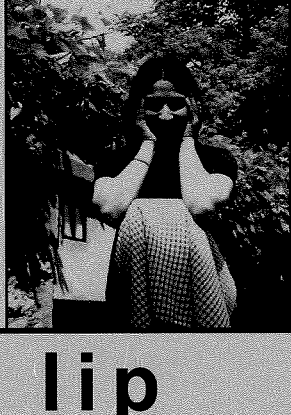
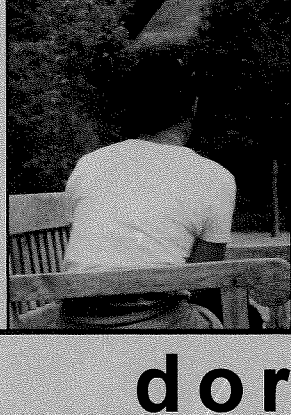
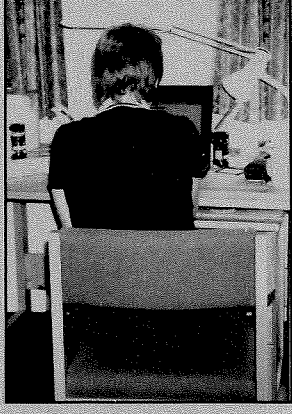
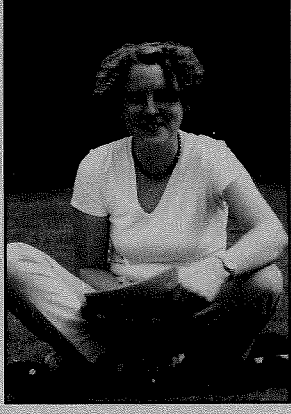
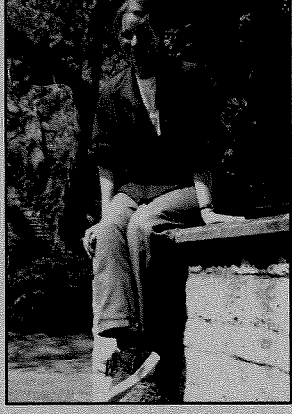
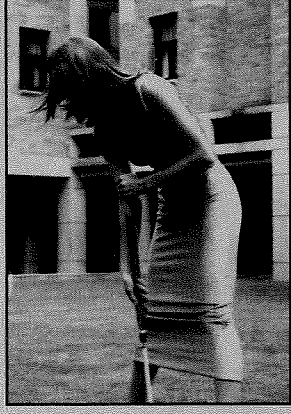
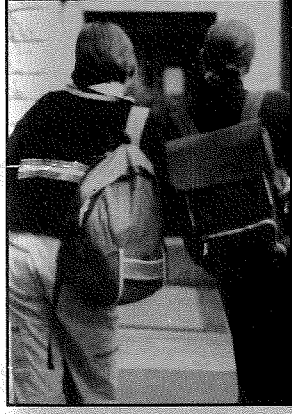
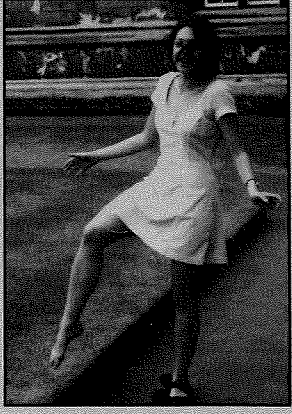
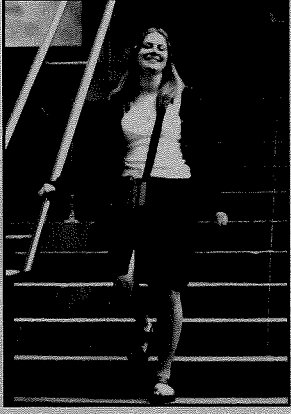
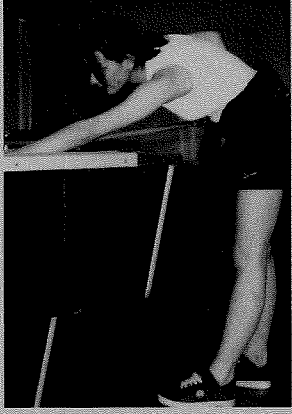
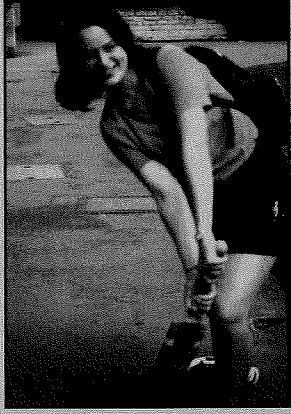
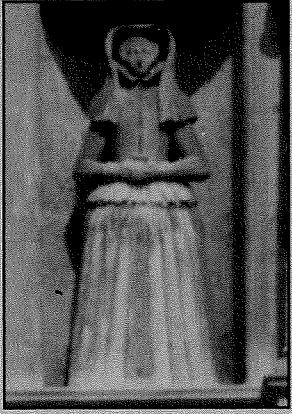
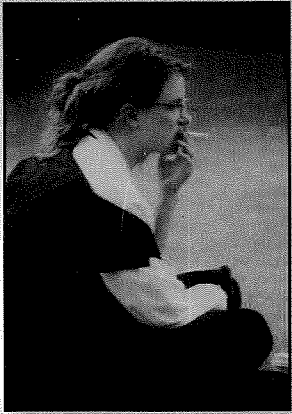
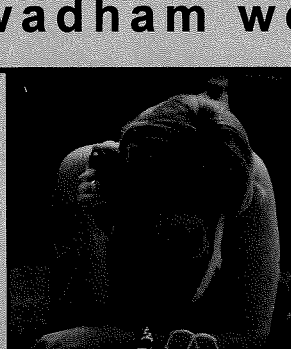
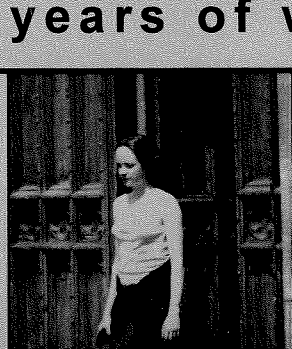
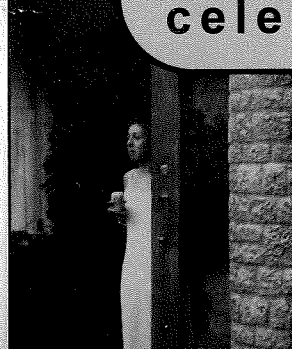


1999



dorothy's lip
celebrating 25 years of wadham women



editorial

Can you imagine your college without women? Men have been at Wadham for 386 years; women have been here for twenty-five. This year is our silver anniversary. Yet after just twenty-five years, it is impossible to imagine Wadham without women. We are as integral to the fabric of college life as is the statue of Dorothy Wadham to the architecture of front quad. Just as it is impossible to imagine Wadham without women, it is impossible to imagine women without Wadham. Women without the opportunity to receive an education; women without the jobs that follow a good education; women without the intellectual excellence that an education provides.

The creation of this magazine always provides an opportunity to review the position of women both in Wadham and in general. Writing this editorial was a difficult but ultimately rewarding experience. The attempt to incorporate the diverse views of so many editors meant that we had to thrash out a lot of key issues. In the process we discovered that despite our differences we all strongly agreed on one common objective: that the term feminism has to be cleaned up. We all felt that feminism has been given a bad press, so that we now not only have to work for equality but also to counteract hostile attitudes. We hope that the diversity and originality of the articles in this edition will encourage our readers to engage positively with the issues raised.

This year is also the fifth edition of Dorothy's Lip. In five years it has evolved into a college institution and we hope that Wadham will soon be unimaginable not only without women but also without Dorothy's Lip.

This year not only have we had an editorial team of unprecedented size (not that size matters) but we have also opened an official Dorothy's Lip bank account. We now have a room and a purse of our own.

We're here. It is our silver anniversary. Feminism brought us here, not passively to enjoy its benefits, but actively to acknowledge it and take it further.



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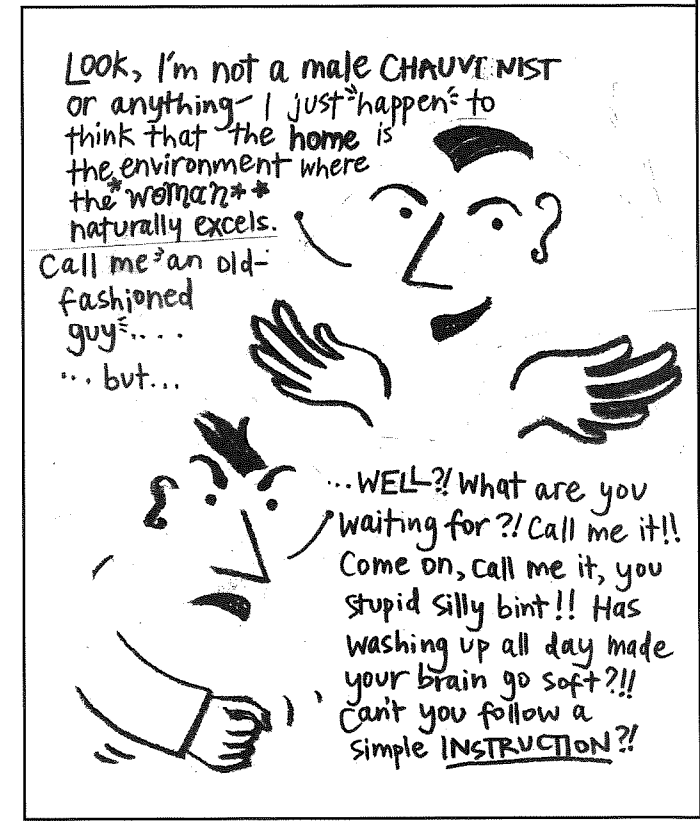
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su jordan

unattributed pictures were produced collectively by wadham women's group

please note that the views expressed in the magazine are not necessarily those of the editors

d e t e r m i n e d c h a r i t y

What do you see yourself doing when you're 75?

Clucking at hordes of grandchildren? Sitting on a deck chair, with husband, watching the sunset? Lying back in a chaise lounge with someone feeding you grapes? Or how about founding, building, constituting, regulating and governing an Oxford college?

And, if you'd like to make it even more difficult, how about carrying this out just after your husband has died, whilst being accused of embezzlement by a colleague, dealing with a bossy brother who'd quite like to do the job for you, and being involved in a legal battle with relatives who'd like to stop you. Nicholas Wadham died in October 1609, making Dorothy Wadham his executor; as she says "by former and often private speeches with me.... not long before he died did allow me the priority in the managing of this business". Nicholas Wadham had decided, by the time of his death, to found a college in Oxford, and if this was not possible, to settle money on selected colleges. Within a month after his death Dorothy had already written a letter to the Lord Chancellor asking for his support. Despite her speed in initiating proceedings, however, the preparations were far from simple.

She was rapidly accused of pilfering by Sir John Davis, a fellow executor of Nicholas Wadham. She reacted angrily against the claim that she had misused funds set aside for the college, stating that "I would rather leave a poor and mean estate to myself than anything shall be wanting for the well effecting" of the college.

Soon after this her brother, Lord John Petre, wrote to her, offering to undertake sole responsibility for the foundation of the college. Dorothy responded stubbornly: "I shall lie open to be condemned if I should commit wholly to the trust of another which my dear husband has solely and absolutely trusted me with". Her brother also warned her against throwing her own money into the project. Again she refused to change her position, saying that if all the estates that Nicholas had left to be sold for the college did not provide enough money then she would be forced to "supply out of my own private store". By May 1611 Dorothy had put £4,000 of her own money into the building of the college. In 1614, when it was in financial difficulties, she gave more than half of the revenue of her lands in Essex to the college despite further opposition from her brother. Some of these revenues are still in the college's possession today.

Other relatives went beyond simple advice, resorting to legal action in an attempt to influence Dorothy. In 1611 Nicholas Wadham's first cousin, Edward Wadham, took up litigation against her, claiming that lands due to be sold for the college were in fact entailed to him. This suit was pronounced unsuccessful by an order of May 1611, opening the way for Dorothy to found the college in accordance with the wishes of her dead husband.

As a result of Dorothy's letter to the Lord Chancellor, the Attorney-General was instructed in the spring of 1610 to create a trust in Dorothy's name for the "erection and endowment of Wadham College". Dorothy, however, had not waited for this formal approval. By the time it was obtained, in July 1610, the site of the new college had already been purchased, and workmen had been engaged. Wadham College was founded on land owned by the city, which the Austin Friars had occupied before their dissolution. The city council seemed determined to push for a high price, but the patronage of James I persuaded them to sell it to Dorothy for the ridiculously low sum of £600, receiving in return the right to nominate a fellow and two scholars to the college.

The foundation stone of Wadham College was laid on 31st of July 1610. The first Warden, fellows and scholars were admitted in April 1613, less than four years after Nicholas Wadham had died. Perhaps this would be the time for Dorothy to sit back, and reflect on her amazing achievement. Unlikely. Dorothy continued to dominate college life for the next five years. She clung to her right to nominate all positions named in the statutes she had written, from the Warden to the cook. She covertly supplanted her brother's choice of Warden, appointing her favourite, Robert Wright, instead. When her brother maintained that she had approved his decision, she claimed that she must have signed her letter of agreement without reading it, while "my mind was elsewhere". Wright, however, left after three months, unable to cope with Dorothy's level of involvement in the college. Not only did Dorothy criticise, monitor and oversee, she also enabled, contributing special funds for library expenses and giving a substantial sum for the first college Christmas feast.

Dorothy Wadham eventually died in 1618, at the age of 84. Despite considerable opposition from many quarters, in a remarkably short period of time she had founded, built, and constituted, a sizeable Oxford college. Furthermore, she had attempted to build the very character of the college: "Above all things I would have you avoid contentions among yourselves, for without true charity, there cannot be a true society". Wadham College was founded and maintained by Dorothy Wadham's determined charity, and as one of the colleges in Oxford today which has some semblance of a social conscience, perhaps Wadham to some extent exemplifies Dorothy's moral stance. Today, women at Wadham are reputed to be among the most opinionated and prominent in Oxford. Again it appears that Dorothy's influence, which in her lifetime extended beyond her sphere, has also extended far beyond her lifetime. We Wadham women have a hard act to follow.

cat muge

The Admission of Women to Wadham

The Context

Wadham, for once being true to its radical reputation, was one of the five male colleges to admit women in 1974, the first colleges in Oxford ever to become co-educational. Although at the time there were five women's colleges, the system of single sex colleges excluded women because there were so few women's colleges, and no money to expand them or found new ones. The admission of women to male colleges thus massively increased the number of places available to women, and therefore was a triumph for the active feminist movement of the 1970's. The provision of education for women has always been a feminist issue, from the earliest struggles over female literacy during the renaissance to the current debate over sex education. In particular, the inclusion of women in institutions as masculinist as Oxford colleges, which were founded on the notion of male monasticism, was a revolutionary step. The formation at the beginning of the twentieth century of women's colleges in Oxford occurred in the atmosphere of the rising suffragette movement, while the admission of women into previously male colleges was contemporary with the second wave of feminism which reached its peak in the 1970's. Thus the occasions when attention has turned to the issue of women in Oxford have always intersected with periods of feminist activity.

The admission of women was not, however, solely catalysed by a campaign for the further emancipation of women. There were many contextual factors which led to the admission of women. The late 1960's and early 1970's were times of popular unrest, which was also expressed in the student body. The issue of female admission was used as a tool in the JCRs' struggle to gain more influence over the running of the college. Furthermore, the falling popularity of Oxford, which was now in competition with radical, modern universities such as Sussex and East Anglia, led Oxford to consider the acceptance of women as a strategy for its own survival in as intact a form as possible. Indeed, the campaigners for the admission of women were not women, and perhaps not all of them were feminists. These male academics were members of an institution that had initially excluded women, and while some of them were ardent supporters of women's emancipation, many other agendas intersected with the issue. At the time the Principal of St Hughs observed of supporters of the admission of women,

Altruism and self-interest are inextricably mixed.

The Procedure

Although the admission of women was widely debated in Oxford in the late sixties it was Wadham which, at the instigation of the JCR, first initiated an open discussion of the issue, involving all levels of the college population. Ray Ockenden chaired a committee which was commissioned in 1968 to produce a report on the subject. He recalls that the attitude of the faculty towards the issue was one of mild hostility towards a notion that was not considered wrong so much as inconceivable. He admits that he himself was suspicious; however, during the two years of research for the committee's report, he went through a complete change of attitude. He remarks that

Once you have thought the unthinkable, and taken it seriously, it suddenly becomes a real possibility.

In 1972 a largely favourable report was published and well received within Wadham. By far the most persuasive argument was the academic one, the suggestion that there

A Tradition of Transformation

was a reservoir of brilliant females waiting to come up to Oxford and raise the college's position in the Norrington table. Cliff Davies recalls that another aspect of Wadham which made attitudes so favourable was the largely youthful composition of the

faculty. As a result of the report Wadham, along with a group of eight other colleges, collectively known as the "Jesus group", began procedures to change their college statutes in order to allow the admission of women. It would prove more difficult, however, to convince other colleges to consider the unthinkable as a serious possibility. The changing of the statutes was very controversial among other colleges and was debated at length in both Council and Congregation. Dr C. Caine, of St Peters College, exemplifies the apprehensive attitude of many of those less sympathetic to the admission of women. He described it as

a matter which could seriously change the whole character of Oxford - and it would be naïve to suppose that such a change would be anything more than partially reversible.

The plight of the women's colleges was also an issue for discussion. The anticipated "scramble for clever girls" would make it far more difficult for them to attract both good students and good faculty members. Senior members of the women's colleges foresaw the process whereby the best female candidates would flock to integrate themselves into the compelling tradition which was the

property of the ancient male colleges. Meanwhile the academic standards of the women's colleges would drop, and their faculty would diminish. They might even be forced to go mixed in order to survive, thereby annulling their very distinctiveness and importance. In this event the alternative tradition that had existed in Oxford for so long, the feminist tradition with which the women's colleges identified, would be lost. While none of the authorities in the female colleges felt that they could oppose a procedure which would so massively improve women's chances of coming to Oxford, they asked for some regulation of the process in order that they might have time to readjust. The Principal of St Hugh's remarked in the congregational debate

I hope that we can take it for granted that no men's colleges will be sufficiently ungentlemanly as to go forward ruthlessly over the collective dead bodies of the women's colleges.

After a long and arduous process the permission was finally given, in 1971-72, to change the statutes of Brasenose, Corpus Christi, Jesus, St Catherine's, and, of course, Wadham, in order that they might admit women. These colleges were to admit a limited number of women for an experimental five year period, after which a comprehensive report would be published. After this point, the scheme would be discontinued if unsuccessful, or retained and possibly furthered if successful. At this point there would also be a further consideration of the needs of the women's colleges. Wadham's admissions procedure was immediately changed and in 1973 women candidates were interviewed to enter the college in 1974. Wadham had the largest number of female applicants and was able to offer places to thirty women, out of a year of ninety-six students. Thus, in 1974, six years after its investigative committee was initially set up, Wadham began to prepare for the arrival of its first ever female students.

The Preparations

In 1972 James Lunt became Domestic Bursar at Wadham. He soon discovered that the early period of his bursarship would be dominated by the arrival of women students at Wadham. At one of the very first Wadham dinners he attended, he found himself seated beside someone whom he describes as "the oldest of all Old Members". This elderly person immediately raised the outrageous event of the admission of women with him:

"What about babies?" he demanded, fixing me with a glare. "What about them?" I replied ... "Men and women do sleep together, you know," he said. "You'll have to make arrangements for the consequences."

As Domestic Bursar, James Lunt had the unenviable task of coping with the surprisingly fraught issue of accommodation for the female undergraduates. The existing sanitary arrangements in the college made absolutely no provision for the new levels of privacy required for the co-habitation of the sexes. The issue of where exactly to put the women was extremely controversial. While in some colleges the newly arrived women were being housed together on separate staircases, a method supported by some members of Wadham's faculty, James Lunt was firmly opposed to what he saw as a form of ghettoization. He was unable to get any clear decision from the college

authorities.

In the end I gave it up and contented myself with putting locks on all the lavatories; and where the bath-rooms had only head-high partitions between the baths, I raised them to the ceiling, ensuring thereby that only someone on stilts would be able to satisfy his natural curiosity. I then scattered the women all over the College and waited for the storm to burst.

The Arrival

Daphne Dumont's early arrival at Wadham on 28th September 1974 made her not only Wadham's first female student, but also the first female student to arrive at any of the former male colleges. Her diary entries from the time show that she received a typical Oxford welcome:



On my way back across the quadrangle I was nearly run down by a man on a bike, a professor who knew who I was. "You're her," he said, "the FIRST WOMAN!" (sounded like Eve to me).

She found that she was welcomed not only in Wadham but in the university as a whole:

Corinne and I were stopped by a St Johns professor who recognised our Wadham scarves - he wished us all the luck in the world- very nice of him. So many people seem to have our best interests at heart.

Daphne Dumont's favourable impression seems to be typical of the positivity with which women arrived and were received, both in Wadham and in the other colleges of the "Jesus group". Both Cliff Davies and Ray Ockenden agree that the first group of Wadham women were an extraordinary and tough group, who made every effort to make the

project of co-education a success. They were determined to assimilate properly into college life. They immediately joined in college activities, taking on roles in the JCR and even forming a rowing eight that went to top of the river in two years. They also improved college social life; Ray Ockenden recalls one girl holding an impromptu ball by playing records of waltz music in the back quad. Norman Beech, now Wadham Steward but then working at Corpus Christi, remembers that the arrival of twelve women graduates at

Corpus had a similarly enlivening effect on college social life. He recalls

that Corpus, a tiny college, was finally able to hold small dances now that twelve partners had arrived for the male students, and this change was greatly appreciated. Ray Ockenden suggests also that the women brought a new attitude with them into college, a questioning attitude that had not been stifled by the strictness of public boys' schools. Cliff Davies noted another difference resulting from their lack of experience of male public school education. He found that the traditional Oxford tutorial technique, based on a public school manner that was adversarial and aggressive, did not work at all well with his new women students, who were unused to this kind of treatment. "One had to shout less", he recalls. He does not recall, however, any serious academic problems, since the women were all extremely intelligent and assertive.

Indeed, the only problems encountered in the project of going co-educational were almost comical. Norman Beech remembers the women arrivals at Corpus complaining of a lack of full-length mirrors in their rooms, which meant that they had difficulty checking whether the seams of their stockings were straight; he and his staff soon rectified this problem. Ray Ockenden recalls the bewilderment of male language students returning to Wadham after their year abroad, by which point women were firmly established. It seems that once the first group of women had settled in, the memory of Wadham without women rapidly became as inconceivable as the notion of Wadham with women had at first seemed. Ray Ockenden remarks that

As soon as Oxford has made a change, the atmosphere of the place makes you think that it has always been like that.

The rapid acceptance of a female student population exemplifies this point. This suggests a favourable aspect of Oxford traditionalism. It implies that Oxford, far from being the reactionary bastion of tradition that we always imagine, is perhaps an environment uniquely suited to a prompt assimilation of radical change.

The Aftermath

In 1979 the success of the "Jesus group" experiment led practically every other male college to seek permission to go mixed. The permission of university governing bodies was soon dismissed as unnecessary and practically every male college in Oxford became co-educational. The integration of female students was not always as carefully and successfully undertaken as in the original "Jesus group";

the new female arrivals in some former men's colleges, which shall remain unnamed, found themselves the victims of bullying from both students and faculty. As soon as the predicted "scramble for clever girls" began, the commitments made to the women's colleges in 1972 were abandoned and, as the Principal of St Hugh's had anticipated, they fell in the crossfire. All of them went mixed one after another, apart from St Hilda's, which was not able to maintain its high academic standards, as is indicated by its

present low position in the Norrington table. It is even rumoured that St Hilda's is now considering going mixed, which would make the collapse of the women's colleges complete, and would eradicate the last surviving symbol of the particular feminist tradition which formed them.

Despite the loss of the women's colleges, the general admission of women has had many positive aspects. The female and male student populations in the university as a whole are now almost equal, and indeed Wadham has slightly more women than men. It would probably be fair to say now, that just as the memory of Wadham without women disappeared within a few years of their admission, the memory of Oxford as a whole without women is rapidly diminishing. The two main remaining problems of female integration have been identified and are beginning to be addressed. First, in the university as a whole women do worse than men in Finals, and a study is now being undertaken to investigate the problem of women's Finals grades in Oxford. Furthermore, John Flemming, Warden of Wadham, points out that last year Wadham women in fact did better than Wadham men in Finals. Second, there is still a pitifully low number of female faculty members throughout Oxford. John Flemming observes that in contrast to the rapid turnover of students, the turnover of staff is very slow in the Oxford system, which means that changes occur far more slowly in the faculty than in the student body. While Wadham is concerned, like many other colleges, about the small number of female faculty

members, a strong policy has yet to reveal itself. The next steps to be taken, therefore, in the process of the integration of women into the university, are to address the

"...the most persuasive argument was...the suggestion that there was a reservoir of brilliant females waiting to...raise the college's position in the Norrington table..."

issues of women's Finals grades, and the low number of female faculty members.

While the solution of these problems is of course desirable, and would complete the project of female integration, I feel a certain sadness about the "collective dead bodies of the women's colleges". Oxford is all about tradition, and I hope that this article is suggestive of the positive as well as the negative aspects of tradition. Oxford's women's colleges were formed by, and nurtured, a feminist tradition with an agenda of social transformation. The women who entered Oxford's first co-educational colleges were able to take a more integrationalist stance, but they also transformed the institutions that they entered, continuing the tradition of transformation initiated by the women's colleges. I hope that, in faith to these previous generations, the current and future generations of Oxford women will seek not only to integrate into the Oxford tradition, but also to maintain in Oxford their own distinctive tradition.

A very fine fellow

A breathless Ruth Padel answered the phone. "Could you hang on a minute? - I've just - er -" A comedy pause ensued in which the sound of clattering pans of various sizes could be discerned in the background. "Hello," she said, on returning. "I don't have very long, I'm afraid." "Ha ha," I said, nervously. "Shall I just...go for it, then?" I had about twenty minutes.

Ruth Padel is very busy. I knew this already; I had gradually built up a friendly working relationship with her answering machine which I was rather reluctant to discontinue. My reluctance was also partially due to fear, it must be said; Ruth Padel is a prize-winning poet and a reviewer for the New York Times - I was surprised she'd even agreed to speak to me. Nevertheless, as I was now in no position to do anything else, I went for it. I began the interview by trying to get my facts straight. What exactly had her job at Wadham been?

Ruth Padel took up the year-long Bowra Fellowship in October 1976 when she was a post-grad student in her late twenties. The Fellowship itself involved no teaching at Wadham; the only duty which accompanied it was that of dining occasionally at high table. Many research fellowships are taken up in this way as an economically expedient route through a PhD; Ruth herself held another fellowship at Wolfson at the time of her application for the Wadham post. Prior to this she had lectured and tutored all over Oxford, and also at Bristol and Cambridge, and she had lived for some unspecified time in Greece. What, then, were Ruth's experiences as a woman in the predominantly male world of Oxford academia?

Wadham had to change its statute books in order for Ruth to be accepted as a Fellow. She was the very first woman to be on the governing body. The process of getting the job involved interview by a panel of dons - all men, of course. Was she treated differently to, or by, other staff members because of her sex? I hoped to hear of an Oxford system full of old men who were patronising towards and furtively exclusive of women, locking themselves away in dingy rooms where they could perpetuate the port-passing and snuff-snorting traditions which they had brought with them from the gentleman's club; instead I heard of no apparently unequal treatment, the only sinister report being of suspicions of mysterious machinations within the governing body (not that these can't be fairly sinister). Overall, however, Ruth's experience was positive: she had become - and remained - very fond of many people at Wadham. As for strange behaviour: when I asked if she thought it was difficult for women in the Oxford environment, she had said yes, but that Oxford was a strange place full stop, and that if anything it was easier for women than for men here - after all, women are used to being outsiders. What matters is that some factors are just more



obviously important than others in some contexts. (Ruth mentioned talking to Marsha Hunt, the rock singer, about her experience as a woman in the very male environment of the Isle of Wight Rock Festival in the Sixties. It had been difficult - but not as difficult as being a black woman in that context.) In any case, Ruth had become used to dons through her academic work, and she was a classicist - theirs was a very small world, and strange behaviour was commonplace. And of course, Wadham Didn't Do Snuff - port was certainly passed, but not to the exclusion of the women present. On a more obvious level, of course male colleagues had been polite towards Ruth; not only did

men behave in a more markedly different way towards women just twenty years ago, but people are generally on their best behaviour at formal high table, and it was a long time since dinner in hall, and college life generally, had had an exclusively male character. As Ruth pointed out, not only dons' wives, but also women dons had been present since the nineteen-twenties.

It was not surprising that Ruth should answer my more revolutionary-feminist-style questions with a hint of exasperation. "Would you say that you noticed an entrenched anti-woman bias?!" was received with the humour it deserved, the answer

being along the lines of "Ha! No...well, perhaps in some people. But then, some people have an entrenched anti-woman bias...most don't!". Overall, Ruth gave the impression of a system based on equality of merit: for example, when I asked her if she had she ever adapted her teaching methods according to her students' gender, she replied that she had not. I found this quite surprising. Recently I had discussed this very issue with a female fellow who expressly stated that she did treat men and women students differently, finding that the different approaches to work brought by the two genders into her tutorials merited very distinct teaching styles - the men had to learn to be less unwarrantedly assertive, the women more (warrantedly) so. I asked Ruth if she had experienced the phenomenon of girls bursting into tears into tutorials when the pressure became too great. She had had no experience of this. When it came down to it, people were treated the same; if they didn't have essays, they would be sent away; if they had mental problems, they should have been referred to the appropriate bodies. Such toughness of attitude may indicate why Ruth's experience within the male-orientated atmosphere of the Oxford system was so positive. Whilst my attempts to dig up a simplistically caricatured male chauvinism were doomed to failure, the facts demonstrate something more subtle but nonetheless evident. Ruth dined in hall at Wadham a few days before this interview. At high table there was only one other female junior research fellow. Did the others just prefer not to come into college on a Friday night? No. There

weren't any others. In fact, out of 44 fellows currently at Wadham, 4 are women. Out of 32 honorary fellows, 2 are women. Of the 20 Emeritus fellows, none are female. True, the figures for stipendiary and other lecturers are radically different, with division between the sexes almost exactly equal; in the student body, women outnumber men, and have recently begun to get more firsts than their male colleagues. But the saying that change in the JCRs far outpaces change in the SCRs seems justified. The statistics demonstrate stagnation just where Ruth said she thought there might be real change.

"I didn't really want to be an academic," Ruth told me, explaining why it was convenient that the length of the fellowship should be so short. "I wanted to do other things". From her current occupation(s), it can certainly be deduced that she has done so; and from the nature of the environment in which academics still seem to have to reside, particularly at Oxford, it sounds like she made the choice which involved more fun! Asking Ruth if she had any amusing anecdotes relating to her time at Wadham, she racked her brains in vain. Did her time here influence her work, or poetry, then? -No. If anything had, it was her time at Wolfson, a college much more inclined towards sociology. However, her memories of Wadham from her time as an undergraduate at L.M.H. were more encouraging; when the college was still single-sex, it was renowned for its liberal regime - whilst other men's colleges allowed no women on the premises after 7pm, Wadham's warden (the impressive Maurice Bowra) turned a blind eye. At L.M.H. it had been the job of a wicked porter, Mr. Phipps, to watch out for the girls returning each evening; if they were to be out later than 10pm, they had to sign a book to say so - this would allow them a whole 2 hours more of freedom. If they wanted more than that, they didn't sign the book and risked climbing back in. If they were unfortunate enough to be caught three times at this activity, they were sent down. Those were the days...thank goodness for card locks!

One final question in my notes remained to be asked. "Would you describe yourself as a feminist?" The answer: an emphatic "Yes!" We laughed; I said "Well, I knew that already," feeling briefly like a market researcher. A more interesting question might have been "Why would you describe yourself as a feminist?", but, well... maybe I'll ask that next time. Ruth had to go. Talking to her had been great, if slightly akin to a tutorial for which I was inadequately prepared - if this is the post-tutorial essay, I hope she likes it!

From the Gravel to the Grass

It's seventy-one years since Virginia Woolf described how she was turfed off the turf at 'Oxbridge' an imaginary hybrid university representing Cambridge where she was to deliver a lecture on women and in fiction in 1928. Wandering around the College grounds thinking her own thoughts and offending no one (or so she thought), Woolf suddenly noticed a man gesticulating at her. 'His face expressed horror and indignation' she writes: 'Instinct rather than reason came to my help; he was a Beadle; I was a woman. This was the turf; there was the path. Only the Fellows and scholars are allowed here; the gravel is the place for me.' To the Beadle's relief, Woolf swiftly rejoined the path and decided instead to head for the College library where she wanted to look for the manuscript of Thackeray's novel Esmond: thwarted again. '[I]nstantly there issued, like a guardian angel barring the way with a flutter of black gown instead of white wings, a deprecating, silvery, kindly gentleman, who regretted in a low voice as he waved me back that ladies are only admitted to the library if accompanied by a Fellow of the College or furnished with a letter of introduction.

Consigned to the gravel (metaphorical and real), barred from access to the library, and later subjected to an inferior dinner at the women's college where she was staying ('Fernham', a.k.a Somerville or Girton or Newnham), later on Woolf found herself musing on her day at Oxbridge — 'the queer old gentlemen I had seen that morning with tufts of hair upon their shoulders... the organ booming in the chapel... the shut doors of the library' she writes, 'I thought how unpleasant it is to be locked out; and I thought how it is worse perhaps to be locked in; and, thinking of the safety and prosperity of the one sex and the poverty and insecurity of the other and of the effect of tradition and of the lack of tradition on the mind of a writer.' It is these musings which formed the basis of her talk which is the text we now know as *A Room of One's Own*, a manifesto for the importance of tradition and financial independence for female creativity which is still frequently cited by contemporary feminists.

So what's changed since 1928? Are women still locked out or indeed locked in? Are we still subjected to 'poverty and insecurity', and the lack of the sort of tradition which seems to be readily available to men (doubtless the college library from which Woolf was so ceremoniously banned did not house a copy of the manuscript of Frances Burney's *Evelina* or Jane Austen's *Pride and Prejudice*)? Do we still require male patronage in order to gain access to Thackeray's *Esmond*, and are there other ways in which female studenthood

Of course Wadham College library has been open to both sexes for twenty-five years now, and fortunately our University swipe cards don't differentiate between men and women; but notwithstanding our easy access to books, there are still gender imbalances at a senior level in the college and in the University as a whole. There are only four (to be increased to five next year) female fellows at Wadham out of a total forty-four College University Fellows (or C.U.Fs) are the people with tenured places and decision-making power, so this means that the admissions procedure (to take one example) is still predominantly in the hands of men, and also that you will most probably be taught by men in your time here. Wadham is by no means anomalous amongst Oxford colleges in this respect: the Central Staff List for the University shows the total number of male academic staff in the University is 1106, compared to a mere 241 women (these include Professors, College University Fellows and College Lecturers, and they were compiled on 1.12.98). So whatever subject you do and whichever college you go to, you are on average almost five times as likely to be taught by a man as by a woman.

At least in other areas the numbers seem to be more evenly distributed amongst men and women: there are college lecturers at Wadham (myself included), and eight of us are women, while slightly over half of the students here are women. So while dinner at High Table might often seem like an all-male experience, at least the student population is roughly equally divided. And unlike in 1928, there are (as far as I know) no areas of college to which women are denied access, and if we're told to keep off the grass at least we know it's not because of our sex.

A FIRST LADY

Gender is always an issue for a woman who stands out from the crowd. Focus on female writers, submerged in criticism which never surrenders questions of sexuality. Close up on political women and critiques of their success, which always imply that "femmes celebres" triumph because they strip away, or even reject their female status. Well done Ms, you made it - even though you're no longer a woman. Don't tell me that fairness is something that doesn't need to be fought for when men are external to the trope of gender and we double X chromosome carriers continue to clutch at the short straws.

Prejudice in all its forms - racist, ageist, sexist - is not a bygone evil in Oxford. Prejudice, in my case, has been an implicit power that silently erodes your confidence, your security, and any shreds of self belief. This is a fact that I believed belonged to the old skool Oxford before I tried to "make my mark" on the system, a system that had been good enough to give this harshly-accented, lower-end of the state school reprobate a place.

But there's the rub: I didn't try to "make my mark", hack-style, by becoming SU President of Wadham. It is assumed that every woman who enters the treacherous world of student politics does so for one of the following reasons: a) to satisfy an hysterical female ego; b) to go to OTT dinners in order to pull all those smart, powerful presidential men; c) because she wants to escape her femininity by being radical, bolshy (she's so blatantly a repressed lesbian, darling...), so put her back in that closet before she damn well does some damage.

I'm not an egomaniac. It wasn't in the mood to indulge in the orgasmic tremors of hack life (being in a serious relationship at the time). I'm not a red-flag flying "lunatic", although my left-wing beliefs are probably synonymous with the radical tag, now we're submerged in deadened, bland, and soulless New Labour culture. And you can even be committed to issues such as Queer Rights when you're straight, don't you know? I wanted to be President because I wanted to be a friendly face for all students, an effective and organised go-between who could do the job with a smile on her face and a helping hand extended. But why am I explaining myself? Because I feel I have to.



Female? Ineffective. Welsh? Stupid. Friendly and natural to the big guns of college? Wet and useless. Sex, background and attitude can so easily and sadly become metonyms for incompetence. And I didn't have that hard-core "masculine front" ready to ignore this.

At the end of my Presidency, such naivety seemed to have got me nowhere. Completely committed to the job, it made me incredibly unhappy - I wasn't prepared to change who I was, and because I was a solid and very down-to-earth human being who wouldn't adopt the conventional masculine airs, graces, bravado, and accent changes for anyone, I truly believe I suffered. I gained respect from those who mattered; but at a price.

I've also become distanced from the old president ideology because I haven't done the right thing and grabbed myself a city job. This is supposed to prove that you're a powerful woman. Obligation started to hit when compa-

nies' promotional gumph started filling my pigeonhole. "You are the sort of person who would be ideal for this position..." Says who? Presidents aren't - or shouldn't be - automatons, and it took a while for me to realise that I wouldn't be a failure if I chucked all that crap into a bin and did what would satisfy me. Success is NOT a bank cheque, although I guess that my old time idealism won't go far in this power hungry world.

The Presidency was not a means to an end for me a handy little CV point to rush me into Asset Management. Instead I'm heading off into academia land to see if this little Welsh girl can kick the veritable arse of another patriarchal institution. But I know I'm better prepared this time. Even if expectations of me don't change, I can honestly say that I've been there, done that, and have come out of the situation with my eyes open and much stronger. And if you say that strength is because I'm more like a man, then I'll tell you politely, and ever so sweetly, where you can put your sexist agendas. Being a woman still has its self critical moments, but it can also be the best thing in the world - a positive addendum and not a forgotten footnote.

jude rogers

stupid girl?

The only subjects at Oxford in which women do not do worse than men in Finals are Psychology and Biochemistry. What's going on? After all, we are already supposed to be moving on to the post-feminist era. Surely this indicates that the academic excellence so crucial to equality has been achieved. Women do as well as, if not better than, men at GCSEs, A Levels and even Prelims. So why then when it comes to Finals, when it really counts, do women consistently underachieve? That Wadham women, along with Merton women, are the exception to this according to last year's Finals results, is beside the point. Women simply do not do as well as men in Finals.

It is generally accepted that women are not intrinsically stupid; the University, however, has only recently recognised women's Finals results as potentially indicative of a serious fault in its system. At last an independent research body has been commissioned to investigate. A three-year study is now in its preliminary stages, lagging slightly behind its Cambridge equivalent, to clear up the confusion surrounding the matter. Previous hypotheses have ranged from the suggestion that there is an inherent male bias in the system, to the less constructive theory that women devote too much time to "relationships". The notorious comment of one male don who stated that he could spot a female candidate's writing because of the "handbag vowels" almost always emerges in the

frequent discussions on this topic. While this unfortunate approach is untypical, perhaps too little emphasis is placed on the different ways in which men and women write. Finals are essentially a hefty public relations exercise, in which women may be at a disadvantage because they tend to write with less conviction (arrogance?) than men. Hannah Lynes, OUSU VP-Women's Officer, suggests that we should also look at the wider context:

"I think that this is not just about exams, rather the whole Oxford process. There are simply not enough women tutors to serve as role models and those that exist have often been through the Oxford system themselves. The lack of teacher training in general means that tutors often seem unable to teach people how to fit into the system." If the way in which women write is not conducive to success in Finals, this could easily be redressed through an

active awareness of it in the tutorial process. While an improvement in women's Finals results is of course desirable, the nature of a success achieved by such means is not necessarily desirable. This approach implies that in order to be successful, women have to be taught to write like men. It should be possible for women to be successful without having to adopt masculine means to do so. We need to move on from the Thatcherite image of the successful woman as a masculine woman. We also need to think about what our educational system is teaching us. Oxford educates us within one of the greatest academic traditions in the world; it also implicitly educates us to devalue our own femininity. If the inherent male bias in the Oxford system is eradicated, the possibility of truly female success will become an intrinsic part of the Oxford tradition.



text: laura janes, picture: su jordan

What a woman may be, and yet not have the Vote



Why then is it that only 18% of MPs are female when we make up more than half of the population? Since 1918, when it became legal, only 168 women have been elected as members of parliament. The most prominent females in politics at the moment? All wives (Hillary, Cherie...) or lovers (Monica). Why does our role in politics sound like a Jilly Cooper novel?

This is of course an overstatement. Think Margarets Thatcher and Beckett, Clare Short, Shirley Williams. As a child, I always liked Barbara Castle: she was a respected, well-dressed female among a sea of overweight middle-aged men in grey suits. And what made this all the more impressive was that, like me, she was small (something my friends still tease me about). A child's impression of

"In politics, if you want anything said, ask a man. If you want anything done, ask a woman".

(Margaret Thatcher, 1975)

and identification with politicians might at first glance appear to be of little significance, but public figures metamorphose into role models at a young age, often unbeknownst to the child concerned. So not until more women are 'seen' in politics will women aspire to this vocation. But once elected, there still appears to be discrimination: a female Oxfordshire County Councillor recently complained to me that women tended to be given only "soft", "women's issue" committees such as social services. Whilst it is not unreasonable to suppose that women are more likely to be interested in and informed about such issues than men, women more often feel assumptions are made about them on the basis of their gender. She also observed what is perhaps a legacy of Thatcherism: high-achieving women are seen, especially in the Conservative Group, as the exception that proves the rule rather than evidence of a new order.

The uncomfortable truth is that we cannot dismiss this attitude as belonging to an elite of men clutching onto power at the top of the political establishment. In the United States, it has been found that non-Caucasians are more likely to vote for a Caucasian candidate than a Caucasian is for a non-Caucasian. Political expediency has therefore led to a disproportionate ratio between 'Black' and 'White' candidates, simply because the latter are more likely to get elected. It would seem that the same stands true for British women. Fawcett, a society campaigning for the promotion of women's equality, is running a campaign in support of Proportional Representation, in the belief that under a list system women are more likely to get

nominated and elected. The stereotype of an MP is a middle-aged man in a suit, and this does seem to have some effect on the way we vote. It's not so much that women are still perceived as too intellectually "soft" for politics, rather that they are not what we instinctively associate with politics. "Distinguished" politicians are male. This will change with more female MPs, but it will take at least another generation before our perception follows.

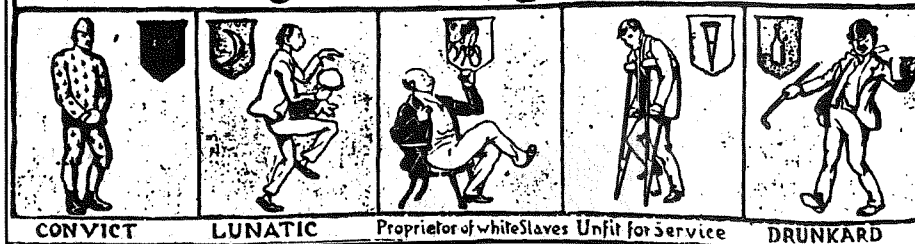
The issue of women-only selection lists divides females across the party spectrum. Is it a laudable short-term step to redress the gender balance in the House, or degrading to women, not letting them win a nomination on their merits over those of all the other candidates? I am increasingly convinced by the argument that such a short term measure is justified to compensate for years where women were not, or did not, feel able to become politicians. In any case, a candidate will not win an election without a mandate from their constituents, so there is no reason to suppose a inferior class of MP would be created. The Labour Party's selection system for candidates in Greater London, by which their composition is supposed

to mirror that of their area, has raised questions about whether we are best represented by those whose status we share. In practice, there is no reason why a good female MP will serve me any better than a good male MP; what she will affect, in all probability, is our political culture. In the words of Germaine Greer, "If women understand by emancipation the adoption of the masculine role then we are lost indeed".

The arrival of large numbers of women in Parliament has raised questions about its working hours and practices. These had been investigated, and change had been recommended, before the 1997 election, but these women have brought the impetus needed. Previously, when male MPs enquired whether there was a creche in the House of Commons the answer was straightforward: no there wasn't. Implicit in this answer was the belief that one wasn't needed; mothers (or else a nanny) looked after children, the few women in the House had grown-up children.

The advent of younger and especially female MPs has seen the assertion in Parliament, that bastion of male tradition, of the expectation made in the last decade in other areas of work - that a career and family can be combined to the benefit of both. No coincidence that reforms to

What a Man may have been, & yet not lose the Vote



improve provisions for women and make working hours more sociable coincide with those to boost efficiency. So a career in politics is increasingly becoming something that both men and women can combine with a family. General cultural phenomena still make it more challenging a career for women than men: in the words of Simone de Beauvoir in the Second Sex, "Woman...knows that when she is looked at she is not considered apart from her appearance: she is judged, respected, desired, by and through her toilette" (Translation: H M Parshley). Although women are not judged purely on their appearance, theirs is still considered more worthy of comment than that of a man, if only because men have little choice in their haircut and what they wear! Mo Mowlam received so much press criticism of her appearance that she felt compelled to reveal something she had preferred to remain a secret, that she was undergoing cancer treatment. Although an MP's ability is in no way reflected in their appearance, in this era of glossy PR-driven politics appearances have taken on even more importance. Images of the Blair family in their Gap outfits with shiny hair and sparkling smiles put themselves forward as an image of an example to the nation. John Major's grey hair couldn't compete. Robin Cook, Gordon Brown and John Prescott are hardly aesthetically pleasing, although media comments to this effect are less cruel and certainly less frequent than those Margaret Beckett endures.

Is it worth it? It takes a lot of self-belief to climb the greasy pole and women appear to find press intrusion and attacks more upsetting than men. Hillary Clinton's comment, "I suppose I could have stayed home, baked cookies and had teas", highlights how illusory "having it all" is. Many women, myself included, reject the prospect of a career in politics because other careers would allow us more sleep and more time with our families. Nicola Horlick inspires us, but we wouldn't want that pace of life for ourselves, although she gives us faith in our ability as women to change things. Politics has long been a man's domain, perceived as ill suited to women. We can only hope that those in politics and business now have the

for Michael Aris

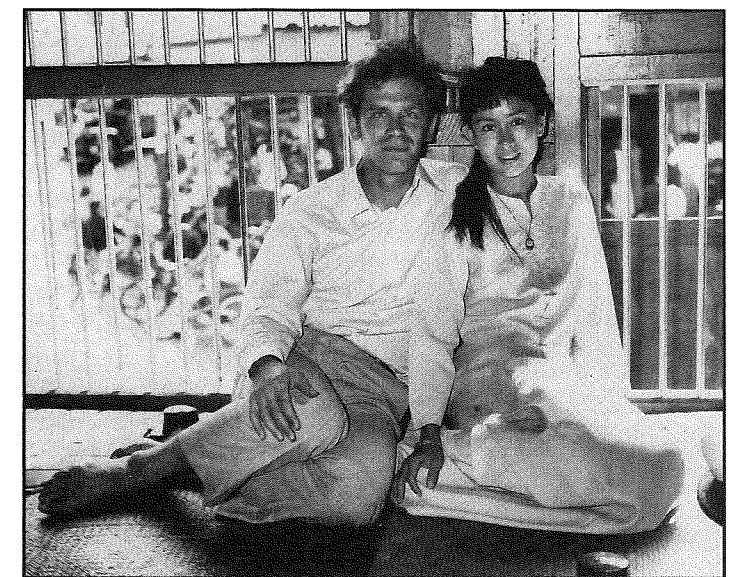
"It was a quiet evening in Oxford like many others, the last day of March 1988. Our sons were already in bed and we were reading when the telephone rang. Suu picked up the phone to learn that her mother had suffered a severe stroke. She put the phone down and at once started to pack. I had a premonition that our lives would change forever. Two days later Suu was many thousands of miles away at her mother's bedside in Rangoon." *Michael Aris*
Michael Aris died on the 27th of March this year. He barely saw his wife Suu after that night. Daw Aung San Suu Kyi, now the democratically elected leader of Burma, remained in her home country leading the struggle against the illegal and brutal military dictatorship. She was under house arrest for many years and her family were allowed only brief and infrequent visits. Even in the week before he died, Michael Aris was denied the visa he needed to see his wife for the last time. I only met Michael Aris twice. He was, and remains, the most inspiring man I have ever met.

laura janes

courage and conviction to reform so that the style and processes of politics become more humane. This would be to the advantage of the nation as a whole, enabling us to move towards an ideal of elections hotly contested by enthusiastic motivated candidates who are passionate about their country and constituents. One day we might reach the point where successful female politicians are not likened to men.

I find myself asking whether the female style is compatible with current power politics. A recent example is the influx of Kosovan refugees into the UK. Legend has it that Cherie Blair cried at television images of their suffering and as a result the Prime Minister decided that Britain would after all offer asylum. Eleanor Roosevelt was admired, if bemoaned by government, for asserting what was morally "right" over what was expedient. The ability to empathise and to want to make things better is our strength. This explains why in Oxford, female participation is higher and more active in pressure groups than that of men. This should encourage us; grassroots activity can move into the mainstream. Cohn-Bendit led the German student revolt in 1968 but is now the leader of the most influential Green party in Europe. Women are seen as more personable, attractive and 'nicer' than men; the importance of personality in the first-past-the-post system can work to our advantage. We should not be scared of the challenge of a political career, nor of irrevocably changing British politics. Apprehension of devolution and proportional representation have shown how conservative our political culture is. However, there is no reason to expect greater female participation to make politics anything other than more relevant to the man - and woman - on the street. Were you not inspired when in Mary Poppins they sang... "Cast off the shadows of yesterday, Shoulder to shoulder into the fray, our daughters' daughters will adore us, and they'll sing in grateful chorus..."?!

nina percival



Michael Aris and Aung San Suu Kyi

FROM BOUND FEET...

China might once have seemed to western eyes a nation of women virtually enslaved by their men, their limited lives symbolised by their painfully bound feet. In the sixties the picture changed to a nation of uniform, defeminised 'revolutionaries', this time enslaved by propaganda and ideology. As for Taiwan, the island China's Republican Party fled to after the Revolution, people who have heard of it at all usually write it off as a manufacturer of cheap children's toys.

Taiwan, however, is one of the most exciting countries in Asia. It has everything from a 24-hr karaoke hotline (for those midnight cravings) and a full range of \$5 CDs and fake designer clothes, to one of the few true democracies in this part of the world (begun only 8 years ago) and a



genuine sexual revolution. They may be addicted to infantile kitsch, but the only thing that Taiwanese women really seem bound by today are the limits on their 'Hello Kitty' credit cards. Going on appearances, the women on the streets in Taipei are as liberated as most that you could find in London or Paris. Smoking and drinking for women may be frowned on, but the bars and pubs are filled with happily defiant girls, a bottle in one hand and a fag in the other. They can hold their own on the karaoke floor (more important than it might sound!) and although sleeveless tops seem to be a bit risqué (Taiwanese men get strangely excited by vest tops) the skirts are as short as they can go. Business women stride off to work every morning, the city is filled with day care centres for children of working mothers and universities seem to have more female than male students.

But not everything is as rosy as it might at first seem. Whilst women's sphere has enlarged, the traditional roles are still in place. When the business women get home, they are often expected to cook dinner for their businessmen husbands, play with the kids, put them to bed, and make sure that packed lunches are ready for the next day - while the man of the house watches TV or goes out drinking.

Taiwan's answer to Renaissance man, the 'new-good man', is in great demand but hard to find. But then Taiwanese women are no fools for love either. It seems that given the choice between 'love and bread' a Taiwanese woman will always chose bread - which sums up their unsentimental practicality. No fairytales about handsome princes then? Au contraire, Prince William is a decidedly popular rival to Leonardo, and both our language exchanges were very disappointed that we hadn't met HRH. Despite the changes that have occurred, there is no large scale feminist movement in Taiwan. One woman

commented that in Taiwan women only protest for children and old people. Nevertheless, things are improving, as is illustrated by a generation gap that separates the new Taiwan from the old. The economic necessities that forced most of one generation of Taiwanese wives out to work (Taipei is the 5th most expensive city in the world) gave their daughters a freedom that they are not going to relinquish. Divorce and single mothers may not be as accepted here as in Britain, but twenty-somethings here have no visible desire to hook a man, settle down, and start a home. Although laws may still favour men, a battered women hotline is being set up, women are entering government, and the glass ceiling is beginning to crack under steady pressure. All without a burnt bra in sight. This battle, if battle is the appropriate term, is being fought in Chanel and satin underwear, with regular breaks for shopping in the ultimate consumer heaven of Taipei's broad avenues.

As for being a 'western' woman in Taipei, it can be quite a depressing experience. Though you'll be congratulated frequently on your white skin

...TO BARBIES

(Chinese Vogue is full of skin whitening creams instead of bronzing lotions, and you can see the odd scary Michael Jackson look-alike wandering around) you'll stick out a mile and feel like an elephant. Most Taiwanese women seem to be a natural size 6, making clothes shopping a bit difficult (try finding size 8 shoes in a Taiwanese shop without feeling like a yeti). We have seen several buses cram-packed full of astounded school children part like the red sea to let a foreigner through, with muted mutterings of 'how tall, oh how tall!' - so not much hope of blending in then! But there are a few advantages. You can get modelling jobs, mostly on home shopping channels, advertising herbal headache pills and twin sets for \$40 an hour, and even better, you can indulge your childhood fantasies of being on TV by appearing on Taiwan's answer to Blind Date or 'The Price is Right' without anyone ever having to know about it.

our girls in taiwan:
e.g-harrison, m. sandilands

S I K H I S M

Woman? Dishwasher. Blonde? Stupid. Asian? Arranged marriage. These are just a few of the common stereotypes surrounding women, and despite political correctness today, which purports to have done away with such opinions, as a young Asian woman I still get asked: "You're not going to have an arranged marriage, are you?" People still assume that being Indian immediately means forced unions: passive womanhood despite the fact that many Asian women are nowadays dynamic career women and independent.

Yes, we still hear the scare stories of young Asian women marrying some unknown guy they have only seen in a photograph provided by their parents, a one dimensional entity trying very hard to smile through the monochrome. Yet my experiences as a young Sikh woman do not conform to these stereotypes or scare stories.

Sikhism is a religion which has been around for approximately 500 years. Originating in the northern Punjab, it was formed by Guru ("teacher") Nanak and the nine Gurus who succeeded him. Taking elements from both Hinduism and Islam, the most attractive part of the religion for me is its stance upon women.

Sikhism advocated equality for women long before the suffragette movement took off and fought for the vote in Britain. Guru Nanak commented "How dare man, born of woman, criticise the mother?", firmly placing women at the centre of Sikh society. Unlike the commonly held view that the influence of the British Empire was wholly instrumental in removing such rituals as Suttee (when a widow throws herself on the funeral pyre of her husband), Sikhism also fought against this tradition. From the very beginning women were allowed entry into the religious places of the Sikhs, were able to become priests and preach

from the religious book, the Guru Granth Sahib. (So a long way ahead of the Church of England where women were only allowed to become priests about five years ago.) Domestic chores were not exclusively the domain of women, as is reflected in the way in which the Langar (a free kitchen giving food to anyone in need) was run by both men and women. Gender related discrimination was reviled, and the religion hoped to create a society based upon the ability of the sexes to work side by side. This is in explicit opposition to the commonly held belief both then and now that in an Asian society man is the "leader" of the family, the arbiter of events. So one could say that Sikhism was presenting a New Feminism 500 years ago; a feminism even advocated by men themselves, similar to the way that J S Mill would later try to win the vote for women in the nineteenth century.

So, where has this new, or should I say, old, feminism, left me? It means that through these basic tenets advocating equality for women, I am confident enough to compete in a largely patriarchal (Western, not Asian) society to achieve individual fulfillment. It also means that I am very angered by the stereotypes surrounding Asian women, that yes, they can be writers, doctors, lawyers as long as they bow down to their parents and marry the man chosen for them. Admittedly, Asian societies do operate differently to Western ones: there is a strong focus upon family, and finding a partner for life is a family affair. This does not mean that the woman is a figurine, an empty doll piece, bartered as a commodity to bring two families closer together. No way! Rather she is at the centre of familial operations. Her consent is imperative and her dissent is final.

sukhraj randhawa

AN OLD FEMINISM

If Women Ruled The World...



A couple of years ago I was watching a film with my grandparents. It was set in the First World War and there was a scene where the soldiers went over the top. A lot of them were very young, and as they were being shot down, my Grandma's reaction was "But they're only boys". And my Grandad? He said, "Don't be silly, it's a war". It's a war, that's what happens in wars, soldiers get killed, it's their job. Look again. How many NATO soldiers have been killed in Serbia and Kosovo? Not many. How many civilians have been shot, driven out of their homes, raped, abused, separated from their families, or accidentally bombed? The figure is considerably higher; in terms of displaced people we're talking at least hundreds of thousands, maybe millions. Numbers so big it's difficult to imagine. War has changed. The main victims of war are no longer professional soldiers, but civilians, many of them women and children.

War has always been an arena where roles are strikingly gender-defined. Men are soldiers, diplomats, terrorists; women are wives and mothers, victims, and, often, anti-war activists. Women get involved in the peace movement for various reasons. Grassroots peace groups build on traditional female networks connecting family and friends. The community based nature of activism means that women find it easier to get involved while still carrying out the 'female' roles of child care and homebuilding. Activism at this level is a means whereby women can come to exercise a degree of influence without having to deal with the difficulties of traditional politics. The concern of women for peace has also traditionally been connected with women's role as mothers. Mother's Day originated with mothers whose sons were at war. Concern for children leads to a more general concern for the future.

Discrimination against women has often been justified on the basis of certain female traits which supposedly disqualify them from holding positions of power and responsibility. Women are too irrational, too emotional, they tend to display partiality towards their loved ones, they are illogical, hormonal, and generally cannot be trusted. The reaction to this discrimination has been in many cases to try to prove that these are not necessarily female traits, that women are just as capable of rationality and impartiality as men, and many women have more than proved themselves by taking on 'male' roles. International politics has been one of

the most male dominated areas, and supposedly for just these reasons, yet increasingly women are succeeding in this most typical of male worlds. However, I question this approach. I am not saying that women are not capable of fulfilling the same roles in society that men have filled for centuries, but that if women are to make a real difference, which I believe we can, we have to try to change the attitudes and structure of society which underpin these roles. Women have been encouraged to take on male roles, as well as having to continue in their traditional ones. The result has been the "having it all" phenomenon, which seems to me to be more a case of spreading yourself too thin.

We need to challenge the thinking that says that female values and strategies are inappropriate to deal with politics and conflict situations. The injection of caring, cooperative values, and genuine peacemaking and conflict resolution, into international diplomacy would lead to a more peaceful society. Why should we have to consider 'rational' national interests in situations of conflict? Why not start with considering what people really want, which is to live safely and to be able to look ahead and plan for the future. This can only be achieved through a wholesale change in attitudes. Not only do women need to be enabled to play a larger role in politics, but we need to challenge the idea that cooperation and caring are the sole domain of women. Men need to recognise that they also have these traits, and if these values are accepted as a legitimate and necessary part of political culture, then roles will hopefully become less gender determined.

Part of this change of attitudes is the broadening of politics to include the role of civil society. In a globalising world the state has become only one of several actors on the world stage. To make a mark on a global scale one no longer needs to be in a position of power. By taking action on a small scale, with links to a larger network of like-minded people, civil society is coming to play a major role in global governance, in terms of changing public opinion and influencing the way people live. After all, most ordinary people do not want to be at war. The importance of this level of governance, which incorporates many women across the world, is growing, and must become even more important in the next century.

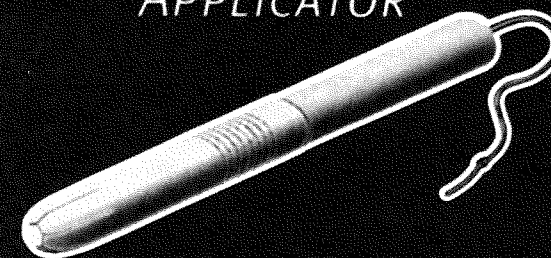
bronwen thomas

ASDA

freestyle

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FREE
PRICE

WITH FLUSHABLE
APPLICATOR



Why should women have to pay VAT on an essential item every month? sanitary protection is NOT a luxury so why is it treated as such? ASDA, the UK's fastest growing supermarket chain, pay all the VAT on it's own label range of towels, tampons and pantliners :

freestyle

Andrea Whiteside of ASDA Healthcare comments "ASDA is committed to bringing down the cost of being a woman. We still call upon the Chancellor to reduce, if not abolish this tax on women." British women would save £40 million a year if VAT was removed across all sanitary protection. An average saving of over £400 per person in a lifetime!!

ASDA pay the VAT
so you don't have to!

FULL BLUES STATUS: WHAT DOES IT ALL MEAN?

Let me profess, from the outset, my ignorance regarding exactly what this mysterious notion of a full 'blue' consists of. There is no other university except Cambridge which grants such sought-after awards as these to their best sportsmen and women for playing in a Varsity match. Its value obviously transcends the certificate which represents it. It may prove impossible to lift the veil of mystery surrounding a 'blue's' intrinsic worth, but for something whose existence is so nebulously defined, getting a blue or failing to get one often stirs up strong feelings of elation and disappointment.

The more important issue concerns the message half or full blue status conveys to a sport's participants and the attitude of those almighty powerful ones who decide a sport's destiny. Upgrading from half to full blue status is quite rare, and involves a lot of hard work by the prospective captain and team in order to win the Blues Committee's approval. Status is decided on the basis of six criteria which include stipulations such as, it should be a major sport within the university, and there should be a tradition of participation in the UK.

The traditional women's sports, such as netball and hockey, and what might be called gender-neutral sports such as rowing and athletics, have had full blue status for a long time. The more interesting cases are those

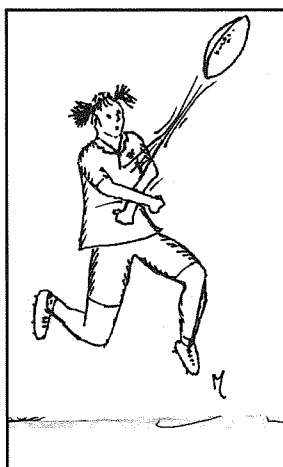
sports that are usually perceived as traditionally men's sports. Women's Rugby secured the much desired title a fair few years ago. I should add deservedly so - their record over the last few years is impressive. This year they won the BUSA final and the varsity match. Many people are surprised when they find out that women's football has only recently been upgraded to full blue status. It is too easy to resort to the lame argument that any women's sport whose male counterpart has full blue status should automatically be worthy of the same title. This argument does not take into account the complexity of the upgrading procedure. Moreover, being upgraded on the basis of the team's performance is not only more rewarding but more just. This year has been a particularly good year for the Women's University Football Team. They secured victory in the varsity match due to a solid performance and reached the semi-finals of the BUSA league. One mystery still remains. There has been a marked improvement in the team's performance this year, women's football is one of the fastest growing sports in the UK, and three of our players play for nationally acclaimed teams. One wonders why full blue status has been so long in coming.

emma reynolds

WOMEN'S RUGBY: IT'S SCRUMMY!

When I told my Mum that I was going to play rugby, she nearly collapsed: "You'll get crushed to death!", she cried. When I told my friends they laughed. Hysterically. "Why?", they said, "Rowing is so much less strenuous!" But I stuck with it, I thought of the respect of the men, I thought of the drinking games in the bar, I thought of Queen and country, and turned up to the first practice. The coach (Skoney) had his work cut out for him; no-one knew the rules, and, try as they might to resist, they had paid some attention to their mothers: just what state would they be in at the end of the hour?

I have to say that rugby is one of the easiest sports I have ever played. With the exception of the American girls and the captain, we were equipped with enthusiasm and little else: consequently the atmosphere was lighthearted and non-violent. The chance of getting injured in women's rugby is signifi-



cantly less than in your average ping-pong match: tackles are in slow motion, and they are pretty infrequent anyway. Having said that, if you have had a taxing week and you hate your tutor, the rugby ball is a marvelous substitute: if you want to exercise some pent up aggression, rugby is also for you. Women in rugby tend to be so safety minded, that if you just look determined and violent, the opposition will part like the red sea, and you'll score a try.

In Wadham rugby there is room for all degrees of talent - whether you have no idea about the sport but like the sound of the beer, or whether you are seriously committed and heading for the Blues team: Come along, have a laugh, and make some new friends (all for the bargain commitment of just an hour a week). Contact Frin Bale.

emma saunders

Women's football, like cricket, badminton, tennis and rugby has flourished at Wadham during my time here. In my first year there were a whole seven players on the team, but nevertheless we used to turn out every week to be beaten 9 or 10-0. Why? Well, we still had a really good laugh, and not just at each others' flabby white thighs either! But for the last two years we have invariably fielded full teams of eleven, and have also had several subs for many matches. We have had some success in both the League and Cuppers, and last year made the Cuppers quarter-finals which would have been inconceivable

a few years before. We also finished third in our division (the third of five) and hope to go on to even

greater glory next year.

There have been some great times (scoring 36 goals in four games in Michaelmas term 1999 - the team that is, not me personally), and winning one match 12-0. If you ask anyone who has played football at Wadham, they will tell you that it is great fun, great stress relief and a good way of meeting people from different years with whom you might never otherwise have become friends. Oh, and it is quite good for your physical state too. Except for the beer afterwards - but then, it wouldn't be a footy match without a swift half (or so) on the way home.

Another great benefit of playing football is of course getting to go to Football Dinner. This is a great night in Hilary term every year when everyone who has played (plus a few hangers on) gets a three course dinner in Hall with wine, and the current captains review their team's performance that season and announce their successors. Then everyone goes off to get even more pissed on the ultimate footy drink (lager) and dance like idiots until they fall asleep. Or pull, as is so often the case (!)

Our relationship with the three men's teams is fantastic, and each year two poor fools get all carried away with the idea of fifteen girls in shorts hanging onto their every word and offer to coach the team. This year we will have the pleasure of being coached by "Pocket Rocket, Ladies' Man" and Loz, both stars of Wadham's successful men's teams last year and keen to help us reach the dizzy heights of the Second Division and the Cuppers final. Well hopefully anyway. We will also be being coached from time to time by an FA Full Badge coach who came down last term and coached us. The session was

great fun and we improved a lot just in one practice; hopefully he will come down again a few times next season (he's my Dad so he'd damn well better!) On top of all this excitement there is also a possibility that we may go on tour in 1999/2000 - the last women's footy tour went to Dublin and had a wonderful time by all accounts (although the amount of football actually played is somewhat dubious from what I heard!). We may even hook up with the boys and go on tour together.

Lastly of course there is the ongoing football social scene which is very strong in college. All the big matches are shown on Sky in the

GIRLS ACHIEVING GOALS: WOMEN'S FOOTBALL AT WADHAM

JCR and there's always a pretty big crowd. While of course everyone is welcome to go along, it's always nice to know that you're taking an active part in football as well as just watching the professionals, and it really adds to your understanding of the game if you've actually played a bit. None of us had any more experience of playing footy than kickabouts with brothers and dads when we got to Wadham (if that), but those of us who have played here have really got the bug. Ella, last year's player of the season/top goalscorer is going to sign up at a local team when she leaves us to live in London this year. I'm sure others will do the same - apparently some ex-Wadham women now play for QPR and it would be great if more people went on to play elsewhere.

So, if you're a fresher coming up next October or a current member of college who fancies joining in, get in touch with me next term and I'll let you know all about socials, practices and when the matches are. We are especially on the lookout for a goalie since Lisa "hair up or down for the team photo?" Shaw is leaving us. No experience is necessary to play as "full training will be given", although the standard is certainly adequate to give those of you who may have played before a good game. Last year's captain Emma Reynolds has gone on to play for the University team, so there is always the potential to move on to University level whether you are an experienced player or just naturally talented. I hope to see lots of new faces at practice next term - we need to replace those who have left and to ensure there will be people left to carry on the good work.

lucy morgan

Scene Twenty-five

Secret Agent 007 enters the central chamber of the subterranean headquarters of the evil Professor Fleebloan. Fleebloan's fiendish plot to overthrow the British government by creating the impression that all female politicians are in fact clones, or "Women Of Mindnumbing Blandness" (WOMBs), who can be proved incompetent for government on grounds of their intrinsic feminine "otherness" (thus calling for their replacement by Peter Almondson clones, or "Mondys", who will facilitate Fleebloan's attempt to reintroduce a good old-fashioned patriarchal political order) is on the brink of realisation. Seated, at the heart of his Command Control Centre, upon an elaborate golden throne on a pedestal draped in red velvet, and with a small remote control device in his left hand, Fleebloan prepares to press the button which will release homing hormones into the air of the House of Commons, initiating the early onset of the menopause in all the WOMBs simultaneously, just as they are about to cast their votes at an all-night sitting on the creation of a House of Commons creche at which they are all present. Mondys in spangly red lycra catsuits surround the base of the pedestal. Behind them is a huge television screen, displaying endless regiments of Mondys standing in a vast auditorium awaiting the command to action.

007: "The name's Bond. JANE Bond." (her voice echoes around the chamber.)

FLEEBLOAN: "Ahharr! Good eveningk, Mrs. Bond. Ve haff been expectingk you."

007: "It's Ms."

FLEEBLOAN: "Ahharrgh! ...vhat?"

007: "Ms. Bond. No Mrs. Bond is my maiden name."

FLEEBLOAN: "Ahargh! Gooood. A drink, Ms. Bond? Vhisky? Or perhaps you vould preferr...Martini?"

007: "I'll have the whisky, if you don't mind."

FLEEBLOAN: "Aaharr, yessss! Gooood. A vise choice. Ziss Martini... wellll. It iss a leetle...how can I say? GIRLY, iss it not?! Visky iss ze drink off ze real man...er...I mean, voman..."

007: "Hmmm."

(a spangling Mondy approaches 007 with a glass on a silver tray. He winks at her. Jane ignores him and takes the drink.)

FLEEBLOAN: "I suggest a toast, Ms. Bond! A toast, to my vunderful plan and its success. Come, join me! You are avare zat zere iss no escape for you now, Ms. Bond? Your best feminine effortss will not be enough to save your country ziss time! Ha! Ha ha ha ha haha ha!"

(007 raises her glass towards Fleebloan, her large diamond ring glinting in the fluorescent lighting)

007: "Ha. Yes - well, here's to your plan, Fleebloan! Well done. A shame that things won't be pear-shaped any longer...I rather like pears myself. Mind you, those Mondys are very attractive young shapes too...aren't they, Fleebloan? Look at that one there, he's got a nice packet - and he just winked at you!! He likes you, you know, he does..."

(Jane gestures at one of the Mondys at the base of the pedestal, who blushes awkwardly.)

FLEEBLOAN (straining forward in his chair to look over the edge of the pedestal): "Vhat? Vhat are you talkingk about?? He iss NOT lookingk at me in zis vay! He cannot!! Zeese Mondys are genetically engineered to haff no sexual desires!! Vhat are you sayingk?!"

(Fleebloan, leaning forward, looks incredulously at 007, catching her eye for a fraction of a second. This is long enough for her to angle her wrist in one deft and tiny movement such that all the fluorescent lights in the building are caught simultaneously in her diamond ring and focussed in an impressive blaze, upon Fleebloan. Bond grins.)

FLEEBLOAN: "AAAAAARGGHHH!!!!!"

(shielding his face, he topples out of his throne and spirals through the air in a ball of flame to land with a thud on the floor many feet below. The Mondys scuttle around him, whimpering. 007 twists her ring, altering the focus of the beam, and directing it at the huge television screen which flickers, blackens, and then flicks back into life displaying live coverage from the House of Commons where the tired WOMBs cheer and hug each other. With another angling of the ring, M's face emerges in ginormous soft focus, and smiling, she winks at Bond. Beneath the sound of cheering, M's words can just be distinguished.)

M: "Well done, Jane. Well done."

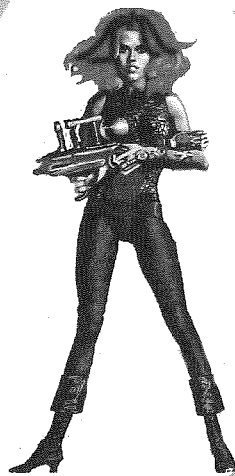
007 (to M, on screen): "Alas, poor Fleebloan. I knew him, M!" (and, to the Mondy embarrassed earlier) "Deal with it, Mondy!"

(The Mondy waiter strolls up to Jane.)

MONDY: "Thank you, Ms. Bond! You have released us from our bonda... er, our captivity!! Whatever can we do to thank you?"

JANE (whilst crushing the remote control device, and some of Fleebloan's finger, harmlessly underfoot): "I'll tell you what you can do for me, mate," (winking) "...but first you'll have to get out of that lycra!"

JANE BOND



su jordan

LOUD

her crying curled at the door/ the blue walls

yanked her hair, spun her around
until she slammed against the wooden chairleg;
her head hurt, stayed swollen for days

could we speak of the chair and what happened and
did not happen?
(what do you think is meant by shame?)

Initiation

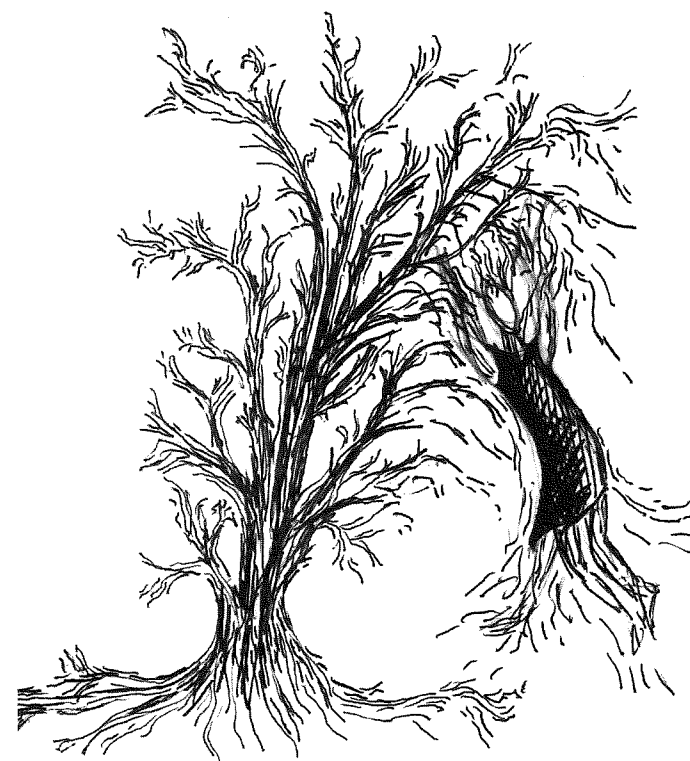
If you climb to the twentieth branch of that tree,
take off your dress,
throw it down to us-

(When the girls cornered me by the tree
at Natalie's party-)

you'll need to offer more:
blood, hair, fingernails-
sacrifices for initiation.

If you refuse to give,
don't bother running-
it is no safer alone in the grass.

(See your blue-lit violet
field and moon-
that's where you really are, isn't it?)



Focusing

I dreamed of you strangled by pythons-
two thick, scaled, muscular green ones.

Too late, I found your naked body in the woods.
The snakes were just slithering up a tree trunk,
finished with the kill. Shameless.
They had squeezed your body in thirds:
blue-violet, bruise-like rings
imprinted the skin at your throat and your womb.
Blood droplets streaked from your lips.

While choking, you probably thought I had forgotten you.
I did not see your thrashing arms,

but you are never alive in my dreams.
I have uncovered your corpse from bushes, beneath rocks,
in a cave, and by the river. Once, while I made my bed,
some of your hair slipped loose from under the mattress.
There you were- stabbed, I think-
your elbow obstructing the boxspring.

Now you feel nervous.
But wouldn't you rather be murdered, nightly,
than thrown from memory, or folded away?

The more I try to obliterate you,
the closer clearness comes.

art work: issy scriven poems: betsy bonner

To A Moving Picture

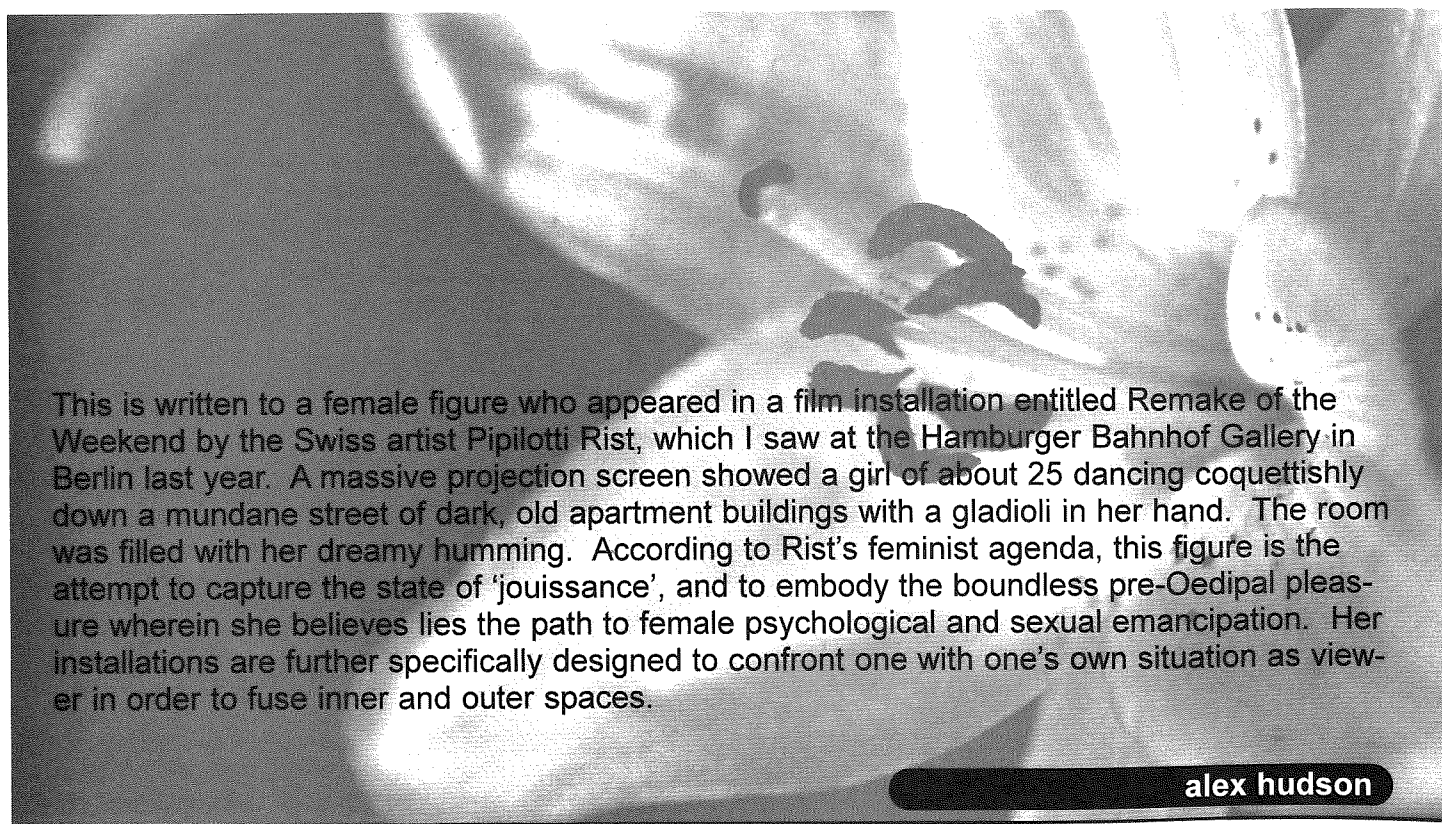
if I write to you maybe you'll stop for me and transmit a little of your ease-
that fluid, flowing essence which moves you on, which makes you please;
how do you address a spirit who enchants as she ignores
how justify the attempt just on admirations cause

but your unrelenting hummed-felt song reverberates in my mind
so I'll formulate my want of you, which by a pre-tuned love is signed

I write to you as the moving picture that moved me, whose song melodized an inner
space, whose stride was a lilting dance unimpaired by flowing turquoise cloth, whose
gaze was nowhere so much as on the face of those who wanted it there, whose smile
was constant, but colluding and engaging to those who wished it so, and whose name
and identity which might tarnish, were absent.....

I write to you as the figure whose corporeality was that of impulsive energy, whose
swaying arms were syncopated to the rhythm of our thoughts, whose hands held a
prime red gladioli, which you swung as a pendulum, whose ethereality made it your
most tangible aspect, and whose bewitching power betrayed its use as a frivolous
phallus, empowering your spiritual revolt.....

I write to you as the essence whose freedom evoked emulation, whose movement
suggested an ideal, whose uncontingent joy afforded a lesson, and whose inspiration
bestowed the privilege of my leaving you a little richer.



alex hudson

This is written to a female figure who appeared in a film installation entitled *Remake of the Weekend* by the Swiss artist Pipilotti Rist, which I saw at the Hamburger Bahnhof Gallery in Berlin last year. A massive projection screen showed a girl of about 25 dancing coquettishly down a mundane street of dark, old apartment buildings with a gladioli in her hand. The room was filled with her dreamy humming. According to Rist's feminist agenda, this figure is the attempt to capture the state of 'jouissance', and to embody the boundless pre-Oedipal pleasure wherein she believes lies the path to female psychological and sexual emancipation. Her installations are further specifically designed to confront one with one's own situation as viewer in order to fuse inner and outer spaces.



Shadowman

Shadowman climbs through the window
He watches, he wonders
And finds me again.
Shadowman walks through the door,
Slowing, crouching, waiting.
His eyes are elfish pits,
Whirling green consider capture.
Sntch. Sntch. Sntch.
His teeth are clicking.
Shadowman crawls across the floor
And finds me there,
A pool, a stain, a growing flood.

He slips.

sukhraj randhawa

Falling

I am a droplet, rounded,
a globule, falling into air,
soft, shaped, merging into you.
Watch me, bearer, emerge again
through your head, like thin
tracery through thin tracery
We are enmeshed, interlinked.

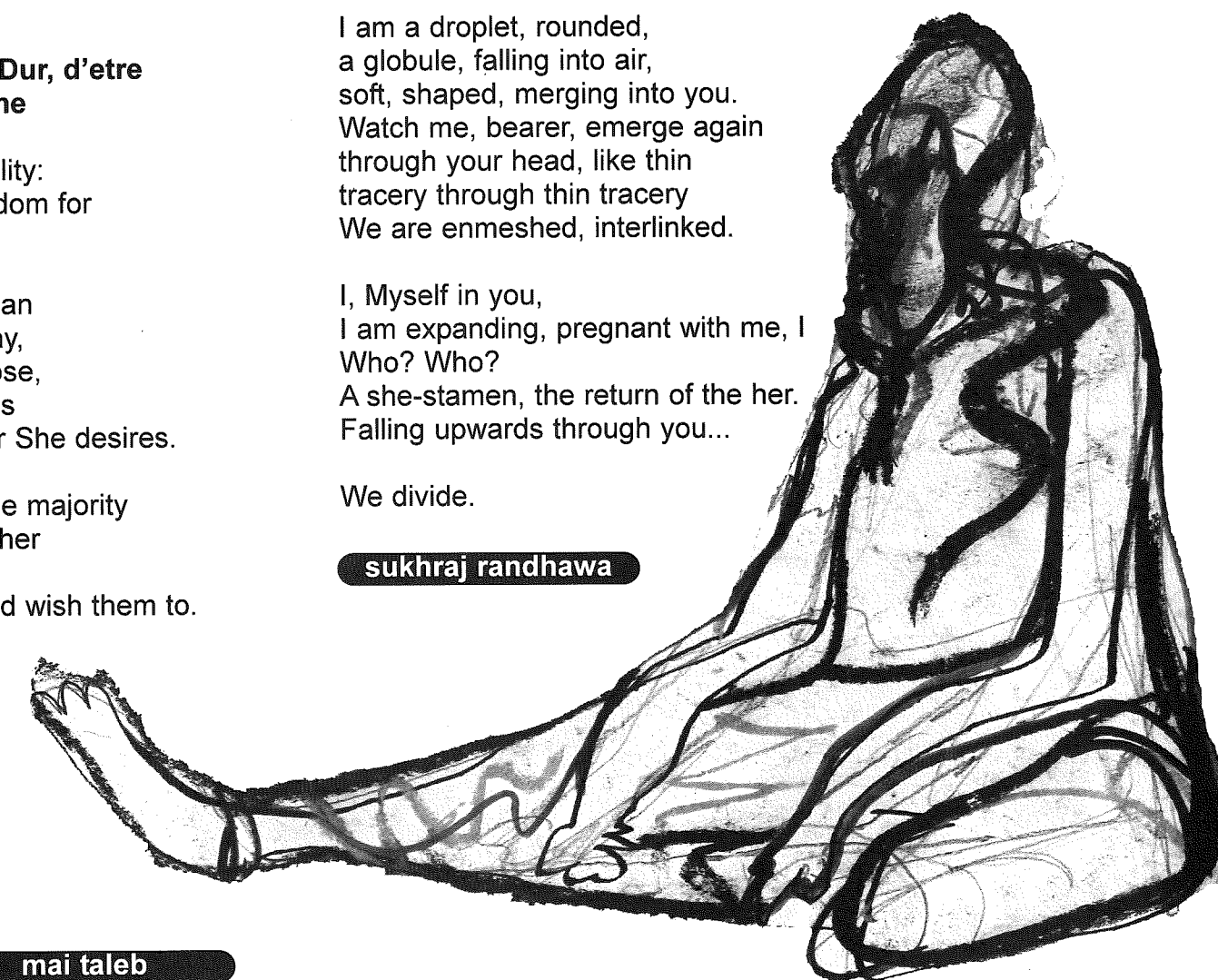
I, Myself in you,
I am expanding, pregnant with me, I
Who? Who?
A she-stamen, the return of the her.
Falling upwards through you...

We divide.

sukhraj randhawa

Dur, Dur, d'etre femme

Equality:
Freedom for
Man
or
Woman
To say,
Choose,
Act as
He or She desires.
NOT
As the majority
of either
Sex
Would wish them to.



mai taleb



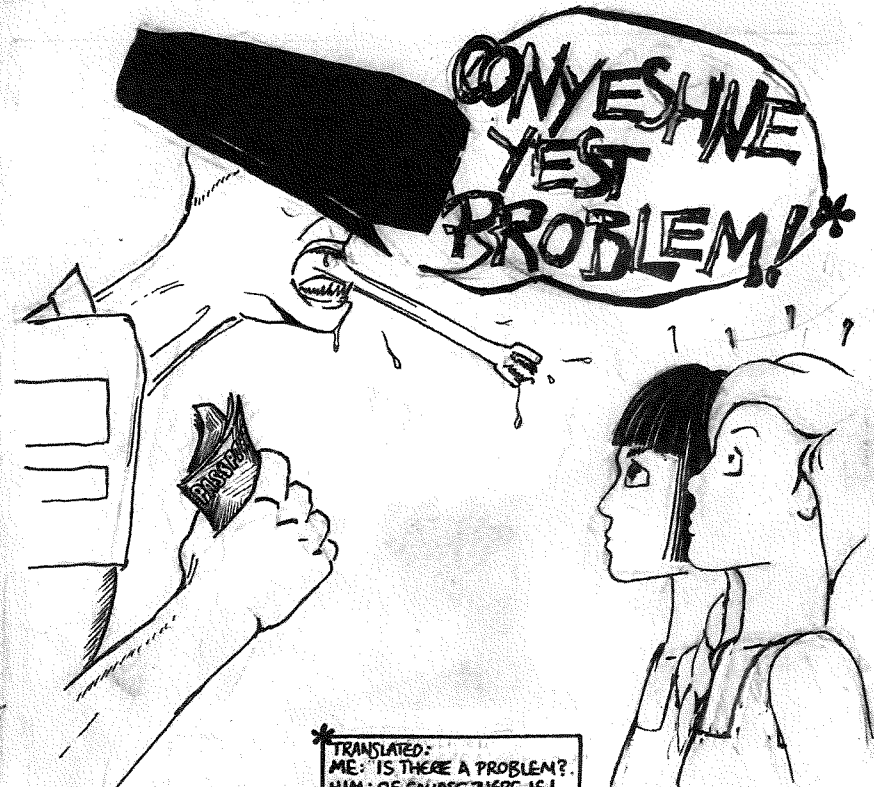
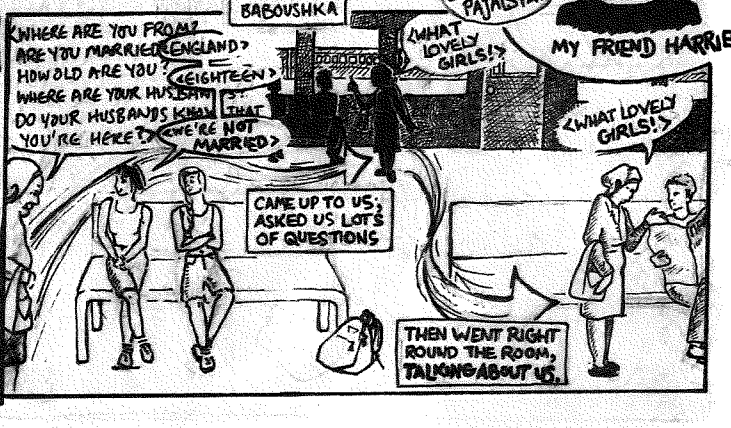
NEEDLESS TO SAY, I WENT.

Perils of the Girl Explorers!

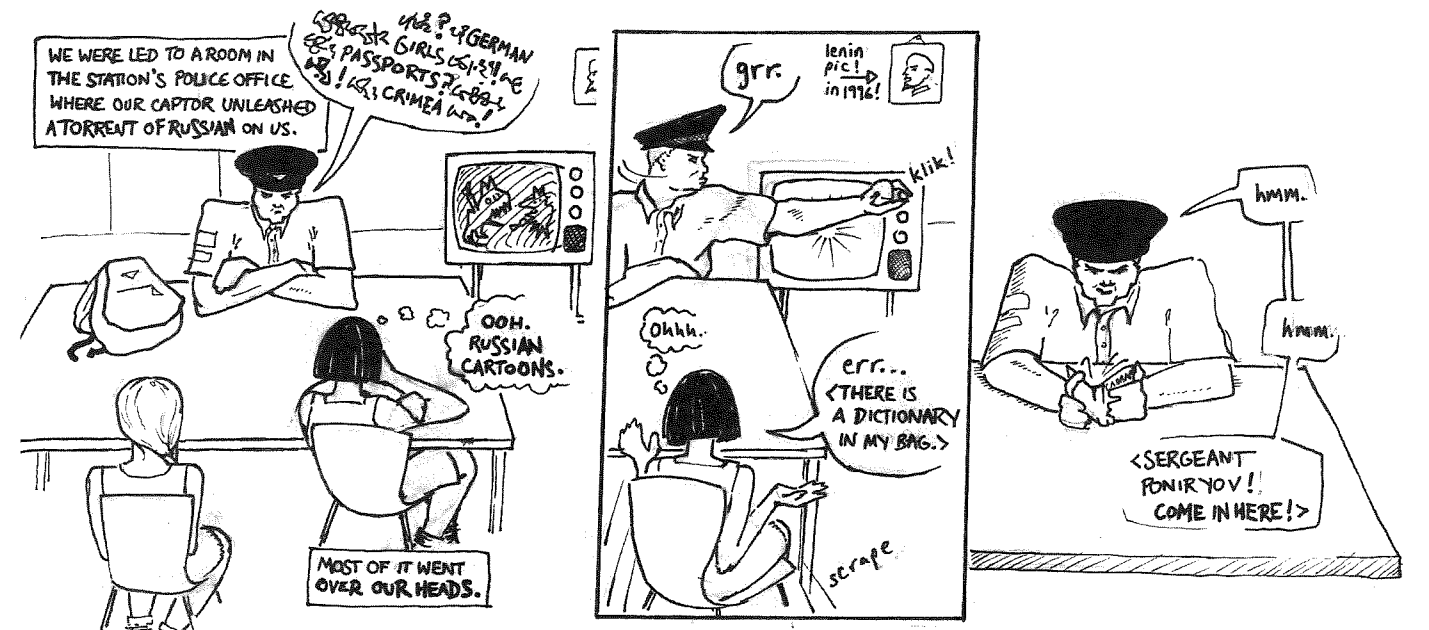
a dandy's lip special starring

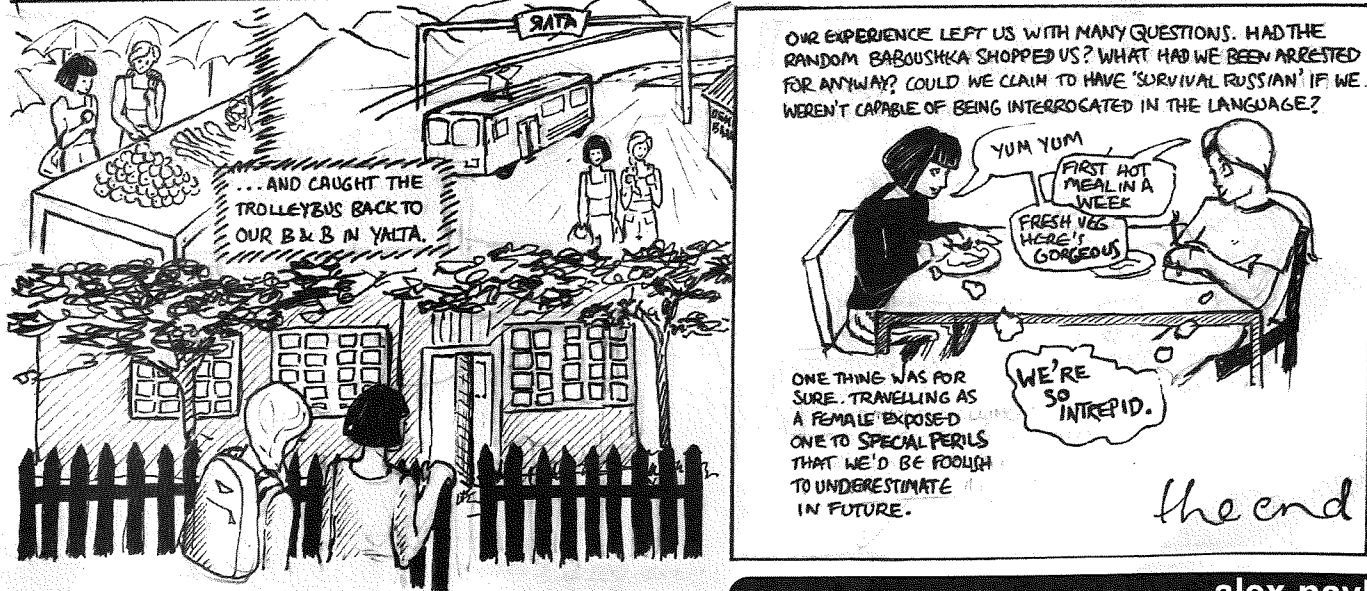
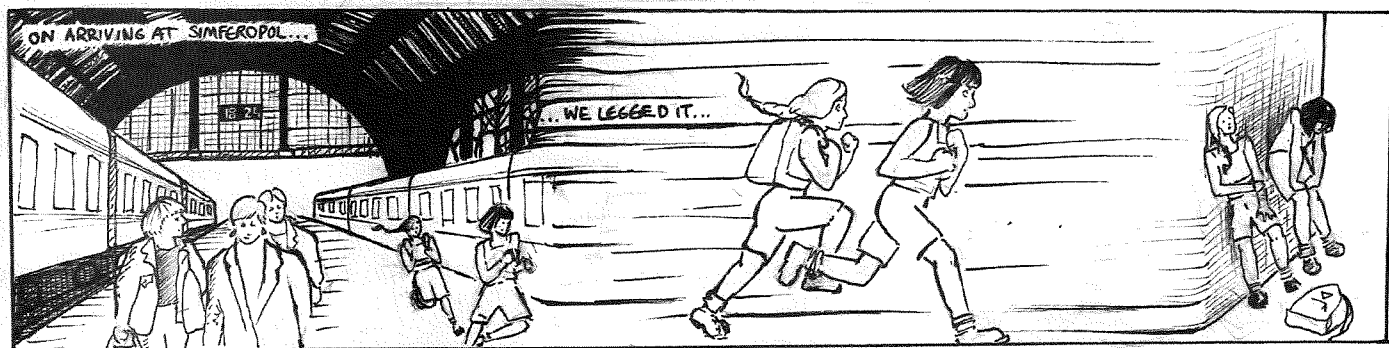
OUR TALE BEGINS IN A RAILWAY WAITING ROOM, IN THE SLIMY LITTLE COMMON TOWN OF BAKHCHISERAI. HATTIE AND I, ON HOLIDAY FROM OUR TEACHING JOBS IN KIEV, SO FAR WE HAD PRICED AND CONQUERED SOVIET HOTELS, UNPREDICTABLE BUSES, MISSING LANDMARKS AND OVER-FRIENDLY BAPTIST MISSIONARIES.

words & pictures by alex naylor



TRANSLATED: ME: IS THERE A PROBLEM? HIM: OF COURSE THERE IS!





"Fuck Feminism, there is no need for it, feminists are relics, warriors fighting a war that has already been won." Feminism, like most "isms" has received a very bad press but I am particularly bothered by the variety of negative reactions I received as I began writing this article.

What is a feminist? While speaking to one friend, I was struck by the unbelievable naiveté that would lead a woman to say, "I hate feminists, there are more important things to worry about, there is no battle." Undoubtedly, there are many

unbelievable horrors in the world, but these

incredible statements conveyed the ease with which many women today categorise feminists into a stereotypical group of bra-less, hairy women who should be placed in a corner, ignored and even ridiculed. Feminism is a word that has been demonised and the overwhelmingly hostile attitudes I received illustrated this. Yet it is people with these attitudes who have accepted the ingrained stereotypes in our society without ever questioning why feminists are so vilified.

Thus far, I have never considered myself to be a feminist but nor am I so wrapped up in my own arrogance as to say the war has been won. The same women who say there are more important things in the world to worry about are the same people who every day convincingly play the stereotypical roles allotted to them by society. It is these same women who do not

realise that every day they reap the rewards of the struggles of those who have gone before them. They are also the ones who cannot comprehend that though there are unimaginable evils in the world, no battle can be won unless you start by fighting the crap on your own doorstep.

The idea of a women's magazine which excluded men was not one I found particularly appealing. Years at a single sex school convinced me that segregation in its many forms is largely

inappropriate, yet in writing this article, I realised the incredible

educational value of projects such as this.

It is premature to begin writing an epitaph for feminism because there is still much left to do, in the workplace, at home, culturally and socially. One need only look into most facets of daily life to see that for women and indeed sometimes for men there still exist many gender inequalities. The biggest threat to the continued independence and equality of women comes not from men, but from women content to rest on their laurels in the complacent opinion that the battle has been won. I fear that if the backlash against feminism continues, women of our age will educate their daughters to believe that there is nothing left to do. Does another woman have to sacrifice herself under the monarch's horse for us to realise that there are still many doors to be opened?

abby ajayi



Writing about Simone de Beauvoir, Norwegian critic Toril Moi says of *The Second Sex*: "[it] helps me to remember that the aim of feminism is to abolish itself". On the eve of a new millenium, it may seem to some

As a woman and a student of literature and philosophy, I have always been intrigued by the female characters I find in texts. How real do they seem? How do they relate to my concerns about my own life and body?

points with a lack of foundation that any hung-over student could see straight through was hardly a bonus. When Showalter titled one of her articles *Feminist Criticism in the Wilderness*, it seemed to me she had

a new feminism?

women that a drive for feminist supremacy is perhaps no longer required. To others, the work may still be there to be achieved. Yet to the atheists and sceptics of the sex war, the fact that such a drive was ever even partially successful still appears a puzzle. Dogged by the stigma of the bra-burner, the men-hating militant, the determined intellectual whose rejection of "male" theories and discourse appeared a bigotry in its own right, the feminist

When I turned to feminist theory, I had hoped to find an extension of my own gut responses to these questions and a shared delight in literature. Instead, I found myself unsettled by the inherent negativity of writers like Kate Millet and Elaine Showalter - under their view, I had to avoid the phallogocentric discourse of the male-dominated literary world, thereby radically limiting my enquiry and removing from view a number of texts and

perhaps achieved more than she had planned for...

Yet it would be both easy and damaging for us to leave feminist theory where it had left me: up a dark alley with little room to manoeuvre. Clearly, it is up to us, the women of 1999, to seek out a new feminism for ourselves, the seeds of which can be found in the more utopian, poetic and perhaps more bizarre writings of French theorists like Helene Cixous and Julia Kristeva. If their approach is doubtless more puzzling and far less clear-cut than that of their Anglo-American counter-parts, I find it also provides valuable leeway for thought and interpretation. Such openness takes us back out of the alley and into the real world - suddenly, it is acceptable and even important to include readers and writers of both sexes in the picture. If women have privileged access to language and communication through the body, access is in no way closed to men: Cixous emphasises the "bisexuality" of every member of the world. We all have the capacity to understand, to write, to empathise. Indeed, one of the few writers Cixous considers to have achieved what she terms this "écriture feminine" is the French playwright Jean Genet, and I hope in the course of my postgraduate studies to convince the world that male novelists were writing the woman's body with conviction and poetry before women themselves had the opportunity to theorise it.

a personal perspective on feminist literary theory

movement was never going to have a unanimous appeal even among women themselves. While we can all vouch for a struggle towards equality through its sheer necessity, those among us who have been confronted with the often baffling theories of academic feminism will also agree that the angle of such reading matter does little to endear us to the cause of women, writing and theory.

characters I held close to my heart. Philosophy and the language it was written in were also out. To be left with a ghetto of writing by women, about women and for women was not what I had hoped for. Surely, this segregation was equally damaging to the female psyche as any "male" theory, and the fact that a majority of these Anglo-American theorists argued their

If my own project is not going to solve the problems of women the world over, I believe I could at least extend Toril Moi's vision of feminism as a movement into a regenerating and more open one. If anything can reconcile society as a whole with academic feminism, it is perhaps the proof that, like the bodies of the women it defends, it too has a heart.

nathalie fraser

putting women in their place

Recently, I saw a film about war, based on a true story, which showed, relentlessly, the horrors of war for men at the front line. For some reason, the fact that all of the characters were men seemed incredibly significant. And it wasn't because I felt that the actions and reactions of these men were those of a different species, alien from my 'womanly sensibilities'. In fact it was exactly the opposite. The reactions I saw were the reactions of human beings, of ordinary people. But these men weren't allowed to be ordinary people. Instead their human reactions were being suppressed in the face of a vast collection of expectations founded in myths about glories of war, part of which seemed to be derived from notions of ideal manhood - of bravery, strength, aggression in defence of some (spurious) ideal. Their human reactions seemed to be lost in a situation where they were expected not to be human, but to be 'real men'. And it was this which had made these men seem so different from me - after all no one could ever expect me to be a real man, I would never feel the pressure of this ideal.

But it seems that we are all faced with the pressure of living up (or perhaps down) to these externally created 'ideals' in almost every aspect of our daily lives. And those of masculinity and femininity seem to strike with particular resonance - if only because they seem so artificially pervasive.

For instance, recently the media has been full of tales of how the place of men in our society has been usurped by women - with the implication that the feminist battle for equality has been won. But looking beyond the bewildering miasma of statistics about employment levels, achievements in schools etc., it surely isn't right to say that women have finally beaten men into submission. The greater employment of women doesn't show that women have managed to penetrate (hmmm) into male spheres and are now on an equal footing with men. In fact there has been a general shift towards tertiary/service industries as the major employers in this country. So women are achieving greater employment in shops, as secretaries and so on - the jobs they have done as long as they have been allowed to be employed. (Moreover, a massive number of these women are employed on part time contracts with shit pay and no rights.) The number of women in executive roles is still pitifully small; so talk about equality in the workplace seems to belie the fact that jobs are still seen in terms of 'men's' and 'women's' work, and that



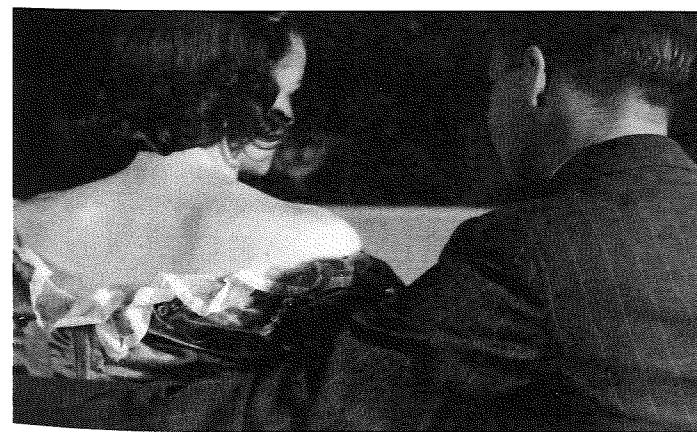
it just so happens that what has been seen as 'women's work' has expanded at the expense of traditionally male-dominated primary and secondary industry.

In addition to this, implicit in the talk of women having 'taken over the role of men' in our society seem to be persisting notions of nineteenth century 'separate spheres', based on constructions of gender roles. After all, what can it mean if for men to have no place in society is for them no longer to be the principal wage earners and heads of families (which seems to be the essence of the shift) other than that this is what they should be? And where does that imply that women should be...?

Perhaps this is reading too much into things. But it seems obvious that what we can read into this talk of men losing their place in society is the fact that our society has been premised upon outdated and artificial constructions of gender and separate spheres of home and work and that its institutions need radically reworking in order to achieve any substantive equality. After all, the very notion of a 'principal wage earner' certainly derives from the outdated notion of a man providing for his family while his wife looks after the children, and it is with this scenario in mind that most jobs have been created. So work, for men and women, can only with great difficulty be combined with full-time parenting. *Real* equality would surely involve opportunities for both men and women, not only to work but also to play an active role in parenting, and the notion of a 'principal wage earner' would surely disappear, and with it the pressure on men to conform to the artificial notion of 'manliness' from which it is derived. (It is perhaps unsurprising that the generation of men who are being made to feel as though they are failing as 'real men' are seeking solace in the caricatured 'manliness' of the 'Loaded' 'beers and birds' mentality).

It seems impossible to deny that social constructions of gender are prevalent in our society and underlie many of its institutions. But these constructions of gender have had an effect as artificial and pernicious as the myths which seemed to suppress the men from the film. And the source of the perniciousness is in the fact that appeal to something external to the individual in this way seems to deny his/her very humanity. If we are to have any hope of achieving a more equal society these stereotypes must be removed, and the effects which they have had on the institutions of society rectified.

jenny coombes



Q: How many men does it take to change a lightbulb?

This may seem like a clever turning of the tables, yet in our world today, men are no longer calling all the shots. Newspapers abound with stories of males underachieving in schools, falling much more easily into crime, being worse drivers, even being more likely to become clinically depressed. All this seems to be much more than just a collection of remarkable exceptions to the assumption that men have many more opportunities than women. We have reached a position where women engineers are commonplace, but male secretaries or nannies almost unthinkable. This new socially accepted phenomenon is not confined to the world of work or academia, but has far-reaching effects on cultural and personal issues both for men and women. This casts serious doubts on the assertion that "equal gender opportunities" only refers to, or should refer to, equality for women.

Perhaps the most common reason cited to explain why women need greater protection than men is their smaller physical size; they are considered to be at far greater risk of attack both on the streets and in the home. Certainly it is true that women are far less able to defend themselves against attack, but this does not necessarily mean that they are in more danger. Statistically, young men are far less safe on the streets than young women: in fact, they are three times more likely to be attacked or mugged. Furthermore, acts of domestic violence committed by women against men are equal in number to the reverse situation. In general women are less physically powerful than men and men's attacks can often be more violent. Women are therefore far more likely to be badly injured. The permanent mental, if not physical, scars left on male victims of domestic violence, can mirror those found on the far more commonly portrayed female victim.

Just as there is a public image of the female victim, the media presents an unrealistic picture of femininity *per se* to which women feel they have to conform. In many instances, however, women who fall outside this ideal are applauded. Where, however, is the praise for men who do not conform to the equally prominent Calvin Klein models or film stars? A skim through any popular women's magazine suggests that it is perfectly acceptable to implore men with a less than perfect body shape not to bare their legs or chests in summer: an article telling larger women to stay covered up at all times would be unthinkable. It is

possibly as a result of such new media attitudes that sixty percent of young men say they are unhappy with their appearance. Much more seriously, incidence of eating disorders in men has risen significantly in recent years: whereas fifteen years ago one in ten sufferers of anorexia or bulimia were male, that figure has now doubled.

Not only are men now suffering from

conventionally "female" social and personal problems, but they are not reaping the benefits of traditionally female roles. Their role in the family is still very different from that which is occupied by the mother. As fathers, men have almost no legal rights, but still are quite rightly obliged to provide. Ninety percent of custody cases are settled in favour of the mother, and if a couple are not married the father has no parental rights at all. In Sweden "paternity leave" for fathers is the norm, but the welfare system in this country has made no such attempts. Social attitudes seem equally resistant to change; the image of the motherly father has not yet emerged. The father's relationship with the children is considered to be secondary to the mother's. There are single fathers who bring up children in a loving and caring environment, but the customary allowances made for single mothers are not made for single fathers.

The early nineties phenomenon of the "new man" is an expression now hardly ever heard, and young men rejoice in the spirit of the "New Lad", which involves beer drinking and admiring the female form: no doubt enjoyable pur-

A: One - he holds it there and the world revolves around him

suits. Where did the new man disappear to? Has he been assimilated into our culture, or has he simply rebelled, put down the iron and gone to buy himself a copy of Loaded?

During the Renaissance, the new man was revered by humanist scholars, but he was very different indeed and scarcely bore any resemblance to the contemporary version. This man excelled in all fields: he enjoyed the new proliferation of artistic activity, he was an excellent sportsman, linguist and soldier. He had the common touch but his dress and demeanour were refined. The Metaphysist's new man was on a higher spiritual and metaphysical plateau than his predecessors. The early nineties new man, however, was simply expected to do the dishes and be a sympathetic listener. It was not part of his mandate to be successful at work or in academia: these were secondary considerations. In fact, he was really only supposed to conform to the model of an ideal woman. Little was done to create positive role models for underachieving and apathetic young men; the image of the high-achieving woman who manages to juggle work and family has no real male equivalent. No wonder the new man didn't fancy his new lot much.

It would certainly be true to say that the new man left his mark on society, by allowing men to be more open about their feelings and more sensitive to those of others. Still, many women will insist that they would prefer a 'real' man who acts in a more traditionally masculine way. For a man to say he would like a partner who is more feminine would generally be regarded with much derision. This is the heart of the matter: for women to make comments which are stereotypical in terms of gender is acceptable, and sometimes seen as hilarious, but if a man makes a similar statement we must either assume he is being ironic or discard his view altogether. The problem is not that women are trying to force men into a mould which they can never successfully adopt. Rather, whereas women can air their concerns about discrimination, men have no legitimate



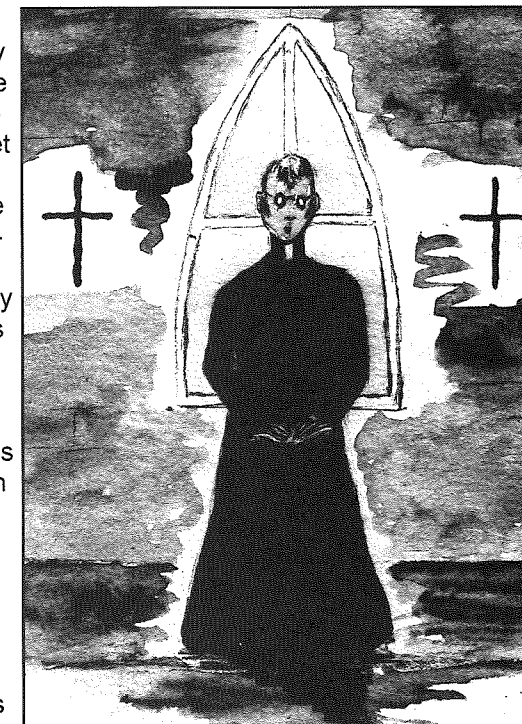
forum, in public or in private. This, it is rapidly becoming clear, is the real gender divide: football and make-up are quite peripheral issues.

Although we still live in a community where women are at a disadvantage in many respects, Wadham is a testament to the fact that things can get better. It is the only mixed sex college to have more female than male students and Wadham women actually do better than their male counterparts in finals. It is also true to say that male students experience types of discrimination that are specific to Oxford: they become "hooray Henrys", whereas by contrast the women are seen as assertive and as having had to earn their place. Even in one of the last bastions of pig-headed tradition, being in possession of a Y chromosome brings few privileges, save the rather dubious one of being able to join drinking societies.

Criticism of men and male attributes is acceptable but criticism of female attributes goes hand-in hand with a conception of beer swilling louts who refer to "er indoors" or "the missus". Men are tacitly assumed to be misogynist, and are laughed at if they are willing to call themselves "feminist". If the problems men face were widely lamented, one

would imagine the JCRs would begin to elect men's officers and the Labour party would have had all male short-lists. Would this be a solution? Possibly, but one that would be unlikely to be successful and could even be called unnecessary; tokenism is wrong in any circumstances. It is not in the nature of most men that they would find supportive common interest groups, like the women's groups that already exist, helpful. Do these new male roles negate the need for special support networks for women? Certainly they do not. Disaffection amongst young men could be regarded as a negative consequence of an entirely positive women's movement. Perhaps someday soon we will be able to graduate to a position where the feminist movement is generally perceived as women reaffirming their abilities rather than attempting to displace men. Such a conception of feminism would open the way for young men to undergo a parallel reaffirmation of their individual, and even specifically male, qualities in a manner that is worlds away from confrontational gender wars or the 'opposite' of feminism. Then in the future, maybe equal opportunities could mean just that.

text: liz dizley cartoon: emma saunders



"I NOW PRONOUNCE YOU...
...WOMAN AND HUSBAND!"

DEATH

Couched between the Paris student revolt, the American civil rights campaigns and the deaths of Martin Luther

King and Bobby Kennedy, I was born in Los Angeles, in July, 1968. Before coming up to Oxford as a graduate student I didn't think of myself as a political person, much less a revolutionary or a fighter; yet circumstances have now forced me to embrace the energy of my generation.

This year, I have come to know, in my body, what it means when I write about the ravaging of female landscapes by industry for my thesis on Women's Literature. In January of this year, I was struggling to get an NHS doctor to examine a lump discovered in my right breast. Small though it was, it frightened me, but no one would give me a mammogram or schedule a medical appointment for nearly ten weeks. Compelled to seek private care, I was soon sent into surgery and diagnosed with grade 3 invasive ductal carcinoma, with an odd oestrogen component.

Translated: the fastest moving, most dangerous breast cancer. Originally each of my oncologists was baffled by my diagnosis - oestrogen linked cancer in someone of my age is very rare. For the last few months, I've been blaming myself and my family for this problem, but slowly I have learned that my form of cancer is not genetic, but might be related to exposure to high doses of environmental pollution. After three surgeries, £3,000 in medical bills, and three oncological views, the final truth came from Radio 4. The first announcement: the Office of National Statistics' report that 13,000 cancer-related deaths, in the last 4 years, could have been avoided with better access and treatment, that survival rates are statistically linked to affluence, and that 5,000 lives could have been saved with the availability of immediate care. The second report drove the nail in deeper:

high rates of breast and testicular cancer, in the UK have been linked to industrial oestrogen pollution in the water. In a recent phone conversation, the source of this data confirmed that oestrogen compounds are multiplied to toxic levels where water is recycled. At the moment, no water treatment programme in the UK uses the method that eliminates oestrogen. Moreover, all areas that rely on water from the Thames and Lea valleys are infected.

Migrating women are at particular risk. Within 3-5 years in a new environment, they can acquire the statistical cancer risks of the new country. In this country, the risk is 1 in 3.*

Only the reports on Radio 4 seemed to solve the enigma, by pointing to the environment. I am therefore writing to inform people that there are various forms of breast cancer,

not all of which are genetic, and that breast cancer is not necessarily a middle-aged disease. It is also important for cancer patients not to blame themselves.

The risk that water may pose could be monumental, and I ask the local and national governments to look honestly into the actual statistics on cancer causes, treatments, and prevention. Water treatment needs to be changed, first; boiling it is not sufficient. In addition, the more women are prescribed the pill, the more likely the whole community will be drinking oestrogen, cooking, and bathing in it, and absorbing the cost.

My chances for a full recovery are very good — thanks to instinct and luck; but I fear for those who rely on the system as it stands.

* (Imperial Cancer Research Fund newsletter, May, 1999).

WATER

anonymous

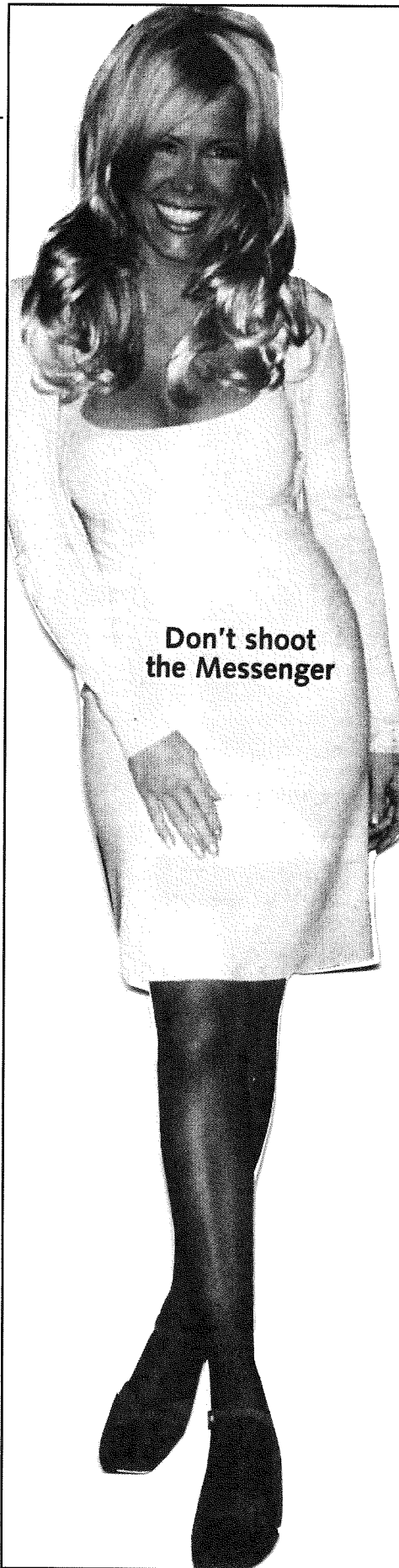
plastic people

Recondition the product. Erase character flaws. Delete erroneous histories. Brush the hair this way. That way. Add 'sharp suit', matt lipstick/ thigh-highs, bondage gear; according to taste/discretion/ objective. Procure stylists, gurus, faith-healers, self-help journals. Breathe deeply. Frame your new canvas. Manufacture that image.

The not-so-fickle world of fame is one place where you can never die. A fleeting fifteen minutes ensures you are torched into the human consciousness, whether the inscription is blazing neon, or fizzling lighter fluid. Still, the wheel never fails to rotate, each spoke taking its turn to pull you into the murky depths, drag you through the purgatorial waters, splash you across the front of *The Sun*, the *Smash Hits* gossip column, the *Daily Mail* (God forbid), accompanied by a trail of degrading adjectives and bold caps. 'Justice' reaches out to the fallen star not from providence, a guardian angel, or a holy call, but from the Colgate smile, polished halo and artist's brush of the Nineties' apostle, the PR agent, throwing you a golden rope to ease you onto the shore.

Re-invention is a Nineties obsession. Post-modern irony and retro-chic aside, the art of the PR is to whiten the page, think of an opening line - "Kylie in sex-shock bombshell"/ "Geri in less make-up than the entire entourage of Kiss" - reconstruct the plotlines, predict a happy ending. Reality isn't the point of modern media, creating convincing fictions from the most unpredictable material is. Max Clifford as the new Jane Austen? Potentially, if you substitute the crinolines for clean-cut Prada lines, corsets for PVC bodices, heaving bosoms for - the pre-requisite balconettes, or the austere lines of sub-Bauhaus minimalism. Why the discrepancy? It all depends on who you wannabe.

Kylie wanted to be a big girl. OK, not as in adding a few extra kilos, although her chest has made remarkable progress in recent years. Kylie wanted to escape Mechanic-Kylie, perma-Kylie, I-Should-Be-So-Fucking-Annoying-Kylie, throw away the Stock Aitken and Waterman shackles and emancipate. Several designer boyfriends (Michael Hutchence, Billy Zane, Lenny Kravitz), the hairdresser's scissors, post-modern recognition from *The Face*, *Dazed* and



Don't shoot
the Messenger

Confused and the *Confide in Me* video - result. From sickly sweet to sex on an ironic lollipop stick. Geri wanted to be bigger and better than her Spice Girl confidantes (true to the genuine ethics of girlpower, naturally). Ditch the band, trowel out, scrape that face, conceal the cleavage, remove orange day-glo streaks, engineer that documentary - and hey presto. Tonight, Matthew, I am going to be a UN ambassador. And the audience cheers.

Kylie and Geri shine as successes of reinvention, following the original who's-that-girl Madonna, preceding the recent glorious ascendance of Robbie Williams (naughty boy flashing butt to naughty boy taking drugs to naughty boy acquiring Bond costume, glinting eyes and sales to match). The secret is to be choosy with the media. Tabloids don't necessarily harm credibility, they just animate the appetite. Style magazines themselves literally encourage reinvention - witness *The Face*'s Eva Herzigova shoot of the recent past, where the blonde and busty Wonderbra girl is seen in a bloody butchers apron, knife at the ready. Sensationalism - knives, nudity, whatever cliché de rigueur is this week's model - doesn't destroy. So what happens when things go wrong? Who deals the killer blow?

Your starter for ten: the glossy melange of intrusion and bitchiness that is *Hello!*. Instead of reaping rewards with the respectable press such as *Marie Claire* (cf. Geri), or *Cosmopolitan* (to a certain, if less plausible extent, cf. Mel C glammed up for Christmas) the media's main target of abuse, frump-jokes, un-PC acerbity, plumps (pardon the inexcusable pun, shrieks your susceptible writer) for the tacky alternative, *Hello!*. Monica Lewinsky, ahem, come on down.

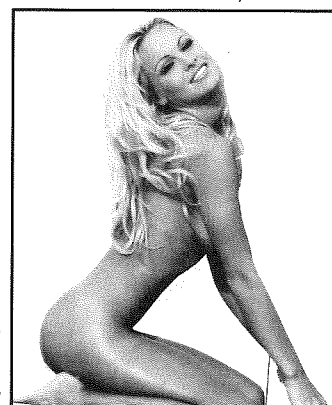
The sixteen-page spread in the glorious February 27 issue (bad Brit awards photos, coverage of the Oldie of the Year awards, oodles of nobodies at non-functions) centres on this tragic figure: Monica, at home in LA. We see her being "contemplative" (page 52) "friendly" (page 57), "relaxing" (page 58), as well as, crucially, "knitting" (page 59). Knitting "in some small measure helped Monica cope with isolation" cries the small print, brilliantly toeing the line between empathy and

malevolent mockery. We see Monica cooking, cuddling a teddy bear, posing with the folks, an image of family domesticity in contrast to the buxom brunette who unzipped a President's fly while he - and indeed, she - did the business.

Monica Lewinsky, let's be frank, needed to be resurrected, redeemed, revived; not only to change the tide of facile misjudgements, but also to give her a chance to present herself outside a political domain. Her recent book tour has both provoked mass media attention and glorified muck-raking. Pity flies from me to Monica, a 25-year-old who, as a White House intern, had the world (no presidential analogies necessary) at her fingertips, intelligence, a high-profile job, respect . . . Monica's problem is that she is too real. Too stuck in domestic rituals that have long been media-unfriendly, framed in little-girl frocks, looking like a realistic interpretation of the fabled girl-next-door. Appearances obviously, and irritatingly, enter the equation: Monica ain't a plastic American sweetheart in the mould of



Cindy Crawford et al; but her normality has made her the enemy, the hated, the despised, the laughed-at. Her forename will forever be a tragic, smutty joke. And *Hello!* just gets its claws in there, fingers extended, rubbing it in. Yet there may be a better future for Monica. Seized by feminists and now heralded as gay icon of the year at the Sydney Mardi Gras festival, Ms Lewinsky is the woman who shook the USA with a blow-job, crumbling the increasingly fictional play of politics with something base, licentious and real. The world waits while her reinvention hangs in the balance, a scenario similar to those of the other 'sex celebrities' who circumnavigate our lives every seventh second. The only way to secure your identity in big letters is to do the conventional PR act and employ the grim reaper - harsh but true when we witness the sanctification of golden girls "hysterical slapper" Diana (cf. x numbers of tabloids, a few weeks before the crash), the tragic Jill Dando, and their entourage of thousands, stars lost to the world too quickly, their failings forgotten, their successes amplified. Life after death in the world of fame can be found, yet the wheel keeps turning for those stuck in its greasy spokes. Reality isn't an issue in the media, but somehow everything emerges into a hyperreal abyss - one which increasingly becomes our own. So turn that handle, the screen fades to black, and one by one the stars begin to fall . . .



jude rogers

A MICKEY MOUSE JOB

When people rail against Mickey Mouse the usual object of their scorn isn't a cartoon but a company logo. They're not irritated by Mickey himself so much as by Mickey As Symbol: the corporatisation of leisure, the dumbing-down of America, the emasculation of fairy tales, the Death of Art.

But because Mickey's such a monster of a corporate logo, such a fat slice of Brand Recognition heaven, people seem to almost completely forget that he stars in cartoons. Of which the bits containing him are always completely rubbish. And that's not a subjective judgement either. Nobody - and this claim will be verified by the most stringent opinion polls - likes Mickey Mouse. Every other cartoon megastar is famous for something. Ask most people - whether they watch cartoons or not - what they know about Bugs Bunny, Homer Simpson, Donald Duck, Scooby Doo and they'll give you a catchphrase, a favourite bit, and three salient personality traits. Ask them about Mickey and they won't be able to remember a thing. Such is his extraordinary, supernatural dullness that, despite our all having seen them, what actually happens in a Mickey Mouse cartoon is a mystery to us all.

This is the real scandal; not that we buy things so enthusiastically because of their logo, but that that logo is crap, we all know he's crap, and we buy him anyway. We do this because Walt in his omnipotence installed Mickey as the Symbol of all things Cartoon, and so when we want Cartoon, we buy something with Mickey's face on it. His post as figurehead could have been filled by any character, and we'd have accepted the choice without thinking. Traditionally, the only people with the time and interest to analyse an advert are media students; the rest of us are devoting our brains to other things, and the result is that we buy anything we're told to. This isn't true anymore. The more saturated their lives have become in media - and especially advert - presence, the cleverer consumers have got. Mickey the logo would cut no ice today, but by now he's so established that it's far, far too late. Just think - the needless pain of it all. If the viewing public had matured just that bit earlier we could be having a more interesting character rammed down our throats instead. And that's the worst consequence of Mickey's success - we have to watch him. Even cartoon haters won't escape if they ever have dealings with children. As the face of Disney, he gets an otherwise unmerited starring role in a lot of their classics. The gorgeously surreal 'sixties item Fantasia, for instance; and - typical example - Mickey's Christmas Carol. A Disney version of this prime piece of Dickensian schmaltz was probably inevitable. Luckily even Disney recognised that Mickey as Scrooge would bomb, but the necessity of a Mouse presence means we have to suffer the unutterable horrors of a Mickey Bob Cratchit and worse, a baby-Mickey Tiny Tim.

Mickey Mouse is in fact the only half-decent argument I know for totalitarianism. In any well-run dictatorship, Mickey could have been banned ages ago. Someone would have seen him, hated him, framed him for something or other political, and had him banned. His cartoons would be burnt, the populace would black out his face from their lunchboxes, and we'd all be free. Back in our liberal democratic reality, though, we're stuck with him.

If there's nothing we can do about the appalling little rat, we may as well learn our lesson. The moral of the tale is pretty well that of the modern ecology movement. The generation or two before us bought Mickey, nurtured him, funded him and encouraged him, and so now we have to suffer him. Forever.

alex naylor

A Politic Virtue

Oh how times can change. In any discussion of sex nowadays, the biggest taboo seems to be mentioning not whether you are doing it, but whether you're not. You don't believe us? Just think of the image that comes into your mind when we mention the 'V' word (yes, that's 'virgin'). Naive, vulnerable...basically a little girl lost, all cotton socks and white floaty dress, inexperienced in the ways of the world and lacking that streetwise element that we all aspire to. Now think of the opposite. The sassy sisters of programmes such as *Sex in the City*, whose sexual prowess proves instrumental in defining them as strong, independent women, able to command respect and influence amongst both sexes. Has our so called sexual liberation moved us so far towards the idea that a women's right to have sex is 'all good' that the decision not to is now viewed with embarrassment and pity?

Let's take one of the most famous virginal figures in our history, Queen Elizabeth I, the 'Virgin Queen'. Cate Blanchett's recent portrayal of her in the final scene of the film *Elizabeth* aptly illustrates the idea represented throughout history that virgin figures can be strong and assertive characters. Elizabeth's stern expression, austere appearance, and the awe inspired amongst those watching her, points to the importance such an image held in creating her authority as queen. Rather than denying her femininity to attain respect and dominance within her court, Elizabeth specifically played upon certain aspects of her womanhood, in particular, her virginity.

Why was this so important? In many ways there was a parallel with the virtues of the Virgin Mary and Ovid's 'Astraea', which served to raise Elizabeth above her subjects and instil in her character a notion of heavenly justice and virtue. Yet the creation of such a persona must have been used to effect on a much more human level as well. The concept of a virgin as pure and

untouched found resonance in the idea that Elizabeth was beyond the bounds of men. Her confidence and authority were not secured on what she had given away, or had been given by, a man, but on her own self-sufficiency.

Not to say that a bit of nookie is going to make you into a dependent or tarnished individual, but maybe there is something to be said for realigning the way in which we think about virginity and chastity. Elizabeth proved to us that virginity isn't necessarily just something to be ashamed about and constantly wanting to lose. It can be a powerful tool in creating respect and does not have to denote innocence or a susceptibility to manipulation from others, especially men.

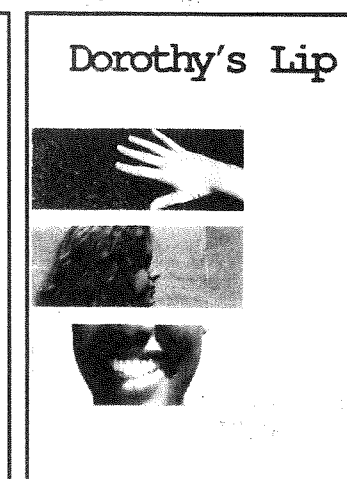
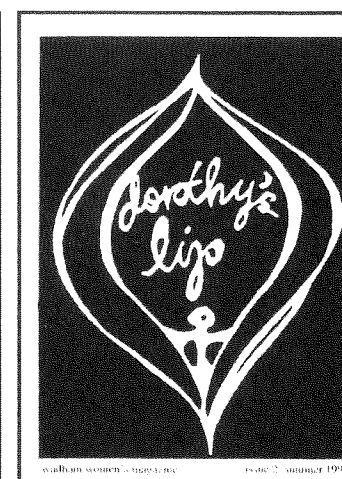
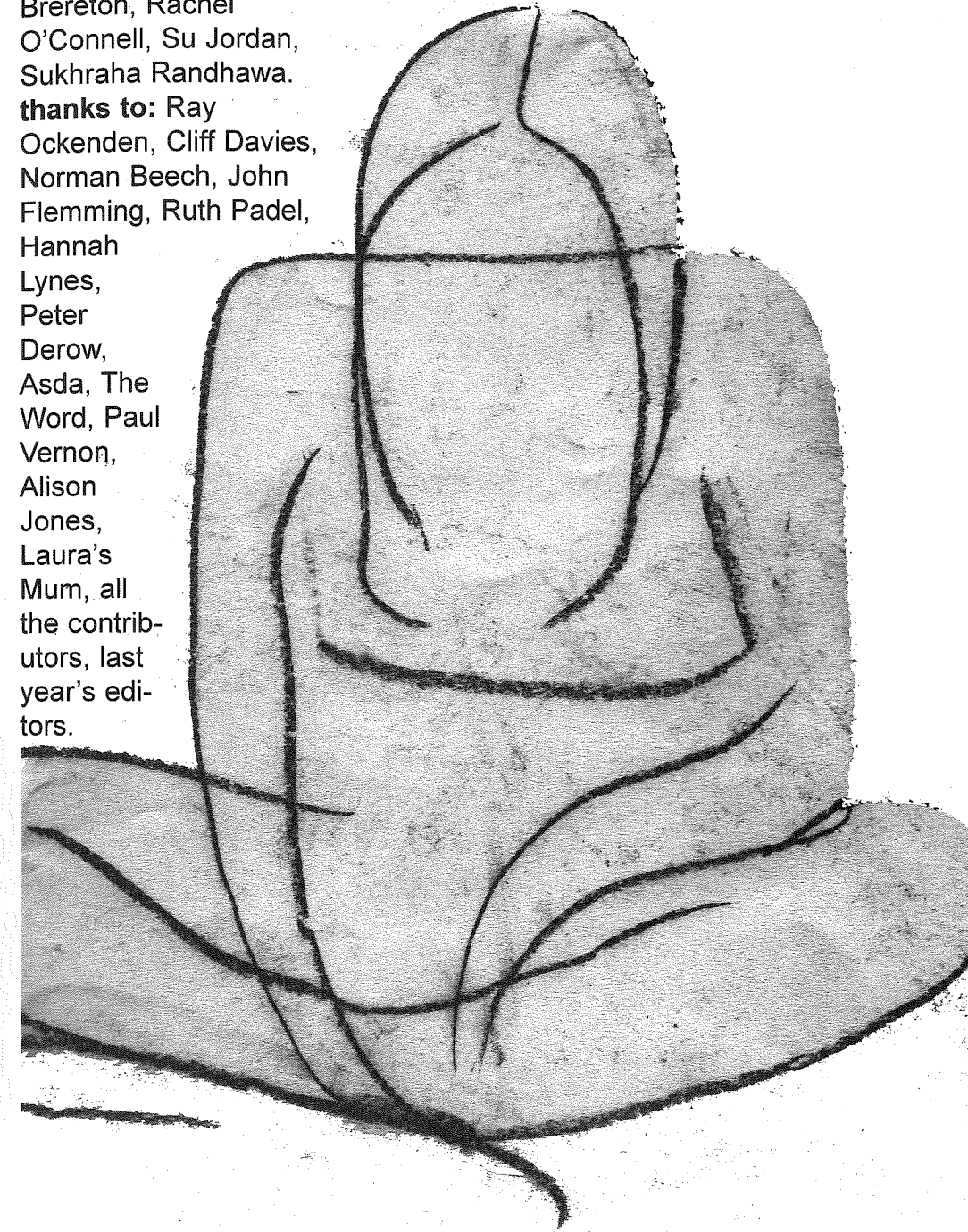
If all this seems a bit extreme, let's just stop and think about why we feel it necessary to define ourselves in categories relating to sexual experience. For Elizabeth, the stereotype was certainly her way of manipulating a position of authority, yet do we need to think in these terms as well? Sexuality is now often used as an instrument in women's struggle for equality in a male dominated world. Sex, and lots of it, is construed as taking men on at their own game, raising the proverbial middle finger to all those old ideas that to be respected women must abstain until they meet 'the one'. That's certainly no bad thing, but maybe it's worth considering that although Elizabeth took the virgin image to extremes, she was able to use it in such a way as to define herself for herself, outside of the confines of expected sexual behaviour.

So here it is; not that we're urging you all to drag out those chastity belts and get locked up, but maybe it's time to start thinking beyond contemporary pressures that encourage the opinion that to become the next Sarah-Jessica Parker is the only way for women to get where they need to be in today's society.

naomi macdougall, katherine hill

editorial team: Abby Ajayi, Bronwen Thomas, Cat Muge, Ciara Fairley, Emma Saunders, Issy Scriven, Katy Wilson, Laura Janes, Liz Dizley, Mary Brereton, Rachel O'Connell, Su Jordan, Sukhaha Randhawa.

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the really useful

column:

Women's room, K.A.

14: this is a space specially set aside for women, leaflets on health etc can be found in here, key available from the lodge.

Tutor for women:

Christina Howells

Women's officer:

Laura Janes

Minorities officer: Liz

Dizley

Tampons available

periodically in the

women's room.

Pregnancy tests: the

cost of these can be

claimed from the

women's officer.

However free ones

are available from:

Alec Turnbull Family

Planning Clinic:

tel 486 122

East Oxford Health

Clinic,

Cowley Road

Nightline: 8pm - 8am

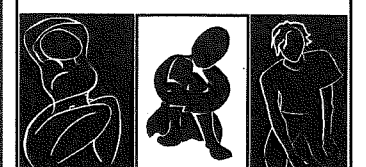
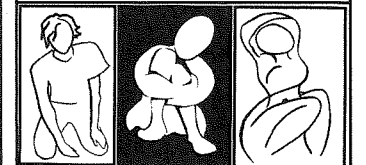
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Women's Refuge can

be reached via the

national crisis helpline:

0181 995 4430





dorothy's lip 1999