

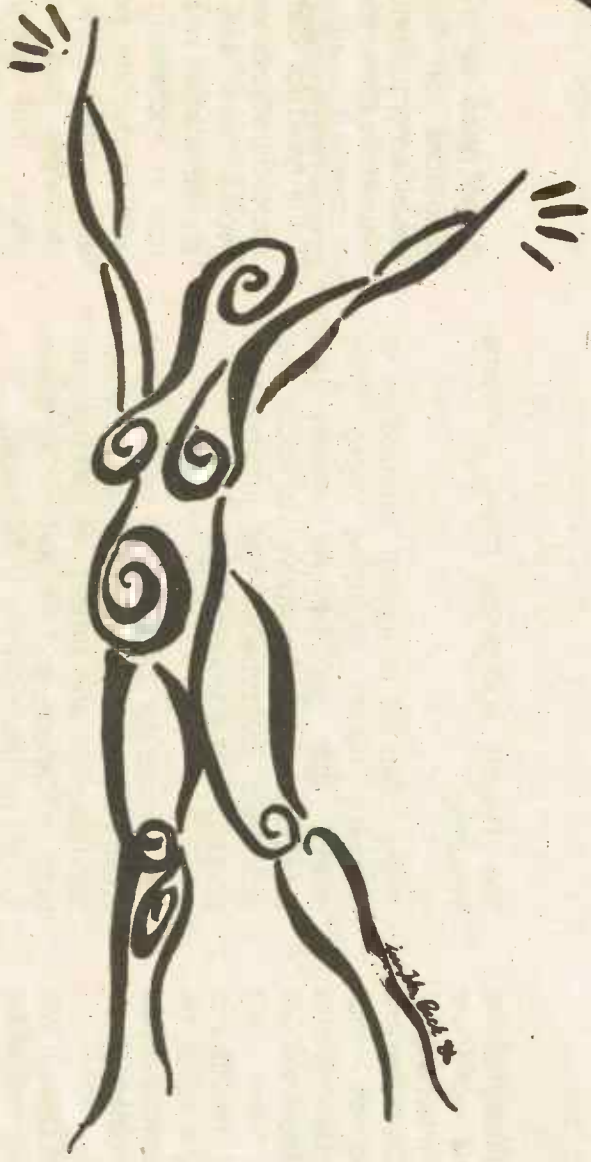
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Editorial ...

by MARGARET PHILLIPS

As the NWJ goes to press, representatives of governments throughout the world are meeting in Cairo at the International Conference on Population and Development (ICPD). What is critical for women worldwide is whether the recommendations and action stemming from this Conference will provide for "development" that will accommodate women's social, health and economic needs; or will it again focus on "population" and population control policies that are inherently abusive to women.

Will women's voices be heard in Cairo? Will an alternative to population control be advanced? Will governments recognize that the women whose lives are most directly affected must be allowed to determine their own needs and solutions in relation to fertility control, health and development within their own contexts?

"Women need access to safe and effective methods of birth control and abortion. But population programs that merely involve the distribution of contraceptives in the absence of education, improved health care, credit and productive resources, jobs, economic security and legal protection from exploitation and violence is of limited value and can sometimes do great harm" states Karen Seabrooke of Inter Pares.

The population control lobby (which includes multi-national pharmaceutical companies) is powerful. Unfortunately, many mainstream media pundits have become mired in the population control camp. It is urgent that feminists analyze the "population issue" and put forward the alternative vision.

In fact, women have been working internationally in this regard for years (e.g. Comilla Declaration, Bangladesh 1989, N60 Treaty on Population, Environment and Women, Rio, 1992). Those familiar with population control programs in developing countries know that these programs are coercive, exploitative and harmful to women. We also know that poor women, women of colour, and disabled women are targeted for fertility reduction. Forced sterilization of Aboriginal and Inuit women, black women and disabled women has occurred in Canada.

Canada is involved in population control through domestic and foreign policies. Canadian women must understand the issue in both a national and international context.

The Canadian Women's Committee on Reproduction, Population and Development came together because of a felt need to present a Canadian feminist perspective on population issues. Their recently produced report is essential reading for everyone concerned with women's well-being.

The Report addresses many concerns including:

"* the need for integrated approaches to women's health, including reproductive health, that go beyond merely the distribution of contraceptives to social and economic investments that improve the conditions of women's lives;

* the need for government policies that ensure a halt to the unethical use of certain contraceptive and proceptive technologies both in Canada and as part of Canadian-funded programs in the Third World;

* the need for Canada to stop funding population programs that target people on the basis of race, class, gender and ability;

* the need for increased resources to promote the rights of the disabled and for programs that ensure their full participation in society;

* the need for a concentration of CIDA resources on human and sustainable development priorities, including health and education, rather than for population control;

* the need for Canada to stop supporting structural adjustment programs, forgive Third World debt and work towards more equitable trade relations and to take a lead role in addressing Northern consumption and production patterns that pollute the environment, waste non-renewable resources and maintain an international order that perpetuates poverty and underdevelopment."

A copy of this report may be obtained by writing: Canadian Women's Committee on Reproduction, Population, and Development, c/o 58 Arthur St., Ottawa, Ontario, K1R 7B9. 613-563-4801



TRADITIONAL TO NON-TRADITIONAL

Teresa Legowski interviewed Mary Feawasige at her home in Ear Falls.

Teresa: How did your profession get started?

Mary: I was very young when I got married (17) and then I started having children, one after the other. By the time I was 25 I had five girls; the last two were twins. My marriage was not going good. This went on for 12 years and then I finally got a job for a construction company for the summer. When it was over I was on unemployment in 1975 which was the year they were really pushing people to take courses.

Teresa: What was your job in the construction company?

Mary: I was just a flag person on the road. (I don't say flag man, I say flag person.) So, they were pushing to take these courses and the only thing I could see was I'd been with my husband for fourteen years, I was kind of used to the bush. I'd go out and help cut firewood and use the powersaw. They had a cutter and skidder course. So I thought, well, I know the money in the bush is good. I've got no education, no way to support these girls. There was no way in the world I was going on welfare. So I took the course, did excellent, finished, put my name in at that time. It took me awhile - I kept going in reapplying and phoning - bugging them. Finally a year later they told me: We're not going to hire you because of the fact you're a woman. I said that wasn't a very smart thing to say really. That was the year there was kind of a push for the women too. I was told that he had talked to the guys and they absolutely said they won't even ride the bus if you're on it to go to work. I said, OK, that's fine. That's all I wanted to know because I know you've been hiring 17 yr old boys off the street and you're not supposed to hire anybody in the bush unless they're 18. I've had my name in here for a year - I'm qualified, I've taken courses; these kids don't even know what a powersaw looks like and you're putting them in the bush. So I went to Manpower and told them of all the discrimination and I got a phone call the next day...Do you want a job? YES! You have to move to Ear Falls. Where's Ear Falls? So, he explained it all to me and at that point in time I didn't trust him too much so I made him give me a letter in writing that within thirty days of moving to Ear Falls that I would be working and if I wasn't, they had to pay my wages. So this was how it happened. He gave me the letter.

So, I came out here and started working and in the meantime I had split-up with my husband where I had been living in Wabigoon. When I moved here to Ear Falls, he followed and I couldn't get rid of him. I called the police and told them we were going into our separation and that this was my house, I paid the rent, it's in my name.

The police said just to throw him out. Right! I was only 120 pounds then and he was 210 - how am I to throw him out? So he got a job here too and moved into the house. What could I do? I was stuck again. He stayed around here for a year and things got really, really drastic. Things really came to a head. He ended up leaving forcibly because I kind of flipped out, I guess, and got a gun after him and told him, that's it, I have no protection. I told him if you come through that door you're going to get shot - just don't come because I'd taken enough abuse and wasn't taking it anymore. So that's what happened and somebody phoned the police and they came down and, of course, if I had the gun that was a different story - they were going to take it away from me but an hour before he'd had a knife to me and the children had phoned the police. I never did give the gun up. I took the bullets out and laid it on the table.

Then finally a judge got involved and lawyers and the Reeve here in Ear Falls and the doctor's wife. I had everybody going and then in one day things finally got done. I had a bond put against my husband and he couldn't come within a hundred mile radius of me. If he did he would get charged with attempted murder and he would definitely go to jail. Thank goodness - I've had no problems since. He couldn't come anywhere near Ear Falls at all. He has come the odd time in the last few years. He stopped in to see one of my daughters. I don't have a problem with him anymore, it's finally over.

Then I started working here in the bush. I started with the powersaw felling trees. I never did like a powersaw very well. I saw my ex-husband cut from his toes to his head with powersaw cuts and I was really always very afraid of that saw because they can kick back so fast. I wasn't afraid of being maimed, you know, or scarred, I just didn't want to lose an arm. Then, they needed a skidder operator so I got on that and was on that for a few months and then I went on a feller buncher. It was a little easier, but then it was shiftwork. That's when the problems started a little bit more at home with the kids.



Teresa: How old were the girls at this time?

Mary: My oldest daughter was 13 when my husband and I split up, so the twins were in daycare after school until I would get home, or one of the older girls would go pick them up and bring them home. If it was afternoon shift I'd have sitters come in or sometimes the neighbours would come in. But I'll tell you, the girls really helped out an awful lot. We had a very close family - we always talked one night a week (Thursday night), that was family night. The dishes were done and that was it, the discussions went on. There was no subject that was ever taboo. It was, if it bothers you, let's hear it. If somebody did something to you, let's hear about it. Everything always came out in the open so it was actually pretty good.

In the meantime I was still working; I believe I was on that buncher for three years. Then I went on to a one-person slasher for a year and then to a three-person slasher. I was on that for two years and then I went back to the one-person slasher again for 12-13 years until last spring when I went on a delimeter. It's been 17 years that I've been working in the bush. At the beginning when I first came here there were three other women working out here.

Teresa: So did you see each other or did you work on separate crews?

Mary: No. We saw each other quite often. J.S. and I usually always worked the same shift so we were always together. We ran bunchers at night usually just the two of us. Sometimes one would break down and one would stay out by herself. In those days we didn't have two-way radios and the ones they finally did put in were so bad that they wouldn't go further than 12 miles - all crackling and wouldn't work right. So a lot of times you were out there by yourself. I had a few episodes which weren't too much fun. Now I can laugh about them.

Teresa: Can you describe one of them?

Mary: I was working on the buncher and J.S.'s buncher had broken down. She had more seniority and to her if you had more seniority, you had the right to go home and I had to stay there and work. On this day one winter I started felling - I had a truck and drove it to the landing, then I started cutting wood and in came a snow storm. It was a doozer and the wind picked up and was blowing and I was thinking that the little road I came in on was plowed very narrow and I knew that it would be drifted right full. I worked until 9:00 and thought I'm not staying out here any longer, so I brought the machine to the landing and got on the truck. I made it through the first 2 snow drifts and the third one just pulled me right in and I was stuck. The camp was 2 miles away or better so I walked to camp, got a skidder

and brought it back and hooked it on to the truck, but with nobody steering it I was just pulling it from one bank into the other one. So finally I took my boot lace off and tied the steering wheel to the side window (straight so it couldn't turn). I finally got the truck out and by the time I got home it was 2:30 in the morning and I started at 9:00 to get out of there.

Teresa: That's what they say - necessity is the mother of invention. It's always the female who thinks of these things!

Mary: One other night I was broken down on the buncher way back in the bush and I had a long way to walk out. Of course, my flashlight was dead - what else is new? This is in January - cold again - it's always in winter they freeze. It was a bright night but really cold - it must have been thirtysome below but I had a parka on and was warm and started walking out. It was real quiet and I thought I could hear this "crunch, crunch." I stopped and listened and it would stop. Then I'd walk again and hear it again. You don't realize being a female that you have so many body hairs that can all stand up at the same time! I almost felt like my parka was expanding - it was the most eerie feeling because you know there's something there but you can't see it. Something was following me - I knew it wasn't a person. I kept going and saying, don't panic, don't run. I couldn't run anyway with the big boots I had on and there were stumps and trees all over; I would have fallen flat on my face. All of a sudden I saw the outline of the truck and I made a wild dash for it. The next day the foreman checked - there were three wolves stalking me. Just in the bushline they were walking all the way beside me. That's a weird feeling. They say wolves won't attack but they like to stalk and they're very curious. It's a weird feeling to be out there all by yourself and you have nothing - no weapon, no flashlight and you know your vehicle is a long way away.

Teresa: When you first started, this man said to you that the guys wouldn't even want you on the bus with them, in terms of their attitude towards women out there. How did you find it when you started to work?

Mary: It wasn't so bad here because there were other women already ahead of me who had been working in the bush and the majority of them had proved that they were very good workers. You take a lot of ribbing; you take a lot of kidding. You get a lot of dirty jobs that nobody else will do. But if you do your job, there isn't any problem.

Teresa: So it's a matter of proving yourself?

Mary: That's right. A lot of women say that we should have the right to have the high paying jobs too. I say they should have a right too, if they can do the job. If they are not capable of doing the job, the same as a man does, then they shouldn't. Then you have to take the bad with the good. You can't holler at someone else to come and do this because you're going to get your hands dirty - you just do it. I come home all covered in grease a lot of times - really dirty and grubby-looking, but that's part of the

job. So, you have to do it. It's gotta be ten years since there have been no other women working out in the bush except myself - there's no other woman working in the bush for C.P. but myself. D.C. went on staff and she was scaling for a while and then quit - she didn't want to do it anymore. J.S. decided to go to Edmonton and Calgary. She met a guy there and got married and didn't come back. I'm the only one left out there.

Teresa: So there are no younger women coming up in the ranks at all?

Mary: No. There are no other women in there except myself. They haven't hired anybody since 1986 (no men or women). They won't be hiring either because now we have a contract (letter of understanding) that we are on a protected list - we have our jobs until the day we die or retire, whichever comes first. There won't be any new people. It's a shame because then women won't get a chance to get into it.

Teresa: You said that when you started working shift work that's when all the problems started happening at home. You mentioned some of the ways you tried to overcome that. What exactly was starting to happen?

Mary: The girls were getting older and into their teens and they were starting to think about boys and that kind of stuff and I used to tell them to invite one or two friends over and stay there and watch tv or play games. My house was always full of kids but at least I knew where my girls were. The guys would drop me off in the bus in front of my place and there were kids around the front door, around the back door and they'd say how can you stand that? I said, I know where my kids are, do you know where yours are?

We did things on weekends - fishing, building a big deck in the back (myself and the girls built it all by ourselves). I had a camper and we'd go swimming, fishing and water skiing. We always spent our weekends together.

I had the odd boyfriend but I didn't want to put the girls in that position, and myself too; I didn't trust men anymore for awhile. I just kind of stayed away from them. I was brought up in the city - when I was married, we used to live in two - three room shacks with no water, no electricity and wash clothes on a scrub board. That's what was happening until I moved to Ear Falls 17 years ago.

Teresa: How did you meet your husband?

Mary: I met my husband in a tourist camp in Pearl Falls. I went to work there in the summer and he was guiding there.

Teresa: And you were a city girl up until then?

Mary: Yes - from Winnipeg. My aunt had a tourist camp in Pearl Falls. I left the camp and my aunt found me another job at a Lodge. I started working there and met my husband. I was young but it turned out alright looking back on it now.



Teresa: Of all the things that you've gone through what do you think is the most important thing you've found out about yourself?

Mary: That a woman can do anything she puts her mind to doing . . . anything! I've always taught my girls that where there's a will, there's a way.

Teresa: Is that what got you through most of the stuff?

Mary: Yes, that and my girls. I do everything for my girls. (I really don't know why I'm crying.) Now I guess maybe I'm going to get transferred to Dryden. I'm putting a posting in is what I'm doing though to get transferred to Dryden. Now that my family's all gone (I've still got three girls here in Ear Falls but they don't live here anymore), I'm going to spread my wings now. I'm going to go to Dryden and maybe find a guy I like. I'm going to start looking. I always say that here in Ear Falls there are no eligible bachelors, just everybody's leftovers that nobody else wants anyway, so why would I want them?

The girls and I fixed up this old house, we built the deck, we landscaped ourselves, and we all shared everything. The girls didn't like the yard work and I love it. They did the housework. There was always a big chore list of the fridge. It always all got done. The neighbour's kids worked here too if they were around. If my kids got grounded and the neighbour's kids were here too, they got grounded too. All kids get into trouble. No children are angels no matter whose they are.

Teresa: In terms of you being able to raise five kids as a single parent, I think a lot of it had to do with the wages you were earning.

Mary: Yes. When my husband and I first split up, the first three years were pretty rough. I had to pay all of his debts off because he quit working when we split up. He had borrowed money from finance companies and all kinds of loans and I got my wages garnisheed. The only job I had held before was as a part-time construction worker. I had never co-signed any of his loans but I was made responsible for all his debts. I had to pay them off plus support five children because he never contributed

one red penny to them. I went to court a number of times trying to get some money from him - I finally got them to drop the garnishment but I still had to pay half of his debts off - making payments. In 1984 I got a bill from taxation saying that I owed them all these thousands of dollars from all this child support I'd been receiving in 1982. I never received any child support, but in the meantime until they looked into it further, I still had to pay thousands of dollars, whether it was right or not. So I started sending them money - \$100 here and \$50 there, whatever I could afford. I guess I misplaced a couple of money orders and I lost track of some of it and it took them a year and a half to straighten it all out. When they sent me back my money, there was some missing and they never did send back all I had sent to them. We lived from payday to payday.

Teresa: When did you finally end up paying off all of your husband's debts?

Mary: It took me five years.

Teresa: And in the meantime, how long did it take you to get your divorce from him?

Mary: I had it in three years. When I went through the divorce at that time he owed me \$17,000 according to the court and when I asked the court who was going to collect it, they said you have to do that. How am I going to do that? This was the seventh time I had taken a day off and gone to court and not once was he made to go to court to own up to his responsibility. I said why don't you just write down that he owes me nothing - you might as well because that's exactly what I'm going to get. They said they couldn't do that - it wouldn't be legal. He was supposed to be paying \$250/month for the children - \$250/month for five kids and I never got a penny.

Teresa: What do you think of the new ruling that the Quebec woman got that she does not have to pay taxes on her child support payments?

Mary: I think that's right - it should be that way. I know if I had received any money for child support that money would have gone directly for the children. I had to say sorry I can't buy you a parka this year but maybe if I had child support you could have a parka this year. You'll have to wear that old one that you've had the last three years. I really don't think they should have to pay taxes on that. There just never seems to be enough money to go around. My girls all learned early - they started babysitting and helping pay for their own things. If they wanted a new bike, I'd give them half the money they wanted and they would put in the other half. I'd take the car and we'd go collecting bottles along the highway on weekends and go pick pine cones and all kinds of things to earn extra money.

Teresa: How did you see yourself as a role model for your kids?

Mary: Now I see myself as a good role model for my children.

Teresa: Did they ever see their father while you were here? Did he ever come around to say hello?

Mary: The first few years I used to buy birthday cards and ask the girls to sign their names. I'd put a stamp on the envelope and let them mail it. We did the same for Father's Day and Christmas. After a while the cards would be on the table and nobody signed them so I quit buying them. The two youngest girls - the twins - they never remembered most of the bad married life - the older three girls remembered. Last summer my oldest daughter who lives in Winnipeg was contacted by her Dad and he asked if he could stop by for coffee. She said sure; he came over and she said she had a very hard time not saying snide remarks. The girls have made efforts to go and see him. I've seen him a few times; I'll stop and talk to him.

Teresa: You also mentioned to me that you've talked to groups of women in the Women in Trades and Technology movement. How did you get involved with them? What is their official title? Is it Northwest Women in Trades and Technology?

Mary: Yes it is. How did I get involved with them? I am an area rep for them. I think somebody called me and asked if I would like to go to a meeting and I went to a meeting in Dryden and I met everybody there. Then they had a seminar in Eagle River. Usually in the fall of every year in a tourist camp, they rent all the cabins and sometimes have over 100 women come in. They are more on the basis of giving self-esteem to women - don't give up, keep going, keep trying to get trades. There were welders there and a carpenter with papers.



But the women have a very hard time getting jobs even with these trades. One carpenter built her own home and it's just gorgeous and, of course, it's exactly the way she wanted it. Her friends are hiring her to build decks, do renovations. It is starting to work.

Teresa: What is your role as an area rep?

Mary: I talk to groups of women and tell them about my experiences - good and bad - and what they can expect if they get a job in a man's world. I try to encourage women more and there are a few women around town that I've been keeping close touch with trying to get them into jobs. I go around to the seminars and meet new women that are in different trades.

There are a lot of things in the women's movement that I really don't believe in. I always believed if you're capable of doing something then you should be able to do it. But if you're not capable you shouldn't expect someone else to do things for you and you take the credit for it. I think too if you go into a man's tradition there are things that you have to put up with. On Thursday morning I got on the bus and first one guy started teasing me and another guy started and pretty soon everybody was picking on me. One guy said "You know, Mary, you could have just about any job you wanted out here in the bush - all you'd have to do is charge us all with sexual harassment." He said "I bet you could charge everyone of us with sexual harassment" and I said I probably could, but these are things you have to take in stride. Men are different than women. If you want to fit in with them, you have to fit in. They all call me one of the guys but I'm not one of the guys anymore - I found myself a pink hardhat - I'm the only one with a pink hardhat. I'm also in the union. There was a rally on Parliament Hill last May and I was in on that - I was marching. All of a sudden in this march I would see this "pink" bobbing - I always requested a pink cap with a red pompom - I never even got a safety hat after that. I saw a pink hat and I told the guy beside me to hold my sign, I was going after that hat. I finally caught the guy and he was a telephone man and they had 10 - 12 hardhats made up especially for this march. He did not want to give up his pink hardhat. I traded my white union cap and he gave me the pink hardhat.

I got back to Dryden on the plane that day and got a ride with a fellow from Ear Falls. He said we should stop for some chicken on the way home - took the hardhat off and went into the restaurant and when I came out my hardhat was gone. Somebody had followed us that had been on the plane. I never did find out who took it but three months later I went to a union meeting in Dryden and in the middle of the table was my pink hardhat - I got it back. I've always told the guys I may have to work with all of you, I may have to do the same job as you guys, but I'm not one of you guys - now I've got something to prove I am different.

TAKING BACK WHAT IS MINE

by Charlene Dodge

Fear, oppressing, stifling, overwhelming, invades the most precious sense of security that I am entitled to have - my thoughts. The sound of a muffled footstep, the monotonous tones of heavy breathing, the flickering of a barely present shadow, send me into a screeching spiral of frightening reality. Struggling for emotional control, I cling to the realization that I am probably safe, merely overreacting to past events that are too incomprehensible to have ever really happened. In the privacy of my own home, how could I possibly fall prey to an unspeakable act of violence and terror?

Yet, nobody is infallible, a lesson dearly learned at the cost of nearly paying the ultimate price - that of my life. Young and naive, a firm believer that society consisted of fair players, I was too confident, too eager to see the best in everybody, overlooking the fact that certain people fester to the ominous point of overload, striking out at the innocent to destroy nearly everything in retaliation.

A harmless dream, I thought as I heard the sound of running footsteps and harsh screaming. It was late at night, far too dark to deal with the unwanted complications of meaningless interruptions. As if in a haze, my roommate came bounding through the inky hell of night, to land squarely in the centre of my bed. Her eyes were wide with terror, and her voice was barely a whisper. I bolted upright as my disbelieving mind registered her words - "I've been attacked by a man with a hammer." No, I silently screamed in denial, that simply could not be! We were in our own home, two female teachers, prepared and ready to develop young minds in a few scant hours. She was terrified, almost incoherent, but her message that he was still in our home rang through my muddled mind in tones that were sickeningly clear. How could this be, in such a tiny, close community? How could it happen when I had carefully locked all of the doors before I had retired for the night?

A sense of self-preservation clung tenaciously to the cloying air about me. If there was even the slightest chance that this maniac was still in our home, we had to be rational, we had to be strong. Springing out of bed, I instructed my hysterical friend to help me barricade the bedroom door with the furniture that littered the room. The lock would never withstand the murderous frenzy of a twisted mind if the intruder were to return. He could never get past the heavy furniture, since the door swung inward. Was he listening to our pathetic struggle for survival? Did he smile in the darkness as he heard us scuttle about the room, clinging to the fragile hope that we would indeed prevail?

We were trapped, no telephone in our tiny prison cell, no weapons with which to protect ourselves. How does one describe the feeling, relive the fear and certainty of impending death? How does one maintain complete control in such a terrible ordeal? Was he still inside of the house? I could hear nothing but the ragged breathing of our terror, and the wind and rain howling outside. Would anybody hear our muffled screams if he returned?

Our only hope, our only prayer, was the window. I was too frightened to crawl outside and run for help, so I merely flung it open and screamed until I was hoarse. He could be out there waiting for his golden opportunity, watching in fevered anticipation. He must have been gleeful over my feeble cries, must have laughed over the sheer terror and pain he had inflicted upon his hapless victims. Begging to the world to save us, I was certain I had never been so desolate, so reliant on a faceless stranger to show us mercy. Finally, a shadow raced across my line of vision, and I jumped away from the window. It could be one of two persons - a rescuer, or the attacker. Terrible, unenviable odds, as we waited for our fate in the stifling, one room hell.

I silently prayed, begged for God to show us pity, and I heard a familiar voice of a co-worker. Hugging my shocked companion closely, I whispered that we were safe as I finally gave into the overwhelming hysteria and cried, huge racking sobs that shook my body. Dismantling our formidable fortress of furniture, we raced into the welcome midst of our rescuers, thankful to be alive.

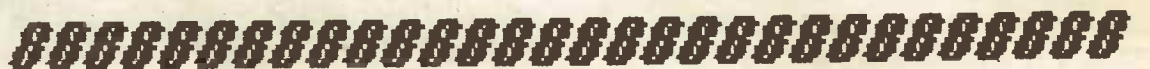
Although this happened almost four years ago, I will always remember the aftermath with startling clarity. The praises of everybody commending us on our bravery and adept handling of the situation did little to alleviate the sense of outrage that I had felt at the time. How dare this nameless

intruder steal our security, our faith in the human race, and cast it aside like a used tissue? How would we ever feel secure again?

Indeed, how could we ever feel secure again? People commented on how fortunate we were to have been unscathed, basically unharmed by the entire ordeal. Such inaccurate conclusions were based on the assumption that no physical marks meant no harm done. How wrong they all were, since we were both emotionally battered beyond all imaginable repair. The stranger had tainted our perception of the human race, making us speculate about the probability of living among monsters. It made us verify our vulnerability at the hands of our male counterparts, taking away our sense of equality and oneness that we had worked so hard to achieve.

Sadly, this incident paled in comparison to the horrific occurrences in today's media. Women, being slaughtered by the hundreds by vindictive, hateful people they had tried to befriend. Being struck down in the prime of their lives by strangers who were too sick to recognize the potential and the promise lying within the gentle souls. What will it take to get the message across to those who could make a difference in this war of the sexes designed for female defeat? Will it take a total holocaust of innocent victims who in no way deserved the bitter fate that was delivered to them?

I had always considered myself to be a strong and confident woman until the night that a stranger took all of that away. Now, every newspaper article, every blatant headline convinces me that I am fragile and easily broken, fitting into a mould that society has constructed for our sex. Nothing could ever totally erase the feelings of anger, betrayal and bitterness that I have harboured towards the perpetrators of such unconscionable acts. What could possibly



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be going through the male mind to allow this to occur, to terrorize the beauty of a free spirit, inflict pain to the essence of our being?

I wonder sometimes if it will ever be possible for women to regain what is rightfully theirs - a place as an equal citizen in every respect of the word, from security in the workplace, to peace of mind in everyday life. It is not morally right that we should be compelled to glance over our shoulders when we hear somebody walking behind us, it is not fair that we should hesitate to answer the door of our own home because we are female and alone at the time.

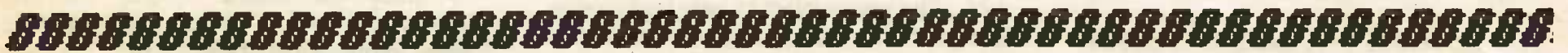
We as women have overcome adversity and

oppression to rise above the stifling chains places upon us by stereotypes of weakness and inequality. It seems to be a grave injustice that we cannot escape the shackles of violence directed to destroy us - that there can still exist the primitive minds that blame and hold us responsible for some minute detail that did not go in their favour.

Fourteen of us were massacred in Montreal at the hands of a man who believed that women were the epitome of failure in his life. Countless numbers of us are victimized in daily life at the hands of men we trust as husbands, our family, or the fathers of our children. No, it is not just, and it is not fair. We unite in common bonds throughout the countries of the world to voice our outrage,

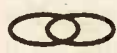
and mourn for the death of our fellow mentors. The futility of what we say is difficult to ignore when the evening news screams another bulletin about another female victim. What will it take to stop the pain, to move a progressive step forward, instead of a vindictive bound backward?

As both a woman and a victim, I implore society to listen to our voices, to give back what is rightfully ours. Let us, as women, be essential elements in a functioning society by allowing us to cultivate security in our homes, our workplace, and above all else, in a world that should emphasize the importance of personal freedom and safety for every living person, be they male or female.



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PRESS RELEASE

THE REVENGE OF THE INVISIBLE WOMAN

A documentary film about women and aging

Filmmakers Andrea Gutsche and Barbara Chisholm are making a documentary film to counter the fear women have of aging. "Many women feel "invisible" once they reach their middle years - as if there is no longer a place for them in a society obsessed with the cult of youth. Roles constructed over a lifetime lose their stage, and for many, it feels like a time of decline," says Gutsche.

"In the film, we want to portray the difficulties and regrets that women experience, but we also want to highlight women for whom this period has been a time to explore and flourish, and has surpassed any other time in their lives," Chisholm adds. The *Revenge of the Invisible Woman* will be funny, uplifting, insightful, and inspirational - it will renew the spirit of any woman who has suffered in invisibility.

We're On The Lookout...

The filmmakers are looking for women from across the continent, and from a variety of cultural, economic, and religious backgrounds who have interesting stories to tell, and who are willing to share their experiences on film. We want to hear about menopause, love and sex, and new goals. We want to hear from women who have found individual ways to respond to what society has deemed this "unnatural" process of aging; woman for whom this period has given them new strength; and women who have taken their lives in new and unexpected directions.

We want the film to be powerful, to reflect what is in women's hearts... and we want it to be humorous - to say in the open things that many women feel in private, so that we can laugh and know that we are not alone.

What I want is to draw middle-aged women out of their purdah, make them really joyous. Menopause is the invisible experience. People don't want to hear about it. But this is the time when everything comes good for you - your humour, your style - your bad temper.

Germaine Greer
Women of the 14th Moon

The film is scheduled for shooting early this autumn. For more information, please contact Andrea Gutsche or Barbara Chisholm at the above address.

OUR LONG PAINFUL JOURNEY: A CHRONICLE OF DEPRESSION

by Gwenith Margaret Whitford

Melancholia was once the diagnosis for the unrelenting sadness and despair which afflicted certain people for no apparent reason. This malady is now commonly described as depression. As a mood disorder, it is recognized as an emotional illness. Its debilitating effects can be extreme.

Scientific studies have found its origins are traced to a disruption of normal brain chemistry. Once in its grip, feelings of hopelessness and despondency seem to go on and on. This is defined as clinical depression. It is much more than a case of the 'blues.'

Everyone endures an occasional 'down' period during the stressful times in one's life. This is called a reactive depression. When the crisis is resolved, one's spirits tend to lift.

However, the intensity and duration of a clinical depression is much more prolonged and painful. It is often accompanied by excessive anxiety. Some people may experience it during the short days of winter. Others have bouts that linger for months, and if untreated, possibly for years. For too many, the only escape from this torment is to commit suicide.

Research has determined that depression can be an inherited tendency. Stress may also play a role in its onset. Current investigations have also suggested that there may be some interaction with an as yet undetermined environmental factor. Hormonal systems, as well as genetics, play a significant role in this particular chemical imbalance in the brain.

Due to a combination of the above factors, the numbers of persons who have been afflicted with this emotional illness have increased significantly since the 1940s. Upwards of ten percent of the population of Canada may have either knowingly or unknowingly succumbed to this severe affliction. As an emotional disorder, it is the most common mental illness in North America. And it could happen to anyone.

This is the story of a survivor - a woman who endured a depression for over a decade and lived to talk about it.

Dr. Felicity Graves (a pseudonym) is a Ph.D. graduate who works as a scientific researcher at a Canadian university. Although she is now happily married, successful and well-ensconced in her career, she spent approximately 12 years of her young adult life battling severe depression.



After having spent several long moments reflecting on a very bad time in her life, Felicity emphatically stated that she could not believe that it was possible to ever feel so bad. She shuddered when she declared to me that she could never survive another episode like that again. The emotional pain was so intense and all encompassing. When she was about fourteen, Felicity first realized that she didn't always feel quite right. She was subject to very bad moods. She and her family reluctantly accepted it as a rocky phase of adolescence.

In her last year of high school, she studied excessively and experienced tremendous anxiety. Despite her straight "A" average, she had managed to convince herself that she wasn't very smart.

Something really snapped during her first week at university. Felicity described the unfamiliar sensations like this: "It felt as if acid had been poured into my veins. I was wired all the time." Her unrelenting anxiety and constant agitation rendered her unable to even talk to her friends.

Increasingly frustrated, she turned inward and became an unwilling insomniac. There was never a moment when she could feel relaxed about anything. These increasingly frightening sensations prompted Felicity to seek advice from her family doctor. Because she was a new university student, the physician assured her that these strange feelings would only be temporary. In the meantime, Felicity was told to seek a diversion, such as a hobby or other interest outside of school. Although she complied with the prescription by pursuing long distance running, the remedy never did take effect.

Three agonizing years dragged by before her simmering anxiety exploded into a full blown derepression. Engulfed in feeling of hopelessness and despair, Felicity's situation became one of unending desperation. Panic attacks ripped through her body, tearing away at the very core of her soul. There seemed to be no end in sight and nowhere to turn for help. Frightened and alone, her life was hurtling towards an all time low.

Thinking that a change of scenery would relieve some of the agony, she quit university one credit short of her degree. Not wanting to be idle, she joined a volunteer youth program called 'Katimavik'. This federally sponsored work experience took her to different locations across the country with a group of young people who worked on community-oriented projects.

Two-thirds of the way through this program, the intensifying anxiety continued to throttle and choke her. She felt trapped, as if there were no escape. Keeping to herself, she told no one of her situation. Worst of all, she felt hopelessly alone. Thinking that the pressure of this experience was too great for her, her only viable option was, once again, to quit.

That summer she managed to complete the one credit she needed for her Bachelor of Arts degree. She applied to and was accepted at another university which offered a science program that was of great interest to her. But it was no respite. In fact, things got even worse.

Incessant suicidal thoughts taunted and tormented her. It became almost impossible to study for exams. This daunting interference forced her to once again to seek professional help. But the talk treatment given by a campus counsellor/psychologist was completely useless.

Her need for survival was great. She really did not want to take her own life. Her addiction to running great distances of 10 to 12 miles per day helped to ease the pain. It soothed her into a trance-like state, at least for a few hours after every work out.

Her optimum physical health was marred by an increasing obsession with her weight. Although extremely thin, she viewed herself as being disgustingly fat. One way or another, a tragic and senseless end to this anguish was becoming a frightening possibility.



Just when there seemed to be no escape, serendipity intervened in a most fortuitous way.

Felicity happened upon a book called Holiday of Darkness by Toronto psychologist Dr. Norman Endler. To her amazement, the description of this man's illness was refreshingly familiar. She now knew what had been tormenting her for those years. And it was indeed called depression.

After she insisted that her parents read the book (and they complied), they recognized the seriousness of her problem. With their assistance in demanding immediate medical attention, Felicity was able to obtain the services of a psychiatrist without delay. Seven years after the initial onset of her illness, she began corrective drug and psychotherapy.

However, it was not the quick fix that she had so desperately hoped for. Inappropriate and inadequate treatment left her with a host of annoying side effects such as increased heart rate, hand tremors, constipation, dry mouth and excessive sweating. Her psychiatrist chose to ignore her requests for medication with fewer side effects. To make matters even worse, her recurrent anxiety attacks were not being controlled at all.

That beloved running was now out of the question because of a rapidly beating heart. In addition, the slightest movements left her drenched in sweat. She recalled a particularly embarrassing incident when she was waiting in line at a bank on a cool autumn day. After a few minutes, her clothes were dripping wet. She was so self-conscious about it that she left the bank line and headed for home. As she walked down the street, she imagined the disgusted stares from everyone who passed her by. She really believed she was a freak.

Three years after discovering the nature of her illness, Felicity discontinued both her drug and talk therapy. There didn't seem to be anything else that the doctor could do for her. For a period of time, Felicity's disillusionment with psychiatrists and psychologists was absolute.

She then tried to take different approaches to healing herself. She attempted an anxiety and public speaking course, sought aptitude testing and then pursued transcendental meditation. But these repeated efforts to help herself were in vain.

During all this time, she managed to complete her science degree with first class honours. She searched around for something else to fill her life, and was accepted into a graduate school science program.

Unfortunately, the first two years in the Masters program were a complete waste of time. Felicity felt completely misguided and was much too insecure and frightened to ask her supervisor for direction. She just managed to stumble along.

The ultimate humiliation came when she realized that she was too terrified to instruct undergraduate students in laboratory experiments. Although the co-ordinator was exceptionally understanding, Felicity experienced tremendous shame in having to reveal this "weakness".

Anxiety culminated into endless hours of gripping terror. There were no hours of the day or night from which she could escape it. Eventually, she became very run down.

Felicity recalled attending a very lively Christmas party in 1988 and being so exhausted that she was close to fainting. Although there were people there that she hadn't seen for a while, her weakened state left her unable to converse with them.

Shortly thereafter, a severe bout of mononucleosis rendered her physically, as well as emotionally drained for months. Recurrent painful abscesses appeared all over her body. Frequent courses of antibiotics wreaked havoc with her already stressed out immune system.

Coincidentally, her physical and emotional healing began when she returned to the family doctor who had initially dismissed her complaints so many years ago. But this time things were different.

This physician had recently suffered through a life-threatening illness. His ability to empathize and to have compassion for those with other afflictions had greatly intensified. With his attentive guidance, Felicity is now fully recovered from her chronic depression, and continues a maintenance dose of antidepressants that works well for her.

When Felicity looks back over those harrowing times in her life, she can clearly see that it was a matter of getting through one day at a time without really knowing what was wrong or what she should do to correct things. In hindsight, she realizes that "you can go from one thing to another, but a serious problem will always follow you. For me, it was one long painful journey."

Felicity urges that if one experiences any of the following symptoms for more than a week, for no apparent, to seek immediate medical attention. These are: prolonged and overwhelming feelings of sadness, hopelessness, extreme anxiety, loss of energy and interest, withdrawn, irritable, inability to concentrate, suicidal thoughts or feelings of guilt, excessive sleep or difficulty in sleeping.

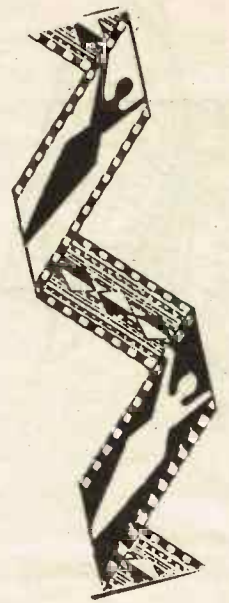
She insists that the person with depression be persistent with her doctor about appropriate and adequate medical treatment. This is often a very difficult task for a person in the throes of depression, so Felicity suggests that a family member or friend intervene on the patient's behalf, if necessary. Go to another doctor if the first one is not providing appropriate care, or has misdiagnosed the problem.

The family doctor should be able to determine if a referral to a psychiatrist or psychologist is needed. Felicity believes that it is important to initiate corrective drug therapy, which can only be administered by a medical doctor, before embarking on talk therapy. When the person is beginning to feel better, then suitable psychotherapy may be appropriate. Her firm conviction is to seek treatment as soon as possible; the longer one puts off getting medical attention, then the longer it will probably take to recover. Do not delay.

Unfortunately, a stigma continues to attach itself to emotional and mental illnesses. People seem to be afraid of what they don't understand. If you are ridiculed by others for their own ignorance, try to disregard them. Felicity stresses that depression is a real illness, not a character flaw, and it can be successfully treated in most cases.

Society must realize that the mind can suffer an illness in the same manner as the body. And it could happen to anyone at any time. It knows no barriers.

By educating the masses about this common affliction, Felicity believes that there will be no more need to suffer and no more need for shame.



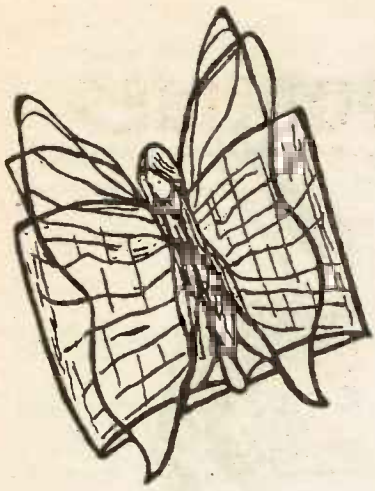
Coffeehouse Is Superior

Superior Women's Coffeehouse celebrated its first birthday this past July among friends at the Unitarian Hall. In our second season, we hope to bring more women musicians, poets, storytellers, artists and entertainers to our loyal and enthusiastic audiences.

Coffeehouses are open to all women and their friends, and are held (usually) on the third Saturday of every second month at the Unitarian Hall on S. Algoma St. Our next gathering is Saturday, September 24th at 8:00 p.m. Admission is \$3.00 at the door (see ad this Journal issue). Join us for a lovely evening of music and what else - coffee!

In addition to the Coffeehouse, we are holding our inaugural **WOMEN'S SOCIAL** at the Multicultural Centre on N. Court St. (see ad this Journal issue). This special event will run from 9 p.m. to 1 a.m. and will be a fun evening of dancing, socializing and maybe a glass of wine! Tickets will be available for \$5 at the September Coffeehouse or from our friendly Journal Collective members.





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WHAT'S NEW IN THE BOOKSTORE

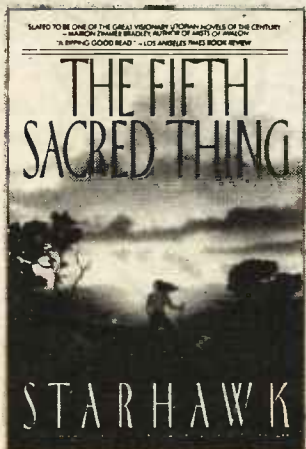
by Margaret Phillips

Fall is always a book reader's dream. Despite urging from booksellers to stagger the publication of major new titles throughout the year, publishers insist on bringing out all new works in the fall. This year is no exception: there are choices galore.

In Canadian fiction there is a new Alice Munro collection, **OPEN SECRETS**; **ACROSS THE BRIDGE** by Mavis Gallant; **SKY** Lee's second novel **BELLYDANCER**; a new lesbian mystery **GHOST MOTEL** by Jackie Manthorne; and the amazing Anne Cameron's latest novel **DEEJAY AND BETTY**.

New American fiction includes a wonderful amazon her-story novel **AMAZON STORY BONES** by Ellen Frye; **I AM BECOMING THE WOMAN I'VE WANTED**, edited by Sandra Haldeman Martz (of 'When I'm an Old Woman' fame); Rita Mae and Sneaky Pie Brown have another mystery **MURDER AT MONTICELLO**. And both Starhawk's **THE FIFTH SACRED THING**, and **LIKE WATER FOR CHOCOLATE** by Laura Esquirel are out in paperback.

Other recent fiction titles include: **ANGEL OF SOLITUDE** by Marie-Claire Blais **THE BUTTERFLY EFFECT** by Eve Zaremba **CHORUS OF MUSHROOMS** by Hiromi Goto **DEAD AND LIVING** by Jane Bow **THE INFINITE PLAN** by Isabel Allende **MEDUSA AND HER SISTERS** by Clare Braux **ONLYVILLE** by Cynthia Holz **OUT ON MAIN STREET** by Shani Mootoo **SAINTS AND RUNNERS** by Libby Scheier **THE UNFORGETTING HEART: An Anthology of Short Stories** by African American Women, edited by Asha Kanwar **WEDDING CAKES, RATS AND RODEO QUEENS** by Anne Cameron



BIOGRAPHIES/MEMOIRS

I'm really looking forward to Kay McPherson's autobiography which is very appropriately titled **WHEN IN DOUBT DO BOTH**. With unflagging energy McPherson has been one of my generation's most courageous activists (even once denied entry to the U.S. because she was "subversive"). Active in the **VOICE OF WOMEN**, **NAC** and the peace movement, and after 30 years still writing, organizing and demonstrating, McPherson is a true "role model" for the Canadian women's movement, and it is nice that her memoirs are available to us during her lifetime.

FIRING THE HEATHER: The Life and Times of Nellie McClung by Mary E. Hallett and Marilyn I. Davies is an important book which provides a vivid portrait of the many-faceted McClung - suffragist, politician, author - and also gives a picture of the times in which she lived, the barriers facing women, and the determination of the feminist activists of that era.

No doubt **THE** autobiography of the year will be Doris Lessing's **UNDER MY SKIN**, which covers the first thirty years of her life. Undertaken by Lessing "to set the record straight" (which she is sure her unauthorized biographers will not do), **UNDER MY SKIN** is certainly a different style of biography, and very fascinating reading. While often irritated by Lessing's elitism, I am awestruck by her superb writing, and look forward to Volume II.

Other biographies/memoirs include:

DOWN UNDER ALL OVER: A Love Affair with Australia by Barbara Marie Brewster
GRACE: The Life of Grace MacInnes by S.P. Lewis
I AM ROE: My Life Roe v Wade and Freedom of Choice by Norma McCorvey
k.d. lang: All You Get is Me by Victoria Starr
THE ME IN THE MIRROR by Connie Panzarino

PERFECTION OF THE MORNING: An Apprenticeship in Nature by Sharon Butala
TOUCH THE DRAGON by Karen Connelly
WHERE ONCE OUR MOTHERS STOOD WE STAND: Women in Newfoundland by Margot I. Duley
WILDERNESS MOTHER: The Chronicle of a Modern Pioneer by Deanna Kawatski
WHEN WOMEN PLAYED BASEBALL by Susan E. Johnson

NON-FICTION

How to choose which non-fiction titles to write about? It's a difficult choice. I'll begin with some of the Canadian titles.

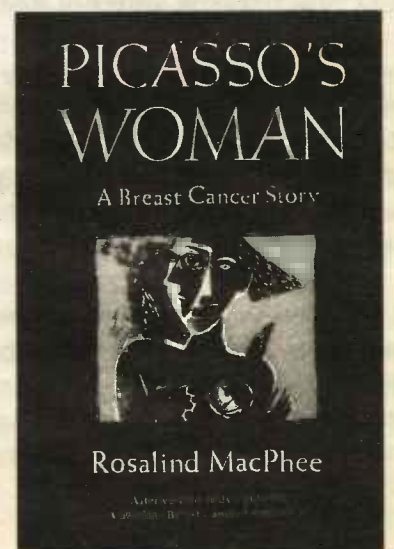
LOOKING AT THE WORDS OF OUR PEOPLE: An Anthology of First Nation Literary Criticism, edited by Jeannette Armstrong is the first compilation in Canada of literary critique essays on "Native Literature" by First Nations People.

Women's relationship in the Canadian Labour movement is explored in **WOMEN CHALLENGING UNIONS: Feminism, Democracy and Militancy**, edited by Linda Briskin and Patricia Mc Dermott; and in **SISTERS IN SOLIDARITY** by Julie White. "Everything you need to know about how to form or build a union" is found in **ORGANIZING UNIONS** by Mary Cornish and Lynn Spink.

Paula J. Caplan (*Myth of Women's Masochism, Don't Blame Mother*) has a new book titled: **YOU'RE SMARTER THAN THEY MAKE YOU FEEL: How the Experts Intimidate Us and What We Can Do About It**.

PATIENT NO MORE: The Politics of Breast Cancer, by Sharon Batt, is "both a personal document of one woman's journey from anger to action, and an unparalleled exposé of the politics of breast cancer.

WE'RE ROOTED HERE AND THEY CAN'T PULL US UP: Essays in African Canadian Women's History, Peggy Bristow, editor, Dionne Brand, Linda Carty, Afva Cooper, Sylvia Hamilton, Adrienne Shadd. These essays "explore 300 years of Black women in Canada . . . this long overdue history . . . provides a much-needed text . . . in Canadian history, women's history and women's studies."



LESBIAN NON-FICTION

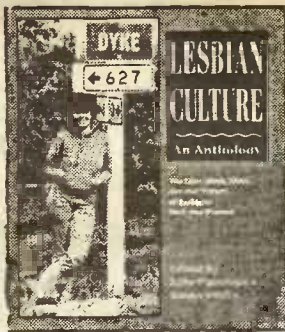
In **RESIST!: Essays Against a Homophobic Culture**, edited by Mona Oikawa, Dionne Falconer and Ann Decter, "lesbians and bisexual women examine and challenge the ways in which homophobia, lesbophobia and heterosexism function - individually, socially and politically."

OUT RAGE: Dykes and Bis Resist Homophobia, edited by Mona Oikawa, Dionne Falcone, Rosamund Elwin and Ann Decter, "is a chorus of lesbian voices - working class and middle class, Black Asian, First Nation, Jewish and white - raised in anger and celebration."

MY AMERICAN HISTORY: Lesbian and Gay Life During the Reagan/Bush Years, by Sarah Schulman, is a collection of essays that includes the Lesbian Avengers Handbook.

SKIN: Talking About Sex, Class and Literature, by Dorothy Allison: "I wear my skin only as thin as I have to, armour myself only as much as seems absolutely necessary. I try to live naked in the world, unashamed even under attack, unafraid even though I know how much there is to fear."

THE LESBIAN HERESY by Sheila Jeffreys "challenges the male supremacist and racist assumptions of the sex industry. **THE LESBIAN HERESY** advocates the continued creation of a separate lesbian culture, community, friendship and ethics based on principles of equality and resistance."



NEW TITLES ON VIOLENCE ISSUES

AGAINST PORNOGRAPHY: The Evidence of Harm by Diane E.H. Russell

I CAN'T GET OVER IT: Handbook for Trauma Survivors by Aphrodite Matsakis

IMPROPER ADVANCES: Rape and Heterosexual Conflict in Ontario 1880-1929 by Karen Dubinsky

THE MOTHER I CARRY: A Memoir of Healing from Emotional Abuse by Louise M. Wischild

NEXT TIME SHE'LL BE DEAD by Ann Jones

TRANSFORMING A RAPE CULTURE by Buchwald et al

UNCHAINED MEMORIES: True Stories of Traumatic Memories by Lenore Terr

YOU DON'T HAVE TO TAKE IT: Women's Guide to Confronting Emotional Abuse at Work by Ginny NiCarthy, Naomi Gottlieb, Sandra Coffman

THE COURAGE TO HEAL (updated and expanded) by E. Bass and I. Davis

BACK IN STOCK: INCEST AND SEXUALITY by Wendy Malts and Beverly Holman

SEXUALLY VICTIMIZED CHILDREN by David Finklehorn

MORE NON-FICTION TITLES

AND STILL WE RISE, ed Linda Carty

GAIA AND GOD by Rosemary Ruether

BLOOD, BREAD AND ROSES: How Menstruation Created the World by Judy Grahn

DECOLONIZING FEMINISM by Laura Donaldson

THE FEMINIST CLASSROOM by Frances A. Maher and Mary Kay Tetreault

HOMEWORKERS WORLDWIDE by Sheila Rowbotham

LETTERS FROM THE WAR ZONE by Andrea Dworkin

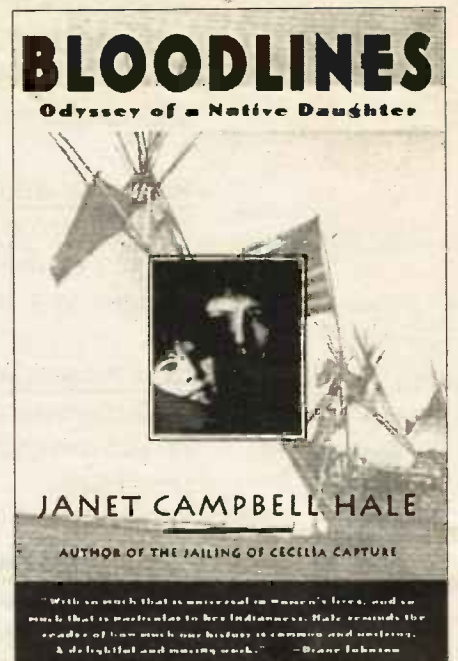
MEETING THE MADWOMAN by Linda Leonard

MISCEGENATION BLUES ed. Carol Camper

MOVING BEYOND WORDS by Gloria Steinem

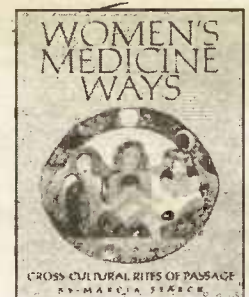
PILLAR OF ISIS by Vivian O'Regan

SANDINO'S DAUGHTERS REVISITED by Margaret Randall



THINKING FEMINIST by Diane Richardson and Victoria Robinson
A WHISTLING WOMAN IS UP TO NO GOOD by Laurel King
WITCHCRAZE by Anne L. Barstow
WOMAN CHANGING WOMAN by Virginia Butler

Finally, I would like to introduce two talented young NWO women. **JESSICA BLACK** has written and published a young-adult book called **TRAM'S DIARY**. TRAM was sent from the planet Quilop as a "world watcher to protect humans from extinction," and observes a number of problems with suggestions of how young people can deal with them. **AMY BRUNN** has recorded her first cassette **SAVANNAH**, and demonstrates great musical talent. Congratulations to both Jessica and Amy.

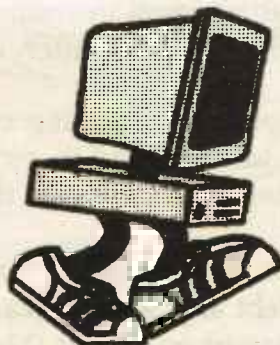


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RECOMMENDATIONS ON

REPRODUCTIVE RIGHTS

Recommendation # 1: Policies must be put in place that support all women (independent of their race or class background, age and abilities) to obtain reproductive freedom, including access to appropriate primary health care services, food, housing, information, education, universal child care, as well as access to policy and decision-making channels.

Recommendation # 2: Canada must immediately address the development and use of "new" reproductive technologies in light of the outstanding questions about the impact of these technologies on the health of women and their children and on society as a whole.

Recommendation #3: Immigration and refugee policies must be adopted that do not discriminate against people of the Third World. Migration and displacement of Third World people must not be used as a rationale for funding population control programs.

Recommendation #4: Rather than investing millions of dollars in the development and use of sophisticated fertility and fetal monitoring technology, Canada should balance its use of technologies and financial resources to accomodate persons with disabilities and, in conjunction with disability rights organizations, to:

- 1) address the socio-economic and environmental causes of infertility and disability (ie. causes related to poverty, war, toxic environments and unsafe workplaces);
- 2) protect both disability equality rights and sex equality rights guaranteed under the *Canadian Charter of Rights and Freedoms*;
- 3) educate all professions and the Canadian public in order to replace the eugenic philosophy of "detection for the purpose of elimination" with a philosophy which is respectful of the equality rights of persons with disabilities and all women's reproductive autonomy.

Recommendation #5: The Canadian government must adopt policies to end the use of Depo Provera as a contraceptive in Canada as well as in the Third World and to stop the unethical use of other long-acting provider-controlled contraceptives. The Canadian government must restrict the use of Norplant to recognized health centres where providers have been thoroughly trained in insertion and removal. The government must establish a registry to monitor women who have used Depo Provera or Norplant. The government must also fund ongoing research into the long-term health risks of these drugs on women and their children.

Recommendation #6: Canada must take a leadership role in ensuring that the distribution of hormonal contraceptives takes place within an ethical framework, as part of integrated health services and with women's full and informed consent. For this to happen, full information about the potential risks of these agents must be gathered and made accessible to all current and potential users.

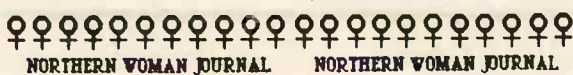
Recommendation #7: Appropriate government and health bodies, in consultation with women's organizations, must evaluate the safety, and use of hormonal contraceptives in Canada and in those Third World countries where CIDA provides development assistance.

Recommendation #8: Canada and federally-funded institutions such as the International Development Research Centre, must put resources toward the development of safe and appropriate contraceptives that women control and that meet women's needs, and negotiate with women about the process for doing this. Canada should take a lead role in supporting the improvement of existing, and development of new, barrier methods as well as in developing, educating, and promoting appropriate contraceptive use by men.

Recommendation #9: Policies and measures must be put in place to ensure funds from the Canadian International Development Agency go to basic human development and integrated health services including reproductive health information and services, rather than to population control programs.

Recommendation #10: Canada should be a leading voice within the international community (United Nations, World Bank, ea.) in promoting sustainable development as a priority rather than prioritizing a reduction of the population growth rate.

Recommendation #11: Canada should stop supporting structural adjustment programs, forgive Third World debt and work towards equitable trade relations - major steps towards removing barriers to sustainable development and women's rights worldwide.



P O E T R Y

Everywomen

For six months of the year
I am Intellectual Woman
Reading/writing/thinking/creating my work.
Winter Cycle

For another half the year
I am Earth Mother
Baking cookies, visiting parks, devoting all my time
to my Family.
Summer Solstice

In winter I resent every moment
away from my work.
In summer I celebrate every moment
away from my work.

In winter I am inspired
at odd moments in the bath,
in my bed.

In summer I am required
at all moments from the bath,
from the bed.

Divided between the women I am
or hope to become.

What do my daughters make of this matriarchal metamorphosis?
This strange shifting back and forth.

They no longer ask me if my work is done
but wait, suspended stillborn, expecting the birth
of a whole mother.

Renee Norman



WAVES

I used to be a cold narrow brook,
running in the forest, mountains, and valleys.
I know that standing waters die from within.
I knew that joining the waves of the seas
brings new life to the little brooks.
Neither the long way,
nor the dark craters,
not the temptation to stop running
prevented me from moving on.
Now I have joined the endless waves.
I exist in struggle, and my rest is my death.

by Marzieh Ahmadi Oskooi

Going North for Easter

Almost monochrome
this grey Easter day
but for the yellow line
bisecting the highway
to the vanishing point.

White birches in clear outline
against evergreens
so dark they're almost black.

The skyline lacy
with the skeletal hands
of leafless trees.

Driving along
this eternal northern road
I worry about this scenery
so imprinted on my mind
that my dying images
may well be of jutting rocks
and jagged trees

but closer up, the conifers
are deep, warm green
and lift their arms
in frilly, undulating boughs
and the hills far away
are almost blue.

Ruth Latta



Marzieh Ahmadi Oskooi was a woman
revolutionary guerrilla, and a
member of the Organization of
Iranian People's Fedayee Guerrillas.

She has written many poems and short stories
about the suffering of
Iranian people, resistance, and struggle.
She was martyred in an armed confrontation
with the Shah's (Iran) police in 1974.

I KNOW

by Brenda Small

Outside the house where I grew up there was a willow tree that hid the bones of various animals that my father harvested to feed our family. Underneath the lush green leaves of summer, the various token pieces of bone that hung by pieces of string represented our thanks and offering to the spirit world.

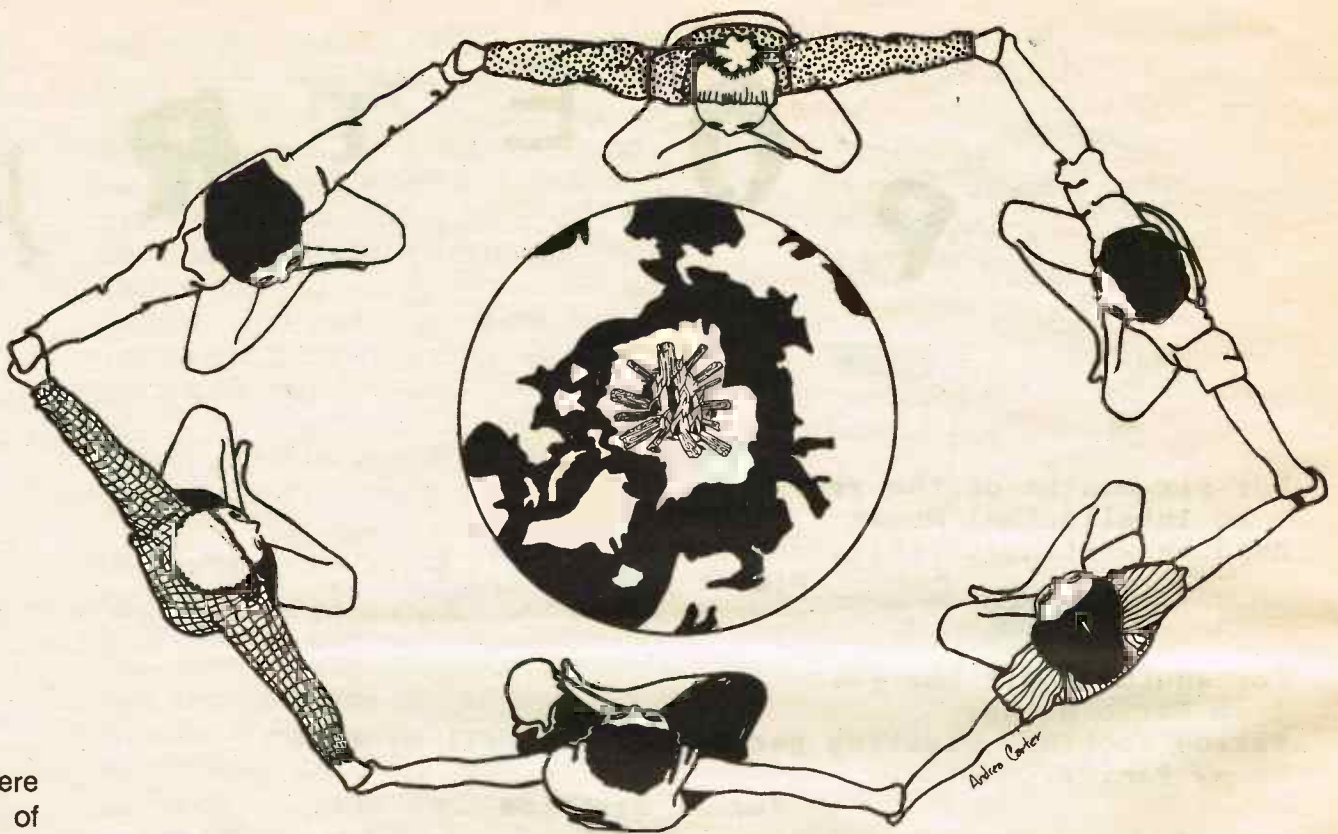
As a child, I had heard stories of families that had starved in the bush and was taught that these bones my father hung from the tree was our recognition of that possibility. I learned from an early age that we had to be thankful for everything we were able to harvest from the land. The ritual of hanging up the bones showed that we were grateful and that we acknowledged our continuing obligation to respect the earth.

I suspect that when others looked at our cultivated yard and simple woodframe house they thought that we had long ago given up our harvesting rituals. The truth of the matter was that there was more to the way that we lived than there appeared. Amidst the forget-me-nots and marigolds that my mother had planted along the white picket fence I knew that those bones were there even if the rest of the world did not.

In more recent years, I realize that there are numerous ways in which this childhood experience serves as a metaphor about my own adult life. As a Cree woman, living in modern times, I am often viewed as one of those who gave up traditional Cree pursuits for an urban, decidedly non-Aboriginal way of life. Not true, I say. Just like that willow tree that stood on the manicured lawn of my parents home there is more here than meets the eye.

In spite of the urban environment there are many ways in which I have tried to observe the traditions of my people. I have tried to remain true to my early childhood lessons and to remember the things that my parents taught me. But I realize that I am required to find a way for these principles to apply in the face of enormous social and political change.

This means, in part, that I subscribe to the notion that culture is an evolving thing and that it becomes many things through time. It also means that I believe that the traditional values of my people are timeless and that their relevance is not lost by the very nature of change.



SOME TRIBAL WOMEN

Several years ago I found myself face to face with Aboriginal people who bore no resemblance to the people I grew up with. Although these urban sophisticates were always related to someone from a reserve or village community they themselves had never lived in the way that many Aboriginal people have. They certainly did not grow up in the conditions or environment to which I was accustomed. The distance between my life experience and theirs was great and often equivalent to that of a white middle class Canadian, who in all likelihood had little or no knowledge of life in remote northern Ontario.

I recall that my first response was not unlike that of many Aboriginal people in that I questioned the place of these individuals within our community. In all honesty, my first response was one of exclusion: Who are these people who "say" that they're Indian?

Ironically, I did not question their legal status as "Indians" but I shared the same ethno-chauvinistic and learned defensive position that although they could be considered "Indians" under Canadian law that did not really mean anything in Aboriginal terms. I

felt that a legal definition was hardly conclusive in determining the real citizenship responsibilities associated with being a member of an Aboriginal community.

After realizing the extent of my own internalized colonialism, I realized that I had to change the way that I saw these newcomers who had come into our circle. I decided that I wanted to see these individuals in another way.

I wanted to see them through the eyes of a Cree or Eeou woman. I wanted to greet them in the tradition of my people. I wanted to try and greet them in the way that a balanced and healthy Cree community would have welcomed them.

Along with this recognition, I had to begin to look for the qualities that reminded me of the traditional teachings of my family. I started to look for kindness and generosity of spirit.

I wanted to see these individuals in terms other than the legal and the political. To my mind, the only way I would truly "see" them would be by finding the tribal identity that lived within myself and in them. I began to wonder would our hearts beat the same?



I wanted to see the Aboriginal roots of these people reflected in their behaviour. I wanted to feel a kinship that would transcend our individual lives which were largely made up of differences in physical characteristics, imposed euro-centric legal definitions, acquired classism and internalized racism. By transcending these boundaries and divisive behaviours I knew that we would begin to recognize one another in a much more spiritual way.

I began to imagine us seeing one another in tribal ways. With the recognition of ourselves as ancient tribal peoples I thought to myself, we would learn to meet one another in a natural, less constrained context.

The equation then had to be extended to "other" people. Others who made up the dominant culture and the profoundly unfamiliar. Would I be able to see others in a tribal way?

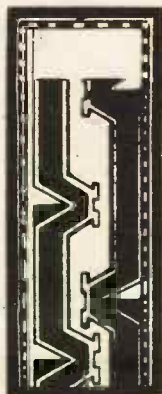
I have been told that it is not our way to be exclusionary. There are many stories about things being part of an integrated whole. Now, struck by the beautiful blue eyes of my Mohawk friend who is the third generation of her people to be raised away from the village of her people I am sure that she is tribal.

When I see the perseverance of my Cree friend from Saskatchewan, I am humbled and grateful to see the courage of her mother in her walk. I celebrate that I don't need to see their status cards or question their place in the amended legislation anymore.

Their kindness and generosity of spirit is reflected in how they make time for others. They are polite and respectful. Their quiet participation in moments of meditation and prayer signifies their coming home. When I see them in the circle I am proud.

When I am told of how they lobby on behalf of Aboriginal women and students in the corridors of privilege in Toronto, I am touched by their determination.

I know these tribal women, my grandmother and my mother introduced them to me long ago.



SUPERIOR WOMEN'S COFFEEHOUSE

Saturday, September 24, 1994

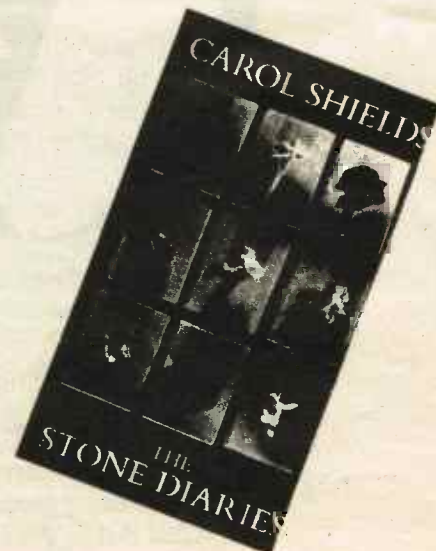
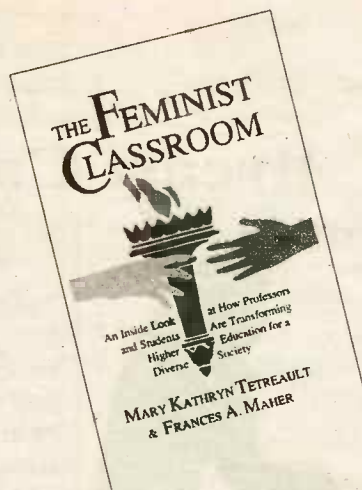
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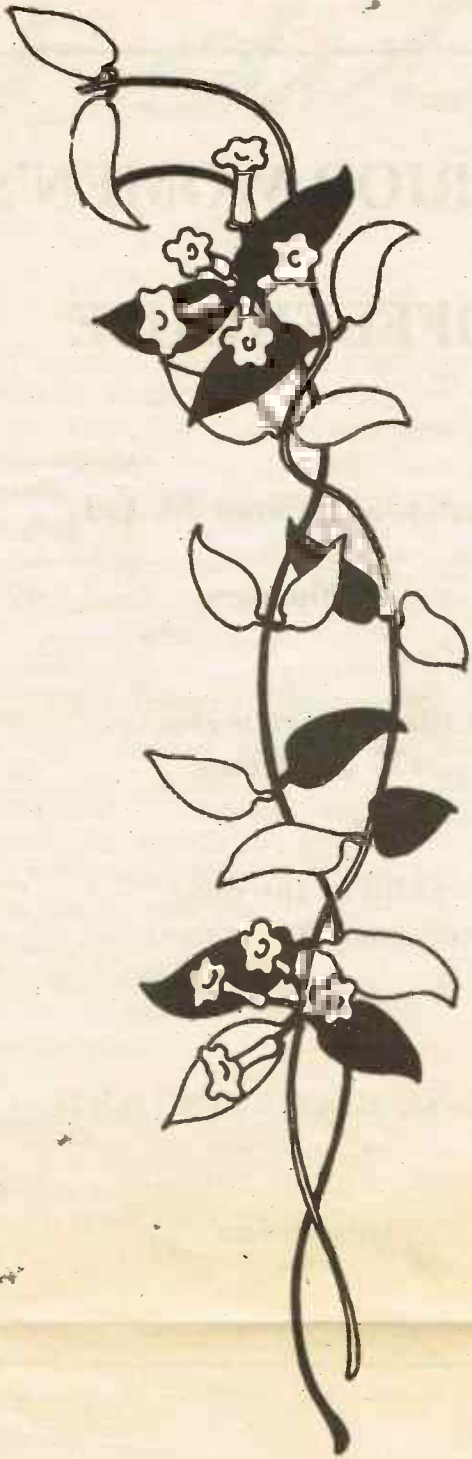
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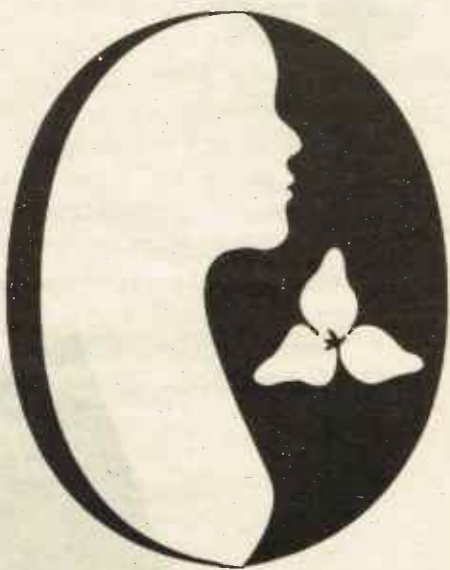
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*Tickets \$5.00 in advance
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*Available at Northern Woman's Book Store
65 S. Court St.*

Breast Cancer



Jacqueline Pelletier has been appointed as the provincial spokesperson for the Ontario Breast Screening Program (OBSP). The OBSP was set up by the Ministry of Health in 1990 to provide a province-wide, comprehensive breast cancer screening program. It is estimated that in 1993, 2,100 women

in Ontario died from breast cancer.

Screening at an OBSP centre includes an examination of the breasts by a nurse-examiner, two-view mammography and instruction on breast self-examination. To be eligible for screening, a woman must be an Ontario resident aged 50 or older with no previous history of breast cancer, no surgical enlargement of her breasts and no mammogram within the last year. There is no charge for the service. A woman can make her own appointment or be referred by her physician. Screening results are provided in writing to each woman and her physician within two weeks of her screening visit.

Centres are located in Hamilton, Kingston, London, Ottawa, Sudbury, Toronto and Windsor. A mobile screening van serves Northwestern Ontario from its base in Thunder Bay. For information about a centre in your region, call: 1-800-668-9304. ♦

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In Northwestern Ontario, the Breast Screening program goes on the road. From March through November, the van travels from Marathon/Manitouowadge to the Manitoba border. For information or the date that the van will be in your area, call 1-800-461-7031.

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