

# Women in journalism

Well, here we are back for another year of the X-Press. My hopes for this year as women's editor are not only to write about what I believe are women's issues, but to get other women to write about the issues that affect them.

What is a "women's issue", you may ask? My answer to that is another question: what isn't a women's issue? A women's issue is anything that affects even one woman. Women face many obstacles in their voyages through life and must wage a war to get anything, ranging from the vote to basic equality, in their struggle to advance in the patriarchal society we call home. Life for a woman is an endless struggle- we try to find ourselves as women in a male-dominated society.

The key to identity as a woman is voice- we as women must share experience and cooperate to solve the problems we encounter. The sharing of experience through written media allows for more widespread sharing of experience among women. The problem with getting women writers into the student press appears to be women's lack of willingness to express their experience in the written media. I truly hope that there are a few brave souls willing to contribute their opinions and experiences

to the X-Press for all UPEI women to share. This year, I've decided to make a few changes to the "Women's Issues" section of the X-Press. The first and most noticeable change is our deciding that, unlike previous years, the women's section will not be divided from the rest of the paper in its own titled section. In past years our stories have run under titles, such as Campus Women, which does not seem fair since all issues are people issues, not sex specific. It is not enough for women to share their experiences with other women; men, too must be included and allowed to understand the female experience.

The other change I hope to see in this section is that instead of always reading my opinion, or CUP material, you the readers will add your ideas and opinions to the ones we already have. So, what is it we need? Anything! As women, we face everyday difficulties like violence, sexual assault and harassment, and the like- so write about it- what happened, how did you handle it? Read a good book about a woman or women and write a review. If you're involved in a women's group, write about what you do and why. If you have a pet project- gender neutral language, women in business, whatever- write an article on it. Enlighten the other people who could be affected by it. The one stipulation is that all the submission policies of the X-Press do apply (see the inside cover for details). If you are interested in writing about women's issues, just drop in at the office (Room 06 Main building) or call us at 566-0629.

CA Schneider

Okay, so here it is. One of my horror stories about being a woman on this campus.

One day at the end of the summer of 1989, I was walking out to U Lot one Friday late in the afternoon. As I approached University Centre, I noticed a guy loitering on the ramp going down to the concourse level. Well, I guess he followed me into University Centre. Not many people were in UC at this time -- I remember that. I went up to the plaza level next to MPR. As I was going down the stairs near the bookstore, I heard someone whistle at me. I turned around and there was the same guy, standing in the hallway next to Travel Cuts with his pants down to

his knees. He was grinning. He had no cover on his face. I probably gave him the reaction he wanted -- fear and surprise. I turned around quickly and left the centre. I did not report this incident.

## a horror story

by cecile foster

In December of that same year, the same guy flashed me again. I was walking to the bus stop through the bottom of the Tier building. It was around 5 p.m. As I walked by the locker rooms, I happened to glance in -- and who should I see but that same bastard with his pants down to his knees -- no face cover again. I got to the doors and I stopped. I thought to myself, "Did I really see that?" (It had been so quick.) As I stood there, the creep walked out of the locker room, looking totally nonchalant. I followed him. He went up the stairway of Tier to the third floor. I went after him. I peered around the corner as I approached the third floor and I saw his head peering around another stairwell corner. At this point I felt scared and very angry that he had done this to me again. I ran as fast as I could to the Campus Police and reported him. They found nothing in their search of the building.

I saw his face, I have seen him around this campus and I believe he lives in University College residence (Isn't that a scary thought!) Let me conclude my little story by breaking down a few myths. Flashing or exhibitionism is a tactic used by men to sexually terrorize women. Men who flash gain a sense of power and control by intimidating and menacing their female targets. Men who flash get sexual pleasure out of literally scaring women with the sight of their dicks. Yeah, it's sick, but I'm not convinced the sickness springs from within the individual. It comes from a society where male tactics of violence, control and intimidation are encouraged to achieve a sense of power.

## Stories selected from the University of Manitoba's Manitoban.

I am certain that all women have been violated by their male counterparts to one extreme or another, at one time or another. This is my story...

I was in first year university and like most first-year students, at some point I found myself at a social function being held in the MPR. I arrived there with three of my female friends.

At first the evening seemed to pass rather uneventfully. I met with people I hadn't spoken to in awhile, updating myself on their lives.

As the night moved on, however, I had the unpleasant fortune of running into a guy from my high school days. He was obviously drunk. He started coming on to me, touching me and becoming aggressive. Upon my rejection he became nasty. He called me a lesbian and told me that what I needed was a good hard fuck from a "real" man.

After he said those words, I felt rage manifest into every corner of my being and my vision started to cloud over with a sea of red. I felt so angry and so hurt.

A lump started to form in my throat and at this point I turned away and sought refuge in the women's washroom.

I was just getting a hold of myself when two friends that I had arrived with entered the washroom. Noticing I was distraught they asked me what was wrong. So I told them what had happened and how it made me feel.

I received no support at all. They told me I was overreacting, that "boys will be boys" and that he was drunk and therefore meant it as a joke.

I couldn't believe what they were saying. Were they telling me that because he was a "boy" he had the right to harass me that way? Because he was drunk he had this right? That his menacing words were nothing but a joke? I was overreacting?

I was not overreacting that night in first year, but many, many women still tolerate this kind of behaviour, the way my friends did.

I share this story with all my sisters out there and I make a plea to them: Please do not be tolerant. We must speak out against this injustice. We need each other because we can break the silence. Together we can stop this war!

# stop this war!

by jennifer grahame