

HERizons

A WOMEN'S NEWS MAGAZINE

SPECIAL ISSUE ON YOUTH

**What young people are
saying about:**

Teen Motherhood



Employment



Music & Culture



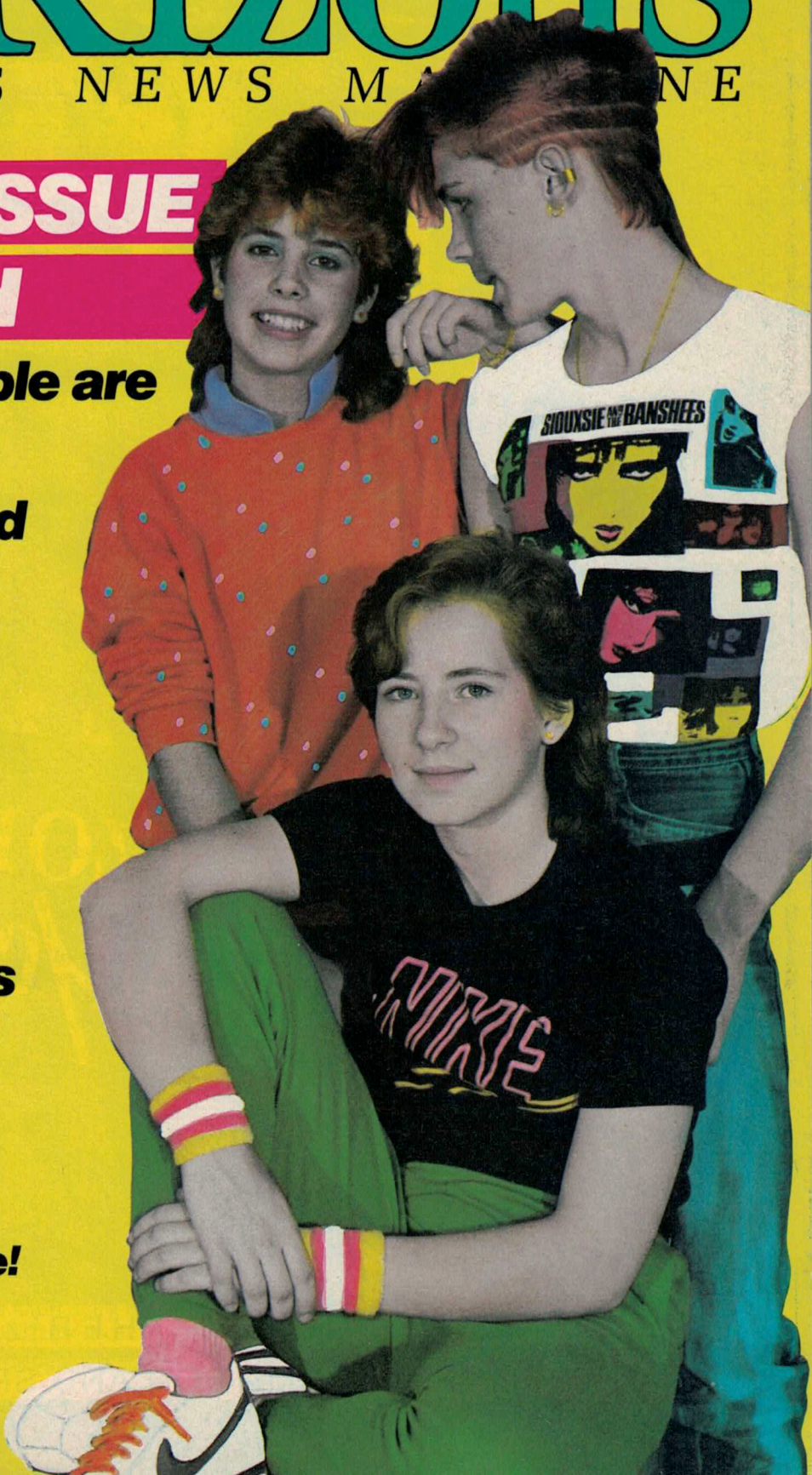
Suicide



Preppies & Punks

PLUS

Fiction, Poetry & more!



A drinking "bee" at White Chapel, Dawson, Alaska



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HERizons Toasts INTERNATIONAL YOUTH YEAR!

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HERizons

JANUARY • FEBRUARY ■ 1985

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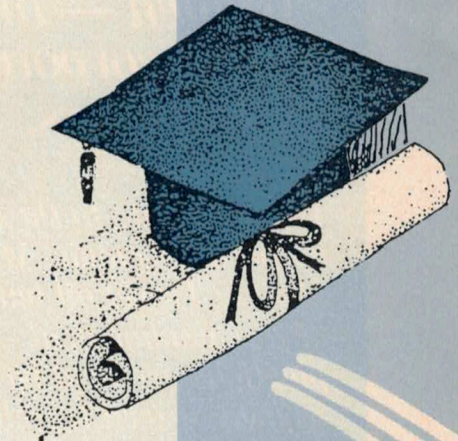
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editorial

Traditionally, young people have always had a slightly different outlook on things than everyone else. They are supposed to be the members of society who have crazy dreams of their future, wild ideals that to others seem unreachable (maybe even unreasonable), and radical ways of questioning and challenging the existing norms of society. Whether because of our naivete, our energy, or simply our inexperience, youths always seem to manage to believe, (for sometime anyway), that great changes can and will be made towards the improvement of society and of our world.

Our crazy dream this time is that someday women will no longer be the victims of violence because of their sex: Our wild ideal is a world where all people, women and men alike, will be free from any sort of violent discrimination: And yes, part of our radical ways is our telling our society that we know what is happening, that we care about it, and that we are looking for change.

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Dear Editor,

As a nurse-midwife I feel compelled to reply to Claire Dow's thought provoking article entitled "Is there a better way to Birth?" which appeared in the August issue of *HERIZONS*.

When I first read the article I was overcome with a tremendous feeling of sadness for what I sensed was one woman's anger and disappointment she felt regarding her childbirth experience. Ms. Dow appears to have been the victim of what is described in the literature as a "Failed Induction of Labour". Although I cannot comment about the particulars of her case, it is something that we who work on labour wards see more often than we would like.

Ms. Dow has done her research well and there is not much in the article which has not been said or researched before by those who are concerned with the ever increasing medicalisation of the birth process. Whether we like it or not the act of giving birth in our culture has become a medical event. In an effort to decrease maternal and perinatal mortality and morbidity rates we see more and more technology being applied to a process which is fundamentally a normal event in women's lives.

From a medical point of view a successful birth is one in which both the mother and her child survive without significant morbidity. Morbidity is defined in terms of parameters such as infections post delivery, the presence of urinary incontinence, secondary post partum haemorrhage and the like. Rarely are psychosocial effects such as depression, anger, and delay of bonding considered as significant features of morbidity. Looking at it another way a woman's idea of a successful birth is one where she delivers a healthy child and resumes a normal life. The child is thus integrated into the family and her relationship with her spouse grows and changes in a positive way. She has no residual feelings of failure, loss of control or guilt. She feels then that she has successfully given birth psy-

chologically and physically. A successful birth differs then, according to those criteria one chooses to define success. Obviously a birth which leaves a woman feeling angry or vaguely depressed or worse still feeling that her privacy was violated and that she is a failure is not a success despite the fact that birth has been tallied up on the positive side of the statistics.

So, where do we go from here? Some women are choosing to reject the current system entirely and opt for home delivery with an attendant who is neither a physician nor a nurse-midwife. The majority of women are struggling to have the kind of birth they want within the context of the present system. The latter group *do* have more choices available to them than ever before and certainly it is the task of nurses, physicians and childbirth educators to make more women aware of these choices.

There is, however, one choice that Canadian women do not have and that is who shall attend them during the birth of their baby. As Ms. Dow points out "Canada remains the only industrial country and one of the nine World Health Organisation Members (the others are Venezuela, Panama, New Hebrides, El Salvador, Dominican Republic, Columbia and Burundi) with no provision for the practise of nurse-midwifery." There are a few pilot projects operating in Canada where nurse-midwives are being utilised to provide care to low risk women but in Manitoba like the majority of centres in Canada nurse-midwives are not allowed to practise to the full extent in which they have



**Letters and responses
welcome from readers.**



**HERIZONS Magazine
200-478 River Avenue
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been trained.

I was educated in England where 70 per cent of births are still attended by nurse-midwives and they continue to be regarded as the experts in normal births. Women there have the benefit of one to one midwifery care throughout their labour and birth while at the same time they deliver within the context of a hospital setting. The nurse-midwife does not practise independently from the medical profession, physicians are readily available for consultation should complications arise. Both the midwife and the physician then have a unique and valuable role to play in the delivery of high quality care to childbearing women. To me it represented a realistic system where two professional groups worked in collaboration toward a common goal. The midwife gave her knowledge of the normal childbirth process and the physician contributed his expertise in cases where problems or risk factors occurred. Certainly European statistics compare favourably with ours and it is quite presumptuous of us to think we have nothing to learn from the countries who utilise nurse-midwives extensively while at the same time achieving positive results in terms of maternal and perinatal statistics. Unfortunately, Canadian women do not have the benefit of such choice in the present system and one has to ask oneself why?

Ms. Dow gave some very valuable suggestions to women in her article about the choices they do have in preparing themselves for the birth of their baby. Change is slow to come but certainly it will come more quickly when women begin to exercise their options and start to choose the things they feel would make the birth of their baby a more satisfying and dignified experience. I think all of us who work with childbearing women have a common goal and one cannot deny that we have made great progress over the last few years in improving outcomes for mothers and babies. However, I think many of us realise that in order to improve out-

comes *still* further the answer is not more technology and more intervention but a re-examination of the ways in which care is provided to pregnant women. Certainly, increased flexibility and informed choice for women as well as an approach that emphasises family centered care can go a long way to improve outcomes for *everyone* concerned.

I do have one last comment to make, I wish to thank Ms. Dow for writing her article and I hope that by speaking out it may have healed some of the pain her birth appears to have created. If you decide to have another child I only hope that you will find the people and the choices that enable you to have the kind of birth you deserve.

Kris Robinson

Dear HERizons:

Congratulations on your new status as a national magazine!

I've just finished reading with great interest Claire Dow's article 'Is there a better way to birth?' (Sept. 84) and was touched by this pertinent and well-researched article, and impressed at the self restraint Ms. Dow placed on very justifiable anger at the treatment she experienced.

I've just learned that Ms. Dow has since given birth under exceedingly more pleasant circumstances to her second child. Although the recommendations and advice offered in her original article were enlightening and encouraging, would not an account of her second happier experience go even further to alleviate some of the fears of us over-35's contemplating motherhood for the first time?

Kathleen Leveque
Former Winnipegger, now
of Montreal, Quebec

Dear Editors:

I am delighted to announce the birth of our second child. He was born vaginally and was, as is common, slightly larger than our first child who was born by cesarean section due to unnecessary obstetrical intervention.

I was attended by a non-interventional family physician who though he does attend home births preferred to have me go to the hospital for legal reasons. The midwife who assists him in home births came to our home when labour began and assessed my progress and the baby's

condition. Since we were both fine, we stayed home until six centimetres dilatation. The midwife accompanied us to hospital, acting as a labour companion.

I gave birth in a side-lying position and did not need an episiotomy (a small first degree tear). The baby was laid on my bare belly where he uttered his first cry. It was a marvelous experience!

It is satisfying to know that I, like the vast majority of women, can give birth safely if my body is left to do its work in its own good time.

I wanted to share this happy news with your readers not only to encourage women to attempt a vaginal birth after a cesarean but to emphasise again how much the choice of physician can affect the course of child-birth.

Due to space limitations, "Is there a better way to birth?" did not contain information on consulting a family physician in pregnancy. Women should be aware that obstetricians are not the only qualified physicians for births.

There is a better way to birth! I only hope my having shared the experience of my first birth will help pregnant women and especially first time mothers, to make their babies' births a joyous and positive experience.

Claire Dow

Dear Editors:

I was very disturbed to see the cover of October's issue of HERizons. The caption "The Family Bed", with a picture of what looks like a white anglo-saxon middle-class nuclear family with a pet implies that this is the ideal and only family form in Canada. As feminists we have to challenge the ideology of the "naturalness" of the nuclear family. Why should we be upset with this stereotype? For one thing, the image of the nuclear family with two parents and children, with one, usually male breadwinner is no longer a reality in Canadian society. Women's labour force participation has jumped over the 50 per cent mark in the 1980s and married women's labour force participation has been the norm (if we look at the numbers) for several years. Secondly, everyone on the cover photograph looks quite content, yet we know that wife and child abuse is wide-spread in Canadian society, regardless of socio-economic

background. Thirdly, two-parent families are not growing nearly as quickly as one-parent families in Canada, most of them headed by mothers. Many family forms exist in this country, yet the most recognition in terms of a normative reference, is given to the nuclear family.

These facts must not be allowed to be swept under the carpet in an attempt to preserve the image of "the family" as an unproblematic and monolithic institution which in its traditional nuclear form, is often the place where women suffer the most oppression.

Jane Haddad
Toronto, Ontario

Dear HERizons:

I enjoyed the November issue of *HERizons*, particularly the article written by Laura Sundberg on The Politics of Population Control.

I was a bit surprised, however, to see that the accompanying photos to the article did not credit either the magazine from which they were taken or the photographers who took the pictures.

Just for the record, photos were from the July issue of *Tellus*, Planned Parenthood Federation of Canada's magazine, which focussed on various aspects of population. The photographers were Ron Verzuh and CUSO.

Anne Marie Smart
Managing Editor
Tellus

The Editors apologise for the oversight.

Dear Editor:

Upon viewing your November cover, I was outraged. Your portrayal of men as drooling, leering goons was offensive to say the least.

Your "HERoine" fantasising violence towards men was not one bit humorous. Her gleeful smile after assaulting three men does nothing more than reinforce the idea that feminists are man hating, violent maladjusts.

The cartoon on page 20 was in a similar vein.

It's time you practised what you preach and took a responsible position towards your declared aims.

Please, no cute answers like "now you know what it feels like".

Awaiting a reply, I remain.

Steven Sasnow
Sasnow Marketing
Communications

CANADA WORLD YOUTH EXCHANGE —

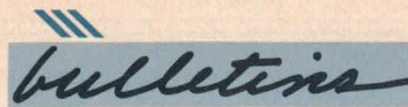
This organisation is now recruiting participants for the 1985/86 international exchange programmes. These programmes will offer young Canadians between the ages of 17 and 20 the opportunity to learn more about development issues through voluntary work projects in Canadian communities and communities in Asia, Africa, and Latin America. Together with their exchange country counterparts, the Canadian participants will spend seven months exploring their role and place in the world today and in their society in particular. **The participation application deadline is January 15, 1985.** For information or application forms contact the Prairie Regional Office of Canada World Youth, 10765-98 Street, Edmonton, Alta. T5H 2P2 (403) 424-6411, Telex: 037-2188.

THE HUMAN FACE OF POVERTY —

The Canadian Council on Social Development task force on poverty toured to determine better ways to define and measure poverty. They have released their findings and recommendations in an 88 page report entitled *Not Enough*. The CCSD task force recommends that more attention be paid to the "depth and length" of poverty, and wants Statistics Canada to document not only how many families are below the poverty line, but also to indicate how far below and even slightly above the line poor people really are. In addition, the report calls for statistics on how long a family is poor and what proportion are from rural and urban settings. The task force recommends a national income standard based on 50 per cent of the national average family income be set as the basis for measuring poverty. This standard presently would be \$21,131 income per annum for a family of four. *Not Enough* is available from the CCSD, 55 Parkdale Avenue, Ottawa K1Y 4G1 at a cost of \$7.95.

WOMEN FOR URBAN DEVELOPMENT —

A short course on Planning Strategies for Low-Income Households is one of a series of 12 week intensive courses for mid-career professionals in the field of urban development planning. Dates **April 15, 1985-July 5, 1985** in London, England. Contact: Admis-



sions Secretary, Development Planning Unit, 9 Endsleigh Gardens, London WC1H 0ED, UK

LOOKING FOR SPORTING WOMEN —

The Canadian Association for the Advancement of Women and Sport is looking for official representatives in Manitoba and the Yukon. If you are or want to become a member and are interested in organising various activities in your community and province/territory contact: CAAWS, P.O. Box 3769, Station 'C', Ottawa K1Y 4J8.

INTERNATIONAL YOUTH YEAR GRANTS —

To observe International Youth Year in Canada the grants program for special projects by young people has the following objectives: **participation** in decision making process at local, provincial/territorial and national level; **development** which links individual growth to social, economic and political change to address concerns facing Canadian youth in 1985 and beyond; **Peace** — an essential step toward participation and development — is the building of mutual respect and understanding among people.

Eligible for grants from the federal governments are youth groups, non-profit, voluntary organisations and institutions (preference will be given to projects run for and by youth between the ages 15 and 24). All projects are to be undertaken by **March 31, 1986**. Applicants for local and provincial projects should contact their regional office of the Department of the Secretary of State (Youth Sector) 10 weeks before the project is to begin. Applicants for projects of national scope should contact Youth Year Secretariat, Minister of State, Ottawa, K1A 0M5 (819) 994-2391. First deadline is **March 15, 1985** and final deadline is **June 15, 1985**.



MAKING THE LINKS —

What are the links between war, rape and pornography?

Think about it. What *are* the links?

Making the Links is a 50-page booklet designed to help women and men understand the connections among these three forms of violent exploitation.

The work of eight women and one man, *Making the Links* was written and produced by Women's Action for Peace in Ottawa and the Alliance for Non-Violent Action. The result of this summer's effort is an empowering booklet which both male and female activists will find thought-provoking.

Making the Links was produced as a handbook for men and women taking part in Porn/Rape/War actions all across Canada. But it was also written to simply provide information on the connections many feminists feel exist between these issues.

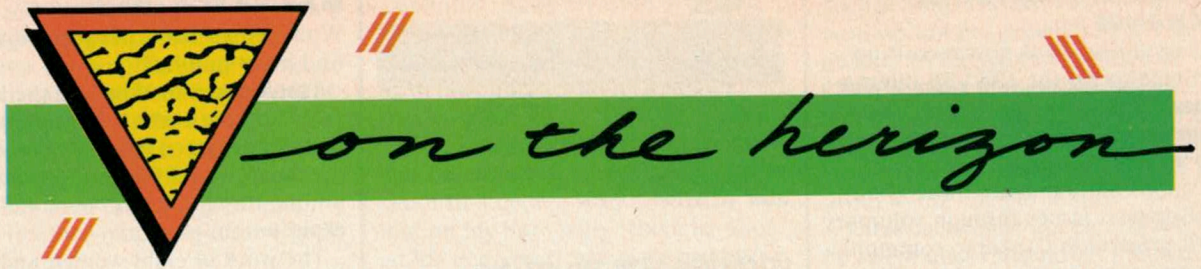
Women's Action for Peace mailed copies of *Making the Links* to women's groups across Canada late this summer. So far, the response has been good. Copies of *Making the Links* are available for \$2 from: Julie Gagnon, 85 Goulbourn Avenue, Apt. 3, Ottawa, Ontario K1N 8C9.

OUR CHOICE —

A Tape About Teenage Mothers is a 37 minute documentary videotape produced by the Women's Media Alliance. Made in cooperation with Jessie's, a Toronto centre for teenage mothers, this tape presents a group of teenagers describing their experiences with pregnancy, housing, the welfare system and personal relationships. For rental or sale information contact DEC films, 427 Bloor Street West, Toronto M5S 1X7 (416) 964-6901.

12TH WORLD FESTIVAL OF YOUTH AND STUDENTS —

Is beginning preparation in Manitoba toward the events scheduled in **July of 1985** and will be held in the host city of Moscow. The Festival Movement began shortly after the Second World War out of the anguish and horrors of that time. Young people from around the world were determined to prevent the reoccurrence of war and to promote the cause of peace and friendship. For involvement with preparation to this event contact: Nigel Hanrahan, MANITOBA Co-ordinating Committee, #3-849 Furby Street, Winnipeg, R3A 1L6 (204) 775-7510/586-8456.



Feminists and others displayed their enthusiasm and quality of spirit when they turned out in large numbers at the Manitoba Youth Conference recently held in Winnipeg. The three women's workshops focused on a general look at sexism in our society. Participants took part in discussions regarding various issues related to sex roles.

Lydia Giles, coordinator for the Manitoba Action Committee on the Status of Women, initiated the discussion at the first workshop, entitled "I haven't come a long way, and my name isn't baby!" Ms Giles pointed out to the standing-room-only audience of 75 that sexist and exploitive situations often go unnoticed, even by those who consider themselves to be socially aware. She encouraged the audience to look more carefully and closely at its surrounding environment in order to better identify sexism, especially in exploitive advertising. Her introduction was followed by the film *Killing Us Softly* in which sexist magazine advertisements are examined. The slides in the film were shown to illustrate the demands and pressures placed on both women and men through advertising to conform to certain sex roles. Women must look beautiful, smell nice, cook gourmet meals, be sexy, and sometimes even succeed in the workplace! Similarly, men appear aloof, powerful and "macho" to attract "perfect" women. After the film there were small group discussions.

In another workshop, Bruce Wood from Men's Action Collective Against Sexism and Liz Coffman from the Manitoba Action Committee on the Status of Women (MACSW) helped the audience explore some of the underlying attitudes behind violence against women. After watching the film *Why Men Rape*, the men and women each divided into groups to discuss and critique the film, and to express their personal feelings. By the end, some of the myths about rape had been clarified, and the message to

Sexism discussed at youth conference

Ashley Wright

everyone was clear: "No means no! 'y know?"

"Live differently!" was the title and theme of the other women's workshop and it certainly was an entertaining and enlightening experience to meet the five guests, all of whom live non-traditional lifestyles. Sheila Flagal-Henry took over her late husband's business in 1973 in order to support a family of six. Since then, she has held various jobs in business, living in Ottawa and Edmonton. She has remarried, and is now working in Winnipeg as a Trade and Industrial Officer for the federal government. She considers her decision to enter business the result of her being "an opportunist", and is encouraged by the recent trend of other women to do likewise. Now the mother of seven, Sheila Flagal-Henry juggles her family responsibilities with her 40-hour-plus work week. She wryly explains, "the difference between my husband and me is that when I come home from work I make dinner; when he comes home from work he makes a drink."

As a nurse, Martin Tétrault has to contend with attitudes and behaviour that one might pass over when discussing sexism. Tétrault complains that his female patients are reluctant to be cared for by a male nurse, because of both their personal modesty, and their preconceived conception of the ideal nurse as a woman. As well, his choice of career came as somewhat of a shock to some friends, but nursing is exactly what he wants to do, so he enjoys his job aside from the discouraging attitudes.

WHAT ABOUT
YOUTH?

Jane Cahill describes herself as a "single mother by choice." Eleven months after the birth of her first daughter Lia, her marriage ended, but Ms Cahill decided to have another baby. She did so because she wanted Lia, her daughter, to have a sibling, and because she wanted to experience again the joy she had felt in giving birth and in being a mother. She considered various methods of conception including artificial insemination, but was thrown from one doctor to another, until one finally told her that priority would be given to a "real" family. Singles' bars and one night stands were not for her, so after much consideration, and emotional conflicts, she decided to have a male acquaintance be the father of her child. Anna's father visits as a friend, not as a father figure. Ms Cahill feels her home is "tension free" and comfortable, a healthy environment for her children. She would, however, recommend single parenthood as a choice only to those whose circumstances and styles of life are suited to the job.

The husband-wife team of Valerie Unwin, carpenter, and Patrick Falconer, househusband, completed the panel. In her experience as a carpenter, Valerie has faced resentment and condescension as well as encouragement, in her present job. As a full-time housekeeper and father, Patrick finds himself subject to some prejudice and scorn, though with time people's attitudes towards his job become more encouraging and positive. Valerie and Patrick raised some interesting points in light of their reversed roles, the most definite of which was that they enjoy what they do, and that it can be done.

The five speakers did not provoke pity or disgust in the participants, as conventional stereotypes would imply, but rather they were a source of inspiration. They seemed happy and fulfilled, and provided Manitoba youth with "real" encouragement to reject stereotypes and to recognise the possibilities of "living differently!"

Youth lobby stems from conference

Ilana Simon

When one of the Manitoba Youth Conference co-ordinators proclaimed at the end of the two-day event, "We have arrived," he expressed clearly the new-found optimism of the youth delegates present. Approximately 600 young people from throughout Manitoba united on the final day, in a vote to establish the Manitoba Youth Action Group. The group is mandated to serve as a provincial lobby for youth concerns, and as architects in developing a permanent Manitoba Youth Council.

The Conference, held October 27-28 at the University of Winnipeg was organised by the Manitoba Youth Steering Committee and funded primarily through the Federal Secretary of State office. It ushered in 1985 as the United Nations declared International Year of Youth. Young people between the ages of 14 and 24 came together to confront issues specific to youth and ultimately set up a lobby group with representation from across the province.

The first day saw workshops focusing in on education, unemployment, women's issues, health and fitness, youth power and participation, cultural development and international concerns. Led mainly by high school and university students, the workshops fostered free discussion and an exchange of ideas, as well as promoting the development of resolutions to be taken to the newly-founded Youth Action Group.

Proof of the sorry state young people find themselves in today was the overwhelming response to a workshop dealing with stress. About 150 delegates packed in to hear Dr. Keith Sigmundson of the Manitoba Adolescent Treatment Centre address the topic.

He outlined the causes of stress among youth in 1984. Young people today are faced with pending nuclear disaster and yet are expected to plan for their future. Unemployment has hit youth hardest and still they are encouraged to pursue a post-secondary education with a job market devastatingly bleak. Today half of all marriages break down and almost half of the children born will

not be raised by both biological parents. And yet most parents are guilty of saying to their teenager at one time or another, "What do you have to worry about?"

An increase in teenage suicide, making it the second most common cause of death among youth after car accidents, is the more blatant evidence that teens today have real problems and are under a great deal of stress in their everyday lives. Drug and alcohol abuse are also symptomatic of the anxieties young people encounter.

Solutions posed by the delegates related to more 'stress awareness' training at school, and particularly for rural youth, more confidential counselling opportunities. A more critical tool in getting at the roots of teen stress was felt to be a unified voice for youth, allowing them to lobby for "giving youth a chance in employment" and increasing their self-confidence and feelings of legitimacy in a society where youth remain predominantly powerless.

Heather Backhouse, a member of

the Conference's Steering Committee saw its goals as being twofold. "We hoped to start the process of communication between youth and youth organisations of different economic and cultural backgrounds," she said. She hoped too that the process towards establishing a Youth Council would commence, providing a structure where youth can express their needs.

The conference for many was a stepping stone in the long road towards recognition of youth and their concerns. Said Backhouse: "The feeling, the sense of community and newness. A beginning. That's what I remember."

Motivating youth, informing youth and finally taking youth interests to the tables of Parliament were the main objectives of the weekend. Conference organisers and participants can be satisfied: Manitoba youth are inspired, know their issues and realise they will be listened to with a six hundred strong backing. Politicians beware — youth of Manitoba have arrived.

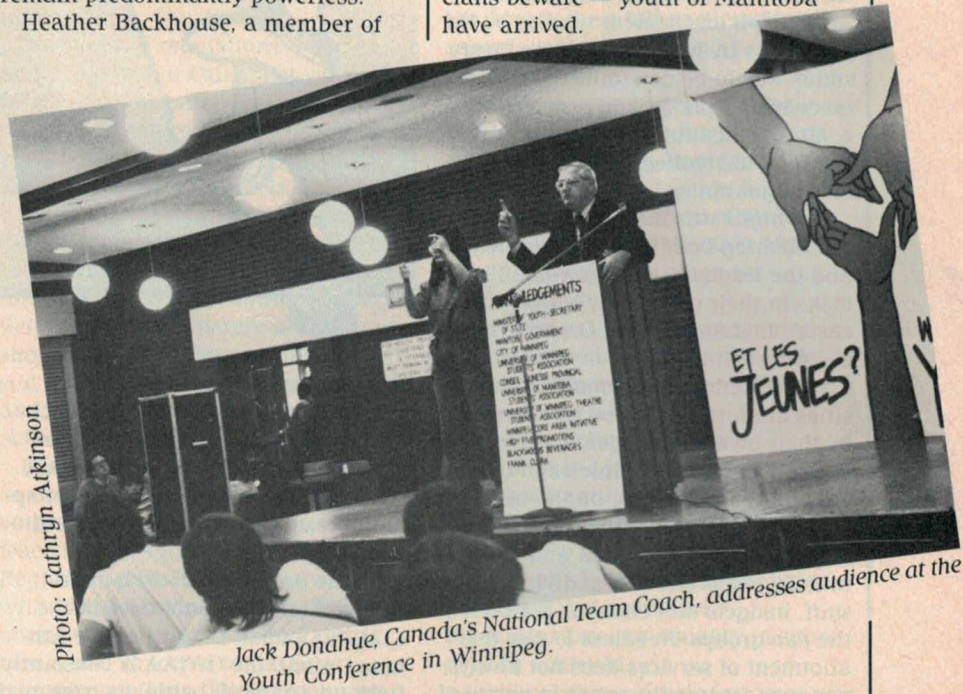


Photo: Cathryn Atkinson

Jack Donahue, Canada's National Team Coach, addresses audience at the Youth Conference in Winnipeg.

KEEPING ACTIVE —

while looking for work. The Y.M.C.A. of Winnipeg, under their R.E.D. (Recreation, Enjoyment, Determination) offers free passes for activities at all their branches. But hurry, passes are issued for three months, for up to a year and are good for all programs

offered at the Y. Children can also be given the same privileges upon request. Contact: Downtown: Barb 942-8157; East Kildonan: Bruce 668-8140; St. James: Gord 888-7942; North End: Stan 589-8325; Southdale: Francis 237-3476.

Ontario women score with soccer tournament!

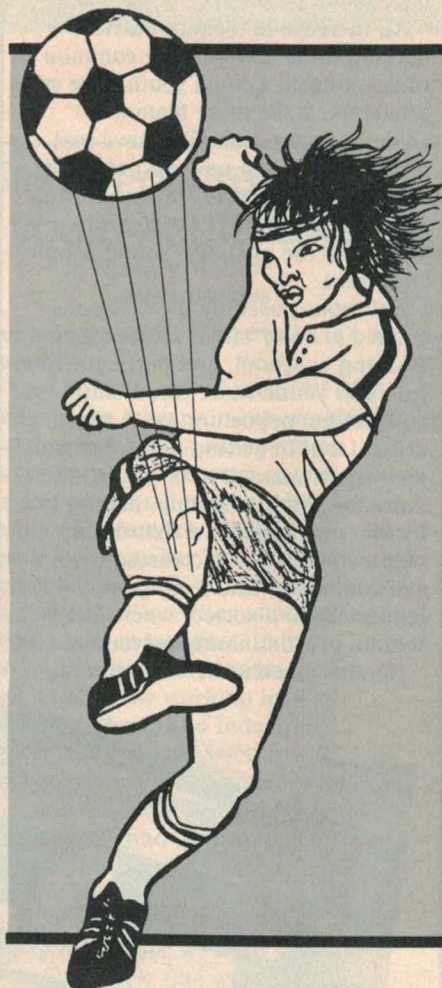
Sharon Chisvin

Canadian women have taken another step forward in their interminable campaign for equal opportunity and representation in the sporting world with the addition of women's inter-collegiate soccer to the Ontario universities' fall season athletic agenda. Following a series of exhibition games, eight university teams finally met at Guelph University on the weekend of October 20-21 in the first ever OWIAA (Ontario Women's Inter-collegiate Athletic Association) sponsored soccer tournament where, more important than the number of goals scored, was the tremendous talent and enthusiasm displayed by tournament participants. As Sue Inglis, Chairperson of Women's Athletics at McMaster University in Hamilton, explained prior to the tournament, skill level and overall enthusiasm at the Guelph tournament were to be the yardsticks by which the sport's future status was to be determined. As both exceeded all pre-season expectations, continued institutional support for women's intercollegiate soccer is now all but guaranteed.

Sue Inglis was instrumental in establishing both the McMaster team and the league itself — formidable tasks in their own right, but certainly easier to accomplish in Ontario than elsewhere in Canada.

Women athletes in Ontario universities are fortunate to be represented by their own athletic conferences — the OWIAA. Female athletes in other Canadian universities, on the other hand, are represented by conferences that service both the men and women in their respective areas; dividing staff, budgets and energies between the two groups. Needless to say, this allotment of services does not always, nor even frequently, result in parity of opportunity; with the women athletes, more often than not, drawing the short end of the stick. "Other university women's programs come under the auspices of male athletic directors and suffer because of it," Inglis says candidly.

In Ontario, "The OWIAA attempts to offer a leadership role in women's athletics," she adds. As such, despite



its own restricting budget, it manifests a much greater tendency for change and flexibility. The new soccer program, for example, is not the result of "new monies," but simply the result of a rearrangement of existing funds.

As the only exclusively female-oriented athletic conference in the CIAU (Canadian Intercollegiate Athletic Union), the OWIAA is constantly fighting an uphill battle. Its continual lobbying did, however, result in a victory of sorts back in 1981 when the CIAU agreed to sponsor the establishment of a Women's Representative Committee which, among other objectives, sought "to improve the representation and status of women in university sport." In three extensive comparative studies, the committee examined the status of women in 44

Canadian institutions, drew the appropriate conclusions, and suggested means of improving the situation.

Briefly, the committee found that in all aspects of university sport — administration, coaching, and playing opportunities — men were far better represented than were women; gaining advantage in a five year period of 70 per cent of all athletic opportunity compared to 30 per cent by women. More specifically, from 1978 to 1983, 51 of 69 full and part-time coaching positions were granted to men, as were 124 of a total of 153 administrative, managerial and therapist positions.

As a means of correcting this imbalance, the Women's Representative Committee suggested the enactment of certain key programs aimed at making women better qualified and better able to compete for university athletic positions. 'Women in Non-Traditional Occupations', begun as a pilot project in Manitoba, is a partially federally funded apprenticeship program for female coaches, administrators and athletic therapists. 'MOMS on the move in sport', similarly, is designed to encourage more women, particularly mothers, to become involved with and better acquainted with the technical aspects of sport by taking an active leadership role. The ultimate aim of this program too is to qualify women to compete for university level vacancies.

Nowhere is this need for qualified female coaches more apparent than it is at McMaster University. The coach of the new women's soccer team is a male because, according to Inglis, there just are not women qualified to coach soccer. To his credit, Inglis adds, the new coach is committed to improving opportunities for women in soccer.

Committed as he is, it may still take some time before he actually finds a female candidate to assist or perhaps eventually replace him as coach. Still, no matter how long it takes for a qualified woman soccer coach to appear on the scene, it is certain that there will be a team waiting. Women's competitive soccer, thanks largely to the existence of the OWIAA, has finally arrived at McMaster and seven other Ontario universities. And it intends to stay.

Hockey limelight: No girls allowed

Betty Baxter

RIDDLE: When is the best goalie in the league excluded from the allstar team?

ANSWER: When the goalie is a girl. (Gail Cummings, Ontario 1976)

RIDDLE: When are three eight-year-olds, the best players on their team, not allowed to play when the play-offs start?

ANSWER: When the eight-year-olds are girls. (P.E.I. story, quoted, on *The Journal*, CBC, Tuesday, Oct. 2, 1984)

Many situations where girls are excluded from boys' teams have arisen at the championship stage or play-off level when the team begins to attract association and public attention. Until that time, girls seem able to play on any team they are able to make. It is when they are good enough to share in the glory that the inevitable administrative uproar begins.

Complaints have been made on behalf of these girls, to human rights commissions of various provinces by their parents or coaches. Only in Quebec, and most recently Prince Edward Island have these cases met any success. In Ontario two cases were lost at the Supreme Court of the Ontario Court of Appeal. These defeats prompted the Ontario legislature in 1981 to pass an amendment to the human rights code which exempts sport associations and clubs from having to treat both sexes equally.

The furor over that amendment and the publicity of ongoing complaints have resulted in recent progress. At the May, 1984 annual general meeting of the Canadian Amateur Hockey Association, the constitution was amended to allow for integrated teams to play until the age of twelve. Community recreational leagues in many sports are now allowing integrated play.

The debate has been going on for over twenty-five years. In 1956 Ab Hoffman managed to play all season before it was discovered she was a girl. Some of the arguments that are used to justify boys-only teams are:

- they won't get the coaching they need

- the girls will get hurt
- facilities aren't adequate to handle two sex teams

These have been soundly refuted. Dorothy Richardson and Ann Hall in *Fair Ball: Towards Sex Equality in Sport* concluded that "those who would argue that it is best to keep young boys and girls playing separately must do so on so-called moral and social grounds".

This rings especially true in light of a 1984 research paper done by the Canadian Association for the Advancement of Women and Sport and Fitness and Amateur Sport Canada. Researcher Helen Lenskyj of Toronto looked at four major areas:

- Physiological considerations relevant to the integration versus separate-but-equal issue.
- The status of relevant human rights statutes in Canada and USA and their application in recent sport-related cases.
- Strategies for achieving sex equality in sport based on the integration, separate-but-equal and combined approaches.
- The status of regulations, policies and programs in Canada at various levels: school, college and university sport, community recreational programs, and competitive sport at provincial and national levels.

Although it is a complex issue with no easy solutions, one conclusion surfaced from Lenskyj's research: "factors such as age and ability of participants, and the nature of the sport should be taken into account before sex, if equality of opportunity for girls and women in sport is ever to be achieved."

In addition to this study, CAAWS has recognised the need to hear the voices of children, parents, coaches, teachers and sport participants. Regional seminars held this winter will take the information to the community and bring additional comments and concerns to the final recommendations. These recommendations will be circulated then to provincial human rights commissions, sport governing associations, and public educational institutions.

As feminists we must view the issue of integrated sport opportunities with caution. In many sports, until the age of puberty, there is no reason why boys and girls cannot play together. At advanced skill levels, sport is

organised in a completely sex segregated way and women would lose opportunities should integration take place. Even so, we must challenge the patent arguments against integration when the protection of girls on the physical differences are used to camouflage male control. Integration of developing sport programs is threatening to sport because it questions the assumption that "coaches, administrators and sportswriters require female athletes to be sexually feminine"¹ (or available).

But before we assume that sports should integrate, let's ask the questions raised by Lenskyj to be sure that such integration will be truly beneficial.

- Does the policy/program disadvantage a particular group of girls or women?
 - Is there provisions for training women as coaches, officials, administrators?
 - When women are trained for leadership positions, are there structural barriers to their full participation in schools, universities, sport associations?
 - Has the sport a history of female participation and leadership which may be jeopardised by enforced integration?
 - Has the sport a history of male participation and leadership which may make full integration an unrealistic goal?
 - Does the policy/program require females to conform to a male sport model which may not serve their needs or interests?
 - Does the policy/program discriminate against athletes of either sex whose abilities lie in non-traditional areas?
- Given these considerations, and an open-minded approach to changing programs that are clearly discriminatory, sex equality in sport may be achieved.

RIDDLE: When will a hockey team be a fair place for anybody to learn?

ANSWER: When skating, passing, and shooting ability become more important to the team and the community than whether the athlete is male or female.

1. Bruce Kidd. *Canadian Women's Studies Journal*, May 1983.

Rights activist honoured

Jan DeGrass

Vancouver disabled rights activist Jill Weiss said she was "very happy" last month on receiving the third annual Human Rights Award presented by MOSAIC, an organisation providing various services for immigrant communities.

"I feel honoured," she said, "especially as the 1982 winner was Justice Berger."

Weiss is chairperson of the B.C. Coalition of the Disabled, a group which has called for public condemnation of the Social Credit government Human Rights Act (Bill 11), and its adjudicating body the Human Rights Council. Weiss has few hopes for the Council's effectiveness given its legislation and mandate. "It should properly be called 'roadblocks to human rights,'" she said in describing the laborious course complainants must travel to ensure their cause is taken up by a Board of Inquiry.

During her acceptance speech Weiss pointed out the many gaps in the Act's protection, specifically its lack of provision for educating British Columbians about their human rights and the demand that complainants show intention to discriminate — a factor difficult to prove as many well-intentioned people do not believe they are discriminating against the disabled.

Formed seven years ago this B.C. coalition is a self-help group run by



the disabled and acts as a voice for those disabled in every way: physically, mentally and those with learning and perceptual disabilities. As well as functioning as an umbrella group for activists around the province, it also provides advocacy and paralegal help and initiates housing co-operatives programs which are accessible to the disabled.

"Teachers" flunks out

Zoe Druick

The movie *Teachers* is already labeled a blockbuster but don't count on it. At first it seems OK, there are a few funny scenes in classrooms and the staff room but it goes down hill from there. Several stories are going on at the same time although they never make much sense. We follow Eddie (Ralph Macchio) who is a troubled but nice guy. Although he is a major flunk out and can't read or write, he is still a particular favourite of the main character, teacher Alex Durrel (Nick Nolte). Not very believable. On the side, a never-seen student is suing the school because he can't read or write (sound familiar?). His lawyer (Jobeth Williams) is a former student of Alex's and also a romantic interest. The underlying theme is that the whole school system is thoroughly corrupt.

Throughout the movie irrelevant and unrelated things happen. A student is shot by a cop, a teacher dies, another teacher gets taken away to an insane asylum and a virtually unknown girl asks Alex to take her to have an abortion. This last incident was obviously popped in at the last minute to justify "our" Alex getting fired. Characters are brought in and taken out without reason or explanation.

After the first half hour, comedy is replaced by teary speeches about how much school has changed (was it ever good?) and how teachers don't care enough about their pupils. The student suing the school is paid off to show how sleazy everyone is and how no one cares about the quality of education. Alex gets to keep his job and he and the lawyer are obviously "getting together." I wouldn't have been surprised if they had adopted Eddie.

The only original thing about this film is that it takes place from an adult's point of view rather than a kid's — like all other highschool movies do. Otherwise it is just a waste of time filled with cliches, a bad script and bad acting.

Teachers, a United Artists film directed by Arthur Hill

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Post secondary cutbacks in B.C.

Jan DeGrass

When the British Columbia Ministry of Education unveiled plans for a change in its student aid package this summer, predictions for student enrolment were gloomy. With no grant component and no debt retirement, the all-loan "assistance" program, dubbed the worst in the country by student groups and some financial awards officers, will only serve to "assist" many would-be scholars into debt.

A first year student, fresh from high school, with no independent income, will face limited job opportunities and a debt load at the end of college of an estimated \$22,000 — too great a risk for many.

This made in B.C. student loan package of education cutbacks and tuition increases have contributed to declining enrolment in at least two of B.C.'s major universities this fall.

Steve Bareham, Simon Fraser University Information Officer regards the nine per cent drop in enrolment of students to be directly related to the financial situation. "Our overall enrolment figures aren't down, as we've started several new programs like our prison program which have

hauled the stats up. But the amount of new first year students is definitely down."

Budget monies for B.C. universities have also been reduced as a consequence of the Social Credit government education policies. This has resulted in higher tuition fees — another financial burden passed on to the student. Tuition fees for the first year University of B.C. students in the Faculty of Arts, a discipline with a traditionally high enrolment of women, has jumped from \$883 to \$1,115 this year.

June Lythgoe of UBC Women's Studies program points out that "women are still choosing traditional faculties (as in the arts). We have made some breakthroughs in areas like medicine and law, but we are not making progress in areas where we have to use math." This means women may be enrolling in faculties which are in danger of extinction. Students enrolled in Latin American Studies (one of only two such programs in the country) at Simon Fraser University this fall were shocked to find that the entire department was about to be eliminated — a budget trim of \$3 million that would also include cutbacks to Middle Eastern and African Studies, Interdisciplinary Studies and the Centre for the Arts. However, funds are being shunted into other disciplines, primarily applied sciences, including computing science and engineering. But 1983 UBC figures show that women students in engineering comprise only 10 per cent of the total students in that faculty. "There's no doubt that the dollars are going into the disciplines that have commercial/job value," said Lythgoe.

Eighteen-year-old Vandy Britton, a suburban secondary school student delivered a scathing attack on provincial education policies during her recent valedictory address. In a speech, time usually reserved for platitudes, she deplored the higher tuition rates and shortfall of funding for education. In the audience was Education Minister Jack Heinrich who reportedly took notes.

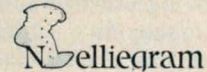
Peer counselling helps teenagers

Adolescents counselled by peers, rather than nurses, about birth control may have a better chance at avoiding unwanted pregnancy. In a study reported in *Pediatrics*, 57 teen women were counselled about birth control and the results indicated better follow-up use of the contraceptive pill among teenagers counselled by women their own age. The study suggests a possible supportive role for lay adolescent health counsellors.

Dalkon Shields dangerous

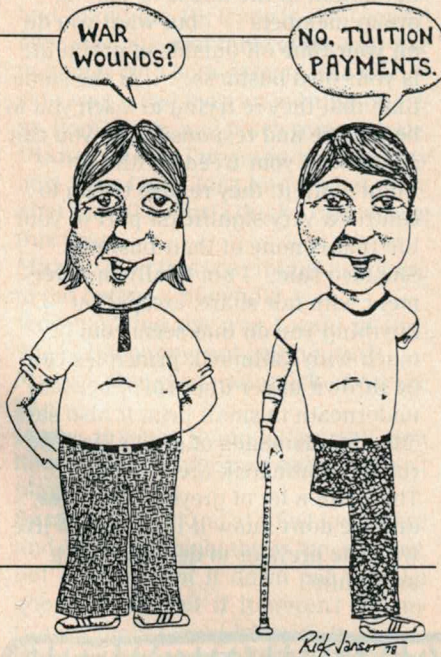
Following the out-of-court settlement by a group of U.S. women against the A.H. Robbins Co., makers of the Dalkon Shield intra-uterine device, the federal Health Department in Canada is encouraging Canadian users of the device to have it removed.

The Dalkon Shield was taken off the world market in 1974, although some women may still be using the device. It is hoped that publicity over the recent court case in the U.S. will cause women who still have the Dalkon Shield to have it removed. The shield has been linked to serious illness and even death.



OPEN DOORS — The Ontario government has initiated a program designed to encourage girls in grades 7 and 8 to consider non-traditional career opportunities. The critical need for such programs is revealed by a study of female high school students. Students in grades 11 through 13 had gross misconceptions about career choices; they believed that the children of working mothers become delinquent and that a university education would lower their chances of marriage. Most did not aspire to high-paying jobs, and of the few that did, only half expected to realise their dreams. The Ontario Open Doors Program would connect the high schools to a network of successful women willing to speak to students, and to encourage links between students and professional groups and individual role models.

WOMEN AND ENVIRONMENTS



Rick Janson '78

teenage- ism

Kim Hunter

Adults in our society have difficulties treating adolescents justly; the cause of this is that we are no longer children, but are not adults either. As a teenager I often feel like I'm a victim of something similar to racism or sexism; I call it teenage-ism.

The definition of teenage-ism is; prejudices against someone because they are between the ages of twelve and twenty. These prejudices are most commonly experienced when one is looking for a job, but are also often occurrences in everyday activities such as shopping.

There have been many times when I have had store workers following me around the aisles while I am browsing, it makes me feel uncomfortable to think that I am being watched as though I were going to shoplift. — I'm not by any means saying that teenagers don't steal — but I don't. The reason I am watched more closely than others is that I'm a teen, and am a victim of a prejudice.

Adolescents are not only subject to criticism from adults, but also from their peers. A person goes through many stages of growth in her/his life, but this is the most dramatic change that takes place, both physically and mentally. During these years one changes from a girl/boy into a woman/man. People often become self-conscious about their weight, height, muscles, sexuality, hair, make-up, face, skin, and clothes; and develop ideas and patterns that will affect them for the rest of their lives.

I would like to see some changes in the ways in which teenagers are treated in our society, I think adults have to be reminded about the changes we are going through. I also think it's important to remind teenagers that the transition is the hardest part of anything and it doesn't last forever.

The Katimavik Experience

Michelle Suderman

In the Inuit language, the word Katimavik simply means "a meeting place", but the Katimavik program is much more than that. It is an opportunity for young Canadians to travel across Canada, learn another language, experience group living, develop work skills, and meet people from many different backgrounds. Participants are between 17 and 21 years of age, Canadian or landed immigrants, single, in good health, and willing to work hard for nine months. They spend three months in each of three different locations in Canada, with an option to spend three of those months on a military base. They are paid an allowance of a dollar per day plus a \$1,000 honorarium at the end of the nine months. Also, all their travelling and living expenses are paid for. In return for this, participants perform volunteer services for the community. This work could be anything from teaching elementary school children about computers to building something like Fort Gibraltar or the Band Hall.

Billeting is a very important part of Katimavik. It entails going to live in a household in the community for two or three weeks in each rotation. One person said that billeting is "where you really learn about the people in the area, what it's like to live there." Someone else said that it lets you "get away from group living for two weeks. Go home without going home."

Nutrition is also considered to be an integral part of the program. One Katimaviker said that she "learned how to be healthy — how not to gag at health food . . . You need good nutrition to do the work we're doing because it's a lot of hard physical work and if you didn't eat properly, you'd collapse before noon." Another said that "like everything else in Katimavik, the potential to learn is there."

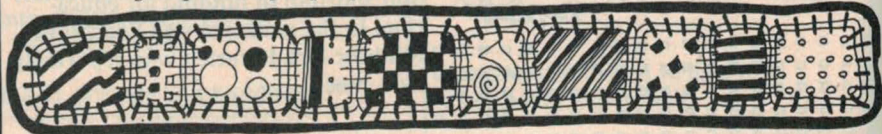
The potential certainly is there for learning a second language. Every Katimavik group has eight people

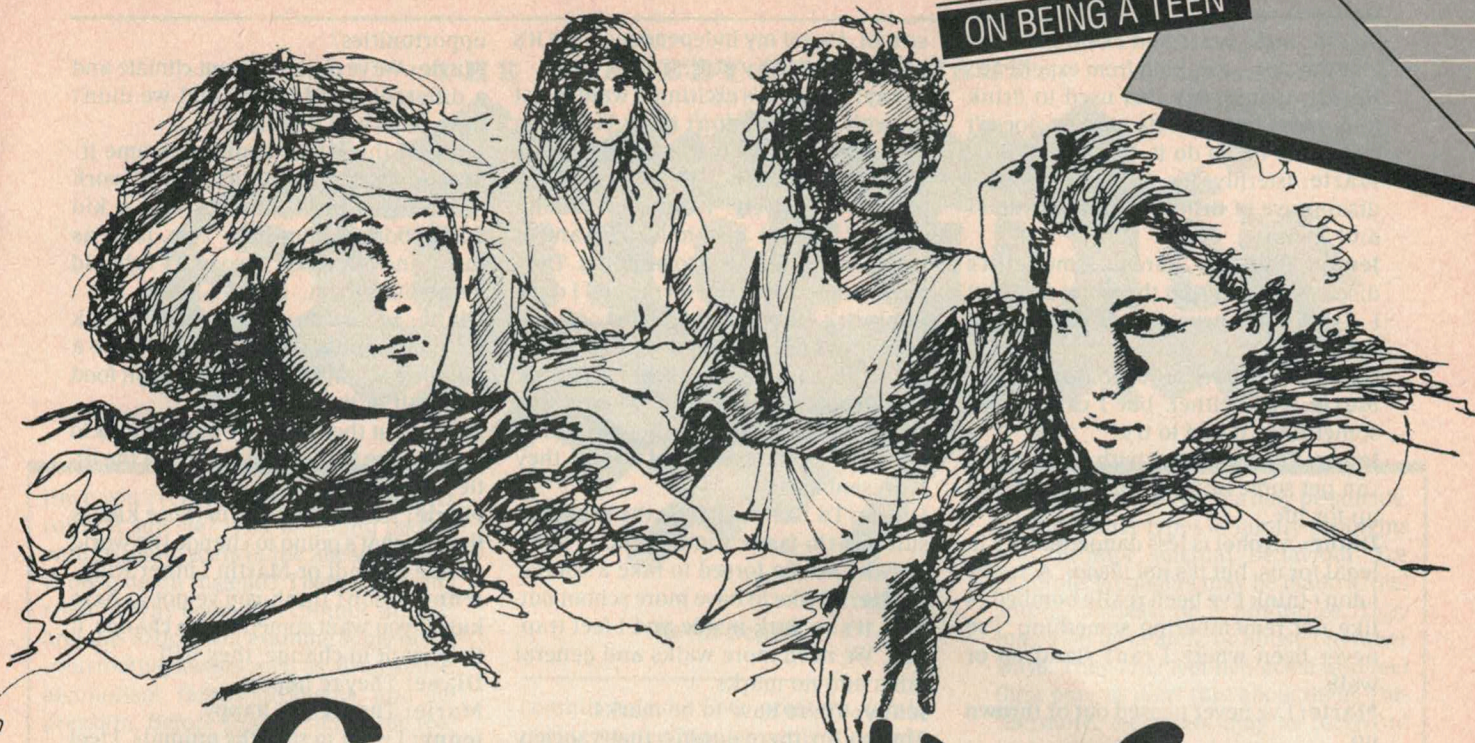
whose first language is English and four whose first language is French. At least two people out of the twelve are bilingual, and at least one rotation of the three are in an area where French is spoken.

There are five rules in Katimavik, and they seem to be the biggest subject of controversy among the participants. The rules are:

- 1) No Drugs
- 2) No Alcohol Abuse
- 3) No Cohabitation
- 4) No Hitchhiking
- 5) Do a Fair Share of the Work.

Most people seem to agree with the no drugs and no alcohol abuse, but several people spoken to had reservations about the other three. One person disagreed with the no hitchhiking rule, saying, "I've travelled everywhere by my thumb and they took that away from me. . . It's been my mode of transportation for five years." Another participant had this to say about the no cohabitation rule: "I can see where it comes from in that Katimavik is open to public scrutiny, but to try to dictate someone's sexual habits is too much. I can respect no cohabitation in the house or among group members . . . but what you do on your time off outside of group life is your own business. . . . At the same time that they're trying to teach you to be mature and responsible so you can go off with your freedom and do 'right' with it, they're also trying to control a very significant part of your life that is none of their business." She also said, "I am totally in agreement with fair share, except that anything you do that seems out of touch with Katimavik principles can be thrown under (that rule), because underneath in small print it also says, 'Meeting demands of group life'. The rules in Katimavik are very iffy. . . . There are a lot of greys in the rules, and we don't know if it's better to live with the greys or to demand black and white."





Conversations

This is a transcript of a discussion between four grade 12 students — good friends — in a suburb of Vancouver. It is a stable community with many young families, and three of the girls have lived there all their lives. Marie, Sarah, and Diane, are 16; Jenny is 17. They all have siblings, and three of the four live in homes with both parents. The discussion was taped over an evening of pizza, homework, and much camaraderie.

Diane: I know I'm going to university next year, I just don't know what to be after that. (Laughs) I think I can survive this year.

Marie: After this year things are going to get better — hopefully. . .

Jenny: Living the way I want to live; where I'm happy, not getting stuck. . .

Marie: You can't get stuck if you're happy.

Jenny: If you're living by yourself, you have to support yourself and work isn't play.

Sarah: I'm working at a fast food place and at first I thought this is fun, oh wow, but now I've got it down pat. I make good money, but if it weren't for my friends there I wouldn't stick it.

Diane: I hate menial work! I'd like completely different jobs through my life — a farmer, a policeman, a doctor. (Laughs)

Sarah: I could stay in the same job. I'd like to travel. I want some freedom, some adventure.

Jenny: Freedom is not asking your parents, "Can I stay out late on Saturday night?"

Sarah: Freedom's living by yourself, total independence, that's what I want.

Diane: I want my life the way it is now. As long as my parents know where I am, they don't worry, but I know they care. If I was living alone, there'd be no one to care.

Marie: I want to live by myself. I *have* to be alone.

Jenny: I'd live with someone until I get the hang of living without my parents, they're such a major influence. If I wasn't home for hours my parents would be so worried.

Sarah: My parents react differently every time. Sometimes I come home and my dad's upset, sometimes my mom,

sometimes they won't even notice — my dad is like *muscles* — even his aura is powerful, but I can manage him, I'm daddy's little girl, (laughing) so no problem.

Diane: You find out your parents limits and you don't push past them.

Marie: You can use their weak points if you want to get them. (Everyone laughs in agreement.) I yell if I'm already in a bad mood. If I'm in an okay mood I'll take off — and get madder and madder.

Jenny: Or just sit and stare at you. Marie is *so* opinionated if she doesn't agree with you she'll just sit there (pursing her lips and glaring) like, "you stupid idiot." If I'm in a bad mood and my parents get on my case I drip sarcasm. If they get at me for something really minor I'll stare at them like "you stupid person, you don't know anything" and I'll go to my room and go "Ahhhh!"

Sarah: Most of the time I ride my bike out to a big field and I sit in the middle of it and calm myself out. I can't be violent, I've tried.

Jenny: I can see Sarah putting her fist through a wall. I don't think you show any of your feelings, just keep them inside.

Sarah: Yeah, I know. It's true. I like it that way.

Marie: No, you just think you do. I did

Transcribed by
Frances Duncan

* the names of the four young women have been changed

that for three years and I said I liked it that way so — speaking from experience

Sarah: (pause) My dad used to drink and drive, but then he says he doesn't ever want me to do it.

Marie: (sternly) It's stupid. Most of us disapprove of drinking and driving — and smoking.

Jenny: Both my parents smoke, it's disgusting, and I get the worst of it. But I drink whenever possible. (Great laughter)

Diane: I've never touched drugs.

Marie: Me neither, but I can see it's something I'd like to try.

Jenny: The only thing with drugs is you can get some mixture that'd wreck you up for life.

Diane: Alcohol is less dangerous. It's illegal for us, but it's not *illegal*. Actually I don't think I've been really bombed — like not remembering something. I've never been where I can't stand up or walk.

Marie: I've never passed out or thrown up.

Jenny: I always throw up, but it's self-inflicted. Sometimes I feel really bad and Marie goes, "make yourself sick then."

Diane: I think bulimia would be great, but I couldn't do it because I don't like throwing up, but then you could eat all you want.

Jenny: It wrecks your system.

Sarah: (wistfully staring at the last of the pizza) So nice to eat all that stuff — chocolate, grease. . .

Marie: Would you honestly think of being thin if society didn't say? You wouldn't care.

Diane: I'd eat more if I didn't think about being thin.

Sarah: I'd eat less.

Marie: Yeah — no celery! (Laughter)

Sarah: I eat even more when I'm saying I want to diet.

Marie: I eat when I'm depressed and then I get more depressed so I eat more.

Jenny: When I was working I could go all day without food. I think it was because I was enjoying stuff.

Diane: I hate myself when I have some cake and say I'm not eating any more ever, and then I do. If I don't make a limit — my brother eats only carrots.

Sarah: Brothers are skinny in general.

Diane: A doctor wouldn't say I was overweight, but I'd like to lose weight. (All agree and yet no girl appears overweight.)

Sarah: (after a pause while each gets out her homework) I'm scared to graduate. You're facing life and losing all your friends. There's a bit of security in

school. I want my independence, but it's going to be scary at first.

Jenny: I think it's exciting. I want to get on with my life. I don't think I'm going to lose touch with my friends unless they want to lose touch with me.

Marie: (pensively) I think eventually most of us will lose touch. I want to figure out what I want to be doing. They put too much pressure on me and I don't think it's their right. Most of the pressures I guess I do put on myself but I do it because (laugh) I feel pressured. I'm furious about school. There's this group of people and they're telling everyone how to be, and to me they represent society.

Diane: I'd like to change the school to suit me. Go faster some years.

Sarah: Not be forced to take a course.

Marie: I'd like to have more school outside, it's so dark inside and I feel trapped. We need more walks and general talks and no marks.

Jenny: There have to be marks.

Marie: No, there doesn't, that's society again.

Sarah: In grade 10 they said, "pick your courses for Senior High and set them toward your life goal. Last year they said the same thing. I wouldn't mind going to university, I'm not totally against it, and I wouldn't mind digging ditches, I just don't know. But you *have* to take the right courses (pressure in her voice) or your life's ruined. My brother's good at mechanics, he's got his life set, and I wish I could be like that.

Jenny: I'm off boys — but I'd like to have one too. Sarah's a hopeless romantic.

Sarah: Yeah, but no boys. I don't think I'm ready for them.

Marie: Depends on the guy.

Jenny: I want to get married as late as possible.

Marie: Live with a guy first.

Diane: I'd like to make sure he'd cook and clean and not just say he would.

Sarah: I like cooking and cleaning so I wouldn't mind if he didn't.

Marie: It should be equal, whoever wants to. should.

Jenny: I don't know if I want to bring pollution into this world. It's pretty bad, pollution, nuclear war.

Diane: It's not bad here, really.

Marie: Yes, it is. It's bad in that it's not this way everywhere so we're better than someone else.

Jenny: The Third World countries and stuff?

Marie: They don't have the same opportunities.

Diane: They could do something about it so they do — how did we get the

opportunities?

Marie: We've got a different climate and a different set of values and we didn't have bugs and diseases.

Jenny: I think they could overcome it.

Marie: Okay, but I didn't have to work hard. I was born into this and a kid who's born somewhere else isn't as lucky and I think if I'm so lucky I should be helping them.

Diane: So how do we help them? I think cut their population down. They have a million kids and don't have enough food and half of them die.

Jenny: But they need the million kids to work in the fields so they can get the little bit of food.

Marie: And maybe one of those kids is the one that's going to change the world — like Ghandi or Martin Luther King.

Jenny: I don't think you've got to have kids if you want something to change. If they want to change, they will.

Diane: They're happy.

Marie: They're not happy.

Jenny: I want to save the animals. I feel more sympathy for them than for the people who kill them. It's not the animals' fault.

Marie: We're the only race that kills our own. So we have to be at the lowest end of evolution and once we were the highest, so we have to work backwards.

Sarah: I don't think I'm here for any reason, just to be born and live and die — and have some fun. There are people out there doing amazing things and I feel extreme pride for them, but I don't wish I were one of them. I'm glad I'm common.

Jenny: I think we're here for a reason. I think you have to decide what that is. If there were something I could do to change things, then I would. It's not a duty, it's more a — force to do something.

Sarah: About nuclear arms.

Marie: About all violence. That includes war.

Jenny: Prejudice. How *can* people hate a whole race or sex or age without knowing them? Those are ignorant people.

Sarah: (trying to lighten the conversation) If I had one wish I'd wish everyone could be happy.

Marie: (still intense) To be happy you always have to be happy, and how would you know you're happy if you haven't experienced unhappy?

Jenny: I'd better keep my parents happy and get the car home!

THE TRAGEDY OF TEENAGE

SUICIDE

Have you ever wondered why teenagers commit suicide? Why do young people with so many years of life ahead of them choose death instead? There are many reasons why teenagers commit suicide, and this article will examine some of the contributing factors such as: drug abuse, alcoholism, family problems, and depression. Before considering these reasons, the number of Canadian teenagers who actually take their own lives should be known.

Statistics on teenage suicide reveal many startling facts. For example, of the 3,358 people who committed suicide in 1980, 278 (8.3 per cent) were teenagers. Of the 2,534 male suicide victims in 1980, 234 (9.2 per cent) were teenagers. Not only do these statistics show that teenagers make up a large percentage of the suicide victims in Canada, but they also show that many more males succeed in committing suicide than females. The last statement holds true for both teenagers and adults. In other words, males of all ages succeed in their attempts to commit suicide more frequently than females. An equally astounding fact is that in 1981, out of every 100,000 male teenagers in Canada, 21 of them committed suicide. As well, of every 100,000 female teenagers, four of them took their own lives.

These statistics show that suicide is an important problem for Canada's youth, particularly among male teenagers. Furthermore, suicide rates continue to increase. Something must be done to stop these needless deaths.

Before steps can be taken to prevent suicide, the causes must be understood. Factors such as drug abuse, alcoholism, and family problems may individually or in combination lead teenagers to

Kevin Segall

commit suicide. Peer pressure, family problems, feelings of neglect and depression may lead a teenager to feel unhappy about life and cause them to turn to drugs to help them feel better. They may become addicted and decide that suicide is the only way to solve all of their problems.

The same holds true for alcoholism. Again peer pressure and family life may lead to teenage alcoholism. Family problems may drive teenagers to drinking or they may start simply because their parents drink. This leads them to believe that there is nothing wrong with drinking and that alcohol provides a good way to deal with life's problems. They may try to use drinking as a way to relieve their sorrow, but end up alco-

holics. The result of this may be suicide.

Many other types of family problems may prompt suicidal behaviour. For example, teenagers may be made to feel stupid, useless, or a hindrance. They may also be beaten, or abused in other ways. They may feel neglected and feel their parents don't care about them. Furthermore, teenagers may be forced to look after younger brothers or sisters and find that they can't cope with the responsibility. Parents sometimes expect too much of their children. If teenagers are convinced that they can't live up to the standards set by their parents, they may be made to feel worthless and good-for-nothing. As a result, they may try to end what they are convinced is a worthless life.

Problems at home or at school may also cause depression. Depression among teenagers may also stem from peer problems. If teenagers are made to feel inadequate by people their own age, this may give the teenager a negative self-image. If the teenager doesn't like who they are, they might consider suicide as a way out of an unhappy life.

Not all teenagers who commit suicide want to die. This was indicated in Brenda Rabkin's book *Growing Up Dead*. The book states that most teenagers attempt suicide as a way to draw attention to themselves. Teenagers usually take poison and then tell others so they will be saved.

The purpose of this article is to make the public aware of the growing problem of teenage suicide. It is hoped that some of the reasons for teenage suicide have been clarified, so that we can understand the problem and find ways to provide the help these teenagers are seeking before they end their lives. ▼

*Eyes open wide
depression etched deep
talking to people I thought were my friends
Solitary confinement
False expressions
smiling faces
daggers hidden
but ready . . .
Always ready
Blood deep pain
emotionless smiles
false happiness
Empty happiness
Dead roses
old friends
Enemies often bear smiles . . .
Everyone must smile.*

© Nancy Person '84



It doesn't matter, Maxi
The window's still there.
You try to scratch your way through.
You try to scream your way through.
You're trying for a breakthrough.
But nothing's changed, Maxi.
The window's still there.
You can see out
but you can't get out.
You can see Freedom
but you haven't got it.
You can see the grass
and the trees
and the birds

and the bugs
and the frost-bitten flowers
and every now and then,
You can breathe the cold air.
But you're out of luck, Maxi
The window's still there
and so are the walls
and all the locked doors.
So you wait . . .
and you wait . . .
asleep on the chair.
Your jailer comes and feeds you,
And the window's still there.
© Michelle Suderman

I'm A Clown

Come sit down
And watch me,
I'm a clown . . .
Watch me go,
up and down.
On life's merry-go-round.
I can never fall.
For I'm a made-up
doll.
This smile never
goes away.
No matter what
you have to say.
Look at me,
and what do you
see?
Are you watching now?
I almost touched
the ground . . .
You just about
saw me frown!
Look closely at me,
you don't see a
tear.
For it's laughter
you hear.
You see I wear a mask.
For the part I play.
Is such a big task.
Though I've been to
a lot of places.
I've also seen a lot
of empty faces!!!
I've seen sorrow
and pain . . .
And I never want
to return again . . .
Watch me again
you might catch,
on to my game.
Come nearer now;
down here with me.
And you might
feel the fear in
my heart.
Or see the tear in
my eye.
For I'm the clown
that can't ever frown.
And can never,
never,
die . . .

© Shelley McMurray



A modern version of "LITTLE RED RIDING HOOD"

Jennifer Peters and
Adrienne Bowering

Just the other day, big blue ridinghood was wandering through New York City with a back-pack of cheese sandwiches and mineral water. She was taking them to her grandmother who was stuck in bed with a stuffed-up nose, from the city's pollution.

On her way there, big blue was stopped by a male chauvinist pig, who asked her where she was off to. Big blue (who knew better) told him she was off to the police station to discuss something with her great-grandmother the chief. Hearing this, the male chauvinist pig fainted, dead away!

So big blue continued to walk to her grandmother's penthouse (on Park Avenue).

When she got there, her grandmother and she ate the sandwiches and put on their jogging suits and went to try out for the university basketball team.

MORAL: Ms. Ridinghoods don't need woodcutters to look after them anymore.

★ The End ★

And they all would have lived happily ever after, except that the pollution got worse.

Faces

*Faces wearing masks are streaming by your eyes.
Faces without emotion are all telling lies.
They won't let you know the truth, they won't ever tell.
They'll just keep you locked away. It's a different kind of hell.
Faces are all around you — you can't get away.
If your face don't look like theirs, they're gonna make you pay.
If you want to survive, conforming's the only way,
But what kind of life will that get you anyway?
Faces come out of the woodwork and attach to your brain.
They won't let go they won't let go — you haven't got a name.
They're just a bunch of parasites — you can't get rid of them,
So what're you gonna do? You've got your soul to defend!*

© Michelle Suderman



PRETTY AS A PICTURE

III
TIFFANY TYTENYCH

I stared at him, and he stared at me. His eyes were large and hypnotic. They took me with him into his own world. He stared through me as if I were a mere piece of glass. He saw every flaw and gleam. Although his eyes were piercing, they were his biggest weakness. They were the windows of his mind, and I could see inside.

I took off my clothes, and turned my back toward him. His eyes stared intently as I slipped into my nightshirt. He'd seen me undress a hundred times, but I still felt embarrassed.

Expressionless, he never took his eyes off of me. Without moving his head, he followed me across the room. He watched me each day as I brushed my hair and lay in bed at night.

He stared and watched, never losing interest.

There were times when I came into my room and cried to myself on my pillow. He told me that he understood. He sensed that I felt that all hope was lost. "In time," he fortold, "your wounds will heal." He also said that he too had days when he cried himself to sleep. His eyes bore through me with coldness, and looked at me with warmth.

He never moved from the door. It seemed that he'd been there since time began. He had never left me alone.

We talked to each other, explaining how we felt inside and out. He told me that it was hard to be open, and because no one understands this, they didn't see his same ambitions and dreams.

No one had found the windows — like I had.

I listened hard to him, understanding every word. But hearing nothing.

There he hung on my door looking defiant, and cold. There hung a lie.

He showed me things that no one saw. In him, and in me.

There he hung — pretty as a picture.

ACCEPTED or OUTCAST?



Photo by Janice Oakley

Radical Non-Conformist

The Teacher stares down at his class
His mouth twists in a crooked grin
Eyes lower, cheeks flush red
From embarrassment within
But one student stares back
Eyes wide, jaws slack
The Teacher moves on with Science
Disturbed about this radical non-conformist
She is a future feminist

© Sylvie Eastman

Maturity

I look at my friends
Standing beside me
So much the same
Yet different than me
Some so much younger
Some so much older
All of them 13
The same age as me

© Sylvie Eastman

At some point in life, you are bound to be rejected. Some people make it a point to pick on one person, and make that person's life miserable.

In school there's always a group that is "in". If you want to belong to this group, you must act "cool" and at all costs, not be good in school. If a person is actually intelligent, who isn't a member of the "in" group, they get laughed at, taunted, ridiculed, and talked about behind their backs. I can say that with conviction, because I have seen it happen, and had it occur to me. OK, fine, but, something snaps after you've been rejected, and shunned enough.

You withdraw from everyone, and become cold, bitter, and utterly impersonal. You are mad at them, because you know there's nothing wrong with you. People tell you you're a loser, but, you know that's a lie; that you are going to be a someone.

You feel furious at the whole human race for making you an outcast. After people exclude you from basically everything, you feel embittered, and think of, "paying them all back."

Pressures and tensions mount up, until you feel like you're going to explode. The thought of committing suicide creeps in, for, you begin to think like them, and think that you're useless, and the world would be better off without you.

This snaps you back to reality, and a new measure of strength sustains you. So, you find a release for those feelings — for me, it's listening to my tapes.

All right, after this you are resigned to having people treat you like garbage. You try to analyse them, and yourself. Finally you think you have the answer to all this behaviour. It's not so much the people's fault, it's society. Society "dictates" to people how to act, controlling their thoughts, and wanting everyone to act alike. If a person commits the crime of being socially different they are instantly ostracised, labelled as an outcast, called stupid, crazy, dumb or insane.

Or else they make racial comments, or remarks as to your appearance. Only you know that what they say isn't true, but even you follow the decree of society, and don't say anything.

You accept the garbage that is handed out to you, and make the best of it as you can. You try not to associate with people, for you have learned that they are backstabbers. Also, you don't confide in anybody about anything, for the only way you can be hurt is emotionally.

You become aloof, and people call you a snob, say that you are apathetic, and don't try at anything. You look forward to the day you die, for that will be a final release.

In the meantime, you don't care about anyone or anything except for a very few people and things. Most people look down on all that you say, do or think. You wonder if life will always be like this, divided into two classes — the accepted, and the outcast.

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Adrienne Bowering
Jennifer Springer ▽ Claire Bowering
Jennifer Peters ▽ Rain Springer ▽ Sylvie Eastman



Things We Don't Like

- Male game show hosts who expect all the womyn to kiss them and we are hoping that someone will refuse!
- School photographers who call us "sweetie, honey" or "doll", and ask if our boyfriend is a hockey player. This is embarrassing and so when he tells you, "Smile for your boyfriend!" you can't - how can you? You are so embarrassed that your smile crinkles!
- Boys who whisper to each other about us at theatres because your face gets red and your ears burn while you walk nervously to your seat even though it isn't your fault.
- The construction workers on the Brandon University campus because they whistle at us while we walk by.
- Men who think that angry womyn are cute because nobody is cute after they turn six.
- Boys who think they have to win every game they play because nobody is that perfect!
- Boys who don't trust to pass girls the soccer ball even if they are in a good position or could score a goal. It makes us angry because when we ask them "Why didn't you pass to me?" all they have for an answer is "But you're a girl!"
- The Canadian Fitness Test which has higher standards for boys than girls because we're in the same age groups.
- Gym teachers who think that they are insulting boys by calling them "ma'am" or "lady" because rather than insulting boys, they insult girls instead!
- Girls who think they have to be proper to be accepted because they will have to pretend all their lives.

Things We Like

- Womyn teachers who support us in being feminists because then you don't feel like the only one in the classroom.
- Having a good friend to talk to or complain to because it shows that someone cares.
- People who congratulate losers as well as winners because it makes everything seem fair.
- People who encourage us to do a good job because it makes the job seem much easier.
- Going to *Take Back the Night* marches because we are safe on a dark night.
- Belonging to GAP, because we can share our feelings with kids who feel the same way.
- Writing feminist graffiti on wet cement sidewalks because you know that everyone who passes by will read it.
- Reading stories about girls who are just as brave and strong as boys because it shows that girls are just as capable of taking care of themselves.

Photos by
Claire Bowering

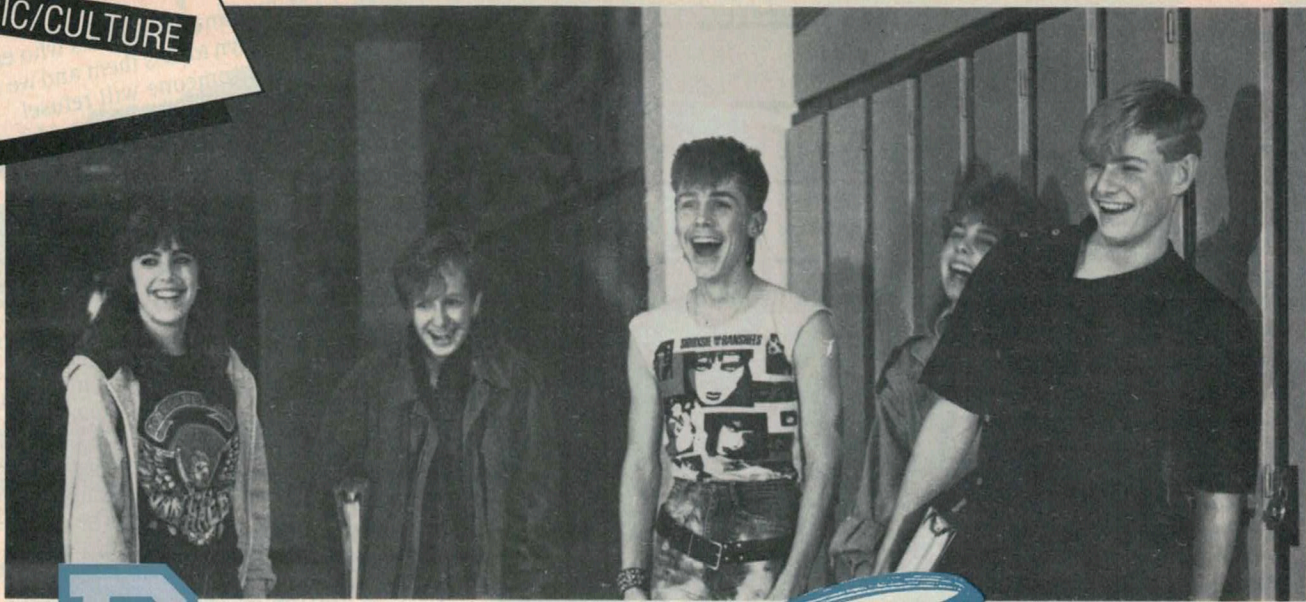


GIRLS
JUST WANNA BE
PEOPLE

CLAIRE BOWERING □ JENNIFER NICHOLSON
JENNIFER PETERS □ RAIN SPRINGER

The GAP (Girls are People) members who wrote the following "Likes & Dislikes" are part of a Brandon group of young feminists between the ages of eight and 13. GAP is a consciousness-raising group as well as an action group. GAP is presently working on a community access television program on non-sexist books.

Photo: Sheila Spence



Karen Sul, Kim Demyluk, Stephen Arnold, Karina Grivinski, Jason Schuder

P REPPIES TO P UNKERS

a guide to highschool life.

Take a walk with me through the dim corridors of my school and I will show you a variety of cultures you won't see in any one place other than a high school such as mine. The multiculturalism of teenagers is in many ways just as distinct and defined as in adults. I will expose you to these different ways of life, and point out the diversities in music, dress and way of life, of which you may not even be aware.

The first group is the one that I find the most interesting, the "Mods". Mods are the British representation of students in Canada. Although you don't actually have to be British to be a Mod, it would help if you had an accent. However, Mods never fake accents! A faked accent turns people off immediately because they know you're trying to be something you're not. Mods' hair must always look freshly cut, short in back, really short on the sides, and swept up on top. Many Mods have their ear(s) pierced, usually with a conservative stud. Mods are almost never seen without a long, green army coat with a Union Jack sewn on the back. (This coat is to the Mod what an American Express card is to the traveller. They don't leave home without it.) Under the coat you may find a blazer and sweatshirt, baggy pants and dark leather boots.

Mods' main focus is their music. A Mod who doesn't like "The Who", is

simply not a Mod. The Clash and English Beat are also Mod favourites. Mods are one of the rarest groups in highschool life, yet a very prominent one, and an important part of the highschool student body.

The strangest group of kids are undoubtedly the "Punkers". Punkers' hair is their most noticeable feature. The classic punk hairdo is completely shaved at the sides into a "mohawk-style" and spiked straight up. The shades of the hair span the colors of the rainbow. Punker guys are seen mostly in leather and a complex system of chains. Girls, however, dress as their mood dictates, usually with many belts, bracelets and other accessories. Punkers always have as many earrings as they can possibly fit into an earlobe. Punkers are known for their interesting form of dance, called "slamdancing". Punkers listen to music by the Dead Kennedys and the Chocolate Bunnies From Hell. I personally would not want to meet an all out Punker in a dark alley.

One of the more common forms of life in highschool is the not-so-classic, "Headbanger". Headbangers can be easily identified by their long hair and black Iron Maiden or Motley Crue con-

cert shirts. The girls wear super-tight jeans, and the guys wear tattered ones. Both wear old runners. When not skipping classes to smoke, Headbangers often hang around the local 7-11 store doing absolutely nothing. It still remains a mystery to me, how so many of them manage to actually pass their school year with all the consumption of intoxicants and illegal drugs they do. Yet they have managed to survive as a group, and have even flourished since the days of the greasers.

The most fastidious classification of students is the "Preppies". Preppies or "Preps", are known for their designer clothing. Many spend hours every night just deciding what to wear the next day, and spend even longer the next day changing several times until they are finally satisfied. A real Preppie wardrobe includes at least five Ralph Lauren polo shirts, "Red Tag" Levi's or "Guess" jeans, Sperry deck shoes or Tretorns, and a peacoat to cover it all up. Preppies must always wear their collar up on their polos, or risk condemnation by their peers. Their musical tastes run the gamut from The Beatles to pop, but they have an aversion to heavy metal and punk. Headbangers like to kill Preps on sight, while Preps seem to be the group most liked by adults.

One group that's been around for what seems like eternity is the "Brains". What

are known today as Brains, having evolved over the decades from "Bookworms" in the 40s, and "Eggheads" in the 60s. However, the image has not changed. Brains have chosen to ignore those technological wonders called contact lenses. They still seem to prefer their trusty specs, those old fashioned thick lensed glasses that magnify the eyes to twice their normal size and produce a ghoulish effect. Even if Brains have 20-20 vision, however, there is one thing that you can be sure a true Brain will have in his or her possession at all times — dice. Brains always have an array of 20, 12, 10, 8, 6 and four-sided dice clenched in their fists, just waiting to be used in an expedition of dragon slaying, and fighting off dangerous assassins. I'm referring, of course, to the popular dice-rolling fantasy game called "Dungeons and Dragons", which is the consuming passion of a true Brain. Brains' favourite place to be is in the

library where they sit and ponder their latest science experiment or the next chess club meeting. Brains are pretty much solitary beings, but are usually very nice once you get to know them.

Another class of kids that has been around for a while is the "Jocks". Like Brains, Jocks have undergone very few changes over the decades. Jocks always wear the classic uniform of sweats, and a mesh shirt with the number of their favourite sports star on it, and high quality runners. Jocks are probably the easiest people to describe. They talk mainly about sports, cars, and girls (or guys, as the case may be). They don't smoke ever, although they have troubles staying away from beer. Male jocks like mainly contact sports. They play football or hockey in their spare time depending on the season. The girls play baseball, basketball, soccer and ringette. Jocks are pretty straightforward, and don't usually offer much in the way of sur-

prises.

The final group is not really a group at all. They are the individuals. These are very special people who don't just follow the crowd. Individuals dress the way they feel most expresses their personalities. They associate with whom-ever they wish. They do what they want when they want to, and are not too concerned with "fitting in". Individuals, however, usually fit in better than anyone else because they can be friends with everyone, not just the people in one specific group. Individuals are their own people and we all respect them for it.

Now that you can identify all the distinct social classifications of teenagers, take a look around you. You can find out a lot about people just by the way they dress, where they hang out, and what their musical preferences are. I suppose, while you can't judge a book by its cover, you might at least get a peek at the table of contents. ▼

Billy Joel's crashing chords

Dan Hill's soothing songs

*— The consistent contrast is just what I need
as nobody else will pay any heed
to my anger
and fears —
frustrations
and tears*

*And so I play, and let the music take
hold.*

*of my emotions. And it
carries them away.*

*Away from me, into the mind
of the composer let-
ting me feel
their
feelings;*

*their joys and their
sorrows, and*

*I forget my own
as I revel in the
music and the melody
and as I
get
up*

from the piano

*I may not be at
peace
with the world
but at
least*

*I am at
peace
with myself.*

© Del Margolis

hang on

*Holy mania says Dick Clark
did you hear that
oh when will he get old?
and the end has come
because who will outsell
that black kid
and the world might not
exist tomorrow
but somehow I know it will
because I can
end it
for myself
anytime I want to
so hang on there
hang on and
walk along lines or
breathe into bags
whatever keeps you sane
as long as you turn on
that tv every Sunday night
and stare at the
ageless cancer lump
you can hang on*

© Sara Shields

ma



H A G G E R T Y J O A N Y

Bethlehem as an exceptionally dry place. Tufts of hay grew out of the stable for hair. But the sealed stones of the old stable behind their tall white house glowed pink and yellow each dawn. She picked up her daughter at the neighbour's and they went into the field to see a tiny pine. It would have been quicker to pull it up by the roots. When they propped it in the middle of the room, it was so small the walls looked three times their normal height. They unhooked their beaded necklaces from their mirrors and strung them on the lower branches. They hooped earrings from the upper shoots. In the fireplace at one end of the room, they burned sticks and a few boughs.

In the morning, Elizabeth lay in the vaulted house in her bed with the carved headboard; the curved legs floated solidly on the white-washed floor. She felt scraped, as the sidewalk is of snow. Putting her arms through the sleeves of her kimona, she managed the hard stone path to the manger, climbed the ladder and retrieved the new wicker doll pram from the rafters where she'd stashed it against Christmas. She pulled scraps of hay from under the racks where they stored their luggage and felt the planet lean once more back toward the sun.

Tiptoeing back to the house, she parked the pram by the miniature tree and laid the hay strand by strand in the bottom. Then she went to wake her daughter who was already awake. One remaining star waited above the horizon. "Look at that," said Becky. "It's morning, mommy, and the dark is all better."

2. It was Christmas and Elizabeth'd caught a plane back to the city to surprise them.

When she'd dropped Becky at the door of her father's apartment two months earlier — along with her kitten and her collection of *Colette* — her daughter'd grabbed her pile of notebooks with rainbows coloured in felt pens, flung her long brown hair over her shoulders and slammed the car door. Then she leaned back through the front window. "Have a good one, mom." Pecked her cheek and was gone. Now she pulled the knob out from under her mother's hand, withdrew the door, and, turning abruptly as a soldier changing guard, ricocheted her hips from side to side off the walls back up the hall to where her father was waiting in the kitchen to cut her hair. She was not glad to see her mother. She had other plans.

Elizabeth followed her daughter down the long dark corridor. Becky's father stood by a stool in the room with the smallest view, a pair of scissors in his hand. For a second, she thought the blades were feathers.

Becky climbed back up on the stool, hooked the cuban heels of her army shoes over the lowest rung, wound one orange-tighted leg around the other, and jerked the flap of her red plaid mini-skirt to re-fasten the second kilt-pin. Then she slipped off her orange head band and plucked at the crown of her cradle cap.

"It's got to be more *spikey* dad. More off here."

Her father contemplated the strands, waiting under his own plate of silver black hair as if for the guillotine, his speckled eyebrows darting up from the corners of his forehead like wings. Elizabeth leaned back against the sink and offered them the large salmon she'd brought in from the island.

Saul thanked her, then

1. She returned from the city where she'd had an abortion. It was a perfectly safe and cleansing abortion, but when she came out of the anaesthetic she heard someone beside her crying that she wanted her baby. It took a while to recognise her own voice. The baby she wanted was her three-year-old daughter who was staying with a neighbour. The nurse was glad to hear that.

She'd always thought of

lunged at the child as if it were his job to get the scissors to whatever spot in the room she anointed rather than her job to hold still. Spotting a newspaper clipping hanging out of the kitchen drawer, she slid out from under his hand, ripped the page, and grabbed the extra pair of scissors they had hanging from a string to trim the edges. Humming. Safety-pinning it to herself. Big black letters. PONTIFE. She'd wear it on her jacket. Her rainbows compressed to jagged lightening. Her angels had torn their t-shirts. Would

ing the clipping rapidly in front of his face.

"You wouldn't think so, but he does, Dad. Look at this." Saul must have looked; he must have poured; he must have emptied the pan because he was back in the kitchen with the iron maiden dangling at his side. Her habit was invariably to start a second dispute while the first was still in progress, he would tell Elizabeth later (after the little one'd declared Keith Jarrett a wimp for after-dinner music and left before the chocolate mousse). Now he stood staring at the

She thought, that girl, whoever she is, has an enormous capacity for love and intimacy.

they look at this? On the very same page. A picture of Johnny Rotten and his parents. Did they know Johnny Rotten really loved his parents? Well, he did. He most certainly did. With no qualifications.

Her father had perhaps been doing the dishes. A cast iron frying pan steamed on the stove, a skim of heated water cut the remains of the bacon grease. The fish lay beside it. Saul gave up trying to connect with Becky's hair, picked up a gingham pot holder, wrapped it round the handle of the pan and lurched down the hall to pour the water in the toilet. His obligatory rush was her cue to materialise. With the staccato of a newsboy heralding an extra, she followed him, jerk-

kitchen threshold as the apprentice must have regarded the magic broom; he'd been given this daughter by mistake and had no idea how to stop the buckets of water.

"So you're back then?"

"I'm back."

He moved her hips to one side so he could run the pan under the tap. "Someone has to be an anchor to windward. Someone does."

"Yes."

"She. . . it all started with these people living in the basement across the street. She sat on her bed for the first month you were away. . ." He scrubbed the pan with a wire brush. "Then one day she saw them coming up the basement steps and sprung. Hundred yard leaps are her specialty right

now. She sticks her fists straight down into the pockets of this old gabardine raincoat she found in the alley. She pinned up the hem in one spot, the rest sort of hung. . ." He let his palm drop as if a weight had landed in it. "It seems I'm supposed to be glad she comes and goes. . ." "Oh Jesus. Where does she go?"

"—"

It wasn't only that he didn't know. It was that she was back slouching on the stool, gnawing a hunk of lettuce, thumbing through the big dictionary.

"Say, this is good. This is really good. It's a person of high rank or a certain shade of purple or the pope. . . I gotta TV, you gotta TV, they gotta TV, big fucking deal. Juliana is shedding her name, kissing black leather. . . Can we get on with this hair, dad? It's not easy defying gravity like this every day."

Dad was polishing a glass, breathing steam on the edge and holding it up to the light to see if there were any marks on the rim before pouring his drink. He frowned and rubbed at them with a tea towel.

"It's all matted, that's the problem."

Of course it's all matted. Where do you think I keep my tension? I keep my tension in my hair."

Elizabeth reached out to help as if to tie up a thorny branch but Becky turned away and kicked her leg.

"I still can't hear out of this burned out ear."

"It's dangerous, that loud music. Don't they wear ear-plugs?" Dad snipped briskly, suspending the scissors only once to entreat Elizabeth from the spot where he stood pinned tightly to the air by his shoulders. "Would you mind very much making a

salad? Just a simple salad?"

She was only too glad. She would have obliged earlier but this was his house and she couldn't decide which way to pass him to get to the fridge. Would he grill the fish? Bake it? Whichever, it would take longer than the salad but she didn't like to say. She sidled left, breathing his breath, opened the fridge door, then the crisper, pulled out a romaine and an avocado, slid them along the counter, and reached for a tomato.

Becky re-adjusted her towel. "What else could I do? Mad Dog was lonely. We had to have our heads up against the monitor. If he wants us to lay our heads on the stage, we lay our heads on the stage. It's my lily-white body I'm mostly worried about. I just get one leg all toned up with bleach and oil and then the other one goes blotchy. How can I be a fullscale narcissist when my body won't cooperate? Lucky I had Roger up there with me; he's so tall he can arch over me like a bridge. What can you expect with a band called The Twitches?"

Elizabeth certainly didn't know. Elizabeth was only glad she'd spotted the olive oil so she wouldn't have to ask. In such moments of grace, she could pretend they lived together and their daily life granted them a context. Perhaps it was the girl's new height. Where had her daughter gone, the person at shoulder level who looked up with her adult ironic face? This angled replacement might pop out of any corner, tap her mother on the shoulder but when Elizabeth turned around, instead of forming cell by cell quietly in front of her, she would be regrouping in yet another corner of the room.

When, for instance, had she brought in the phone that she

now had plunked in her lap, the dial of which she was twirling with the eraser end of her pencil? "I've got to phone in a checklist for the fanzine, magazine to you all, that we're putting together. . . hey, listen to this mom. . ." The message was broadcast from the breadbox. "Now pay attention campers. Today we have scheduled a run in the woods, a campfire and a sing. So get dressed, make your beds and leave a message with the switchboard so the rest of us will know where to find you. Okay Jed, here goes. Are you ready? *Safe European Home* is great. *English Civil War* is pretty good, *Tommygun* is godlike, *Judy's Been Working for the Drug Squad* is boring and mostly stupid, *Last Gang in Town* is long but good, *Guns on the Roof* is one of my faves, *Drug Stabbing Time* is fantastic, *Stay Free* is terrific, *Cheapskate* and *All the Young Punks (New Boots and Contracts)* are equally good. Look, guys, I gotta flake. I'll just be on down to Marlene's gaff. So that pretty well does it. That pretty well takes care of that, wouldn't you say so, mom? Would you say so? Hey, Mom, hey?"

3. When Becky came back from her father's apartment, she packed up her lacquered wooden boxes of ceramic beads and old-fashioned seals, hung her embroidered felt skirt in the back of her cupboard, moved out of her upstairs bedroom with its wide clear view of the city, and dragged the mattress and the TV into the downstairs back bedroom. There she set up a mid-station camp and lived with one leg hanging out the window. Leaving the chipped and peeling areas of the walls exposed, she fastened a poster of the queen upside down where the paint was intact and smooth. The room smelled mostly of *dippety-do*, the gloop she used to keep her hair standing on end, and the

four or five apple cores that inhabited the corners.

Elizabeth took to sauntering down the hall of an evening to visit her. Often she brought her sewing. The night Becky was running a slight fever, she slid what they'd always called a sick tray across her knees, pushed a grey pillow against the wall behind the mattresses and curled up beside her. She'd been wondering where all the missing tea cups were stashed.

"Really, mom, I wish you wouldn't wear those bedspread skirts. They are so lame. I don't get it. You always used to put *cut-up* pieces of toast under my egg when I was sick."

"I only wear them to do housework." Elizabeth bit a thread.

"Still."

"And your hair."

"Oh, my hair." She touched the puffed nest at the back. She was going in for the winged effect but the styles she managed were either too short and had no sweep or too long to hold much body. "I've been thinking about putting a brown rinse in it but it seems. . . oh, I don't know." She held up the legs of the flared pants she was taking in and matched a second angle.

"You've been saying that for years."

"I know."

"Bloody silly woman. You used to talk about other things besides your hair." Becky picked at her eggs.

"I guess I did, didn't I?" They smiled.

The sick girl slid the tray along the floor and began to push the TV stations around with the remote control gadget. "Hey, mom, did I ever tell you about my great idea for a TV programme? It's called *phone-in-for-death*. What happens is that you've got someone hanging by their teeth to a window ledge." Flick flick. "People get to phone in. They have three minutes to save the person. If they don't they

lose their washer and dryer."

"Far out, Becky."

"Right, mom, like really cosmic and groovy, huh?" She leaned forward to turn off the set.

What they were doing camped at an army base when they had a perfectly comfortable living room Elizabeth didn't know, but there you were.

The phone rang and Becky was up and out of the bedroom door before she even stood up off the mattress. Elizabeth heard only, "Good, it's you," before the rest of the conversation was muffled behind yet another closed door. You could only be the young man she'd seen her with a few nights before when she'd taken them downtown to one of her concerts. On the way from the car to the club, her father'd stopped her a minute and reached down to straighten her seamed stockings, shaping calf in his palms. She'd twisted over her shoulder, peered down at her leg. "It doesn't matter if they're straight, dad." Pushing her way through the crowd at two o'clock in the morning scanning the room for Becky, Elizabeth's eye had snagged on a young man and woman who had spotted each other and folded up into one another's arms, their limbs collapsing in a series of inevitable fallings, arm arm arm right the way down the the floor, until the boy whispered a phrase in her ear so appealing that she started back up with a smile that she didn't have the power to stop. It spread until the edges of her mouth couldn't stretch any further, collapsed, and started over. Each time the corners of her mouth stretched a little further. She buried her face in his thin collar bone, her narrow hand caressing the back of his limp khaki shirt up to his cadet haircut and Elizabeth could feel the smile rising from below his shoulder again. She saw that depth of contact so rarely; she both

envied them their closeness and couldn't wait to see the smile one more time. She thought: that girl, whoever she is, has an enormous capacity for love and intimacy. Only then did she recognise Becky.

The young man called a few nights later. Becky'd been out but Elizabeth had a number he could try.

"Scuse me, Becky's mom, did you say four, six, eight. . .? I don't have enough paper for eight. Are you sure it's eight?"

"Paper?"

"Yeah, I'm in a phone booth. I don't have a pencil so I'm making a little pile of pieces for each number. I can do the four but I don't know as I can handle the eight."

"Couldn't you just remember it?"

"No, I'm drunk. What's after the eight?"

"Nine I'm afraid."

"Maybe I can remember nine if I hang up quickly. Bye for now."

Think of sixty-nine, that's how I remember anything with nine in it. She hadn't said that; her timing and discretion had been far less delicate the next day.

"Do you ever think you might go on the pill some day, Becky?" Her daughter stopped shearing pale carrot curls into the sink, rested on her elbows and regarded her mother. "Yeah. What we thought was that me and Marlene and Abbey could get a prescription and alternate months. It'd be handy to have a batch around, you know, so I could take one if I thought I might be needing it."

Elizabeth studied her thumbnail. "Except that you're especially fertile the minute you go off. . . if anyone should make a mistake."

Becky laughed and went back to the carrots. "I was only kidding. Did you think I was serious? I always thought there should be some kind of litmus paper test. A quick insert, blue if you're ovulating, pink if

you're not. Like hydrangeas." When you came right down to it, there was only so much a mother could do. Further, there was no point cramping her bones on a deserted mattress when she had a nice easy chair down the hall. She was about to gather up her belongings when the door burst open and Becky stood dead still, as red in the face and with her mouth as twisted as when she'd stuck her new doll carriage in the mud.

"I can't believe this. I just can't believe it. He hung up on me."

She swiped at the air around her face. Ferrets nipped at her heels. The future was a black box.

"Probably not. More likely you got cut off. Where's he calling from?"

"L.A."

L.A. City of the tattered angel? "What's he doing down there?"

"His parents live there. It didn't snap, the phone. It clunked."

Elizabeth tried to keep her voice neutral the way she'd always tried to steady her. "He's probably wondering what happened. Call him back."

"Alright, but I'll have to sit on your knee to do it."

Feeling like a chair, Elizabeth relinquished the mattress and went into the kitchen to oblige her. The second Becky re-connected she was back in her own room and a few minutes later she emerged, radiant and serene, and put on the kettle for tea. "It's alright. You were right. Everything's hunky-dory. I'm going to L.A. for Christmas."

"You're going to L.A. for Christmas?" Was it alright with his parents she wanted to ask, as if it were a sleep-over date.

"Yeah, you don't mind, do you?" She projected such an air of serenity, how could Elizabeth feel any different? The matter had been settled for months.

Becky took to getting up earlier than her mother —

and her mother got up very early — wrapping herself in the old purple kimona, pouring hot water through last night's grounds, and sitting with her coffee at the kitchen table staring at her old swing in the backyard. When she heard Elizabeth get up, she would skitter down the hall and disappear before her mother had a chance to say good morning.

But at dawn, the morning she was catching the plane, she knocked at the door of Elizabeth's room, slipped inside, and crawled into bed with her. Her back hurt. Her back was rigid. Elizabeth rubbed it as best she could.

"You'll feel better as soon as you get on the plane, love."

"Think so?"

"Oh, I do. I really do."

Stretching herself full length around her tall daughter, fitting her head down into the nape of her own neck where it belonged, her mother tried to give her one last cradle of breast and arms to take with her.

Then Becky was up, snapping the lock on her suitcase, sliding her wallet into her pocket, zipping up her leather jacket. Her father honked and she was out the door.

"Merry Christmas, mom. Don't forget to open your present." Elizabeth followed her to the door blearily. Why did her whole body suddenly sag?

She picked up the cat and slowly went back upstairs, sat for a minute on the living room sofa and watched the rain. Perhaps she'd go to the mountains for Christmas. If she thought really hard, maybe there was even someone who'd like to go with her. She got up and plugged in the single strand of tiny starred lights. There was only one present under the small tree. She picked it up, took it back to the sofa and opened it gently. The carefully wrapped box contained a bottle of Miss Clairol's *Darkest Brown*.

NAME A TITLE, ANY TITLE

JUSTINE BROWN

People with their ear to the underground in Vancouver have been hearing loud rumblings from the punk music scene lately. Since the widely covered Vancouver Five Trial (where five people were convicted of bombing pornographic video outlets as well as Litton Industries, the makers of MX missile guidance systems), and with the insurrection of B.C.'s Operation Solidarity, the "pop phenomenon" has been identifying itself with specific issues. Vancouver punk band D.O.A. (Dead on Arrival) issued their *Right to Be Wild* and *General Strike* singles in direct support of the Five and the Solidarity Coalition.

Those who wonder about the basic nature of the punk scene can best think of it as a logical development of rock culture, but certain peculiarities make it interesting and most importantly, relevant. People would like it to be a number of things that it isn't: an utter revolution, a political party, or a foolproof catalyst to musical success. What it really does represent is a social structure which encourages creativity and a forum in which ideas can be expressed, questioned and experimented with. For most people, school no longer provides possibilities. The punk scene presents a lot of possibilities to young people in general and young women in particular.

What makes punk distinct from pop/rock culture of the past is the idea that musicians aren't set apart from their audiences — spiritually or otherwise. The fact that the scene is a community makes it gratifying to be a part of. The feeling that anyone involved could form a band is pervasive. Groups are spontaneously formed, consequently, many women have taken the plunge and have started or joined bands over the last seven or so years.

In the time elapsed between the days of early women's bands like the Dishrags, Devices and the omnipresent Sisters of the Road and current groups like the Industrial Waste Banned, the nature of the song material has become far more focussed than it originally was. Protestation has always been the general theme, but for many musicians the subject matter has become more sharply defined. This development parallels Gerry Hannah's ideological progression from bass player of the infamous Subhumans to his involvement with the Vancouver Five. He has been quoted to say that punk's treatment of important issues was too indirect.

In a sense the Five have provided a front for many people to unite behind. Which is not to say that the ideals of the Five are universally accepted by Vancouver punks, only that as a community they are best equipped to receive the message and tangle with them.

Some find this a too literal translation of the art as politics concept. It's true that the transition is often clumsy. But in this era of apathy among young people, the punk scene is a spark of life against a dark backdrop.

THE INDUSTRIAL WASTE BANNED

Photo: John Knowles



Videotapes Stereotypes

reprinted from *Teen Horizons*, (Calgary Status of Women)

Rock videos are becoming increasingly popular and are a major reason for the sale of many records. They provide visual images to go with a particular song; we do not need to use our imagination anymore.

Feminists are concerned about the image of women in these rock videos. Most videos present women as sex objects to be used and abused.

A recent song by Duran Duran, "Hungry Like the Wolf" became extremely popular this summer, especially among teenagers. Admittedly, it has a nice beat, but listen closely to the words: "I'm on the hunt, I'm after you... and I'm hungry like the wolf..."

In the video, the lead singer of Duran Duran is dressed like the great white hunter, stalking the streets of a Third World country. Starving, half-naked children are in the streets watching desolately. His prey is a black woman with leaves for clothes. She is made up to look like a wild animal. Our "hero" chases her and catches up to her in the jungle. They both struggle and (it is suggested), the woman is raped. Afterwards, she is tame and eager to please.

Duran Duran's comment on this video was that was an erotic piece of work. To me, this video was not only sexist, it was also extremely racist. It showed white male supremacy over a black woman. By setting the scenes in a Third World country, the white male's power is emphasised.

A very blatant form of sexism is the video for "She's Hot" by The Rolling Stones. This video shows The Rolling

Stones, fully dressed, performing the song. A woman dressed in a red skin-tight dress, extremely low cut in the front, weaves in and out among the band members. Through the entire video, the camera focuses on her breasts and buttocks. The video tells us that this woman is sexually available because "She's Hot".

In the songs that I have just discussed, the words of the songs are themselves suggestive let alone the videos. There are other songs to which the words are romantic but the videos turn out to be, once again, sexist.

One such example is the song, "Talking in Your Sleep" by the Romantics. The song is about a guy who hears his lover talking in her sleep at night about loving him. In the video, however, the images presented are not as romantic. The band members walk through what seems to be a field of women in nightgowns. The women are looking at the men lasciviously. The camera focuses in on one woman who is tossing and turning in her bed, looking extremely upset. The image of the woman presented is irrelevant to the song (or anything else).

After watching videos for about half a day on MTV, (an entire cable TV network devoted to showing videos) I noticed that the only videos that are not sexist are the ones without women in them. Almost all the videos that are made by male rock groups focussed on harassing women who were scantily dressed.

These videos also keep winning audience polls week after week, beating out groups like The Eurythmics and Culture Club. Their videos are not violent, racist or sexist. The other videos that receive limited airplay are those made by women and which portray women in positive images.

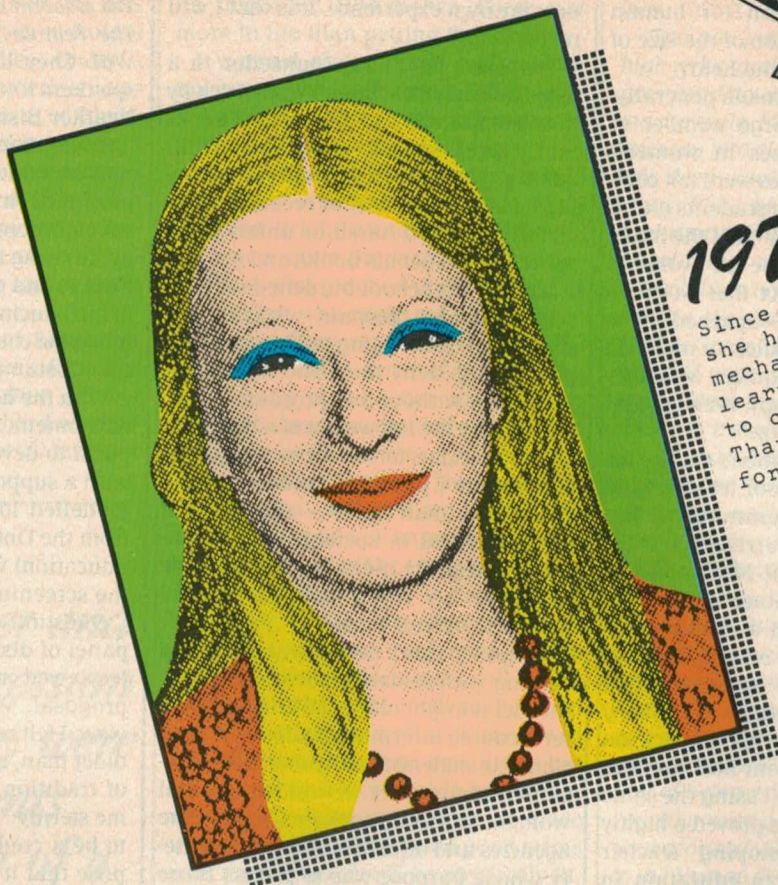
Pat Benatar's new video, "Love is a Battlefield" shows a young woman who is thrown out of her parents' home and has to make a life on her own. She is shown uniting with other women, helping them get away from a creepy man in a bar. A few years ago, Pat Benatar wrote "Hell is for Children" in which she condemns child abuse.

Donna Summer also has a good video for her song "She Works Hard for the Money". Many DJs usually imply that Donna Summer is referring to prostitutes. The video, however, shows a young single mother with three children. She gets up early and works late in a variety of low-paying, traditionally female jobs: waitress, cleaning woman, factory worker. It shows her struggling to support her family and the dehumanising effect of these kinds of jobs. In the last scene, women representing a variety of professions are shown dancing on the streets.

Both these videos show women in a much more positive and realistic role. Unfortunately, there are too few of them. The reason for this is that the record industry is largely male-dominated from the rock bands to the video producers.

Ravida Din





1974

Since she got her car she has become an avid mechanic. All she has learned so far is how to change the oil. That's pretty good for a girl!

THE STORY OF AN ORPHANED CURRICULUM

She was very conscious of her position on the stage of life. Her shiny hair tumbled in a cascade of curls around her shoulders. She undulated into the classroom and with insouciant artifice rested her left hand ever so lightly on her binder with its apple blossom cover safely sealed from soil with plastic laminate. Eighteen years old, in her last term at high school, she was lovely. She was engaged.

She was registered in a course called: "Women Now-Women Then." She wasn't entirely sure what the course was all about, but most of the courses taught by the school counsellors were mickey mouse — nothing like physics or mathematics. It was worth a half-credit and she might pick up some tips on make-up or fashion.

Ranged along the bookcase wall was a set of books called, *Sixteen*, containing advice for young ladies on how to attract a boyfriend: Study up on the things he is interested in so that you can get him to

Women then Women now

M A R T H A
C O L Q U H O U N

talk about his favorite hobby. Boys love to talk. Your role is to be a good listener.

Gloria Steinem? Golda Meir? Probably you meant Goldie Hawn. She knew the names of the movie stars, copied her hair style from her favorite actress. Other than that the only women she had learned anything about was Laura Secord. She remembered the name because of the candies her boyfriend always gave her. Something to do with a cow.

The year was 1974. She had never heard anything about the women's movement. Betty Friedan, latch-key kids, affirmative action, the ERA, equal pay for work of equal value. Nor did she need to. Her place on the stage of life was assured. It was all working out just as she had dreamed. Her boyfriend, a top student from a good family, had been recently accepted into law. They would be married as soon as she finished Grade XII. She would work to help him through school. She glanced down at her ring and then at the binder. She felt as safe, as protected as those apple blossoms under the plastic laminate.

Women's studies in Manitoba schools died when the human rights thrust of the 70's — those wonderful years when it seemed that at last we might all stay our hunger at the first sitting — took a terrible turn to the right, to privatisation, self-interest, neo-conservatism. The economic recession has forcefully re-

minded us that concern for human rights issues is a function of the size of the pie, not the size of the heart.

In Manitoba, as in Canada generally, there were never a large number of schools offering courses in women's studies. Since the courses were not compulsory, the numbers of students enrolled was never very high. Still the materials developed for use in women's studies — the mere fact that women's studies existed at all — sparked other teachers to include modules, or units, on women's studies in language, arts, literature, history, psychology, even general business and economics.

The acceptance of women's studies for credit at the high school level helped legitimise pressure to examine the formal and the hidden curriculum at all levels of education. In Manitoba the Department of Education commissioned Heather Henderson and Jean Dunmire to survey primary reading texts for sexism. The resulting tape and slide show: *The Hidden Message in Primary Readers* had a powerful impact on students, many of whom had younger brothers and sisters still using the same primary readers. It also proved a highly useful tool for developing teacher awareness of sexism in education in workshops conducted throughout the province.

Women's studies at the high school level also helped legitimise the necessity for consultative support and the allocation of resources at the Department of Education to develop curriculum and resource materials for use in such programs. In turn the existence of such support at the Departmental level helped confirm the validity of offering women's studies in the schools.

All that was ten years ago — 1974 — the beginning of the United Nations Decade of Women. Its goals of peace, development, and equality for women were congruent with the optimism of the times.

Ten years ago Manitoba Department of Education priorities were such that a full-time women's studies consultant was available to conduct workshops and inservices on sex-role stereotyping in education for teachers throughout the province, assist teachers in the field with program development, and develop curriculum materials to support women's studies in the schools. Ten years ago the first women's studies courses were introduced in Manitoba schools.

By looking back to 1974 we can perhaps gain some insight into the changes brought about by a decade. Since I know

best my own experience, it is that I will review.

Ten years ago, as a counsellor in a large urban high school, I was struck by how often academic difficulties, anger and depression, aggression and delinquency were caused by students not being aware of a remedy or recourse to societally inflicted harsh or unfair treatment. Told to get his books and get out, a student left school burdened with resentment and despair without any thought of challenging the power of the principal to deny the basic right to an education without due process.

Gradually, the full weight of a basic fact of human rights forced me to re-examine the service I provided students in the schools: Human rights — the rights of the individual in society — mean nothing unless the individual (1) is aware of his or her rights and (2) has the means to defend them.

I began to think that maybe instead of dealing with students individually after the fact it might make more sense to offer a course informing students of their rights as students, family members, consumers, employees, sexual beings, and women, and making them aware of the agencies and organisations in our society whose purpose was to protect those rights.

I had been particularly concerned by a case of incest that had led an honour student (three firsts in her Grade XII year) to become so divided from herself that she became almost totally dysfunctional. Why had this bright, sensible young woman acquiesced to something so foreign to her conscience that it destroyed her? Because, I finally decided, like the other students she did not realise that she had the right to say no, that societal resources including the power of the law, were available to her.

The course, *Individual Rights in Society*, was approved as a six-week module in senior high English. We used materials and speakers from the Consumer's Bureau, the Human Rights Commission, the Advisory Council on the Status of Women, the Labour Board. The course was well received by the students. Many of them felt, however, that more time needed to be spent on women's rights.

I got permission to offer a six-week module on women's rights in society. I called it "Women Now-Women Then" and stressed the strong literary flavour it would have. Students discovered Gabrielle Roy, Margaret Laurence, and our Manitoba hero Nellie McClung, but they also read *Mother Was Not a Person*, *Vaginal Politics*, *Women and Madness*,

The Descent of Woman, *The Second Sex*, *The Female Eunuch*, and *Against Our Will*. They listened to, interacted with speakers like June Menzies, Chris Lane, Heather Bishop.

At the time the Department of Education was offering grants for innovative programs in the area of curriculum development. It was an opportunity to get funding to purchase teaching materials — and thereby remove one barrier to introducing the course — and to legitimise the course by securing the Department's stamp of approval.

With the help from the newly appointed Women's Studies Consultant, my proposal to develop a curriculum together with a supportive kit of materials (to be modelled loosely on the Women's Kit from the Ontario Institute for Studies in Education) was selected as a finalist in the screening process.

Questions, questions, questions. A panel of distinguished adjudicators interviewed me about every facet of my proposal. Well-prepared for the interview, I felt reasonably confident until an older man, a school inspector with years of tradition hanging from him, asked me sternly: "I note that you propose this to be a credit course. Do you also propose that it be a compulsory course?"

I felt the trap door open beneath me. I had expounded about the importance of both men and women becoming aware of the changes taking place in marriage, in the work force, in society in general. I had suggested the urgency of young women having role models, of learning "herstory" as well as history. Certainly I felt such a course should be compulsory, but I also knew that the philosophy of the department was to eliminate as many required courses as possible, that student freedom was the new order of the day.

"I would like it to be. I feel that in particular young men will not take the course unless it is and that the very young women who most need it will pass it by, but no, no I would not make it a compulsory course. I think we have to move away from deciding what students on the verge of adulthood need to know. Ideally in a few years the course will be integrated into the whole K-12 curriculum and will disappear as a separate course anyhow."

"Pity," he said in magisterial tones. "It's a course that should be required of every student in school."

Caught with my stereotypes in full flower, I wanted to kiss him. With his blessing the course was off the ground.

I taught the course for six years. In that

time a number of other women teachers developed and taught courses or units of courses on women's studies. Under a succession of dedicated women's studies consultants at the Department of Education — Heather Henderson, Claudia Engel, and Grace Parasiuk, Manitoba developed a great deal of top-notch resource material: *Today's Women-Today's Work*, (a tape/slide show), *Confronting the Stereotypes* (a source book of ideas).

The 1979 Department of Education curriculum support series, *Resource Materials Presenting Positive Female Images*, is a tribute to the hard work of many Manitoba teachers at all levels of the curriculum.

Often academic difficulties, anger and depression, aggression and delinquency were caused by students not being aware of a remedy or recourse to societally inflicted harsh or unfair treatment.

I like to think that the momentum, the driving force, has not been lost, that in a myriad of ways women's studies lives in the raised consciousness of all teachers and in many of our students I taught were very different from the first.

Many in the first class took the course thinking it was an extension of the "charm school" type sessions I had arranged for them in the past by inviting the fashion co-ordinator from Eaton's to give them advice on dressing to catch a man, to get the job. I shall always remember one of those students. "As soft and as pink as a nursery", her engagement ring acclaimed her success at school far more than would a diploma a few months later. Her shock was palpable when a speaker, a film-maker, explained quite matter-of-factly that no she was not married and didn't plan to get married any time soon. Marriage would get in the way of her dream of becoming

an important film-maker. There was more to life than getting married.

I worried about those students because they were unaware of the ambivalence with which they quietly bought the bill of goods society sold them.

The last group of students I taught were very different from those early students. Bright, attractive, self-assured they were quite prepared to challenge the boss who pinched their bottoms or the teacher who preferred big boobs to big brains. They were the first group that had what I call a sense of entitlement. Like young men in our society, they assumed they were entitled to have both marriage and a career.

Their assignment on "The Woman of the Eighties" included ten predictions about what would be happening in their lives at the end of the eighties. Writing in 1979 they predicted "A decade from now I may or may not be married; if married I will have only one or two children, and maybe none; I will have a good job; I will travel; I will not be wearing spike heels and mini-skirts; I will still shave my legs and armpits — but only because I like myself better that way; I will have a number of close women friends; I will be on good terms with my mother; (I will be physically fit, active in business and community affairs.) I will be working hard but I will survive the difficult times that lie ahead in the 80s." The revolution would be won. Women would have come of age. We would have our first woman prime minister.

I worried about those students also. They were unaware that the young men they would love, live with, and maybe one day marry, had changed but little, if at all, that the world wasn't ready for them. I still worry about them. Not that I would teach them differently, but that I wish that I and all the others like me had been more successful in changing the world for them. Not that we've quit trying. Of course not. But that the weight of the 80s is heavy.

She was very conscious of her position on the stage of life. She strided into the classroom with the easy grace of an athlete. Her natural, spontaneous laughter filled the room as she settled in with several other students.

"So you've got Mr. X for mathematics this year. I had him in Grade XI. All he ever did was stare at my boobs. Finally one day I went up to the desk to get some help with a problem. I've got to get a good mark in maths if I want to get into engineering. He didn't even look at me, just stared right at my chest. Finally I said to

him, "Mr. X. They don't talk."

"Did you get grabbed by those junior high jerks, grabbing you, trying to push your head down to their crotch. The great macho male, Mike Manly, caught me on my way into class. "Woman," he said in this deep voice, "give me head." I said, "Sure, Mike, be glad to, only I'm allergic to shrimp." Where do they think they get off with that noise?"

Dan's been accepted into Administrative Studies. We plan to move in together after I finish Grade XII, but I'm not about to get married until we both finish our education. I want to work awhile first; maybe do some travelling.

Can you believe it? My boss asked if I'd like to see his pictures of his trip to Hawaii. I said sure. he handed me a bunch of pictures. I looked at them, couldn't believe my eyes. Here are all these pictures of himself and some big-busted babe, naked as the day they were born. I was embarrassed, but I wouldn't give him the satisfaction of knowing that. I said, "I guess when you get to your age you worry every time may be your last time, so you took some pictures to remind you of being in the game. Good looking coach, you've got here. Did she improve your scoring?" The bastard. I'll report him to the Human Rights Commission for sexual harassment if he pulls something like that again."

The year is 1984.

She can't remember a time when she didn't feel entitled to both a career and marriage. She's heard of the ERA, CARAL, NAC, listened to the leader's debate on women's issues. Sure, she's also heard the recent statistics showing that women's earnings are still less than 60 per cent of men's; she knows about the acute shortage of day care for pre-school children. Her mother is in the middle of a divorce, may lose the house because the lawyer's fees to date are over \$15,000 (and a woman lawyer at that) but her old man hasn't coughed up a single cent despite the new Family Law.

But what has that to do with her. Her plans are right on schedule. As confident as the women they write about in The New Woman, she's ready for the future. The whole world lies before her.



Martha Colquhoun developed and taught a senior high women's studies course: "Women Now-Women Then" from 1974-1980. At present Martha works as a Staff Officer, Professional Development Department, Manitoba Teachers' Society. She also serves on the executive of the Canadian Congress of Learning Opportunities for Women.

YOUTH UNEMPLOYMENT

For those lucky enough to get a job last summer, life was not all that great. A minimum wage job at four dollars an hour for 13 weeks would provide \$2,080 before deductions. And although costs vary widely throughout the country, the University of Ottawa student union estimates it costs an average student \$7,200 a year to pay tuition and living expenses. Thus, income from summer jobs is not enough to live on, and needs to be supplemented by parental contributions, bursaries and loans, or income from a part-time job.

And that's the good news. Many students didn't find jobs at all last summer. In July, 1984 the unemployment rate for students returning to school was 14.9 per cent and a 17.1 per cent figure for people in general according to government. According to a study released by the Social Planning Council of Metro

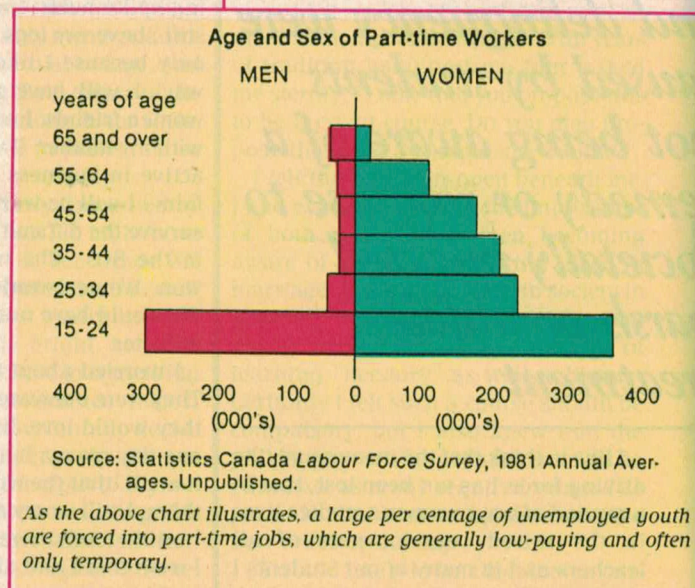
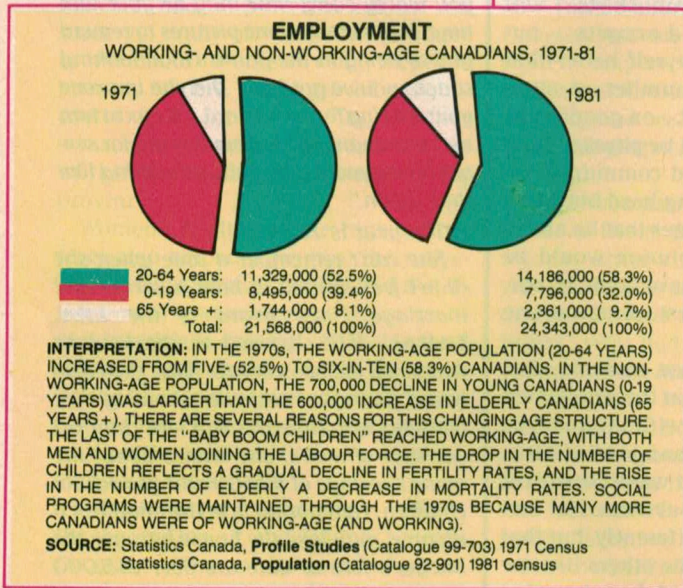
Toronto, however, there were 788,000 young people in Canada without work last May. The Council also upped the government's "official" unemployment rate for youth to 26.5 per cent, saying there are many more unemployed youth than appear on Statistics Canada information, because Statistics Canada doesn't include people who have given up looking for work or who are underemployed.

The Canadian Federation of Students is lobbying the federal government for increased job creation money for youth and increased funding for post-secondary education, but Prime Minister Brian Mulroney's hints at cutting federal transfer payments (money given from the federal government to the provincial government for education) may mean that students will be even worse off. During the election cam-

paign, the Conservatives promised better information for job seekers, tax incentives for businesses to hire unemployed youth, and better training programs, but the Canadian Federation of Students is somewhat skeptical about the value of tax incentives as they tend to aid large corporations rather than small businesses, where the bulk of jobs are created.

As International Youth Year begins, the challenge of lobbying for job creation and incentive programs for youth remains one of the toughest challenges ahead. What remains to be seen is whether the Conservative government in Ottawa will make serious commitments to rectify the abysmal youth unemployment rates in Canada.

Information compiled by HERizons and the Canadian Federation of Students.



In spite of Conservative pre-election talk of being concerned about youth unemployment, student leaders claim many students will go jobless next summer as a direct result of federal spending cut-backs. Finance Minister Michael Wilson announced recently that the Summer Canada program would be eliminated in the name of restraint. Although Summer Canada programs provided mainly low-paying jobs for students, it did give them job experience in their fields of expertise. The Conservatives also cut another \$8 million from other youth-oriented programs, including Young

Workers Exchange, which provided an opportunity for Canadian students to work abroad, and by freezing the current limit on student loans.

The overall economic outlook for students is bleak. Another employment program, called First Chance, announced by the Liberals during the federal election campaign, is currently under review.

A report on Youth published by the Liberal government cites five general areas of concern expressed by youth across Canada:

1. Better opportunities to contribute to

society and to their own betterment through meaningful, fulfilling work.

2. An identity as valuable members of society by being given more responsibility but also by being held accountable for their decisions.

3. More access to institutions and decision-making processes affecting them.

4. An education system better adapted to their needs as individuals and workers.

5. The opportunity to use International Youth Year to develop a positive image and try out new ideas and approaches.

For Rebecca, the numbers and calculations scribbled on her paper symbolised defeat. No matter how long she spends working and reworking the figures, they never seem to add up properly. "Why bother trying?" she asks with a tone of hopeless submission, "I'm just one of those people who can't do math."

Are women really not capable of excelling in math and science? Or have we simply been conditioned into thinking that we lack the necessary brain power?

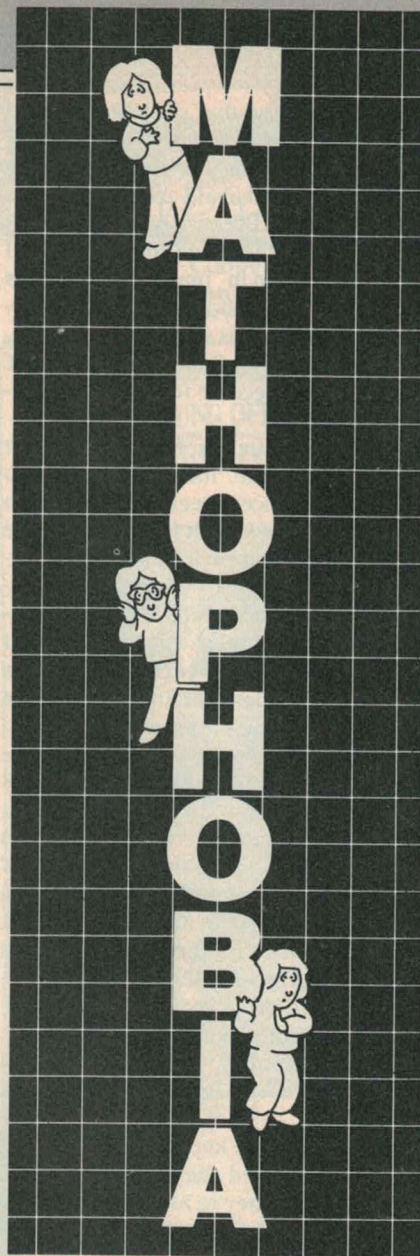
The implications of these questions are ominous. As we surge into the technological era, women who lack the basic elements of math and science may be left gasping for their economic survival. As the bulk of clerical workers, women stand to lose the most when technological changes make many clerical jobs obsolete. Despite this, we continue to steer clear of areas requiring equations or microscopes. For example, in 1976, the percentage of women doctoral candidates who received degrees in engineering, mathematics, and the physical sciences was too small to be measurable. And in the labs of our school system today, boys continue to outnumber their female classmates. For these reasons it is important for girls to be strongly encouraged into the maths and sciences.

What are the forces that continue to pull girls away from science? How can it be that, even with all the changes in opportunities for and achievement by women today, they still do not do science?

Math as a male domain

The conventional wisdom holds that mathematics is a male domain in which men reign supreme. More than a decade of study by John Hopkins University psychologists' Camilla Benbow and Julia Stanley concluded that mathematically gifted boys consistently outperform the most able girls on the math section of the Scholastic Achievement Test. Psychologists Struik and Flexer say the belief in male supremacy in these areas is virtually unanimous. "The consensus," they write, "is that differences in mathematical ability start in high school and continue to increase among both college students and adults."

Closer scrutiny of the matter paints a slightly more optimistic picture for women. One reason the findings may favour males is that men and boys have usually taken more advanced courses in math and science. Secondly, as psychologist Janet Hyde has pointed out, certain



C A R O L H U R S T

reports concluded that sex differences in ability were "well established", when in fact there were really large differences among individuals — the results were not consistent among all males and all females.

Struik and Flexer found that women outperformed men in two college algebra courses. Of 700 men and women at the University of Colorado at Boulder, not only were the grades of the female students higher, but so were the final exam scores.

"The notion that women can't do math is a myth," says University of Winnipeg psychologist Hilary Lips. "With hard work, we can do it very well."

One of the most vaunted explanations

for women's difficulty in mathematics is math anxiety. Fear of mathematics, coupled with traditional social influences on women, are believed to discourage women from pursuing math and math-related subjects.

A study by Lips, however, casts a shadow over the potential effect of math anxiety on women. Lips examined the reasons for women's avoidance of math and science, expecting to find lack of confidence as a key factor keeping women from entering these areas. Surprisingly though, she found that many women, even if they rated their level of ability as high, avoid math and science simply because they were unimportant to the woman's self view.

"The idea that people are paralysed when confronted by math isn't necessarily true," said Lips. "We expected to find that a lot of people avoided math because they're lousy at it. Instead we found they avoided it simply because they didn't like it."

And says Lynn Batten, Chair of the Math Department, at the University of Winnipeg, "I don't know why math has been chosen as *the* subject people can't do. There are a lot of people afraid of coping with English and other subjects too."

The socialisation of girls

As we shower our little girls with dolls and pretty dresses, we give their brothers building blocks and kites. "Come help mom in the kitchen," is the message repeatedly given to Mary while Mark goes to watch dad tinker with the car. From birth, we are constantly bombarded with a blitz of social cues telling us how to think, how to act, what to do, what to be.

What are we hearing? What is the cultural, social, ethical and economic imprint that Canadian society lays upon its young people so that the two sexes proceed in different directions?

Dr. Rose Sheinin, Microbiology Professor at the University of Toronto, uses the German concept of *Kinder, Küche and Kirche* (or children, kitchen, and church) to describe the message sent to young people. "More crudely," she says, "women are being told they should be barefoot, pregnant, and in the kitchen."

"Not only does this mean that women should be economically non-viable," she explained, "but it also implies that a woman's life should be subservient to her biological life. Women should be subservient to the total needs of society, nurturing and caring for us all."

The lack of role models of women sharing the workplace with men is perhaps the clearest example of society's economic sexism. Regardless of the forum — television, school textbooks, or the workplace itself — the gross underrepresentation of women persists.

However, creating adequate numbers of role models is like trying to latch on to a revolving circle — where is the starting point? A young girl needs female physicists and doctors to aspire to, but until more women begin fulfilling these non-traditional positions, she is left gazing towards a blank horizon.

One area of particular concern is the lack of role models in the school system. While some women teach science at the elementary level, in junior and senior high schools the ratio of men to women teaching science is ridiculously lopsided, and becomes even more unbalanced at the post-secondary level.

"Here in Manitoba," explains Grace Parasiuk, Assistant of Curriculum Development for the Manitoba Department of Education, "we've seen a drastic erosion of female science teachers. Although the situation was fairly good at one time, as these women left schools to raise families, they were replaced almost exclusively by males."

Maria Janicker, a second year History student at the University of Winnipeg spent most of her high school years dreading math.

"I began to resent math because I couldn't do well in it," she said.

Much of Maria's difficulty stemmed from a poor teacher in grade nine "who couldn't explain anything." Because math is cumulative, the steps that Maria missed here impeded her progress later on.

Women's difficulties in math might be minimised if hesitancy was replaced by positive thinking. Although math becomes easier with practice, many women won't even make the effort to attempt the subject.

Perhaps we've made it too easy for women to avoid math and science. This, at least, is the view held by Dr. Lips.

"Mothers console their daughters by saying, 'Don't worry if you can't do math. I could never do it either.' This is the entirely wrong approach," insists Lips. "Math is hard for everyone. We shouldn't be letting girls off the hook so easily, but should push them to work harder."

The female stereotype which places heavy emphasis on winning approval from others, may have radically altered our daughters' approach to learning.

One study found that students who are anxious to receive good grades and teacher approval hide their academic weaknesses and avoid areas of intellectual challenge. Because girls receive approval for neatness and conformity, and not for excelling in "masculine" subjects at school, they tend to become less independent and less self-confident. "Consequently," writes Silberman, "they are less likely to become involved in scientific areas."

Patricia Bizruchak, a 21 year-old Art History graduate, has now chosen to pursue a science career. A key factor in her decision to switch faculties was the positive learning environment at university. "There's no sex distinction whatsoever," she said. "People are just willing to go out of their way to help you. I think this type of encouragement is needed by students of any age who are interested in the sciences."

Bizruchak also feels her tomboy activities when growing up may have helped her to develop an aptitude for science. The brain undergoes most of its development during the early years of childhood, meaning that girls who miss out on ball throwing and biking are left far behind their brothers when it comes to building spatial acumen, an important ingredient in mathematical excellence. A child making paper airplanes, for example, may learn a great deal about air currents, angles, pressure and weight.

"Most girls are kept in the house and develop learned helplessness," said Bizruchak. "They're always running to mom and dad for help. Being out exploring teaches you to figure things out for yourself."

The Future

Progress has clearly been made in creating a place for women in the world of science. For instance, while in the early 1940s it was possible to count all the women engineering students at the University of Toronto on one hand, 30 years after that there were 56 women students, and just two years after that, the number doubled. The question for the future is how do we send women's participation in math and science skyward?

One step at a time. While we may all have visions of a society free of sexist attitudes, where little girls are free to enter occupations of their choice, and where all teachers encourage our daughters to reach their potential in science and math, we must also be realistic. Though

changing a world deeply embedded with stereotypes overnight isn't possible, turning the wheels in the right direction is.

Making science appear more relevant to girls' lives is one area being examined, because until girls see the human dimension to scientific areas, they'll likely remain disinterested in them. It's been discovered that girls perform better in math and physics classes when they can identify with problems requiring calculation. This means using examples familiar to girls as well as the typical carpentry problems found in most text books.

Educators are also experimenting with splitting males and females into single sex math and science classes, so that removed girls will feel less intimidated, and therefore perform better.

In a pilot project at Toronto's A.Y. Jack-Jackson Secondary School, grade 10 math students have been segregated by sex. According to Betty Lamont, women's studies consultant for the North York school board, the project was initiated to encourage girls to participate more in math classes. It is also hoped that teachers will be able to increase young women's awareness of the importance of math in many occupations.

Many people feared that girls classes would be thought of as the 'slow' classes, but such has not been the case. Early in the school year, it was made very clear to students why their classes were being split. They were shown statistics which made it clear that young women can be as competent as young men in math. Lamont says preliminary results are very positive. Girls classes are performing just as well, if not better than, boy's classes. It is expected that the confidence that these young women acquire in math will carry over into their other classes.

The Science Council of Canada has made these recommendations:

a) career workshops to increase female interest in science-based occupations;
b) workshops for science teachers and career counsellors. These would help educators become more aware of the ways in which their own attitudes and behaviour may bias girls' attitudes to science;

c) curriculum projects for girls. Girls would be given a chance to catch up on some of the scientific learning grasped by boys through childhood playtime.

"Ultimately though," stresses Batten, "all of society has to be changed. Sexism is present everywhere." ▼

You and the Criminal Law

Although the *Canadian Charter of Rights and Freedoms* is expressed to apply to everyone equally, it is still true that you may be treated differently under the law if you are under 18. For example, in all provinces there is considered to be an age below which you lack the capacity for criminal responsibility. In Manitoba, for example, that age is 12. Misbehaviour which occurs in children under 12 will generally result in the involvement of the child's parents to take appropriate action. If the parents are unable or unwilling to control the misbehaviour, the Children's Aid Society may get involved.

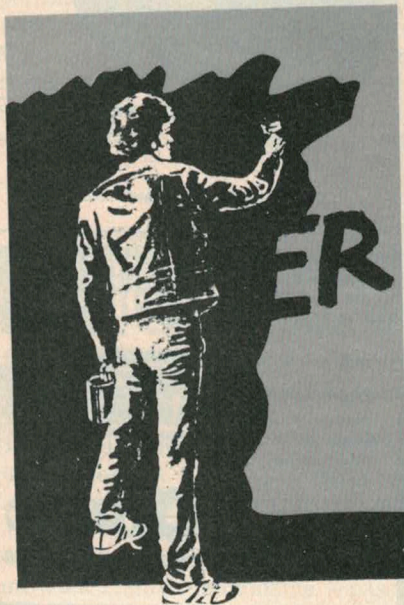
A young person aged 12 to 17 inclusive is considered to be capable of independent thought and responsibility but not to the same degree as is expected of adults. In Manitoba, the *Young Offenders Act* regulates criminal misbehaviour occurring in young persons and each province has legislation with similar objectives.

How exactly should you conduct yourself if the police stop you on the street? Firstly, the police have no right to stop and detain you unless it is for the purpose of requesting a breathalyzer sample from you or unless it is to effect your arrest. You may be arrested if the police see you committing an offense or if they have reasonable and probable grounds to believe that you were committing an offense, or if they have a warrant for your arrest. Secondly, the police can direct enquiries to you, but you have absolutely no obligation to reply and that includes giving your name or any other information. Practically speaking, however, you may find that insisting on your right to remain silent and to continue on your way may provoke an arrest. Although this might technically be an illegal arrest, that may be small consolation while you are sitting in the back of a cruiser car.

If you are in fact arrested, the police can request that you come with them to the police station or RCMP detachment where they may hold you for up to 24 hours for questioning. They are required to inform you after your arrest that you have a right to retain and instruct counsel. The best practical advice if you have been arrested is to go with the police but say nothing in response to their ques-

Jennifer Cooper, Lawyer,
Newman Maclean

THE NEW YOUNG OFFENDERS ACT TAKING RESPONSIBILITY



Solicitor General
Canada

Solliciteur général
Canada

Canada



tioning and request to phone a lawyer at the earliest opportunity.

You have a right to speak to your lawyer in privacy, so let him or her know if you are uneasy because there is a police officer sitting next to the telephone.

You have absolutely no obligation to give a statement to police and indeed they should warn you of your right to remain silent before attempting to take a formal statement from you. The police should not give you the impression that making a statement has anything to do with how the police will treat you or when or whether you will be released. Remember that anything you *say* as well as anything that is written down

can be used against you and is a statement. No matter how friendly the police officer is, it is his or her job to gather evidence to prosecute you, and everything you say will probably be used against you.

If you are going to be charged and detained you will then have an opportunity to apply for bail in order to be released pending the trial or other disposition of your matter. Your lawyer may attempt to have a Magistrate release you if the offense, and your record, is minor. Otherwise the matter will be added to the list for the next court day and a Judge will hear submissions.

Although you have a right to counsel at every stage of the proceedings, you may find that having the financial resources to hire one is difficult. Legal Aid will have a "duty counsel" available for you to speak to but they will not generally handle your matter if you intend to plead not guilty. Legal Aid may pay for a lawyer if the offense is serious enough and if you qualify financially. In calculating your available income to pay a lawyer, Legal Aid also considers the resources of your parents. If your parents have money but refuse to help you, ask the Judge to have a lawyer appointed for you.

Generally your trial will be a public hearing although you have a right to ask that the public and the media be excluded. If convicted, you may receive a warning, a fine up to \$1,000, probation up to two years, custody for up to two years, or you may be required to provide compensation or personal service to the victim or general community service. Custody can be served continuously or intermittently, and in a "closed" (i.e. locked) facility or in an "open" facility which allows you to continue to work or attend school during the days. Generally, punishment cannot be greater than the maximum that would be applicable to an adult who has committed the same offense, and in most cases it is lesser. If, however, the offense is particularly serious, your record lengthy, and you are in your later teens, the Crown may apply to have your case transferred to adult court. In that event you will be dealt with as an adult, including the possibility of incarceration in an adult correctional facility.

NUCLEAR MADNESS

"This is your captain speaking... Good afternoon and welcome aboard Atomic Airways. We only have enough fuel for the early stages of this flight, but we think we can solve that en route... The other technical problems may also be sorted out in time... Our technical boys have been working on them for 30 years, and they'll let us know if they come up with any answers..."

As for sabotage... Well, it's always a possibility... After all we live in dangerous time... But you'll have noticed that you're all handcuffed to your seats and gagged... So the chances are pretty remote... Finally, I'm sure you would like to know our destination... So would we... Enjoy the trip..."

From *Nuclear Power for Beginners*

The smell of cotton candy and popcorn abound while this message is being delivered by the Canadian government at small town fairs across Canada.

The government-funded Atomic Energy Commission has been printing and publishing pamphlets and distributing them across the country.


The government begins by telling the public that we simply don't understand "... several basic points regarding the safety of nuclear reactors (1) it is absolutely impossible for such a power plant to explode (2) the many safety systems take into account not only human error but also chance (3) in more than 2,100 cumulative years of reactor operation world-wide no radiation induced death and no serious radiation injury has ever taken place in a commercial nuclear power plant (4) the generation of electricity from uranium is one of the most regulated and controlled industrial processes (5) Radiation monitoring is relatively easy and more widely practised than other environmental monitoring systems."

It sounds like nuclear energy is great until you look into the history of the program. While it is true that Canada was the first country to concentrate on civil nuclear energy programs, we were also the first country to host a major accident when the Chalk River research reactor exploded in 1952.

The government tells us that the U.S. safety systems in nuclear power plants account for human error. The people of Detroit will vouch for that. In 1963 someone forgot to fasten down a piece of metal in the reactor core at the exper-

an essay on nuclear power
by Terry Harris

A BEAUTIFUL WOMAN



IS LIKE A
NUCLEAR
POWER
PLANT

... she must take good care of herself in order to remain beautiful.

... she never allows herself to get out of date.

... she sees a doctor regularly and is an excellent example of preventative maintenance.

... she stays as slim and trim as she was 10 years ago.

... after 30 years she steps aside for a younger woman to take her place.

... nuclear facilities can also be kept at peak efficiency.

Grouse Nuclear Services draws upon its trained field management team to meet the needs of your facility. Grouse will put its preventative maintenance program to work for you.

Grouse
NUCLEAR SERVICES

This is a facsimile of an actual ad used by Grouse Nuclear Services to sell nuclear power.



imental plant outside of Detroit. Part of the fuel melted down and the orders went out to evacuate the city.

The government tells us no one has ever died from radiation poisoning in a nuclear power plant. What happened then to the three repairmen in 1960 at the Idaho Falls plant explosion? Radiation has contaminated their bodies so much that it was twenty days after their deaths that they were buried, in lead lined coffins placed inside lead lined tombs.

The *New York Times* says that the Atomic Energy Commission (AEC) has "... repeatedly sought to suppress studies by its own scientists that found nuclear reactors were more dangerous than officially acknowledged or that

raised questions about reactor safety devices..." The AEC is the major regulator and controller of nuclear reactors.


The government tells the public that nuclear reactors have "tolerance to upsets, whether from errors or from acts of God, have been specifically designed into the systems". By "designed into the system" they mean the men who fitted one reactor back to front, fitted pumps upside down in another and forgot a welding rig inside a third. Great designing.

We, the public, are told by the Canadian government that "The greatest hazard associated with uranium mining is... industrial accidents". That's why the U.S. Public Health Service published a report saying between 600 and 1,100 of 6,000 underground uranium miners will die of lung cancer through radiation exposure.

The problem of what to do with nuclear wastes has baffled scientists since they started storing the stuff in the 1940s. Nobel prize winner, Hannes Alfvén, says there have been many proposed solutions but "if a problem is too difficult to solve one cannot claim that it's solved by pointing to all the efforts made to solve it..." British Parliament have reported that nuclear wastes "... will remain dangerous for hundreds of thousands of years", as opposed to the Canadian government's claim of 150 years.

The government minimises the risks of nuclear energy with three main arguments. First, they say that there are other risks in our society that are worse, but one risk does not excuse another. Secondly, they say that "the odds are heavily stacked against a reactor disaster". However, it does not matter what the chances of an accident happening are if it can have catastrophic results (unless there is no chance). Third, they go on to say that most things that are useful can also be harmful. One engineer who resigned from the nuclear energy business wrote in his letter of resignation; "In the past we have been able to learn from our mistakes. With nuclear power we cannot afford that luxury... Nuclear power has become a technological monster, and it is not clear who, if anyone, is in charge."

"Although many people fear a reactor accident... the chances of this happening are slight." This seems like a strange statement for our government to be



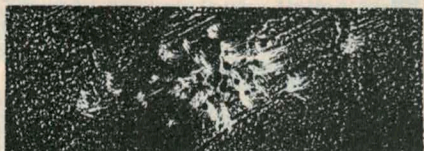
making considering the Three Mile Island accident but they do go on to discuss that accident. "The Three Mile Island accident was caused by a series of errors, both in design and operating. . . . But everyone seems to have forgotten that no one was hurt. . . . it will lead to less than one additional fatal cancer in a population of 300,000 people." A study done by the Union of Concerned Scientists in the U.S. says that by the end of the century we may be having serious accidents every six years. (That's only a slight chance?)

"... the overriding policy requirement of the Government of Canada concerning all exports of nuclear materials and technology is that they should be used for peaceful purposes only." That's why in 1974 India conducted tests with a plutonium bomb made from a small Canadian research reactor imported for 'peaceful purposes'.


The government tells us in these pamphlets, that nuclear wastes are not discharged into the air and all wastes are safely stored at the reactor sites. On the other hand, scientists are telling us that low-level wastes are routinely discharged into the surroundings, buried or dumped at sea. The people who live around the Key Lake research station will tell you how safe the storage facilities are.

Who do we believe? The government who tell us "... we believe our technology can contribute to the removal of economic disparity throughout the world. With nuclear energy there need not be any 'have' or 'have not' countries. . . . we don't believe that nuclear energy is a panacea for the world's economic disparity." Or do we believe the researchers, scientists, engineers and countless millions of people who say "if governments weren't propping up the nuclear industry it would soon go under. Quick profits can still be made here and there. . . . but on the whole it's a bad investment." (Stephen Croall, *The Anti Nuclear Handbook*).


The Canadian government says truth only has one side and it seems like they are spending millions of our tax dollars to convince us that their side is the truth.



J'ai des questions



Louis Lajoie
Ecole Pointe des Chênes




Qu'est-ce que la guerre nucléaire? Est-ce le jeu ridicule des grandes puissances du monde où il ne peut y avoir ni gagnant ni perdant? N'est-ce pas un jeu qui peut détruire toute notre planète?

Une guerre nucléaire serait horrible. Souvenez-vous de ce qu'a fait la bombe atomique à Hiroshima? Des milliers de personnes sont mortes, victimes de cette affreuse bombe. Une guerre nucléaire serait mille fois plus atroce. Nous verrions nos frères et nos sœurs mourir sous nos yeux. Nous saurions qu'un sort semblable nous est réservé. Il ne


resterait aucune vie sur la terre. Notre planète ressemblerait à un grand désert. Ses survivants préféreraient probablement la mort à la vie austère qui les attendrait.

Pourquoi les pays ne peuvent-ils pas s'entendre? Pourquoi devons-nous nous armer jusqu'aux dents? Ne pouvons-nous pas régler autrement nos problèmes? Nous vivons à l'époque de la communication sophistiquée et cependant nous n'arrivons pas à nous parler honnêtement, ouvertement...

Le Manitoba pour moi



Nancy Morin
Ecole Pointe des Chênes



Depuis deux mois, le Manitoba est mon pays d'adoption. Eh ou, j'ai quitté ma famille, mes ami(e)s et le Québec pour vivre une expérience inoubliable: un échange d'une durée de six mois, avec une jeune Franco-Manitobaine. Je passe les trois premiers mois à découvrir la culture manitobaine, autant anglophone que francophone. En décembre, je retournerai chez moi.

Les premières impressions d'une jeune Québécoise de seize ans, qui ne parle pas l'anglais et qui vient demeurer au Manitoba, ne sont pas toujours très favorables.

J'étais frustrée quand je voyais les jeunes Francophones tellement peu attachés au français. Je me croyais seule au monde, même si d'autres Québécoises participaient à cet échange. J'avais l'impression qu'on me regardait comme si je n'étais pas normale. Même les jeunes de mon âge en étaient coupables, et cela me rendait mal à l'aise. Mais ce n'était qu'une illusion.

Petit à petit, je me suis intégrée dans cette nouvelle société. Je me suis aussi habituée à vos "terres". Ces endroits sans montagnes, sans dénivellations, c'était pour moi le "plat" total. J'ai dû me faire à votre climat aussi. Je n'avais jamais vu chose semblable. Passer par les quatre saisons en un seul jour, ce fut

assez étrange pour moi au début.

Maintenant mes impressions ne sont plus pareilles. Habitée à vivre dans une minorité, je comprends plus facilement la raison pour laquelle les jeunes choisissent de parler l'anglais. Ils n'aiment pas être minoritaires. Ils ont compris que lorsqu'on vit au Manitoba, si on ne parle pas l'anglais, on risque d'être tout simplement mis de côté.

Je trouve la plupart des Manitobains très sympathiques. Ils vivent au jour le jour, ce que j'aime vraiment. Le souvenir qui me restera de cet échange, grâce à vous, sera très positif. Mais l'on dit souvent: "On est si bien chez soi."

Je sais déjà que lorsque je vais vous quitter, chers Manitobains, je vais avoir beaucoup de regrets: celui de ne plus revoir les nouveaux ami(e)s, celui de ne plus pouvoir regarder vos terres qui s'étendent jusqu'à l'horizon, vos couchers de soleil magnifiques. Je crois que votre devise "Friendly Manitoba" est la meilleure que vous puissiez trouver, car elle vous décrit à merveille.

En vous quittant, je voudrais vous avouer que, sans le vouloir, je me suis mise à aimer le Manitoba et ses habitants. Vos plaines vont réellement me manquer. Vous êtes des gens formidables. Ce fut un plaisir de faire votre connaissance.

Dating Violence

Mary Ann Zeller

I knew what was happening. I was like an observer. I wasn't prepared to admit it. I didn't want to be humiliated. I went along with everything and tried to help him. I felt sorry for him. I could see how jaded his past was. Instead of me helping him, he dragged me under.

-young woman who was battered by her boyfriend

Many young women become involved in battering relationships before they have even left their family home. Although it is widespread, very little research has been done on dating violence and there are few places abused teen girls can turn.

Battered Women's Support Services (BWSS), in Vancouver, has undertaken a study on dating violence. Beginning last summer, the organisation compiled a series of interviews with counsellors, social workers, and the young women themselves. From this they published and distributed a leaflet called "Dating Violence".

Phone calls from concerned parents and social workers first made BWSS aware of dating violence. Says Support

Services collective member Jean Bennett, "The more calls we got, the more conscious we became that we didn't know what was going on." The wife battering model does not fit well, and services offered are inappropriate for young women, she says.

Young women are subject to the double oppression of being female and being young in a society which doesn't give women and youth respect or power over their own lives. It is often harder for young women to talk about their experience of being battered than it is for older women. A young woman knows that if she talks to an adult she will be told to get out of the situation, but she still really cares about her boyfriend and may not be ready to leave him. Having a boyfriend is very important to women in their teens. "Even if he's a rotten boyfriend, it's better than no boyfriend at all," explains Jean Bennett, a member of the Battered Women's Support Services in Vancouver.

I was really embarrassed to talk to people. I was upset all the time and didn't know if I had any ground to stand on. He was my first serious boyfriend and I thought maybe I was doing something wrong and that I shouldn't feel bad and that I should just go along with him and get married and the whole bit. I knew I couldn't do that but at the same time I didn't know if it was right to think that as it was so different from what everyone else was doing.

-young woman interviewed at Battered Women Support Services

She does not have the same economic dependence as a battered wife, but a young woman's emotional and psychological needs may make her stay with her violent boyfriend. She may really believe she can change him, and be caught up in the myths about love and romance. Older women tend to have more understanding about relationships, and more life experience so they know it is possible to survive without a man, but younger women don't usually feel it is all right to be alone.

Dating violence is extraordinarily destructive. The abuses can make young women lose all self-esteem and sense of personal power. Says one victim of dating violence:

I don't look at men the same way

anymore. They automatically think that because you are a woman you're stupid. I almost wish I was numb.

And another says:
My plans for the future? I'm just starting to think about it. It is hard making new friends. I can't trust people. I'm scared they'll phone Jim or his family and tell them where I am.

Bennett says, however, that young women possess a resilience, an optimism about the future which many older battered women do not have that enables them to spring back more quickly after being in an abusive relationship.

What can you do if you are a victim or if you know a young woman who is being abused by her boyfriend? At this time services are less than adequate, but the nearest transition house can offer some support. One on one counselling seems to be the most appropriate help for young battered women. Because they've been socialised to compete for males, they need to learn trust before a support group will be of much use, says Bennett. Telling the young woman to get out of the situation will not work, but building up her self esteem and convincing her that she deserves better may help. And offering an alternative to the romantic myth of love and the reality of battering may help her. As one survivor put it, "If you don't know anything different, it's hard to change."

patches of fury

cautiously stepping
from and to
patches of fury
irregularly shaped
half under water
like icebergs
cold and dry wetness
like early summer
morning
she in sundress
balances and
gracefully steps
from patch to patch

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hacking around

Kelli Mitchell

Just as it was ten years ago, passwords leading the way into computer banks are basically simple, and easy to decipher using trial and error methods. (It is estimated that one out of every ten attempts to hack is successful.) To break into a typical computer system connected to a telephone network, all one needs is a telephone link to the telecommunications system. A hacker, by obtaining a simple area code, can use a modem (an inexpensive phone-like device which enables transmission of data through phone lines) and a home computer to illegally gain access to restricted banks.

Such hacking has been going on for more than a decade, but only recently has prominent attention been given to these break-ins. The increase in their commonplace and severity is on the rise, and companies are finally becoming more aware of the risks in keeping classified material under fallible security. Some of those companies who firmly believed their security was unpenetrable have been proven wrong, and are now in frantic processes of cracking down on security. Despite the awareness and efforts of telecommunication centers, major companies and law officials, the fact remains that the attempts at computer break-ins can only be made more difficult; not impossible.

Put another password in,
Bomb it out, then try again.
Try to get past logging in,
We're hacking, hacking, hacking.
Try his first wife's maiden name
This is more fun than just a game.
It's real fun, but just the same,
It's hacking, hacking, hacking.

-Hacker's Anthem
By "Cheshire Catalyst"

While it's true that most hackers tap into major systems to prove it can be done, nearly all of them find the process entertaining. Challenging. But one must ask where the fun ends, and the crime begins.

You've probably heard of the Milwaukee 414's — the gang of teen hackers suspected of having broken into more than sixty businesses and government systems in the United States and Canada. One member, Neal Patrick, claims access was "surprisingly easy", and one such easy break-in was into the Pacific National Bank. The gang did not tamper with programs dealing with ac-



counts of other countries, but they wrote a program to make some terminals quote, "Would you like to play a nice game of chess, Dr. Falken?" extracted from the movie *War Games*, which depicted the results of a teenager tapping into the national defense system.

An unrelated hacked-in program was nicknamed "The Cookie Monster" classic: When someone working on the terminals would least expect it, the word "cookie" would flash on the the screen, and unless the operator "gave" the computer a "cookie" (typed in the word) it literally went berserk, flashing a demand for a cookie repeatedly across the screen, erasing all previous information.

It may seem that the only damage caused by hackers is technological chaos, but there have been serious attempts (and successes) at embezzlement, altering of medical and governmental records, and illegal viewing of dating service information.

As a result of some mischievous hackers, an Ottawa base of TELENET, a telecommunications network owned by GTE that connects more than 1,200 computers over phone lines, was under seige for more than a week. The net-

work's lines were blocked, preventing legitimate users from getting on lines, and one-fifth of the computer's storage capacity was temporarily lost. Who was behind the scam? Four 13-year-old boys who obtained the TELENET phone number, and by trial and error linked up with the center's computers. None of the boys were prosecuted. This delinquent act cost the main firm and its Ottawa branch thousands of dollars in computer time, not to mention great irritability in the vulnerability of their system. The same boys, nicknamed the Dalton Gang, (after 'Dalton', their private school in New York) also dubbed into private data banks, juggled accounts and erased 10 million bits of data from a Canadian cement company's computer.

A 20-year-old Californian began tapping into ARPANET and TELENET a few years back, claiming his motive to be "pure exploration" — he had no intentions of prying into their files. By the time he was a freshman in university, he had six unauthorised accounts. When he was found out, he was slapped on the wrist. He quit hacking because it "took up a lot of him time", his grades suffered, and the penalty after his warning may have affected his future forever. (California, a few years ago, became the first state to bring in a computer-fraud law, allowing fines of up to \$5,000 and three years' imprisonment to be issued.)

A 14-year-old California high school student's bedroom was raided at six am one morning last year; the FBI had tracked down his home address, and proceeded to confiscate his three-thousand dollar home set-up. This youngster and his friends were victims of a law-enforcement idea of the FBI's. They try using scare tactics and making public examples of the kids they discover to have been committing computer crimes.

The laws are slowly being strengthened against hackers, but more often than not, a slap on the hand and a lot of attention are all these criminals are subject to. The public eye needs to be opened wider until full view of this near-epidemic situation can be perceived. We may all fall victim to this computer eavesdropping someday, and in the event of confidential information about ourselves being read over by unauthorised eyes, we all deserve legal backup — a bored hacker is a frightening thing.

DOING IT ON THE

TEEN PREGNANCY & PARENTHOOD

written by the young women in Jessie's school program in Toronto

According to journalist Norman Cousins, "Teenage pregnancy is the bombshell that has recently hit North America." How has this come about in an age where birth control information is readily available to all?

Unfortunately many myths still exist around sex. "I thought I couldn't get pregnant the first time" or "I didn't think I was having sex often enough to use birth control" are a few of the all too frequent comments young women express.

One 17-year-old mother says, "I'd always planned to use birth control, but I never got around to it. Anyhow I'd been having sex with my boyfriend for four years and nothing had happened. I really believed it wouldn't happen to me."

Another young woman of 18 says, "I started having sex because everyone else was doing it and I didn't want to be the last virgin on the face of the earth. I knew about the pill, but was afraid of the side effects, and other contraceptives spoiled the mood for me. I love my child dearly, but sometimes now, I think it would be good to be the last virgin on earth."

Women stated other reasons for not using contraception: "I wanted a baby to love" and, "I thought if I became pregnant I could keep my boyfriend from leaving me."

Teens also feel too embarrassed to consult parents or doctors about their sexual problems. It is generally felt that parents would not understand or that a doctor might betray their confidence, by reporting back to parents.

"My parents would have killed me if they knew I was having sex," recounted one young woman. "I just couldn't have talked to them about it, and I was scared stiff to go to the doctor. Besides, I worried if I did use something, my mom might find it around the house. I just kept hoping it wouldn't happen to me."

The outcome of this has been that thousands of young women become pregnant every year. In Canada alone, it is estimated that more than 1,000 teens become pregnant each week. (Of these pregnancies, about two-thirds end in abortion.) Along with these alarming facts, current trends indicate that the

choices teenagers make regarding parenting have changed dramatically over the years. Twenty years ago 80-90 per cent of those who completed their pregnancy, chose to give their child up for adoption. Today, the reverse is true; 80-90 per cent decide to keep their child and try to raise it on their own.

How realistic is this? Some experts claim that all teen parents are doomed from the start. But those of us who wrote this article disagree. We don't deny that problems exist, but we feel with the right kind of support and encouragement, young parents can successfully raise their children on their own. "We feel we should at least have the right to try to raise our children by ourselves. We know it won't be easy, but feel we deserve the same consideration that is given to older pregnant women or older mothers."

The need for some kind of service to provide support and encouragement to teen moms was recognised in the late seventies. In Toronto this need became a reality when Jessie's Centre for Teenagers, a drop-in centre, opened its doors in the downtown area on January 11, 1982.

The staff at Jessie's includes counselors, nursery staff, a public health nurse, and a teacher, as well as many volunteers.

The philosophy at Jessie's is to be supportive and non-judgemental and to recognise that the young women who choose to go there have the right to make their own choices: about whether or not to continue with their pregnancy, whether or not to keep their baby, what kind of birth experience they want to have, and how to care for their baby. The approach is holistic; the aim is to help young women make choices by giving them information and respect.

Some of the services offered at Jessie's are:

1. Pregnancy and Birth Control Counselling
2. Prenatal and Postnatal Groups
3. Counselling, re: self, partners, welfare, housing, education and job opportunities
4. Health services

5. A School Program operated by The Toronto Board of Education

6. Nursery Drop-in

7. Respite Care (temporary overnight care for babies during times of crisis or for relief)

8. Recreation and Social Events

How do teenagers feel about Jessie's?

Lynne, * 18 says, "When I found out I was pregnant, it was a very big shock. I felt so afraid and helpless. There was so much to think about, and we (my boyfriend and I) knew this would change our lives, no matter what decision we made about my pregnancy. We didn't know where to turn or how to begin making a choice about whether to consider abortion, adoption or to keep the baby. Jessie's really helped us. We felt we could talk to the people there; that they really understood our problem. Going to Jessie's didn't make it any easier to make our decision, but at least we were made aware of all the options available to us, and when we finally made the choice to keep our child, they supported us."

Natasha, another young woman, is offended by the degrading comments and actions directed at her on the street. She says, "When I'm outside, I'm made to feel less than human. Some people stop and stare right at me, others question me. At Jessie's I'm treated as an ordinary teenager, and most importantly, I'm respected. There are many young women my age at Jessie's who are in the same situation. It really helps to know I'm not alone. Just being able to talk to the staff and other young women helps me to feel better about myself."

"I never felt comfortable anywhere before I came here," states Janet, the 18-year-old mother of three-month-old Anthony. "I was sexually abused as a child and now I have no contact with my family. Jessie's is my family. They care! I can talk to them about things. I feel good about myself and my baby. I love my baby but he keeps me from going anywhere. I haven't got the money for babysitters. Sometimes I wish he'd never been born; then I feel guilty. I never

ROWN

Photo: Randy Haunfelder



seem to have enough time or enough money and I never get enough sleep. If Jessie's wasn't here for me I'd go crazy. I would be so lonely and I would not have continued with my schooling."

"Jessie's has been my lifesaver," is the way Joanne, another 18-year-old mother puts it. "At first my pregnancy was like a nightmare, and I could not admit to myself that I was going to have a child. I had no one who cared. I didn't even have a place to live after my baby's birth. It was awful for me. Finally I was referred to Jessie's by my public health nurse. The staff helped me to accept my pregnancy as a reality. They helped me solve problems such as finding proper housing and they provided me with the opportunity to continue with my education. If there hadn't been a place like Jessie's I think I would have considered suicide. The biggest problem is that I only have Jessie's in the daytime; at night, I still have to go home and face it all alone. That's the bad part."

The teen years are the time for grow-

ing-up and for planning one's future. Like other young people, those of us at Jessie's have hopes, dreams and aspirations.

Janet would like to become a nurse, but says, "First I have to be a good mother and give my baby a good life. I hope that one day I'll be able to finish school. Maybe then I'll marry Anthony's father."

Joanne's goal is to finish school and get a good job, "so that I can support myself and my child and get off welfare."

One young woman aptly summed it all up by saying, "We're just like anyone else. We want a good job and a good life. If we work hard, it will just take us a little longer to get there."

Even though we feel very positive about the support we have received at Jessie's we still have some advice for other teenagers.

Seventeen-year-old Robin, on thinking back to when she made her decision to go through with her pregnancy and keep her baby says, "I just kept thinking

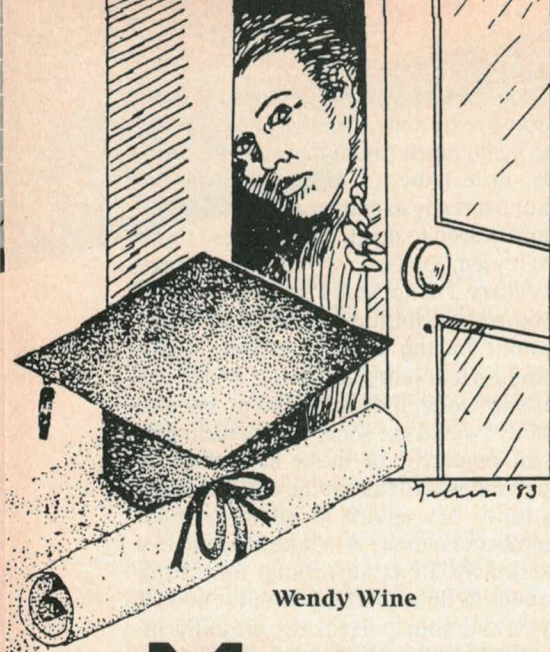
about how neat it was going to be. I was going to become a mother. It was going to be so much fun to have a cute, cuddly, little baby all to myself. Now I'm almost ready to deliver and I'm worried and scared to death. Sometimes I think to myself, 'Oh God, why me?' It gets pretty scary. I'm not sure I can handle all of the responsibilities by myself. I worry about having enough money, about finding a decent place to live and about living alone. If only I could go back in time, I would use some kind of birth control regularly, or make sure that my partner would take some of the responsibility. My advice to all teens, both male and female, is to take birth control seriously. Don't sit around and think about it, do something about it now. If you and your partner are sexually involved I want you to know, 'It can happen to you!'"

Joanne also warns teens to carefully consider the consequences of engaging in sex without using protection. Her advice is, "Find out all about the different methods of birth control; choose the one that you feel most comfortable with and use it on a regular basis." She emphatically says, "Look, I know sexual urges are sometimes difficult to control, but if you are prepared, pregnancy can be avoided. And I'm talking to the males as well as the females! Take precautions! Remember, that cute little baby is no toy. It is a real live human being, who will grow up, and be dependent upon you for many, many years to come."

Although motherhood can be a wonderful experience, it is a well known fact that when you are a teen raising a baby alone, you are likely to encounter more problems than usual. Lack of money, inadequate housing, few friends and an interrupted education are only a few of the things teen moms have to face.

The question remains, "Should teens attempt to raise their child alone, in spite of all the obstacles they will encounter?" For those of us at Jessie's who are doing just that, the answer is an unequivocal yes. We all have problems and we are well aware that there are no simple answers for us. Even with the support and encouragement we receive from family, friends and Jessie's staff, we still have times when we feel trapped, frustrated and depressed. But then we have good days too. By believing in ourselves, and by taking things one day at a time, we can tell you with confidence, "WE'LL MAKE IT!"

* all the names in this article have been changed



Wendy Wine

MAKING CHOICES

getting through high school as a lesbian

I went to two alternative high schools. Their small size and liberal philosophies were the factors that initially made me feel it was okay to voice my opinions. Unfortunately, I ended up encountering more animosity than support for my feminist fervour. Being open as a lesbian would have made things worse.

Friends who "came out" as lesbians in a mainstream school had to deal with more serious consequences. One woman I know had two friends who were lovers. They were subjected to constant verbal harassment in the halls at school. One day, as the three of them were walking up the stairs, some older students leaned into the stairwell and spat at them. They had to wipe off their clothes and walk past their assailants unruffled.

I knew another lesbian whose father was a public figure; she "came out" at the risk of his career. Of course, many of us had to develop elaborate systems of lies in order to retain the privilege of living at home. Often, parents who are suspicious of their daughters' conspicuous lack of male friends discover the truth anyway. I had a friend whose lover was considerably older than she was. When

her parents found out about their relationship, they threatened my friend with expulsion from her home, and they threatened her lover with legal action. That kind of pressure can be unbearable. I think many women wait to come out until they've moved out on their own.

I was one of the lucky ones. Life at home was relaxed. The social climate at school was relatively relaxed too. It did allow room for limited lesbian activity, provided that the women involved continued to sleep with men. I remember two women who regularly necked in the student lounge to titillate potential boy-friends. It was, in fact, considered chic for us to call ourselves bisexual (in theory).

This generally liberated set of attitudes meant that close female friendships weren't very carefully scrutinised: for example, it was okay for me to stroll into school arm-in-arm with a friend. But I had displayed that kind of outward behaviour long before I had anything to "hide". My growing feminist consciousness had hastened my disillusionment with heterosexual game playing, although it also created a very real rift between me and most other students. I was excluded from the "straight" social circle before I was sure I wanted to be, and it was painful, though I didn't have to explain myself or make a conspicuous withdrawal from it when eventually I made the choices I did.

If you asked me now, I would tell you that I did in fact make choices the year I was 16; at the time it seemed as if the course of my life was almost entirely out of my hands. There was no single moment when I "knew" I was a lesbian. I just got used to the idea gradually. I had a couple of close friends and they were my community. Cautiously we explored the "real" lesbian community, sometimes going dancing (and dancing with each other to avoid the predatory advances of some older women). Bars were out of the question until I graduated (even then I was under age — and jail bait was still high in demand. It's still illegal in Canada for a woman to have lesbian sex until she is 21 years of age.) It seemed that almost every lesbian gathering involved alcohol, which meant that we were restricted access to them. One night two of us borrowed ID to get into a bar where a local women's band was playing. The bouncer grabbed my friend's face and laughed. "Hey, Ed, look at the kisser on *this* one!" Humiliated, we slouched into a Chinese restaurant, and ordered tea and egg rolls. We sat in

embarrassed silence until my friend tried to change the subject by acknowledging, for the first time, the goal behind our furtive excursions into the lesbian community. She put her elbows on the table and sighed. "So. Which one of us is going to be the first?" (Truth to tell, we thought we couldn't really choose until we had been chosen, and we desperately awaited initiation.)

The process of my "coming out" was thus defined by my sense of some larger community (even though my terror prevented me from venturing beyond observation). To some extent I was politically active outside of school; my contact with older lesbians helped to sustain me through the last few weeks of grade 12. (I changed schools the next year.) But the isolation I felt from my own age group was keen and constant. My friends and I were doing the last thing that kids from liberal middle-class families think they absolutely have to do: going to high school. We needed friends who could take this — and our sexuality — for granted.

We were lucky to have each other. It is unfortunate that our need for support and affirmation meant that we became intensely and explosively dependent on each other: we used each other up. I now know other women whose high school friendships deteriorated that way because they lacked wider support systems.

The year after graduating from grade 13, I found the support system I had been lacking. I joined a small group of young women who met once a week, for a few months. It was with mixed feelings that I eventually discovered I didn't need them anymore. I was working, still living at home and flourishing independently (yes, this story does have a happy ending).

There is no easy way to get through high school if you're a lesbian. Older women say it is easier to choose lesbianism at a young age, before accumulating years of heterosexual baggage. In part this may be true, but I think it is balanced out by our lack of independence and the social constraints of high school. Some women "come out" without any exposure to feminism. Some may spend all of high school involved in a single relationship. Others may spend it wondering. Most of us spend high school waiting. "Coming out" was only part of a lifelong process for me. I know that process made it almost impossible for me to fit in. But unlike most of what I had to deal with in high school, it made a lot of sense. ▼



M·I·S·S·I·N·G

socks

Tiffany Tytenych

One of the most frustratingly unsolved mysteries of the world is, why, when we buy a pair of socks do we only end up with one? I'm not here to solve this for you, but maybe to explain why this is happening to you and thousands of others around the world.

It's not the fault of the owner, it's actually due to the mental condition of the sock. You see, they don't feel content with being worn one day and washed the next, worn one day and washed the next . . . Socks want more out of life, they want to see the world!

This dilemma has baffled scientists and private detectives alike. There have been several theories as to how socks disappear. Although we specialists don't have a *positive* theory as to *why*, we're still working on it.

One hypothesis is — the socks have nightly meetings in the sock drawer to determine who will be the next lucky sock to escape. Generally, in the sock race, seniority has a bearing on things of this nature. But if you are a member of the sock persuasion it's basically the newer socks that have first dibs on their chance to escape. This is costing sock owners nationally, tens of dollars annually.

Sometimes socks don't want to escape outside of the house, but rather they just want a break from the daily routine of life (washed one day, worn the next . . .).

Often, what a sock will do is jump out of a clothes hamper or other related object, and hide themselves. They go into

hiding, behind dressers, or under beds where they will often be found months later all curled up in a dusty clump. If your sock has been reported missing in action, relax, chances are it will turn up.

Then there are the more ambitious socks. These ones have an intricate plot to escape outside of the house so that they will never be found.

These socks are members of the 'Resistance'.

Their whole plot begins on laundry day. They go into the washing machine peacefully, and in pairs. When it is time to put them into the dryer, chances are it'll be the last time you will see a match to your newest pair.

They escape by running up the hose of your gas dryer into the backyard, outside to freedom. This is more commonly known as the underground.

This is a frequent occurrence among all sock owners, and not one to be scoffed at.

There are no solid conclusions as to why this happens, but there are a few suggestions to soften the blow of missing socks though:

Always buy matching *pairs* of socks so that when one escapes, the singles will match.

Next time *your* sock is acting funny, be prepared, for it's probably a member of the 'Resistance'. It *will* defect sooner or later.

Cold feet are no laughing matter. Always remember, and never forget, appreciate your socks while you still can.

DUST

Terese Taylor

All around there is shouting. Above the horizon of endless sand, the sun is rising, coloring the sky with colors of brilliance, as it would again when it returned to the earth at dusk. Thousands of workers are around me and the movement is ceaseless.

I roll over and kiss my daughter on her forehead. "Time to rise, sweet one." I lift her up and cradle her in my arms. Soon she will reach year eight. I think of my youth; running and playing with the older children, stealing food from the market, and swimming in the river. I was chubby then. I give her as much food as I can, but still she is so thin. She must feel the hunger pangs as I do. "Sahta, I work at a new station today. I may not see you until sleeptime tonight." She does not say anything. "I'll miss you."

A man is approaching, banging two rocks together, kicking people if they are sleeping or if they do not get out of his way fast enough. I lift Sahta out of the ditch that is for us to sleep in. "I'll meet you back here tonight." Sahta follows the man banging rocks together until she reaches her station.

I report to my new station. The overseer instructs me that I'll be pushing the barges up river. They are 15 by 15 feet, made of wood. The limestone blocks that are put on the barges can only be 4 by 4 feet; they are so heavy. We move so many stones. We are watched over by soldiers with terrible weapons.

I step on a barge that has only three pushers. I recognise one of them. I see by her reaction that she recognises me too. She walks to me and we hug.

"Isae! It's been five new moons, although it seems like more."

"Yes," she says, "How is your daughter Sahta?"

"She'll never be happy doing forced work, as we are. But she has known nothing else since the age of four. I long for the day when we can leave and I may show her a better life, all the pleasures that life holds."

"We all long to leave, but few would make it now. The Yinti control the food and water markets. Perhaps. . ."



The overseer standing on the bank pokes me with his long stick.

"You must pull the ropes!" he yells, pointing at the ropes which are wrapped around the limestone being pushed onto the barge.

The three crew members and I grab the ropes extending from the stone and pull. After it is positioned on the barge Isae and I along with the two others position ourselves each at a corner and with our sticks start to push the barge up the human-dug river.

It is not until the sun has travelled one quarter of the sky that we reach our destination. I step off the barge and with the help of one other crew member we unload the stone onto a path of mud. A crew of ten people take the ropes and start to pull the limestone up the mud path. I glance up the path. The stones are beginning to form a third triangular shape.

"Shataie, Jona, get back over here!" yells Isae. She points to a man who is being dragged across the ground on his stomach. A man who is sitting on the ground rubbing his leg is lassoed and dragged away with the other man. It is punishment for anyone who steps out of line.

I step into the water to rinse my feet of the mud. It is warm. Isae helps me onto the barge. "To think we cleared all the rubble and bumps and made the ground flat so that they could put more rubble

on top!" she exclaims. We both try to laugh, but cannot. We have done too much, understand too much, to laugh.

As we push up the river farther, three workers are throwing bags onto the barges. "It's food," says Isae, "and after we get around the corner, it's down current, so we can relax."

Eight bags of food are thrown onto the barge. "It is not all for us?" I exclaim. Isae laughs. "It is good to see that you still have hope! The small bag is for us, and this is our only feed time." As we turn around the bend in the river Isae sits on the edge of the barge. "Sit, for this is the only time you will be able to today." She hands me a piece of dried fish. She calls to the other two crew members.

As they sit down beside me, I introduce myself. "I am Shataie." "I am Jona and this is Darae." We clasp forearm to forearm in the customary fashion. I look at Darae's shoulder. Just below the muscle there is a big gash. It is an open sore.

"Darae, what is that gash from?"

"I tried to escape." Tears fill his eyes, his face tenses as one rolls down his cheek. Upon closer observation I notice that there are scars all over his upper body. Jona puts his arm around Darae, I reach around Jona and put my hand on Darae's face.

I speak softly. "I sleep at the ditch with four sticks, the third one short. You must come tonight. If the soldier asks your name, say it is Kiris. There are so many where I sleep, the soldier does not know all the faces.

At this, Darae starts to cry even more. Isae looks at me. "Did you know Kiris well?"

"He was of year seventeen and had a scar on his forehead?" Isae nods. "Yes, he would watch over Sahta when I had to go somewhere. We talked often. We always helped each other." I blink back tears from my eyes.

"Darae and Kiris were also very close. They were half brothers." Isae hands me the food bag and I take a share of the dried food before passing it to Jona.

"I haven't told Sahta about Kiris. She is angry at him for not coming to visit her last night."

"Tell Sahta I would like very much to visit her." Isae grabs my hand between hers. "We must not think of sadness now. It will wear you down."

I gaze up the river which we had pushed the granite up in the morning. There is an endless line of barges, all carrying either granite rock or cut limestone. I look behind and in front of me and can

see that all the barges are carrying food bags. No one looks happy except for the soldiers who laugh when they harass. We look like the lines of ants that march through the sands. Never ending construction lines. . .

Isae stands up and grabs her pole, and sticks it into the ground to slow us down. Jona gets up and throws a bag of food to a group of people standing on the band that we are approaching. They, in turn, throw us a load of wood. Isae takes her stick out of the water and we speed up.

"You and Darae must sort the wood. The wood that is the thickness of your fist or bigger is to be chopped into foot-sized blocks. The rest is to be thrown off at the granite sites. Jona hands me a dull axe that has been stashed in the corner of the barge. "You will need this."

"So this is how the wood gets cut!" I thank Jona. Darae sits down beside me and starts to sort the wood. "You will come tonight?" He nods yes. I place my hand on his back. "We will talk tonight." As I take my hand off, I can feel his ribs through his skin.

At dusk, we have pushed the barge up and down the river four times. By the time we have arrived at the starting point to change crews, fires have been lit along all the banks. They are for the night workers.

After stopping the barge, Darae, Jona, Isae and I step off and four new crew members step on. As I am walking away, I look back. A young girl who is trying to pull the granite onto the barge is hunched over, in pain. I look around. Jona is the only one near me. I call to him to help. We each grab a corner and push the granite to help the girl. Before I can turn around, the overseer whips me across the back of my knees.

"Do not help! Those who are weak must suffer!" he yells at me. He raises his whip to threaten me, but I do not wait to see if he means it or not. My blood is warm on my legs. I start to run but the pain is too much.

As I near my designated spot in the ditch I can see Sahta. She does not move, just stares straight ahead. For a child she is much too old. Anger wells up inside me, but as I quicken my pace, the feeling is overcome by pain. The back of my knees still bleed.

I walk as quickly as I may to Sahta and when I reach her, I sit down beside her and put my arms around her. She puts her arms around my neck and leans closer, but does not smile. Lately she rarely smiles.

I lean close and whisper into her ear, because she likes the sensation it gives her. "Isae wants to visit you, Sahta." Sahta suddenly smiles, but it just as suddenly disappears. She stares straight ahead of her again. "Why does Kiris not visit anymore?" I had known she would ask of him, yet not so soon. I shift so that I am facing Sahta.

"Kiris has gone away."

"When is he coming back?" she asks quickly.

"I do not think he will be coming back again Sahta." I explore her eyes. "But there is a way that he can stay with you." She refuses to look into my eyes, but she does not move. "If you keep him in your mind, he will never leave you."

". . . Look at how beautiful the stars are tonight, Sahta." She looks up. Sahta always watched the stars with interest. She once told a shamaness of the patterns she would see the stars following. The shamaness told her to keep watching, that someday she would become a great astrologer. It was the last night before being captured. I am glad that the stars absorb her, so that she may still dream.

As Sahta searches the sky, I lean back and from the tuck of my cloth coverings, I pull out a piece of dried fish. "Sahta, eat." She slumps as she sits. I can tell she is tired. "Sahta, come lie beside me."

I rock Sahta to sleep. My body is tired, but my mind will not rest. Sahta does not ask many questions anymore. She is losing her fight. . .

I suddenly become alerted and tense. It is unconscious preparation until I can see why. A man is walking along the ditch. In the darkness it is hard to distinguish between slave and soldier. He walks slowly, looking at the slaves in the ditches. I am prepared to fight. The soldiers often rape in the night. They shall not touch Sahta, when I am around. I grab a hand-sized stone and get in a position to spring. . .

I relax, the man does not have a spear, the adornment of the soldiers. As he approaches I recognise him. It is Darae. He does not see me, so I throw my stone. He stops and looks. At my sight, the look of fear vanishes from his face. He quickly comes and sits down.

I can see that he is nervous. I am at a loss at what to say, so I simply reach out and squeeze his wrist. I look around for a triangular-shaped stone but cannot find it.

"Darae, feel around, see if you are sitting on a triangular stone." He shuffles around, careful not to bump his left arm.

He shifts his weight and finds it under his leg.

Darae moves over and I start to dig at the spot of the stone. About six inches down I find what I am looking for. I pull out a small cloth wrap, and unfold it, careful not to spill its contents. Darae's eyes widen at their sight. "How did you get them?" he whispers. "They are not allowed!"

"You must not tell!" I stare straight into his eyes; my face is hardened, Darae's look of fear returns.

"Oh, Darae, you need not fear me. I did not mean to sound so harsh. It is just that I thought that you were going to tell, for a second. In a place where fear abounds, you must sometimes excuse the greed and harshness of people. It is from loss of control that these characteristics evolve. They are not directed at you personally, but an unwanted circumstances. I trust you, Darae."

I reach out to touch Darae, but he comes to me, places his head at my neck. I enfold his body with my arms and rub his long hair. He sobs softly. I hold him close and rock him back and forth.

I move my leg and pain soars through me. Darae looks at me. "What is wrong?" I show him the back of my knees. I must remember to keep my legs straight.

The infection in Darae's wound is small but he is weak. I look over the spices that I have kept buried. I pick up a small garlic clove, put it in my mouth and bit it into small pieces. I take a small stone with a sharp edge out, of the few that I collected along with the spices. "This will hurt Darae, but you must not yell." I hold Darae's arm and use the stone to scrape off some of the infection. I can see Darae's jaw muscles flinch. I place the garlic over his wound trying not to touch it with my fingers. I know the saltiness of my skin will sting. "That is all I can do now Darae. If you can, bring fresh water tomorrow night."

Darae nods, but I can tell he is still in pain. "How do you know — the medicines?"

"My grandmother, she was a medicine woman."

"You were not born here?"

"No. . . were you?"

"Yes. I have lived here my whole life. I am sixteen."

"Your mother, who is she?"

"That I do not know. I was taken from my mother right after birth. My father struggled to hold me but as they took me away, he scratched three marks on my

side and that is how he knew I was his son." Darae shows me the small scars on his side. "My father tells me he has not seen my mother since we met four years ago. Kiris is — was the only other relation I knew."

Again I put my arms around Darae. "Tell me about before." I know he is talking about how I lived before I was brought to this slave-camp.

"I am from a travelling tribe, the Zara, from the west. We would follow the herds to get our food. When hard work had to be done, the young men and women would play music — on flutes and drums. This we did to pleasure the workers and this is also when we would watch, to learn from our elders, how to do their work."

"Who did the slave work?" For a minute I am surprised, but then I remember that Darae has known nothing else.

"There were no slaves."

"But why did you come here then? How did you let them bring you?" Darae is fighting to conceal his frustration and anger. Now I am getting tired. "I will explain to you, but after I must sleep. This is all I know."

"The tribe which holds us slaves is a tribe of the north. The people of this tribe have a very powerful king who commanded the people of the tribe to build him a magnificent tomb. But what he wants cannot be built by this tribe alone. The Yinti, that is the name of the tribe, they live in the northern forests, near the coast."

Farther south on the desert edges live many tribes that depend on the migration of the herds from the north for survival. First the Yinti sent messages to the other tribes for helpers, but few people came, so the Yinti prevented the herds from travelling south. The tribes of the south became hungry and weak. Then the Yinti came and the southern tribes could not stop them from taking the children — and the Yinti promised food. Almost all the people followed the Yinti. The slaves you see here, are mostly these children. The soldiers are Yinti. I am lucky — I have been here only four years. After capturing the southern tribes the Yinti became very powerful. My tribe was simply taken by force. The Yinti outnumbered my tribe."

"How can they make so many stay? I see more slaves than guards."

"Many have been born here, and many have a sickness — it is in their eyes. My grandmother often had to treat travellers with the sickness. It is not hav-

ing the right foods and too much of certain foods. These people know only their —" Suddenly I heave. My heart has stopped so I beat my chest. I bend my legs, pain shoots through my body. I am gasping for air. Darae is trying to hold me. I squeeze him hard. I am trembling. Suddenly my breath comes back to me. Darae holds me until my breathing becomes regular. I let him hold me until some strength comes back.

"Darae, I must rest now. As you can see, there are others who lose their bodies." But Darae is frightened. He will not let go of me.

"Why do you not try to escape?"

"I refuse to leave Sahta. Neither of us could make it alone. I would only bring more pain."

"I know those who organise, Shataie! That is who I tried to escape to! I know where they are!"

"Darae, talk to me tomorrow. It is important. But promise me one thing. Always guard Sahta."

"I will do what I can. Kiris told me of the girl he looked after. He loved her, so I love her." I look into Darae's eyes. He looks at me helplessly and continues to talk.

"There was a woman, Shataie, a bald woman who worked on the barge before you. She told me! She showed me the sign of the people that would help me escape! I didn't make it, but I saw the people, Shataie! You and I and Sahta can make it. I will take you!"

What Darae tells me makes me very happy. I knew the woman he speaks of, a good woman. I wish to hug him, but cannot seem to find the strength. I manage a smile. "Yes, we will try!"

"But please, I must sleep now." Darae hugs me again. "I ask only one thing of you right now. Please lay next to me, I am very cold."

Darae puts me down very, very gently and lays right behind me. "I will always take care of Sahta for you," he whispers. I wonder why he is so gentle and why he has acted so strangely in the last minutes of our conversation.

I close my eyes and let sleep overcome me.

In the morning, Darae awakes to find Shataie being dragged away from him. She does not move, her skin is blueish.

□ □ □

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NEW SPARKES GALLERY just opened, this new alternative, artist-run gallery is owned and operated by Ruthann Tucker and Anna Marie Smith. Both women are active in the women's and gay communities in Toronto and plan to exhibit art that reflects these communities; primarily photography and other fine art by women. Submissions are welcome and should be addressed to the gallery at 1114 Queen Street West, Toronto, Ontario M6J 1H9 (416) 531-1243.

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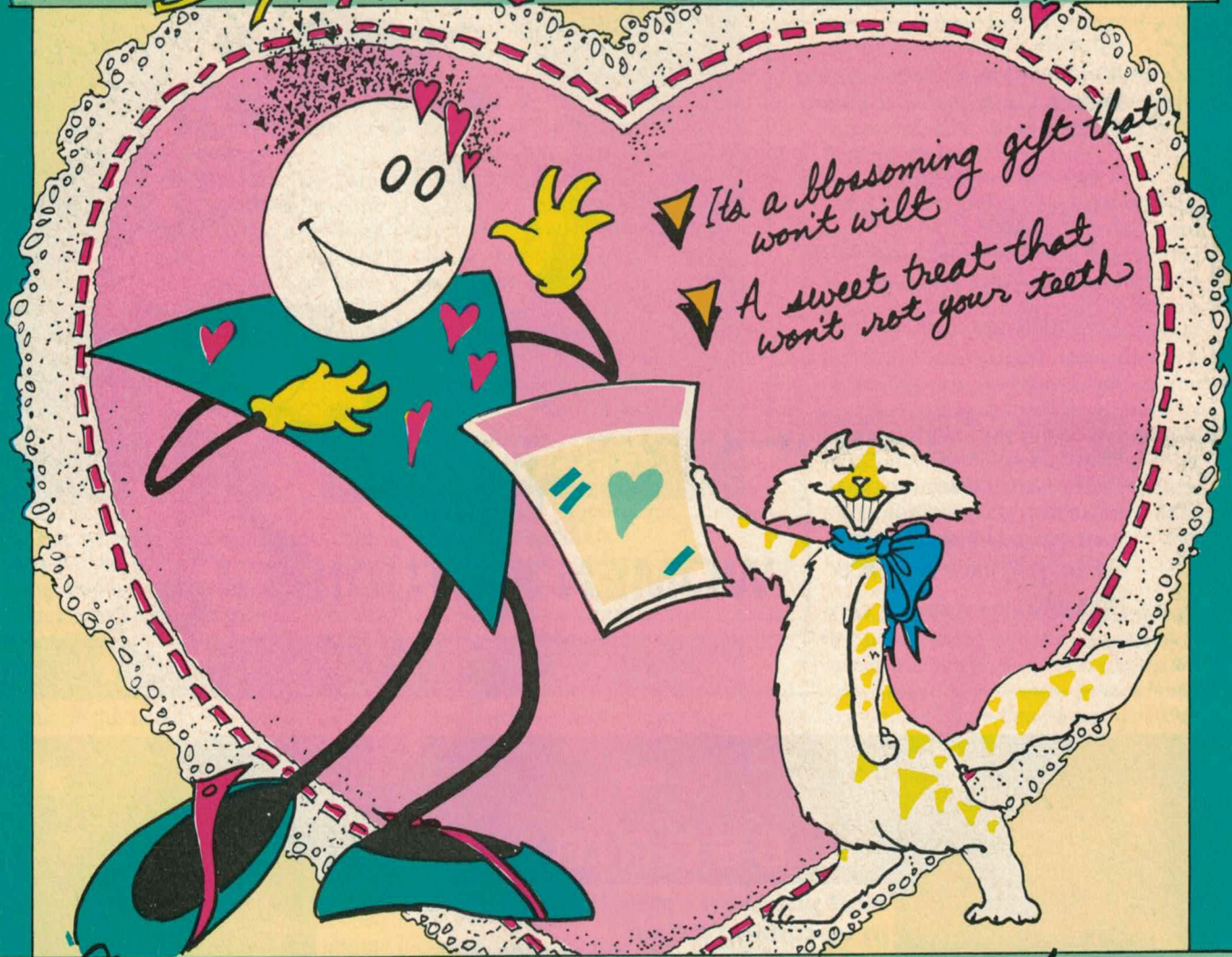


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