

# WOMEN CAN.

formerly the PEDESTAL vol.6 no.3  
vancouver's women's liberation newspaper

*Snowy Owl by D. Kemble*

# Galleries & Exhibits

## A PERSONAL ACCOUNT OF THE ART SHOW by Carolyn Bell

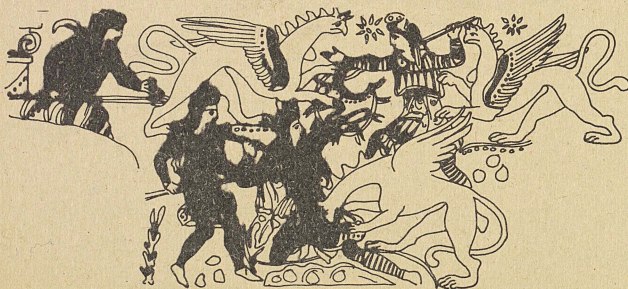
On Tuesday evening at 8 pm on March the 5, Diana Kemble, Josie Cook, Colette French and Beverly Davies showed their collection of slides of woman artists and then had a panel discussion. Their show was hung in the sub art gallery. Pat Smith and Jane Buss and I dashed down the stairs at 7 and we were spozed to be there at 7:30. The bus out to ubc takes its time sometime and I was worried about walking in late and disturbing whoever was showing slides, maybe Josie who I had heard would be nervous and I didn't want to do that. I said to Jane, "Maybe they will be like tehatre people and start 10 minutes sharp after they say they will." She made a rude retort and we all skittered across hastings street to wait for the 10th and U.B.C. bus The stop is conveniently located in front of a souvenir store that has all manner of gross-outs in its front window. I've almost missed the bus there a lot, and would have this time but for Pat who yelled "Here comes the bus!" and then as we got on and everyone looked at us I wondered if maybe we did look a little weird. Pat and Jane had been out all day playing hooky from fixing the kitchen sink and one of the stops had been the sally ann where Pat got a roy rogers shirt for Kief, Beverly D's son, and a terrific little league baseball suit with red stripes on the side made of soft grey stuff that fit her perfectly so she had that on and I had decided to gussie myself up too; I was wearing basic brown; a body stocking and high brown boots and Merrikay Nye's old brown sweater that my mother always hated but that I always loved and Pat's velvet hat with the brim that colette gave her and which I lusted after but I just wear once in a while cause I have a tendency to

punch the bejeezus out of hats to make them fit my head whereas Pat likes them straight and crisp and almost walks more carefully when she wears them so they will stay that way. My basic brown ensemble was probably definitely not complimented by red lipstick and red eye goop and gold bangly earrings but its been so long since I wore a dress in Vancouver that I figured if I was going to do it I was going to do it wrong. Probably the only one of the three of us who didn't look like she was on her way to rehearsal was Jane, who looked crisply springish in navy and shoot-green, except perhaps for that Hat I gave her that Pat calls a bag. But anyway. That's how we looked, we three adventuresses. We got on the bus and had nothing to read. For awhile Pat looked at me weird because of the makeup and remarked to Jane how it changed my face. That was all of the conversation that took place between our house and ubc. The longest bus ride in the world.

We got there though, hopped off the bus and some guy in front of me walking to the sub building was singing "Magdalena, oh what a saint you are" and I started to laugh and then we were in the sub building and into the art gallery, and there were the pictures and the banners on the wall, really hanging and Bethoe typed the labels and I knew all these women who did them and I felt rather proud of them because it was a nice show and the people who were buzzing around the gallery were all either people I knew, people i'd met or people who i was sure i would like to at least casually say hello to. It was very pleasant. Usually when I go into someplace like an art gallery with people i like like jane and pat i like to stay with the people and look at their faces as they look at the stuff but I couldn't at this show because i guess it may sound corny but if I had done that

MAN IN AUDIENCE: DONT YOU FEEL YOU ARE DOING YOURSELVES A GREAT DISSERVICE BY ALIENATING YOURSELVES FROM OTHER (MALE) ARTISTS?  
 COLETTE: ON THE CONTRARY, I THINK WE'RE DOING OURSELVES ONE HELL OF A FAVOUR!!!

it would have been like looking at someone else if colette or diana or josie or beverly had been talking to me and they were talking to me through the banners that colette had made she was talking to me and beverly davies' etchings were talking to me they were absurd and gentle and pleasant and colettes banners remind me of my mother anyones mother I guess she sewing and they are very happy travelling theatre sets funny and soft with hard clean lines. And there was the picture I had bought from Josie. I owned (almost... i still owe her 5 bucks yet...) one of these pictures on display I would have pawned my grandna blanches opal ring to get that picture its grey mountain and sky and maybe water it can be anything you want it to be it can be shades you can come see it when it is hanging in our house if we ever quit remodeling. . . And Diana's mythical winged woman she is working with acrylics now and with the inside of paper because it is such a nice white its never been touched by human hands before her you see it looks like its ripped a jagged smoothish edge that makes the wonderful colours beside it even more wonderful maybe not human hands diana is the moon goddess. then the slide show started with colette all high voiced and young looking telling us about women artists we knew about and those we did not she looked all young and nervous but she knew about these slides and diana worked the projector seeming all calm and methodical but i think she would seem calm and methodical just about anytime. There were eskimo artists in the slides and emily carr and pictures of her and prairie artists and toronto artists, pflug. And then Diana spoke and colette worked the slide projector and then we sto-ped for some apple cider and I looked at the artwork some more and also at helene rosenthal and beth jankola talking and it seemed to me what a nice place for two such good women poets



to talk but at such a good womens art show and colettes little girl sarah was there and siohhan josies daughter who lives with sarah and colette and sarah and nora and esthers diana and all other women's children. There were a lot of things to think about other than just the artwork but thats how it came together that lovely evening the artshow and then came the panel discussion. They flicked the lights a few times and the four women artists beverlie davies colette french diana kemble josie cook and the moderator fran isaacs sat down at the table and we all sat down on the earthy-coloured carpet and the panel discussed. Beverly Davies didn't say too much just sat there in her magnificent afghanistani blouse embellished with buttons and beads and drunk her drink. She didn't say much but when she did she did. She said "from the time when I was little wee I always thought of myself as an artist but I've just recently gotten the courage to say it out loud." Someone asked what the biggest problem was for women artists and colette said "Money," and then Diana said that the paper she needs to do her paintings on costs \$15.00 a bunch so if nothing comes out of what she's doing, it goes down the drain. None of these women used their hands when they spoke that evening. It seemed to be that their hands were more than mine were me so they kept them still and quiet and close to their bodies. It was strange but all four of them did that. Colette was asked if she would sell her work to someone she didn't like and she said no she would not sell her work to someone she didn't like unless she didn't know she didn't like them. Then she whipped on a grin and everyone laughed. There was a lot of that on Tuesday night, laughing; everyone was having a nice time. Diana and Josie do their dreams. Josie said that the strong aggressive woman that she is in her dreams helps her when shes awake. She dreamed diana had white ribbons around her legs. They thought it might mean bandages, having to do with being in the hospital but diana remembered josie had read a book from the library and diana found the reference to the goddess Lasa, the female eros with white ribbons around her legs and then went down east and found her again. Diana doesnt dream as much as Josie so she uses Josies dreams. The more you remember your dreams and use them, the more sub-conscious you are using when you are awake. The panel was confident. They talked about support and criticism of each

others work and how they shared ideas. Someone asked if their work got to look like each others when they worked so closely together. Diana said no it wasn't scary at all and then Josie read this quote that was in Arts Canada:

We are engaged in new forms, new styles, both in art and life. This search is NOT A "TERRITORY" that can be staked out and claimed as the private domain of an individual.

Historically many artists worry about looking "derivative". We are all derivative...the work of contemporaries usually bears strong resemblances. They are not anything to worry about but rather be grateful for.

Everyone was high after the discussion, after the slides, after the show. People were all smiling. There were other things in the panel discussion that probably I should talk about but maybe someone else from the Pedestal will say something, and anyway I get tired living through an entire evening again in the morning maybe I aint such a good reporter but then again i don't have a press card yet. It was such a good evening there was nothing like it and josie and diana and beverlie and colette looked happy too and you would have been happy too if youd been there and if you were there i bet you were happy too. So was I.

ARE YOU A HANDICAPPED ADULT? Come and join our group every Monday from 10-3 for Crafts, Cards, Conversation and New Friends. Transportation provided. Kitsilano Community Centre 2495 W. 12th. Call Gail Conley 922-4790 or Cathy Lawson 876-3551 after 6:00 p.m.

Did you know that there are senior counsellors who can give assistance to seniors with regard to income, pensions, medical benefits, law, leisure time activities, education, etc. These counsellors can be contacted at the Division on Aging at 411 Dunsmuir. They are willing to go to any address in the city, to contact the appropriate agency, and assist seniors to communicate with any organization in their area which provides help to older persons. Call them!

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LONG TIME COMING  
\*\*\*\*\*

A Canadian Lesbian-Feminist Newspaper with subscriptions of:

\$5.00 yearly (individuals)  
\$7.00 yearly (institutions)

BOX 161, STATION "E",  
MONTREAL, H2T 3A7  
QUEBEC, CANADA

THINKING ABOUT SCOTCH TAPE?  
THINK ABOUT THIS:

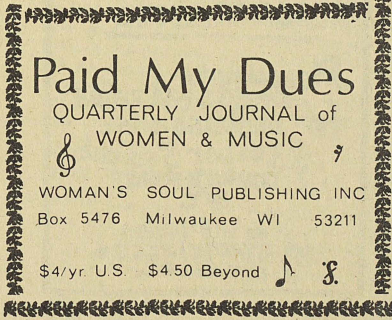
The St. Paul Minnesota chapter of the National Organization of Women has filed a complaint against the 3M Company for race and sex discrimination. Local 6-418 of the Oil, Chemical, and Atomic Workers Union is named as a party to the discrimination. The complaint, filed on behalf of 98 women employees, refers to an August, 1973 contract between the Company and the Union which designates 101 "bumpable" jobs in case of layoffs. 98 of these jobs are performed by women; of the 657 jobs designated as "non-bumpable", 645 are performed by men. The complaint also charges that no women have been hired at the plant since April, 1969 (147 men have been hired during this period) and that no minority women are employed under the contract.

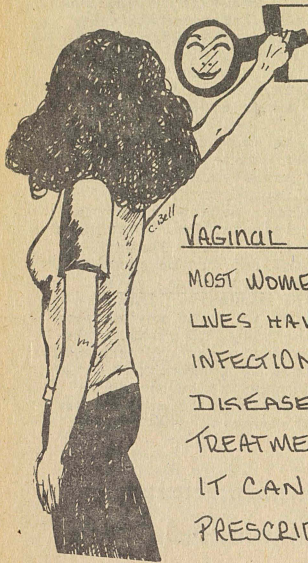
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Paid My Dues  
QUARTERLY JOURNAL of  
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# KNOW thyself!

The following article is reproduced exactly as written for OUR NEWSLETTER, (Women's Health Collective), Vol. I, No. 2, January 1974, page 3.

## VAGINAL INFECTIONS

MOST WOMEN AT SOME TIME OR OTHER IN THEIR LIVES HAVE HAD SOME TYPE OF "VAGINAL INFECTION". VAGINITIS (WHICH IS NOT A VENEREAL DISEASE) IS VERY COMMON & RESPONDS TO EARLY TREATMENT. EVEN IF NOT CARED FOR SOON ENOUGH IT CAN BE CLEARED UP BY USING A PREPARATION PRESCRIBED BY A DOCTOR.

### AN APPLE A DAY

Vaginitis is a common, frequent problem for many women. The following simple and quick measures are helpful in preventing early vaginitis from becoming serious. Medication is recommended for heavy growth of yeast or trichomonas.

1. Douche with one tbsp. white vinegar to one quart of warm water, or swab the outer labia with cotton balls soaked in vinegar and water. Also try bathing with a generous "slosh" of vinegar in the water. Each of these procedures works to prevent vaginitis by changing the pH (the acid-base balance) of the vagina. An acidic environment is an unfriendly environment for most vaginitis-causing organisms. Vinegar and water often kills them dead. NB. some prepared douching products do help return the vagina to its normal acid level, most don't. Check.

2. Eating fewer carbohydrates will sometimes rid you of yeast infection since they need sugar to live and without it they will starve!

3. Organisms grow best in warm moist places. Cotton underwear allows air to circulate, nylon does not. In summertime treat your crotch to fresh air and sunshine. Always remember to pat the vaginal area dry after bathing.

4. Change your underwear daily. If you have a raging infection, boil your underwear to kill any lingering organisms.

5. Wipe yourselves always from front to back, keeping anal bacteria where they belong.

6. Have male sex partners wash their penises (!) before intercourse. Men can spread yeast, trich., VD often without symptoms. If you both are possibly infected

you both need medical treatment and you should refrain from sex or use condoms until you are both free of infection.

7. Like mother told you, be careful in the can. Organisms can live on towels, face-cloths, toilet seats!

8. Urinating right after intercourse washes away germs. Urine is sterile!

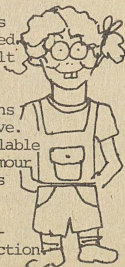
9. Avoid perfumed "Feminine Hygiene" products like bath salts, colognes, oils, gels, strong soaps, talcum powder and feminine hygiene sprays. These products have an alkaline base and promote a hospitable environment for vaginitis-causing organisms.

10. Instill yogurt (natural from Health Food) not Continental Lucerne with preservatives. Use foam inserter, use Tampax so it doesn't run out.

Darlene Steele

### FREE TO BE ... YOU AND ME

This is the title of a record for children featuring songs and skits that de-emphasize stereotyped differences between boys and girls. A lot of performers and musicians and designers volunteered their work and the result is bouncy, singalong melodies and funny, captivating conversations that children really love. It is to be a book available in March 1974, now. Rumour has it that all proceeds from the record and the book are to go to the MS FOUNDATION for child-care centers and instruction

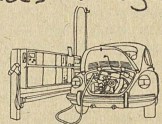


## ADVERTISING

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

or we will design an appropriate ad if requested.

congratulations to Stephanie Judy from Women's Info. Centre at the Y.W.C.A. on her article on mechanics in last month's Ms. magazine!



The following story was written by 10 year old Irene Burrows, a student at the New School.

THE DEAD.

CHAPTER THREE  
AMAZING

NEXT DAY BETSY THE COW HAD A BABY BUT IT WAS NOT A CALF IT WAS THE DOG. THE DOG WAS JUST AS OLD AS IT WAS WHEN IT DIED. DIANNA COULDN'T BELIEVE WHAT HER EYES WERE WATCHING. THE DOG HAD A MARK WHERE IT HAD BEEN STABED. IT LOOKED LIKE A BIRTHMARK. DIANNA GAVE THE DOG SOMETHING TO EAT. THE DOG WAS NOW MAGIC. JUST LIKE DIANNA.

CHAPTER FOUR

FUSSY MARE

THE DOG WENT INTO THE SHED AND FOUND A FEMALE HORSE IN THE SHED. IT STARTED TO BARK. DIANNA CAME OUT TO SEE WHAT THE DOG WAS BARKING ABOUT. OF COURSE SHE SAW THE MARE BUT THE MARE MUST HAVE BEEN NEW TO THE COUNTRY BECAUSE NO ONE HAD EVER SEEN IT BEFORE. DIANNA WANTED TO KNOW WHAT SORT OF HORSE IT WAS. SO SHE STUDIED THE MARE AND FOUND OUT IT WAS VERY FUSSY MARE. IT COULDN'T LIVE ON THE FARM BECAUSE IT WAS FUSSY. SO SHE PUT UP A SIGN WHICH LOOKED LIKE THIS:

FUSSY FEMALE HORSE  
FOR SALE NEEDS  
5 MEELS A DAY

IT WAS HARD TO SELL THE HORSE BUT SHE DID IT. AFTER A WHILE THE DOG BARKED EVERY TIME MR. JONES ROPE BY ON THE FUSSY MARE WHOOSE NAME WAS FUSS POTTY.

CHAPTER FIVE

GOODBY BETSY

A FEW MONTHS LATER THERE WAS A CASE OF RABIES GOING AROUND NEXT DOOR. BETSY KEPT GOING TOO CLOSE TO THE FENCE SO SHE GOT RABIES. WHEN DIANNA FOUND OUT THAT BETSY HAD RABIES SHE CALLED THE ANIMAL DOCTOR. THE DOCTOR WAS WHITE THE COW A LONG TIME BUT HE FINLY CAME OUT OF THE BARN AND HAD BAD NEWS. BETSY HAD TO GO TO THE VET FOR A MONTH. LIFE WAS SAD FOR EVERYONE. NO ONE WAS SEEN DOING ANYTHING HAPPY. EVERYBODY WAS UNHAPPY, MISERABLE AND DISCONTENTED WHEN TWO WEEKS HAD PAST DIANNA CRYED ALL NIGHT AND THE ANIMALS MADE NOISE ALL NIGHT. THINGS JUST GOT MORE UNHAPPY AS THE TIME WENT PAST. MORE MISERABLENESS MORE UNHAPPINESS AND MORE DISCONTENTMENT DIANNA DID HER BEST TO TRY AND KEEP THE ANIMALS HAPPY BUT NOTHING WOULD WORK NOTHING AT ALL. SHE JUST MADE HERSELF MORE UNHAPPY AND MISERABLE AND DISCONTENT.

CHAPTER SIX

HERE COMES BETSY AND HER CALF

AFTER TWO MONTHS OF MUMBLE JUMBLE THE DOG BARKED AT MR. JONES RIDING UP THE DRIVEWAY. HE WASN'T RIDING FUSS POTTY, HE WAS RIDING BETSY AND SHE HAD A CALF WITH HER. WHEN DIANNA SAW IT SHE BURST OUT OF THE HOUSE AND STARTED YELLING AS LOUD AS SHE COULD, BETSY, BETSY, AND

THE COW RAN TOWARDS DIANNA AND STOPPED SHORT RIGHT IN FRONT OF HER. DIANNA SAID TO BETSY, YOU HAD YOUR CALF, AND AT THAT MOMENT BETSY STEPPED ASIDE FOR THE CALF TO BE SEEN CLEARLY AND OPENLY.

CHAPTER SEVEN

THE FAIR

"THERE IS A FAIR COMING" YELLED A LITTLE BOY RUNNING DOWN THE ROAD HOLDING A \$20 BILL. DIANNA JUST COULDN'T RESIST FAIRS. SHE WENT INTO THE HOUSE AND CHECKED THE MONEY BIN THERE WAS EXACTLY \$300 AND .02. WELL THOUGHT DIANNA (CAN SPEND \$50) AND (62¢) AT THE FAIR. SO SHE PUT THE MONEY INTO A BAG AND SHE WENT TO THE YARD AND GOT THE ANIMALS READY FOR THE FAIR. THEN SHE LOOKED IN HER AUNT'S OLD CLOTHES AND FOUND A LOVELY GOWN THAT FIT PERFECTLY. THEN DIANNA WENT TO THE BEAUTY PARLOR AND HAD HER HAIR DONE.

AT THE FAIR DIANNA MET THREE VERY NICE GIRLS, THEIR NAMES WERE, PAT, MARION AND SUSY. THE THREE GIRLS DIDN'T HAVE ANY WEARE TO LIVE AND DIANNA THOUGHT, IF THERE WAS FOUR EXTRA ROOMS IN THE HOUSE, BUT IF SHE LIVED WITH SOMEONE SHE WOULD LOSE HER WITCH POWERS. THEN SHE FELT SO SORRY FOR THE THREE GIRLS AND LET THEM STAY IN THREE OF THE EXTRA ROOMS.

CHAPTER 8

FRIENDS

AFTER THE THREE GIRLS WERE SETTLED IN THEY HAD TO LEARN FARMING AND WHILE THE GIRLS LEARNED HOW TO TAKE CARE OF A FARM, DIANNA LEARNED THAT SHE STILL HAD WITCH POWERS, AND THAT MADE HER VERY HAPPY! SHE BECAME VERY GOOD FRIENDS WITH PAT, MARION AND SUSY. THE FARM CHORES WERE DONE FASTER AND THERE WAS TIME FOR MORE FUN AROUND THE FARM. THERE WAS TIME FOR SLEEPING IN. NOW THE FOUR GIRLS HAD A LOT MORE MONEY! THE HOUSE WAS MORE LIVELY NOW, THE NEIBORS THOUGHT DIANNA DID MOST OF THE FEEDING AND GROOMING. MARION DID MOST OF THE CLEENING IN THE STABLES. PAT DID MOST OF THE HOUSE CLEENING. SUSY DID MOST OF THE COOKING AND BAKING. THE FOUR OF THEM WERE INVITED TO MORE PARTIES THAN YOU COULD BELIEVE. MOST OF THE PARTIES THEY DIDN'T GO TO. THEY WENT TO TWO PARTIES A MONTH THAT'S ALL THEY HAD TIME FOR.

MARION HAD VISITED AN ORFANGE AND SHE BROUGHT HOME A FIVE YEAR OLD BOY, HIS NAME WAS JASON. HE HELPED HIS MOTHER WITH MOST OF HER CHORES. PAT WENT TO ST. LOUSE FOR A MONTH AND BROUGHT HOME A 3 YEAR OLD GIRL NAMED VIOLET. SHE HELPED HER MOTHER JUST LIKE JASON HELPED HIS MOTHER. IT WAS A VERY HAPPY PLACE. SUSY GOT A GIRL CINDY. SHE WAS TWO.

THE END ♀

HAVE YOU EVER SEEN A COW BOR A DOG OR HERD OF IT? WELL IN THIS BOOK YOU READ ABOUT IT AND LOTS OF OTHER FASINATING THINGS

READ

THE BOOK

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HAVE YOU EVER SEEN A COW BOR A DOG OR HERD OF IT WELL IN THIS BOOK YOU'LL READ ABOUT IT AND LOTS OF OTHER FASINATING THINGS

READ

THE

BOOK.

CHAPTER ONE

THE FARM

THERE WAS ONCE A 10 YEAR OLD GIRL NAMED DIANNA. SHE WAS A WITCH, SHE ONLY HAD 2 SUITCASES OF TEDDY BEARS. DIANNA TRAVELED AROUND THE WORLD. HER UNCLE HAD A FARM IN MEXICO AND AFTER HE DIED HE GAVE THE FARM TO HER. ON THE FARM THERE WAS: 6 HORSES, 3 PONIES, 5 COWS, 2 CALFS, 8 RABBIT, 4 CAVIES, 2 OATS, 1 KID, A DOG, 3 CATS, A BIRD, A ROOSTER, 8 CHIKENS, 4 PIGS, 2 PELLETS, A SMALL HOUSE, 2 BARNS AND A SHED.

DIANNA TURNED AND WENT INTO THE HOUSE AND THE DOG FOLLOWED. SHE SAID TO HERSELF THIS PLACE NEEDS TO BE CLEANED UP A BIT. DIANNA SNAPPED HER FINGERS AND THE WHOLE HOUSE CHANGED ALL BY ITSELF. DIANNA WENT OUT AND STARTED HER WORK.

CHAPTER TWO

DISASTER

WHEN DIANNA WAS SLEEPING SHE HEARD THE DOG HOWLING IN THE KITCHEN. SHE GOT OUT OF BED TO SEE WHAT WAS GOING ON. BUT WHEN SHE GOT TO THE KITCHEN THE DOG WAS DEAD. SO SHE MADE A GRAVE FOR THE DOG, SAT OUT BY IT ALL NITE GRYING A BIT. NEXT MORNING SHE WENT TO BED FOR THE DAY. AT NITE SHE CRYED IN HER SLEEP BECAUSE EVEN WITCHCRAFT CAN'T RISE

**Dirty Words**

In its single-minded, five-year assault on male chauvinist piggery, the women's liberation movement has spawned hundreds of practical guides to help sisters infiltrate everything from karate to carpentry. This year, for the first time, these have all been indexed in a gigantic, glossy red encyclopedia called The New Woman's Survival Catalog. It is a dazzling document. There are "how-to" brochures on everything from filing a discrimination complaint with the Federal Communications Commission to repairing autos, evaluating day-care centers, reporting a rape and operating a cream separator. There are pamphlets publicizing little-known side effects of the Pill on the liver, thyroid, adrenal glands and gall bladder. There is even news on a Women's Divorce Co-op that tries to ease the legal hassle—and reduce the cost—of uncoupling.

But many feminists argue that such piecemeal, pragmatic efforts are not enough. They maintain that the roots of sexual bias lie far deeper, in a hoary patriarchalism that pervades the whole culture.

**Doomed:** Certainly, stabs have been made at demolishing these stereotypes. To assault the mind-set that pigeonholes women as housewives and breeders, a zealous revisionism is under way in children's books (not even Dr. Seuss is exempt) to upgrade the self-perception of young female readers. Yet even that effort, however laudable, may be doomed. The compilers of The Feminist English Dictionary, published recently by a YWCA in Chicago, argue that the English language is a tool of repression. By assembling 441 "sexist" words, the dictionary's editors hope "that lexicographers will be jared to perceive the prejudice inherent in their scholarship" and that the language may be wrenched "from its centuries-old degrading complacencies about women." Almost every English word dealing with women, charges editor Ruth Todasco, "has some degrading meaning."

Consider, for example, the 67 synonyms for "whore." A few, admittedly, are archaic ("quail," "traipse," "trull"), but all can be found in sobersided conventional dictionaries that are currently in print. Does this fact not suggest, ask the authors, that "the English language functions as a heavy whip-wielding master to keep women in their place?" That lash reaches far beyond the simple sexual functions. There are, for example, all the "ettes" and "esses" which, when attached to a profession—as in "directress" and "ambassadors"—serve to remind women all too emphatically "that there is a central type of humanity and that they do not qualify for membership in it."

There also are the disagreeable, spe-

cifically female epithets like "crone," "harp," "hag," "shrew," "virago," "terragant," "harridan" and "slattern" for which male equivalents are rare. Even such putatively favorable words as "lady" are chauvinist put-downs, insists Todasco. "Viewed as a 'lady,'" she explained last week, "I am pinned in ambivalence. I feel a calculating interest, a measuring of my appeal and availability. But as a 'lady' I am not supposed to notice that I am a sexual person. The effect of being 'ladylike' is to make a woman ashamed of her sexuality."

How much do such definitions really matter? A lot, it would seem. From the primitive to the modern, societies have always attached great significance to names and labels. And Jessie Sheridan, who helped to compile the feminist dictionary, insists that "the women of today recognize that language corrupts thought." But thought also corrupts language, and many readers might ask what, after all, is so demeaning about such playfully lusty words as "wench" or "flirt." The inclusion of such examples in the dictionary's list of "dirty words" is self-righteous or paranoid, or both. And who is to criticize Playboy magazine when the New Woman's Survival Catalog boasts a sniggering poster for a masculine hygiene deodorant or a raunchy placard proclaiming "The Discovery of the Clitoris?"

Yet as the dictionary points out, the language (like society itself) still does not take women seriously enough. And until it does, women will continue to grope for definition—even through awkward excesses of silliness, earnestness and flailing, fulminating indignation.

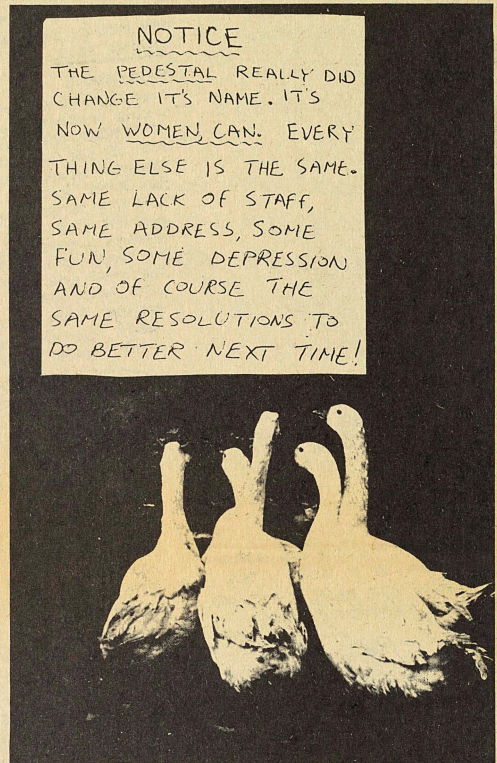
—ELIZABETH PEER

Reprinted from Newsweek



Female power: Right makes might

# CHANGES



**THE AFFIRMATIVE ACTION PLAN ACT**

Rosemary Brown (NDP Vancouver-Burrard) Brought down her Affirmative Action Plan Act as a Private Member's Bill on Feb. 21, 1974.

You may remember. What it said, in seven paragraphs and translated loosely, was that actions speak louder than words, that if the Provincial Government is really sincere in its support of human rights, and its desire to promote true equality of opportunity for everybody, then it should be prepared to back it up.

"Every British Columbia institution, organization, government department, crown corporation, government commission, board and agency, person and company, which is a direct or indirect recipient of provincial government money shall develop and

Kay Alsop, The Province, March 21, 1974

implement an affirmative action plan which will be filed with the Lieutenant-Governor-in-Council." is how it's worded.

Then it goes on to explain the Term Affirmative Action Plan itself:

"Any program, scheme or schedule which leads to full equality between men and women in all aspects of employment and education, including hiring, promotion, super-annuation, training and retraining and access to jobs."

Affirmative Action became part of the vocabulary of Americans when in 1972, The Equal Employment Opportunity Act was made part of the Civil Rights Act of 1964.

It finally made it illegal to deprive any citizen of the United States Equal employment United States equal privilege and protection of those privileges, without due process of law.

There are those who say that a private member's bill usually just dies on the Legislature order paper, that it only comes up for debate if the Government so wills, and they hold out about as much hope for Rosemary Brown's Act as a snowball in the Sahara.

Rosemary Brown's not at all pessimistic. For one thing, she's convinced of its importance, and she's got a bag full of mail from people throughout the province to back her up.

BUT SHE CAN ALWAYS USE MORE. SEND HER A LETTER OF SUPPORT TODAY: Ms. Rosemary Brown, M.L.A., Legislative Assembly, Victoria, BC

# "HOUSEWIVES & SOCIAL CHANGE"

The UBC Women's Office Tuesday night lecture series ended March 19th with Marylee Stephenson, author of "Women in Canada" speaking on "Housewives and Social Change". On reading this title in the circulated brochures I became very excited about the lecture, anticipating profound statistics with which to arm myself for future battles involving meaty questions such as "What's wrong with being a housewife?" However, soon into the lecture, Marylee related that she would be speaking about specific groups of housewives as encountered by herself three years ago in Vancouver during her own personal pursuit of "liberation" and her search for material to compile her Ph.D. thesis in Sociology. Some women left at this point, presumably because they too had hoped to hear about Canadian women in general. I stayed for two reasons. In the first place, I am always eager to listen to a knowledgeable, capable woman expounding on any topic. It fortifies me. Secondly, I was with a friend and I felt what we were about to hear would interest both of us.

Marylee began by defining the words "social change" as when large numbers of people change their beliefs, attitudes AND behaviour towards what is going on in the world. She then drew attention to a major difference between single women and housewives regarding the ease with which they are able to make social change.

Single women can proclaim sexual liberation, refuse to work at a discriminatory job, absent themselves from sexually prejudiced social situations, etc. more readily because they have only themselves to be responsible for. A housewife, on the other hand, has her children, a husband, as well as the framework of marriage to consider. She is, at this stage of her life, fulfilling the expectations of society. Society rewards her with a certain amount of esteem because she is his wife and their mother. Therefore, even the most unhappy housewife, attracted to the freedoms of a more liberated life-style, has to consider the loss of this status should she make even one step towards women's liberation.

Even this one step is important in terms of who is affected and to what degree. The housewife



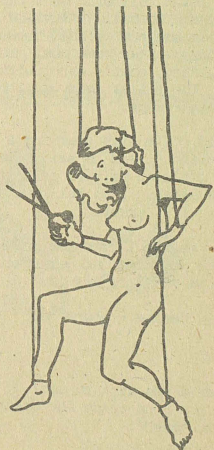
who makes the decision to go to a women's liberation meeting on Thursday nights now has her husband do his studying at home that night, instead of at the office, so he can babysit. The people at the office are told why he will not be in on Thursdays anymore. The children, the next day, tell their friends at school that Dad babysat because Mom went to a women's liberation meeting. These kids tell their mothers and they tell their husbands and they tell their friends and they tell their wives...all about this one woman who is seeking liberation. Vibrations ripple along comfortably. This was one of the most reassuring parts of the lecture for me, the thought that whenever one person makes a decision to change, a lot of people are affected by it. No decision is too small to pass by unnoticed.

The other really significant part of the lecture was Marylee stating that she had never met a woman who had been involved in the women's movement without her having been introduced to it through a friend. At this point, I nudged my friend, giving her a warm smile, whereupon she began to fidget. This was her first lecture of this sort. Marylee continued. A great deal of reassurance is nurtured in the knowledge that someone you know and like has gone there and is still alive and well. I glanced secretly at my friend to see if she looked distressed. I thought she did. On my notepad I wrote, "Are you all right?" She turned and smiled broadly, nodding her head vigorously to assure me she was fine, yes, just fine. I accepted this, reluctantly, and then patted her arm, whispering "Good, I'm glad". Although I meant well, she seemed to fidget even more after that.

The talk progressed to quotes from different housewives in the groups which had been studied. This relieved the pressure in our area by taking the topic away from newcomers to women's liberation. I noticed a lot of women nudging their neighbours exchanging 'that's so true!' type glances and grinning as they heard Marylee repeating things they themselves had said recently. They shared. I showed my friend two women near us who were demonstrating this rather dramatically, gesticulating and whispering and chuckling. My friend and I looked at each other and grinned. It occurred to me that two women behind us could well be looking at us, grinning to each other and in fact the whole happy scene could actually be perpetuating itself all over the SUB ballroom.

Marylee recounted the process by which the housewives became involved in women's liberation. They had first to be aware of societal expectations of housewives. They then had to experience discomfort with these expectations or with their performance of them. Next they questioned what their roles really should be and finally they sought out primary group support. In the group setting, they advanced rapidly, being able to exchange similar complaints and then gradually to learn new ideas and concepts through talking to "more liberated" group members. Because they could come back next week and relate to a sensitive audience their achievements or setbacks and see how other women had fared with similar projects, they were able to examine their efforts conscientiously, without fear of derision or scorn. They changed their beliefs, attitudes and behaviour.

continued page 9



# Dialogue with egomaniacal Man "I SHOULD'VE ORDERED FILET MIGNON."

jeannine mitchell

I was on welfare, with \$20 to blow on food & fun living after paying the rent. I was also working day & night for the revolution which made me sick starving exhausted and depressed. So i decided to sell my stereo to get rich and complacent again.

"It's a complete Dual set - cost me \$275 just five months ago, and it's still under warranty. I'm only asking \$150 for it because i'm broke."

"Not much of a warranty on it now though, eh? \$150 cash? Listen, i've got a friend in the wholesale business who can get me a brand new stereo for not much more than that... I'll offer \$125 firm, that's my final offer. This is a bad time of the year to sell stereos."

Etcetera. I sold it to him for \$125. His name was stanley orc, he was a middle-aged crab fisherman with a wife and five children and he told me, right after knocking me down to \$125. that he grossed \$100,000 a year.

Talkative, too. He sat down on my couch and told me about his ocean frontage home & his summer retreat & his truck & his cars & his motorcycle & his cessa airplane.

Following that he told me about his underprivileged childhood & how he'd worked his way up & about his political philosophies, which i would basically sum up as being a cheap bastard.

In addition to my other problems that day i had a hangover. And when the white lights at the bank began following me & the air began to buzz, i hurried outside and put my head between my knees. Stan came out. He said, "Hey, what's wrong with you? The teller said you looked in rough shape."

I said, "I'm sick starving & exhausted." And he said, "Well, what you need my girl is a good thick steak. I'll tell you what. I'll treat."

I was weak. I remember telling him he was kind and generous. Then we got into his car.

"Okay, denise - where to?"

"Huh?"

"Where d'you want to eat? What's a good place for steak around here?"

"Uh...i've never had steak in a restaurant..."



"Oh. Oh well then, let's go to the Steak Pit."

On the way over, stan told me how to judge a good steak. Then he asked me if i would like to go up in his airplane with him (we could fly up the coast a ways and afterwards have dinner at one of the many fine restaurants he knows of)

"I could really show you a lot of nice places, denise. Sounds to me like you don't have the right kind of boyfriends. Smart girls go for a man with a little money and experience. Not that you aren't a smart girl though, eh?"

"Yeah, well, i'd really like to get a little money and experience on my own. How did you get started in crabfishing?"

"Opportunity doesn't knock twice, denise. That is a motto i've always believed in. You think about it. I'm pretty easy to get along with and i think you're a girl that likes to have a good time."

"Yeah, i also run a fish store in soo sound...the wife works at that y'know, cuz i'm usually out fishing. But she had a hernia this year, so i closed the store for the season. Figured she'd work too hard, y'see."

"Yeah?" (probably couldn't fuck her with a hernia, i thought.)

"Boy, she was mad at me! She really wanted to work! Anyway, we had so many people drop in on us that year, with her being free, that she was always working around the house, and she said 'never again' to that. She used to get in real bad moods - she was on the Pill then."

We pulled up in front of The Pit. Stan grabbed the door open first, and we swished together over a long red carpet.

"Well, what'll you have, wine or beer?"

"Oh, i don't think i'll have anything thanks."

"What! What's a meal without a drink? Here's a nice light wine - Reisling - you'll like it."

"No, I feel sick, remember? I just couldn't drink it."

"Oh. Well in that case certainly i understand."

"Would you care for anything to drink, sir?"

"No thanks."

Porterhouse 9 ounces \$8.95. Filet Mignon \$10.95. The Pit was the most expensive restaurant i'd ever been in. I checked the menu carefully, deciding on the Filet Mignon. I've heard so much about it.

But after a lifetime of learning to accept handouts hugging my knees in gratitude, I have picked up bad habits.

"Go ahead, denise. Order whatever you want."

"Oh gee, i guess i'd like the Porterhouse Steak 9 ounces."

Stan had just finished telling me of his travels in the u.s.a. (for example, minnesota had good fishing, although it didn't compare to washington, and a girl he took out in oregon turned out to be 14 years old) After a little hesitation, i said:



"I'd hate to be a woman in the near east...you know - afghanistan and turkey and so on."

"Why?"

"They're treated just like donkeys. This kid offered to buy me for 50¢ and he was serious."

"Hahaha, you're worth more than that, eh?"

"Yeah...haha...i thought so at the time...but anyway, a lot of the moslem women still have to wear these stifling robes, and they can only see and breathe out of a little meshwork over their eyes and nose, like this..."

The waitress was coming our way & i picked up my knife and fork as i described the moslem robes to stan. So far he'd looked more interested than in anything else i'd said that day, so i couldn't tell if he was serious when he broke into my description with:

"I like to keep women in their place. Keep em under my foot where they belong. My motto is to keep em barefoot and pregnant"

"You should tell your wife that" i said absently, stuffing my mouth with rare steak baked potato mushrooms melting sour cream.

"HAWHAWHAW boy, she'd walk out the door, throw in the towel, if i said that!"

"Hey, see what happens! I look at a goodlooking gal like you and spill my tea! Say, what d'you think it is that attracts a person to the opposite sex?"

"I ask myself that a lot..."

"Oh hahaha...I like a girl with a sense of humour."

"The government's paying for almost half the cost of this meal," he confided as we left The Pit. "That's because i have a smart tax lawyer and he gets things like this through as business expenses. It's a worthwhile investment to make, denise. Tax lawyers can save you hundreds of dollars a year."

Back in the car.

"So, how would you like to go out with me next time I come into town?"

"Uh well i well i don't think umm i mean..."

"C'mon girl, don't beat around the bush. Say what you mean."

"Well, i'd rather keep this at business."

"Oh, just business. Hmm. Well in any case, whaddya say we have a beer just to finish off the evening?"

"Look, it was very nice of you to buy me dinner & i'm grateful but i don't want to get involved, i mean, i mean, i think we should leave it at this. Besides, i have to meet some friends in less than half an hour. Okay?"

(I was figuring out his operating costs in my head: with a government subsidy on our dinners it would work out to approximately \$4.50 a screw plus perhaps another dollar for gas. The cost of 2 pair of socks or a night in the penny arcade.)

"You don't want to get involved with an older man, that's what it is, isn't it?"

"Well, no...actually i..."

"I'm not trying to pressure you, denise...i don't go for that... but it seems to me you're in a bit of a rut. It's not to your advantage to just see the same kind of men, y'know. I'll tell you something (and most girls would agree with me here) mature men have a lot more to offer - a lot more in every way - and that includes, if you'll pardon me, the bedroom. You can't beat experience, that's an old saying for you..."

"No, seriously..."

"Now, i'm not promising you the moon, denise. I think i could show you a real good time when i come to town. Take you to the better restaurants, show you what good food is, and we could catch some good acts at The Pump House, if you like nightclubs, and so on. Do you like to waltz? Don't worry, i can twist with the best of them, but there's a lot to be said for slow dancing. But anyway, denise, my point is this: you know what a man's like, you're a bit experienced i'm sure. I would umm push a bit if i thought you would umm allow it (let's be frank about this as adults) but of course if you felt strongly i would respect your feelings. How can you lose, denise?"

"No, really. I don't want to go out with you. Hey, i get out here, pine street, thanks!"

Hearty grin. Handshake.

"Okay stan, goodbye, thanks for the dinner. I hope you like the stereo."

"I hope so too - or you'll catch it,hahaha..." (he slaps me playfully on the thigh) "Well, bye for now, denise. Maybe i'll contact you next time i get into town. I'll bring you a couple of crabs..."

(note: this is second in my MONOLOGUES WITH EGOMANIAC MEN series)

this was taken from SISYPHUS WAS A WOMAN (a collection of prose and poetry by women)

available at the Women's Bookstore 804 Richards

MARYLEE CONTINUED from page 7

One thing Marylee found particularly indicative of real change was the women's new attitudes to Day Care. At first, it was very difficult for them to consider allowing someone else to "raise their children". They were reluctant to leave their omnipotent posts. But eventually, through discussion in the group they came to realize the freedom Day Care could provide them and the children.

Some women came to work in the planning of Day Care centers and others in raising the quality of existing ones. Others became involved in local interest groups and still others returned to school.

The lecture ended. Some of us, my friend included, retired to the pub for beer and talk about ourselves, our husbands, our situations and ways to alter them. We may have initiated another social change.

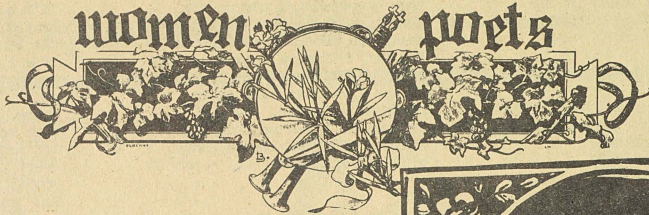
by Marnie Smith



"Just what is it that you people want?"

Copyright 1973, Toronto Sun Syndicate

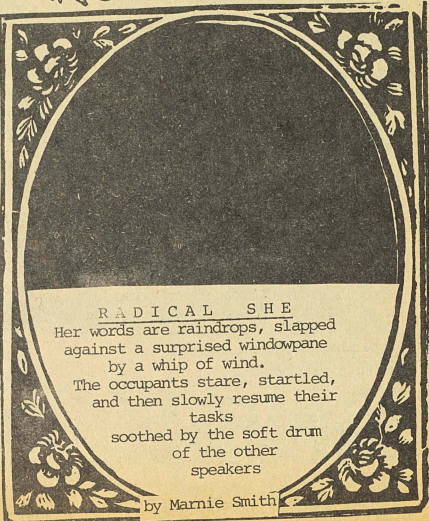
# women poets



## RETURNING HEADACHE

WHAT I AM IN NOW  
 (HAVE BEEN FOR CENTURIES—  
 BEFORE AND AFTER KNOWING YOU  
 AND DURING OUR LOVING EVEN)  
 CAN'T BE CHANGED OR TAKEN AWAY.  
 —AS IF THIS HEAVY HAUNTING  
 DEMONESS OF ME  
 COULD BE FRIGHTENED OFF BY A FEW  
 TENDER MORNINGS.  
 I WISH IT WAS SO EASY.  
 HEADACHE RETURNING. NO ESCAPE  
 THROUGH RUNNING OR STOPPING  
 FIGHTING OR ACCEPTING HER  
 IT'S ALL THE SAME.  
 CAN'T YOU SEE SHE IS MOTHER, SISTER,  
 AND DAUGHTER TO ME?  
 CAN'T YOU UNDERSTAND THE STRENGTH OF THAT?

-J. COOK  
JULY 2ND '73



## RADICAL SHE

Her words are raindrops, slapped  
 against a surprised windowpane  
 by a whip of wind.  
 The occupants stare, startled,  
 and then slowly resume their  
 tasks  
 soothed by the soft drum  
 of the other  
 speakers

by Marnie Smith

MORE ARTICLES, STORIES, AND OTHER SLICES OF  
 WOMEN'S LIVES WANTED! ALSO PRO-WOMEN  
 GRAPHICS, CARTOONS, AND JOKES!

## SUNDREAM

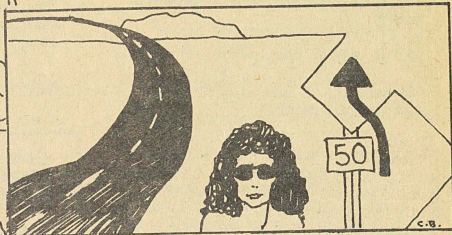
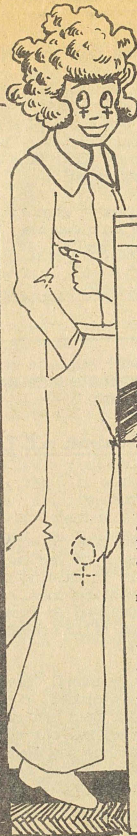
Spring-spattered mornings  
 why do you take so long  
 in coming?

The cream of my disposition,  
 long cut with rain,  
 droops now,  
 in strands of skim-milk blue.

Come on.                      Come on.  
 Feed me spoons of warmth  
 and watch your gentle soothing  
 caress me into cream;  
 rich, smooth and sassy.

Oh yeah sun,  
 come on  
 come on

by MARNIE SMITH



The Cars

Strictly we're the riders, day is what  
 is run, and sleep's what trips the counter minus  
 one. But someone plastic has a right-  
 hand seat and goes around. We crash and right  
 ourselves. He isn't hurt, but I have lost  
 the rhythm's list. The counter's click is one  
 more harmless crash.

A moral life goes on.  
 We must allow the course its life and keep  
 along our own; heed footnotes; learn phonetic  
 alphabets and have a need or two.  
 We shouldn't lap our hopes, but if we do  
 the god of speed and sleep will note it down  
 and set the counter for another round.

Phyllis Baker

If you are interested in facilities for preschoolers, you really must look into the Childcare Federation. It is a newly-formed organization chock full of enthusiastic optimism. A constitution has been prepared and ratified (with the help of D. Mossop and G. Gallins of Community Lawyers 872-0271). To become a member of the Childcare Federation you must stem from a group of at least three people which you then represent at the Federation. You and your two neighbours could form this group--it's that easy. Then you apply for membership. If you don't wish to become a member but do wish to assist this organization, your donations, ideas, babysitting services would be welcomed heartily. To start your involvement, read the following press release:

"On Sunday, February 24th, the newly-formed Childcare Federation ratified its constitution. The Federation feels it can now actively begin recruiting new members. The steering committee which meets bi-monthly, is open to all interested persons.

At the Sunday general meeting the Federation called on Health Minister Dennis Cocke to hold public hearings on the proposed new childcare regulations. Originally, Levi had promised that no new regulations would be enacted without public hearings. The Federation feels that at the present time these proposed regulations are the most vital issue facing all childcare groups in the province. They will determine standards for years to come.

The afternoon session was largely devoted to design. While the Government is providing some monies for childcare, it wants parents to establish and coordinate their own centers. At the same time, the Government is refusing to finance resource people who could help (inexperienced) parents design child-oriented facilities.

While millions of dollars are spent on children after they reach the age of six, the Federation feels that the Government doesn't recognize the vital need for permanent, high quality facilities for preschoolers, some of whom spend a 10-hour day, 5-day week in inadequate surroundings."

Lynne Dyson  
Communication Committee  
The Childcare Federation  
1108 Commercial Drive  
Vancouver, BC

The major immediate concern of the Federation is with the draft of the proposed new regulations for childcare written by the Community Care Facilities Licensing Board in Victoria. It seems inconceivable that this Board, composed entirely of Civil Servants with NO consumers on it, has total control of childcare regulations for this Province.

These proposed regulations if implemented as they stand, will affect all people involved in childcare. You are urged to write to The Community Care Facilities Licensing Board in Victoria to ask for a copy of this draft. These regulations if implemented without significant changes, would jeopardize the continuance of many existing child care programs--at a time when such programs do not even begin to meet the needs of the province. Because present funding for childcare is totally inadequate to meet the requirements of the proposed new regulations, their implementation would make it an impossible task to establish high quality child care programs. If we take action together to insist that there be consumers (i.e. people directly involved in childcare) on that Board, this will solve many long-standing difficulties.

TO HELP, sign your name on one of the petition sheets (one will be posted at the Pedestal Office, 804 Richards Street) and support the Federations's request for public hearings. For further information call 255-9336.



BY Marnie Smith ♀

CANADIAN WOMEN'S EDUCATIONAL PRESS...publisher of The Day Care Book and Women Unite! is eager to receive finished manuscripts dealing with:  
--socialist analyses of women's political/sexual/economic oppression.  
--documentary or biographical histories of women in Canada.  
--specific issues that face women in their homes, schools, and places of work.  
--fictional or visual works that examine or challenge the role of women in society.  
--educational or fictional books for children which are free of traditional sex and status stereotyping.

280 Bloor Street West  
Toronto, Ontario 962-3904

announcements  
↓ ↓ ↓ ↓ ↓

TRANSITION HOUSE

Transition House is at last open. It is a refuge for mothers and children where board and room are provided for up to one month. A sympathetic staff is available who can offer help in obtaining family counselling, jobs, housing, welfare. Child care is available also to allow the women to investigate alternatives for the future. After three weeks in operation they are already full; clear proof that Transition House has only begun to meet an immediate need for many women. Extra clothing is needed for both women and children. If you can help or if you want more information, call 874-5116.

WOMEN'S LEGAL ADVICE CLINIC

Ste 4-45 Kingsway  
Vancouver 10, BC  
874-8525  
Monday & Wed. evenings 7-9  
ROYAL COMMISSION ON FAMILY AND CHILDREN'S LAW

In April, two evening workshops will be devoted to studying a recently published working paper on matrimonial property. The purpose of this commission is to examine all aspects of family law and to make recommendations for legislation to change the laws.

It important for women of the province to attend the workshops because they are personally affected by these issues, to understand them so that:  
1.) The best proposals will be presented to the legislature.  
2.) The government and general public will know that women are informed and are taking responsibility for their affairs.



# A MARCH 8th STORY

by  
P. SMITH



March 8th was International Women's Day, one of the more deserved and at the same time, least publicized days of celebration in North America today. International Women's Day commemorates the militant activity of women in industry in the early 1900's. In particular was the strike called by the socialist women in the garment industry in New York, March 8th, 1908. Later, in 1910, Clara Zetkin, a leader of the German Socialist Party, made a motion at the meeting of the Congress of the Second International that March 8th be declared International Women's Day in honour of women's struggles. In more democratic countries the contribution of women to society is paid special recognition on this day, with cultural celebrations and, so I've heard, in China, a half-day holiday. But not so here.

In fact, if it weren't for women treating themselves and others to a special event, I think the day would have slipped by with hardly a notice. That's what happened last year. We were sitting around the old Pedestal office laying out the paper, cutting and pasting, reading and talking. Someone late into the afternoon said, "Hey, isn't this March 8th?" and someone else said "Yes and this damn paper's two weeks late...again." "But March 8th is International Women's Day... Hooray, happy International Women's Day" and we danced for thirty seconds and sat down to finish the paper. But this year some enterprising women decided to do it up right. A meeting was called and women from a number of local groups met to decide how and when and where. The results were: March 8th (of course) at the Y.W.C.A., the Vancouver Status of Women, the U.B.C. Women's Office and the Women's Health Collective would lend the money needed for supplies, Press Gang would design and print posters, people from the Bookstore would help make a tape of good music, and everyone would pitch in energy and resources and everything would be done with great dispatch and order. And it was. The posters were made and they said, of course, that it would happen on March 8th.

That was a surprise to some people especially those who had been labouring under the mis-assumption that it was going to be on March 9th. But phone

calls were made to set things right and I sincerely hope that no one but no one went to a party at the Y on the 9th. Then the tape recorder was rented and the records were borrowed, the mysteries of stereo amplifier hook-ups were solved and after 11 hours of taping, the women knew that they had assembled the finest three hours of boogie music ever to be found in one place. Then the last minute preparations. A trip to the Y with the recorder left the prepared tape in the back of a van and the trip to the Status of Women left the woman in charge of beer and liquor licence with no money for either. The cheque was made out to the Pedestal and the woman being of a different last name was in a bind. Until of course, rescued by a sister who promptly went to her own bank account and withdrew the \$100.00 that saved the day.



The tape was found and the beer was bought and then the recorder was to be hooked up to the PA system for multi-dimensional stereo sound. But alas and alack the man who had the key to the equipment was not about to do it and neither was he about to let the women. God only knows why not. The only thing left to do was unhinge the locked cupboard. Someone produced an appropriate screwdriver and it was done. No that it helped much because I for one didn't have the faintest idea how to do it and it seemed that I knew at least as much about these sort of things as anyone else there at the time. It was decided that we could do without the multi-dimensional stereo sound and we did. Until it was time to turn the tape over and it was discovered that the tape had taken it upon itself to partly unwind and partly gobble up into little seersucker patterns. We could always send it to re-cycling artist Evelyn Roth who crochets video tape but we couldn't dance to it. Not any more. A delegation was dispatched to a nearby home to pick up a turn-table, amplifier and speakers and records.

The energy in the room during the lull was incredible. People were talking up a storm, visiting and drinking with each other. But we slowly nudged towards the point where the nicest thing in the whole world would be to move, to dance and I thought to myself "If God was a woman, she'd send the women through those doors with stereo stuff right now. Then there was a cheer, no kidding, and in came the turntable, and records and speakers and everything. Well almost everything and I thought "If God was a woman she would have sent along the speaker wire."

Now the one thing that I have learned about speaker wire over the years is that in a pinch practically any wire will do. So the cupboard was unhinged again and a long beautiful cable was remodeled with a jack-knife.

AND THEN THERE WAS MUSIC.

I have never seen so many women dancing in my whole life. Every one was doing it. It was a fine happy sight and just what I hoped International Women's Day would be. and the nice thing was that it continued to be that way. Women talking and women dancing, taking turns gathering empties and minding the shop and picking the records. And then it happened, a social phenomenon I had recently mentioned to a gay male friend of mine. We were talking about the lack of care and love and good feelings that he had often experienced at parties and dances he had been to. I admitted that I had often felt that sort of aloneness myself but I had experienced a totally different thing also. That being, some time in a good evening of being together something happens that makes all the women or at least most of them, join hands and dance in a huge, great circle and no one is left out that doesn't want to be. It just happens. Sometimes if the space is small and the numbers are large, two circles will happen, one inside the other. I have with mine own eyes seen it happen with women most of whom did not know each other. Then the music stops and every one cheers and hugs each other.

**A MARCH 8TH. STORY**  
(Cont'd. from your immediate left)

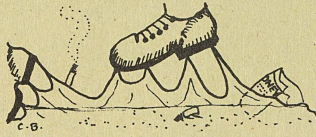
It always makes me feel all warm and mushy inside and so much so I forget what weird trips I might have been witness to and for a moment think **SISTERHOOD IS INDEED BEAUTIFUL ...WOMEN ARE PERFECT...** and then in a less mushy vein, "WELL, THEY COULD BE IF THEY WERE JUST LEFT ALONE."

It was late and time to go home. Someone called out from the bar that it was "LAST CALL FOR THE BAR". Dorothy GoGouen, from the Pool Parlour mentioned that it had been a long time since she had been on this side of the fence so to make the most of the opportunity, yelled back in a loud voice, "Pardon me...WOULD YOU TURN UP THE P.A. SYSTEM AND REPEAT THAT IN ENGLISH". I thought of the times I had been at her place at closing and shuffling my feet, sipping my beer and pretending that I didn't hear that it was time to leave.

My part of the clean-up was volunteering to sweep the floor. All through high school I was a janitor in a hospital and I like pushing those mops. The dry, fluffy three foot wide jobs that scoop along cigarette butts and broken glass and lost earrings. I was just doing that when I nearly killed myself with the broom handle when the mop it was attached to got stuck and sent the handle into my chest. Not right, not right I thought but rather than figure out why I decided to sweep everything towards the obstruction thereby putting off dealing with the problem until later. I finished sweeping, noting that the cigarette butts now stuck to the dry mop.

I stretched out on the floor to catch forty winks while waiting for the other cleaner-upper to return. When she did I sat up, refreshed but my leather jacket followed begrudgingly, it was semi-stuck to the floor. I touched the goop and thought, 'it looks a lot like honey.' BUT IT COULDN'T POSSIBLY BE HONEY. WHO WOULD BRING HONEY TO A PARTY? That's what I thought about the macaroni too. At the party at the Y to open the Information Centre there was this great long table of munchies. I went over looking for a little something and found a little pile of shells. They looked a lot like raw macaroni and I thought NO ONE would bring raw macaroni and expect people to eat it. Therefore it could not be raw macaroni. So I ate them. They were exactly what they looked like. I went back to my table and proceeded to warn people about the eats and they in turn warned me about the dangers of eating someone's beer tickets.

So Carolyn and I started poking this stuff that looked alot like honey and finally she whispered, 'you know, I think it's a broken jar of honey.'



It started to make a certain sort of sense. I mean, here you are at a beer-serving party with a jar of honey and there isn't anything you can do with it except juggle it around and worry that it will get broken. And finally the inevitable happens. It cracks wide

open on the floor and then the only thing you can do is try your damndest to make sure people don't walk through it.

We scooped it up the best we could and swished it with a wet mop. By the time we found the label that confirmed our suspicions it was everywhere a natural property of very sticky stuff of any sort. I felt badly for the person whose job it was to wash and wax the floor and it seemed only fitting that the evenings profits be donated for service beyond the call of duty.

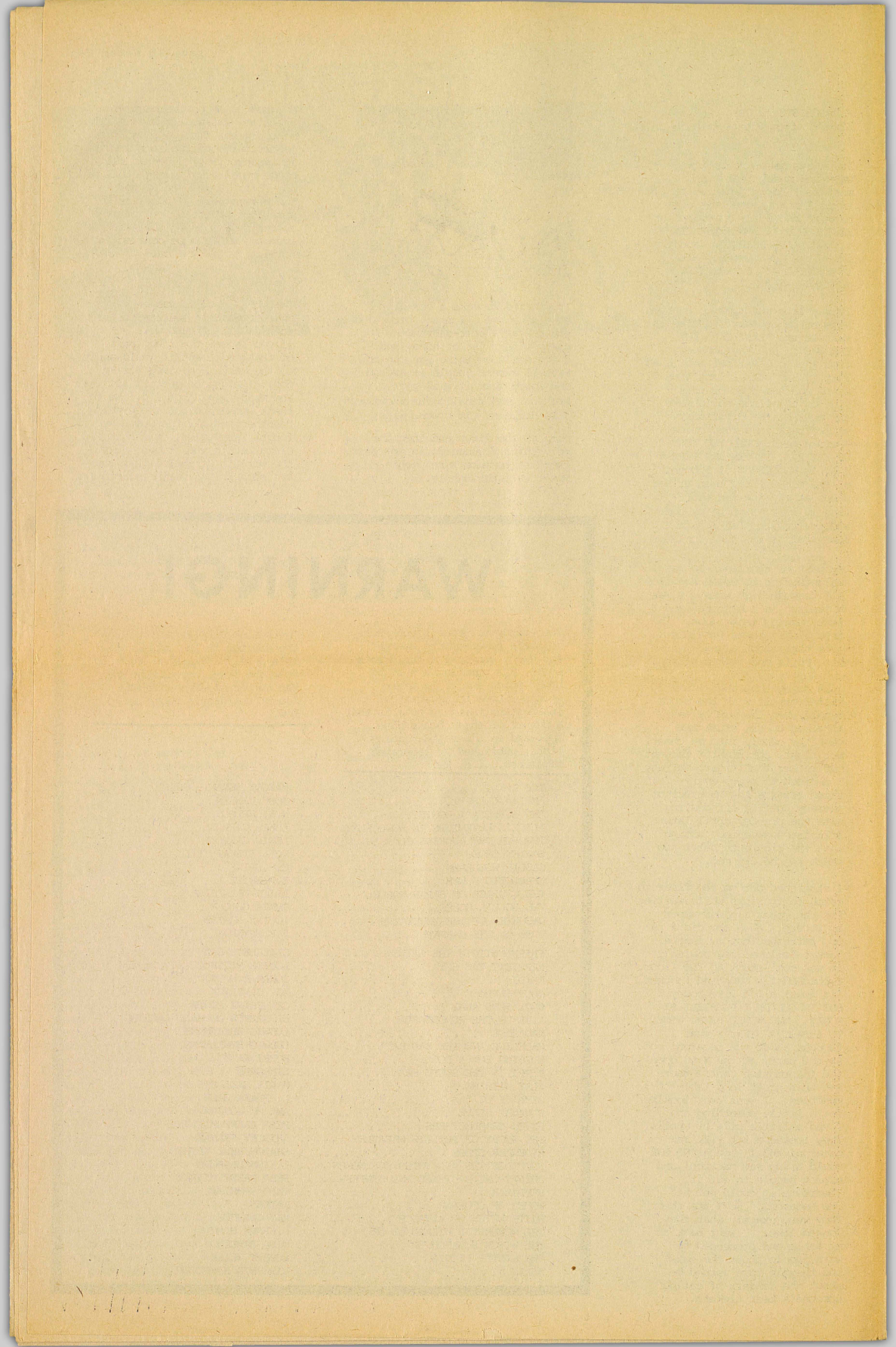
The whole evening was one of fun and cooperation and for the organizers a lot of hard work. I guess if you cancel the "fun" part of that statement it would apply to the March 8th, 1908 strike too. I might be getting all warm and mushy again but I'd like to thank women who put the evening together and all the women who ever fought, struggled, or struck and Clara Zetkin who brought it to the world's attention that there are some things worth celebrating.

# WARNING!

The Vancouver Women's Bookstore, in their never-ending search for good, non-sexist children's books, has compiled a list of books which don't, in their opinion, come up to scratch. An interesting thing to note is that a number of these books have appeared on Liberated reading lists, published in liberated magazines...i.e. Ms.

The sexism displayed runs from the obvious to the subtle. And it's difficult to know where to draw the line, especially when the number of even half-way decent children's books is so low.

THE ARK.....	MARGOT BEENARY-ISEBERT
AMELIA EARHART.....	JOHN PARLIN
ANN AURELIA & DOROTHY.....	N.S.CARLSON
ALICE'S ADVENTURE IN WONDERLAND.....	LEWIS CARROLL
THROUGH THE LOOKING GLASS.....	LEWIS CARROLL
BALLET SHOES.....	NOEL STREATHFIELD
CADDIE WOODLAWN.....	C.R.BRINK
CHARLOTTE'S WEB.....	E.B.WHITE
THE COURAGE OF SARAH NOBLE.....	ALICE DALGLIESH
THE DOLL'S HOUSE.....	RUMER GODDEN
DAUGHTER OF THE MOUNTAINS.....	LOUISE RANKIN
EDIE ON THE WARPATH.....	E.E.SPYKMAN
FRIEND WITHIN THE GATES.....	ELIZABETH GRAY
HARRIETT THE SPY.....	LOUISE FITZHUGH
HEIDI.....	JOHANNA SPYRI
JUST SUPPOSE.....	MAY GARELICK
LUCY RUNS AWAY.....	CATHERINE STORR
LIZA OF THE HUNDREDFOLD.....	ELLISABETH HUBBARD LANSING
MADELINE.....	LUDWIG BEMEIMANS
MADELINE AND THE BAD HAT.....	LUDWIG BEMEIMANS
NOTHING BUT A DOG.....	BOBBI KATZ
PIPPY IN THE SOUTH SEAS.....	LINDGREN
PLAY WITH ME.....	MARIE HALL ETS
OZMA OF OZ.....	L. FRANK BAUM
RUNAWAY SLAVE.....	ANN MC GOVERN
SEVEN GRANDMOTHERS.....	REBA PAEFF MIRSKY
THE STORY OF PHILLIS WHEATLEY.....	SHIRLEY GRAHAM
SIDEWALK STORY.....	SHARON BELL MATHIS
SUFFRAGETTES AND VOTES FOR WOMEN.....	L.E.SNELLGROVE
THIRTY-ONE BROTHERS AND SISTERS.....	REBA PAEFF MIRSKY
UMBRELLA.....	TARO YASHIMA
WOMEN OF COURAGE.....	NATHAN
WHITE WITCH OF KYNANCE.....	MAY CALHOUN
THE WONDERFUL WIZARD OF OZ.....	L.FRANK BAUM
THE WITCH'S DAUGHTER.....	NINA BAWDEN
THE WINTER PICNIC.....	ROBERT WELBER
ZEEZY.....	VIRGINIA HAMILTON



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are available. For information  
write:

Linda Schuck  
Women's History Library,  
2325 Oak.  
Berkeley, California,  
USA 94708

This will be the last program  
since the Library will be dis-  
continued as of September 30  
due to lack of funds.

HAPPY MOTHER'S DAY



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