

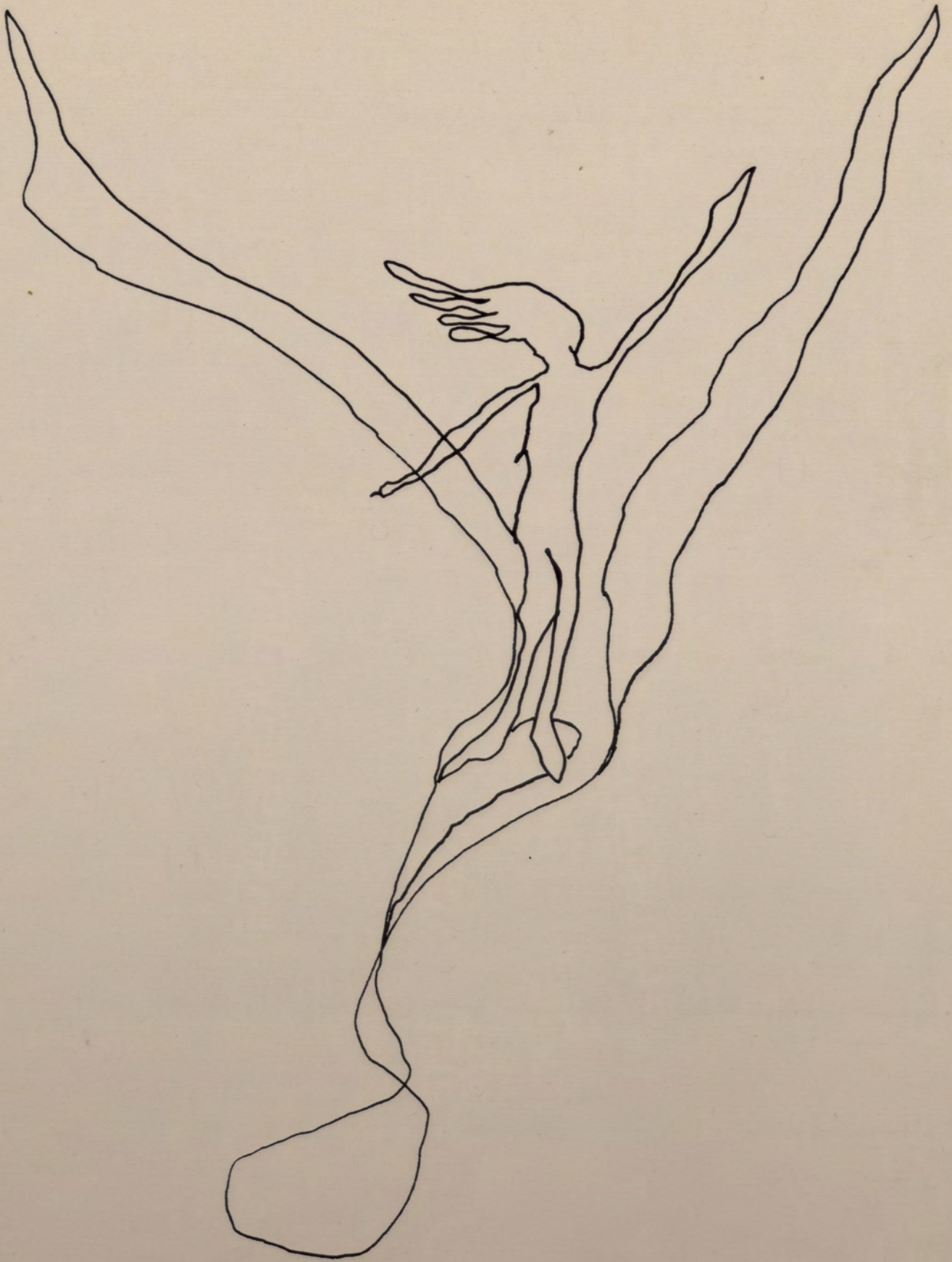
Branching out

CANADIAN MAGAZINE FOR WOMEN

SEPTEMBER/OCTOBER 1974 \$1.00

PAULINE JEWETT





Ada

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Branching Out is published every two months by the New Women's Magazine Society, Edmonton, Alberta. Please send all correspondence to **Box 4098, Edmonton, Alberta T6E 4T1**. Submissions should be typed, double-spaced and accompanied by a stamped, self-addressed envelope. Advertising rates are available on request.

Vol. 1, No. 1, September/October 1974

Industrial Printing & Litho Ltd., Edmonton

letters

We welcome letters to Branching Out on any topic. We reserve the right to edit letters, and will assume we may publish part or all of any letter received unless the sender states otherwise.



I have just read "Perspectives" in your August issue in which Denise Segstro described the brutality of a Calgary gynecologist.

If a woman as experienced and intelligent as Segstro can be cowed by this man, he is a danger to every woman in Calgary. Doctors usually see at least 20 patients a day.

I sincerely hope that you demand that the Birth Control Association blacklist the creature and that you make a protest to the provincial medical association. I hope also that someday soon we will have the strength to reveal the names of doctors who humiliate and maul the people who come to them for help.

My thanks to Denise Segstro for reminding us all that you pay your premium and you take your chances.

A Montreal Reader.

Upon reading the "story", 'Both Sides Now' by Judy Sinclair, a most controversial and thought provoking article, I was stricken with the urge to debate, at length, my own views. I - being a mother of three children, a divorcee and recently remarried twenty seven year old. A brief description of my life as such: "HOUSEWIFE" or whatever term one may use to describe a woman who is married and stays home with her children.

I, myself, in search of freedom, or liberation, have travelled many paths in search of the "light" that would illuminate my existence, and have felt bitter, depressed, suffered many anxieties in being female (as do males). I could go into much more life detail, but do not wish to describe my total life in expressing why I feel the way I do. I have strong and healthy love relationships with many people - more female friends than male, at present.

I do believe that people have their own definition of liberation. I recognize individual freedom and the right to express it. I am struck once more with Judy Sinclair's emptiness. Having a very full and demanding life myself. Full of much laughter and the usual sorrows, I still retain my sense of humour and enjoyment, vital to my existence. I realize that I have more to learn in my life - in my relationships, in my creativity - and I am thankful everyday I am here to experience living. Learning is life. Growth and development in any living thing requires energy. I only hope Judy Sinclair finds that energy and can continue developing her own resources. Let's all get on with self-development and the growth that is needed to preserve life.

What upsets me, in reference to Judy Sinclair's article, is the lack of reference to "feelings", such as love, affection, sadness, or any of our basic human emotions or instincts. I do not wish to see the day that our society eradicates these feelings and

becomes sexless and mechanical. Such an environment would mean certain extinction.

Sandy Botting, Calgary, Alberta



With the enlightened thinking of women's lib, fathers are now just as proud of their family of daughters as they once were of sons. Signs at the end of a barn and on the door of a truck, both near London, Ontario, show this change.

Norma Bice, Ilderton, Ontario



Text and context

When I was in high school, my English teacher, a young man with enormous, crooked teeth brought a magazine article to class. I remember his teeth in this context because the article gave him many a full-mouthed giggle. It was entitled, "Are Women People?" and catalogued an incredible number of supposedly female follies, the sole one I remember being, "only women go to the toilet together".

As a teen-ager, my consciousness was not dormant; I argued for People status. But the article was funny; didn't I have a sense of humour? And wasn't it true that women skulked to the toilet in groups. Certainly teen-aged females bunched up at the mere thought of urination. A misgiving wormed itself into the recesses of my mind. "My God," I asked myself, "am I inferior because I go to the bathroom with Susan?"

A year or so later, my biology teacher likened women to flowers. Women, he said, blossomed, attracted the bees, so to speak, and then started to fade. He pin-pointed the age eighteen as the time of the big blossoming. After that it was all down-hill bloom-wise. He mentioned no corresponding deadline for the male, because, of course, there was more to life for the male than attracting bees and making seeds.

When I was in social work school, we were assigned a paperback entitled *Your Body and Your Mind*, written by a Frank G. Slaughter, M.D. One of the chapters was called, "Woman! The Enigma Explained". Slaughter (who never did explain what the enigma was) "explained" woman as a being whose whole life meaning was tied to her "reproductive apparatus", which he described as the "centre of her existence". I could reach into my library at this very minute and pull out numerous books which purport to "explain" women, but I doubt that I could find one book in all the libraries in this country which would attempt to "explain" man, or one sentence tying man's total existence to his sperm count.

I've often wondered why women have put up with all the nonsense uttered about them — the humorous put-down, the vicious statement, the biased treatise, the drivel that masquerades as scientific fact. Why didn't the girls in my English class show their collective disapproval of a teacher who, however humourously, was doubting their humanity? Why didn't the girls in my biology class and the women at social work school protest against the limited life meaning that was being assigned to them? Wasn't there some divine spark within each individual female

that refused to allow her to be lumped into the aggregate — Non-Person, Flower, Reproductive Apparatus? Granted, all these incidents occurred before the feminist movement, but I must admit that I've attended meetings within the last year where women have been put down and they have not protested. I've been in groups where women have smiled shamefacedly at the mention of Women's Liberation.

Perhaps my expectation that *all* women are hearing the same thing is naive. If I've incorporated a negative self-image, why should I be upset if someone reiterated my failings. In fact, I don't even notice that failings are being discussed: I hear scientific data, and humour, and true statements, like...like "women go to the toilet together". And, of course, it follows that if women go to the toilet together and men don't, then women must be inferior. Simple as that. Which is why consciousness raising sessions for women came into being. Afterwards you hear the same things, but they sound different.

Women's consciousness raising, however, is kind of late in the game, after the messages have been encoded. What about the consciousness of female children? What kind of messages are they receiving? Individual teachers may err but the School, itself, the institution, that bastion of concern for the "whole child", surely it is making certain that girls receive healthful, positive messages about themselves, messages that prepare them to develop their full potential, and to become proud, independent adults in a rapidly changing world. Unfortunately, that doesn't seem to be the case. For example, Linda Cullen's study reveals that female children in Alberta are receiving from their school textbooks a rigid role definition for themselves. They are depicted as cookie cutters *par excellence*. While opportunities for women may still be limited, the books present a lifestyle that is downright archaic. Numerous studies have been done recently on sex-stereotyping in children's textbooks and all of them have revealed this rigid role definition for females. Linda Oliver in an article entitled "Women in Aprons: The Female Stereotype in Children's Readers" (The Elementary School Journal, February 1974, p. 254) says, "Girls make May baskets, help Mom with the dishes, keep clean, receive assistance from dads and boys.... Mothers cook meals, mend clothes, wear aprons, and scold children". In *Dick and Jane as Victims*, a report on a study of children's textbooks, in New Jersey, the following comment is made: "Girls in the readers rehearse their domestic chores continuously...They

stand at sinks high with pots and pans, scoop up broken eggs, set the table, scrub floors, wash laundry, wash dinner dishes while their brothers scoot out to play...some reader girls are known to be happy only when cleaning and we quote '...she never thought of anything but dusting, rubbing and scrubbing.' " (*Dick and Jane as Victims*, Sex Stereotyping in Children's Readers, Women on Words and Images, New Jersey 1972).

While I would not go so far as to say that there is a conspiracy to turn little girls into big domestics, it certainly adds to the comfort of one half of the human race if the other half is trained to service from babyhood up. (And just to make sure that the second half gets practical experience give it the tools of the trade as playthings. Take a look one day at the infant dustpans, it'sy bitsy brooms, and easy bake ovens that clutter up the girls' toy departments.)

One could pursue the idea that girls are not only in training to become the servant class but, also, are being given a set of attitudes calculated to make them "good" servants - that is they will be if they model themselves on the passive, docile, dependent, self-sacrificing girls in their readers. (An English woman once told me that she had never encountered any "woman problems" because her family had servants.)

For the most part the women in the readers are mothers, who in the words of the New Jersey researchers "...move through the pages like so much ectoplasm." Reader mothers exist *solely* for the comfort of their families. My sister told me a story that points up the schools' role in fostering this attitude. She said that when she visited her eight year old daughter's classroom on "Open night" she saw two sets of essays, apparently produced as handwriting exercises. One set depicted Father's life style. Father was a fireman, and in addition to putting out fires he had a rather varied and interesting life. The other set depicted Mother's life style - "looking after the children, sewing, cooking, and cleaning." On the way home, my sister mentioned the exercises to her daughter and commented gently that mothers did other things besides cooking and cleaning and looking after kids. Sometimes they were teachers...For example, Mrs. W. had children and she was a teacher too. Sometimes mothers were doctors, or worked in banks...A look of annoyance crossed the eight year old's face. "Oh Mother, you don't understand. We tried to do it that way, but it came out wrong." What came out wrong? Daughter couldn't or wouldn't say. My sister and I speculated that maybe the kids couldn't agree on the occupations of their respective thirty mothers, and the teacher just gave up and in desperation shoved all the women back into the kitchen. That's a good theory, but when you come to think of it, surely thirty fathers can't all be firemen.

Aside from learning to become the swabbers and cleaners of society, what other messages are girls receiving? Educational philosophy expounds the

importance of treating each child as a unique and important individual and of helping her or him to develop her or his potential to the fullest. However, studies of children's readers reveal that girl characters who show cleverness, creativity, ingenuity are about as rare as the dodo. Autonomy, and active mastery over life, also, are the prerogatives of the male. Where the girls do shine (other than as domestic drudges) is in the area of incompetence. Inevitably, they are rescued from the consequences of their ineptitude by males. Boys are even more competent than grown women (read mothers). "A boy solves a problem that a mother and daughter cannot unravel. A girl who mistakes a stick for a snake is shown the light and reassured by a boy. Boys are seldom conned. That's for girls...In one amazing story the author...changes the sex of the stupid *female* kitten in time for "him" to outwit the fox." (*Dick and Jane as Victims*, 21).

Of course, any group showing such profound ignorance, incompetence, and fearfulness (another characteristic of the reader female) is bound to be Natural Victim. "...the readers give boys ammunition, if society hasn't done so already, to attack girls as foolish, vain, silly, dumb, boring, no good at games and sports, etc. *ad nauseum*." (*Dick and Jane as Victims*, p. 21) How do the girls react? Well, what do you expect of a Natural Victim? They say, "I'm no good at that...you know how dumb I am etc."

I've heard educators state that children's readers are slanted toward the male sex because boys tend to have more difficulty learning to read than girls. I wonder if the same consideration would be given if girls had trouble with reading. However, considering the lip service that Education gives to developing the whole child the statement is pretty hypocritical. In order to make boys feel good about themselves, is it necessary to demean girls? Does the male ego inflate in direct proportion to deflation of the female ego? As it stands now, if little Jane gets uppity about the fact that she can read and Dick can't her reader will soon cut her down to size: Maybe you *can* read, Jane, but aside from that, you are foolish, vain, incompetent, unadventurous, uncreative, fearful - and when you grow up to be a Mother, even your little boy will be smarter than you.

Which brings me back to my naive speculations. What are the elementary school teachers (most of whom are women) doing about poor Jane? Is nobody coming to her defence, pointing out that she can hardly win the race with that apron tied around her ankles? Why haven't the teachers raised their voices and protested that the books they are using are against girls? Maybe the teachers just haven't noticed. Jane's been around for a long time...*She never was too bright, was she? And she never could run very well. That's Jane - not quite People, more like a Flower, or a Reproductive Apparatus. Anyway, I'm not really hearing Jane's story. I'm hearing word lists built scientifically, and phonics...and you know, the most exciting thing is happening. I BELIEVE THAT DICK IS FINALLY LEARNING TO READ!*

The United Nations has declared that the year 1975 will be International Women's Year and has asked that Canada host an international seminar as an introduction to International Women's Year. Many United Nations countries will be attending to discuss a model of permanent machinery at the national level for improving the status of women.

Other highlights planned for International Women's Year include:

- a vast national educational and informational program involving the media aimed at influencing attitudes toward equality for women.

- regional and national conferences for those who can effect changes in attitude and practice and those affected by such changes.

- removal of barriers to equality such as attitudes, legislation and certain regulations.

- financial assistance to voluntary organizations for special projects relating to women and women's year.

- government departments and agencies will be setting up programs to promote equality for women.

Stated aims of International Women's Year include:

- to achieve equality between women and men.

- to inform and educate the general public about the changing attitudes concerning women's role in society.

- to end discrimination against women in all aspects of life.

- to create an awareness among Canadian women of career opportunities open to them.

- to increase the number of women in positions of prominence in government business and industry.

- to recognize women's responsibility in the economic, social and cultural development of Canada.

For further information about International Women's Year, write: International Women's Year Secretariat, Privy Council Office, 63 Sparks St., Room 700, Ottawa, Ontario K1A 0A3.

Western Canadian Women's News Service has just been established in Vancouver. Funded by a six-month grant from the Department of the Secretary of State, the group hopes to set up a communications network to provide improved communications among women's groups, media, educational institutions and government.

WCWN has two coordinators: Carol Gordon, who will travel throughout B.C. and the Yukon attempting to involve as many people as possible; and Karen Richardson, who will work with groups and individuals in Vancouver. Monthly media packets will be distributed to interested groups and will be geared to their specific needs.

Subsequent packets will include feature articles, a comprehensive resource directory of women's groups, newsletters and reports on specific women's issues. Contact Karen Richardson or Carol Gordon at Western Canadian Women's News Service, 2029 West Fourth Ave., Vancouver, B.C. V6J 1N3. Phone 736-3746.

On May 30, 1974 a group of women in Paris, France opened a bookstore cum publishing house known as *des femmes*. Our correspondent describes it as a "green oasis....a cultivated, civilized, tamed jungle..." It is the intention of *des femmes* to be as inclusive as possible in making available books written by women, about women, et cetera. A catalogue of the books is planned. In future, *des femmes* plans to publish works including Juliet Mitchell's latest book on Freud, *Les Femmes en Chine* by Julia Kristeva, *Transfert* by Erica Kaufmann and a translation of Helen Diner's *Meres et Amazons*. Those interested in French women's literature should write *des femmes*, 2, rue de la Roquette, Paris 75011, France. The bookstore is located at 68 rue des Saintes Peres, Paris, France.

Last year a group of Toronto women, with the help of coordinators throughout the country, organized an international film festival called "Women and Film" which toured eighteen cities in Canada. The festival was enthusiastically acclaimed although many people in rural areas wished the tour could have included their towns. This year will see a province-wide tour of British Columbia with a van stocked with films, videotapes, and so on selected by people throughout the province. It will tour twelve to fifteen towns, each for a three day period, starting in the fall. Day care will be provided so all women can participate. It is hoped that after the tour a distribution centre will be set up for the whole province to circulate films, exhibits, catalogues, et cetera. For information write Women and Film, 1520 W. 6th Ave., Vancouver, B.C. Phone (604) 733-9713.

The fourth national conference on Women in Universities and Colleges will be held at The University of Alberta in the Spring of 1975, concurrent with the learned societies meetings. Initial planning has been undertaken by a group of women at The University of Alberta, who invite women at all levels and with all kinds of interests -- academic staff, non-academic staff, graduate students and undergraduate students and all other women in the university community to participate in the planning.

Those interested in further information should contact Rosalind Sydie at (403) 432-5852 cont. on p. 41

here and there



both sides now

I'LL TRUST YOU IF YOU'LL TRUST ME

by Harry Rensby

I'm like all of you. I'm trying to find a perfect person.

Getting it together, ah, feeling good, I've done my yoga seven days consecutively. I'm riding my bike to work, fast, every morning, and starting Monday I'm going to regain those heavy wonderful yoga breathing exercises. Next week I'll commence rising and doing asanas in the clear bright mornings. Oh yes. Universe over mind and matter.

Who needs girls?

I lived with a girl in Edmonton for about a year, I wasn't with other girls. Then I wasn't with her, and the girls I was with were about the same age as girls I'd been with before, and I admired how they had changed, gotten hip. More of them offered to buy. And a girl would put her arm around you before you put your arm around her. Phone you from a bar, "I know it's late....Are you alone?"

Alone, I went away, and I was mostly alone for two years, I wasn't into a "scene" anywhere. I was in Ontario reading, then in Europe, writing, travelling, every day in love, laughing, wondering. And then back in Ontario, hiding in a basement.

After two years, this spring I returned to Edmonton, a "scene" for comparison; it looks the same but I see much more change than the shorter hair. Girls, holy cow--they're becoming equal. I don't know if women are, but girls are growing up equal. I see it on the street. The way they look at you; the way you look at them. And in the bars, well, girls have always been more than equal, and now they're *more* than more than equal. Equality and more, advantage, some women have been demanding it, and meanwhile a lot of girls have just been taking it, living it.

And the males are at once titillated, amused, terrified.

There is wariness, wariness between us.

Girls, listen, I believe I am a man who is more open and flexible to change, many times over, than most men--and I'm uneasy. It isn't status shifts per se that bother me, I want females to be equal, I wish they would be, I'm a poor lost egalitarian. What makes me uneasy is the diverse shifting of protocols we're going through.

I took a job in an office and was biologically aware of females there. But, these were Office Ladies, living in a different world from me. But you work awhile with people, grow accustomed to each other, members of the opposite sex look pretty good. The girls where I worked were straight, but some of them said "Fuck" a lot, they appraised guys' bodies aloud, and had smoked dope. We went to the Love Shop together at noon. But, you know, things they would say told me they weren't nearly as liberated as their talk. And they talked much about weddings.

And the *emancipated* woman. Everytime I read a poem I do so positively wanting to discover in its view beauty and inspiration, I start reading each poem prepared to delight in it, and I feel similarly about women, and I'm disappointed too often. Small moments that should be lubricated and sweet are arid instead. Don't tell me that's just my male sexist chauvinism; we may be equal, but we're not the same. I wouldn't say this if it didn't come to me true: militant *woman* women I encounter strike me as so angry, so frustrated, alienated,

they give a guy the feeling they want to cause him a hard-on and break it right off. Their fearful determined thrusts of rage directed outward, from, I suspect, an abyss within....so isn't it only that they're hollow?

Okay, how much of this is only in my own head? Certainly not all of it. I'm exaggerating, but so are they. I want to believe those women are full of unfulfilled love, too, and are simply failing to comprehend men as men are failing to understand them, I don't know. And I must say the emancipated women are more stimulating to talk with than the office girls, for awhile. But, looking for love--aren't we all looking for love? Where will we find it but in ourselves and then each other? I don't know the theory of your tactics. Is attack the best way to give?

There were girls, I remember, at the end of the sixties. Hip girls, not hippies, to me they were phenomena. They weren't emancipated--they were free. There weren't enough of them. They were so loving beautiful and innocent. Behaving as seemed to them obviously nicest and naturally most rewarding. They simply ignored the borders of prescribed conduct. And maybe they were shot down, because they seem to have disappeared. And, for me at least, relationships have gotten more complicated and self-conscious since.

Wariness.

Now there are many girls who act not so differently. But the feeling, the innocence, is missing.

Girls are taking initiatives and that's fair enough, but often small-minded and not necessarily positive the ways they're doing it. A few years ago, only three years ago, and maybe it still pertains in insurance companies and accounting offices, in an office there would always be a rube who would come back from lunch carrying a Playboy like a conquest, and he would flash a page of enormous boobs at the secretary who was the best sport, and jocularly solicit her opinion.

"Both Sides Now" is intended to serve as a forum in which women can discuss their opinions on different topics. Submissions are invited. Please enclose a stamped, self-addressed envelope with your copy and send to "Both Sides Now" *Branching Out*, Box 4098, Edmonton, Alberta T6E 4T1.

I don't know why he did that. The girl I lived with used to ask me if her breasts were better than those in Playboy, and lucky for us they were. And now one of the girls at the office comes in with the latest copy of Viva and opens the centerfold in the face of the would-be-chauvinist accountant and says, "Look at this one--what a pony!" All this has come about so quickly the unfortunate accountant never got it up to say "Fuck" in front of girls before they started saying it in front of him.

"Fuck", I'll bet he can't at the drop of a challenge. I'll bet I can't. Should we want to?

Wariness.

Ladies, be equal--don't get even. The new woman must strive to be better than the old man, or where have we come?

Many girls in Europe are free and open, but they're different. Sexy beautiful creatures, bodies unshaved, and it takes a man about three seconds to adjust to and enjoy that. While with one of them I would savour her, enjoying how much we had in common as people, and yet at the same time thinking back to girls in

Canada and how they and I were almost identical, siblings by comparison.

Maybe this says we--female and male alike--suffer from the same distorting blocks and hangups. Maybe we're more the same than we've been acknowledging, and the denial has been doing none of us good.

In Europe I missed something, a feeling I had had with Canadian girls. I'm back, and I haven't ever quite had that feeling I missed, and I'm thinking of European girls.

A friend who lives in the country tells me, "Every night I drive by the cows along the fence. Most of them of course are eating grass inside the fence. Some have gotten outside and are eating grass in the ditch. And a very few are outside the fence with their heads stuck back inside eating the grass there."

This explains nothing.

Remember Oscar Wilde, that fellow of another sex, who said, "All of us are in the gutter, but some of us are looking at the stars..." He didn't say whether he thought we find the stars where we look. The stars are in ourselves, and so is Brutus.

Wilde also gave a character to say: "And beauty is a form of genius--is higher, indeed, than genius, as it needs no explanation."

Beauty, love, are they the same?

Beauty and love have no borders. Let's move to resolve our borders, dissolve, absolve our borders, let's ignore borders and there can't be any war.

War. Look around, you can see it obvious in the trees, it's been a long time since a war. Our youth has grown soft. If we wait long enough, the Russian youth will go soft too. The Americans had a war and their youth refused to accept it. People rode around in planes and talked a lot on television, and some inarticulate young men had their legs blown off. But the war was impossible, the Americans found out it couldn't exist, and it's still going on a little maybe but it doesn't exist.

If women and men are at war it is one that is even more impossible. For we are of the same side. We are the terrain. Do we need the shock and pain to tell us?

We are here to touch each other. Must attitudes have contours?



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for Mr. and Ms.

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- THE CUT IS THE KEY to simple, natural styles which bring out your best features. We'll show you how to maintain that cut and style.

The books . . .

by Linda Cullen

The following article is adapted from a study done by Ms. Cullen in 1972 called "A Study into Sex Stereotyping In Alberta Elementary School Textbooks". The study was done under the auspices of the Alberta Human Rights Commission. Copies of the complete report may be obtained by writing the Alberta Human Rights Commission, Room 500, 10808 - 99 Ave., Edmonton, Alberta.

Reports of this nature may indeed be regional in their scope. However, it cannot be ignored that the problem of role stereotyping is a prevalent one in school books of all types. These particular series may not be used in your district, but the chances are that those books which are used contain similar inaccuracies in portraying the roles and status of women. It is only when those most directly concerned about the problem - parents, children, teachers and women in general - demand action and change, that anything will be done about it.

Further readings on the problem of sex stereotyping in childrens' books are contained in *Dick and Jane as Victims*, *The Lace Ghetto*, (New Press, Toronto), and "Sex Role Imagery in Children: Social Origins of the Mind" (Studies from the Royal Commission on the Status of Women in Canada, Number 6). Please see p. of this magazine for a partial list of books for children which do not reflect uniformly and totally the old-fashioned ideas about women. While action is needed to change the situations portrayed in school books, parents can at least try to see that their child's leisure reading does not portray ideas and beliefs about society and women which are rigid and traditional.

The Editors

A child learns roles at a very early age. The socialization process, which is encouraged by the family and society at large, is reinforced by the books children read in their formative years. In much of the world around them, impressionable children see boys doing and girls watching. The following quotations from young children indicate that they have deep-seated role models at a young age, and that they understand and perhaps even accept

the common view of the differences between boys and girls:

Q. What do you think is the difference between boys and girls?

A. Marlene, aged 9: Boys always play hockey, baseball, stuff like that. Girls just sit around. But they could do it too, if they wanted to.

A. Carol, aged 6: Girls can play house but boys don't want to play house. And they don't have to play house. Boys do the things they want to do.

Q. What kind of games do you play?

A. Lisa, aged 5: I like to be in play fashion shows and win.

Q. What do you have to do to win?

A. I have to be nice and soft and graceful.

Q. Are boys like that too?

A. No. Boys are mean all the time. They are bullies because they beat up girls.

Q. Do girls play rough back?

A. No. They should be graceful always.

Q. Why?

A. Well, if I acted clumsy, people wouldn't like me.

The most exciting story books for children generally have male characters. Books marked "girls only" are usually dull, with the girl playing a less adventurous, more passive role than a male character. A boy will seldom choose a girls' book to read. He prefers stories with male characters, while a girl will read almost anything. She is used to male models in the stories she reads and begins to view boys as adventurous, heroic, multi-talented - the persons to turn to when a girl is in trouble, frightened, or needing a job done properly.

The treatment of the role of woman in textbooks used in Alberta schools is generally unfavourable. The girls in these books are passive and less productive than their male counterparts. The main character in an adventure story is most likely to be a boy, while female characters are stereotyped as housewives, mothers, teachers or librarians. The housewife is seen as a consumer of household goods, while her husband purchases larger items

such as cars, property, et cetera. Men are breadwinners and protectors of their families.

In the stories in these textbooks, the few women who work outside the home do so because their husbands are dead. The woman who is the head of a family is usually poor; she is under-rated as a serious worker in the labour force because it is believed that when she remarries she will once again be a housewife; and she is timid, nurturing, kind, gentle, and secure in the knowledge that if she fails to remarry, her son will certainly care for her.

Following is a brief analysis of some of the textbooks used in Alberta elementary schools. Many of these series are also used in other educational jurisdictions across the country, so the fact that they are Alberta books does not limit the usefulness of the analysis. Also, similar problems can be found in the majority of textbooks in use across the country.

Arithmetic is not a subject commonly associated with human relations. Yet the *Seeing Through Arithmetic* series (Gage, Toronto 1965) receives, overall, a negative rating. Even at the Grade 3 level, activities are segregated, Boys play with model airplanes, save for a radio kit and buy a fire engine. Although these activities may not seem offensive when mentioned infrequently, the accumulation of many sex-segregated activities throughout this series clearly separates boys' capabilities and interests from those of girls. Many girls could partake in the activities which in this series are exclusively for boys. In the Grade 3 book, nine out of eleven problems are about boys, their fathers, and fishing. The other two problems concern Nancy, who buys her minnows while David collects his own and keeps them in a pail.

In the Grade 4 book, boys earn money by raking leaves and helping Father remove screens. Girls earn money by washing dishes, making beds and babysitting. Girls' activities are portrayed as passive and less imaginative. Girls count postcard collections, buy paper dolls and swimming caps, return empty bottles, buy ribbons and arrange flowers. Boys collect stamps,



photo by Eunice Willar

old coins and stones, make sandcastles, and discuss the height of "Jo-Jo, the Beanpole Man". In the Grade 5 book, the children have clubs. The girls are members of the Tuesday Club, where they make necklaces and animals from gumdrops and divide lollipops into groups. The boys' club builds storage crates. The Grade 6 book continues the pattern of assigning separate activities for boys and girls. Boys go camping, and swimming, play baseball and figure out problems using cubic measurements, while girls cook, sew, and buy groceries.

This series definitely stereotypes the interests and activities of boys and girls. Many girls do not cook, sew, plan parties or collect paper dolls, just as many boys do not fish, camp or play baseball. Yet the authors have managed to assign stereotyped sex roles to

the children. One would think that a study of textbooks for sex-oriented discrimination could safely ignore arithmetic texts, but obviously this subject is not immune to common ideas.

The *Laidlaw Health Series*, (Byrd et al, Doubleday) also contains traditional pictures of boys and girls. In the Grade 1 book, a girl watches a boy plant carrot seeds, and later she watches him dig up carrots. The familiar female teacher is present, and "Mother" is seen in the kitchen cooking. When children play "Family" the girls sweep floors and bake, while boys go off to work. The Grade 2 book contains a chapter entitled "Your Family" in which children learn the duties of their parents. Mothers sew, clean, cook, iron and look after children. Fathers play catch, read, rake leaves,

build things, wash the car, take care of the garden and clean storm windows. When Mother works alongside Father, her job is less important. She takes care of the picnic table while father barbeques. In the Grade 3 lesson "Getting Along With Friends" boys are taught to be good sports: "You have learned not to take out your anger on objects or on people." Isn't this teaching boys to suppress their emotions? Girls are given no such lesson.

Also in the Grade 3 book, there are three illustrations of male doctors and one each of a male dentist, scientist, and eye doctor. There are two illustrations of female nurses, and one of a female ballet instructor. Men are shown as lifeguards, policemen, bus drivers and shoe salesmen. Again, Mother does the work in the house and looks after the children while



Father goes to work each day and works in the yard or "fixes things" when he comes home. This lesson is repeated throughout the series, thus neglecting the fact that many mothers work, are divorced, or handle "masculine" duties themselves. In chapter nine Mother hands Father a list of all the items of clothing the children will require. This reinforces the idea that Father, the breadwinner, is responsible for material gain.

Girls are shown cheering boys who are playing soccer in the Grade 4 book, but the girls are not participating. Since this lesson emphasizes the importance of skills and good sportsmanship, why are girls simply ignored? Isn't such an important lesson necessary for them too? Females are heavily involved in domestic duties in the Grade 5 book. A girl is given a dress fitting, Mother holds her baby, Mother and daughter store medicine in the bathroom cabinet, Mother shows her older child a new baby, a

girl arranges the table and puts the cake out, a girl feeds the baby while Mother watches, girls serve food at a picnic and clean the bathtub. Boys are not involved in these activities. Men are shown as dentists, doctors, scientists, miners, storekeepers, patrol officers and so on, while women are present as teachers, mothers and librarians.

Although we know that women today are working in a wide variety of occupations, and some excel as lawyers, doctors and scientists, they are not illustrated as doing so in this series. Many famous scientists, Pasteur, Lister, Reed and Koch are discussed in the series. However, no female scientists are mentioned and no explanation for this is given. Florence Nightingale, who contributed a great deal to the fight against infectious diseases, is conspicuously absent.

The *Dimensions in Health* series (Irwin et al, McGraw-Hill) is an excellent one that teaches children res-

ponsibility to their homes and families. Illustrations however segregate duties and activities of boys and girls, and only men are seen in professional occupations other than teaching. The authors recognize the change in Canadian family life and the fact that one-parent families with mother at the head do exist: "...the father is the person who earns the money to support the family and he is the family's leader. The mother takes care of the family and the home. But these positions are not always followed. Sometimes the mother helps earn money and the father helps around the house." However it seems the authors believe the traditional ways are still best: "The changing situation within some families may lead to confusion. But still a boy is clearly a boy and a girl is clearly a girl. Starting at an early age, boys are raised in different ways than girls."

This series also contains a unit entitled "The Canadian Way", which discusses the importance of being a Canadian and the meaning of pride in one's country. But in the area of human rights the illustrations are of men. The only woman shown is a "traditional" mother. Women are not illustrated or mentioned in any other way. Does this mean that women, though allowed to vote, are not considered important as Canadian citizens? This series also lacks illustrations of women in productive occupations and completely ignores women's rights as Canadian citizens and human beings. It receives a negative rating.

The Department of Education of the Province of Alberta publishes a series called *Social Studies: Resource Units for Teachers*. The Grade 1 book, *Homes and Families*, lists the duties of family members. "Mother - mother cooks for us. Mother reads to us. Mother buys toys for us. She does many things for father." "Father - Father goes to work. He earns money. He helps the family." These roles are reinforced by the poem "What Does The Bee Do?"

What does the bee do?
Bring home honey.
What do Fathers do?
Bring home money.
What does mother do?
Lay out the money.
What does baby do?
Eat up the honey.

Under the heading Science Concepts the wheel is discussed.

a) Wheels that help mother, e.g. egg-beater, electric beater, sewing machine, vacuum cleaner, baby carriage, etc.

b) Wheels that help father, e.g. lawn mower, wheel barrow, car, etc.

The wheel is an inanimate object, yet the author has taken this concept from the field of science and attached sexually segregated uses to it. Can a wheel be masculine or feminine? Apparently. Children reading this unit will learn that a vacuum cleaner is feminine and a lawn mower masculine.

Also in this series is a book called *Treasures To Trade*, used in Grade 4. Men are credited with developing a system of exchange and establishing banks. There are five plays in the unit, with only one female character, a Mrs. Wilson whose husband is angry with her for not salting the porridge. The plays involve travel by ship to points of interest. The only reference to women is on a visit to a canal; entering the Solanges Canal is compared to "a fat woman trying on a small shoe." Pictures of resources in Alberta show men making roofing materials, operating cultivating machines, making block salt, batteries and glass, and handling livestock. Women are shown sewing in a garment factory.

Other titles in this series include *Story of Communication*, *The Alberta Story*, *Homes Through the Ages*, etc. The authors had a great opportunity to explain how the socialization of women hindered them from making any accomplishments in the areas of communication or exploration. Although women made a real contribution to the settlement of the west, their achievement is clearly ignored or omitted. In this series men do things, women have things done for them. As far as the settlement of the west is concerned, such an attitude is simply untrue.

The series *Science for Tomorrow's World* (Collier-MacMillan 1966) is an excellent series in its detail of scientific data. It is colourful and explanations are clear. However the illustrations show men and women in stereotyped occupations and performing duties labelled "male" or "female". For instance, women are seen baking, teaching, working in a library, looking after children or nursing. Little girls are dependent on boys to lift heavy things, move chairs and explain experiments. Boys are involved in a variety of activities such as scuba diving,

studying the stars through a telescope, hunting, shooting, using a microscope, et cetera. Men become astronauts, scientists, inventors, explorers, aerospace technicians, biologists and bacteriologists, to name just a few. A female X-ray technician, conservationist Rachel Carson and scientists Marie Curie appear on behalf of the entire female population. Such imbalanced treatment is bound to have a detrimental effect on a girl's career choice. The publishers of this series would be advised to change the illustrations of their texts.

Young Canada Readers Series, edited by J.L. Bower and W.A. West (Thomas Nelson and Son (Canada) Ltd.) is a series of readers for grades 4 to 6. Many of the stories are exciting and adventurous and many stories of famous people such as the Wright brothers are included. But once again the main characters are male and famous women are ignored.

There are many poems in this series, but men are usually the characters in them or the pronoun "he" is used. For example, out of one hundred and eleven poems, sixty are neutral, or mention no particular sex. Forty-one have male characters only. Only one poem discussed women in a favourable way, while nine were given a negative rating for portraying women unfavourably.

Males are the main characters in thirty-seven out of forty stories. Such statements as "Those who had the courage to face danger became Men" and "Man has built his universe larger and grander as centuries have gone by" make one wonder about the origin of women and just what her position in this world really is. The way she is ignored in this series makes one think that perhaps women are second class human beings. On the evidence, it seems to be a man's world, with women mentioned only when necessary.

Next is the *Young Canada Readers* series John A. MacInnes, (Thomas Nelson and Sons (Canada) Ltd.) These "learn to read" books give a small child a very narrow view of family life. The stereotyped characters clearly indicate a girl's position in society. This series which goes to the Grade 3 level, follows the same pattern as the primers, and most of the stories have male characters. For example, "Stories of Fun and Adventure" has thirty-six stories, twenty-seven of which have

male main characters. Eight stories have female characters and one is neutral. In four of the stories with female characters, the women are outsmarted by men or they do foolish things. The women in the series are depicted as stupid and there are no intelligent models for girls to identify with.

The *Ginn Basic Readers* are in desperate need of modernization. They do not honestly depict a modern Canadian family where the mother often works, her husband may do the dishes, and he may even be capable of putting together a decent meal. Many boys enjoy dolls and girls can often be dirty and unkempt looking. It is not a real-life situation where parents do not argue, mother never drives a car and father never enters the kitchen.

The sex role stereotypes and the imbalanced treatment of women in Alberta elementary school textbooks is a matter of deep concern. Many of the characters that girls see as models are dependent, unimaginative, frightened, timid and non-creative, while they are affectionate, friendly and warm, which few male characters are. Girls must become more and more courageous and independent, while boys should be capable of forming warm emotional ties.

By using textbooks whose characters are well-balanced, independent and able to show emotion, children will have role models to identify with. Boys and girls must work together to solve the problems that confront them in so many of the stories.

The textbooks studies blatantly ignored the achievements of women. The socialization process that has determined the role of women is never discussed. If children are to understand why women do not have the number of achievements in professional areas as do men, such a discussion is necessary. Since reform takes a great deal of time and the society in which we live is strongly patriarchal, the pressures of parents, students and teachers are the only voices for change at the present.

Some recommendations which concerned people can make to school boards and Departments of education are these:

1. that Canadian publishers and authors be used more, since they are accessible when dissent arises,

2. that publishers and teachers be informed of the areas where revision is necessary,

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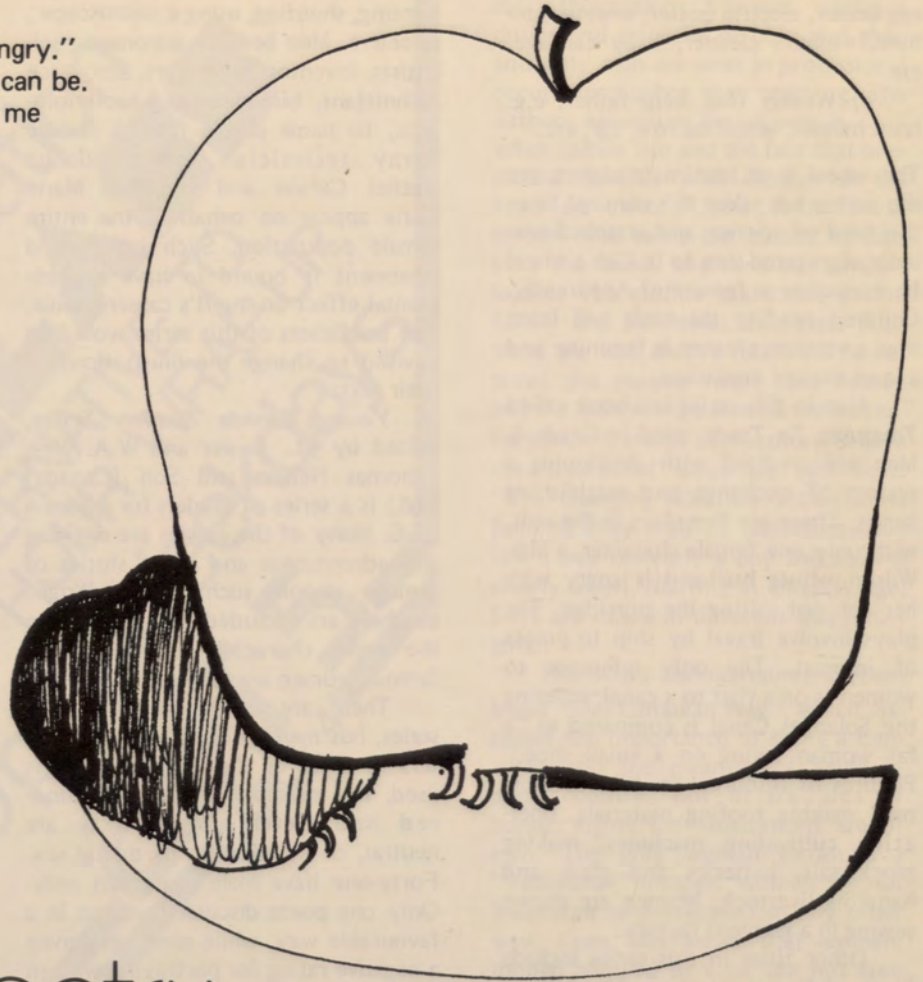
JOHNNY

Johnny said "I'm hungry, hungry, hungry."
Johnny said, "I'm hungry. Hungry as can be.
What will you feed me, feed me, feed me
What on earth will you feed me?"

Mother said, "Oh, Johnny,
Johnny, why not try,
There's a bowl of apples.
To make an apple pie."

First he said he couldn't
Then he said he would.
Johnny made an apple pie.
The apple pie was good.

Now when Johnny says he wants
Dessert and starts to fuss,
His parents say, "Oh, Johnny,
Make an apple pie for us."



Children's Poetry



MY FRIEND JOE

Where are you going, my friend Joe?
Going to market to buy me a pet.
What kind of pet, Joe?
How the heck should I know?
I'll wait till I've got it
To see what I get.

poems by Helen J. Rosta
drawings by Joan Hall

THE WHINNY BIRD

There's a Whinny Bird
In my Whimsy tree.
A wily, winsome Whinny Bird,
As merry as can be.
He's eating all my Whimsys
And he throws the stones at me.
That wily, winsome Whinny Bird
In my Whimsy tree.



POLLIWOG AND FROG

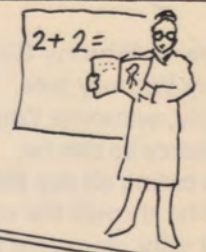
"To bed, to bed," said Polliwog.
"Not quite so fast," said Frog,
"The night is very cold and damp
With quite a lot of fog;
I'll need a lamp to light my way,
My home is very far away
My bed is built above a bog,
I fear that I won't sleep tonight
Unless I find a hollow log,
So Polliwog let's jog."
The Polliwog, agog,
Stared very hard at Frog
"You see I have no legs," said he
"So, therefore, cannot jog, Frog."



MY BIG TOE

All the people that I know,
Come to visit my big toe,
Not the middle or the small one
It's the big toe that they call on.





Occupations of adult males: hockey player, bus driver, policeman, lineman, governor-general, waiter, baker, ice-cream man, professor, baseball coach, cowboy, pilot, sailor, scientist, inventor, king, ski instructor, school principal, mailman, cook, fisherman, rancher, government official, crewman, magician, cargo loader, zoo keeper, carpenter, train engineer, trapper, coast guard man, doctor, farmer, miller, president, hunter, guide, logger, trader, teacher, tailor, lawyer, jockey, fireman, drummer, building superintendent, premier

Occupations of adult females: teacher, housewife, maid, nurse, singer. This is a list of the possible occupations of boys and girls illustrated or described in the Level 4 text, *Open Highways*.



...the kids

by Brenda Inkster

The treatment of boys and girls in elementary school readers is a good indication of current social expectations for each sex. Once we know what society, as reflected in the readers, is asking of children, we will know how children feel they must behave to become acceptable members of their peer groups.

The message from the readers which is beamed at small girls is very different from that aimed at small boys. In May, 1973, I did a study of how and in what way it differs. Five school readers then in use from Level 1 to Level 4 in Westmount Park Elementary School, Westmount, Quebec, were the basis for the study. (They were: *More Fun with our Friends*, W.J. Gage Ltd.; *Friends Old and New*, W.J. Gage Ltd.; *Fun and Fancy*, Ginn and Co. Toronto; *Toy-Box*, Thomas Nelson and Sons (Canada) Ltd.; and *Open Highways*, W.J. Gage Ltd.) What was at specific issue in this study was the way in which girls were portrayed in these stories — the activities in which they engaged, the attitudes which they displayed, the way in which people treated them, the generalizations which were made about them, and the directions for future life and work which were offered to them, as contrasted with the treatment of boys — their activities, their ambitions, their hopes and dreams, and their ultimate objectives.

In the first part of the study I examined the readers in detail. My findings were very similar to those of Ms. Cullen for Alberta, so I won't repeat them here. That this series of readers presents a sex-stereotyped attitude towards men and women appears quite clear. In order to attempt to discover whether children who read these books share these attitudes, as the second part of my study I gave a questionnaire to five boys and six girls at the Level 4 reading level in Westmount Park. They were nine and ten years old. Without repeating the complete analysis of the results, following are some excerpts from their responses.

The first question was "The cat is in a tree and cannot get down. Judy sees the cat and hears it meowing. Do

you think she will rescue the cat or go and ask her younger brother Sam to rescue the cat?" Five of the six girls said Judy would get Sam because "He's taller", "She might slip and fall", "She wouldn't want to rip her dress", "She can't climb trees", "She's a girl and I don't think she'd like to go up a tree!" Of the five boys, only one said she would call Sam. The other four said Judy would rescue the cat herself "cause she's older", or "cause the little boy was probably too small to climb a tree". In this situation, the responses of the girls indicate that they have a more limited view of themselves as active, capable people than the boys do.

Another question was "Mother wants to take her two children to the beach for a swim. Father is sick. One of the children stays home with Father because they feel sorry for him. Who do you think stays home with Father? Billy or Susan?" One girl said "either one"; the other five said "Susan", because "Billy is a boy", "She is kinder", "She is a girl", "She could do the housework and take care of her father at the same time." Of the boys, one said "They probably both did so they could pay back the father for all he did for them", and one thought it could be either. The other three said "Susan", because "Girls aren't as active as boys and they feel sorry for people" "She probably felt sorry for Dad, she would have wanted to stay with him more than whatever his name was. It would have been better for Dad.", and "They like to take care of sick people". Apparently the nurturing female is an image shared about equally by this group of boys and girls.

To the question "Judy is trying to decide what she should do when she grows up. She asks you to help her choose between being a lawyer, a nurse, a doctor or a housewife. What would you tell her to do?", one girl replied "Doctor" because "That would be nice for her". Another said "A lady doctor! Oh sometimes they are, I guess. A nurse and a housewife...She could take care of her husband and kids." The other girls replied "Housewife. Because she is good at cleaning

the house.", "She'd be better off as a housewife. It's the easiest job.", "Both...[because] if she is only a housewife she wouldn't be able to take care of her kids when they got sick" and "She would do better at a housewife...She would be able to do that."

The boys were almost unanimous — her first responsibility is to be a housewife. However, one boy differed: "Nurse... [because] if she's a nurse she wouldn't have to take the blame if someone died. Anyway, girls should be nurses and boys should be doctors." One boy said "Housewife. It would be hard for her to be both. A nurse has to work at night and anyway she would probably be better at being a housewife." Another replied "Housewife...if I were her husband I would like something to eat when I got home from work." And one of the boys felt "She could be both. If she has time at night she could go and be a nurse. In the day she could do the housework." Notice that all of the boys and four of the girls thought the only *possibilities* for a woman were nurse and housewife, the caring, nurturing roles. Two of the girls extended that to doctor, but none even considered lawyer as an alternative.

The answers to the other six questions followed similar patterns. To a problem solving question, one girl said the boy would have solved it because "Girls are too silly to think of building something like that. Anyway, she wouldn't want to get her clothes all dirty with a rope and a cardboard.", and a boy said "Boys have those kinds of ideas and girls don't." Other replies (male) were "Boys like to pull things and can think of good ideas. Girls like to carry things one by one because it keeps them busy.", and "Judy wouldn't even know where to find a rope." One question concerned the answering of a riddle. One girl thought Sally would get it because "Girls are faster with their tongues." However, a couple of boys felt, along with some girls, that "Boys are smarter and can think of the answers to riddles faster."

These answers and the other answers to the questionnaire reveal that these eight to ten year old children do

cont. on p. 41

THE PUZZLE

The pieces are coming apart, I can feel
Air seeping through the cracks
The box says there are one hundred
interlocking pieces.

What if I lose one?

A haemorrhoid tugs at me — nasty little
reminder of the limitations on my head
Think, feel, anguish, dream — but
You can only walk so far!

Drink Milk for "All the things you are"!
She has a vitamin every day to keep her going
in all her roles, and she wears
a hassle-free tampon
Liberated!

to carry a greater load than ever

I have two houses. A city house and
a country house.
And I'm the city mouse and the country
mouse — caught in two traps.
All for a lousy piece of cheese.

I have a friend — thank God, I have a friend!
But he doesn't know me.
I put my head in his lap and say,
"let me tell you where I'm at", and
He tells me where I should be.

A child tugs at me — like my haemorrhoid.
Its part of me — out, but still attached.
It hurts, its a nuisance, I can't move
without considering it.
I understand, I accept,
and it persists.

Turn them off, people say —
As though they were only programs,
situation comedies and soap operas.
But they are not instantly adjustable —
nor I a technician in control.
And so we enter into group dynamics:
Role by role,
 ploy by ploy
and we love — dependent, high on sticking it
through together
and we resent
 and blame

and drained of energy — nag, whine
and watch T.V.

What glue, what life force keeps the pieces together?
Will? — it fades with fatigue.
Anger? — recedes to a whimper.
Love? — too watery to stick. Besides, love who?
Me first, then you, then everyone.
And which piece is my heart?

What if I lose one?

Ellie Teshler

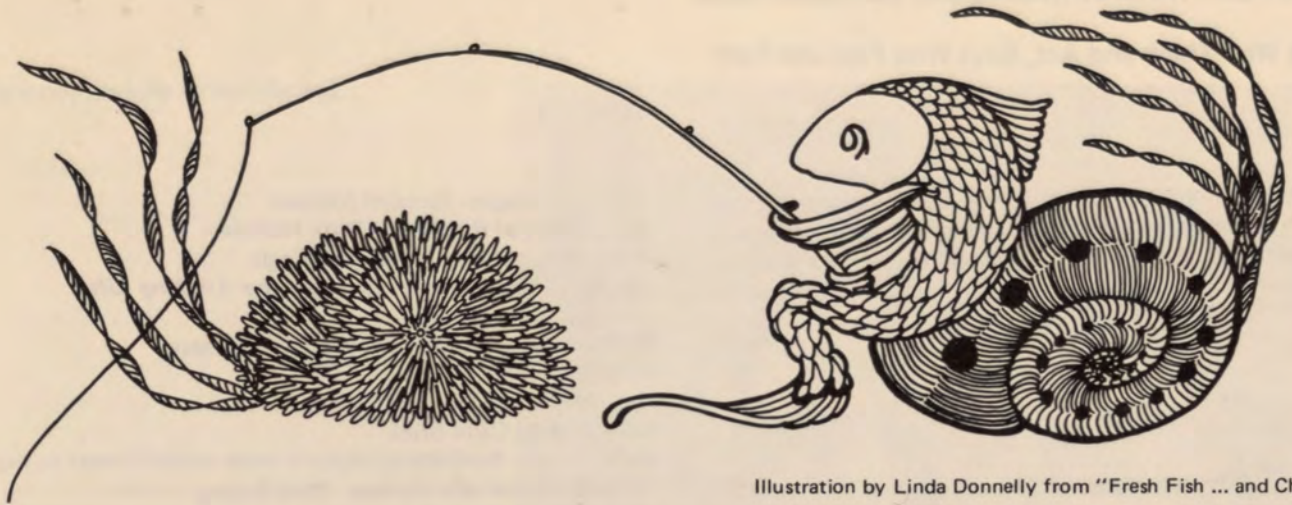


Illustration by Linda Donnelly from "Fresh Fish ... and Chips"

Books for children

The following is excerpted from "books for liberated children: a selected annotated bibliography" in *Emergency Librarian* Vol.1, No. 4, April 1974. The bibliography was compiled by Beverley Allinson, Sherril Cheda, Mary Enright, Phyllis Yaffe and Gloria Reinbergs. The initials of each contributor appear after each annotation.

1. *Antroba Ant Goes Into Action* - Robert J. Cutting (Nelson, Toronto, 1974) Antroba helps two warring ant colonies see why it is better to work together instead of fighting each other.

2. *From the Mixed-up Files of Mrs. Basil E. Frankweiler* - Elaine Konigsburg (Atheneum, N.Y., 1968) Claudia, Tires of riding the school bus and doing dishes, turns instead to mystery and adventure, becoming an excellent detective. P.Y.

3. *Ida's Idea* - Wendy Kindred (McGraw Hill, N.Y., 1972) A beautifully written story in which a maple sugar doll mysteriously appears on Ida's bed with a note "My name is Mable, eat me slowly." B.A.

4. *Jennifer Takes Over P.S. 94* - Mary Lystad (Putnam, N.Y., 1972) Jennifer is a delightful, rebellious (in her mind) student at a public school who imagines how she would run the school if she were in charge.

5. *Julie of the Wolves* - Jean C. George (Harper and Row, N.Y., 1972) While running away from home and an unwanted marriage, a 13-year old Eskimo girl is befriended by wolves. She learns a lot about them, and at the same time, learns much about herself. M.E.

6. *Mary of Mile 18* - Ann Blades (Tundra Books, Montreal, 1971) A family struggles to farm in Canada's north; a young girl struggles to make her life unique by wanting "something special" to happen. M.E.

7. *Meal One* - Ivor Cutler (Heinemann, London, 1971) Herbert is blessed with a mom whose love of fantasy matches his own, and together they have an adventure. B.A.

8. *Millicent the Monster* - Mary Lystad (Harlan Quist, N.Y., 1968) Though tired of saying please and thank you, Millicent learns that good manners have a purpose. She learns to retain her individuality without hurting other people's feelings. S.C.

9. *Mom, the Wolfman and Me* - Norma Klein (Panthenon, 1972) A fatherless girl, living with her mother, learns how to cope when a man comes into her mother's and her life. P.Y.

10. *Na-ni: A Story and Pictures* - Alexis Deveau (Harper and Row 1973) An account of a black girl growing up in New York City who yearns for the welfare cheque to arrive so she can get a bike, and the disappointment that occurs when the cheque is stolen. G.R.

11. *Noisy Nora* - Rosemary Wells (Dial Press, N.Y., 1973) Nora and her family are nice and no matter how loud or noisy or outrageous she becomes, she can't seem to get them to notice her until . . . S.C.

12. *Stand Up Lucy* - Elizabeth Hall (Houghton Mifflin, Boston, 1971) Counterpointing the suffragist movement with a grade nine class election is Elizabeth Hall's unique way of bringing lofty ideals and reality together. P.Y.

13. *The Sign on Rosie's Door* - Maurice Sendak (Bodley Head, London, 1972) Rosie devises a satisfactory solution to the problem of the parental ban on firecrackers. B.A.

14. *William's Doll* - Charlotte Zolotow (Harper and Row, N.Y., 1972) William likes his train, but would also like a doll. He is laughed at by friends, ignored by his father. William's warm and understanding grandmother realizes that William needs a doll to learn to be a father. S.C.

The EVERYWOMAN Reading List for Whole People

Girls Who Think and Act, Boys Who Feel and Care

The books in this bibliography were chosen because they portray women as interesting and active people. *Everywoman* felt these books presented female characters without stereotyped ideas.

BIOGRAPHY

The Dairy of Nina Kosterina - Nina Kosterina
Doctors in Petticoats - Alice Fleming
Great Women of Medicine - R. Hume
Harriet Tubman - Ann Petry
Helen Keller: Toward the Light - Stewart Graff
Journey Toward Freedom: The Story of Sojourner Truth - J. Bernard
Madame Prime Minister: The Story of Indira Gandhi - Emmeline Garnett
Nothing is Impossible: The Story of Beatrix Potter - D. Aldis
Queen Elizabeth I - E. Bigland
So Much To Live For - Althea Gibson

HISTORICAL FICTION

A Lemon and a Star, Terrible, Horrible Edie - E. Spykman
Abbie Burgess, Lighthouse Heroine - D.H. Jones
First Lady of Upper Canada - Florence McLaughlin
Island of the Blue Dolphins - Scott O'Dell
Little House in the Big Woods - Laura Wilder
The Silver Pencil - Alice Dalgliesh
Understood Betsy - Dorothy Canfield
The Witch of Blackbird Pond - E.G. Speare

PICTURE BOOKS

A Pony for Linda - C.W. Anderson
A Wolf of My own - Jan Wahl
Jeanne-Marie - Francoise
Just Think - Betty Miles and Joan Bloss
Katy and the Big Snow - Virginia Burton
Lucy Brown and Mr. Grimes - Edward Ardizzone
Madeline - Ludwig Bemelmans
The Milkmaid - R. Caldecott
Mommies at Work - Eve Merriam
One Morning in Maine - Robert McKloskey
The Painted Pig - Elizabeth Morrow
Phoebe's Revolt - Natalie Babbitt
Play With Me - Marie Ets
Quiet on Account of Dinosaur - J. Thayer
Tilly Witch - Don Freeman
Umbrella - Taro Yashima

GENERAL

A Peculiar Magic - Annabel Johnson
A Walk Out of the World - Ruth Nichols
A Wrinkle in Time - Madeline L'Engle
Alice in Wonderland, Through the Looking Glass - Lewis Carroll
Anne of Green Gables - Lucy M. Montgomery
Angelica - Helen Lucas
Ash Road - Ivan Southall
Baby Island - Carol Brink
Ballet Shoes - Noel Streatfield
Between Home and Horizon - Dola Dejong
Blue Willow - Doris Gates
Boys and Girls, Girls and Boys - Eve Merriam
The Borrowers, The Borrowers Afield, The Borrowers Afloat - M. Norton
The Changeling, The Egypt Game - Zilpha K. Snyder
Charley, When Marnie Was There - Joan Robinson
The Cloud-forest - Joan North
Dandy's Mountain - Thomas Fall
Daughter of the Mountains - Louise Rankin
The December Dog - Jan Robinson
Downright Dencey - Caroline Snedeker
The Empty Moat - Margaretha Shemin
Enchantress from the Stars - S. Engdahl
Firegirl - Gibson Rich
From the Mixed-up Files of Mrs. Basil E. Frankweiler - E. Konigsburg
Free to be You and Me - Marlowe Thomas
Fresh Fish...And Chips - Jan Andrews
Girls Can Be Anything - Norma Klein
The Good Master - Kate Seredy
Harriet the Spy; The Long Secret - Louise Fitzhugh
Heidi - Johanna Spyri
Jade - Sally Watson
Judy's Journey - Lois Lenski
Leo the Lioness - Constance Green
Magic at Wychwood - Sally Watson
Mandy and the Flying Map - Beverly Allinson
Mary Poppins - P.L. Travers
Miss Hickory - C. Bailly
The Motoring Millers - Alberta Constant
My Darling, My Hamburger - Paul Zindel
National Velvet - E. Bagnold
Peter and Veronica - Marilyn Sachs
The Pigman: A Novel - Paul Zindel
Pippi Longstocking, Pippi Goes on Board - A. Lindgren
The Practical Princess - J. Williams
Queenie Peavy - Robert Burch
Rebecca of Sunnybrook Farm - K.D. Wiggin
The Secret Garden - F. Burnett
Stranger in the Hills - Madeline Polland
Strawberry Girl - Lois Lenski
Swallows and Amazons - Arthur Ransome
Thee, Hannah! - Marguerite DeAngeli
When Jays Fly to Barbmo - Margaret Balderson
Where the Lilies Bloom - Vera Cleaver
Zeely - Virginia Hamilton



we have all been thinking about your photographs.

in the picture
of a picture
your father paints a
blurred, colour-stained epic
of a family
unfolding in speeded-up
time lapse
you are left

front and centre
surrounded by dead
dogs and cats
unborn children
clutching your shoe
to your babybreast
the shoe
has unlimited possibilities in
art and
in life

daddy paint me bigger
explode my visible heart out
of the frame
beyond the others
and my shoe,
my shoe,
my shoe.

the adolescent
you
bites into a potato angrily
quietly wild in the
smoking silence
of your mother's prison/kitchen
the adolescent
you
compares Legs
Over Coffeetables with Girl
friends, all smiling and
almost beautiful.

we have been photographing all your thinking.

ante and post wedding shots
clutching the boy
who wants to have you
and the french horn
with equal ardor,
you the player your
embouchure just
right
tight for both of them

embosked in the
designer dress
grinning out into the
designer future:
apartment, furniture,
well-modulated bliss
pear-shaped
breasts, tones, ass
the actualized dream.
the pale bones of your
phantom
tucked under the
bed in a
box labelled
'summer, 19 '

we have been thinking about all your photographs.

your hollow ghost
floats
through the pictures
the baby
you
stares at it suspiciously
holding hands with
the grandmother in Hanover
the sister in London
the phantom appears over
exposed
under
developed

the last frame
exposes yourselves at once
the soma self bathing
the onlooker in curling eyes
laughing hair
singing, wrinkling
in laughter

and the phantom sitter
up on the
bed
next to you now
waiting

Pauline Jewett

an interview



by Georgina Wyman
photos by Vivian Frankel

This month Pauline Jewett began her term as President of Simon Fraser University. She has spent many years as a teacher and administrator at Carleton University in Ottawa and was for several years director of the Institute of Canadian Studies there. A political scientist with a keen interest in public policy, Ms. Jewett was a Liberal Member of Parliament from 1963 to 1965, and was defeated when she ran as a candidate for the New Democratic Party in the 1972 federal election. She was interviewed in Ottawa in July, prior to her departure for British Columbia.

Georgina Wyman: By any standard you have been very successful, and I imagine a lot of women would admire you for all you have done. Do you feel you would have gotten ahead faster if you had been a man? Do you consciously see yourself as a woman?

Pauline Jewett: It just can't help but strike you that things are different when you have a career, as in my case, almost entirely in a man's world. For example, when I did my Ph.D. in Government there was only one other woman at Harvard doing a Ph.D. in Government and she pulled out. When I taught Political Science there were hardly any women in Canada teaching Political Science. When I became chair-

man of the Political Science department at Carleton in 1960, I suppose I realized this was something a little unusual. Again, when I ran in politics in 1962, I ran in a rural riding and the political organization was almost entirely run by men. Now I can't help but be conscious of it because there aren't very many women running universities. So it's true, it's there all the time and it's an awareness that probably makes you work harder in a sense. You've got something to live up to all the time.

Peter Gzowski did an article about you in Maclean's in 1962. There you said you were trying not to dwell on issues directly affecting women.

I think at that time that was truer than it is today. All of us who were career women had to spend so much time winning over the men; they ran everything. Not that they still don't occupy positions of power and dominance, but that was particularly true in political organizations then and when I was talking to Peter I was very aware of the fact that everyone I was meeting to try to win the political nomination from were men. Any too overt appeal to women would probably, certainly at that time, have made it almost impossible. Nowadays, and particularly in the last three or four years, I really think there is not as much backlash if you do appeal to women. Indeed I feel that those of us in the '50s and '60s who didn't do that primarily perhaps did make a mistake, I think, because progress was so slow. I am rather glad that the younger generation has said, "It's just too slow going your route. I am going to get organized and have a sense of solidarity." And I find I share that with them even though I wasn't a great solidarity person or didn't seem to be; subconsciously I think I was but certainly not in terms of any actions. At the Windsor Conference, which will go down in Canadian history as "Women and the Law", I was the wrap-up speaker. There were about four hundred women there, from legal secretaries to judges, primarily law students. There was a very strong sense from time to time, of sisterhood, solidarity — not just among the students but between the students, the staff, the secretaries and even a judge or two. A most unusual phenomenon in my lifetime experience. I was very moved by it, not only because it was younger women saying, "We've just got to hang in there with each other", but it was crossing occupational boundaries and that's fascinating.

How would you compare running for Parliament? You ran for Parliament several times in the '60s and then in 1972. Did you notice any differences?

By far the worst defeat or disappointment that I've ever had was in 1962 when I didn't win.

Then you won in 1963.

Yes, anything after that was almost nothing in terms of adapting.

I've said since that almost everyone ought to have one really resounding whack; it toughens your spirit a good deal. I really had had the experience of thinking that you're going to make it and not doing so. My next door neighbour in Durham County made it. Everyone though we would be running at least about the same. People said afterward, "It was just the fact that you're a woman", but being a political scientist, I sat down in the summer of '62 and compared the polled results of about four counties including the one I had run in, polls which had common socio-economic characteristics like rural, semi-urban, and so on. In the other three they were all men running, and they were all local people; I had planted myself in a riding so to speak. There was no statistically significant variation at all in those comparable polls. When I informed my executive of this marvellous finding at a meeting in August, one of them, and a professional man at that, said, "Oh, you and your statistics." So I'm not sure at all that a woman in politics as a candidate is less likely to be voted for because she is a woman. There may be one hundred votes either way.

Did you notice any difference this time when you were running in terms of yourself being a woman?"

Well, in 1972 running for the nomination wasn't nearly as difficult as it had been in '62 because I was well-known and the NDP was anxious to have me run. The overwhelming problem for women in politics, namely winning a candidacy in a political party, was no problem. I think the reason the vote went up substantially — the NDP in Ottawa West got 25 per cent of the vote — was partly a national trend. There may have been several hundred votes because of me personally, but that wasn't primarily because I was a woman. That was because there were several erstwhile Liberals who came along with me.

Would you like to run again?

I kind of missed it, not running this time, although my mind is now so very full of Simon Fraser. I certainly am not saying it is out of the question to run again.

Do you feel that you have led an in-and-out-of-politics existence?

Yes, my real life has been the academic route. But I've had an interest in public policy just as much as in academic theorizing. I like relating to the public, to get ideas across. But I like a broader visibility; I'm not a shrinking violet. I learned to like that when I first went into politics but I must have wanted it or liked it or I wouldn't perhaps have gone in, especially when the odds were very much against me.

Is there anything that you feel forms you in that direction?

I was originally going to be a lawyer. When I was very young, about fourteen, I envisaged myself as a great criminal lawyer defending the underdog; I had a sort of social conscience and was interested in what governments did even before I knew much about it. When I got into doing political science and philosophy at Queen's, the whole world of ideas grabbed me and I never lost this interest in trying to do something about public policy. I always was a fairly idea-oriented person in politics, even when I was in the Liberal party. In fact it was the Liberal Kingston Conference in 1960 that persuaded me. This was never lost even during the period when I was taking my Ph.D. and writing articles of a serious academic nature. After I was defeated in 1965 I went back to full-time teaching but I found I still wanted to be involved in public policy so I kept interested in it in the Liberal party and the executive of the party.

Did you find that you were encouraged by your family in your activities?

Oh yes, enormously. I suppose that makes an enormous difference. My mother was very encouraging, naturally, but I suppose what was even more important was that my father was a transegitarian in political and social philosophy. He thought that everybody really was equal to everybody and that included men and women. My mother was not as much an egalitarian on other social issues; she certainly was on the woman issue though. I was the youngest child, and they were getting on when I was born. They were married in 1909 and my mother refused to have "obey" in the wedding ceremony. My father

said, "I think you are absolutely right, I think it's foolish for one of us to promise to obey the other." This was in a very small place, Campbellford in Northumberland County. In 1945 I met the minister who had married them, and I said, "You know, I believe you married my parents." I told him my mother's maiden name. "Oh," he said, "she was a headstrong girl." "She said to me," he told me in his creaky voice, "Dr. Brown, I am not promising to love and obey anybody. We'll have love, honour and cherish."

I have just written a chapter about my parents which I will publish. My father was a little disappointed when I decided not to go into law. He was a civil engineer himself. He wouldn't even have minded if I had decided on that but he saw that I hadn't any talent. I never could understand what made those locks lift on the Welland Canal. I had a brother and a sister who were older, and he encouraged them as well.

As I say, he was a bit disappointed when in my third year at Queen's I realized that politics and philosophy were what I wanted to know more about. That was when I went on to honours. The first two years I had spent my time playing tennis, going dancing, and just generally running things as a campus politician. Once I got into honours, it just seemed to keep rolling.

You did a little piece for a magazine called Continuous Learning.

Yes. That was on women in the labour force. I was very concerned about women occupying all the low income and low status jobs.

At the end of the article you said that you felt that in the university the position of women was a little better than in other sectors.

There is no question that the proportion of academics that are women is higher than [the proportion that are] working in industry, and as physicians, lawyers or chemists. Presumably this is because universities should be on the frontiers of knowledge and experience.

Did that have any influence on your decision to go into teaching?

No. Because of my father's enormous encouragement there never was any assumption that our role was only to get married and have kids. If that came along, fine, but I honestly believe it consciously crossed my mind that going on to get a Ph.D. might make it difficult to get a university teaching job. I always loved teaching. It's part of a showman performance side of a personality that I think I've always had. And I got a fair amount of encouragement at university.

One of the people who encouraged me most was a woman. When I was at Queen's as an undergraduate, Jean Boyce was the registrar — an excellent woman and probably the

only female registrar. She had been there some years and she gave an enormous amount of encouragement to women who were in earnest and reasonably bright. Probably a lot of women when they look back will suddenly realize that there was someone like that who was a woman, even though their fathers had been great and maybe one or two of their profs had been.

Do you have any specific ideas of policies or ways in which women could be encouraged to enter more into universities or generally into professions where men are predominant?

Well, it starts right at the level of counselling and as far as future careers are concerned, an individual professor can do an enormous amount as well as at the high school level in giving young women confidence and ideas.

Do you think married women are exploited by having to take low-paying jobs in universities because of their family responsibilities?

Indeed, partly because the women themselves haven't become organized. Both full-time and part-time academic staff are being exploited, to say nothing of the support staff.

Do you think that the cut-back in government spending in the universities will affect the status of women in these institutions?

Equality in salaries already exists in some places and so does equality for similar talents, but it still has a long way to go. But I think there should be active groups on every campus who are pushing all the time for this. It doesn't do any good for men, as the president, to be pressing if the deans and the chairmen are not constantly made aware of this.

Do you see any conflict between trying to hire more Canadians and trying to hire more women?

I feel particularly strongly at the moment that we should, in the foreseeable future, seek out and employ the good Canadians. That, I suppose, takes the highest priority in my own thinking. Then I've also said that we should bring up the ratio of women.

Are you for the quota system?

Actually I'm for employing Canadians period, for the foreseeable future, unless it's a field where we haven't got any Canadians, and I



can't think of any fields like that anymore. Now I don't put a quota on women, I just say it should be roughly comparable to the available pool in the particular field.

One of the other criticisms that tend to come up is that women tend to be promoted more slowly.

That is probably true.

Is there any kind of so-called affirmative action that could be followed?

Well, I'm talking of a group that is actively looking into this all the time and publicizing and keeping everybody on their toes, requiring the administration to show cause why they haven't done something and so on.

You mean actually issuing grievances?

I think this is very desirable. It hasn't got going in very many Canadian universities yet, except on a very beginning spontaneous basis. I would welcome having committees say, you're not moving very fast on this or that. I know I can't do everything overnight but I would welcome committees or groups of people keeping me and everyone else alert to their problem.

Do you feel that people in universities are justifiably accused of taking "ivory tower" attitudes and ignoring political realities?

I think one of their functions is to be out ahead, if you want to call that ivory tower. Personally, I think the main thing that distinguishes a university from any other educational institution is that it is out in left field or up in the tower, that it is doing basic research, that it is looking closely and carefully at things like the impact of the class structure on educational motivation and achievement. In the sciences, fundamental research is absolutely essential. If this kind of research isn't done in the universities we won't have the kind of books and studies that make social changes possible in the long run. We still have an enormous amount of persuading the public to do, and that's why I'll be a fairly public president. We've got to keep explaining to the public and the taxpayers why a university is different from other points of education. Another function will be talking from time to time about what social policies are desirable and what role the federal and provincial

governments should be playing in education in cooperation with the universities.

Do you think the universities have adopted a political attitude?

No. I've never been a terrible partisan; I've always been left of centre regardless of what party I was in. I don't see myself as being particularly partisan from now on, while I'm president of the university. But using the word political in the broadest sense, I'll still be interested in public policy as I've always been, particularly as it relates to higher education.

Do you have any outside interests in your spare time? You happened to mention carpentry. Do you do a lot of carpentry?

I do carpentry occasionally. I have a cottage with a group of Carleton people — a collective really. So I've done a lot of building and painting. In holidays from time to time — I've picked up snowshoeing in the last few winters. I used to do an enormous amount of sports when I was young. I figure skated for years; I haven't done it for a long time.

Do you find you're able to do a lot of reading outside the field of political science?

Oh yes, I read all the time. I read an enormous amount of biography and autobiography, not necessarily right when they come out. This last year for instance I've read Quentin Bell's two volume biography of Virginia Woolf and that led me to read almost everything else about Virginia Woolf. I read almost every novel that comes out if I can find the time. I've gotten very interested in biography and autobiography, partly because I've been doing quite a bit of writing myself. I've finished Margaret Atwood's *Surfacing* and I've read all of Margaret Laurence. I've also read a lot on education in the last few years.

I also read detective stories. I own every Agatha Christie. I was thinking it would be fun to write on Agatha Christie — an article not on the detective story as such, but rather on social change through Agatha Christie's eyes. For instance, one theme I've traced through is her attitude to women. It changes substantially between those dreadful post World War II stories and *Third Girl*, which was written in the late

'60s. This is just something that I'll probably never get around to doing, but I'd love to because there's very little written. Maybe at Simon Fraser when I want to relax I'll pick it up and work on it. And then I like a social life a fair amount, things like going out to dinner. I listen to a lot of music too.

Did you ever feel any social pressure that you haven't married or had children?

Oh, it occurred to me to get married many times.

I mean the kind of social pressure that gradually, over the last few years, has been dissipating.

No, I didn't, I don't think. I would say that thirty-five is an important turning point. At least I found it a very important one and many of the women I know did as well. It may be a different age now, it may be substantially younger. Up until then one really did think more positively, "I will be married, if I find the right person and he finds me." and so on. I've always liked dating, dancing, romance generally. But after about thirty-five, you're not putting it out of your mind exactly, but you certainly aren't thinking of it as a probable thing. Probably you're pretty independent too, and the idea of adjustment is greater — although I don't remember consciously thinking about it.

As far as children go, I did think I would adopt children. That



Sophia Bella~

Macramé into sculpture

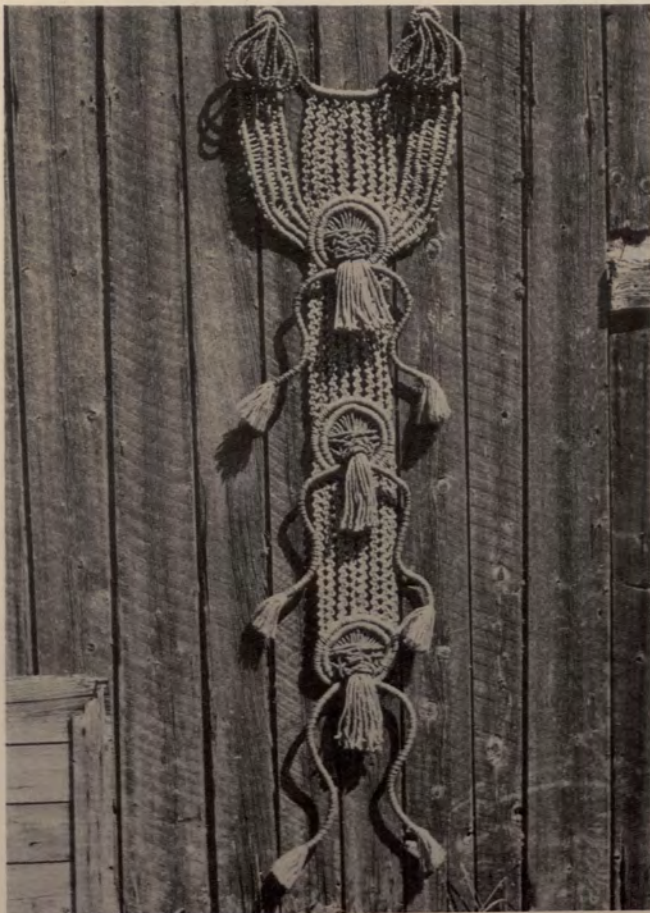
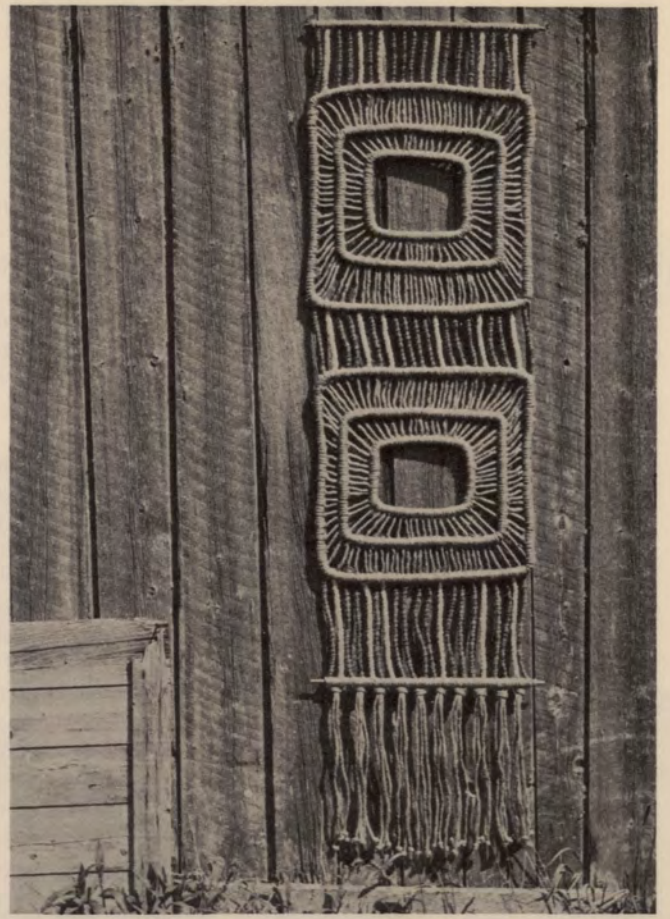
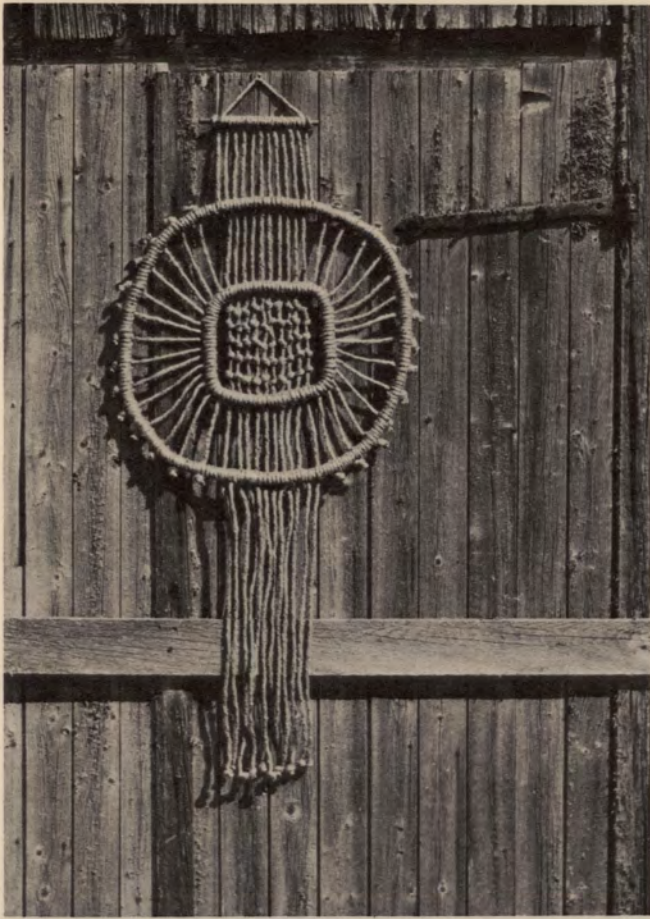
photoessay by Eunice Willar



The things that strike one most forcibly about Sophia Bella's macrame are the three dimensional presence, the scale and the competence of design. Sophia started with a few small pieces of macrame and then moved to larger dimensions because she found them more exciting. She has an intuitive knowledge of what will happen when a mass of rope is untangled and knotted into specific designs, although the materials of macrame impose some of their own demands on the work as it progresses. Sophia combines organic and geometric forms with understated beauty in a blend of natural earth tones.

Sophia Bella was born in Bratislava, Czechoslovakia, where she studied ceramics and was trained as a teacher. She taught art there for eight years before coming to Saint John, where she has taught arts and crafts for the past four years. She has recently decided to stop teaching to concentrate more fully on her own creative work. Her fabric crafts are largely self-taught. She exhibited work in Caravan 1970 in Toronto, and had a one-woman show in the Shutter Art Gallery, Saint John, New Brunswick, in March 1974.

She lives twenty miles from Saint John in the town of Hampton. Sophia Bella was granted Canadian citizenship in July 1974.



Three Wheel Drive

by Vibeke Ohm

We swaggered in brash and beautiful to our own eyes, the kind of young heroes every nine-to-five dreamer should meet. It was San Francisco That Summer; there was Spiffy, Miranda and me.

The distinction of playing our host we gave to Neil, the Possible longshoreman who'd turned on a few times and felt left out with his pals who had not. We met him in Aquatic Park; he'd just bought a crab which he shared. We provided the wine and bread and talked the fog away.

"So where are you staying?" he asked, and we said blatantly, "Nowhere."

"We're looking around," said Miranda, and Neil said,

"Why don't you stay with me?" just like we knew he would. "I've got a spare room and a bed no one uses. Can you all fit in one bed?"

"We do it all the time, for sure. Miranda's little and Spiffy sleeps straight as a nail."

But first we went off for a drink or a few - for Neil was a drinker of large capacity, and who were we to say no? "Enjoy the fruits of whatever falls to your hands," Miranda quoted.

And Neil, who knew all the waiters and rubbies and sellers of fish on the dock, was delightful to be with; in no time at all it felt as if he'd been with us the whole trip.

Then we stowed our knapsacks into his brand new dented Dodge and drove singing home. It turned out to be one of those garden apartments curled between trees and playgrounds for kids, which Neil said not long ago had been a terrible slum. Now it was low-income housing, so all the people who'd lived in the terrible slum now lived in another, if they lived at all.

The key clicked into a very grey place with the curtains all drawn and now lights turned on. Neil's wife came out rubbing her eyes on the sleeves of a housecoat, although it was only the middle of day.

"I thought I'd take a nap," she said, with a crust of anger in her voice.

"These are my friends," said Neil and pushed us proudly forward. "They need a place to stay."

Neil's wife said "Hi," and then she

said, "I'll get some sheets."

And so we worked our way into the walls and kitchen cupboards, filling the rooms unintentionally with our Selves. And when Neil's wife retreated alarmed to a corner, did we notice? She was polite and friendly always, and we thought she was only quiet.

We'd get up in midmorning and crawl one by one upside down through the hall, where Jenny, carrying towels, looked at us in confusion, as if she wondered what extraordinary things the three of us were doing in one bed. That we had slept scrunched up so long in cars and bus depots that fitting perfectly into a standard double bed and sleeping close enough to feel each other's knee caps was security, we couldn't have explained.

She made us coffee for the first few days, then hovered round us while we made our own, fried our own eggs, and spread jam on her Safeway bread. Did we feel all right? she always asked, and looked at the closed door that Neil slept half the day behind.

Smoking took a lot out of him. But he'd rise jolly and loud and poke us, happy that we hadn't gone away in the night. And when Jenny said Harry phoned and wondered was he going to work today, he always said, "Harry can go fuck himself."

"You only work when you feel like it?" Miranda asked.

"That's right," said Neil, "or when I have to have the bread."

"On the subject of bread," said his wife, "you said we'd have enough by September...you know."

"She wants to go to South America," said Neil to us.

"We've only been talking about it for four years," said Jenny and turned away.

It was times like that we felt a little clumsy and didn't know just what to do. We'd want to pat her on the shoulder, but think after all she was Neil's wife, and he ought to be doing that. But he'd be digging out his Indian pouch and pipe and saying "You ready to go again?"

"You're incredible, man," said Spiffy. "There's no stopping you, is there?"

"I've got a lot of time to make up for, remember?" said Neil. "I've been drinking my life away, and now I've found something better."

"And you still drink," Miranda said.

"Of course, sweetie pie," grinned Neil. "I'm an old dog, I don't change habits overnight."

We had a special lamp we sat cross-legged around. It was all a ritual the way Neil insisted, for that was the way we happened to smoke on the first day there. Sometimes he'd call Jenny out of the bedroom or bathroom or wherever she was, and tell her to join us, what was she trying to prove? Jenny'd pretend to be as stoned as the rest of us, and say good-night, she was tired, soon after.

We had records and food and discussions and the "shrink-hour", as Miranda called it, which was when Neil would tell us earnestly some childhood hang-up (like the time he stole four chickens from his grandmother and returned them dead) or a dream he had, and ask us what we thought it meant. Then he'd read to us out of a book of Zen he had, and his voice got very loud.

"You read that one twice before" called Jenny, somewhere else. And we'd remember, sure enough, he had.

"Shut up," said Neil. "Anything good is worth doing again."

He told us since he'd been on this path (whatever that meant) he'd started to love everybody, especially us. The sad thing was that Jenny wouldn't understand that loving all the others didn't mean he loved her less but all the good young people more.

Well, that was fine, said Spiffy, but he understood how Jenny felt.

Neil said she was spoiled and selfish; who was she to be so special?

Some days he would work, and when he did, we'd go outside and discover the sun and the street all over again. Will you be back for dinner, Jenny asked, and we said who can tell? We might go to the park, why didn't she go with us?

"No thanks," she said. "But thanks for inviting me just the same."

drawing by Audrey Watson



Audrey Watson 24

Once she asked how long we thought we'd stay; we said we didn't know.

"Stay as long as you want," said Neil. "As long as you want."

By that time we'd forgotten all the other places we were heading for; it seemed that this was it, and we had always lived here. So we just said "Sure" and thought no more about it.

When it was Jenny's birthday, we baked a cake all night with dried fruit and raisins we found in a cupboard. It was supposed to be shaped like a four-leaf clover for luck, but it ran into a kidney. It was tasty anyway. We all ate the cake before morning, so we went out and bought her a crazy card instead. Just the three of us signed it; Neil said he didn't believe in that sort of thing.

"I've told her how I feel; she doesn't expect anything else."

She thanked us for the card, but kept looking around. In the afternoon, she started taking baths and setting her hair and trying on dresses and asking could we get dinner ourselves? And Neil, who'd been playing scrabble in the living room, got up and said he might as well go work; a Brazilian ship was in port and they were paying triple time.

After that we didn't go into the back of the apartment for quite a while; we talked and joked so loud she'd think we couldn't hear her crying. Then, when she fell asleep, we

turned the music off, and played scrabble ourselves.

That night we took her to a show, and then to Frenchy's Pancake House for pancakes soused in brandy. She laughed a lot with us, but it was obvious she wished Neil was there. It was one of the few times we heard her say very much. Afterwards she just talked less and less. One day a girl friend of hers in a stewardess uniform stopped by; they went into the bedroom to talk and when they came out, Jen said, "By the way, these are friends of Neil's." We nodded, thinking we were friends of hers as well, if anybody asked.

She still smiled at us in the mornings, but it was easy to forget she was there at all, she grew so unobtrusive. Or maybe it was Neil who got louder and larger till he pushed back everything around him.

One day we got a card from a friend in Oklahoma saying he'd been waiting for us. There were horses for riding and fruit ripe for picking; what the hell was keeping us?

So the thing to do was clearly to split. "We should have done that long ago," Miranda said.

"You're just going to up and leave like that?" said Neil. "No preparations, no nothing? Your friend has waited for you a long time, he'll be alright a little longer."

But we said it was time to move, and this time we were certain. It

seemed we'd forgotten how to make decisions in that house; it felt good to say something and mean it once again.

Jenny's face as we were packing was relieved. But when we turned to wave, we saw a welling panic in her eyes, and she hugged us unexpectedly. Neil moved her away and stood in the doorway calling, "Don't forget to write, and come by and stay anytime you're in town, don't wait too long..."

We didn't see them again. But I passed through San Francisco the following spring, and ran into Jenny at a Market Street crossing.

She looked different; smartly dressed and thin and somehow taller. She said Neil and she'd split up; in fact she didn't have any idea where he was. He had left shortly after we did, saying something about going to Japan to study the right way of living. But she heard he still worked on the docks now and then. Her? She had a job in a real estate office and was happy, she said.

"How is your girl friend?" she asked.

"Oh, Miranda? She's in Spain, and Spiffy's back in school. At Washington State, trying to be an architect."

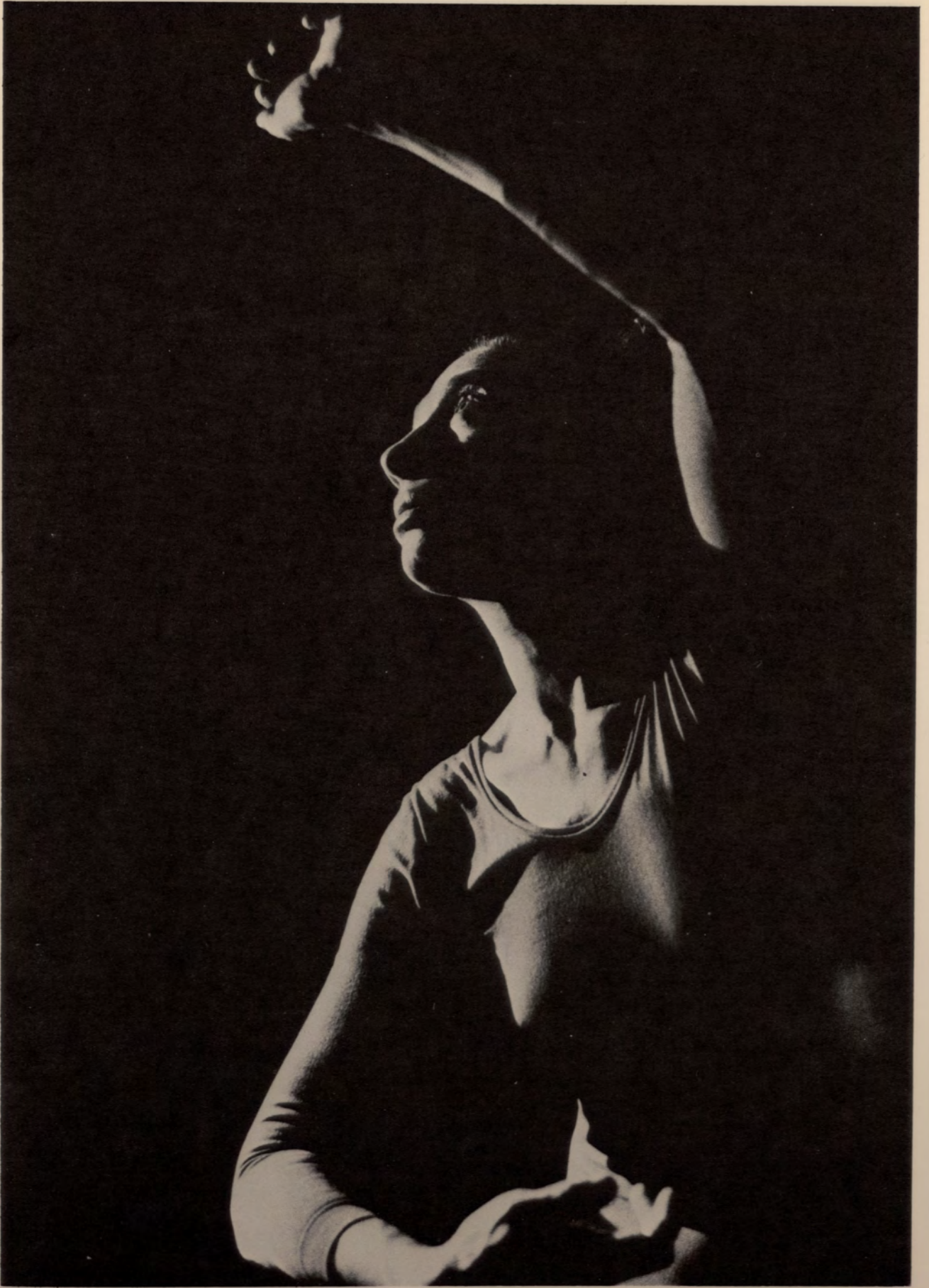
Her smile was sad. "Imagine that," she said.

She had to get back; her lunch hour was over. But couldn't I drop over soon - and bring any other friends I had? The house got lonely sometimes now. ***

SONNET TO MY DAUGHTER

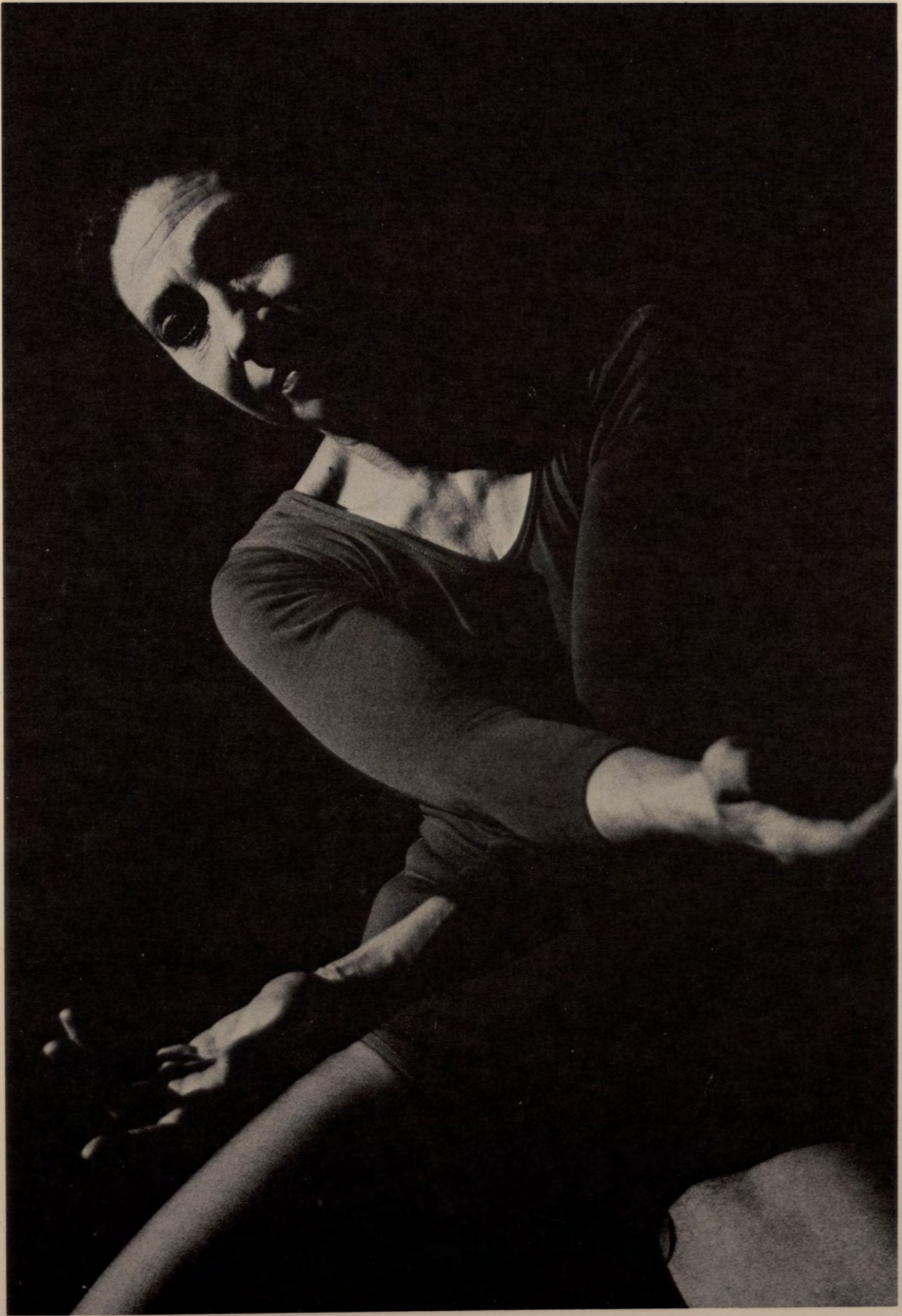
When I consider how my life's been spent
With 'Kinder, Kirch and Kuchen' as my guide,
And my small other-talents early dried,
Lodged with me useless, inward-paining, pent,
Though seeming e'er a female well-content,
The true account I ever sought to hide,
For love of household could not be denied,
Ungleaned my brain, my mind, this my lament.
And so, my daughter, if you would succeed
Do not be satisfied with second-best.
Bear no mild yoke, lest soon it be too late,
And, bursting from the loving bonds you bleed.
Be strong, my female child, go forth with zest,
It does not serve to only stand and wait.

Mary Lile Benham

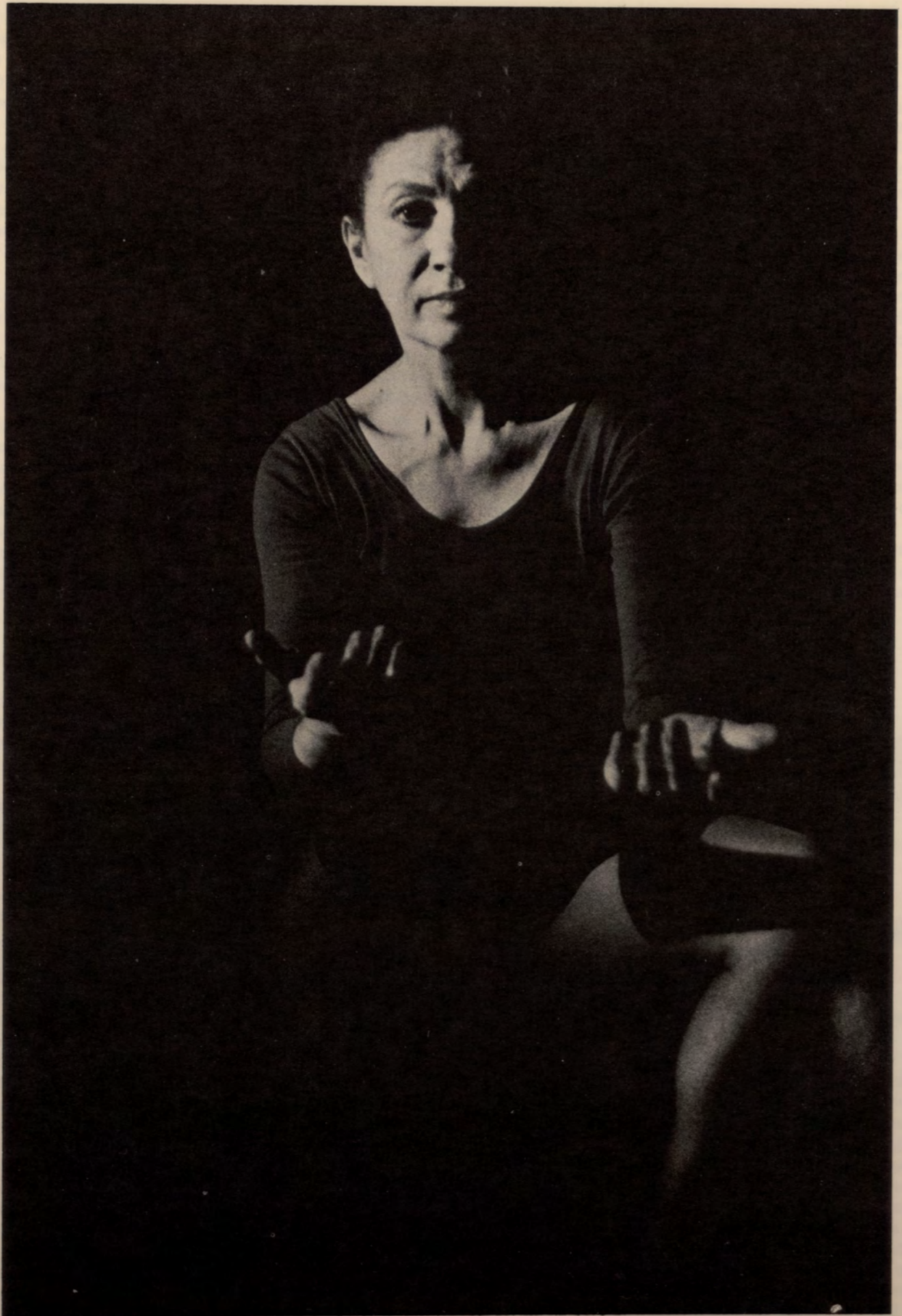


DANCER photoessay by Vivian Frankel









The dancer in these photographs is Elsie Salomons, dance teacher and choreographer. She directs the Elsie Salomons Dance Studio in Montreal.

WOMAN'S DAY GOES SWIFT

I sit on my cellar stairs
eyeing my rows of jewel-like jars,
summer preserved by my hands.
Dills and beans in mustard,
piccalilli and relish and jelly,
beets spiced and plain, dark ancient red
and green and green and yellow and
oh, the golden globes of peaches
down the shelf beside the jam.

It's cool and musty and dark down here,
the web-covered walls are stone and dust,
like a tomb, maybe Juliet's tomb.

I've pickled and pickled and pickled
till sweat ran in drops
down into the sweet sharp brine,
and I've made little labels out of adhesive
to name and date these labors of love.
Beautiful, still, glass-encased moments,
monuments sealed against mould
with rubber rings and lids of zinc.

Taste them?
Touch them, I'll kill you
This rifle I hold is loaded.
You eat my pickles,
they'll turn to shit
come out of your bowels in the morning
and into the sewers of the town.
Oh no. No way.
Their crunchy sour crispness
shall suffer no indignity.
They'll remain in their bottles.
Get away from those shelves.
I'm warning you.

"I'LL BE 50 IN MAY"

I am held in the spasm of spring
ready to lash out
like sap jets forth from old maples.
Paroxysm.

My body feels the coming
but my cells are wizened
there is no flow left in me,
no sap or blood or even tears.
But I feel this season,
by God I do.

My spine wrenches forth
with each possible crocus
and I ache like the legs
of bundled-up children
riding tricycles through the snow.
Paroxysm.

Gutters bubble at the drain
stopped by winter's refuse,
there is so much to be said.
Like a frothing epileptic,
like a man losing his seed,
I am caught in a fit,
I feel this season,
I know the words to this song,
but I cannot sing.
Paroxysm.

Isabel Huggan

In her six years of running a summer camp for children, the author seems to have isolated a serious health problem characteristic of children in a society of mass advertising of mass-produced foods for mass consumption. The symptoms may be familiar to parents, but the cause may surprise them. Ms. Naeve suggests, from her observations, that we have a new addiction on our hands and a generation of very young "addicts" suffering from the effects.

by Virginia Naeve

When we moved to Canada seven years ago we did not know how we would be making a living. The first two years we did not need to decide, because we were too busy, first selling our home in Vermont and later building (by ourselves) our new home in Canada. It had taken seventeen years of off-again, on-again building to finish the house in Vermont. We gave ourselves one year of constant work to build the new one.

At the end of the year, not altogether at our own instigation, we started taking children to live with us in the summer. We weren't really psychologically ready for the first two children, but they arrived and we had to cope, and the flow of children started our way.

Honey and wild raspberries

During our period of transition we had turned many ideas over in our minds, questioning what we really wanted to do. We decided that we wanted to work with children, but because of its very exhausting nature we tossed out the idea of a school, even though we had enough land and a big enough barn for a school, and we had both taught school for six years at one time. The farm was in a small community and our own two remaining children attended the local school. At the time of our arrival this school was purely academic in structure. There was no art, no music, and no class in shop. The children who lived in this farm community had, through no choice of their own, a very narrow outlook on the world around them. Because of all of these factors we decided on a summer art workshop for children. In that way our own children

would have seven weeks each year of a totally different environment.

The second summer that we took children we were more prepared, and we had eleven boys and girls. The two years following, we had seventeen children and during the last two years we have taken twenty-two kids. However, ideally we feel that seventeen or eighteen children at one time is the best number for us to have.

People, including ourselves, for lack of a better word, call us a camp. We called our first summer get-together "Summer Art Workshop." Then somewhere along the way we changed to "Farm and Sea Experience." The current name fits better as the children spend six weeks on the farm and then have one week "vacation" on the seashore at the Bay of Fundy. We still have a lot of art, but the farm and community life seem more important.

To get to what I want to talk about I have had to give a little background of what we do and how we live. Every summer I am the cook and band-aid dispenser. So from the beginning I have been very involved with the eating habits of the campers. From the start I wanted to try to cook nourishing food. This stemmed from the selfish feeling that the better the food, the less illness and dissatisfaction we would have with the children, and the less work I'd have. Since I was

always available in the kitchen I naturally fell into the job of nursing on a small scale.

My personality fitted into the cook role best. I liked to eat, and in general cooks are fairly individualistic, loners with their pots, and short-tempered when others are under foot, and they also aren't too happy about food complaints. It all fitted me fine. My main job was to handle the flash flood of kids wanting to eat, three times a day.

The fewer the campers, the more noticeable their eating habits were to the cook. Frankly, it took me time to learn not to be bothered by their idiosyncrasies in eating. Children are the first to know that the easiest way to reach a mother is to fiddle around with their food.

The first child I did battle with didn't like homemade, whole-wheat

pancakes, cooked oatmeal, or scrambled eggs — he out and out wanted store-bought, packaged, instant cereal. We did a three-week fencing match about breakfast and then one day my husband, Lowell, who by that time was annoyed at both of us, took the boy to the grocery store and told him to pick out *his* cereal. By this time the poor kid was pretty intimidated by me about *lousy* commercial cereals and he timidly picked what he felt was the lesser of evils, a box of shredded wheat. He returned to the farm in a state of quiet elation. The following summer I found a half-eaten box of shredded wheat where he had put it for safekeeping.

Then we had a little boy who put catsup on everything. He was a foster child attending a school for the deaf. The few times he was home it appeared that his mother would send him out with 50 cents and tell him to get something to eat at the nearest snack bar. That something was usually hot dogs or hamburgers. When he did have regular meals he automatically reached



for his bottle and poured catsup all over everything.

Another little boy wouldn't use catsup or eat anything red. He didn't seem to know why. That was my first experience in having a child who didn't like homemade pizza or spaghetti. Since we are a small, personal group of children and adults each summer, *determined not to grow any larger*, we have at least one set of parents each year that try to push their problems off on us. This has brought me to the conclusion that while all problem children have eating peculiarities, all food fussers aren't necessarily problem children.

Our third summer we had a definite food-fusser. Actually, he was a beacon of warning about things to come, but at that time we did not recognize the significance of this problem.

We observed that this child was a very hyper kid with a lot of allergies. He came with his own case of soy bean milk and a generous supply of antihistamines. We had more children that summer and I didn't notice right off that he was eating poorly. But by the end of a week he surfaced ... into my view. One morning he took a plate of honey and no pancake.

We have a number of round tables we eat at during camp. At breakfast there are from one to five children eating at each table. If I don't notice a food-fusser because I'm too busy, I can rely on some one of the other kids to observe what is really going on. They are certainly going to yelp if one person takes all the syrup or honey. The boy with the allergies ate so poorly he was very jumpy and nervous. For that reason he wanted his flashlight on all night in his little house in the woods. The boy who was in the house with him couldn't sleep with the light in his eyes. The antihistamines the child was given by his doctor had benzedrine in them to counter the drowsy effect of the drug. All this only made him more jumpy. Both his parents were professionals and a maid was the only one home most of the time. She silenced any problem with another piece of candy or lollipops.

The fifth summer we were hit right in the center by a very evident phenomenon. We had three sugar addicts in our midst! The poptart, sugar-coated cereal, soft-drink kids had arrived. This problem had been creeping up on us but it took these three extreme cases to make us recognize that it was something we would have to contend with continually. There had been jam-eaters every summer — you noticed that when you had to fill the jam jar too often. But you figured that in time the child would try other things. Every noon we put out peanut butter, cheese, honey, sometimes egg or tuna salad, and sardines. I tried putting out homemade jam and I suggested that if the kids would go out and pick raspberries, of which we always have plenty, I would make homemade jam. I keep making this suggestion but so far have never had any raspberries arrive at the kitchen

door. I wanted to give up the jam altogether but the new campers each year might not see anything they liked or recognized as food, except synthetic jam.

New kids weren't usually used to honey. Most of them had never seen or tasted unprocessed, unheated, raw honey out of the hive. The raw honey was always on the table but only the older campers who had been at the farm previously would eat it. The raw honey always crystallized in the time between extraction from the comb and camp time. The raw honey doesn't flow and most of the new kids won't make the extra effort needed to spread it on pancakes and bread.

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Before I go on I should explain more of our situation so you can see how we have come to some of the conclusions expressed here.

We live and have the camp on a 140-acre farm. Our farm is four miles from the nearest small town. We swim in a lake about three miles from camp; there is a sandy beach and no pop stands — just woods. Unless we go to something special for an outing, we are on the farm at all times and the children have no access to commercial products. We grow all our vegetables,

most of the fruit, and raise all our meat and poultry. The things we purchase are gotten mostly from other farms and organic sources if possible.

We have three meals a day and no snack periods. Each child sleeps in a small house by himself or with from one to five other children. The loners are generally older campers. The little houses are down in the woods and are a walk to meals or the barn, where all the other activities are held. The only irregular eating occurs among the four children who bake the goodies for the day, or bake the bread. The goodies bakers naturally lick the cooking bowls. It sometimes appears that they eat more raw dough than baked.

All in all, the children bring a healthy hunger to each meal, eat their fill, and then take off. Unless they arrive at camp with a supply of treats, which don't last a week, they eat well. I clocked the evening meal one night, from the time I yelled "dinner" and the kids ran from the barn, until they had finished eating, and the time was 12½ minutes!! I had spent three hours in preparing that meal.

Because of its isolation from the familiar fare of TV advertising and supermarket titillation, the camp is a more-or-less perfect proving ground. Most children coming to us for the first time have never tasted milk right out of the cow, an egg taken that day from under a hen, *real* whipped cream, vegetables fresh from the garden (most don't know that lettuce also grows in leaves, not always in heads), fruit picked off the trees or bushes. They think chicken is all white meat and breasts, and sometimes legs, and some wonder how you break an egg and get it out.

At the beginning of camp this year I put a basket of oranges on each table at breakfast time. The first week there were only a few oranges taken. When it became evident that I wasn't going to squeeze the oranges, use frozen juice, or chemical orange drink, slowly the kids began to peel and eat the oranges. In the end the only comment was, "The oranges weren't very big!" (How true!)

I noticed that some of the children who had routine growing-up problems like overweight, shyness, or pimples were the very ones who wouldn't eat most vegetables and sometimes the fruit. We do not run a camp for problem children or the underprivileged. Most of the children

we get have parents who are teachers, professors, artists, writers, musicians, doctors. If we do get problems out of the ordinary we have to send the children home since we are not qualified to deal with them. At first, we tried to help the occasional problem child, but this only tore up the cohesion of the camp. So I am not talking about the problem type of child when I speak of sugar addiction. I am speaking of the general run of child where this addiction has taken root.

Of the particular children in this group, one was thin and hyperactive and over-talkative. Another was overweight but physically active; he overate when he was bored. The third was also overweight, but physically inactive and spoke in disjointed sentences quite frequently. With all three children the parents did not know of the excessive sugar consumption, or, if they did, they didn't attribute to it the hyperactivity, sleeplessness, sluggishness, or the incoherent speech of that particular child.

At the end of camp when the parents came to take the children home, they noticed and asked how we got the boys to lose weight, the little one go to bed and sleep, and accomplished various other changes in their daily lives. We tried to tell these parents what we had observed and why the camp had helped, and how our isolation from the mainstream of commercial goodies made the problem stand out. One parent told us how they kept sweet things out of the house because of the weight problem of one child. However, what they had not removed from access for the child was "small change" and a corner grocery nearby.

When I use the word "addict" in relation to sugar, it is for want of a better word to describe the effect that over-consumption of sugar and starches has on many children, when it goes to extremes. Again, I have no word to describe the attitude of these children when the supply of concentrated sugar is denied, but still *visible*. At camp, so long as good, wholesome food was eaten, a balance was achieved. But the moment the grandparents visited or sent candy as a present, a panic button was pressed. They had to eat *all* they could get or that came to them. They did not particularly share it, but doled it out to themselves as the panic arose. At one point I was able to observe four meals uneaten after a large bag of candy was given to
September/October 1974

a child. Until her bag of candy was finished the child did not eat a proper meal. As the sugar problem became clear we were sometimes able to remove the candy before it arrived in view. But at other times the candy got by and had its effect before we could do anything about it.

We usually take the children to a country fair each summer so that they can see all the breeds of animals and poultry. However, this last summer we realized that we had this sugar problem and felt that the "Midway" at the fair would only aggravate it out of control. We thought of not going to the fair, or leaving the "addicted" kids (with me) and taking the rest, and so forth. Finally we decided to go, with an adult taking charge of each one of these children and trying to keep the train on the tracks. A former camper who had returned to help for two weeks offered to take the little girl with this problem. Since she was our youngest camper and a tiny little thing, the older ex-camper thought she would be manageable. We had told the older girl about the sugar addiction, and to herself she may have thought we were "daft". But that evening she described what she had been amazed to see happen. Each child had been given a dollar for spending money. They could go on rides or get whatever they wanted. The idea was to encourage as many rides as possible so that there would be little change left for sugar stuff. The little girl nagged, begged, wheedled and implored for candy, ice cream, cotton candy and whatever. In the end she bought a candied apple with her last quarter. She took a bite of the candied apple and "turned on". She moaned, sighed, smacked her lips, and finally danced around the older camper ecstatically hugging her candied apple. The older girl could not believe the change taking place before her eyes. The child had

been obnoxious one moment, then pacified the next, once she had her sugar.

One of the boys with the sugar habit made no bones about his love of sugars and starches. He would wax almost poetic about the virtues of pancake syrup. It wasn't hard to accept his love of sugar when you observed his breakfast bowl filled with syrup and the pancake drowned at the bottom, acting like a super-blotter. When the other campers told him he was using too much syrup, he would just sit and stare at them and finally chuckle contentedly over his sweet.

One of the overweight boys took it upon himself to try to cut down on sugars or starches. As a consequence he lost quite a lot of flab and felt very proud of himself. All the walking at camp gave him constant exercise and a good appetite. However, on this boy's birthday one of his family sent him a ten-pound box of candy! We asked him if he minded our putting the box away until he went home after camp and he readily agreed to this. In fact, all the other campers got cooperative when we explained the problem we had, and the fact that it would be hard for everybody to live with if left unchecked.

I'm not sure I have conveyed a convincing case about these children. There are many small incidents I have forgotten, or could not put down on paper. What remains in my mind is the problem of mass advertising on TV and in magazines, the supermarket displays, and the subtle or not-so-subtle general upping of the sugar content in many foods, all of which are mass-consumed by children and adults alike. The problems this creates will not always be recognized for what they are, but I believe we can look forward to many more hyperactive children and adults who are really on sugar kicks. ***

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JEWETT cont. from p.23

was before I decided definitely to go into politics, around 1957. And in those days you couldn't at all. Of course I made all kinds of pitches that I could be both Mommy and Daddy. I was thinking of taking kids about ten — not the earliest years. Maybe I went into politics as an alternative to that. It did cross my mind, but not in the sense of total deprivation — just something that would be great.

Do you feel that in many ways women who are married and have children are operating under certain disadvantages vis a vis careers?

I think there's no question that unless you are pretty upwardly mobile and even well-to-do, it's a tremendous strain. After all, the majority of women in the labour force with children are from lower income families. I would think that women who are out working and raising families and cooking for kids and husbands and so on — since husbands in the lower income families particularly don't share the burdens of the home — have a terrifically difficult time. That's why I'm so strongly in favour, not of taking women out of the labour force, but of getting them moving along more satisfactorily in it, and providing facilities for the care of their children if they really want to work outside the home. Even lower income women who work outside the home because they *have* to sometimes want to. The idea of four walls, particularly the four walls they might have, isn't all that attractive. A married professional person particularly has a lot more juggling and arranging to do. For middle and upper middle class women I think the problems are probably somewhat greater than they have been with me.

But there are things you have when you're a single person that they don't have; what I should say is that there are difficulties for the single woman that the married man or single man doesn't have. In politics, for example, you do everything. With Simon Fraser you worry as much about the house, and how we're going to furnish it, and the fact that I've got to go out and get some clothes, and the fact that I've got decisions to make about a cook-housekeeper. At the same time, I'm

worrying about how to settle the censure issue and worrying about the faculty. A single man would probably just turn the house over to somebody as far as he could. Look at the wives of politicians, they do half the work. Most of my married friends with kids have housekeepers. I've been very interested in this because I'm probably going to have a housekeeper. Because women are not used to employing people, they are apparently very bad employers. I'm going to try to be sure not to be guilty of that.

What pleases me most about some of the young people I see coming along is the degree to which they are both continuing careers, having children and really sharing. If they really do share the household and the children as much as they share their careers, then I think that's the most marvellous thing of all. That kind of thing was of course much less heard of even ten years ago.

A few years ago you said that as an MP you found that when a

woman took a stand people thought she was being shrill but that a man could quite easily take a stand. Do you think that now women's opinions are being taken more seriously or do you think that basically there is still an attitude that a woman can't have strong opinions?


There clearly is a residue still of irritation with the woman who is persistently pushy. Some women have it too. But I don't think it's anything like it was. I really do see changes in the last five years.

Do you attribute this to the women's liberation movement?

I think the women's liberation movement has had a great deal to with it. I read Simone de Beauvoir when she first came out, which was years ago, and was quite moved by that. She has changed and in a sense become more liberated too. But I think that the movement, the idea of people getting together and really making issues, not just one woman alone being "shrill" but masses of them, has had a tremendously important effect. ***

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perspectives



The Peddle: The '70's divorce and how to survive it.

by Carla Van Oyen Wensel

When you're left up the creek of life alone with your children it's a sink or swim situation, right? Wrong. It doesn't have to be. You can move along fine. All you need is know-how, and that is what this article is all about. I'm handing you an all-important tool and some guidelines on how to use it.

In this article I intend to expose the hazards and uncertainties which cannot be minimized if you decide to turn your life around. But the change could be exciting and personally rewarding. There is an alternative for those who have felt bound to their obviously dead marriages. There *is* a choice for those who desire a change. When you are no longer trapped in an atmosphere of arguments, accusations

and tension, you can begin again. Combining motherhood with a career is one alternative to a life of desperation.

Many nights I tossed and turned away the hours. Sleep couldn't rescue me from the miserable knowledge that my husband didn't love me anymore. I would say to myself, "Here I am, forty-two years old, now what.....?" Staring at the dim ceiling I saw my once-bright ambitions and hopes for a great future drift away like clouds in a stormy night sky. How can one sacrifice all those years of hard work and hardship during the early years of marriage? How can you sacrifice the entire emotional investment?

While in one of those moods of black despair, very much aware of the

routine and mundane quality of life, it struck me that it was about time I did two things: I had to take a hard, objective look in the mirror, and I had to take a look around, dust off some of those earlier dreams and take positive action. Perhaps there was a way of escape or a way to move toward a more dignified life.

After the umpteenth argument I had lost all confidence in myself. If anything saved me, it was the knowledge that a few years before marriage I had had a rather successful career, and that with some effort and willpower I would be able to get a job again. Less than a month later I became a senior secretary. It wasn't long before I changed from a timid woman who didn't believe in herself to

a confident, capable human being.

The first thing I did was replenish my miserably outdated wardrobe, choosing each and every item with care and forethought. Believing that I was worth more than the job I had, I registered for night classes in business administration at the local college. These courses proved to be a double bonus. Not only did they get the mind into sharp focus, but the developing expertise derived from the lectures, case studies, et cetera, gave the extra self-confidence so badly needed after a period of emotional and physical upheaval. This in turn enables me to handle a highly competitive job market.

It is impossible to state exactly what a person wants for herself and her family when she begins the process of self-realization. The process is different for each person, and it is a continuing process. All along the way a person changes, the family changes, and previously unimagined goals appear. It was as if I had been handed the role of wife and mother in a drama in which I felt trapped. I felt I did not want to play anymore, but I didn't know how to get out of the situation.

By exploring the history of man, I began to look upon my husband and children as ordinary people. This, in turn, enabled me to create a new distance, new relationship in which I felt free to refuse guilt whenever someone tried to make me feel it. Consequently I stopped the self-defeating process of blame. This newly-acquired philosophy helped me to carry on with objectivity. I began to see my marriage as a victim of its class, its circumstances and its time. I also realized that if I didn't save myself, no one else would. Having become fully aware of the situation, I knew I had to take the first step of confrontation and active change. My feelings about myself had changed when I got back into paid labour and had accumulated a bank account. My relationship with members of my family had also changed. After several months I was in a position to negotiate with my husband. Instead of asking, "What do you want of me now?" I was able to state, "This is what I want of you now."

When in September 1973, after I had been working six months, my husband consented to a separation, I

felt great relief at first. My next feeling was absolute fright. I was worried that the children and I wouldn't be able to live on my take home pay, which was then \$435 a month, plus \$24 a month in federal family allowance and \$200 a month child support. But we coped with our changed economic situation. I say "we" because you definitely need the full cooperation of your children.

Since my husband had taken the family car with him, the first major purchase had to be a car. After serious consideration of the pros and cons of borrowing money from the bank, we decided to shop for a second-hand car, the search for which took me six weeks. In the meantime I walked to and from work. The distance was only two and a half miles, and on bad days I took cabs. It took five days for my muscles to get used to the daily exercise. After a fortnight I noticed I had walked some inches off my hips and thighs - quelle bonus! This spring I will leave my car in the garage and begin my daily walks again.

If divorce, separation or desertion is imminent, a woman should take some steps to protect herself. Since men are better equipped and encouraged by society to be financially independent, I think a woman left on her own, with or without children, should be prepared for the upcoming battle. And a battle it is, make no mistake about it. Any military strategist or historian will tell you that when you are outnumbered and overpowered by the enemy, you aren't necessarily outmanoeuvred. If you say that some of the elements of my guerilla strategy aren't altogether cricket, think again. Haven't you heard the saying "All's fair in love and war."? "In order to obtain an honourable peace, one has to be able to negotiate on strength." Making use of so-called famous quotes by men gives me a perverse pleasure, especially when by using them one can beat men at their own game.

Some of the following tips are mine and some are from Dr. H.B. Lyman, author of that most helpful book, *Single Again*.

1. Be a real penny pincher and start your own secret savings account.
2. Start buying necessities and clothing for yourself and the children, particularly business clothes, on your husband's credit cards.
3. Visit your dentist. Now.
4. If things come to a head unex-

pectedly, drop everything, get all the money out of the joint account and put it in your secret account. Place stocks, bonds, securities and everything concerning the house in a safety deposit box, in *your* name. Seizing these assets does not mean that you will be able to keep them all. This is merely an effort on your part to be in an improved bargaining position to safeguard your family's interests. The extra money will help keep you afloat until you have an income of your own.

5. Change the locks on your doors. When you go away for the weekend or on holiday, be sure to inform your neighbours and the police.

6. Some women still believe they are members of the weaker or gentler sex. "Forget it" would be the best advice. "Offence is the best defence." Don't let your husband bully you. Find out what your legal rights are. Stick up for yourself and the children. Remember this is a war and you are in it to win. Psych yourself into being a tough woman. You have to be tough to cope with the nastiness that will be hurled your way. If you have a husband who occasionally stoops to physical violence and you can't match his muscle power, pick up a heavy object and deal him the first blow. Then call the police and have him hauled away as a trespasser. Passive resistance stinks. Passive anything stinks. It's phoney and you know it.

7. Throughout, remember your children's emotional needs. Their well-being hinges on your attitude, strength of character, your ability to coolly take over the reins. At all times think positively. It will make the children feel confident and secure about the future. If you are constantly miserable, tearful and hysterical, your children will be sure to follow your example.

During the past months I have come to realize that women have greater strength in dealing with the single status. Usually men do not start divorce action until they have another woman to whom they can turn. A large number of men will seek a new mate from matters of convenience, and for reasons I can't possibly express better than Judy Syfers did in her article "I Want a Wife", whereas women seek and obtain divorces without giving a thought to another man.

I think women are better able to fend for themselves. If you are a single

parent with young children, you have an advantage over others. I know that many single mothers will disagree with me here, they will say that they get the short end of the stick because Dad can easily play the good guy. He is able to spoil the kids rotten during his one day a week. Think positively. Look forward to spending one day a week by yourself. Do what you want. Sleep if you must. Read the interesting books and journals you never seem to have time for. Do anything but feel sorry for yourself.

Some of your friends and neighbours will act differently toward you. Understand that they need time to adjust to the changes in your family situation. Many of them will be shocked and will try hard to get you and your husband back together again. They mean well, but don't let them talk you into a reunion. The fact that you are free and obviously capable of taking care of your children is quite

upsetting. They hadn't thought it was possible. Most people would like to blame someone in a situation like this, especially if their own situations aren't too happy.

One of the greatest things about being single again is that you don't have to compete with the Joneses any more. You are exempt from many expenditures and the recipient of much practical help and advice. Many people are charitable if given the chance.

By now the reader must have gathered that I believe in self-reliance with a goal of autonomy. There is definitely no fulfillment through

someone else's life. And although it is still a man's world, more and more options for women are becoming available. However, the majority of women are and will be financially raped by a society in which the leaders and their followers have been conditioned to think in terms of male and female roles. But women can fight back by learning the ropes, by seeking expert advice and by demanding a better deal, now! Total gratification requires total freedom, and total freedom requires economic freedom. Sexist attitudes limit that freedom, but enlightenment is the first step toward change and autonomy. ***

"Perspectives" is a new column for *Branching Out*. We invite readers to submit accounts of their experiences as women and as people in today's world. Topics are flexible; statements about both the joys and the problems of living are welcomed. We see this column as one way women can help each other solve the problems common to us all, and as a medium for sharing their pleasures and triumphs.

CULLEN — cont. from p. 11

3. that a standard for screening of texts be established by the Alberta Human Rights Branch and the Curriculum Branch of the Department of education,

4. that textbooks that cannot be revised be dropped from the curriculum,

5. that new material be incorporated into the curriculum where omission and imbalance exist. The ultimate solution will be new textbooks that cover all topics adequately, however the need for short term supplements should be made clear to those who choose and commission texts. ***

INKSTER — cont. from p. 15

indeed think in sexual stereotypes. The old ideas that women are silly, talkative, fluffy, dumb and suited only to be housewives or at best nurses, appeared to be held by both boys and girls. In fact in many cases, the girls were less egalitarian in their thinking than the boys.

Children are exposed to sex stereotypes long before they learn to read. The attitude of friends, family and television are some of the influences which have already begun the process of socialization. School readers convey official approval since they are used in public schools where atten-

dance is compulsory to a certain age. They are presented to children within a context of authority and every child must read them. While no definite assertions about their effect can be made, we cannot afford to passively accept the continued use of sex-stereotyped readers in our schools. ***

cont. from p. 5

Career Awareness and Opportunities for Girls in an Opportunities for Youth project based in Kingston, Ontario. The first part of their project involved presentations in local high schools about careers. Although they encouraged girls to consider careers according to their individual interests, they found that most high school girls were not planning a career outside the home. Yet statistics show that the average high school girl will work twenty-five years and that at least one-third of married women in Ontario today work outside the home.

In connection with this, the Career Awareness project undertook a study of Career Games Laboratory (Manufacturers No. 20-31) which claims to be a game intended to help students select a career. For girls, they contend, it is more a lesson in accepting discrimination than in career planning. A list of sexist remarks from the game has been compiled (Sample: "Supermarket chains offer special

management opportunities for men and some women do outstanding jobs as checkers.") to show that although the game could be helpful in persuading girls to follow their interests, it encourages them to go into dead-end jobs.

cont. on p. 44

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ENCORE

I dance a high wire
with no net to catch me.
Before — as my jewels sparkled merrily
and the crowd cheered wildly
I danced my life with a laugh
above the safety of a net.

That net is gone now
as are the jewels and crowds,
The lines are tauter, higher,
than they have ever been.
The final fall teases me mercilessly,
the peace of no farewell, the finale.
A small crowd of two
keeps me performing endlessly.

miriam mandel

Branching Out receives manuscripts from all over the country, from both established writers and new writers. We are pleased that the response is so great, and hope it will continue to grow. Because of the time required to read, discuss and respond to manuscripts (it is part of our policy to make critical comments where possible, rather than just send rejection and acceptance slips) writers should expect a delay of six to eight weeks before they hear from us. Manuscripts should be typed, double-spaced, on one side of 8½ x 11 white paper, and accompanied by a stamped, self-addressed envelope. Please keep a copy; in spite of our efforts, accidents do occasionally happen. We return artwork and photography that we have used after it is printed. For more information, please write to *Branching Out*, Editorial Board, P.O. Box 4098, Edmonton, Alberta T6E 4T1.

cont. from p. 48

AUDREY WATSON

Originally a native of England, Audrey Watson has lived in Canada for 17 years. Her work as a freelance artist includes watercolour, line drawings and batik. Several years ago she and a friend opened a multi-media coffee house in Edmonton, the Albany Three, which featured poetry, music, paintings and crafts. Although the Albany has now temporarily suspended operations, Audrey is confident they will find a suitable location and the money they need to reopen. "But I'm not an entrepreneur," she stresses, "there has to be experimentation."

EUNICE WILLAR

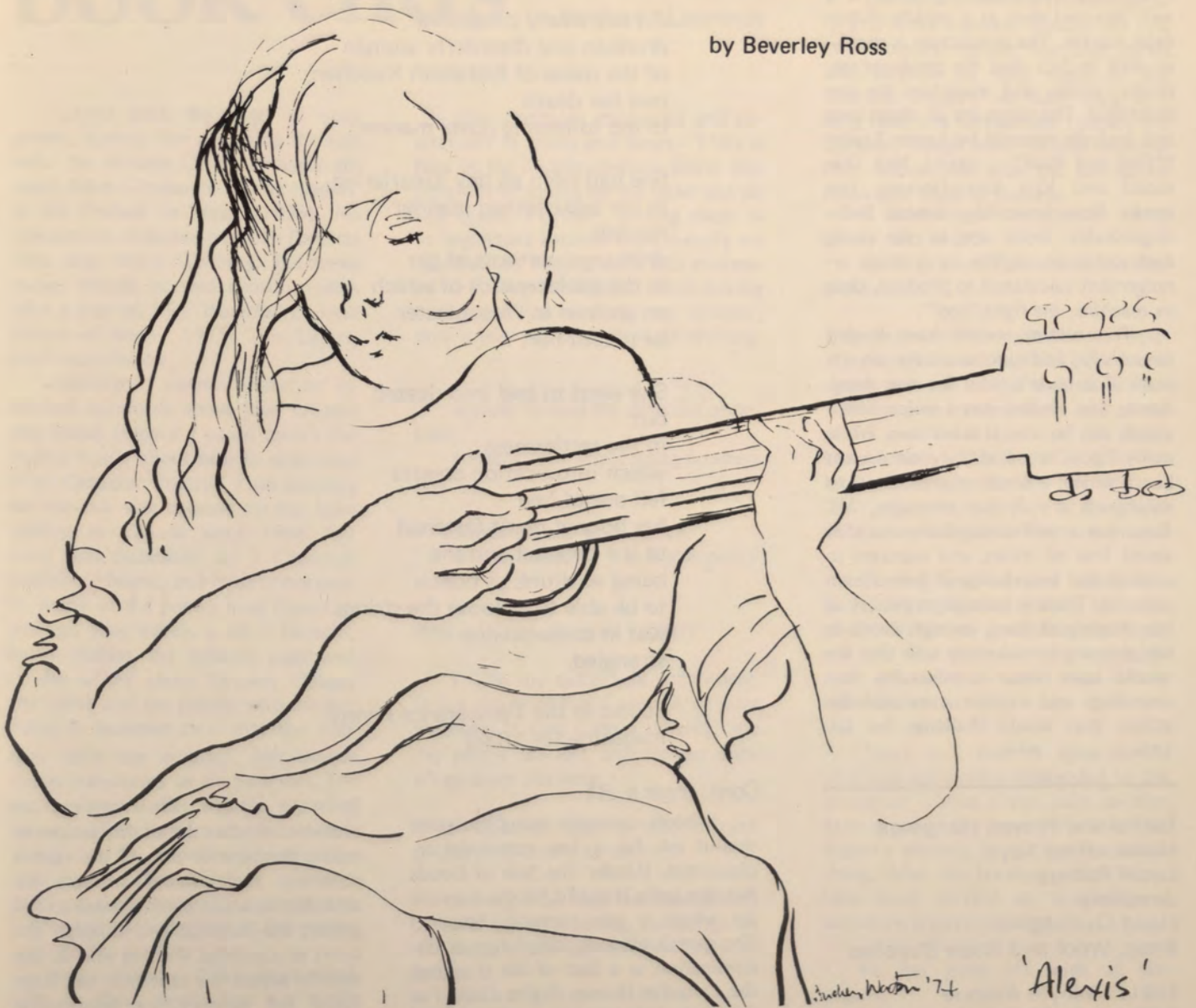
Eunice Willar's home is twenty-two miles outside Saint John, along the rocky coastline of the Bay of Fundy. She studied Fine and Applied Arts at the Saint John Vocational School, but as a photographer she is largely self-taught. She has been actively engaged in photography as an art form for the past five years. She has had her work exhibited at a number of galleries in New Brunswick. Her work experience — mainly portraiture — includes everything from Rock Star to President of the Canadian Bar Association.

At press time there was no biographical information available for Linda Cullen.

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women in music:

by Beverley Ross



Alexis Radlin "Alexis" Mushroom MRS 5001
Ginette Reno "Touching Me, Touching You" Parrot PAS 71058

The review this issue features two albums by Canadian women. Alexis Radlin is a singer-songwriter from Vancouver. Ginette Reno, originally from Montreal, performs internationally in clubs and on television. "Alexis" is Ms. Radlin's first album; "Touching Me, Touching You" is Ms. Reno's third.

Alexis Radlin sings in her own voice. It is full and surprisingly agile for its size, but most significantly there is nothing slick about it. Flavoured with unusual pronunciation and a "heavy-headed" quality, it gives Ms. Radlin's vocals a realness which is often hard to maintain on a recording.

This voice and the material chosen for the album are responsible for the fact that it is notable among many lifeless albums in the "Canadian female vocalist" category.

All the songs on the album are Ms. Radlin's own and she moves through an intriguing variety of topics, from madness to war babies to death. She plays the guitar and piano, backed by a prestigious assortment of musicians. Unfortunately, the whole effort (especially the first side) suffers from overproduction. Too many of the tracks rise too quickly into the fullness of horn section and chorus, obscuring

by this sameness the individuality that Ms. Radlin wrote into each song. "St. Loretta's Blues" is my favorite track, probably because it is allowed to progress in a manner which is natural to the song itself, with a solo sax line playing off the vocal. On the other hand, I wish that "Do As You Will" (which has a melody well matched to the emotions of the lyrics) had been rescued from overworked orchestration.

In spite of this, Ms. Radlin, in her songs and her voice, offers more than enough in this first album to promise a second well worth watching for.

ROSS cont. from p. 43

Ginette Reno's latest release, "Touching Me, Touching You" is a well directed shot at a middle-of-the-road market. The production is slick — so slick in fact that the producer, arranger, studio and musicians are unidentified. The songs are all about love and include material by James Taylor ("Fire and Rain" — again), Neil Diamond and Kris Kristofferson. The tracks flow smoothly, almost indistinguishably from one to the next, each coloured slightly by a plush arrangement calculated to produce, *deus ex machina*, the right "feel".

This album would have landed tiresomely and unobtrusively on its mark if it hadn't been for one thing. Reno, like Radlin, has a voice which stands out because it *is* her own. While many "pop" vocalists rely on devices like a whine, a break or breathiness to emphasize the lyrical messages, Ms. Reno has a well controlled voice that seems free of tricks, and manages to exceed the boundaries of her chosen material. There is enough originality in her shaping of lines, enough depth in her phrasing to make one wish that she would leave these comfortable surroundings and explore a musical direction that would challenge her talents. ***

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met her death
in the following novel manner:

She had been all day luxuriating
in her accustomed manner
namely
drinking quarterns of gin
in the performance of which
no woman in Westminster
surpassed her.

She went to bed intoxicated
but
in the restlessness
which intoxication creates
fell out of bed
her bonnet being fastened
to the bedpost and she
being so drunk as not
to be able to unloose the strings
was in consequence
strangled.

(found in the Temperance Penny
magazine for 1838)

Cont. from p. 41

Schools currently using the game should ask for a free non-sexist replacement. (Under The Sale of Goods Act the game is not fit for the purpose for which it was expressly bought.) The game's obvious acceptance of discrimination as a fact of life is against the Canadian Human Rights Code. For further information write Career Awareness and Opportunities for Girls, 110 Queen St., Kingston, Ontario.

Rape Relief of Vancouver is a newly-formed group of women who have come together to provide support

for rape victims. Their services are available whether the victim decides to report the rape or not. If the rape is reported, Rape Relief workers are available to accompany women to the police, the hospital and through the court proceedings. Women who do not wish to report the rape may call Rape Relief for support, for information and for referral to appropriate medical facilities. Rape Relief can also file a third-party report. For further information contact Rape Relief, 4197 John St., Vancouver, B.C. Phone 874-7911. ***

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book ends

by Karen Lawrence

'...hold back the edges of your gowns, Ladies, we are going through hell.' So William Carlos Williams advised Allen Ginsberg's 'gentle readers' in his Preface to *Howl* (1956). No comparison intended between Paulette Jiles and Allen Ginsberg, but *something* should be said before readers take a trip on Jiles' *Waterloo Express* (House of Anansi, 1973). This, Ladies, is a Fancy Dancer.

Although I cannot make an informed statement about Jiles' citizenship status (even if I could there's the endless hassle about how to determine if it's Canadian Poetry), I am claiming her for our side because she has been writing in Canada since 1968, her book was published by a Canadian publishing house, and most importantly, many of the poems have Canadian settings. Jiles travels a lot — Ontario, Spain, Kansas, the Atlantic coast and as she writes about faraway villages and cities and the people who inhabit them, it becomes clear that the map sure ain't the country. Her unique vision transforms all that she sees. The poet explores that slightly sickening mixture of excitement and fear experienced by the traveller encountering new places. That which is commonplace to the natives may seem bizarre and not quite believable to the person seeing it for the first time.

Some travellers focus single-mindedly on their destination not really caring how they get there, whereas some of Jiles' best poems indicate that getting there is more than 'half the fun' - it *is* the experience. She speaks intimately about the Waterloo Express, 'big and important with its / glass eye, the eye of a fanatic', about the Kenora bus, the buses to Montreal and Winnipeg - 'the Winnipeg bus will abandon you on the highway and go on' - and she finds herself 'bracketed between / declarations of love and disgust for the Vancouver bus'. There are also some hitchhiking poems -

It was the talk of the highway that led me here,
a ribbon unfolding - it was so sure and blue, I knew
it would never do in anybody

Jiles exults in the speed and excitement of trains and buses - 'I like it here in the middle element where this / express is ripping up the dawn like an old ticket'. For her, 'getting there' is so important because there is really no destination; this theme is best expressed in 'Flying Dutchman', where having no destination induces no anxiety, only a lazy contentment with drifting:

.....I
wander around the deserted decks;
I am
content, this ship's going nowhere fast.

Surely no one waits for us,
we have neither jobs nor expectations.

And in 'Buses, she goes further:

I wish my ticket said somewhere.
It is a ticket of fate I got out of a fat machine. It says I am a hillbilly, and my people are lost, and the bus doesn't go there anymore.

A ticket of fate - in 'ode to frank silvera', bill bissett wrote

yu might say that fate is whats left
aftr yu do nothing. yu can go on
alone with all th mysteries of being.

Jiles does go on alone, and fate is being caught between coming from nowhere and having no destination. She speaks in some of these poems of homesickness.

I have wanted to go home even though the officials
have asked me where I lived and I had no answer.

You take your head with you wherever you go, and the poet not only wanders 'around among contrary peoples / with dark histories', but explores her own interior landscape. Amidst all the strangeness she is becoming strange to herself; she feels even her identity is doubtful whenever she shows her passport, 'a jumbled

mass / of notes, greasy and frayed on the edges.'

The book is divided chronologically into three sections. Though the first two sections explode like land mines and surprise us with some of the flashiest imagery we have seen in a long time, the last section couples the dynamic image with painful exploration, encounters with the self which often take place in solitude.

I came here to practice being lonely, and ended
up with myself, a complete stranger.

Jiles examines the male-female relationship in various stages of growth and decay, and the self, in and out of tune with its own existence. In one of the earlier poems she spoke of her childhood which within her skin 'solidifies into a hieroglyph'. In this section, 'Fish' takes a closer look at the grown child, examining its own components:

Coming unglued and falling into perfectly segmented pieces, you discover what it was you used to be made out of. Our parents have a joiner's craft and some are better than others, some are worse.

There is a man in these poems who has apparently responded to the invitation 'c'mon c'mon take another little piece of my heart now baby' (in Joplin's phrase) by eating the whole thing. After the breakup, when things have been divvied up unequally as somehow always happens,

he has gone off with all the organs,
and i am left without a heart.

Jiles writes, in 'One Man Gone', of the need to seclude the self, to perform the healing ritual alone, perfectly, to make oneself and one's parts *work* again.

Today at the cove
I made plans to abduct my existence
into depths where anyone cannot reach me.
I become elastic.
Like a cured paralytic,
I found I could move
without embarrassment.

Like the skin on boiled milk, what we call reality lies lightly on the

surface of the phenomenal world; sometimes we are able to scoop it aside to reveal other worlds, other realities. Some people prefer to leave the skin on, to see the unknown only in terms of the known; and the linguistic and mental habits which they share with others usually assure them that the consensus they seek for their experience exists, that they are safe, for a while anyhow. Paulette Jiles does not play safe, finds no comfort in safety. She speaks of the hope that 'this world / might be less normal than it appeared.' She is uncompromisingly honest, so the poems provide no cosy niches into which we can crawl and hide. She asserts, in 'Carlton and Parliament',

This is the fine grey line
between truth
and someone else's facts.

In 'Schooner Cove', the poet describes her showdown with loneliness. She finds in solitude something bigger, the fear of what happens when the world begins to leak at the seams,

when the 'sea rocks reveal their histories.../ the mussels would throw open their ridiculous mouths / and laugh in little screeches'. She does not back off; there are some scary encounters, some close calls, but at the end of the poem when she asks 'Would you have ...turned your head out to cure / in the salty and abrasive air / of pure insanity?', we feel that she has won this round, in spite of her ambivalence.

We have travelled so far,
from indifference to discovery.
We have become larger and more
desperate
than the government itself.

So what's wrong with the book? Well, there are some typos, and even more irritating, no table of contents, Fault Anansi. And I would fault Jiles when she becomes a little too insistent. In several poems she repeats 'I never asked for it', 'I never chose it'. So who said you did? I mean, why so defensive? There are also some problems of form; in some cases it seems that the poet has not wrestled her

words and images into the best possible form. Poems like 'Far and Scattered Are the Tribes That Industrialization Has Left Behind' are simply too full, too exhausting, and she needs to decide in such cases what is necessary to the poem and what must be left out or saved for another statement. But on the whole, *Waterloo Express* is an unbelievably solid first book; this review has not even touched on the self-mocking humour of 'Body' and 'The Brass Atlas', the rich fantasy of 'Rock Climbing', the watercolour portrait of 'Peasant Couple'. Some readers of Jiles say that her poems are too much, the images and questions and shocks gather so much momentum that they simply bowl the reader over and she can only lie there, too drained to get up and go at it again. Personally I like my poetry cluttered, a little junky; you can keep returning to these poems for surprises, new bars to swing on, solid chunks of images to roll around in your mouth like hardballs. And like hardballs, Paulette Jiles' poems have somatic substance - they last - you get your money's worth. ***

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10. If yes to the above, how many?

what ages?
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 - \$15,000-20,000
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 - no

13. Indicate your educational level.

Please check twice if still attending.

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14. How many people besides yourself read this copy of *Branching Out*?

For the following questions, please continue your answers on a separate piece of paper if necessary.

15. Which article in this issue of *Branching Out* did you like most?

Which article did you like least?

16. What would you like to see in future issues of *Branching Out*? Suggest topics for articles, interviews, et cetera.

17. Why do you read *Branching Out*?

18. Any other comments?

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people in this issue

LINDA DONNELLY

Linda Donnelly is a free-lance artist and illustrator living in Edmonton. She illustrated *Fresh Fish ... and Chips* which is one of the books on our Books for Children list.

VIVIAN FRANKEL

Vivian Frankel is an Ottawa based freelance photographer. She studied photography at Algonquin College and has done commission work, child studies, photo-journalism and documentary photography. Last year she had an exhibition in Ottawa entitled "Woman Being". Through her camera lens she tries to express the viewpoint of women in all areas of human experience.

JOAN HALL

Joan Hall lives in Lethbridge, Alberta. She graduated from the University of Alberta with a major in art, and later attended the Ontario College of Art. She has had work in various galleries in Alberta and British Columbia.

BARBARA HARTMANN

Barbara Hartmann has studied art in Edmonton. She enjoys making quick sketches of the people around her.

ISABEL HUGGAN

Isabel Huggan lives near Belleville, Ontario. She writes fiction as well as poetry and is currently working on a collection of seven short stories concerned with women who have reached points in their lives at which they must make decisions. Her interest lies in the process of escaping the passivity that has kept women captive in the past. She is 30, a former book editor, and ex-English teacher, and presently a writer for the women's pages of the local daily paper.

KAREN LAWRENCE

Karen Lawrence came to Edmonton one year ago to study at The University of Alberta. A small collection of her poems was published by Black Moss press in 1973; her poetry and reviews have appeared in *White Pelican*, *America*, *Mainline* and *Black Moss*.

BRENDA INKSTER

Brenda Inkster studies biology at McGill University. She spent the summer working as a research assistant in meteorology.

MIRIAM MANDEL

Miriam Mandel is an Edmonton poet. Her first book, *Lions at her Face*, received the Governor General's Award for poetry in 1974.

CARLA VAN OYEN WENSEL

Carla Van Oyen Wensel is a free-lance writer and the mother of two children. She feels free to live as she chooses — with her children's support and blessings. In addition to holding a full-time job, she is writing her first book and attending night classes in business administration. She lives in Dollard des Ormeaux, Quebec.

ADA NANNING

Ada Nanning immigrated to Canada from Holland in 1951. She took extension courses in art at The University of Alberta and taught children at the Edmonton Art Gallery for seven years. Though she is right-handed, she often does left-handed drawings because she feels these results are more spontaneous. The drawing inside the front cover is a left-handed drawing. Ms. Nanning presently teaches English to new Canadians.

GEORGINA WYMAN

Georgina Wyman lives in Ottawa, where she is actively involved in community projects like setting up a day care centre and writing for the community newspaper *Glebe Report*.

VIRGINIA NAEVE

Virginia Naeve is both an artist and a writer. She has written about children since 1962; her earlier works include *Changeover* and a book on Hiroshima. She lives in North Hatley, Quebec.

VIBEKE OHM

Vibeke Ohm is a Vancouver writer, formerly a free-lance journalist. She has had stories published in *Wascana*, *Review* and *Islands*. She has just completed a novel which is as yet unpublished.

HARRY RENSBY

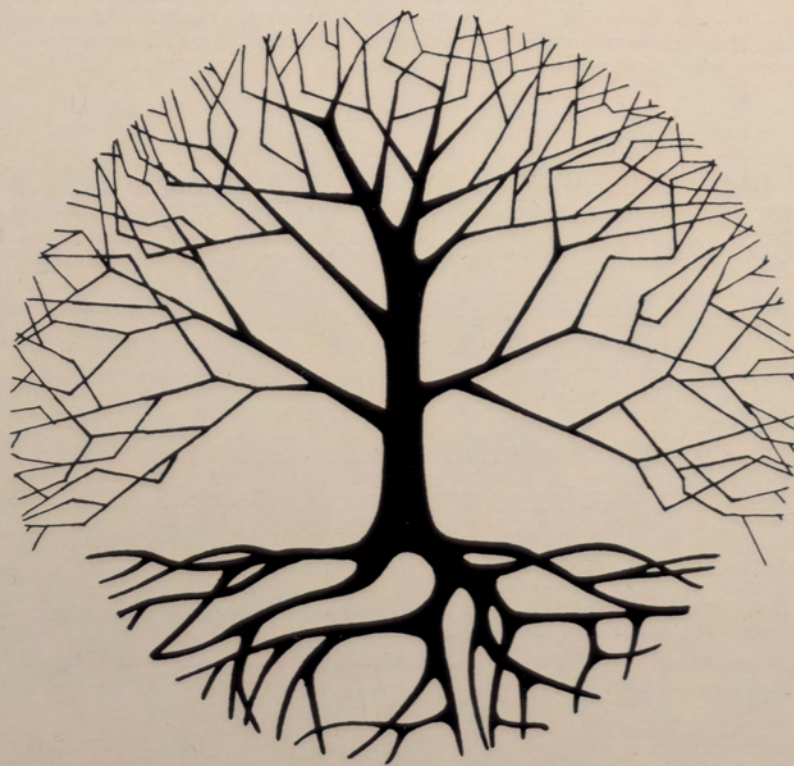
Harry Rensby is a poet who also writes prose. When in need of money, he works as a free-lance journalist and at editing. While living in Greece he wrote a novel which is as yet unpublished.

HELEN J. ROSTA

Helen J. Rosta is a social worker with the Edmonton Public School Board. She generally writes adult fiction which has been published in various literary magazines.

ELLIE TESHER

Ellie Teshler plans to return to university in September to continue her post-graduate work in sociology. She has worked as a case worker and has worked in small group dynamics in family life seminars. She expresses her appreciation of people through humour and analysis in the written and spoken word. Ms. Teshler is married and has two children.



Branching Out logo by Linda Donnelly

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