

Discrimination against women lawyers comes from male ranks

By SHELLI HUNTER

"As lawyers, are women any different from men?" a third year male law student asked.

The consensus at a panel discussion, Women in Law held in the Osgoode moot court last week was yes. Panelists included two women lawyers, Lorraine Gotlib and Marie Corbett and two articling students, Felicia Folk and Linda Dranoff.

Most discrimination against women lawyers arises, surprisingly enough, not from the public but from male lawyers, Linda Dranoff told the largely female audience.

"Law has always been considered a man's world," she commented.

"There's no overt discrimination," Felicia Folk added. "Just a lot of little incidents. Little things happen that wear you down."

Folk cited the example of a question she is often asked, when she decides to work late: "What's your husband doing for dinner?" Her reply: "My husband is more intelligent than you, he knows how to cook his own dinner."

Folk also brought up an incident that happened to two women Osgoode students earlier this year.

They both applied for articling positions with a very well known firm. During their interview they were both asked if they indulged in oral sex.

The other two women on the panel, both practicing lawyers, seemed reticent to comment on the discrimination problems the two articling students had mentioned.

"The problems of women in law aren't peculiar to women in law, they occur in other professions too. Law is an excellent career for a woman. Because law is a profession, women are more protected than in other careers," Marie Corbett

commented.

But she further stated that women in law school and articling positions are not taken seriously by their male peers. She cited a comment that was made to her when she entered law school, "oh, they let another one in." But she added that women lawyers were taken far more seriously once they were admitted to the Bar.

"It's my view that whether you're talking about apples and oranges you're still talking about fruit." Lorraine Gotlib remarked. "Brains, diligence and hard work is what counts — whether you're male or female."

British class consciousness up

By GREG McMASTER

There is more class consciousness now in the British working class than at any other time in its history, according to British Trotskyist Robin Blackburn who spoke at the University of Toronto on Monday.

Blackburn said that Canadian socialists should see "an understanding of what's happening in workers' struggles in Europe as very important for understanding the generalized, world-wide crisis of capitalism."

The escalation of these struggles, he said, gives them an importance "equal to that of national liberation struggles" in colonial countries, and represents a "harbinger of struggles coming in North America, including the still-dominant imperialist power, the United States."

Blackburn will speak on "Workers' Control" in five Canadian cities in the next two weeks, beginning at U of T's Cody Hall on Thursday night.



Gone for a minute

"I only left the room for a minute." This was the sad lament of more of the 40 members of the York community who were the victims of thefts of purses, wallets, and personal property during the last two months.

Officer Peter Hammerton of the Metropolitan Toronto Police Department, who was consulted by York security, stressed the need for community awareness of the problem and advised that purses, handbags and other valuable items be put away in drawers and filing cabinets and not left where they would be clearly visible.

Students in residence should lock their doors when leaving their rooms even if they only intend to be away for a short time, he suggested.

Hammerton concluded that in a large, wide-open community such as York, it is very difficult to apprehend sneak-thieves, and that efforts should be directed towards making thefts as difficult as possible. No-one should fall into the trap of saying "It can't happen to me."

Meanwhile back on the campus a complete Hi-Fi system was stolen from Winters College room 017. The equipment belongs to the Music department who uses it as a listening system for classroom teaching. Anyone knowing the whereabouts of these hot items contact the music department at 667-3246, Rm. 238 Behavioural Science Bldg.

Criminally insane - bad trip

By SAM BORNSTEIN

Jim was seventeen years old. His long hair covered his face unintentionally and as he talked about life in Penetanguishene many wondered what crime he had committed. He talked of his life so matter-of-factly that one had to assume that his crime against society was a minor one. Finally one of the girls spat out the question that all of us were dying to ask:

"What are you in here for?"

"A couple of years ago, when I was fifteen, I killed my mother." He spoke quietly yet no one failed to hear the words that seemed so unreal. A few jaws dropped and Jim continued with his narrative.

"She wasn't hassling me or anything. I was doing well in school and I got along very well with her. One day, I just took a rifle and shot her in the head. My sister came running into the kitchen and I shot at her, too. But I missed."

"Why did you do it?" I asked and then rephrasing my forward question, "I mean what made you do it?"

"I don't know. I just did it. I felt I had to shoot someone and I guess she was the first one I saw."

Jim was one of many prisoners or inmates or patients (the word to describe these men is very hard to find) who are in an Ontario health institution at Penetang. All of the men have been found not guilty by reason of insanity in our court system and society has relegated them to this maximum security building about 90 miles north of Toronto.

The bars on the outside of the building seemed shocking until we were let in and looked at the bars from the inside. Frightening. We had been given this opportunity through Winters College tutorials. As we entered the institution we were told, "The men you will meet are just like you and me, except they have murdered, raped, and assaulted..." We could not understand this statement until later on when we encountered the group of men in 'G' ward.

As the group of students milled about with the prisoners, many felt too shy to ask direct questions. I approached one of the guards and said very nonchalantly, "Do you have any trouble with the prisoners when guests are here?"

"What sort do you mean?"

"Well, some of these men have been here for quite a while and there are no women allowed in this place... I mean, they are men with normal drives..."

"You ought to come back after lock-up," he suggested, not really meaning it, "and then you see them go at it." His reference to homosexuality was accompanied by a stupid smile.

Each man spends his time in a tiny cell with one cot, one shelf, a lavatory, and a push button sink. Every night at 10:30 the barred doors of the cell slid across the entrances and the lights are turned off. The men are allowed no education as the administrators feel that it would be too distracting to the group therapy that goes on all day. No barbells are allowed as the guards feel that the men could become too strong to be controlled. Many of the men are on drugs, which are given to make them easier to talk to. LSD is used in special circumstances. Many of the men act doped and their speech is slow and thoughtful. However, I still had to agree with that original statement,

"The men are just like you and me..."

I approached a man who looked exactly like Arte Johnson, formerly of television's Laugh-in. The resemblance, though somewhat remarkable, was somehow ironic. Larry soon came to reflect on his background, "I started out smokin' grass and soon turned to acid and that shit. Eventually I got onto heroin and speed. Around this time, I began to break into apartments."

"Did you do this to support your habit?"

"Oh no, I never took anything from those places. I only broke into them. I got my bread from rehashing."

My face showed the unfamiliarity I had with this term. Larry recognized it and continued.

"Rehashing is stealing stuff from department stores and then returning it for cash." He added with some pride, "I never hurt or killed anybody or anything like that..."

A guard was standing in the corner. I went up to him and somewhat embarrassed asked him if there was a washroom available.

"Do you just have to take a leak?" He was now leading me down a long, narrow corridor.

"Yeah."

"Here you go. Right in here." He point into a cell at the bare urinal. I felt like throwing up.

"I think I'll wait on second thought." I then realized that if these men could face that toilet every day for years, then I could, too. I went back into the cell and happened to glance at the calendar on the wall. It was for 1969.

A guard pointed at the walls of the sun-room. Covering the walls were intricate patterns of trees, lakes, and clouds. The strokes of the paintbrush were meticulous and beautiful.

"Eric did that wall in four hours. He's in Kingston, now."

"Only four hours, that's amazing." It was.

"He was always getting into fights, but give him a brush and away he went."

I was now speaking to a red haired fellow whose name was Don. We got into a discussion of the rights and privileges of the inmates and I asked, "Are the men ever allowed alcohol?"

He laughed and then said, "I used to have one or two drinks and then go out and rob a bank. I used violence sometimes. Booze isn't allowed 'cause many of us are former alcoholics."

"Do you mind being here?"

"I've been serving time since 1960 and I'm glad that I'll be cured when I get out of here. Booze has taken a wife away from me, a child, homes, cars, y'know, everything."

Don echoed the sentiments of many of the men. He was glad that he was being cured and he looked forward to the day of living a normal life. However, he realized he wasn't yet cured and did not resent the time he was spending. He also knew that spending so much time with the others would help him come to terms with himself. "We're living in a world of our own, you know?"

The men seemed sorry to see us leave at nine o'clock. As I left, I let them know that I had enjoyed speaking to them. They expressed similar sentiments. Some stared blankly. Others looked at the girls in our group. Most chain-smoked the personally rolled cigarettes. All were polite and cordial.

"The men you will meet are just like you and me..."

The chapel question

By SCOTT HORTOP

Pete Scott, the man who gave a donation to York for a chapel, said Tuesday that the money was no longer in his control and that the university had every legal right to spend it on something other than a chapel.

But Scott added that if the community doesn't want a chapel, then the honourable and wise thing to do would be to return the money." If York ever wants to get other private donors, then they shouldn't betray the trust of the current donors."

Scott said if the community really didn't want the chapel, then he didn't want it either. "If you build it and they don't want it, they'll only throw paint on it."

As one of the initiators of York University, Scott has given continuing support personally and financially. Scott indicated an interest in setting up a business archives, a collection of historical business documents.

Scott donated the chapel money in 1965, as an anonymous donor. The donation is now valued at \$550,000. In 1968, a referendum on the chapel had 795 people for and 945 people against building the chapel. The issue was raised again this fall when Mr. Scott asked into the matter.

So far, the issue is still up in the air.

But with newly imposed government freezes on capital expenditures, private donations have become the only route to developing campus resources. Defining community needs and priorities and reconciling the strings attached to donations are problems to be faced in the coming year.

Acting president John Yolton is

currently developing a strategy to search through the community and come up with a flexible definition of university needs which cannot be covered by government funds.

By asking the deans to put out feelers, then giving the feedback to him and the board for assimilation and final ratification by Senate, Yolton suggested that some set of priorities and proposals to satisfy both donors and campus needs might be established.

He didn't define the specific role the community should play in this procedure.

In the meantime, the chapel will serve as a test case. Current cost estimates are \$524,000 for construction, \$50,000 to connect heat and water and \$12,000 a year for maintenance. Actual construction of the chapel had to succeed construction of the Administrative Studies Building since heat and water services were to come from there.

Opponents of the chapel have called it a waste, pointing to more pressing needs like books, scholarships, daycare, recreation facilities and archives.

Proponents of the chapel say that it would represent a swing away from the values of the marketplace towards a community devoted to study and meditation.

Mike Mouritsen, new president of CYSF, said he believed CYSF should follow a policy of non-commitment towards the chapel as he felt the question to be outside the role of CYSF.

As the university becomes more dependent on private support, the handling of the chapel donation will become a prime example of the treatment future donors will expect.