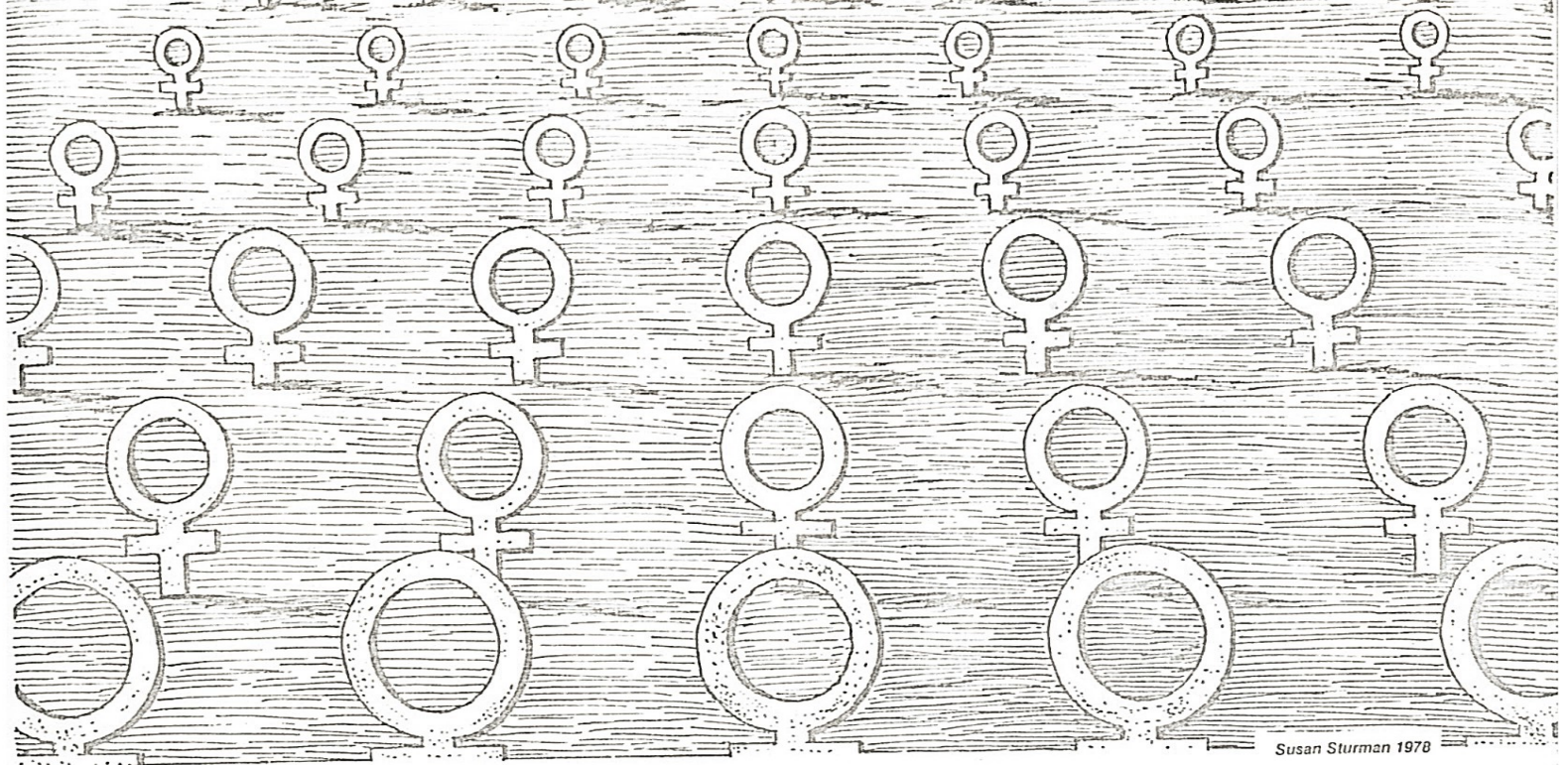


FOR EVERY

WOMAN RAPED

IN EVERY WAR



Susan Sturman 1978

On this day, when we remember the agonies which war brings to the lives of ordinary people, the women of this city remember too the grief, terror, and violence which have always been part of women's experience of war. It is in remembrance of these unsung women that we each bring a flower of compassion and solidarity to this place on this day. We remember expressly that the rape of women marches like a dark shadow in the ranks of every army and lingers long in every female consciousness as an inevitable reality of women and war.

W.A.V.A.W., Toronto, 1978

The following poem will be read aloud at the Remembrance Day Ceremony, on November 11, 1979:

*WE ARE BRINGING THESE FLOWERS IN REMEMBRANCE OF ALL THE WOMEN WHO DIED IN ALL THE WARS THAT MEN HAVE FOUGHT.*

*WE REMEMBER THE NURSES WHO DIED TENDING THE WOUNDED OF BOTH SIDES.*

*WE REMEMBER THE WOMEN WHO WERE RAPED BY SOLDIERS OF THEIR OWN COUNTRY AND BY THE INVADERS, AND WHO WERE THEN REJECTED BY THEIR FATHERS AND THEIR BROTHERS AND THEIR SONS.*

*WE REMEMBER THE WOMEN WHO DIED OR WERE WOUNDED BECAUSE THEY LIVED IN CITIES WHERE BOMBS FELL OUT OF THE SKY.*

*WE REMEMBER INDIAN WOMEN WHO WERE KILLED BY EUROPEAN SETTLERS, AND SETTLER WOMEN CARRIED OFF BY INDIAN WAR PARTIES*

*WE REMEMBER ALL OUR SISTERS, NON-COMBATTANTS, WHOSE LIVES WERE ENDED OR FORESHORTENED OR CRIPPLED BECAUSE THEIR FATHERS AND BROTHERS WENT TO WAR AGAINST THE FATHERS AND BROTHERS OF THEIR SISTERS IN ANOTHER LAND*

*WE WEEP FOR THEM. WE DO NOT FORGET THEM. AND AS WE REMEMBER THEM, WE DEDICATE OURSELVES TO MAKING A NEW WORLD WHERE WE AND OUR DAUGHTERS CAN LIVE FREE: A WORLD WHERE OUR GRANDDAUGHTERS AND OUR SISTERS' GRANDDAUGHTERS AND GREAT-GRANDDAUGHTERS MAY LOOK BACK MEMORIOUSLY AT SOME ABANDONED, ALMOST FORGOTTEN TIME WHEN WOMEN DIED*

WE ARE BRINGING THESE FLOWERS IN REMEMBRANCE OF ALL THE WOMEN WHO DIED IN ALL THE WARS THAT MEN HAVE FOUGHT.

WE REMEMBER THE NURSES WHO DIED TENDING THE WOUNDED OF BOTH SIDES.

WE REMEMBER THE WOMEN WHO WERE RAPED BY SOLDIERS OF THEIR OWN COUNTRY AND BY THE INVADERS, AND WHO WERE THEN REJECTED BY THEIR FATHERS AND THEIR BROTHERS AND THEIR SONS.

WE REMEMBER THE ~~WOMEN~~ WHO DIED OR WERE WOUNDED BECAUSE THEY LIVED IN CITIES WHERE BOMBS FELL OUT OF THE SKY.

WE REMEMBER INDIAN WOMEN WHO WERE KILLED BY EUROPEAN SETTLERS, AND SETTLER WOMEN CARRIED OFF BY INDIAN WAR PARTIES.

WE REMEMBER ALL OUR SISTERS, NON-COMBATTANTS, WHOSE LIVES WERE ENDED OR FORESHORTENED OR CRIPPLED BECAUSE THEIR FATHERS AND BROTHERS WENT TO WAR AGAINST THE FATHERS AND BROTHERS OF THEIR SISTERS IN ANOTHER LAND.

WE WEEP FOR THEM. WE DO NOT FORGET THEM. AND AS WE REMEMBER THEM,

## Women remembered on November 11

by Judy Lynne

Approximately 30 Ottawa women participated in Remembrance Day ceremonies at Confederation Square on November 11. They carried a large black banner with white letters that read "For Every Woman Raped in Every War", from the Ottawa Women's Centre to the site of the annual commemoration ceremony.

Following the traditional ceremony, the women's procession moved to the cenotaph where, in unison, a poem written by Kate Nonesuch was read aloud. Each woman placed a single flower on the steps of the cenotaph, each flower identifiable by a white ribbon with the same inscription as the banner.

Some hostility was generated by the mention of rape on the banner—"Talk about rape is in poor taste at a time like this", "Who'd want to rape you goddamn bitches anyway?" Organizers felt that although it was a frightening and unnerving experience to face these reactions, it is a discomfort we cannot afford to be silent

about. Rape is not a compliment, as the quote above suggests. It is the experience of women and children as victims of men's battles.

In British Columbia, the annual convention of the B.C. Federation Of Women was held in Victoria, and a contingent of over 100 women participated in the ceremonies held there. After the veteran's parade, and during the speeches, the women made their way gradually to the microphones to read the memorial poem. Just as an unidentified clergyman finished his speech, an elderly legionnaire standing nearby collapsed. While a couple of BCFW members assisted the man, two other women took over the lectern and read the poem outlining the atrocities that women have borne while men have battled over property. They had almost finished the poem when the mike was cut as police and medical officials hustled out the stricken legionnaire. The women then laid one rose on the cenotaph and the group completed their statement in unison, "Our war is going on. We are still waiting for our Armistice Day."



photo: Kate Middleton

We are bringing these flowers in remembrance of all the women who died in all the wars that men have fought.

We remember the nurses who died tending the wounded of both sides.

We remember the women who were raped by soldiers of their own country and by the invaders, and who were then rejected by their fathers and their brothers and their sons.

We remember the women who died or were wounded because they lived in cities where bombs fell out of the sky.

We remember Indian women who were killed by European soldiers.