I'm a sexist adolescent.
Boys are all I want, at present
I can hum a soppy song.
Male Domination turns me on.
Stereotyped into submission.
By the sight and sound transmission
Sipping songs by fluffy females.
Adverts showing brawny males.
Teachers (men) insist on skirts.
Pet the arrant little flirts.
Only doing what they should.
CONFORMITY is always good.
Boys must hammer, girls must sew.
Into MAN and WIFE they'll grow.

I know every female art.
How to play the proper part.
Make the boys go all protective.
All my wires are SO effective.
Can't be happy on my own.
NO-ONE wants to be alone.
Scheme and plan with all my might.
Catch a man to hold me tight.
Forget I ever had a mind.
Doodle, happy, deaf and blind.
Get a man and share his bed.
That's what all my peer-group said.
Maybe this is just a stage.
Symptomatic of my age.
But NO it's not a teenage game.
Each generation acts the same.

Sarah Hook
Shocking Pink is a magazine produced by a group of young women who got together over the last year. We all have one thing in common; we are enthusiastic and we know that there is an immediate need for an alternative for us and other young women to read.

We feel that magazines like "Jackie" "Oh Boy" "Blue Jeans" etc don't give a realistic impression of our lives.

We want a magazine that looks at fashion, music, books, make-up, relationships, and all the usual subjects, but from an interesting and realistic viewpoint.

We also need a magazine that looks at issues which really affect us, like contraception, abortion, sexuality, periods, violence against women, racism, all aspects of women's rights, nuclear power and weapons, opportunities in education and at work.

Shocking Pink is a magazine written for and by young women. We hope its what you want. Please send us your comments and ideas for the next issue.

Thanks. Hope you enjoy it.

Humourless Manhaters!

Ever been told to do the housework cos you're a girl, while your brother just does what he wants?

Ever been told not to play football cos you're not strong enough?

Ever been told to be a nurse, not a doctor, a legal secretary, not a solicitor, because that's what women do?

Ever been made to do needlework instead of woodwork so you can darn your boyfriend's socks?

Ever been oppressed because you're a woman?

This is sexism. It is when you are expected to do certain things because you're a woman, and every time it puts you in a worse position than men. If someone tells you to do something because you're a woman, they are being sexist.
She doesn't know I exist

Bartolomew was on his way to the local disco and this particular Saturday, he had bought his very shy friend, Abraham. Abraham was very agitated and anxious about something.

"Calm down, Abraham" said Bartolomew. "I really don't know what's got into you. Your father said you hardly touched your supper. What's the matter, surely you can tell me?"

"Oh, you won't understand Bartolomew," replied Abraham. "Try me," Bartolomew said. "Well, the thing is, I'm crazy over Sarah. I really can't stop thinking about her, and I see her face everywhere. I know it's pointless because, well, at the moment she doesn't know I exist."

"Well, Abraham, seems like you're in a spot of trouble here. Are you sure it's Sarah? I never thought she was your type."

"Yes, I'm sure. Oh what am I going to do, Bartolomew, how shall I make her notice me?"

The only thing I can suggest is that you start talking and gigling really loudly, that way she's bound to turn around and see who you are, Oh, and by the way, don't say anything about maths, I hear she hates maths. Also, you need to buy some really tight fitting clothes - something that shows yer figure off. It might be a good idea if you go to a hairdresser like Phil's, I know its expensive, but you do want her to notice you don't you?"

"O.K., Bartolomew, thanks a lot. Oh no, if it isn't dear old Matthew, the local flirt."

"Oh dear, pretend you haven't seen him. Oh, too late, he's coming over."

"Hello Bartholomew, Abraham, how are you?" said Bartolomew coldly. "Me, I'm just over the moon in love with Elizabeth, isn't she just beautiful?"

"Elizabeth Downs," exclaimed Bartolomew. "Sure, who else?"

"But I thought Elizabeth was far too wrapped up in her exams to go out with boys."

"Well she was until she met me, she's just crazy over me. Here she comes now. Hallo Elizabeth, darling, shall we go in?"

"No, well, Matthew, I've sort of changed my mind, I guess I never wanted to go out with you in the first place. Sorry love."

"But... but..." stuttered Matthew. "She can't have been as crazy over you as you said, hey, Matthew?"

"Oh shut up, I'm going home."

"Temper, temper. Hey Abraham, there's Sarah with Rebecca. Go on, kid, do yer act."

"What shall I say?" hissed Abraham. "Anything, I'll start. That tennis match was just hilarious, wasn't it?" "Which tennis match?" asked Abraham. "How do I know, just make one up. Your serving was really funny, go on, do it again, the way you threw the ball in the air."

Abraham looked totally amazed and shrugged his shoulders. "I don't know what you're talking about, I thought you said I served well."

"Shut up, idiot. You can't base Sarah thinking you play tennis well on she'll never ask you out. Oh you twos, they've gone into the disco without seeing us."

"I don't understand, Bartholomew, why do I have to talk loudly and not like maths, and be hopeless at tennis?"

"Listen, you want Sarah to ask you out, don't you?"

"Of course I do!" "Well, for a start, how can she notice you if all you do is sit in a corner and hardly ever open yer mouth? Next, if she hates maths, you can't expect her to like a boy who loves maths. Thirdly, if she discovers you can play tennis well, she won't want to play with you because you'd beat her, get it, mate?"

"No, how can I enjoy myself? I have to think all the time about what she likes and doesn't like?"

"Well, I can't help you there, mate, you just wanted me to help you get a girlfriend and that's exactly what I'm doing. Ooh, there's Rebecca, isn't she fantastic - watch me, this is the way to get a girl to notice you."

Bartolomew strolled over to where Rebecca was standing with her gang and put his arm around another girl named Anne-Marie and started to talk very loudly. Anne-Marie pushed his arm off, upon which, Bartholomew became very angry and started to yell at her about the way she had treated him. After that, he walked back to Abraham. "See, easy as pie when you know how, ain't it?"

"I didn't know you knew Anne-Marie at all well."

"I don't, but at least I know Rebecca noticed me. You've got to make a big spectacle of yourself as well as not do things you like."

"I don't think I like this very much," said Abraham. "Well, its the way, Abraham. It wouldn't half be funny if it was the other way round, I mean, say if it was girls who looked up to us, and we did all the asking out and proposing. Hey, wouldn't it be stupid if girls had to be thick and wear uncomfortable clothes, just so that we would notice them?"

Aruna Sahni, 14.
Marching Against The NF

Almost every shop window is boarded up. The reason for this is that the National Front are going to be marching through the streets of Southwark and violence is predicted.

Every two minutes or so there are rallies of Police vans heading for the destination of the NF marchers.

I got my sister off with my sister to join a gathering of Anti-Nazi supporters who were assembling a few minutes away from the NF gathering. It is our duty as black women to show some opposition to the march. It was disappointing to see that only a few black people turned up.

Along the way the only noticeable thing was the number of policemen lining the streets. Overhead a helicopter flies, viewing the scene, looking for troublemakers. I have been to various Anti-NF demonstrations and the overhead helicopter is something that is always present.

The opposition had a low turn out, but it was roughly the same for the NF, as we saw a few minutes later.

We were now at the spot where the NF-supporters were gathered. The opposition are still waiting a few minutes away for the NF to march by.

Back with the NF, many people who were not standing behind flags and banners looked as though they were NF sympathisers. A woman in dark glasses looking suspicious carries a placard saying “I was mugged by courtesy of David...”. A man shouts in my ear “National Front News!” and another one takes a picture of my Anti-Nazi badge, saying he had never seen one before. I take off my badge. I have no need to wear it, as it is obvious why I am there.

The march gets on the way, but they have fooled the opposition, it is to take a different route, and they are not likely to be interrupted. My intention was to have a long, hard stare at the NF supporters to see what type of people gave their support. I noticed that young people (some looking no older than 8 or 9) made up the majority of the supporters. ThisFlo shows that the NF’s campaign in schools is working effectively and that they will go to any lengths to get support. It was ironic though that so many of them skinhead boys and girls wore two-tone badges that had groups like The Specials on them.

The marchers began chanting “The National Front is a white man’s front” “ Immigration No, Repatriation Yes” A few scattered opponents began to shout at them “Nazi, Scum!” but the police were quick to intervene and to tell them to keep it down.

Along the way the police stop, and confined off anyone who was not supporting the march, whilst heavily shielding the NF. It took some time getting through to where the NF had stopped for a brief spell before being dispersed.

It was quite frightening being on the streets with large numbers of angry-looking skinheads roaming around with nothing to do, but the police presence made me feel a bit safer, even though I am not their greatest fan.

Back towards the main street there was a crowd of Anti-NF shouting, but the police had surrounded them, and they could go no further.

A group of people went to the bus stop to confront two NF-ers carrying a flag. It was a victory to see them crawling away. The police move in and separate the group; this time, I was not pleased by their presence.

The papers reported on the low support received by the NF, but I think that their support is more widely spread than is realised, and they should never be pushed out of people’s minds.
RAINCOATS
BREAKING THROUGH THE SOUND BARRIER

The Raincoats create their own unique musical imagery. Obviously music affects people in different ways but no matter if the impact is immediate or gradual it is very powerful. It’s not the kind of force that’s created by deafening guitars and screaming vocals, more the solidity of a structure based on a mesh of ideas which weave together to form an inseparable whole. Ana described their approach to songwriting.

‘It’s like a building. We might start off with a pebble and one of us will bring a grain of sand or a stone and we all work to fit it in.’

VICKI: ‘It’s an evolving process, that’s why it’s so slow. We piece it together bit by bit. Each person has written the initial idea for a song, so each song has the identity of different people.’

This openness of style is reflected in their stage presentation or lack of it. They don’t put on a ‘show’ or treat it with the usual respect reserved only for funerals and football matches, as if it were holy ground. It’s just a part of life.

GINA: ‘We don’t have any patter to cover up the gaps.’

It’s very flexible, not aiming at perfection, far less predictable. Perfection can be different things at different times according to your mood. Obviously the old nerves creep in sometimes.

ANA: ‘The last minute rush can make you feel a bit more sick.’

They’re very lucky though because Shirley, their close friend who works for Rough Trade, would always be there to give them a bowl or some Alka-Seltzer. She has in fact been working closely with the Raincoats for a long time, almost a fifth member of the band. She travels everywhere with them and ensures the smooth running of all their activities. It’s really refreshing to see a professional relationship which is never mercenary or exploitative.

They record with Rough Trade and prefer the flexibility of a small non-commercially orientated label where they can keep control and be involved in all aspects of their music, from studio production to choosing when and where they gig.

ANA: ‘It’s important for us to remain true to ourselves, and we just don’t think it would be possible with a big company. I would rather take a part-time job and work this way.’

At the moment politics in music is fashionable so the industry can make money by ‘selling socialism’. Of course there is a danger that the current influx of women in ‘rock’ could work ultimately against women if it is seen purely as a fad.

‘Women bands are now being taken seriously, the social structure has changed to allow women more freedom in what they do. Women are now in a position to create what they want to create. Music is like a microcosm, it reflects life.’

This may be true for the women’s bands at Rough Trade, but the commercial music industry is another matter. The

VICKI, INGRID, ANA, GINA.

ADVENTURES CLOSE TO HOME

AT FIRST, REHEARSAL

GAIN CONFIDENCE

PASSION THAT HUMS AND RULS WITH NO ROCKER.

Pretend that nothing and now I’m a deterministic mass.

What am I and what am I?

Don’t let my own fate

I follow the I follow the
D.I.Y.

If you want to form your own band, or learn an instrument, or just get
together with other young women your area who are interested in music,
then look out for the next issue because we'll be compiling a list of girls music
workshops throughout the country.

There's always someone who'll show
you how to play if you want to learn,
or you can just go along and have a bash
at whatever instrument you choose.

We'll also give you information on prices
and where to contact people who can help. It's not difficult to make your own
music.

business is run and controlled by men who are very sexist,
very chauvinist, and treat women in general as good for a fuck
and not much else, so why should they suddenly take women's
bands seriously, unless they're a good financial proposition.

As for why the Raincoats choose to play in an all women
band, they say it's more something they stumbled on almost
(not quite) by accident. The original line-up included two
men, but when they were replaced by Palmolive in '78 they
found they really wanted to explore the possibilities
of creating something new by using only women. In the past
music has been totally male dominated and any creative
inclination shown by a woman was certainly frowned upon
and probably stifled.

Women's music is different from men's, maybe because
as women we have gone through similar experiences and find
it easier to relate to each other. Every structure is valid, all
male, mixed, all female, but we wanted to find what would
come out of this, it was something new and exciting for us.

Gina and Ana were at art college together and joined
after seeing their ad in a shop, and they met Ingrid, who's
only been with them a few months, in the smokier depths of
the Electric Ballroom, Palmolive, their previous drummer, left
to grow in other non-musical directions. They all stress that
the most important thing is to find something you're happy
doing and be involved.

INGRID: 'You should find the thing that you want to do, not
necessarily the obvious artistic type things, but the job you
like doing, something you're interested in.'

ANA: 'And put your own personal energy into everything
you do, whatever it is.'

For them being in a band is a means of self-expression.

GINA: 'Some people view it as a job or career, they want to
sign to a big record company, want to have a nice car, nice
flat. It's just something we do, we don't really make much
money at it.'

ANA: 'You learn a lot from each other, you think aloud as
well which is different to thinking on your own. If you're
thinking aloud you sometimes find that more ideas come,
even if you're doing most of the talking, just the fact that
you're actually talking about it makes you more clear. The
other person responds and you can develop things.'

GINA: 'There's an awful lot of feedback and over a period of
time you begin to build up some sort of understanding. We've
been playing for over two years and we've had a lot of ups
downs but I feel now it's been really, really good for me.'

ANA: 'I think I've developed much more in myself, as a
person with the band, than I would have done if I was on my
own, but there's always the bit that's you and not the others.
Everybody is so different it's like your fingerprint.'

ILONA
The demands of the women political prisoners in Armagh Jail are:
1. The right not to do prison work.
2. The right to free association with each other.
3. One visit and one parcel every week.
4. Recreational and educational facilities.
5. The right to proper medical care.

The men in H Block add one more demand: That their protest for political status should not hinder their right to have their sentences reduced for good behaviour.

Internment: The re-introduction of British Troops to Ireland with special powers, including imprisonment without trial.

Diplock Courts: These courts have no jury. Unlike in England, where you are presumed to be innocent until proved guilty by the court, in the Diplock Courts you are guilty until you have proved your innocence. Forced confessions can be used, with no other evidence having to be provided.
THE WAY SHE BEHAVES WITH BOYS

They just flock round, provided she's not too outrageous or extreme, which might frighten them off. You can get the haughty, stuck-up dazzlers - these ones can sometimes have difficulty getting a boy, 'cos the poor blokes are frightened of being laughed at. But Miss Average Dazzler is the one all the boys are after. She's always smiling, she looks gorgeous and has obviously made an effort. So, doesn't she deserve her pick of the boys? Dazzler's not frightened of boys. When she's dancing, if he asks a question and she can't hear, she'll lean forward and get closer.

CLOTHES: The boob tube and pants are bright, maybe look good, definitely not grab.

GRAB YOURSELF A HUNK

The aim of every young girl aged between eight and twenty is to grab themselves a guy. Why is this? The answer is simple: they are told that this is how the normal, average young lady behaves.

Unfortunately, no one has yet told them that there is no such thing as a normal young lady.

The first signs of the Miss Average syndrome begin when the girl in question starts to spend several hours a time in front of the mirror, combing her hair and trying to catch her image out by jerking erratically and clicking her fingers at odd moments to the music on her radio. Then the usual symptoms follow - the avid collection of certain magazines which shall remain nameless, a nervous giggle when any one of the male sex over twelve is present. This syndrome progresses to a nervous fever until the girl may spend up to two hours in front of the mirror every day, making herself up to go out to the shops.

Soon after the girl decides that she must find a hang-out where she can meet boys, as suggested by one of her favourite nameless magazines, she picks on the disco. The disco is the most active abomination since the mafia controlled speakeasys. They are generally run by 'do-gooders' of the local community who hire themselves a D.J., advertise in the local paper and make themselves a tidy profit, better than any church bazaar, for the new village hall by charging a 'small' entrance fee. For this small fee, the girl enters the disco to the sound of pulsating music and gyrating multi-coloured lights. In her disco dazzling boob-tube the girl joins the crowd of boogieing adolescents already grinding their hips and shaking as much or as little as possible. Anyone standing around the room not dancing is referred to as a 'wallflower'. The 'wall flowers' spend their time hoping that they will not have to make fools of themselves. But don't think for a moment that these girls do not want a boy of their very own. They need to prove themselves as much as their friends.

This nervous fever is due to the lack of interesting light reading available to this group. The only magazines which do fill this gap in the market are written by adults. Is this why teenagers are forced to react to boys in this way?
Some of the boys decided to show everyone...
So, after a couple of days...

ugh! Look at her ear! Oy, Michelle, are you bent?

I'm a lesbian, yes, if that's what you mean.

Michelle was right; gradually, people began to talk to her again, and she even had some nice surprises...

What are you trying to prove, street? What a big boy you are? Trying to impress the other girls? Forget it! They think you're pathetic and no wonder!

I know I'm going to end up against a lot of ignorance and prejudice, but I'm glad I came out, and I'm glad I'm a lesbian— for the first time in ages I feel really happy.

Not the End...
I was asked to write something about racism in schools - I thought this would be quite hard to do as racism is not just 'racism in schools'. It's not that simple. The best place I decided to begin was at Junior school.

At Junior school, racism was not prominent to me. This was probably because I was so young and not aware of being black and what it meant. Racism mainly occurred in the form of school literature - things like little black children called "Sambo" and images that took the form of black people called "Gollywog". Things for me at that age were pretty clouded because I enjoyed school, and at the age of eight, black and white children were less struck by colour differences. While writing this, something I remember of Junior school feels quite painful now and as I remember it did then. It was when a teacher had to pick a team and started chanting "eny, meany, minsey, moe, catch a nigger by his toe, if he screams then let him go, eny meany, minsey, moe." I looked at him in disgust and vowed never to speak to him again, and I didn't much either.

Well anyway, of course you begin to age, and you can't get your enlarged bodies into Wendy houses any more. So the educational system decides to move you to a larger Wendy house in the form of domestic science rooms. But unknown to us happy tomboyish girls, your whole world which revolved around playing football, marbles and penny-up-the-wall, with the boys, stops! You can't be a pilot anymore, because you're 'black' and a 'woman'. The labelling process begins. You're streamed into 'O' levels or CSE's or whether you're allowed to do woodwork and metalwork, or cookery and needlework. The steady build up of the educational system reinforcing the status quo and the role in society "they" want you to perform.

It's a fact that while black girls visit the career officers to decide what subjects to pursue, we are persuaded (shoved) into domestic science and social science CSE's. (Is this a conspiracy of adult society to have more black tea ladies and low paid typists, and are encouraged to continue with atheistic, winning on 'behalf' of the schools - where does the winners cup go?)

Then the girls go home after five years (well at weekends as well) and parents ask, "Why didn't you do this, why didn't you do that - you had the same opportunities as the rest?" bla, bla, bla. "You'll have to go to college then!"

Parents sometimes fail to realise that at school we're being continually patronised about our attitudes attitudes, the way we speak and our lack of progress. (Yes! young women we're to blame for the position we've got ourselves into - it sounds like pre and post Conservative manifesto material).

Teachers often, if not always, fail themselves to see the educational system, even society in its true light. For instance, 1) our attitude - don't we come from different cultures? Attitudes are different. Have teachers or the educational structures ever stopped to look at our culture and realise that we're fed up with 400 years of domination and oppression from the 'ruling class' values and culture. Why should we become uniform in attitude - well I mean they put us in uniform dress - but that's not enough, they also want us to have uniform attitudes. 2) Our language - yes! it would be nice to speak and write the Queen's English, wouldn't it? Just because a teacher fails to understand what we are saying, that makes us ignorant, rude, etc., etc., etc. But when we are being thrown into domestic science, its hard to speak Queen's English to cakes and pies - even typewriters don't respond well. Or when in class you're asked to read, and you read with your West Indian, African or Asian accent, reading rubbish about the 'white civilising the blacks', rather than 'white capitalists infesting the colonies to rob them of their wealth and exploit cheap labour'.

If we react against this demoralisation, we're put in disruptive units. There are classrooms which do not facilitate pupils with any education and are labelled ESN (Educationally Sub-normal). Also we're left in there for very long periods.

Who the Hell wants more education in the form of college, but anyway, then we leave with no 'real'
kicked into societal traps. Lots of black girls get pregnant, not so much because of a lack of knowledge about contraception I think, but because of a lack of trust of necessary agencies. Or it might provide the 'independence' from parents, as they can get their own flats. What about bills however? 2 am feelings? Continued shit to clean. And obligation? Black men as well as black women get picked up on the police rules call 'SUS', where the innocent are guilty and the guilty doubly guilty.

We fight at school for equal education and non-sexist education. We fight at work against discrimination of sex, wages and race. We fight in the dope offices for our share of nothing. I'm fed up of us black women propping up our black men, to help them prop up this society, while continually getting kicked in the face. My patience is running out and so is this society's time.

A young black woman South London

SCHOOL

You're talking to a 17-year-old at a free school.

'What's it like?'

'What do you think?'

'What about your experiences and self-recognition?'

This society has a knack (conspiracy) to provide useless diversions - it's easier to go play with the space-invaders than to read 'real' books about black women. We are not so much dropped as

building and shoe making, and go out into jobs with women who already work in these fields. There would be no teacher/pupil/power relationships. If you are interested in something you will be encouraged and helped to pursue that interest. The aim is to create an atmosphere of co-operation not competition, somewhere to learn and share experience (or inexperience).

As regards external exams, although on principle the free School are against all forms of grading or assessing, they do realise that there are reasons why you might need 'O' or 'A' levels, and would provide the facilities for who ever wished to sit them.

At the moment they have regular meetings and are looking for a building. If you are interested in the idea and would like to know more, then contact Cloud through A Woman's Place, 48 William IV St, London W1 01 836 6081

ILLUS
Before I started my periods, I was worried, although everything had been explained to me, and I had read books on it. I imagined walking down the High Street and a puddle of blood wouldn't happen like that. I also went through a stage of feeling very noticeable, as if people looked at me and thought she hasn't started yet.

A first period should be a time of celebration: celebrating entering womanhood. But for a lot of women this is a time of worry and anxiety. Women often feel unclean at this time, starting my periods, and I was mainly because I wasn't sure what it would be like, and if I had to do anything special. The day of the party was fine and sunny. It seemed to greet me with a sense of nervousness and shyness, but this I had to get over. My friend and her mother must all be red, and significantly, I was given several presents: a red pencil case, a red choker with a ladybird pendant on it, plus a pair of washing-up gloves – a symbol of my step into womanhood!

When we had opened our presents, we began to prepare for the barbecue, which we ate in the garden. Everyone who came was female, and in so being, could join in with full emotion and understanding. When the barbecue was finished, we sang a bawdy song, and the sister and friend.

When the party was over, I felt relief, but I also felt a new joy and warmth, because I was special in my life and understood by my daughers to have a menarche party, because although I am very much sometimes, and get pains in my legs and a backache, I no longer worry about my periods or let it rule my life in any way, because I’ve kept all my presents I had for this celebration and 'coz they are all worn out.'

I think any excuse for a party is good, especially when it's to celebrate something that all women experience but is never really talked about, even though I think periods are a drag.
'I thought the idea of having a menarche party was good because it's not the pain or inconvenience that is so difficult at first. It's the fact that periods are socially un-exceptable to talk about or to show any signs of the fact that you are having one.'

In some families periods are kept so secret that some young women don't know what is happening to them when they start their first period..."I didn't know what was happening the first time, I thought I was dying when I saw the blood."

Why should tampons companies that are run by men have a 32 Million pound business in Britain and make huge profits from women's periods? An alternative to manufactured tampons that some women use is the small natural make-up sponges. (Not a synthetic one). Choose one with small holes in it because it absorbs better. Tie a piece of Dental Floss around it, rampen it and push it up your vagina. Rinse it out in water when it gets full and at the end of your period soak it in water overnight to make it clean for the next time.

A sponge is not always convenient, but used on the lighter days of your period or on days when you are at home it can save you money.

Diluted Tampons are completely pointless because menstrual blood doesn't smell unless it comes in contact with the air, and are dangerous because they have sharp teeth that could scratch you inside and start an infection.
Cindy

Talking of Creeps!

Cindy, darling! Marry me!

I'm so confused! He's got money, looks.

A few weeks later I read that Bionic Women my ex-friend used to work
with had divorced in her film career and was
living with some
woman, south of the river, in London.

At first I couldn't understand it, and then as a
mending jealousy crept in, I realised how
much I envied her.

I tried to carry on with
my life as it had been.

My life has no meaning.

What is all this?

I couldn't take it any more. I threw down
my mobile and started out on my desperate
journey to find Bionic Women and a new life!!

Buy the next issue and see!!
Fury over bid to make sex under 16 legal

About a year ago a report by the National Council for One Parent Families came out, calling for the abolition of the Age of Consent laws for heterosexuals. This lead to some wild reporting in the press.

You probably know that under these laws it is illegal for a man to have intercourse with a woman if she is under sixteen years of age.

Maybe a few of you are thinking that this law protects young women, for example from rape. In fact there are very few prosecutions under this law and when they do happen they are against young people who have both consented.

I talked to some women, all of whom are under sixteen, about what they thought about the laws.

I don't think that it is a good idea. Why? Everyone should be able to do what they want to.

Have you ever slept with a boy? No. Is it the law that's stopped you. No. I just don't want to do it. You think it should be lowered to 12. Why not get rid of it altogether? If it was any lower people would get forced into it. Why? Cause men are men. Why? 12? Cause you know what you want at that age.

Sense not sensation

These laws are a result of a society which punishes consenting young people, while turning a blind eye to a lot of cases of rape and violence.

We as young women get the worst of it all round. Some doctors won't give contraception to women under sixteen years, and a lot of young women are frightened to go and obtain contraception, or to tell a doctor they are pregnant in case the doctor tells their parents.

The report was bitterly attacked last night by Mrs. Mary Whitehouse. She said: "The one message children will receive from this report is that sex is okay. This can only lead to greater promiscuity among the young with consequent rises in venereal disease and cervical cancer."

I believe that all women should have the right to abortion on demand, free contraception, and we should be able to get info on these things at any age.

I'm not saying that we should all be having sex before we are sixteen. What I am saying however, is that at the moment the law decides when we should have sex, not us; the law says when we should get contraception, not us; the law says whether we can have an abortion, not us.

We should not have our sexual relationships made illegal and should not be punished for them. We must have the right to determine our own sex lives.

I think this is ridiculous and am against the age of consent laws for both heterosexuals and homosexuals, because I believe that all people who give their consent to sex, both young and old should have the right to determine their own sex lives.

At the moment, if a woman under sixteen decides to enter into a sexual relationship, it means she can be placed in care on the grounds that she is in 'moral danger', to herself because of her, wait for it, 'abnormal sexual appetites'.

It is only the man who can be prosecuted, not the woman, as the law says that whether she wanted sex or not is irrelevant. We as women are not taken seriously. When these laws were thought up, our sexual desires were ignored, in fact it was thought that we didn't have any. An example of this is that there is no age of consent for lesbians as Queen Victoria didn't think it was possible for women to have fulfilling sexual relationships together.

It's stupid, no one takes any notice anyway, if they want to sleep with people they will do it regardless of the law. Have you slept with a boy? Yes. Are you taking any precautions? No. Why not? Cause I don't want to go to the doctor as he'll tell my Mum.

It's alright by people should be allowed to do what they want, they shouldn't get prosecuted.

Do you think that the law would stop you? Probably, but I don't want to sleep with anyone yet anyway. If the laws were abolished, would it make any difference? No, people do it when they want, but I think that when they do they should be able to get contraception.

A STORM of protest last night greeted a Government-financed report calling for the age of sexual consent, at present 16, to be abolished.

Sex under 16 storm

SCRAP THE 'YOUNG LOVE' LAWS
Posing on the Cheap

The way you dress is an important aspect of your character. Looking good can give personal satisfaction, but don’t be manipulated into thinking being ‘Fashionable’ is important. The ‘marvellous’ thing about fashion and why it was created by the clothes manufacturers is that it always changes, so do your clothes and their profits increase. Last year a bright spark thought up blue lipstick. Great! The sort of idea that makes millionaires. Nobody would have blue lipstick, so con (women) into thinking they must wear it or they are unfashionable (obscene word) and then sell it at an extortionate price.

Manufacturers don’t care what you look like, only that they can sell their products. They do this through a barrage of heavy advertising that persuades you that you’ll look stunning. Five months after peasant flounces and frills were beauty incarnate, straight skirts are all you should be seen in. In other words you should be wearing what they make, not what suits you.

Everything on this page is from Jumble Sales, Charity shops and found rummaging around at home in drawers. They just picked clothes that appealed to them, so there is no reason why you should want to wear the same things. I just hope they illustrate how little you need to spend.
? QUIZ ?

Have you ever thought of what you would do if you should come across a certain situation? This quiz is designed to find out what your reactions would be. You don't have to take any notice of the conclusions, but maybe think why you think you would react in this way.

1. You are walking along the street with a boy when he is attacked by another two boys. Would you:
   (a) Scream for help
   (b) Faint from shock
   (c) Jump in and help him to defend himself
   (d) Stand aside and watch, you like to see a good fight anytime

2. It is late at night and you are sitting in a bus stop alone when a few boys start to chat you up. Would you:
   (d) Talk to them half heartedly and then jump on the next bus that comes along, even if it isn't the one you wanted
   (c) Tell them that you have no wish to hold a conversation
   (a) Talk back to them, thinking this is your big chance
   (b) Smile at them shyly

3. You are wandering lost in the middle of the countryside when you come across a lonely looking cottage. Would you:
   (b) Walk past, you are too frightened to try and get help
   (a) Stand far off and shout to see if anyone is at home
   (d) Walk up to it but first check that everything is alright before you make any noise
   (c) Boldly walk up to it and bang heavily on the door

4. The headmaster at your school has told you that you cannot do mental work and should do home economics instead. Would you:
   (a) Plead with him and hope he will change his mind
   (c) Make something of it by getting other girls to join you and force him to change his mind
   (b) Listen to him - after all you will get practice for when you cook your future husband's dinner
   (d) Threaten him with court action

5. You are hitch-hiking with a friend when a car stops to give you a lift. You don't like the look of the two men in the car. Do you:
   (d) Accept, but strike up a conversation about the black belt you have in karate and how you have just taken up judo . . .
   (b) Find out where they are going first and then say that you are heading in a totally different direction
   (c) Accept the lift, you can always defend yourself should you need to
   (a) Say that you don't accept lifts from men

6. You turn up at the new local disco wearing trousers, but you are told that girls are not allowed in wearing trousers. Do you:
   (a) Hang around hoping that they will make special allowance for you
   (d) Go away and come back posing as a boy - you will do anything to get into this disco
   (b) Run home and change
   (c) Tell them what you think of their rule

7. You are asked what you think of John Travolta. Do you say:
   (a) He should take dancing lessons from the Muppets
   (b) He is handsome, beautiful, good-looking, pretty ... . . .
   (a) He is the best dancer since Fred Astaire
   (d) You never think of him

Mostly ... A : Usually you listen to other people, but you can sometimes surprise yourself by being quite firm.
B : John Travolta will get you nowhere! Try and stand up more for what you want.
C : You seem quite brave - when one of us gets famous you can be our bodyguard.
D : You appear to like a good laugh most of the time, but can be more serious when you need to be.
E : You don't take it too seriously at all.
How to form a Young Women's Group

IN SCHOOL
This is quite difficult, because it is likely that you don't have the right to meet without a teacher present or to advertise meetings. It would be worth fighting on this issue through a NUSU group as well. Find out if the 6th form have a women's group; at least they have space of their own to meet in. Contact a feminist or otherwise sympathetic teacher and ask her to arrange a meeting place for a discussion group during the lunch break or after school. She may have to be present at your first meetings but point out firmly to her that you require her support and advice, but not her domination of the group. Advertising of meetings may at first have to be done by word of mouth. Besides telling your friends, ask the teacher to pass the word on to any interested women in her class.

Ideas for starting discussion could be the right to wear trousers in school, the proportion of girls/boys on some courses, the sexism of teachers, textbooks or syllabuses, the quality of sex instruction given to school (do you get contraceptive advice?). You could invite speakers, show films, play tapes; you'll probably need a teacher to do the official booking for you until you establish the right to do these things yourselves. (One good film to show would be "Taught to be Girls!", contact Marie Peacock, 168 Keir Hardie House, Hornsey Lane Estate, London N19)

LOCAL AREA
Contact the women's centre for a place to meet and for names of other interested young women in the area. There may be a youth club nearby with a girls only night, or with young women who would be interested in meeting. It women's centres of youth clubs don't work as venues, what about tenants' association/community/landlord/other groups or community/other neighbourhoud centres who have free or cheap meeting rooms?

Possible starting points for discussion could be the lack of leisure facilities for young women in the area, the difficulty of getting useful information on health/sexuality/employment. Advertise in local shops and papers and remember you can always advertise in the magazine, and it's free.

GOOD LUCK. PLEASE INFORM US ON HOW YOU GET ON, WHETHER GOOD OR BAD, AND WRITE UP YOUR EXPERIENCES IN AN ARTICLE IN THE MAGAZINE.

USEFUL CONTACTS

National Abortion Campaign, 374 Grays Inn Rd, London WC1 (01 278 0153)
OWAAD. (Young African and Asian Women's Groups)
AWAZ, Asian Women's Movement, c/o 13, Nicoll Rd, London NW10
Brook Advisory Centres, Contraception and Pregnancy Advice, Local Clinics 01 580 2991
Lesbian Line (phone counselling and information) 01-837 8602
Lesbian Line (phone counselling and information) 061-236 6205
Rock Against Sexism c/o Room 265, 27 Clerkenwell Close, London EC1
Anti Nuclear Campaign 27 Clerkenwell Close, London EC1
National Union of School Students, c/o National Union of Students, 3 Endsleigh St, London WC1A 0DU (01-387 1277)

RAPE
Rape Crisis Centres
Birmingham 24 hour line - B'ham 233 2122; office no. B'ham 233 2655
Dublin 8pm - 8 am nightly - Dublin 601 470
Edinburgh Wed, Thurs, Fri, 6-10pm - Edin. 5569437
Glasgow Mon, Wed, Fri 7-10pm - Glas 331 2811
Leeds Wed 7-9pm, Sun 2-8pm - Leeds 40058
Liverpool Fri 5-8pm - L'pool 709 1938
Manchester Tues 2-5pm: Thurs 7-9pm: Sat 2-5pm - Manchester 228 3620
Newcastle 10am-10pm Mon - Fri, 6.30-10pm weekends - Newcastle 29858
Nottingham Mon-Fri 11am-5pm - Nott 410440
Sheffield write to PO Box 34, Sheffield 1 for number
South Wales Wed 8-10pm, Sun 4-7pm - Cardiff 374 015

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Sympathy to Bethan - we did it our way.
thanks to pencil graphics.