

- is not a very successful strategy for changing the power relations between the sexes.
17. For Sawchuk to collapse "sociological" and "content analysis" into a single discourse is surely to fall into "the trap of representational coherence," of which she accuses Harding and Nett, p. 49.
 18. Sawchuk, p. 45.
 19. de Lauretis, p. 169, describes the two main emphases in post-structuralist semiotic theory. The one is focussed on the *subjective* aspects of signification; the other stresses its *social* aspects. She equates the former with opportunities to acquire knowledge about women, and the latter, about woman. She says regarding the objective and subjective, "it seems to me that only by knowingly enacting and re-presenting them, by knowing us to be both woman and women, does a woman today become a subject." (p. 186)
 20. I have other concerns about the popularity of this new theoretical development in academic feminism but I can only mention two briefly. One is the matter of its relevance for, or its accessibility to feminists outside the university; the other is the attraction it has for academic men in the humanities and social sciences, who have vigorously resisted the older brands of feminism but have been irresistibly drawn to this new theory. Both these matters require further discussion by feminist theorists and practitioners...
 21. Sawchuk, p. 49, uses the term "moralism" instead of "morality," apparently to cast Nett and Harding together into the role of the "censure of pleasure and sexuality." I use the term "morality" to refer to rules of conduct by which people live in groups.

Stone Bubbles

I come to you for therapy; you say, *go back, go back and find what it is that sinks you.*
 I close my eyes on a flattened stone that skips away
 from my grey flannel skirt with the white flannel
 lamb, flaring away from my four-year-old legs.
 All these stones, collected on the table, gathered
 in corners, under the windows, along the sill,
 flecked in the sun, dark like wool. What do they
 hold, these finished rocks, tossed in the sand,
 confiscated from streams, congregated here
 in the eaves of permission? Knowing wouldn't
 scare me, not burning wire hairs against
 a skinny, shivering thigh, not the sound of anger,
 crashing from grown-up mouths like rocks against
 the tides in my ear, not the smell of semen, damming
 the roof of my mouth, or the lulling erosion of pain
 into a trance, interior blankets, eddy over
 the grainy hours. Because they must be someone else's
 memories. Someone braver than I, who cast mistrust
 over the wake of its own rippling reflection, someone
 lifted, clean and whole, sparkling in the hands of a
 lover. The polished stones won't tell, their colors
 edged in darkness; not until whatever holds them
 together crumbles in the press of my palms
 covering over the lids of my eye. It's that
 crumbling, not the darkness, that scares me.

*Judith Chalmer
 Montpelier, Vermont*