

AUDACIOUS WOMEN FESTIVAL

AUDACIART WEEKLY

A Kind of Difference

19 June 2020





AudaciArt – A Kind of Difference

This week's theme, *A Kind of a Difference*, is inspired by a quotation from Jane Goodall:

You cannot get through a single day without having an impact on the world around you. What you do makes a difference, and you have to decide what kind of difference you want to make.

AudaciArt

Hallo Everybody

Here is the 11th AudaciArt publication: an even bigger collection this week of words and pictures inspired by a quotation by an audacious woman. Women are invited to create and submit any type of work inspired by the theme.

Lots of you are looking at it, and all the contributions have been really thought-provoking. Do think about getting involved!

Many thanks to all our contributors and to the Audacious Women Collective Members and volunteers who helped to make this possible.

The theme for Friday 26th June @ Noon is: Through A Portal

And for the following, 3rd July @ Noon: Footprints



Contents

P4:	Jane Goodall	Sally Wainwright
P6:	How Different Are We Really?	Jo Cameron Duguid
P8:	Not All is as it Seems!!	Anne Conrad
P9	Just Jenny	Helen Dineen
P11:	A Kind of Difference	Sally Freedman
P12:	Thoughts on the Death of George Floyd	Sally Freedman



Jane Goodall Sally Wainwright

You don't need to look very hard to discover what kind of difference Jane Goodall has made. In 1957 her love of Africa and animals took her to Kenya where she contacted Louise Leakey, a noted archaeologist and palaeontologist, whose work with his wife Mary Leakey was instrumental in demonstrating that humans first evolved in Africa. Believing the study of the great apes would provide information about the behaviour of early hominids, Leakey employed three women (who became known as the Trimates) to study hominids in their natural environment. Jane Goodall studied chimpanzees, Dian Fossey gorillas, and Biruté Galdikas orangutans. At that time primatology was an almost entirely male-dominated and Goodall says that women were not accepted in the field. Now, thanks in no small part to Goodall, it is closer to 50:50.

After a spell studying primate behaviour in London, Leakey arranged for Goodall to go to Gombe Stream National Park in Tanzania. It was the start of an extraordinary 60+ year career during which she redefined species conservation to include both local communities and the environment and made discoveries about chimpanzees that would radically alter our understanding of them.

Goodall took a very unorthodox approach to studying the chimps, preferring to live alongside them companionably, rather than studying them from afar. She eventually succeeded in gaining their trust and for nearly 2 years she was able to mix within the group, though she was forced out when the new alpha male started becoming aggressive towards her.

She gave the chimpanzees names rather than numbers, observed them living in family groups and displaying emotions, and began to recognise that they each had their own personalities. Goodall became only the 9th person accepted to study for a PhD at Cambridge University without a first degree. She said of that time:

You can imagine my dismay when I got to Cambridge and found that I had done everything wrong. I shouldn't have named the chimps; I should have given them numbers. I couldn't talk about their personalities, their minds or their feelings because that was unique to us.

It had long been said that what distinguishes humans from other animals is that we are toolmakers. However, that distinction vanished overnight when Goodall saw a



Photo Muhammad Mahdi Karim/www.micro2macro.net



chimpanzee she'd named David Greybeard using a twig to "fish" for termites. He poked the stick into a termite mound, where they clung to it, then put it to his mouth to eat them. She later watched him and other chimps stripping the leaves off leafy twigs so that they became a suitable tool, saw the chimps using rocks to open fruit and nuts and even using sharpened sticks as spears. Goodall's mentor, Leakey, said of her discovery that tool use was not uniquely human, "*Now we must redefine tool, redefine man, or accept chimpanzees as human.*"

Goodall's other discoveries about chimps included the fact that they were not herbivores as had always been thought, and would even on occasion indulge in cannibalism.

In 1977 Goodall opened the Jane Goodall Institute whose website says it *advances Dr. Goodall's holistic approach through a tapestry of nine strategies that build on each other and bring the power of community-centered conservation to life*. As well as conservation, research and education the strategies include 'Gender Health & Conservation' which empowers young women by providing access to education, family planning, high-quality healthcare and clean water to help them create a better future for themselves, the environment and their families and communities.

A second strategy focuses on young people through a youth-led global community action programme. It works in nearly 100 countries encouraging young people to identify and address problems in their communities, whilst becoming a generation of informed compassionate citizens.

Now aged 86 Goodall is a UN Messenger of Peace and is still working and travelling the world giving talks and lectures about her work, conservation, the environment, animal welfare, and equality. In this short video, [Mother Earth](#), she talks about some of her motivations.

In August 2019 a statue of Goodall was erected in New York - one of 10 inspirational women - as part of the [Statues for Equality](#) project.

How refreshing to see a truly inspirational and ground-breaking woman honoured in this way. That's one statue at least that won't need to be pulled down any time soon.

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How Different Are We Really?

Jo Cameron Duguid

I am a member of a charitable organisation called LifeLines, which offers unconditional friendship to prisoners on death row in the USA through letter-writing. This is a piece I wrote some years back for LifeLines' essay writing competition.

When I was six or seven years old, I was sitting in church with my family one Sunday evening when a homeless man wandered in. He came just as the priest was starting to distribute communion. He shuffled to the front of the church and knelt down at the altar rail amongst the regular communicants. He looked old, dishevelled, sad. Perhaps he thought this was one place where he would receive a welcome, some healing for his broken spirit. If so, he was wrong. The priest moved along the line, giving communion to the 'faithful'. As he approached this guest in the church, the man raised his head. The priest simply passed him by, not even looking at him. Bewildered, I suppose, the man remained there while those who had received communion went back to their seats and the next in line took their places at the altar. Again, the priest passed him by. This went on while five or six rows of people all received the sacrament, at which point the priest made his way back to the altar. Dejectedly, the homeless man left the church.

I was outraged. Even now, more than half a century later, I can still feel the anger welling up inside me when I recall that incident. I was filled with a burning conviction that this was not the right way to treat a human being in obvious distress. Many Christians today wear a wristband with the letters WWJD on it, to remind them to ask the question, 'What would Jesus do?', when faced with the challenges of everyday life. Although still a child, I was sure that what that priest did was *not* what Jesus would have done. In church, and in the Roman Catholic primary school I attended, I was being fed a steady diet of Bible stories and Catholic doctrine. The parable of the Good Samaritan (Luke 10:29-37) springs to mind, doesn't it? As do Jesus's words that the righteous gave him food when he was hungry, drink when he was thirsty, took him in when he was a stranger and came to him when he was in prison. For, He said, 'Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these my brethren, ye have done it unto me' (Matthew 25:34-40). Here was the priest, being offered an opportunity to put his preaching into practice and, to my mind, failing miserably.

A seed was planted in me that evening. At that age, I doubt whether I could have expressed it in words and, in any case, my family never discussed what had happened. But I made a decision to take a stand alongside those marginalised and rejected by society and, looking back, that decision has been a golden thread running through my life. It led me to train as a teacher and to work with children with special educational needs in schools, including those with profound disabilities who are rarely seen out in public because their parents face such a lack of understanding and support. I have supported students with learning disabilities in an adult education college, encouraging them to live the most fulfilling lives they can. I have done voluntary work with homeless people, and have stepped into situations where angels might fear to tread, when simply offering some human compassion was all that was needed. So it came as no surprise, when I read an interview in a magazine



with a member of LifeLines, that I knew immediately it was an organisation I wanted to join.

I hasten to add that I do not see myself as any kind of exceptional human being. I have always remembered a line from the film, *Cry, the Beloved Country*, when the young black preacher who is helping a man to track down his lost son in Johannesburg is praised for his work and called 'a saint'. 'Oh no', the preacher replies, 'I am selfish and sinful...but God has put His hand on me.' We all have a choice whether to act from our noblest impulses or to 'pass by on the other side' when we see those in need. We don't always get it right. But if we wait until we are perfect human beings before doing what we can to make the world a better place, then the world is going to be waiting a long time. And the world needs us *now*.

My commitment to LifeLines is underpinned by a deep-seated faith in humanity and a belief that, as human beings, we all experience the same range of emotions and desires. Life can be a struggle, and we are all made of the same 'stuff' – an often perplexing mix of good and bad, light and dark. So there is no 'us and them' in my thinking about the prisoners we support. It's *all* 'us'. We have all made mistakes in our lives and done things we are not proud of. Maybe we didn't have a gun or a knife in our hands in those times of desperation when we 'snapped' and lost control. But can we honestly say we know how we might behave in other circumstances, perhaps with a different upbringing, when driven to the edge in our lives? I do not condone the terrible crimes many of our friends on death row have committed. But I don't believe that their crimes say everything that there is to be said about them, nor that they should be treated as less than human because of what they have done.

I have now been a member of LifeLines for twelve years and have been richly blessed by the friendships I have developed with several death row prisoners, whose compassion, sense of humour and resilience in the bleakest of circumstances continues to inspire me. No human being should be cast aside as beyond redemption or treated with the cruelty that is so casually meted out to those held on death row. Honouring the light that still shines in all those we befriend, I bring to mind these words of prayer: 'To the darkness Jesus came as your light. With signs of faith and words of hope, he touched untouchables with love and washed the guilty clean.'

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Not All is as it Seems!!

Anne Conrad



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Just Jenny

Helen Dineen

This is the text for a picture book for young children featuring a girl with Asperger's syndrome. Girls with Asperger's can be under-diagnosed as they learn how to "mask" in school; however, this can be exhausting and they can behave very differently in their home environment. I wanted to write a book that girls who feel this way could identify with.

This is Jenny. And this is Fox. There's only one of Jenny, and one of Fox. But sometimes Jenny thinks she is twins in disguise. One twin lives at home. And the other goes out to school.

In the morning, Fox and Jenny-at-home are still sleepy. It takes them a long time to get dressed. This book is more interesting. That picture is half-finished. That pile of bricks could be a castle...

So sometimes Mum has to help, to make sure they are ready on time. Especially if there is a zip. Jenny-at-home and zips are not friends. Neither are Jenny-at-home and her hairbrush.

Jenny-at-home has the same breakfast every morning. Two slices of toast, one with butter, one with jam. Always triangles. It helps her to feel ready for the day. But when it's time to leave the house...

...Jenny-at-home does not want to go.

So Jenny-at-school takes over. Jenny-at-school loves to learn. She likes to answer questions and follow the rules. She lines up marching numbers. Juggles playful words. Makes music from colourful patterns. Everything is new. Everything is interesting. Books are especially awesome.

Jenny-at-school does get worried in the playground. But then there's Bina, who knows how to play games that Jenny likes too. So they play together, and that makes the time go fast. Even though a little bit of Jenny-at-home comes through when the other children are noisy and scary.

In the afternoon, Jenny-at-school likes to study bugs, and make cardboard rocket ships, and practise singing. (Gym day is not so good, but only because Jenny-at-school doesn't like zips or buttons, just like her twin.) It takes a lot of energy to be Jenny-at-school. Her eyes and her ears and her brain have all been working extra-hard. So for Jenny-at-home, when she takes over again...

... everything is too much.

Her zipper is tricky. Her books are heavy. Her brother is making the most annoying noise in the world. And he just won't stop.



Jenny-at-home has had *enough*.

Jenny-at-home wishes she could just have five minutes' peace to play. No-one watching, no-one listening. Just Jenny and the games in her head. Fox would quite like that too.

But still there is tea to eat. (Too many peas).

And a bath to be had. (The towel is scratchy).

At last, after all the busyness of the day, it's bedtime - and that means time for stories. Now it's quiet. Now it's still. Jenny-at-home's pyjamas are her favourites (the extra-soft purple ones with the kitten on the front.) And Fox is there too.

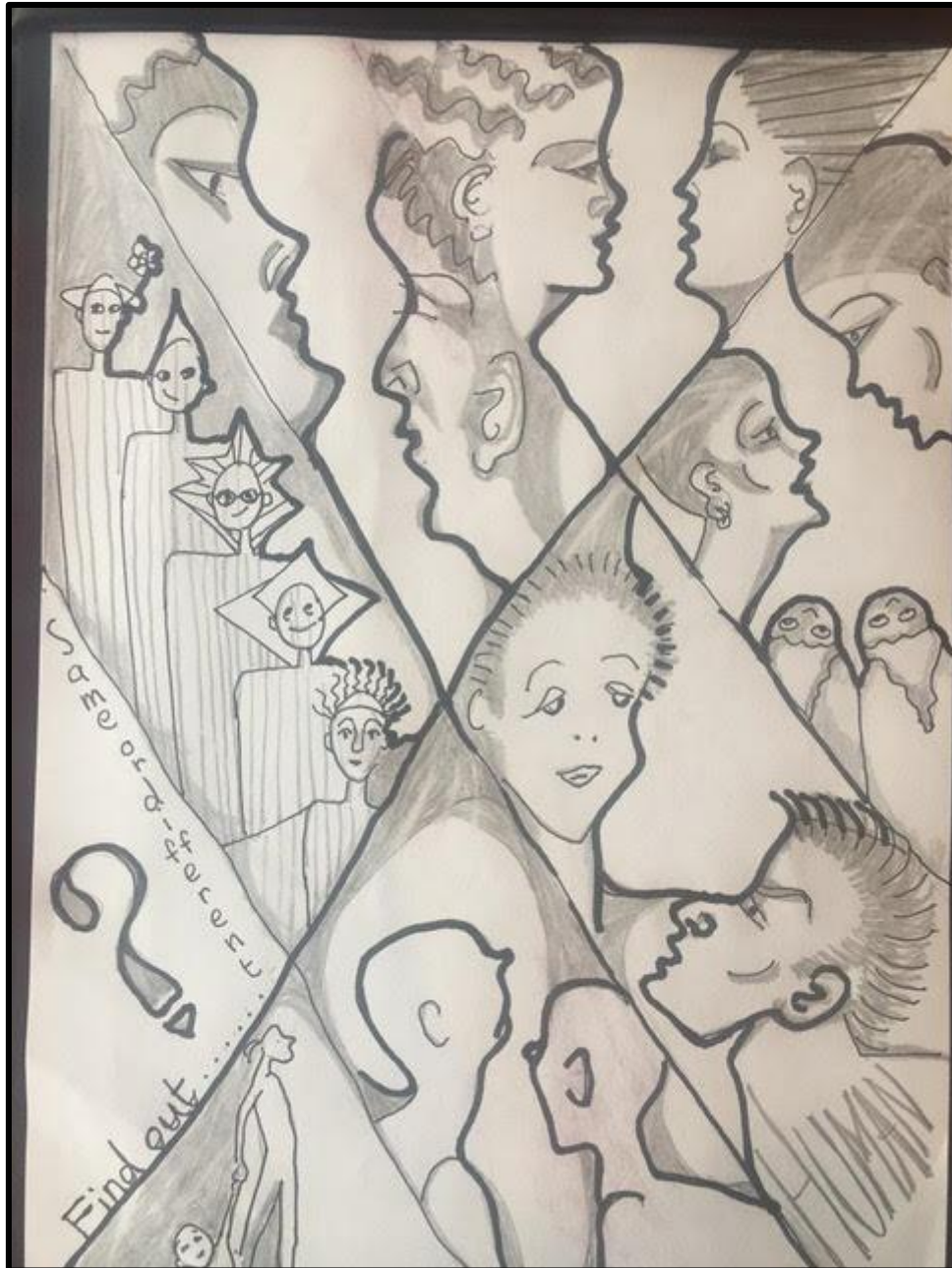
So just-the-one Jenny snuggles up to listen. She wriggles her toes and pulls the covers right up to her nose. Her covers are heavy, and feel just right. And the words wash over her in comforting waves.

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A Kind of a Difference

Sally Freedman



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Thoughts After the Death of George Floyd

Sally Freedman

Divisions festoon cities,
Sound out from ghettos and shanty towns,

Bungalows and high rises,

Mansions and mews:

Them v Us

No question

Who has robbed continents

Of beauty, youth and vigour,

Brought generations to a halt,

Stopped, stilted, stunted,

Hunted.

Left bodies flyblown in the trees.

Us v Them.

Not blunted but sharpened

A taste for justice, dignity

And respect

In unexpected places,

Not only black races

Where and Where? Well,

There and There!

Here and Here!

Who though, Who?

Me and You.



There's only so much
Anyone can take of
'Put the boot in or shoot',
Only so much turning the other cheek,
Displaying meek, while feeling freaking
Freaked.

What a difference a tone makes
The darker the shade, the deeper the cut,
Longer the sentence,
Heavier, that knee on the neck.

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