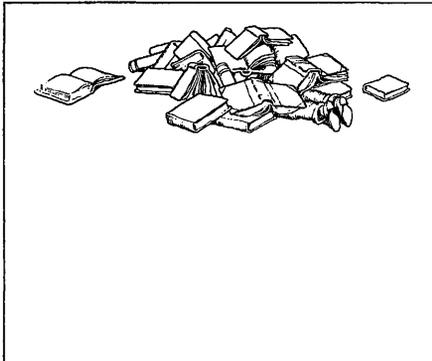


Elaine Batcher is an independent researcher and writer in Education and was hired by the Federation of Women Teachers' Associations to co-ordinate the project which resulted in the publication of The More Things Change...

Alison Winter, a teacher with the Halton Board of Education, and Vicki Wright, current President of the North York Women Teachers' Association, worked on the 1986 and 1975 projects.



CANADIAN WOMEN'S WRITING RETREAT

From 14-21 August 1987 the Canadian Women's Writing Retreat will be held at Far Hills Inn, Val-Morin, Quebec.

Women writers of English fiction, poetry, plays, non-fiction prose, and translators working from French to English, will be able to take intensive workshops. Well-known Canadian women writers will conduct morning writing workshops and afternoon discussion groups. There will also be a panel discussion led by representatives of the Canadian publishing industry.

The Retreat will not be devoted solely to work. As well as readings over the week, there will be time for recreation. In the Laurentians, the well-appointed inn offers hiking, swimming, boating, tennis, squash, billiards, and just plain relaxation.

For further information, please contact Debra Martens, c/o Centre for Continuing Education, Dawson College, Victoria Campus, 485 McGill St., Montreal, Quebec H2Y 2H4; telephone (514) 931-8731, local 6102, or call Greta Hofmann Nemiroff at (514) 931-8731, local 6075.

APOGEE, PERIGEE*

(for Ann)

"How great a thing is a single cup of wine! For it makes us tell the whole story of our lives." —Po-Chui

Last call. We dawdle over drinks, swapping shop talk, life stories. Heads nod in commiseration at each tale played out against the blues wailing in the background. The last ice cube gone to its watery grave, we scrounge from cups abandoned on the pinball machine, window sills, til the bartender glowers and turns rude. Reeling with booze and sudden intimacy, we gravitate to blacktop mountain breezes the wash of moonlight.

Braced against the redwood wall, born-again flower child in your long gauzy dress and flowing hair, reliving the night in Gramercy Park you and a famous funnyman bayed at the moon.

A lousy lover, you remark offhand with the too-loud laugh of the newly divorced, but hilarious, a real corker.

After love in Gramercy Park, down on your hands and knees in the soft wet grass howling your satisfaction or dissatisfaction to the luminous ear above.

Passersby, bemused at first, catch the spirit of the thing and throw back their heads, add baritone, bass, throaty contralto to the primal chorus.

The police let you off with a warning.

When you'd had your fill, you handed him over to a friend with a sense of humor (cluing her in to the pros and cons) and married an engineer from M.I.T. Good-time Annie opting for the fourteen-room house on the Charles River, closing the shutters on twenty-five years of full moons, swallowing the indomitable howls that rose in your throat.

Later tonight, impulsive young boys half-joking will invite us to skinny-dip in a nearby lake. You will take them up on it, dazzled by the eclipse of years, eager to slip out of the shadows, make up for lost time.

*The two points in the moon's orbit when it is closest to and farthest from the earth

WATCHING SWIMMERS AT THE Y

Above them, behind glass, I sip a V-8, feet up after my workout, and watch capped and goggled heads bob along roped lanes. In the shallow end, a family—smiling mother, a small girl with inflated orange arms kicking for all she's worth. The father has an infant boy, blue bathing suit bulging with diapers, in tow.

How happy they look together splashing laughing as if the future held nothing but endless Saturday mornings floating in a heated pool.

Across from me, around the transparent corner, a young girl—fourteen or so—can't take her eyes off them either, dreaming most likely of her future: "A boy for you, A girl for me" such stuff as songs are made on.

I dream of another time, another pool, two children who kicked their way out of my grasp, disappearing into their ever-widening circles of separateness.

Sensing something, her downcast eyes lift suddenly, catch mine eavesdropping. Through double layers of glass, we stare at one another—refractions in a time-warped mirror: ...some day soon...way back when... and the span between so short.

Pat Jasper
Markham, Ontario