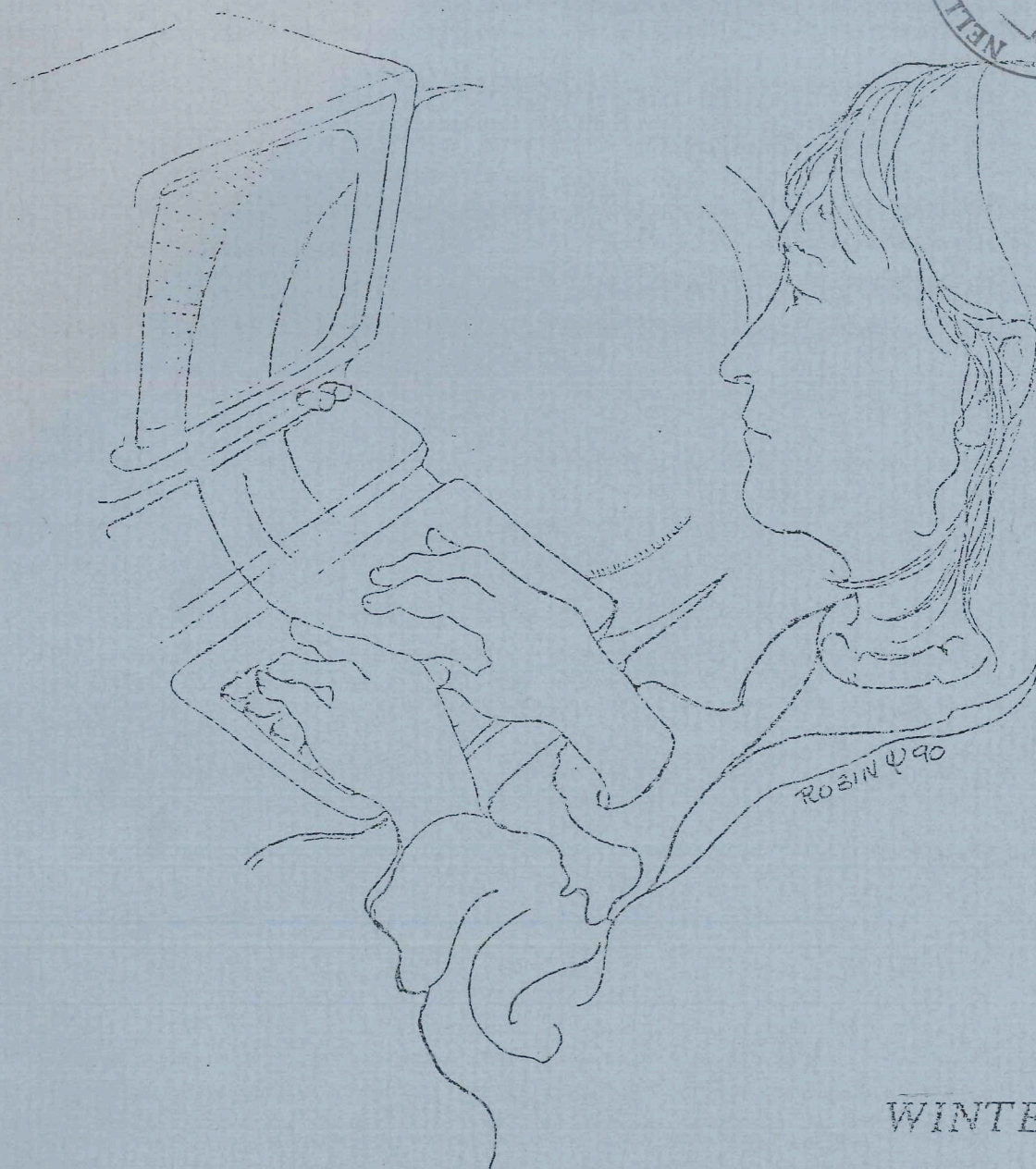


TAPESTRY

A FEMINIST QUARTERLY



WINTER 89/90
\$2.00

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The views expressed in TAPESTRY are those of the authors' and do not necessarily reflect those of the Tapestry collective or The Vernon Women's Centre.

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Vernon Women's Centre

The Vernon Women's Centre is primarily a resource centre of information pertinent to issues of concern and interest to women. We are a registered society and are supported by fees, donations, fundraising and government grants.

Our resource library contains non-fiction, governmental and non-governmental reports as well as novels, poetry and prose.

In addition to TAPESTRY we offer workshops, seminars and conferences throughout the year on such topics as:

violence against women
sexual harassment
human rights
sex role stereotyping
childcare
pay equity
homemakers pensions
the physically challenged
visible and invisible minorities
women in conflict with the law
employment standards
reproductive hazards
non-traditional work
pornography
prostitution
world peace
the environment

The Vernon Women's Centre is located at #6 - 3000 - 30th St. in Vernon B.C. Office hours are: Monday-Thursday 9a.m. to 4p.m. Friday 9a.m. to 1p.m.

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CO-ORDINATOR'S REPORT

The theme for this issue of TAPESTRY, "Working Women", was chosen last Fall. It is impossible to print it now without reference to the Montreal Massacre. The deaths of fourteen young women who were being educated as engineers will send after shocks through the community for a long time to come.

Local students in schools and colleges felt the need to reflect and ask questions, often uncomfortable and unanswerable questions. Women we know in non-traditional workplaces have told us how vulnerable and visible they have suddenly become. We can see that the movement of women into the paid workforce, the non-traditional workforce, is still a movement that is resisted. It is still a movement which demands public education and debate. This issue of TAPESTRY is dedicated to that debate in the memory of the fourteen students of L'Ecole Polytechnique

We have, as usual, a pot-pourri of material drawn partly from local writers but including reprints of articles which we think should receive wider publication. We are happy to have found, for example, an essay by Nellie McClung which is still as relevant and witty today as when it was published, sixty years ago. The text of Jeannette Armstrong's keynote speech to The National Symposium on Aboriginal Women of Canada has been gleaned from the Status of Women Journal because of its relevance to our theme.

We are also glad to have both poetry and prose from local contributors such as Susan Milburne, Teresa Murphy, Joanna Lundy and Luanne Armstrong.

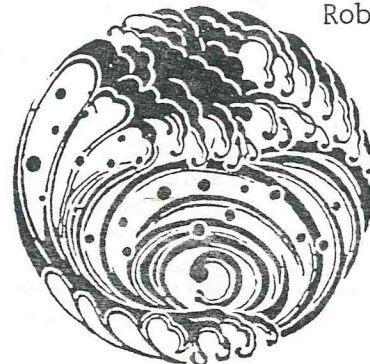
As the co-ordinator I want to give special thanks to Marcia Browne for the work she has done over the last two years in editing TAPESTRY. Marcia is moving on in her education and is hoping to train a new editor. It will not be easy to replace her.

I have found the last few months as the co-ordinator of the Vernon Women's Centre to be exciting and rewarding. I have enjoyed being the spokesperson for the BC&Yukon Association of Women's Centres, helping to obtain funding and lobbying on behalf of women's centres across the region.

I have also had a number of speaking engagements and interviews in the wake of the Montreal Massacre and have used the opportunities to develop my ideas on Redefining Liberation.

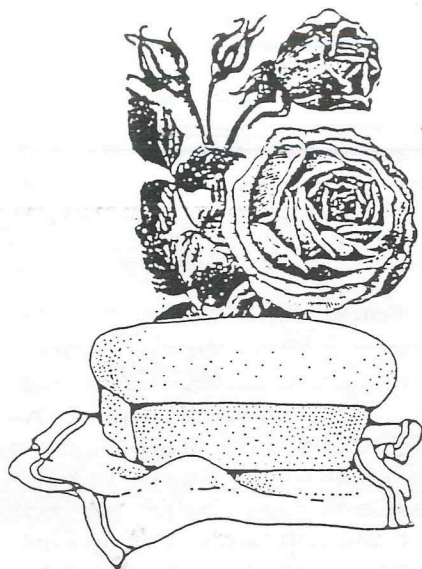
The Vernon Women's Centre continues to become more involved with other community agencies, finding that participation in such coalitions as the Community Health Education Advisory Committee enables us meet our objectives much more effectively. It feels far more rewarding to be working within powerful institutions as an equal rather than scratching at the door or complaining about not being included.

Robin Ledrew



INTERNATIONAL WOMEN'S DAY

MARCH 8, 1990



The beginnings of International Women's Day can be traced to 1909, when 30,000 female garment workers in New York's Lower East Side marched in the streets, nearly shutting down the garment industry. The women called for an end to the long hours and low wages; they wanted the right to form unions, and they demanded an end to unhealthy and hazardous working conditions. Although the strike ended when working conditions were improved, employers continued to ignore basic safety regulations. Shock rang through the community when 175 garment workers died in a fire at the Triangle Shirtwaist Company on March 25, 1911. Charges were laid, but the employer was found not guilty.

However, the courage of the New York garment workers in the general strike of 1909 was inspiring to women from 17 countries meeting at the Second International Conference of Socialist Women in Copenhagen in 1910.

Clara Zetkin, a German feminist and socialist, proposed that women the world over should set aside a particular day each year to commemorate women and their struggles. The conference unanimously approved the motion, and International Women's Day was begun. The first International Women's Day was held in 1911 in Germany, Austria, Denmark, and other European countries. The largest demonstration was in Austria, where 30,000 women and men marched in the streets.

As women organized and protested, demanding the vote, fair working conditions, and social change, "bread and roses" became the rallying cry; bread, to represent the struggle for economic security; roses, to represent a better life. The demand for "Bread and Roses" became the slogan of women mill workers in Lawrence, Massachusetts in the Textile Strike of 1912. James Oppenheim was inspired to write *Bread and Roses* to commemorate the women's struggle. Bread and roses continues to be a symbol for International Women's Day as women work for economic equality and a better world.

BREAD AND ROSES

*As we go marching, marching,
in the beauty of the day,
A million darkened kitchens,
a thousand mill lofts gray,
Are touched with all the radiance,
that a sudden sun discloses,
For the people hear us singing,
BREAD AND ROSES, BREAD AND ROSES!*

*As we go marching, marching,
we battle too for men,
For they are women's children,
and we mother them again.
Our lives shall not be sweated,
from birth until life closes,
Hearts starve as well as bodies,
GIVE US BREAD, BUT GIVE US ROSES!*

*As we go marching, marching,
unnumbered women dead,
Go crying through our singing,
their ancient call for bread.
Small art and love and beauty,
their drudging spirits knew,
YES, IT IS BREAD WE FIGHT FOR,
BUT WE FIGHT FOR ROSES, TOO!*

*As we go marching, marching,
we bring the greater days,
The rising of the women means,
the rising of the race.
No more the drudge and idler,
tired that toil where one reposes,
But a sharing of life's glories,
BREAD AND ROSES, BREAD AND ROSES!*

James Oppenheim

REDEFINING LIBERATION

by Robin Ledrew

Recently, thanks to the work of feminist archaeologist Marija Gimbutas and author Riane Eisler we have a much clearer picture of pre-patriarchal European society. We now have well documented archaeological evidence for the existence of non-hierarchical, egalitarian societies in Neolithic times. These complex communities were marked by a lack of obvious class differences, lack of fortifications and weapons and an apparent equal relationship between men and women.

Riane Eisler (The Chalice and the Blade) has called these societies "Gylanic", a term which links the greek syllables for woman and man with a syllable denoting equality or partnership.

According to Gylanic theory the rise of patriarchy or male ruled societies was a survival tactic in response to harsh environmental conditions, constant warfare and small populations.

This is a most exciting proposition because if sexism arose as an adaption to harsh environment then gender division was not a simply a cruel invention of men. In other words men were not to blame for the existence of sexism. And in fact it is possible that men have also been damaged by the institution of sexism although less directly than women.

Women have seldom been in any doubt that they were the losers in the battle of the sexes. Women have had the most to gain (and the least to lose) from the ending of sexism. Women have understood their position to be

little better than slavery throughout much of history and have gained a measure of solidarity from this perception.

Men, on the other hand, have not been nearly so ready to see sexism as their burden as well. Men have actually had something to lose in the elimination of sexism - the illusion of power. This illusion of power has sugar coated the pill of men's experience. Millions of men have agreed to be slaughtered in wars, grateful to their gods that at least they were not born women.

Because of the misperception that the elimination of sexism is a "women's struggle" against men - the women's liberation movement itself has been seriously co-opted by the hierarchical industrial society.

The symbol for this co-option is for me the series of ads for Virginia Slims cigarettes. The slogan "You've come a long way baby" takes women's dream of equality and uses it to promote an unhealthy consumer fad.

Women's search for equality has been exploited on a very large scale by the industrial economy. We have been an eager docile labour force. Women will work for lower wages than men, tolerate more shift and part-time work, poorer working conditions and less job security. Women's eagerness to work has been used to break unionism. On a global scale liberated women in S.E. Asia and Mexico provide the workforce in the free trade zones which threaten comparatively well paid industrial jobs here in Canada.

The liberation of women into the paid workforce has had a second major effect on the industrial economy. Suddenly the demand for services is booming.

The demand for fast food services, semi-prepared, over-packaged food, take out and drive in restaurants proliferates as women, the cleaners and gardeners and cooks move out of the kitchen and into the workforce.

The demand for child-care services, infant care, 24 hour care, after school care and nannies increases as the family can no longer "afford" to have one adult (usually the woman) at home caring for the children.

IT'S TIME TO BE SUSPICIOUS
WHEN WE SEE HOW WELL OUR
DESIRES FOR LIBERATION ARE
TAILORED TO INDUSTRIAL
GOALS.

The demand for house-cleaning services skyrockets. Molly Maid is the fastest growing franchise in the U.S.

And if two wages are still too low to afford such services what happens? Housework becomes an unevenly divided second workload adding to stress between husband and wife.

Mental Health systems are overworked and private counselling services increase because working men and women are too tired to provide the nurturing necessary to keep each other in the workplace. These tensions make it difficult for the family - that smallest co-operative unit, to survive. But the industrial market place does not care. Smaller units

make for greater consumption of goods and services.

It's time to be suspicious when we see how well our desires for liberation are tailored to industrial goals. And how our liberated lifestyles are dangerously burdening the environment.

In thinking that we simply had to gain the same freedoms as men we have bought the illusion of freedom rather than freedom itself. In just such a fashion the bored rat perceives the treadmill in the next cage as "freedom".

We should well be suspicious because we are not happy. I am not arguing that we should abandon women's liberation (although R.E.A.L women have been saying so for years). I am suggesting that we redefine liberation from sexism in such a way that both women and men are free.

We need to recognize each other for the allies we must be as working people and as human beings. Otherwise, our disunity will continue to feed the military industrial complex and we will not be able to halt the destruction of the world.

How would we go about redefining liberation? I think we have to start by listening to each other as men and women, by listening to how we have each been trapped by the sexism of our society.

We need to hear how female children are abused, silenced, belittled, demeaned and limited in their aspirations; trained for economic dependency and underpaid or not paid at all for valuable and important work.

But we also have to hear how male children are brutalized, forced to compete, isolated from

comfort, forced into economic responsibility and trapped into largely repetitive and meaningless work.

We need to ask for each other simply what has been good and what has been hard about being men and women.

We need to listen to each other without defensiveness understanding that neither women nor men are to blame for the existence of sexism, any more than those men and women in prehistoric societies were to blame for sacrificing men in battle and enslaving women to bear children. But unlike them we know that the strategy of sexism or gender segregation is no longer a viable human strategy and we can decide to change.

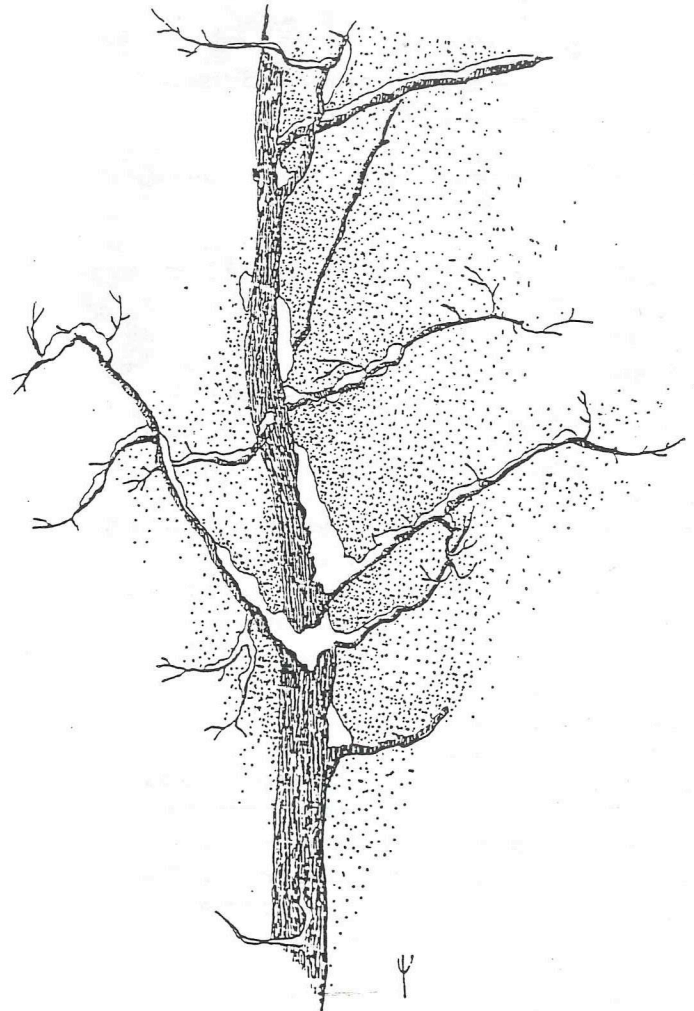
We can start to imagine a society without vast class differences, without vast military budgets, where men and women share the essential work and have equal opportunity to explore their creative potential; a society where co-operation rather than consumerism is the ideal.

We should not imagine that this change will be unopposed. The enemy is no less than the behemoth of the industrialized consumer society. Opposition may be as subtle as advertising or it could be as violent as a fascist dictatorship. We cannot afford to underestimate the resistance we will encounter when we start to eliminate sexism.

But neither should we become overwhelmed at the prospect. Because in another sense "The enemy is us", our own unhealthy patterns, habits and addictions.

In this sense change really begins at home. Choosing to replace blame (of women by men and men by women; of you to your mate and me to mine) with alliance against the divisive pressures of society is the first step. We must choose to make it right for all of us, both men and women if we are to recover that Gylanic paradise.

We lived as equals once. We can do it again. ♀



MARK MY WORDS

by Teresa Murphy

My friend Susan sits on the window ledge of my elder sisters' bedroom and leans out as far as she can before lighting a cigarette. Inhaling slowly, she turns to look appreciatively at my sister Shanny, who is getting ready for a date. Susan and I don't often get inside this room, but my sister, in an unusually friendly mood, has allowed us in today.

Walking slowly through the clutter of clothes, underwear, records, school books and old

plastic purses, Shanny models Susan's new white sweater.

"Do you think it goes better than the green one?" Shanny asks.

"Definitely." says Susan through a mouthful of exhaled smoke. "The blue one doesn't do anything for you."

My sister nods in agreement and walks to the window where Susan moves aside, careful to keep the smoke from blowing in. My sister is always getting caught smoking in the room she shares with another one of my older sisters. And she's always getting grounded for it. Lately she's figured out that if the wind is blowing exactly the right way, it is possible to smoke cigarettes without smoke seeping back into the room. As she is about to exhale her first puff, we hear the phone ringing in the kitchen. Susan and my sister look at one another and quit moving.

"Oh shit," says Susan. "Put it out, quick," as my mother, just home from work yells "Shanny telephone." Shanny butts the cigarette on the outside wall of

the house while Susan grabs a can of hair spray and begins spraying the room. Then they both start laughing and say at the exact same moment, "Wayne" before scrambling across the room to the door. Wayne is my sisters' new boyfriend.

I get up from the bed where I've been sitting and walk down the stairs to the kitchen. It's only been fifteen minutes since my mother's old, rusted, black chevrolet turned into our driveway, but already she's put on dinner. Carrots and potatoes are boiling on the stove and a package of pork chops sits on the counter. My mother who has

always looked old to me, stands at the ironing board in her hospital clothes, a white blouse and navy skirt, and irons my younger sisters' brownie uniform.

My mother is a hospital administrator. Susan has recently decided that she wants to be a hospital administrator too, and is busy telling my mom all about the five A's she got in school and how her dad is going to give her \$5.00 for each one.

My mother turns to me and smiles and I can see she looks tired. She asks me where my nine year old sister Patty is and I tell her she's in the barn.

"Go tell her supper is in fifteen minutes."

Shanny has turned the radio up and is laughing and talking in the animated way she does when Wayne phones. My mother goes back to talking to Susan, asking how Susan's parents are and telling her how much she loves their new car.

I go outside and yell at Patty to come in. When she doesn't answer, I walk out through the yard past the wooden swing set my father built about five years ago, past two cats playing in the grass under the blueberry bushes that are already budding although it's not yet July. At the chicken coop I call again but Patty still doesn't answer so I keep going and have to pick my way through the muck and water, careful not to get my shoes muddy.

At the barn door I call again and can see Patty lying face down on a bale of hay. Our old dog Melinda is licking her hand and whining. For a second I think Patty's been kicked in the head by the old horse someone gave her last year, or fainted and I'm just about to start running to the house when I hear her blubbering. I walk over and sit down on the bale and shake her scrawny shoulder.

"I miss dad" she says quietly without turning around.

"Come on to the house. Supper's in ten minutes," I reply.

"Don't you miss him?" she asks. I tell myself to be calm and try to keep my voice steady when I reply.

"No. He was a jerk."

I turn and walk out of the barn, retracing my steps through the muck and as I near the house I can hear my mother and Susan talking and Shanny still laughing into the phone. I slam the screen door and my mother, always alert, asks me what's wrong.

"Patty's crying in the barn again." Susan and my mother exchange concerned looks and Susan says in a very grown up voice, "She's so sensitive, isn't she. Your mom and I were just talking about that."

This doesn't bother me at all. Ever since I can remember, Susan has been treated like an adult by everyone, especially my mother. Susan is a year younger than I am, but she's always seemed eons older. She and my mother are forever having long conversations about women and work, which doesn't interest me that much.



Jewels Graphics

My mother puts the iron down in the little metal disk on the counter and goes outside to get Patty. Susan gets up and starts putting pork chops in a frying pan and opening cupboards looking for salt and pepper.

I sit down at the oval shaped, white arborite kitchen table and see from the clock on the wall above the fridge that it's already 6:00 o'clock. Patty has to be at brownies by 7:00 so

we'll have to rush dinner. It bothers me that we're always rushing around since my mother went back to work. I sometimes wish she could just stay home like most other mothers.

Shanny stops laughing and says to Wayne that if he's coming to pick her up she'd better get off the phone. Almost the second she hangs up, the phone rings and she picks it up and says hello in that fake nice voice she uses when she thinks it might be one of the boys who are always phoning for her.

"Just a minute." she says, and covering the phone, mouths to Susan, who is turning pork chops, "Your mother." Susan rolls her eyes and goes to the phone.

My mother comes in holding Patty's hand and talking quietly to her and patting her on the head and tells her to go and put on her brownie uniform. Mom tells me to set the table and as I move past her to the silverware drawer, she hugs me from behind. I struggle to get away and she teases me saying, "Touchy, touchy, aren't we." I hear Susan telling her mother that she want to stay here for dinner and that we really do have enough.

As I start putting out the forks and napkins, I'm half listening to my mother asking who wants to go shopping tomorrow, when I hear Susan say, "Oh come on. Okay, okay." Then she asks me in a very formal tone, something like a British accent, "We request that you come to dinner, my mother and I, to the White Spot." Then she screws up her face and says "Please." My mother says, "Oh how nice. Of course she'll go."

Susan and I walk slowly up the road past about a quarter mile of farms toward the new sub-

division where Susan lives.

Susan's father Teddy, is a bank manager who makes a lot of money, according to my mother. As Susan and I climb the front steps to the white, double doors that lead into her house, Susan suddenly remembers the cigarettes bulging in her pants pocket and runs to hide them in the hedge that borders the lawn.

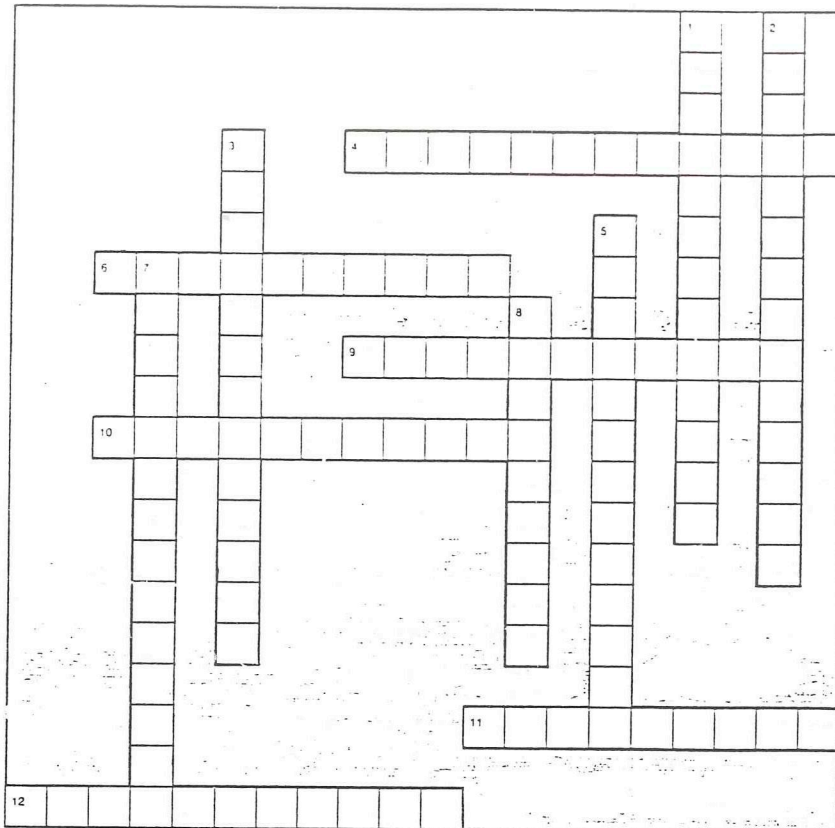
As we open the door, I smell Susan's mother's perfume, Evening In Paris. I also smell baking, and there on top of avocado coloured counters are trays and trays of little fruit tarts. I grimace when I see the counters, remembering the time I complimented Mrs. Burke on the green counters, fridge and stove and how she had corrected me with, "Avocado, dear."

Mrs. Burke is sitting at the avocado kitchen table painting her perfect finger nails with pearly pink polish.

"It's about time." she says, getting up. She's wearing a pretty, fluffy, yellow blouse that I love and the sandals Susan and I secretly wear when she is out. Susan's mother is only thirty-five years old, twelve years younger than my mother, and she's everything I want in a mother. She is slim, goes to the hairdresser once a week, has a cleaning woman and always wears make-up, even to bed. Sometimes when we all go for a walk on the dyke, I pretend she's my mother and practice smiling with all my teeth showing, just the way she smiles.

Mrs. Burke, who tells people that she doesn't have to work, spends her time with her friend Dorothy, going to colonial furniture sales. From her I have learned the difference between colonial and canadiana and know exactly what to look for in an end table. My mother once said

CANADIAN WOMEN I



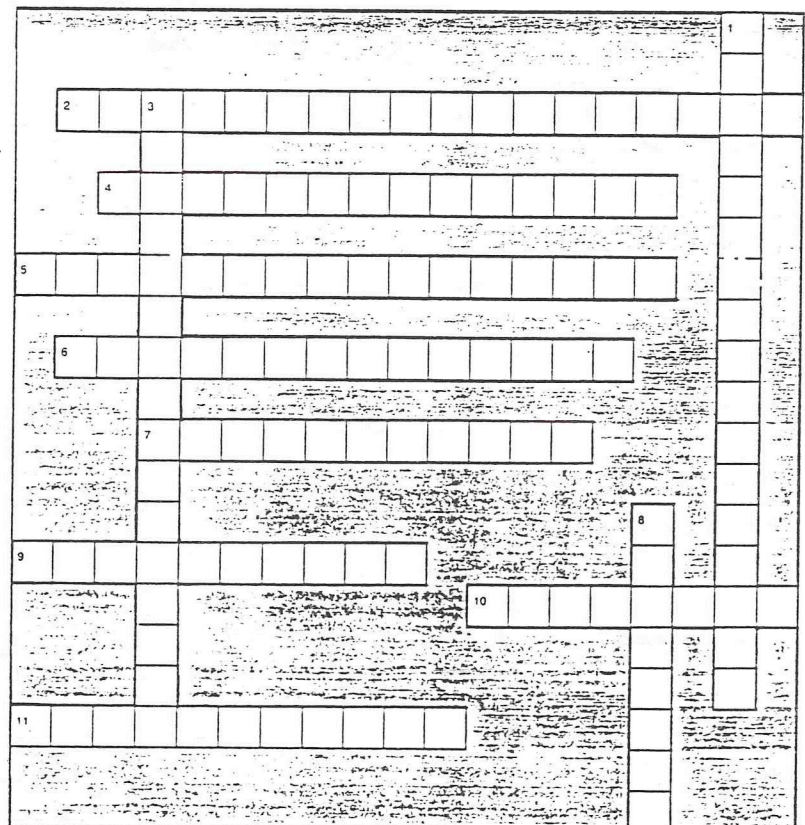
ACROSS

4. She practiced medicine as Dr. James Barry.
6. First woman doctor licensed to practice in Canada.
9. Loyalist who warned Canadian forces of an impending American attack.
10. Olympic Gold Medalist in skiing.
11. Writer and great artist of B.C.
12. Internationally famous researcher in congenital cardiac disease.

DOWN

1. Pioneer who wrote *Roughing It In the Bush*.
2. Leadership candidate of the Conservative Party; Secretary of State.
3. Active in Manitoba and Alberta politics in areas of social reform and women's rights.
5. First woman member of House of Commons.
7. Prolific contemporary author.
8. Dancer with the National Ballet of Canada.

CANADIAN WOMEN II



ACROSS

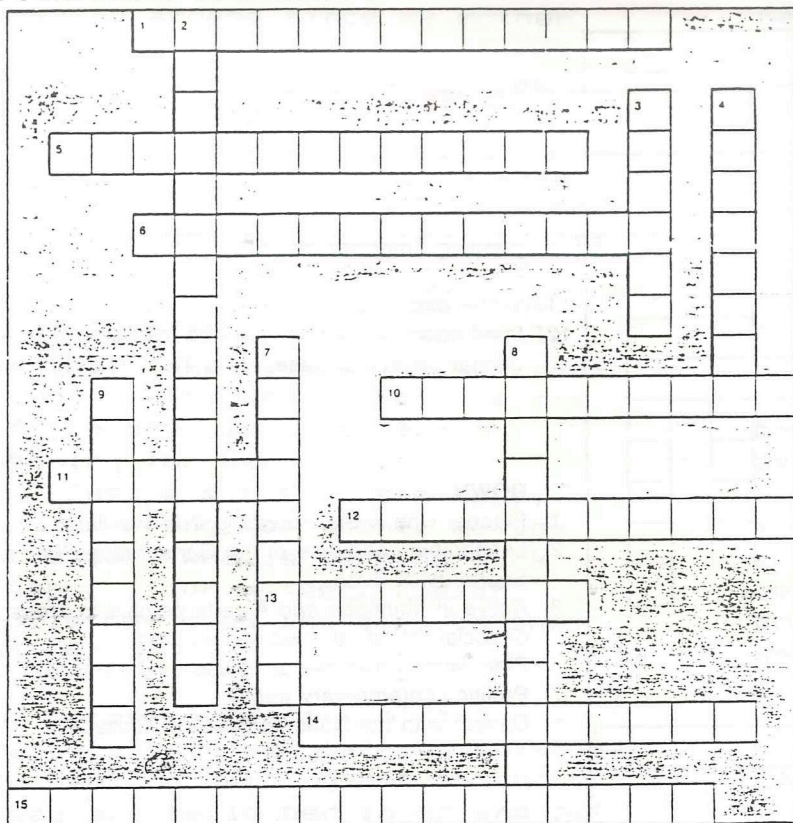
2. Author of *Anne of Green Gables*.
4. Author of *The Legends of Vancouver* and *Flint and Feathers*, she was an Indian princess.
5. Organized farm women in Alberta, Manitoba and Ontario; won O.B.E. for services to rural women.
6. Pioneer who described her life in *The Backwoods of Canada*.
7. Leader of the women who fought and won the "Person's Case."
9. President and organizer of group of women pilots who wanted to aid other women interested in flying.
10. B.C. newspaper publisher.
11. First secular nurse in North America.

DOWN

1. Naturalist and authority on the flora of the Yukon; second woman in House of Commons.
3. First woman mayor in Canada.
8. Internationally famous for her accurate predictions of the size and quality of the wheat crop.

answers to crossword
puzzles on page 28

FAMOUS WOMEN I



ACROSS

1. First woman to fly the Atlantic.
5. She had an American dollar coin named after her.
6. She wrote and illustrated books about rabbits.
10. She was an Indian princess and diplomat.
11. A Greek poet who lived about 600 BC.
12. Scientist and two-time Nobel Prize winner.
13. A circus girl who rose to become Empress of Rome.
14. Prima ballerina, she lived 1885-1931.
15. She had two kings as husbands and two kings as sons.

DOWN

2. Powerful mistress of a king and patron of the arts.
3. The Viking woman who bore the first European child born in the New World.
4. Empress of India.
7. A queen of Egypt, she lived 69-30 B.C.
8. An author of 11th century Japan.
9. Military leader and saint.

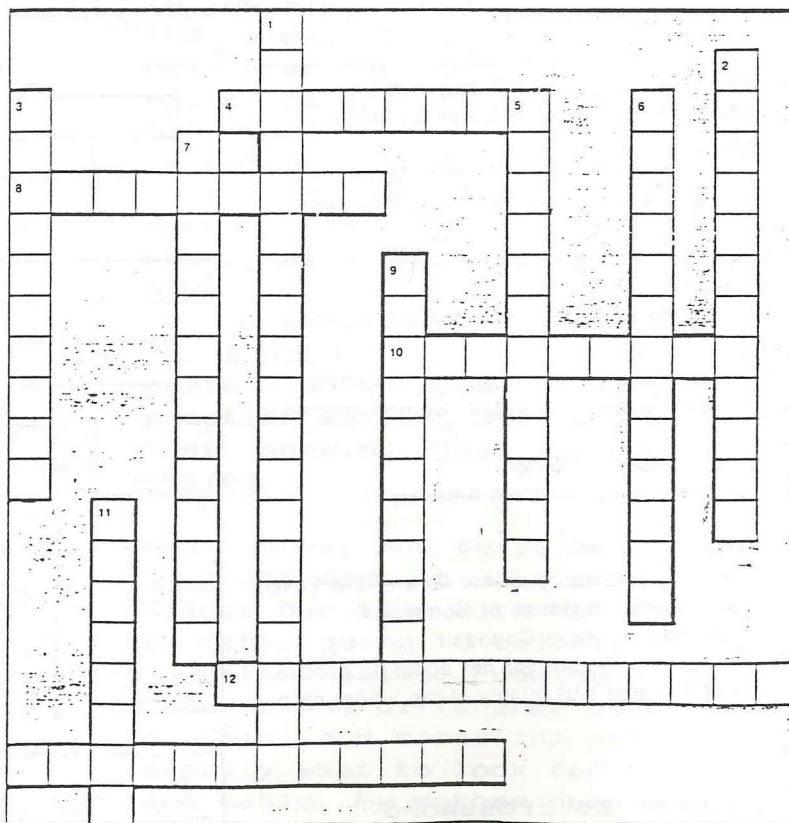
FAMOUS WOMEN II

ACROSS

1. Warrior Celtic queen who led the Britons to victory over the Romans.
8. Stateswoman and Prime Minister of Israel.
10. First American woman in space.
12. Actress who slept in a coffin, she lived 1844-1923.
13. American anthropologist.

DOWN

1. She nursed English soldiers in the Crimean War.
2. Contemporary, she works with the world's needy.
3. The first gymnast to score a 10 in Olympic competition.
5. Teacher of Helen Keller.
6. She wrote *A Room Of One's Own*.
7. American slave who began the Underground Railway.
9. American Blues singer, 1893-1937.
11. Famous spy.



answers to crossword
puzzles on page 28

YOU BETTER SHOP AROUND

by Teresa Murphy

At 8:40 on a drizzly Tuesday morning as Tracy races down the back wing of Kitsilano Secondary School, she looks pretty much like any other Grade 11 student rushing to be on time for class. But when she pulls open door 520, it becomes clear that Tracy isn't just any other student. She and four others are special. They are the only female students who have chosen to spend three mornings a week learning auto mechanics from industrial education teacher John Heselton.

Amid the noise of idling engines, faulty muffler systems and grinders, Tracy explains why she's taking Auto-Mech 11/12. "I just want to know more about what goes on in cars. I didn't know anything when I started. Now I think, 'Why should my mum pay \$30 for an oil change when I can do it?'" Classmate Yvonne agrees. "The main purpose is to be able to do the stuff yourself. Now I can. The cost of little repairs adds up."

This practical intelligent attitude toward auto mechanics would, no doubt, win the admiration of two other special people, teachers Helen Morrish and Teri Young. They have the distinction of being the only women among 1200 industrial education teachers in B.C. And despite their having had, as teenagers, the same practical attitude towards mechanics, their experiences were very different from those of Tracy and classmates.

Asked to recall some key experiences in an almost 15 year struggle to achieve a career in

a field for which she had the aptitude as a child, Morrish says "There are too many." Yet important events stay in her memory. Having grown up on a farm in St. Frances Ontario, Morrish remembers tinkering with machinery as a child. "But girls weren't allowed to take auto mechanics in school then." Far worse is her memory of a re-builders apprenticeship in 1973. "The Status of Women had been complaining that not enough women were being accepted into apprenticeships. The employers were saying that women weren't capable." Chosen by an employer because at 5'3" and 110 pounds she was the smallest candidate and therefore the least likely to succeed, Morrish proved that capability has nothing to do with stature. She ended up being "foreman" of the shop for four years before going on to be the only female graduate of diesel mechanics at VVI.

AT 5'3" AND 110 POUNDS SHE WAS THE SMALLEST CANDIDATE AND THEREFORE THE LEAST LIKELY TO SUCCEED.

Young didn't take auto mechanics in school either. Her interest was fuelled first by her father, who had "a mechanical aptitude and a garage stuffed with wood-working equipment." Her interest was further developed when Young entered a 13-week Women's Exploratory Apprenticeship Training Program at PVI, where she gained an overview of a variety of fields from plumbing and drafting to welding and auto mechanics. Unfortunately for women, the program is no longer offered.

From their apprenticeships, both Morrish and Young spent several years developing their talents in various non-traditional fields. Both went on to graduate accelerated programs at the UBC Industrial Teacher Training Program, and both are now teaching in their first jobs in rural communities. "It certainly hasn't been easy," states Morrish, who teaches auto mechanics at J. Lloyd Crowe School in Trail B.C. "There were no role models for me. I had very little encouragement, and my family was appalled. But I just kept plugging away."

Young on the other hand, did have some encouragement. Told by UBC the first time she applied that there weren't any openings, Young went to UVic, where she decided to go into languages. Bill Login, chairperson of UBC's Industrial Education department, contacted Young the following year and persuaded her to change her plans and attend UBC, where a special program was set up for her. "He didn't just encourage me. He insisted that I enrol." Young, who teaches metalwork, electricity and drafting and auto mechanics in Nishgha B.C., obviously flourished under such direct encouragement.

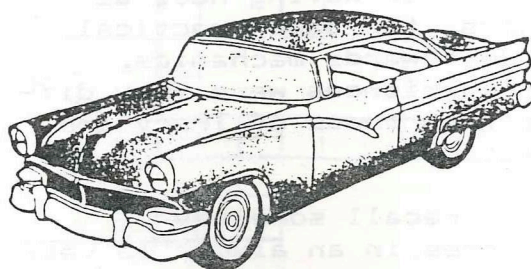
When asked if their communities thank of them as eccentrics or characters, both Morrish and Young admit that it has taken time for some people to accept and respect what they do for a living. "People are surprised, until I open my mouth," says Morrish. "Then they realize that I know what I'm talking about." And according to Young, "It's been an adjustment for some of them, particularly the older boys in the class."

For Tracy and her classmates a Kitsilano Secondary School, an adjustment to a class of boys in a traditionally male environment

has not been easy. "The boys don't make fun of us to our faces any more - only behind our backs," said one student. No doubt it takes a great deal of courage and confidence for the students to walk into a class where many of their classmates have the perspective that young women just don't belong here. Since no female role models exist, boys have not known anything else and may not have considered that a woman might like to make a career of auto-mechanics.

There also seems to be a consensus in the class that boys know more than girls about auto mechanics. This according to Morrish is a fallacy. "In an introductory course, everyone is basically at the same level. The boys may think they know more and talk as if they know more, but they don't really." To counteract the sometimes patronizing attitude of the boys, the girls have both learned new attitudes and new ways of adjusting, as evidenced by Yvonne's remark, "I just don't care who knows more. I'm here to learn."

Morrish and Young both affirm that one of the greatest rewards in teaching industrial education lies in being a role model. "Many of the boys are uncomfortable being told what to do by a woman," states Young. "Since I'm considered one of the strictest teachers in the school, they've come to realize that I'm a teacher trying to teach them and



not just a woman trying to prove something." For female students, the importance of these role models is unprecedented. "There are eight girls taking metalwork who wouldn't have taken it if I hadn't been here," says Young.

Morrish and Young both insist that girls must be encouraged to take industrial education courses as part of the general curriculum. According to Young, students will always have the option of taking academic courses at community colleges and universities, but they may never get the chance to enter non-traditional fields because the apprenticeship programs have such long waiting lists. If female students are not encouraged, they may be giving up their only opportunity to gain an over-view of the broad range of subjects offered through IE courses. And, says Young, "this information is just not being made available to female students. They aren't being encouraged." Morrish agrees.

"Home Ec and Computer Science are our biggest opposition." When asked why she thinks more female students aren't in her class, Tracy acknowledges this all-too-prevalent and dated trend. "Maybe they're just not interested. They're still into cooking and sewing."

Given the information and encouragement, it is evident that female students are willing to explore a secondary school education that includes more than just the academic and secretarial courses. Morrish's and Young's students have proved that. But Morrish and Young can be role models for only so many students. It's up to other teachers to educate students and raise awareness of all the options. Teachers might well be surprised at the results.

They're a good crew," says John Heselton as he watches his female students approach a car with what can only be described as panache. These young women have learned a lot and they are clearly confident. There is a casual arrogance in their attitude, an attitude usually reserved only for teen-aged boys; the implicit sense that no one has ever done it better. These young women have learned well. ♀

We're Worth More!

- The federal government spent \$11 billion on the military and \$11 million on women's equality.
- Last year's federal budget cut 15% from the Secretary of State Women's Program, a major funding source for women's groups across the country. This cut affects us all.
- We are worth more than that! Lots of work remains to be done in our fight for equality and social justice. Let's challenge the government. Let's ask them, where's their commitment to women's equality?

For more information, write: Brian Mulroney,
House of Commons, Ottawa, Canada

And join in your local International Women's Day celebrations and find out what we can do together.

Sponsored by NAC, NOIMWC and NCW



Real Power Aboriginal Women— Past, Present, and Future Jeannette Armstrong

October 19, 1989

Keynote Address prepared for
National Symposium on Aboriginal Women of Canada
University of Lethbridge

We are all very much aware of the history of colonization, which has systematically achieved, through various well-known measures, a breakdown in the structures, upon which the well-being and health of our peoples depended. Our present social conditions bear this out.

What is not as well known, is that the influences of a patriarchal and imperialistic culture upon a people, whose systems were fundamentally co-operative units, has not only been devastating, but de-humanizing to a degree that is unimaginable.

I speak in particular of the damage to the family-clan systems as the base units of social order in aboriginal societies of North America. I speak in specific of the severe and irreversible effects on aboriginal women, and the resultant effect on our nations.

The role of aboriginal women in the health of family systems from one generation to the next, was one of immense power. The immensity of the responsibility of bearer of life and nourisher of all generations, is just becoming dear, in its relationship, to all societal functioning.

In aboriginal society it was woman who shaped the thinking of all its members in a loving, nurturing atmosphere within the base family unit. In such societies, the earliest instruments of governance and law to ensure social order, came from

quality mothering, during childhood.

In our instruments of teaching, the use of non-sexist figures such as animals, provided instructions based on human worth. Our languages contained no words for "he" or "she" as a result of the high elevation of human dignity and personal recognition. The concept of colonization of other people lies outside the perimeters of those whose languages and philosophy is to strive for co-operation and harmony wherever is possible with *all* things, as a *necessary* means to survival. It is impossible to dominate or coerce another when this basic principle is a childhood requisite, in the learning of such a social order.

It was women who controlled and shaped that societal order to the state of such harmony, that in this time of extreme disorder, it seems near impossible.

Let me tell you that upon European contact our societies required no prisons, armies, police, judges or lawyers. Prostitution, rape, mental illness, suicides, homicide, child sexual abuse, and family violence were all unheard of. Physical diseases were at such a minimum that our bodies had no immunities to even simple endemic diseases, upon contact. It was woman that passed on that social order intact from one succeeding generation

to the next.

It was through the attack on this power of aboriginal woman, that the disempowerment of our peoples has been achieved, in a dehumanizing process that is one of the cruellest on the face of this earth. In the attack on the core family system, the direct attack on the role of aboriginal woman resulted in the disintegration of our peoples towards genocide.

It is a fundamental human right for parents to mother, to nurture, to protect and to love their children. It is a fundamental and basic human right that parents raise their own children. It is a fundamental right that parents determine their children's culture and heritage and therefore what their children learn.

These are fundamental human rights that were, and still are, being seized from aboriginal people in this country. Aboriginal children were seized from their homes and forcibly placed in sterile, military-like, hostile institutions called residential schools. These places of horror, were invariably run by people, whose only goal was what they called to "civilize." This process took place during the child's most essential stages of development. The resultant breakdown in our communities, emerged, from helpless parents left with nothing to live for and children raised in racist hostility and dispassion.

The ensuing nightmare of the

effect of that, on our communities has been, what those "Indian problem" statistics are all about. It has been the single most devastating factor at the core of the damage, beyond all the other mechanisms cleverly fashioned to subjugate, assimilate and terminate.

Through out the dehumanizing years which followed, the struggle of aboriginal woman has simply been to serving, under the onslaught of a people steeped in a tradition of hostile cultural supremacy. The struggle has been to survive, to be able to give protection, food and love to our children. The struggle has been just to keep our children with us, as our children were seized from the homes of mothers whose residential school experience deprived them, of essential parenting skills. Parenting skills which could only have been learned through quality parenting of themselves. The struggle has been to keep families together and functioning without any behavioral models but the worse patriarchal, dictatorial models on which to base relationships. The struggle has been to try, when the males stopped struggling, to provide the essentials in an employment atmosphere hostile to all natives and to all women. Many aboriginal women found themselves stripped of their basic rights to family and community support systems through loss of status. The struggle has been to nurture, to protect, to provide and to heal in an environment in which aboriginal women have been trodden to the edge of total despair in a country boasting of its high standards.

Therefore, when I see my sisters in the prisons, on the streets and in their walking coffins, I see where the battle has taken its greatest toll. I see the scars. I see that these women, my sisters, have fought the cruellest of battles on earth. I see them, through eyes of love and compassion. Never disgust. My utter disgust

is for those who feed on the wounded. Who abuse them further with their bodies, their eyes, and their unclean minds. Who dare to think that they are somehow better. I see, that when women of our nations are dying thus, then it is that we are all in danger.

Through all the horror it has been the struggle of those women who survived somehow against all odds to bring healing where they could to their families and nations. It has been the struggle of these women that has maintained some balance, so that their children could survive and contribute to their peoples. It has always been the women, the mothers who provide that chance.

We find our strength and our power in our ability to be what our grandmothers were to us. Keepers, of the next generation in every sense of that word. Physically, intellectually and spiritually. We strive to retain that power and interpret it into all aspects of survival on this earth in the midst of chaos.

It is that fierce love at the centre of that power, that is the weapon they gave us, to protect and to nurture against all odds. That compassion and strength is what we are, and we have translated it into every area of our existence because we have had to. And we must continue to do so. It is not a matter of female rights, it is a matter of the right of the female to be what it fundamentally is, the insurer of the next generation. It is a matter of survival where genocide is an everyday reality.

It is that compassion and strength that has been at the forefront of change in our communications. It is the power to adapt around all situations in order to insure health and therefore survival of the young. It is the spirit to infiltrate into and learn all the systems around us in a balanced way, engendering the

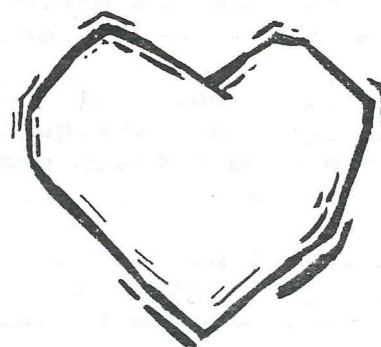
compassion and understanding that only those who know the true nature of despair and suffering can express in all they do.

At its core, it is the spirit of the female, holding in balance the spirit of the male, in a powerful co-operative force of family and community.

It is the strength of this force that holds all nations and families together in health and is the bridge to the next generation. It is the power, that is the key to the survival of all, in an environment that is becoming increasingly damaged, and unfit for all life forms. It is the woman that holds its power and becomes powerful only when catalyzing co-operation and harmony and therefore health at all levels, from the individual, outward to the family, the community and the environment. Without it, all becomes chaos, despair, hostility and death. That is immense power.

Let it be known as the truth to all, so that we might all come through, to a world once more in balance and harmony. I pray for that and struggle for that, for my great grandchildren to come.

To you aboriginal women out there, to you survivors, I congratulate you, I encourage you, I support you and I love you.



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A NORMAL JOB AT LAST.....

by Luanne Armstrong

I have a normal job,.... at last. After years of wandering around, as a farmer, hippie, mother, and part time worker at any and all jobs, I have done it.

A normal job...what on earth is that? Well, after five years working at various "paid" jobs within the women's movement, it mainly means that I get paid reasonably well and I work with people who have houses and mortgages and two kids and a dog, some male, some female, some who lived through the sixties and some who missed it altogether, some who have heard the word feminist and are interested and some who equate it with commiebolshevikhippiebraburner.

There are some immediate and notable differences between this job and others that I have had. A, someone else pays me my salary and writes my cheque and worries about whether the money is there or not and B, I'm a visible and labelled minority. These are notable differences.

It's all so weird. I keep discovering all these things that other people have taken granted for a long time.

For example, I work in education. Now, this is an area of work, in which, even though it's government funded, there is the idea that people should get paid, really paid and not just volunteer their time for a good cause. So, although I haven't yet moved off the dole, (does anyone ever really?) I have increased my salary a lot. Now when I deal with Secretary of State negotiations for women's

centres coordinators, etc, etc, I am appalled and amazed at what "they" expect "us" to work for. Funny how money changes our image of ourselves. But there it is.



I keep discovering all sorts of other anomalies. The very nice man in my carpool came back from a management training seminar the other day excited and high as a kite on new ideas for organizing. He spent a week learning about consensus decision making, and win/win negotiations and facilitation skills, and group dynamics and all sorts of stuff. I sighed deeply when he told me. All that stuff the women's movement and the peace movement have been working on and trying to implement has now been codified and strategized and organized and simplified and is seen as radical and new. What does it all mean?

I keep discovering places where feminism has had a deep impact on people. The man who is principal of the place where I work considers himself deeply sympathetic to feminist and environmental issues.

One of my colleagues is a wonderful young woman who although a committed fundamentalist Christian, also took Women's Studies in university and loved it. I keep scratching my head.

I talked to a friend on the phone the other day. She's a doctor on Toronto, with a busy practice, writes a column for the Globe and Mail on women's health, speaks at women's conferences, does research on women's health issues, and is self publishing a second edition of her book on women's health because the first one sold out.

"I'm afraid I don't have much to do with the women's movement lately," she said. "I feel guilty about it, but I just don't have the time."

"Sweetie," I said, "Hold on a moment. You are the women's movement. Take a look at what you're doing."

"Oh yeah," she said. "Maybe you're right."

When I look around, I see women in education and health and engineering and agriculture and politics and business. Some of us are baby boomers who had our kids and raised them and went back to school, and to work about 10 to 15 years ago and are now moving into some levels in our various jobs where we make a difference. Some of us are younger. Some of us are older. On the whole we do great work. The nice man I car pool with admits that it's obvious women are quickly taking over the world. Well, isn't that what they were afraid of all along? That, if they let us out of our pink sugar coated cages, we'd want to run everything.

This man insists that men are at least physically stronger than

women. So I challenged him to a long distance swimming race. About ten miles.... knowing I can wallow along, like Turtle Woman, in water almost forever. I may be slow, I told him, but I'm sure.

What I am now seeing is what I am also guessing is the next chapter of wherever women are headed in the nineties. Despite our qualms, despite worries about being co-opted, and without necessarily intending it, large numbers of feminists have moved into the workplace and the decision making places of the world, and now we have to figure out what to do. Working is more than having a salary. It's also moving inside; it's gaining and using power. It's making decisions. And as always, the tension comes with us. How much can we change, and how fast? If we move inside, how committed are we to the system? The endless and unanswerable question. Is it possible to change the system from inside?

Now that we are working, we are also getting comfortable with the idea of working, with the idea that we have a right to work, a right to be here, getting comfortable with being knowledgeable, with being good. What I am hoping is that we will continue finding each other, finding ways to work together, finding ways to change each other and our workplaces... that we will continue to be subversive as hell, even while we are cheerfully being good at our jobs and fun to work with and even getting paid well for it.

I'm looking forward to it. ^Q₊



IS THIS CUP BIODEGRADABLE

(for Liz and Joanne)

friends

drift through the kitchen like clouds
lean on the doorframe between classes
their shadows nudge our routine
into colours
soothe as we spread the ingredients
eggs cracked brown
sugar lumps yield
beaters blend smooth
now a golden cream dip
finger slides through taste
slides over tongue to see

the line

customers pour their coffee
their coffee their coffee
pass words that stir the air
dissolve into one long face streaming
past the cash
the cash
cash

no we don't give change

grit

slides under our day
rubs like a badly fit shoe

what do you mean there's no more brown buns
whatareya servin' that's GOOD today

in dig na tion tongue hold the tongue hold hold
I am a person I am serving today a person serving

the backroom

dishes are piled precariously as
I pull on the rubber gloves
fill the sink with details
amongst the garlic press and soaking pots
out of sight from customers

the naked dirt slides off as we talk
gently
the three of us
rinse our week through lips that understand
being normal is not enough

back up front up smiling
breath in listen
pour and stir pour and stir
fewer faces now
begin to clear clear saran

over the food away into the fridge
sweep the piles into piles
pour into garbage to twist
heave up into the blue bin
aprons peel away

home home supper what's for

Suzan Milburn
December 1989

STREETWORKER

i go to work
and listen to stories
trying not to judge content
or style or watch
for punctuation

i want their narrative to flow
i resist correcting
a run on sentence

i take notes and
document their lives
forgetting i am a poet

only the players
rehearse lines, change scenes
while i stay listening
watching for curtain fall

Joanna Lundy

WE ARE SAVED BY OUR LIMITATIONS

from an antiquarian book of
good advice
by Nellie L. McClung

T.H. Best Printing Co., Ltd.
1930

A box is a box because it has ends. A house is a house because it has walls; a garden must have a fence.

When I was a little girl going to school, there broke out in our neighbourhood at one time an epidemic of crocheting, and all the girls except me were doing miles of chains and doubles and singles, and talked mysteriously of star stitches and seed stitches and mitred corners. There was one edging they were doing that did appeal to me - it looked so easy and quick and was really beautiful with its clover leaves lying fore and aft. So I asked one of the girls to show me. Then I found out that I had slow moving fingers. I could never make the steel hook glint and glimmer as the others could, nor could I crook my little finger in that professional curve which seemed to go with this art. I therefore found myself left out of the mystic sisterhood who fell to work at each recess and even snatched a few precious minutes under cover of a desk, during school hours.

To save my pride I had to take up a position of indifference. I claimed that I did not want "edging" on my underwear, but I remember how sad and forsaken I felt when other little girls were praised for their industry, admiring relatives told of the "sets" they had made. I had to do something to make up for my lack, and so I plunged into fractions and spelling, and learned to recite all the poems

in the Third Reader, and when on Friday afternoons I followed Lucy Grey right out to the middle of the plank, or with appropriate gestures stood beside the Boy on the burning deck, whence all but he had fled, I knew that in that brief bright hour I had the edge on the hand-workers. I was being saved by my limitations, though I did not know it.



I wonder if women will ever show as much sense as men in the way they use their time. No man tries to do everything. He recognizes his limitations and abides by them. No man tries to make his own clothes or hats or pyjamas, nor does he undertake to keep his office clean, nor write his own letters, nor make Christmas presents. Having chosen a business or profession

he attends to that and lets some one else do all these things for him.

But women, even business women, do so many things. They mend and cook and put down jams and pickles and make over their clothes, and tire their eyes making dresser scarves for people who are not greatly in need of dresser scarves, and hurry through their work to get away to the demonstration of clay modelling so that they may learn to make various little do-dads for their friends who already have more do-dads than they know what to do with. It is all a hang-over from the days when woman's time was not worth anything. We still have the feeling that we must do everything we can do.

I know. I am speaking out of a full and troubled heart. I too am cursed with the desire to do things I would be wise to leave alone. Right at this moment the urge is on me to make a rug like the one I saw at the Canadian Handicrafts Festival - the prettiest thing, hooked on canvas and made of old underwear brightly dyed, and done in splotches edged with black. There will be many hours of labour on it. Cutting the rags is a mussy job. The rug when done will not be very well done and will be worth four dollars and forty-nine cents. But I am in the throes of the idea. Everyone has her weaknesses. Mats are mine.

We have the vote. Every profession is open to us. We have been declared persons. There is much real work to be done. But we have not yet learned to value our time. Let us be thankful there are many things we simply cannot do. Nature has mercifully removed some temptations from us. We are saved by our limitations. ♀

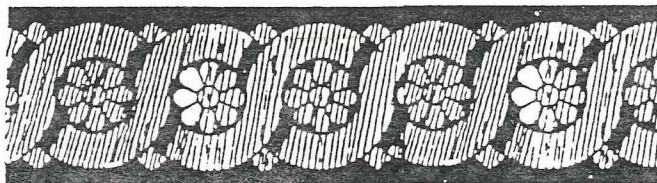
A WOMAN'S PLACE IS IN THE HOME ?

If a woman's place is "in the home," no one can stop her from improving her surroundings.

NOT SO FAMOUS WOMEN WORKERS
(many of whom have had their ideas laughed at by men) who persevered and made a difference to our lives.

Inventor of the:	
Mary Evard	-Toaster
Margaret Colvin	-Washing machine
Anna Bissell	-Bissell carpet sweeper
Melitta Bentz	-Melitta coffee filter
Amanda Jones	-Vacuum canning
Margaret Knight	-Brown paper bags
Fannie Farmer	-Scientific recipes
Claire McCardell	-Leotards
Julie Newman	-Pantyhose
Anna Kelso	-Earth Shoes
Eleanor Butterick	-Paper dress patterns
Caresse Crosby	-The brassiere
Anne Moore	-Baby Carrier
Gertrude Muller	-Potty chair
Jane Wells	-Jolly Jumper
Gertrude Campbell	-Sanitary napkins
Ruth Wakefield	-Toll House (chocolate chip) Cookies

From The Mothers of Invention
by Ethlie Ann Vare and
Greg Ptacek



UNDER THE BIG TOP

pushbroom in hands
leaning into the litter
I clear the debris from the day
the house in its silence
demands I pause and join the stillness

yet I continue to sweep
each scrap of paper
and half eaten apple

the hush
questions the satisfaction I feel
from my control over this small circus

have my pleasures come to this

what of the dream
of having a sphere of influence
over thousands of people

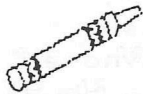
feet up
body slumped
eyes closing

I drift into tomorrow

COME ONE

COME ALL

watch while the fearless mother
intimidates rebel crayons into the drawers
entices toys onto shelves
cracks the whip over stuffed animals



paints

ALL

while juggling
scissors

brushes

glue

lego



she makes
DIRTY DIAPERS
GRASS STAINS
WHINING COMPLAINTS
disappear like THAT

Appearances ALL day EVERY day

But don't miss the GRAND FINALE
where she will perform awesome feats
AND
get this folks



look stunningly beautiful
ALL AT THE SAME TIME

as the roar of the crowd fades
I limp to my dressing room
ignoring

solitary socks behind doors
renegade blocks under chairs



Suzan Milburn

that if the Burke's ever run out of money, they could rope off sections of their house and take people on tours, just like they do in England. I remember getting angry and accusing my mother of having no taste. That's when I began clipping out the Bay catalogue furniture section pages. Now, I often run through my file, so I can ask Mrs. Burke intelligent questions when I visit her.

At the White Spot, I really want to order a triple deluxe hamburger and french fries, but I order chicken because that's what Mrs. Burke is having. I've only been to the White Spot twice, both times with the Burke's. My mother refuses to eat what she calls junk, although I know it's because we don't have enough money for all of us to go.

IT BOTHERS ME THAT WE'RE ALWAYS RUSHING AROUND SINCE MY MOTHER WENT BACK TO WORK.

When our dinner comes, I watch Mrs. Burke from the back seat where I am sitting, and unfold my napkin exactly the same way she does. She talks on and on about people I don't know and I keep asking questions because I like the sound of her voice. Susan keeps turning around and sticking out her tongue at me and rolling her eyes when she thinks her mother isn't looking. I secretly think that Susan is jealous because she's not slim and pretty like her mother and instead looks like her dad.

I am running my hands over the new upholstery, breathing in the new car smell, when Mrs. Burke asks me how my mother likes working. I start to reply but

Susan interrupts and starts talking about how doctors treat women. Mrs. Burke smiles at me from the rear view mirror and says, "It's too bad your mother has to work."

I agree.

When we get back to the Burke's, I thank Mrs. Burke and start down the driveway but Susan calls, "Maureen, come on back. Mary Tyler Moore is on in a few minutes."

I immediately start back, hoping that Mrs. Burke will watch it with us. Mary Tyler Moore is Susan's favourite TV program and Susan is always telling people that if she isn't going to be a hospital administrator, she'll be just like Mary.

Mrs. Burke tells us to go downstairs to the rec room since her friend Dorothy is coming over to help bake more tarts for the church bazaar tomorrow.

Susan and I sit side by side in matching lazy boy chairs, which I have been told are olive coloured, and talk about whether or not Shanny and Wayne kiss. When a Kotex commercial comes on, Susan starts laughing and says, "Watch the guy in the white coat pour a beaker of blue stuff on the pad. My aunt Shona told me that when she got her period, she thought she was weird because the blood was red, not blue. Can you believe it?"

I tell Susan I think that's vulgar and then we both collapse into our chairs laughing and yelling, "Can you believe it," at one another.

Mr. Grant is teasing Mary about still being single when I hear the door-bell ring upstairs.

"Come in Dodie," yells Mrs. Burke. Mrs Burke always makes up

nicknames for everyone. Susan's is Toodee. Mine was Teedee for a while, but lately she just calls me Maureen.

During the commercial break, Susan listens at the bottom of the stairs, then goes to her father's liquor cabinet and takes out a coke for each of us and a Player's filter cigarette for herself.

"They're busy yakking," she says, as she opens the sliding glass doors that lead to a patio. As she lights the cigarette, I ask, "Where's your Dad?"

"At work, where else," she replies.

"Have a puff?" Susan asks.

"No I don't want too."

"Oh, come on Maureen, you're so straight."

Susan has learned the word straight from her uncle Joe and is always telling me that I'm straight. I do smoke once in a while but not as much as Susan. She started two years ago, sneaking them from her mother's purse. Lately, she's been buying her own from her allowance. The first time she bought them, I waited outside the Seafair Drug Store. Susan looks like she's fifteen or sixteen, even though she's only thirteen and she just walked in and asked for a package of Craven Menthol, paid and walked out, telling me, "If they think you're fifteen, they'll sell them to you. If they think you're younger, just say they're for your mom and she's at home."

When Mary Tyler Moore is over, Susan and I go upstairs to the bathroom because I want to play beauty parlour. I get out all of Mrs. Burke's grey plastic rollers and Susan gets out all the make-up she can find before putting a towel around her shoulders just like they do at the hairdressers. Susan puts her

head under the tap and I wash her hair, which smells like smoke. I spend a long time getting the rollers into place using a hairdressing book that belongs to Susan's mother, as a guide. Neither of us talk very much since we're both so busy concentrating.

When it's time to turn on the hair dryer, Susan tells me to go down to the bar and get us both a coke.

I HEAR DOROTHY SAY, "THAT'S RIDICULOUS. DIVORCE ISN'T CONTAGIOUS YOU KNOW."

On the way downstairs, I hear Susan's mother and Dorothy talking in low voices. When I hear my name, I find myself stopping and listening. I hear Dorothy say, "Well she seems fine to me, Anne. I wouldn't worry at all." Then I hear Mrs. Burke say, "But Susan only has one friend. I keep telling you. I told that kid she has to have other friends, instead of hanging around the Adair's all the time. Since Sylvia threw Mike out, those girls just run wild. I even smelled smoke on Susan's breath and I know Maureen smokes."

I stand still in the hallway, unable to move and realize that my heart is pounding so loudly, I can barely hear. Leaning forward, I hear Dorothy say, "That's ridiculous. Divorce isn't contagious, you know." But Mrs. Burke interrupts and sounds really mad. I've never heard her mad before and I'm surprised when she says slowly and clearly, "Listen to me, Dorothy. I feel sorry for that kid too. But Susan's all full of hospitals and careers and I think it's all a bad influence."

I know what I'm talking about. Mark my words, none of those girls will amount to anything without a father."

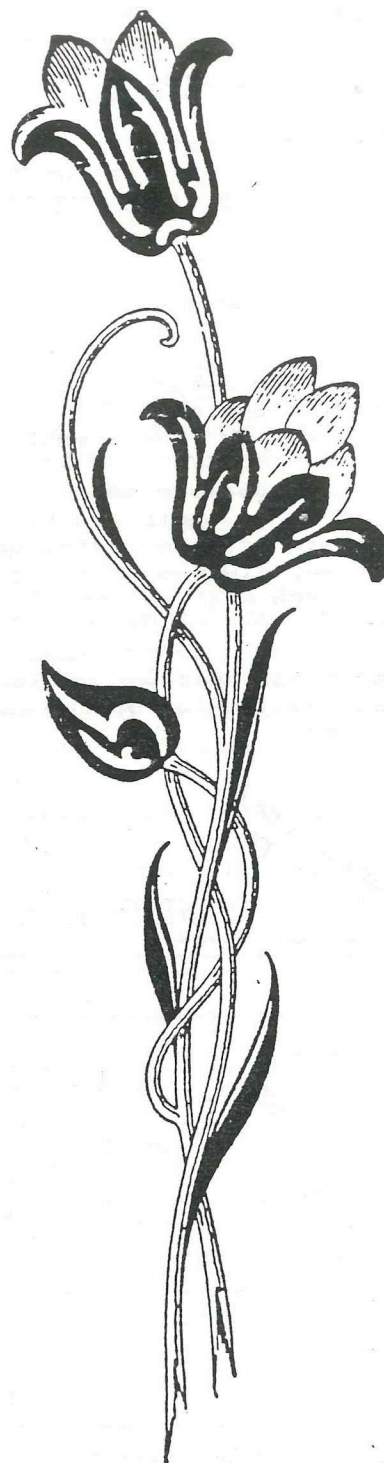
I turn and go downstairs and get one coke for Susan. When I come into the bathroom, she's under the dryer, reading the Nancy Drew mystery that my mother gave me for my last birthday. I sit on the toilet chewing my nails thinking about how Susan told me last week that she wanted to come and live at my house. At last, Susan flips off the dryer, pulls out the rollers and combs her hair. Looking at herself in the mirror, she says, "Oh Christ."

Without knowing why, I look hard at Susan and see how she doesn't look like either of her parents. Suddenly I find myself asking, "Do you want to spend the night at my place?"

"Great idea, Mo," says Susan and is off through the door to get her stuff. I stand in the bathroom, looking at myself in the mirror wondering who I look like. In the kitchen downstairs, I hear Susan telling her mother that she's spending the night with me. Then it's quiet and I hear Susan's mother whispering. Susan says in a loud voice, "Look, I'm telling you, not asking," and there is more whispering. Suddenly Dorothy's voice cuts through with, "Oh for gosh sakes."

Susan is in the bathroom pulling my hand and saying, "Let's get out of here." At the front door, her mother smiles at me the way she always does and thanks me twice for coming over. I mumble my thanks and follow Susan.

As soon as we're on the road, Susan lights a cigarette. Without saying anything, she passes it to me and I gratefully take a puff. ♀



STAMP OUT JUNK MAIL

Canada Post has made a profit at last. Unfortunately the "increased volume" that made this possible has been mostly junk mail.

Junk mail has become a serious problem. Every year over 50,000 hectares of trees are cut to produce the paper for junk mail in Canada alone. More is cut for foreign markets.

We have the right not to participate in this insanity.
JUNK MAIL IS NOT FREE !

SAY NO! Here's how.

1. Save your junk mail for a month and return it to the post office. Better still organize a dump day in your community.

2. Pack up your junk mail and send it to Lucien Bouchard, Minister of the Environment, Ottawa, K1A 0A6 (free) and let him know what you think.

3. Inform your MP (same address as above) that you would like to see the junking of the planet stopped.

4. Complain to Canada Post.

5. RETURN TO SENDER unopened or at their expense if a postage paid envelope is enclosed.

6. Boycott businesses that use junk mail to advertise.

7. Write to:
Canadian Direct Marketing Association,
1 Concorde Gate, Suite 607
Don Mills, Ontario. M3C 3N6 and ask to be removed from their list. This list alone is used by some 500 companies for mail solicitation.

8. When you subscribe to a magazine or order something by mail, ask that your name NOT be sold or traded. If you make a charitable donation the same thing applies.

JUNK MAIL WASTES OUR FORESTS!



Please Duplicate &
Distribute FREELY

FIRST SUNDAY

A call for citizen initiative to support Mother Earth

Everyone of us consumes and uses the resources of this Earth. All together, we, as consumers determine whether the overall consumption and use of our planetary resources shall sustain us & future generations as well as other life forms. You and I, not "us and them", can act to support Mother Earth by each committing to implement changes in our daily use and consumption of Earth's resources. The FIRST SUNDAY planetary citizen initiative was created to encourage, inspire, stimulate and support each of us in our earth-supporting endeavours.

FIRST SUNDAY is a movement totally based on the voluntary, committed initiative of citizens anywhere on this planet. No membership fees. No bureaucracy. You are an independent focus of influence with thousands (hundreds of thousands next year) of others connected by the unity of our action on every FIRST SUNDAY of every month.

To join FIRST SUNDAY you only have to commit yourself to the following "Planetary Citizen Pledge":

I.....(your full name) am committed to take the FIRST SUNDAY of every month to implement an additional change in my use and consumption of the Earth's resources.

I accept my role in reducing our demands on Mother Earth by conserving, recycling and sharing more until a sustainable global future for ourselves as well as future generations is re-established.

(signed).....Date:.....



Although making the "Planetary Citizen Initiative Pledge" is the only requirement to join FIRST SUNDAY please consider the following methods of adding impact to this campaign:

- 1) Resolve to make each monthly change to which you commit public - e.g. put up a notice at home, in your office or in a classified ad.
- 2) Obtain or reproduce additional copies of this pledge form to convey to friends, relatives, local media, organizations etc.
- 3) Initiate or participate in local action to spread this appeal - e.g. FIRST SUNDAY celebrations, canvass etc.
- 4) Inform the Vancouver initiators of FIRST SUNDAY of your involvement.

What can you do ?

What effective changes can you and I begin to implement each FIRST SUNDAY of every month from this moment on ?

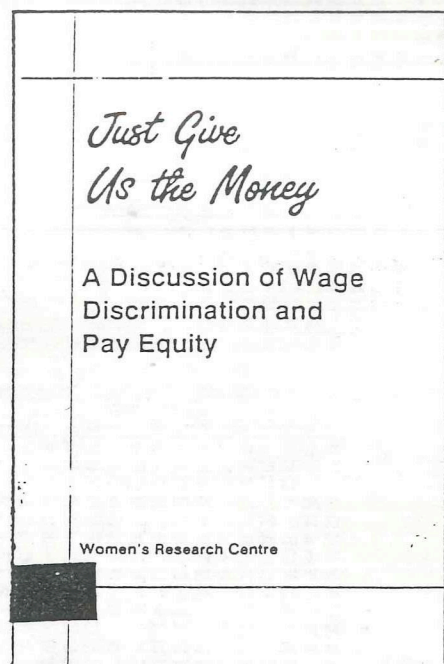
Here are examples of how you and I as consumers can contribute to correcting the overuse and abuse of Mother Earth. Pick or think of something you can carry out starting from the next first Sunday of the month. Reflect and do what you can.

- eliminate purchases involving styrofoam
- process organic garbage as compost
- walk or bicycle to work
- switch to fuel or energy saving methods

- pledge a set percentage of income to environment, poverty, or peace campaigns.
- schedule letter-writing to opinion-makers or legislators
- start a FIRST SUNDAY promotion group
- buy a fuel efficient car
- stop replacing unnecessary gadgets
- switch to unprocessed foods
- vacation locally
- get involved in recycling
- switch to environmentally-safe lawn & garden chemicals
- limit use of hot showers, heat, lights, etc.
- sponsor a social every FIRST SUNDAY
- campaign for media recognition of FIRST SUNDAY

- switch to "safe" domestic products
- protect a place you love
- make your own Christmas & birthday presents
- start a vegetable garden
- support local farmers and gardeners
- buy practical natural fibre clothing
- introduce yourself with native wild plants & animals - protect and enjoy them
- devote at least one hour, twice a week, to sewing, washing, ironing & hearing nature
- ideas

FIRST SUNDAY initiators: SHARED VISION, P.O. Box 46108, S.W. 6, Vancouver, B.C., CANADA, V6L 4G5
Add participating persons/organizations in your area here:



JUST GIVE US THE MONEY: A
DISCUSSION OF WAGE
DISCRIMINATION AND PAY EQUITY

Women's Research Centre 1988

In 1982, the Union of Teacher's Federation Employees, which represented the inside workers at the B.C. Teachers Federation, negotiated a letter of agreement with the employer to implement a job evaluation package. The UTFE, comprised of clerical, maintenance, and some technical and professional workers, believed that certain positions, particularly those dominated by women, were underpaid in comparison with those requiring comparable qualifications and performing similar duties, held by male employees. Job evaluation seemed the only solution and a union/management committee was set up under the guidance of an "expert" consultant to implement a program.

The results in some cases were disappointing. As the federation librarian, my position was classified in a category which

included secretaries and records technicians, while a researcher's position was classified two steps or about \$5000 per annum higher. As both the researcher and the librarian required masters degrees and had comparable duties, I was left to wonder if this evaluation was just one more example of gender bias in evaluation, since the researcher was a male. How I wish JUST GIVE US THE MONEY had been written then. I certainly could have used it.

JUST GIVE US THE MONEY is a thoroughly researched and highly readable examination of wage discrimination and pay equity. It begins with a well documented historical analysis of factors relating to pay equity, followed by a chapter on the importance of the language of value and equity and how this language has been used to enable both government and industry to appear to be addressing the issue while doing very little. Further chapters analyze pay equity legislation and programmes in the U.S. and Canada, the components of job evaluation and issues arising from pay equity.

JUST GIVE US THE MONEY is an extremely useful book for women who need the often complex terminology of pay equity defined in simple terms, for women who have questions about gender bias inherent in pay equity programs and most importantly, for women who seek alternatives to traditional job evaluation methods. The book's lengthy bibliography is an added bonus for those of us who want to read more about the reasons why we're still receiving about sixty-two cents for every dollar a male gets in a comparable position.

reviewed by Teresa Murphy

COMMUNITY SERVICES

VICTIM ASSISTANCE SERVICE

A Support and Advocacy Service
For Victims of...

- SPOUSAL ASSAULT
- SEXUAL ASSAULT
- CHILD SEXUAL ABUSE

TELEPHONE

542-3322 or 542-1122

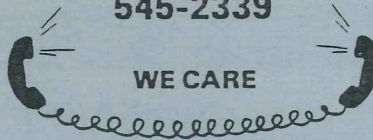


People In Need

CRISIS LINE

545-2339

WE CARE



NARCOTICS ANONYMOUS

Drug Problem?



Call Narcotics Anonymous

meets

Friday Nights at 8:00 p.m.

at the

Vernon Women's Centre

3000 - 30th Street

Vernon



Vernon Women's Transition House Society

A Refuge for
Women and their
Children in Crisis

TELEPHONE

542-1122



Communities

Against

Sexual

Abuse

PARENTS IN CRISIS

A Support group for parents under stress

for information contact

Craig - 542-0512

A United Way funded agency



Province of
British Columbia

Ministry of
Health

ALCOHOL AND DRUG
PROGRAMS

Robyn Thornton,
B.S.W., M.A.
Vernon Alcohol and
Drug Programs

1277 - 15th Street
(at Highway 6 and 15th Street)
Vernon
British Columbia
V1T 8S7

Phone: (604) 549-5585

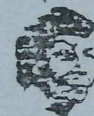
ARE YOU A
WOMAN WHO
DRINKS TO
COPE?

Women for
Sobriety

Vernon Meetings: 549-5585

Tuesdays, 11:45-1 p.m.

Vernon Alcohol and Drug Program



PHONE: 546-8377

3380 Okanagan Street
Armstrong, B.C.

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*Vernon
Women's
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