy with this. I wanted to do a film about women in a new frontier, because in the old days I

think women went along like my mother. The idea of marriage was that you served your mate, or you were a good mate and you tried to help in whatever your husband did. My mother, I guess, was a little selfless — she always used that word. I never felt it was a very good idea."

Barbara's questions about the new frontier women went unanswered, because when she began talking to people in Alberta, she soon realized that the present-day frontier lay much further north than she had imagined. At the same time she became aware of a tremendous variety in the lives led by the people she met. This posed a problem for her as a filmmaker, as she saw there was not necessarily any connection between life in Fort McMurray and life in High Level or Peace River. She had to make a choice. Eventually she decided to concentrate on a family she had met early in her travels, but first she considered and rejected several other possibilities.

One Cree woman had particularly fascinated her. She had taken over her husband's trapline after an accident led to the amputation of his leg. When the development of the oil sands began, the family moved back into the bush where they built a simple cabin and set up traplines. Before long an airport was built, so close to the cabin it practically cut across the traplines. Barbara met the woman's mother and young children. "At the time I felt really excited about doing a three-generational film where I would look at the change that was occurring in their lives, and how they, a fairly sturdy, proud family, were handling it."

Further north Barbara travelled a centuries-old trail in an open wagon with an Indian woman and her family. There was a much faster route to their destination, but the family wanted to go this alternate way. At one point they forded a stream, and the water reached up over the wheels of the

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wagon. "It was absolutely beautiful. For me, it had nothing to do with cars or roads — it was set back in time." The present reasserted itself soon enough when they pulled up to a building that housed a government-sponsored crafts program. Inside, women and their children were learning to make plaster of Paris molds.

Despite the impression these women had on her, Barbara eventually decided not to do a film about a native family. "I don't feel you can do anything sensitive about somebody without knowing them a bit, and making close contact with them. There was really so much suspicion and distance between us, I decided that rather

than do a superficial job I would just leave this whole situation." She also decided against portraying some of the women she met or heard about whose lives had a dramatic quality. These included a nurse who had been a flyer, a woman who had run a Hudson's Bay trading post and a young lawyer. Throughout her career in documentary film and radio, Barbara has preferred to interview people whose lives are not out of the ordinary.

Ruth, one of the two women Barbara did chose as the subject for the film, had a natural, barefoot quality that lingered in Barbara's mind after their first meeting. She decided to return to the Peace River region to film the simple homesteaders' life led by Ruth, her sister-

in-law Harriet and their families. She spent five days doing preliminary work. This was her opportunity to relate to her film subjects on a one to one basis, before the arrival of the film crew. Barbara feels this is extremely important. With a camera and four or five other people present it is extremely difficult not to change the lives of the people you are filming, unless you have first built up their confidence and trust. "Not that you can reflect their lives truly, but you try to be as close and as honest and as straightforward with each other as you can be. I think you can do quite well, but it means having a good relationship to begin with."

Barbara was satisfied that she had captured something real of Ruth and Harriet, but she was also unhappy about some things she knew she had missed. Ruth in particular had a *joie de vivre* that did not come through in any of the film footage, but which struck Barbara when she saw Ruth pull out all the stops at a country dance. "To watch her dance was something fantastic! She flies around and is quite original." But it was one a.m. and the film crew, after working all day, had gone to the rodeo. "This happens often. Suddenly, when you've called it quits for a day, and everybody has packed up their gear, something happens that is so marvelous that you just groan. You need your camera man, your sound man, your lights, and they're just not there. Sometimes the best things happen like this. But I didn't want to simulate anything — we just filmed what was there."

By trying to portray two women with a half hour period, Barbara may have set herself a near-impossible goal. However, she says "a half an hour doesn't have to be too short for anything ... but you are limited by the amount of film you have to work with, the amount of time you have to edit, and the amount of time you have to do research."

Her next film (now partially complete) is set in the Arctic and is part of a new National Film Board series on Canada's coastal regions. Many of the same obstacles will beset her again. Before she went North to do her month's research in January, Barbara had never been to the Arctic, and had no idea what or whom her subject would be. Her goal this time is to make a deeper, stronger study of a person or family — definitely not of two people. "I'd like to try to get more facets of the situation because that's what I *can* do. The gift I have is to get close to people, and I should use that."

* * *

Ruth enjoys a canoe trip

photos by National Film Board



Harriet with her husband and children



Time out for friendship

A new outreach program for women initiated by the United Church of Canada.

by Gail Kessler

When people think of a ladies' church group, they often picture a group of white-haired old ladies packing missionary barrels, or knitting layettes for unfortunate children overseas. One group of United Church women has created a new image with a community project for women called "Time Out."

The program is just that - time out from the cares of children, and from the monotony and sometimes loneliness of suburban life. It offers a morning or afternoon of fellowship with other women, plus an opportunity to learn a craft or participate in a discussion, while the children are being competently cared for.

It all began four years ago, when one of the women's groups of St. David's United Church in northwest Calgary decided to try something different to involve the women in their community. They set up a program in the church to run for ten consecutive Tuesday mornings, one session beginning in September, and another in January. They planned to recruit volunteers to lead discussions and teach crafts, and hire other women for a small fee to care for the children of the participants.

At the first session, the organizers expected between fifty and seventy-five women, but were overwhelmed with about two hundred registrants. It took some hectic preparation to find enough volunteers to run the program!

From this fairly modest beginning, registration has grown steadily. Two years ago it was necessary to limit enrollment since the church was bursting at the seams, particularly in the child care area. Now, inevitably, the program has been expanded to both morning and afternoon with a total of over four hundred women registered.

Time Out was designed with the mother of pre-schoolers in mind, but has attracted many others as well - women with children in school, elderly women whose families are grown, even part-time

working women. In the beginning, participants were mostly members of St. David's congregation, but word soon spread, and it is now non-denominational. Women came from all parts of the city, and this led to the development of similar programs in other churches and community halls throughout Calgary, and in outlying areas as well. After publicity in the United Church Observer, the idea of Time Out has spread even farther, with interested inquiries received from all across Canada, and parts of the United States too.

Over the years, Time Out has offered many courses for a minimum fee, just large enough to cover expenses. There have been courses in many handicrafts, bridge playing, yoga, interior decorating; discussion groups in consumer affairs, adoption and foster parenthood, transactional analysis. Every year new ones are added, and this year they offer such courses as sketching, conversational French, a handywoman's course, as well as the old favorites.



Inevitably, with a program of this size run by amateurs, there are mistakes made, but the Time Out committee is working to improve registration efficiency and program set-up. In spite of the occasional mix-up, most of the women involved seem very enthusiastic about Time

Out. On a questionnaire circulated at the end of a session, the women responded with comments varying from "good" to "fantastic". The complaints registered dealt mainly with minor things such as "coffee too strong", or with overcrowding and registration confusion, both results of the overwhelming success of the program.

The children, too, enjoy their activities, and look forward to coming each week. The child care area is divided into three separate age groups - infants, two-year-olds, and a play school for three to five-year-olds. All areas have qualified leaders and a high ratio of helpers to children. Two-year-olds have an opportunity to listen to stories and records, and to play with children their own age. The play school children are kept busy cutting and glueing, painting, dressing up, hammering nails, and playing musical games. The children love it - mothers love it too, and are often surprised at the type and variety of activities provided. It is more than just a babysitting service, and many mothers find themselves returning again and again, for the children's sake as well as for their own enjoyment.

Time Out does not attempt to liberate women, or encourage them to enter the working world. In fact, there has been some criticism of the program for this reason: critics say it is "designed to keep women in the home". Committee members feel this is unfair, since the aim of the program is to provide a break for the woman who, either through choice or necessity, is housebound with young children. It tries to provide an hour or two of fun and friendship, with learning a new skill a secondary benefit.

Marjorie Richards was president of the group which started Time Out in 1969. She is a dynamic little grey-haired woman who has been the driving force behind the program since it began. She has many helpers, but her gift for organization

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ation has been the key to the program's success.

She is the only one of the original founding members now left on the committee. The rest have been replaced by other volunteers, many of whom have no connection with St. David's Church otherwise. All are women who have participated in Time Out and are now eager to contribute their time to keep it going for others to enjoy.

Time Out would be impossible without its volunteers, not just those on the

organizing committee, but also those who make coffee, provide transportation, teach crafts or lead discussions, set up tables or clean up afterward. Even the child care workers are essentially volunteers - they contribute much more to the program than their small wage suggests.

According to Marjorie Richards, the key word is fellowship, everyone sharing. The craft leaders are generally not experts, and others in the group with some knowledge help those who are strictly beginners. A woman who takes a course one

session may find herself helping to instruct in it the next session. Everything is very informal, but fun, according to the participants.

St. David's is a busy place on Tuesdays. You may find women doing push-ups in the sanctuary, tying macrame knots in the balcony, playing bridge in the hall, discussing their role as women in the minister's office. Everyone is welcome to come and join - but come early registration day, if you want to be sure of a place! * * *

THE LANDLADY LAUGHS

So far you are
in your room. I in mine.
The children in another room.

This morning I
asked you why you didn't
laugh. So you laughed.

The landlady also cries.
Last night she ran from her
bedroom to her

living room, clutching her
face. My children sometimes
cry in their sleep.

I too wake up
crying. You should come
out of your room.

My children should
laugh. I should laugh.
The landlady

should laugh more
quietly. And in my room
we should laugh together

because your crying
keeps the children
awake.

THE LANDLADY'S LILAC

I don't know these
trees. They
move into summer like
strangers I would
like to know, but cannot
find the time.

I'm vanishing, falling
off the continent into the
slope of sea with no
goodbyes.

The village blurs, the
heart attack of
language skips a beat,
then stalls.

Here's a single lilac
that I recognize.

(Half the trees in the
landlady's yard have
died.)

Gail Fox

"BRANCHING OUT" NEEDS DISTRIBUTION CENTRES THROUGHOUT CANADA. IF YOU ARE ABLE TO ARRANGE AN OUTLET IN YOUR AREA THROUGH YOUR LOCAL BOOKSELLER, LIBRARY, WOMENS GROUP, ETCETERA, PLEASE WRITE AND LET US KNOW, AND WE WILL HANDLE IT FROM HERE.

montreal writers' cooperative

Large-scale commercial publishing can easily be a threat to good literature.

by Roberta Kalechofsky

The fundamental problem with publishing is that it was originally designed to serve as midwife for literature, and through literature for culture. In a democracy, publishing is an enterprise in which publisher, public and writer have an interdependent responsibility for the state of their culture. The question is whether large-scale commercial publishing which tends to assimilate the characteristics, the philosophy, the entrepreneurship, the salesmanship, the marketing, the advertising, and the packaging methods of business can responsibly serve the needs of writers or of a literary culture for a democracy. In business, it is profits, not literature or morals, which is the court of last appeal.

The very success of large-scale commercial publishing tends to transform it into an industry that is antithetical to good literature. Consequently, two separate cultural levels tend to evolve: one for writers who write for other writers or for sophisticated readers, and one for writers who write for publishers whose idea of culture for the public is the old Roman cry: give them bread and circuses.

I remember arguing a few years ago with an advertising man about the use of ratings in television as a gauge for what should or should not be seen. His argument was seductively democratic: why shouldn't most people see what most people indicate they want to see? I asked him if whether a public execution were viewed on television and most people tuned in to see it, should we then stage public executions on television? Most people, perhaps out of simple curiosity, will go to see a horse urinating in the street or a cow sinking in a swamp. Should we then spend large sums of money to put productions of such scenes on television — or, by analogy, spend large sums of money marketing books for the same cultural level and based on the same principle?

The argument about whether literature should reflect life "as it is," or illuminate it is very old. When Samuel Johnson was asked his opinion about this argument he said: life is a sordid mess. What is the point of a literature that does no more than reflect that? Literature, as I believe that word is meant, is a way in which civilization keeps its grip on sanity and comes to terms with reality, a way in which it transmits to its children the record of its struggle for survival and leaves them for an inheritance the only thing worth inheriting: vision.

Large-scale commercial publishing, by an inevitable process in its nature, tends to become like any other business and should be viewed as one views other businesses: the shoe industry, the movie industry, the automobile industry, the oil industry, the housing industry. Its problems are the problems of all industries: how to deal with the vicissitudes of inflation, recession, union fracas, supply and demand, advertising, packaging and marketing. Its problems are not literary, but economical.

But the writer's problem is literary. His problem is to write a good book or story and to get people to read it. An identifiable audience is as important to a writer as it is to an actor. His book or story or poem is his performance and he needs audience feedback. A recent and innovative response to this problem of finding feasible outlets for serious writers and an audience which shares their commitments to literary standards has been in the creation of the Writers' Cooperative in Montreal. Its steadily growing membership is a sure barometer of the need which many writers feel to solve the publishing problem. The Writers' Cooperative was begun in the summer of 1971*, with an editorial committee of one, Wayne Robbins, the founder of the cooperative. An application for a federal L.I.P. grant was made, submitted, and turned down. But Robbins placed advertisements in publications

such as *The Canadian Forum* and *Ram- parts* magazine. Aside from the problem of acquiring members and money, the most pressing problem was how to produce a decent book at a reasonable price. Robbins himself is a novelist and not a publisher. Learning the technicalities of publishing from the ground up was a major job. His place of business was his living room. He rented an IBM Selectric typewriter with interchangeable type faces and set out to publish his first work, his own novel, *Sherman*, with the help of friends luckily working in printing shops.

By April, 1972, Robbins had five hundred copies of his book and gave a membership-drive party. Six paying members and forty guests came to the party. At the end of the party they had thirty paying members, and the cooperative has grown from there. By April, 1973, it had 226 members and an agreement with a wholesale bookdealer in Ontario who services university libraries, to take twenty-five copies of each work produced. Mr. Robbins's membership goal is five hundred (membership now stands at 240) as well as the formation of other cooperatives in other Canadian cities. Indeed, a former Montreal member is now forming a publishing cooperative in Halifax. By the end of its first year Writers' Cooperative had published six books. Four were novels, one was a book of poetry and one was an anthology of poetry and fiction.

The distribution of the membership is interesting, for it suggests that the need and the voice of the Writers' Cooperative has reached beyond the Canadian borders. The largest percentage of members, 158, come from Montreal, the home base. Forty-five members come from elsewhere in Canada; thirty-five come from the United States, and two from the United Kingdom. Even more encouraging is the fact that several members are "institutions": university libraries and commercial publishing houses.

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...and like i see it

by Leona Gom

Stephanie Nynych is, to borrow Al Purdy's terms, one of the "raw," as opposed to the "cooked" poets, and her latest book, *...and like i see it* (Gleaner Books, Toronto) makes even "raw" sound a bit euphemistic. Whether she speaks of her sexual experiences or American aggression, of smoking dope or Jesus fucking, of H-bombs or cosmic consciousness, her tone is always tough, her language explicit to the point of discomfort. It is a tell-it-like-it-is book, and, whatever else its faults, it is an honest one.

While the women's liberationist

in one must applaud such reverse

chauvinism, the "humming bean"

in one must deplore it.

But faults it has, and it is particularly to Nynych's credit that these shortcomings do not detract more than they do in one's overall assessment of the work. It is too long (108 pages) and, consequently, frequently redundant and rambling; it is tempting, like the clever reviewers in *Time* magazine, to use the author's own lines against her: "the thing is to know not to say." "is there qualitative value behind all of this garble?" There is, of course, much of value behind the garble, but the garble is there too. This may be partly the fault of the demanding form Nynych has chosen to use, for the book is one extended run-on "poem" -- perhaps "prose-poem" is a more accurate term for her style. Although line arrangements and the heightened language often make sections of the book undeniably poetry, its rhythms elsewhere are definitely prose; the author shows no particular attempts to edit or condense lines. The poetry has, in its reliance upon associative memory and flow of thoughts, elements of the stream of consciousness technique and the interior monologue, and it follows their tendencies

to be stylistically uncritical and, often, obvious and monotonous. However, if Nynych is a stream of consciousness writer, she is a self-aware one and, although she tends to passivity and convenient cynicism, it is her gut understanding of the suffering-is-the-sole-origin-of-consciousness dictum that makes this work more than a solipsistic confessional.

Her cynicism and stylistic awkwardness are alleviated by her sense of humour, black as it may be. Speaking of a crab infection, she insists to her lovers, "this wasn't a virgin birth." She tells a Trotskyist friend, "what peasants, they are all in the cities living on welfare." Considering Allegro's contention that "Jesus Christ was just a name for a mushroom," she concludes "imagine a mushroom holding sway over western civilization for 2000 years." She speaks of "the age of aquarius, hot footing through the blood and gore." She can see the absurd side of sex hang-ups: "he said he would like to look at my underclothes and fuck me and with that i managed a faint." Even in the painful time after James, the father of her child, has left her, she can say:

he came
he saw
he sowed
he refused
he split.

When she speaks of sex she is at her best, both her most moving and lyrical, but often also her most bitter. She believes that "sex is the most powerful force on the physical plane," and that "we never seem to get enough of it," but she also realizes it can be a powerful vehicle of exploitation. There was the long, wounding affair with James; there was the impersonal sex with Ravi, "he got it on like a man with a singular goal, straight to the point, hole"; there were her own casual involvements, "fucking at every opportunity and leaving a string of experiences behind like a trail of dry

peas." Yet although she may declare
i'm not a slave
to a wet cunt
anymore

her open delight in sex and orgasm make such a statement ironical: her love-hate relationships with men continue. It is rather unfortunate, however, that she should choose to introduce us to several of her male characters primarily by their penis size: "frank and his dick. thick, long." "James IV ... had a long long dick and thick, not narrow like James I." "Doug, the ego tripper with the short penis." "it seemed that the medium large outlasted any other kind by virtue of little effort produces great gains."

While the Women's Liberationist in one may applaud such reverse chauvinism, the "humming bean" in one (to use Nynych's words) must deplore it. I doubt if even Irving Layton can get away anymore with introducing his women by their breast measurements. Nynych does her femaleness, and humanness, a disservice with such callous comparisons. It may be that Nynych is deliberately coarse. Coarseness is a male mask some women feel they must put on in an attempt to emulate the worst of the masculine world.

It is, nevertheless, easy to understand this deliberate objectification of her lovers. She has felt the humiliation of a woman by men who "perpetuate the horrors that women have had to suffer"; she has felt the female envy of the male hero, wanting to "stand beside him and not lie under him." In a particularly fine section, she explains a basic premise of sexual exploitation:

woman

a name having a meaning by now like an archetypal symbol. at that point of sound, out shoots the figure as if aladdin rubbed the magic lamp and the smoke emerged with a geni sailing up in it having tits and cunt and flowing

*fair hair and an hourglass figure and
the beauty and innocence of a 15 year
old virgin*

*every mans dream
superimposed on reality and what they
actually get and then the inhuman neg-
lect of the woman they are with be-
cause at the back of their minds is the
idea that one day the beautiful inno-
cent 15 year old virgin will appear and
they will leave with her so what is the
use of being nice to the real woman
they are with now. the unsung saga of
a woman's sorrow not to have an hour-
glass figure and the face of a perfect
virgin.*

By the end of her book, however, she
can "weep for them, both of them: the
masculine and the feminine humming
beans, for how can one condemn one
without condemning the other and how
can one pity the one without the other?"
It is a significant understanding, crucial
to her search for love throughout the
book. Behind the coarseness, the cyni-
cism, the jaded outlook, there continually
emerges the lonely and sensitive person,
capable of much compassion, who wants
only what we all want — to be loved.
"That old pit-pat of the heart is what i
am looking for," she admits, "to expe-
rience that love i have dreamed about.
Why can't i?" It is not easy to confess
such vulnerabilities, such failures, and
Nynych's attempts to do so are worth
reading. * * *



I wish I was the man
who played the violin
He danced and sang
on the street
while a guitar
played along

I passed them
in a dream
and I glanced
back to see,
their eyes held me
a moment too long

And I wanted
to go back,
throw a quarter
in that old brown hat
but my feet moved me on

by Laura Sobierajski

She sat there stunned as the
doctor told her,
"You are pregnant. There is not a doubt of it."
But he was thinking of his elegant cabin
in the midst of jade coloured trees beside a
steaming lake and how he would sit by the fire
that night and study
Freud.
He took her silence for fortitude and wondered
at the bravery of a sixteen-year-old
girl.
But inside herself she cried,
"Where will I go?
What will I do?
Who can I turn to?"
And the answers came from a half
forgotten religion,
"To hell
to burn
for no one."
They found her...
three days later,
and they cried for her
how they cried for her.
But all that they could say was,
"It must be hard on her mother."

by Tami Moody

*These poems were written by students
of Anita Jenkins, St. Joseph's Composite
High School, Edmonton, Alberta.*

Do you believe in the clear light?

August and July expresses, very simply and beautifully, the idea of androgyny.

by Candas Jane Dorsey

The mid-January blues had set in and it was time for a movie. There were no *good* ones in town, so we looked for the worst one we could find. We chose *August and July* because of the advertisement.

Fortunately we were disappointed. It was one of the best movies I've seen in a long time.

I suspected something as soon as 'Canadian Film Development Corporation' flashed onto the screen over a shot of the Gatineau hills. Nobody else in the audience seemed to notice. Behind us a rowdy group of couples had already begun to snicker and say "Bring on the flesh!" Further down the row a seedy, middle-aged man folded his coat across his lap.

The first scenes in the film seemed to confirm their expectations. An old car draws up outside a secluded country house, two beautiful young girls get out and walk into the house, and immediately begin to kiss. The film quality is grainy, as if it has been shot in 16 mm and blown up. The rowdies prepare to enjoy. However, I notice a few dissonant details — occasional unflattering ordinary-person nude poses, the fact that when the women start talking their names are the same as the listed actresses' names, the casual immediacy of the dialogue.

More talking, no more skin. The rowdies are beginning to shuffle.

Alexa and Sharon are in love, trying to live happily together in the country. They have both loved men, one more happily than the other, but have fallen in love this time with one another. The camera shares and records their first summer.

The rowdies are getting up to leave. "It's not that I'm disgusted, just bored," one says loudly, wanting approval or applause. The older man has put his coat back on the seat. He looks restless and puzzled. He came to a skin flick, and here are people. What's going on?

The women are alone in their summer world, but a winter world of city and travel, filled with people, awaits them. In their uncertainty they fear each other. In a ruined stone building with the sun shining bright and tough, they confront their fears. Do you really love me? Will we stay together? Everyone living with the one they love has the same concerns as these two individualistic women: how it feels to love someone, how to be happy, how to enjoy each other, where their single and combined lives are going.

The middle-aged man leaves, starting me out of my involvement for a moment. The storms are coming, the summer is over. The car leaves, life begins in a different place. The movie is over, but I almost expect to meet Alexa and Sharon on some street, continuing life.

This movie expresses, very simply and beautifully, the ideal of an androgynous reality. That is, the idea that the emotional and mental differences between men and women are artificially created, and their physical differences should not be enough to classify and alienate them.

If we loved *people*, not as men and women but as themselves, we could create an idealistic matrix wherein women could love women and men love men as easily as women and men love each other, and with no more ado. *August and July* is a story in the life of two people, lovers, and women — in that order.

August and July is a colour-filled movie — summer, sun on water, open spaces in a calm house, tea and food and small talk, piano music and horseback riding and dogs, and the deep love and feeling of two strong souls. It is similar in form to Alan King's *A Married Couple*, but totally opposite in essence. The form is filming life. The camera is the silent visitor, the director is the film editor, real people write the script. But the essence of King's movie is gamesplaying, disillusionment, and cynical citified unhappiness. *August and*

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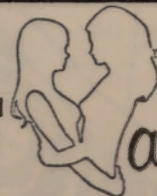
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We came to see skin and sin and stayed to watch a sensitive, serious portrayal of love.

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July is filled with honesty, hope, country life, and the clear light.

However, in the opinion of advertisers, ideals don't sell movies. An ad calling out *SHOCKING!*, and *YOU'LL TALK ABOUT IT LONG AFTER YOU'VE SEEN IT* was thought necessary to sell tickets to John Q. Public. I wish I agreed with the concept. It would excuse my reason for going in the first place, which was to laugh at some skin-and-sin. But instead I'm very disappointed that such a fine movie has to sell itself short. More people should have known what it was really like.

There are of course some problems with the movie. At times the handheld camera is extremely obtrusive. Sharon rides a horse, or Alexa walks down a lane, and the audience gets seasick. It is a low-budget movie (the curse of the Canadian film industry is poverty) and at times that gets in the way with less-than-perfect sequences which could not be reshot, and some inconsistent editing. But I would rather see a good movie imperfectly executed than a \$100,000 piece of junk.

August and July is a sensitive, honest movie. I'm only sorry I had to find it by accident. Those of us who went for a game but stayed for *August and July* are too few.

* * *

GLOBE cont. from page 23

for hospital experience or training"; poor women are going to work in factories; a woman's medical college opened in Toronto in 1882 and, despite objections, is educating competent female doctors; "the dislike of housework has distinctly increased [and] is looked upon by not a few of the rising generation as rather plebian and servile"; women are having "uniform success" in pursuing studies and are doing so in ever-increasing numbers.

The response to these changes is generally quite conservative. The female writers scorn "the disturbing ideas of the new Woman". The editorial page mocks the "average feminine mind with a mission ... with her countless organizations, her endless aspirations". The *Globe* women are not going to take these changes as a sign that they should be out on the streets demanding the vote for women. The editorialist sees the "new Woman" suffragettes as futile creatures. Like everything else, woman's position in society is determined by the forces of evolution. These impersonal forces will in time give her the rights and privileges for which the suffragettes are writing and marching.

Another response, reflected more widely in the articles, tries to incorporate some of the new phenomena within the old framework. Thus it is claimed that university education is a good thing, for it will enable women to become better wives, mothers and managers of households, particularly if they choose for their course of studies the new programs of domestic science which some universities have just established. The introduction of such courses on a lower intellectual plane throughout the public school system would also affect poorer women. It would train them to be competent domestics, would give them a sense of dignity in being servants and would draw them away from factory work where their virtue might be endangered.

Women in general are encouraged to use their brains, for the functioning of the intellect keeps the body healthy. In this context, husbands are encouraged to broaden their wives' responsibilities in the home to include the management of family finances — an intellectual activity which will teach women something about business affairs.

It is an interesting paradox that while scorning the "new Woman" whose interests lay outside the home, and urging their sex to become better at performing their traditional functions, the writers, typified by those in the woman's *Globe* did, in the long run, facilitate the expansion of woman's role beyond the domestic scene. In the short term, their strictures might encourage females to find fulfillment as "domestic scientists", professionals administering a household. However, by emphasizing the importance of education and acknowledging that women could acquire various types of expertise, they left open the possibility of a transition from the use of these skills in the home to their deployment in the broader social context. If a woman could manage family finances in a rational way, could she not also keep books in a business context?

The woman's edition itself was a manifestation that women were hoping, if only in a fleeting way, to use the abilities they had acquired through education outside the home. So too were the various "humanitarian" organizations in which they were actively and successfully participating. One writer noted the "rage just now among all classes for societies, homes and unions of all imaginable kinds". Two pages of the third section were devoted to outlining the functions of myriad groups ranging from the Women's Christian Temperance Union to the National Council of Women. Most of them were oriented to social reform and found their origins in an interpretation of the Gospel which urged Christians to work for "humanity's sake" — to combat

cont. on next page

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the "social evils" such as poverty, drunkenness and prostitution.

Springing from the church, one of the "pillars of society", these causes were eminently respectable. However, in reality they enabled women to extend their sphere of influence and expertise beyond the home, while at the same time not appearing to enter man's domain. Bourgeois and upper class women as domestic engineers and as angels ministering to the poor and afflicted did not immediately threaten the position of women on the pedestal where they had been placed by Victorian society.

It is noteworthy that the April 19 *Globe* expressed relief that the women were gone. The men could now go back, it said, to working with their jackets off and their feet on their desks — behaviour they had not dared display in the presence of ladies. In the long run this kind of normalcy would gradually fade. The belief in woman's potential to learn many skills and the demonstration of this fact by such projects as the April 18, 1895 edition of the *Globe* would eventually contribute to the gradual disintegration of the pedestal and to the slow acceptance of the female sex into what was, in 1895, a man's world.

Georgina Wyman works in the Historical Sites Branch of the Department of Indian Affairs in Ottawa. She was active in the organization of a cooperative day care centre, and writes regularly for a community newspaper, Glebe Report.

* * *

COOP
cont. from page 35

The idea behind the cooperative is simple. Members contribute \$15, for which they will receive six limited editions of works chosen from the members themselves. You do not have to be a writer to join. Interested readers are encouraged and necessary. The emphasis is on writer-audience involvement and interaction. You do not have to contribute a manuscript to be a member, nor are you scheduled to submit manuscripts. It is not expected that 240 members will turn out 240 manuscripts a year. The audience and the publishing facilities are ready and available when you're ready. The Writers'

Cooperative should be regarded as a community of people interested in literature who are responsible only to themselves.

There is an editorial committee which selects and judges the manuscripts. Of necessity, its standards must be under constant review and subject to discipline to prevent the kind of psychological pressure that can grow in an organization where a paying member feels that his manuscript should be *automatically* accepted. What your money entitles you to is the sober and honest judgments of editors who are not working for commercial houses and whose judgements are therefore not subject to any but literary standards.

If a member's manuscript is accepted a sufficient number will be published to be distributed to all members of the cooperative. The book is not sold in book stores. No effort is made to compete with commercial publishers, although commercial publishing houses, as members, can and do read the books and can pick up options on them. When and if that happens the commercial publishing house makes its own arrangements with the writer. If the writer wishes more volumes of his book published than the cooperative is contracted for, he can make arrangements with the cooperative and pay for

continued on next page

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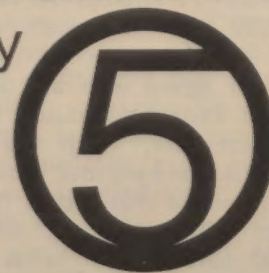


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the extra copies. The writer is free to make any outside arrangements he wishes to. Within the cooperative itself, the emphasis is on being read, not on being sold.

Because it is a non-profit organization, the cooperative succeeds in simplifying its publishing methods and concentrating on the problem of literature. It need not be concerned with marketing, advertising, packaging or selling. Needless to say, like other publishing ventures it has met with the problems of upkeep and overhead. Even newsletters and stamps get to be expensive. However, its greatest problem is the psyche of the unpublishable writer, his fear of association with "amateur" writers or his suspicion that others will confuse a writer's cooperative with a vanity press or with subsidy publishing. A vanity press is a commercial publishing house which is in business for profits. A writer pays all or a sizable portion of the publishing expenses. The vanity press, as its name suggests, appeals to the ego of the writer who will pay anything to see his name in print, and he is frequently "conned" into paying a great deal. He is often lured with the idea of flashy advertisements and reviews which are almost never forthcoming once his book is published. The Writers' Cooperative does not promise fame, big money, or the possibility of a movie contract. It promises to consider your book, publish it if the editorial committee agrees to it, supply you with readers and a newsletter in which your readers can respond to your work. It promises to create a literary community spirit.

Mr. Robbins has described the cooperative as a "drop out" organization. It was organized for the purpose of giving writers a chance "to drop out of

what was obviously an unsatisfactory system and to create an alternative system — to drop out of an exploitive, merchandising system that had lost sight of the value of literature as literature and to create an alternative, cooperative distribution system that would attempt to emphasize literary values."

As Gutenberg said to Caxton: "The Writers' Cooperative is an idea whose time has come." * * *

*For further information, write to: Writers' Cooperative, 2501 Park Row East, Montreal 262, Quebec.

Women and film etc.

Alberta women take to the road in a *Media Van* crammed with good things.

by Trish Smith

Last summer women in Canada heard about or attended, the Women & Film: International Festival 1973, a tour of films made by women, that was hosted in eighteen different centres across Canada, for one, two, or three days.

Although the co-ordination of the Festival was done in Toronto, co-organization was done by women in each of

Women trying to bring about better standards of living for themselves and their families need not only information, but also the support of other women.

the centres. In October 1973, one woman from each of the centres attended an evaluation conference in Toronto. Out of this conference came a shadowy plan for a national project in 1974 — a touring van that would travel throughout rural areas, holding workshops on media, making literature available, or their resources known, etc. Admittedly vague, the next step was to return home, approach women there and draw up proposals relevant to the needs of women in their region or province. The final national project would be pulled together during a second conference in early 1974. That second conference has come and gone, but the work goes on.

In Alberta we have a loose network of women supporting the core groups in Edmonton and Calgary who are searching out sources of technical knowledge, don-

Out of this conference came a shadowy plan for a national project in 1974.

ations of equipment, time, services & money, and drawing up proposals for grant monies. One of the other important jobs is to set up the route plans, facilities, and to determine what the needs of these women are.

Briefly, the general plan for Alberta:

In the preliminary stages (pre-tour months) much of the time will need to be spent gathering endorsements of the project, fund-raising, pulling together materials and equipment — including a van

from somewhere — going out to the towns we propose to visit, in order to help the women there set up committees to do the advance and promotional work and to define what the women in their area would like to see or do. We would like to encourage local women to make use of the three days spent in their towns by the van tour, to display their own work — arts, crafts, literature, photography, etc. — and possibly hold mini-workshops in their own field. In our contacts with women so far there is a clear indication of common frustrations: feelings of isolation from information and from one another; lack of opportunity for expression and participation in areas of concern; lack of means to come together and draw confidence from common ground and acquire the skills to express solidarity and to effect change. Women are trying to bring about better standards of living for themselves and their families — physically, nutritionally,

Media is no longer the rich man's toy, or the Ivy League's territory.

economically, legally and emotionally — and need not only the information, but also the support of other women.

The focus of the tour will be to carry various materials that will provide basic information and allow women to work with media. In regards to media, the emphasis will be on the production process as a learning experience, not on the polished end product. By sharing our knowledge of media with other women, stimulation through learning the skills to express themselves and developing confidence in their own potential would, we hope, lead to an increased awareness of both their selves and the potentials of media as a form of communication accessible to them for presenting their concerns, interests and work. Media is no longer the rich man's toy, or the Ivy

The emphasis will be on the production process as a learning experience, not on the polished end product.

cont. on page 44

Suppose further that more than just an intense desire, children have a genuine need to emulate the most profound of relationships they know, the mother-child interaction. It is generally acknowledged that children have needs for affection, approval or 'love' (the word is almost always used in a one-sided sense — something parents give to children). After all we exploit these needs in order to socialize children. Much less is heard of the child's own need to love or more particularly to be involved actively in an interactive love relationship with other human beings. To me it seems preposterous that we can speak of needs for being loved without speaking of a reciprocal need to love. To do so imparts to 'love' somewhat the same qualities as a laundry soap — one pours in the appropriate amount to do the job. But preposterous or not I have known many parents who denied themselves and their children rich interactive human relationships in order that they could be affectionate and approving at the *appropriate* times — when the child *deserved* it, or when *tey* was hurt.

If children do experience a need to love and nurture very early in their lives, as soon as the infant begins to recognize itself as distinct from the mother, what happens to it as the child grows? Clearly little girls can manage some satisfaction of this need. They are at least allowed to play with dolls, they get reinforcement for practising the nurturant role, and they are allowed to continue their close interactive relationships with their mothers more frequently, and for longer periods of time than boys.

But what happens to little boys? They are seldom allowed to play with dolls, and encouraged to give doll play up earlier, if it is allowed in the first place. They often get severely negative reinforcement for practising the nurturant role (Sissy!) and are discouraged from continuing the close interactive affectionate relationship they enjoyed with their mothers as infants. (Little girls are usually cuddled until a much later age than little boys, by both mothers and fathers.) The only way for a male to reestablish himself in a close interactive relationship with a child (or even with a female, the way he related to his mother as an infant) is to grow up and get married. But by this time he is usually debilitated in his capacity to relate, especially to children, if for no other reason than sheer lack of practice. He has had no opportunity to build up a response system. He literally doesn't

know what to do with a baby or a small child. So he invests more in possessing the child than in relating to it directly — in controlling it rather than interacting with it. These are responses which he *has* learned to make as he grew up, responses which are encouraged and valued in a capitalistic society. In an attempt to love his child, the father can succeed mostly in denying it freedom.

A young train porter who was attracted to Jude informed me with some pride that he had not allowed his wife to nurse their baby. If she were nursing, he said, then he would be excluded from the relationship. This way he too could care for the child, and feed it in the night.

The mother-child relationship also suffers from this frustration of the male desire or need to love his children. Male experts tell women how to raise their children. Male doctors encourage women to stop nursing their babies at six months (the point at which a good nursing relationship is usually established). Husbands become distressed if their wives "love the baby too much." And so mothers follow inhuman routines, put their babies away from their bodies, and leave them to cry in isolated cribs. Deprived of a prototype for the love-relationship, the child too cannot love. Still motivated by *ter* needs, the child may become an idealist, but *tey* will always pay for the absence of love with the loss of personal freedom.

Jude wanted to love Kitty cat. His failure to obtain a gratifying response from her caused him to attempt to force or control her. She lost her freedom. He remained dissatisfied, however, and continued to hope that she would respond to his care and affection. At one point we thought that might not be possible, because she saw him as a threat to her. But gradually she learned to stand up for herself. Now she slaps him, tackles him and chews him up, communicating with but never injuring him. She is becoming affectionate and she especially loves to play games with him, most of which she 'invents' and initiates herself.

Perhaps an understanding of the need or desire of *all* humans to love and nurture others, to enjoy relationships of the same nature as their actual or idealized relationships with their mothers, could reorient our thinking in terms of child-rearing, making it possible for both males and females to derive gratification from loving, cuddling, caring for and interacting with babies, and (by establishing security in these matters), could relieve

the present system of its burdens of control and possessiveness, so inhibiting and frustrating to the growing child. Mothers can stop listening to the male experts on child-rearing, and begin following their own intuitions and emotions in interacting with their infants. Fathers can stop posing as authority figures. Mothers and fathers both can begin treating children as human beings — equal in humanness, even if handicapped physically during the earliest part of life — and stop using power against them.

Adults can, like Jude, use force to control those with whom we cannot form gratifying or interactive relationships. But we do, after all, have certain capacities which Jude, at two, has not yet developed. We can be more patient, respond to frustration with things other than force and anger (sometimes), recognize that most things we believe in are not absolutes, and above all, recognize the sources of our actions even when we don't like them.

*Tey, ter and tem are genderless singular pronouns. Derived from the plural forms they, their and them, *tey* is equivalent to he/she, *ter* to his/her and *tem* to her/him.

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LITERATURE

a new or transitional woman. They wore jeans, and their stance was cocky and confident. Definitely not 'seemly.'

Many delegates (myself among them) commented upon the number of strong female characters which can be found in the literatures of both English and French Canada. Often they are survivors, as Margaret Atwood notes, but *not* victims. The delegates tended to see survival as an expression of affirmation and joy. 'Women in Canadian Literature' is an intimidatingly large field. Can we generalize about a fictional female population which Alec Lucas estimated at approximately 22,000 characters? Nevertheless the delegates dared to do just that, pointing both to individual female fictional characters of distinction (such as Gabrielle Roy's Rose-Anna in *The Tin Flute* or Luzina Tousignant in *Where Nests the Water Hen*) and to patterns in the experience of the fictional women. Canadian novelists are currently engaged in forging the uncreated conscience of their race, and this includes (and frequently features) the experiences and convictions of the women who are subject to all the stresses of a rapidly changing society.

Margaret Anderson said that in order to get *The Doll's House* performed in Germany in the late nineteenth century, Ibsen had to rewrite the ending and have Norah return to her dolls. The spiritual descendants of the original and unrepentant Norah left this conference on Canadian women amid brilliant sunshine. Golden birch leaves, obscured earlier by rain, glowed on the hills round Lac Simon. I thought of the phrase "the tran-

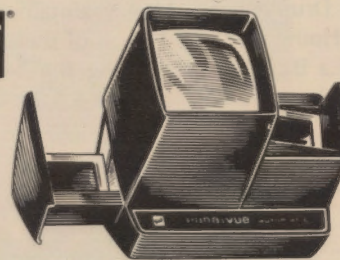
sitional woman," a phrase used more than once at the conference. Transitional types are forged in response to problems and pressures in a time of rapid cultural change. I believe that such women are being forged by the times we live in and by women's determination to survive amid these pressures. To survive, and grow.

Dr. Patricia Morley teaches *Canadian Literature* at Sir George Williams University. She was invited to attend the October Conference at Lac Simon.

* * *

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FILM

Leagues' territory; instead it is a vehicle that can and should be employed towards social action, consciousness, and personal expression.

As well as the different media equipment (VTR, AV, 16mm, 35mm, sound systems, booked films, darkroom equipment, etc.), we plan to include books, publications, music, prints, arts, crafts, posters, information on law, health, children's toys, books, play materials and films, and anything else that proves to be relevant to the regions en route.

The tour will visit rural centres, hopefully drawing on the entire area around each town. Tentatively to date the towns will be: Peace River, Grande Prairie, Hinton, Jasper, Banff, Ft. McLeod, Medicine Hat, Drumheller, Stettler, Rocky Mountain House, Vegreville, Cold Lake, and Lac La Biche. Initial contact will be made via letter, then a pre-tour meeting with the area facilitators and their committees, then the tour itself. There will be a second tour, this time for only one day (unlike the

perhaps they will be used by individuals who learned some of the techniques originally during the workshops, to further develop their skills and knowledge and to produce their own work.

Women affected by the tour will be invited to send their comments and evaluation of the tour, so that final evaluation will be seen from both sides, that of the facilitators and that of the participants.

When we shift into the planning stages for 1975 the comments will be invaluable in deciding the focus of the next project, since we are always trying to present avenues and possibilities that women have expressed a desire or need for. Each of the provinces and the Territories have maintained that the needs of the women of their particular area be met; this shall be the basic tenet of the national Women & Film Etc.

To date, all work on the project has been done entirely through volunteer time of the women involved, generally women with jobs, studies, families, other commitment loads, any combination, or all, of these time consumers, and personal lives as well. If you are interested, have ideas, work (arts, crafts, book sources, photography, music ...) you are certainly welcomed.

If you know sources of equipment, services, anything about grants, 'people-to-know', media techniques, if you are a 'person-to-know' and interested in what it is we are trying to do, please get in touch with us. There's a lot of work to be done, the more minds and hands the better....

Calgary Contact: Carol Sills, 2312 1st. N.W., 276-3297; Edmonton Contact: Trish Smith, 8826 100St., 433-9824.

Once the tour itself is over the good things in motion won't stop happening.

first — three day workshops) coming back either just before or just after harvest, in order to allow the women to see what was done by other women in the province. A newsletter linking centre to centre will establish connections and will grow through on-the-road entries, leading to participation of women throughout the province in a continuing provincial newsletter.

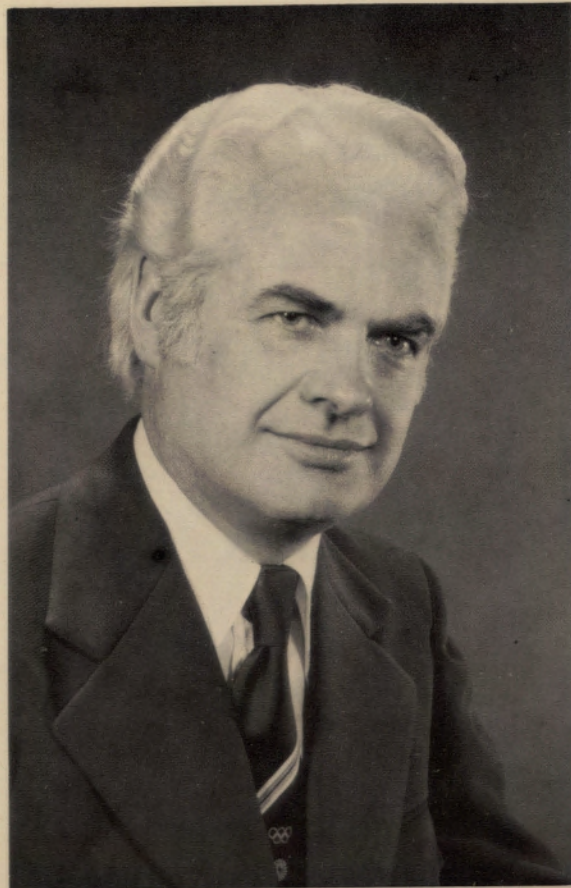
Once the tour itself is over the good things in motion won't stop happening. Women in contact via the workshops and newsletters can maintain personal contact with other women in the province, find out what's happening in government, the arts, the Women's Movement, make their own contributions, interests and concerns known. VTR equipment is available in most schools throughout this province —



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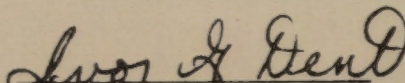


GOOD WISHES TO *BRANCHING OUT*

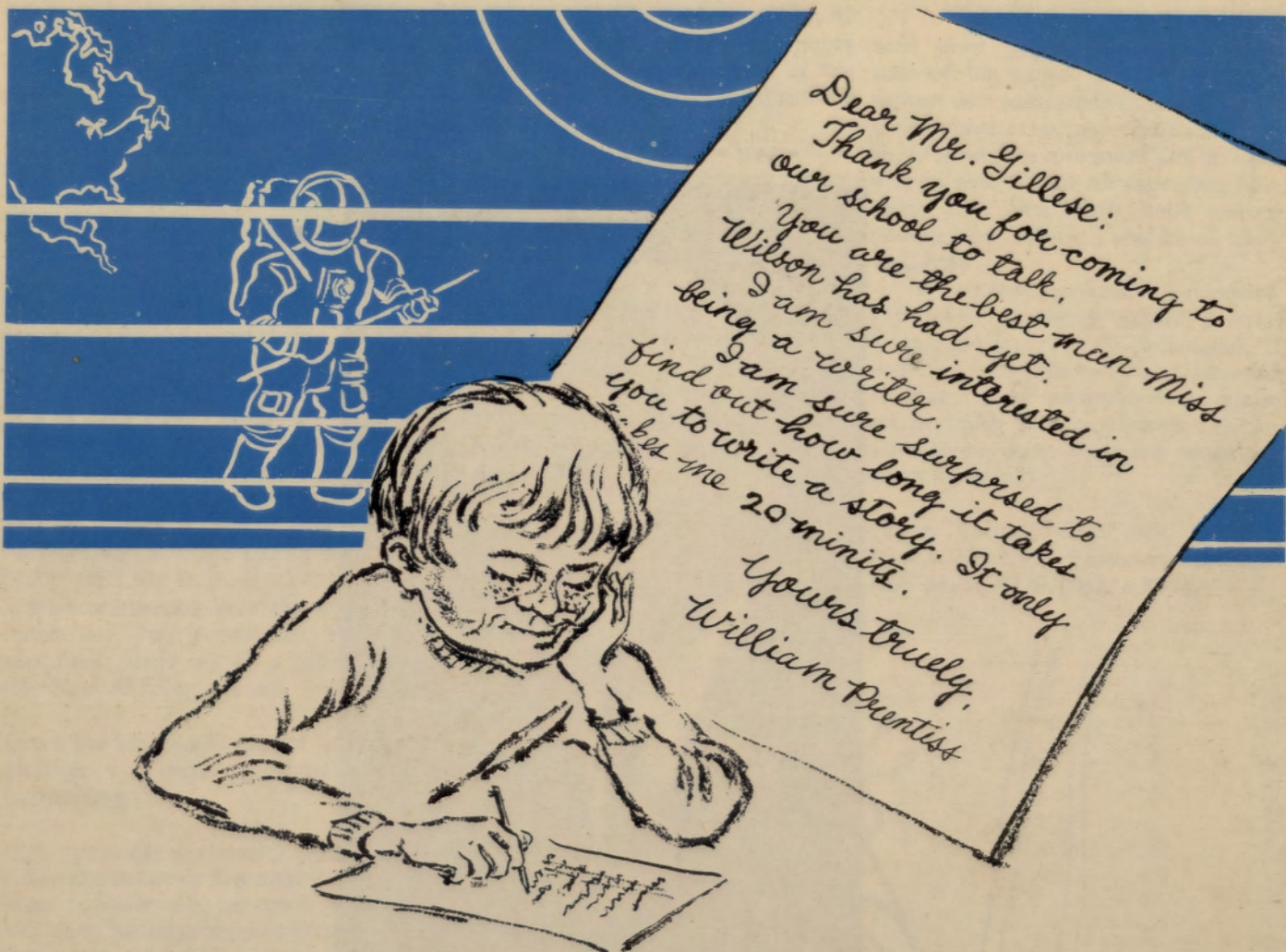
On behalf of the members of Council, the Commissioners, and the City of Edmonton, I extend congratulations and good wishes to the publishers of *Branching Out*. Your enthusiasm and your enterprise are worthy of praise, since the development of a new magazine of national interest to women is an ambitious but very worthwhile undertaking.

We wish you well, and thank you for bringing to the women of Edmonton, as well as those from across the nation, a new avenue for literary talent, and a new source of vital and relevant information.

May you have a happy and productive future.


Ivor G. Dent
MAYOR





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