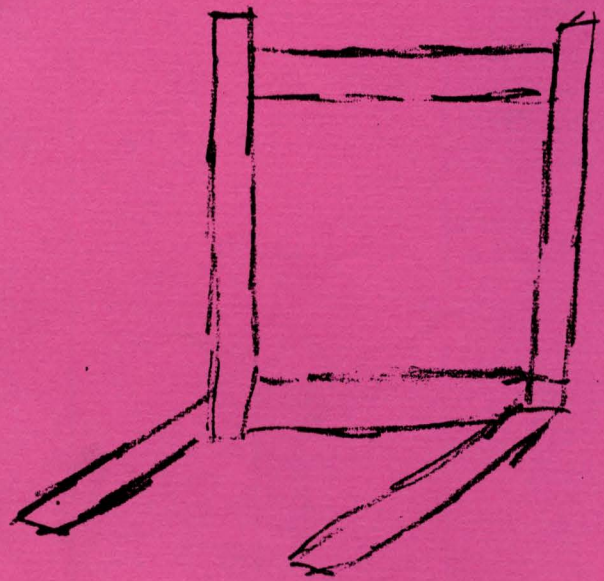
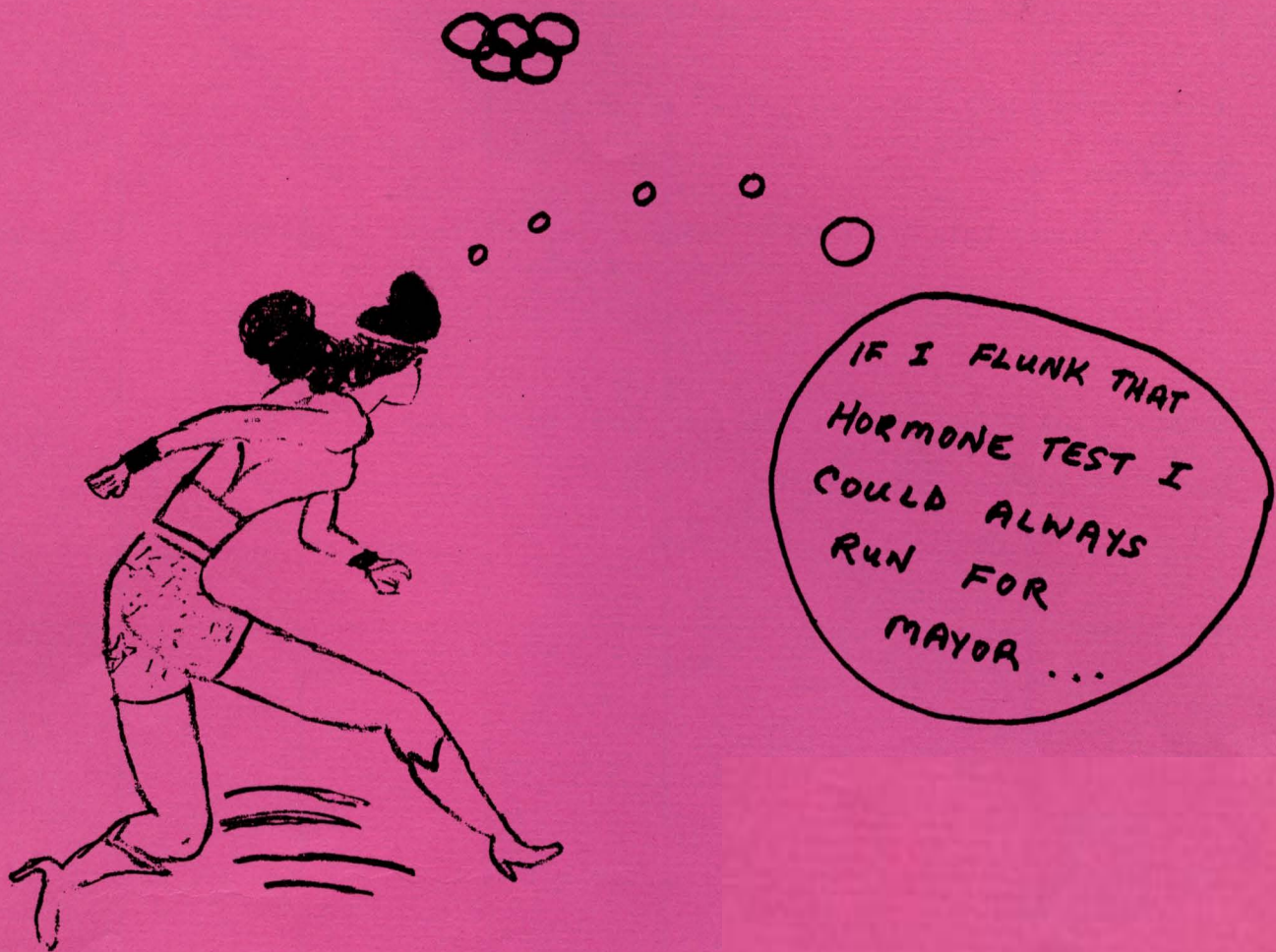


Winnipeg Women's Liberation Newsletter



SEPTEMBER '76

The monthly Newsletter is published by Winnipeg Women's Liberation
Office at 'A Woman's Place' - 143 Walnut Street, phone 786-4581

If you have any letters, articles, announcements, poems, literary
articles to submit, send them to the above address. We would like to
hear from you.

Brought to you this month by : Heather, Marlyn, Bridgette, Lynda
Debby from Calgary and Giny from Neepawa

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WOMEN'S LIBERATION NEWSLETTER

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THE OLYMPICS - A PERSONAL VIEW

HEATHER HENDERSON

The Olympics are over for another four years and although many old records have tumbled, many old attitudes haven't. Canada never ranks among the heavy gold medal winning countries, but every time Canada publicly pins her medal hopes on a handful of talented young men - boxers, weight-lifters, swimmers, or Jim Day (equestrian). You'd think we'd learn - Canada's points come from large numbers of relatively unknown young women.

It shouldn't be a surprise to anyone by now that in Amateur sports Canadian women have had the field almost all to themselves. With the marvelous exceptions of Percy Williams and Toller Cranston, our great amateur athletes have been great women: Barbara Ann Scott, Marilyn Bill, Karen Magnusson, Elaine (Mighty Mouse) Tanner, Nancy Green and Abby Hoffman. In a country that is famous for hockey, the home of Bobby Orr, Gordie Howe and Rocket Richard, it's ironical that our most famous midget hockey player was Abby Hoffman, 'caught' at the age of eight playing midget hockey on an Ontario "boys" team. The outrage of the Canadian hockey establishment and the court battle that erupted, put Abby on the National News at a tender age.

You'd think the sports establishment in Canada would have learned by now. It isn't necessarily that Canadian women are stronger, faster and more competitive than Canadian men - it's just that everyone keeps on acting as if Canada has no women athletes, then acts surprised when the women start ruling in the medals and the points. On the other hand, perhaps Canadian women are stronger, faster and more competitive - as amateurs. Our organized junior sports are geared towards boys - leading to professional hockey, football and basketball - and maybe that's the men's "muscle drain". It should be obvious that if every little boy in the country wants to grow up and be another Boom Boom Jefferion, and every little girl wants to be another Nancy Greene, that attitude should produce more medals for Canadian women at Olympic events. And so it appears.

Still CBC announcers continue to refer to "the girls", the "ladies" and append their descriptions of women competitors with the names of their husbands, fiances, and adding adjectives like "cute little" "sweet little".....

Ah, well, we haven't come a very long way, C.B.C. baby!!

And while the women athletes were busy running, jumping, swimming and diving "their little hearts out" here's a rundown of what some of the men competitors were up to:

Lorne Libel, a Canadian yachter, was disqualified for flunding a drugs test

Bob Martin, Canada, track and field, was sent home for smuggling a friend into the Olympic Village

An Israeli soccer player was sent home for assaulting an opponent.

A Trinidadian runner had to withdraw from his race due to a leg injury (requiring seven stitches) incurred during a pillow fight at Olympic Village.

A Russian fencer was expelled for cheating.

Michael Fevreau Canada, a boxer, was expelled "for conduct unbecoming an athlete" - he beat up a referee.

A trifle unfair, I suppose, to pick on the men this way...But I can't help thinking that the Olympic Committee might do better if they quit chasing down the women competitors in hot pursuit of those male hormones, and tried injecting the men with a little bit of love and estrogen.

OLYMPIC QUIZ

CAN YOU NAME EACH OF THESE WOMEN COMPETITORS, COUNTRY OF ORIGIN AND EVENT? (2 POINTS FOR EACH ANSWER)

1. KORNELIA ENDER
2. JULIET GRAHAM
3. NANCY GARAPICK
4. NADIA COMANECI
5. TERRI YORK
6. SHANNON SMITH
7. MARGARET MURDOCK
8. DIANE JONES
9. CHERYL GIBSON
10. OLGA KORBUTT
11. SYLVIA SWEENEY
12. SHEILA STRIKE
13. IRENE MAC DONALD
14. BECKY SMITH
15. ANNAGRET RICHTER
16. KELLY HADGE
17. KAREN KELSALL
18. NELLIE KIM
19. PRINCESS ANNE
20. JENNY MELDRUM
21. CINDY SHATTO
22. SHIRLEY BABASHOFF
23. CATHY WEDGE
24. MARGARET MITCHELL
25. SYLVIA CHIVAS

21. CANADA, DIVER
22. U.S.A., SWIMMER
23. CANADA, EQUESTRIAN
24. U.S.A. - SHE WROTE GONE WITH THE WIND - JUST CHECKING ATTENTION SPANS HERE
25. CUBA, RUNNER (BILLED AS THE "FASTEST STARTER" AT THE GAMES. UNFORTUNATELY SHE DIDN'T WIN A MEDAL.

1. GERMAN DEMOCRATIC REPUBLIC, SWIMMER
2. CANADA, EQUESTRIAN
3. CANADA, SWIMMER
4. ROMANIA, GYMAST
5. CANADA, DIVER
6. CANADA, SWIMMER
7. U.S.A., RIFLE
8. CANADA, MODERN PENTATHLON
9. CANADA, SWIMMER
10. U.S.S.R., GYMAST
11. CANADA, BASKETBALL (SWEENEY AND STRIKE
12. CANADA, BASKETBALL ARE THE TWO TALLEST PLAYERS ON THE CANADIAN TEAM)
13. CANADA, DIVER (1956 MEDALLIST), C.B.C.
14. CANADA, SWIMMER
15. WEST GERMANY, RUNNER
16. CANADA, EQUESTRIAN COMMENTATOR, C.B.C.
17. CANADA, GYMAST
18. U.S.S.R., GYMAST
19. GREAT BRITAIN, EQUESTRIAN
20. CANADA, C.B.C. COMMENTATOR, TRACK AND FIELD

ANSWERS :

P.S. SUBTRACT 5 POINTS IF YOU DIDN'T KNOW CINDY SHATTO'S EVENT BUT KNEW THAT HER FATHER WAS DICK SHATTO, FORMER HALF-BACK WITH THE TORONTO ARGONAUTS.

OLYMPIC NOTES

Congratulations to CBC COLOUR COMMENTATOR Aldo Roy for not once referring to the women competitors as ladies-broads-girls-gals-chicks-little sweethearts or Females. He was the colour commentator at the weight lifting events.....

My medal for the most obnoxious commentator goes without reservation to Ernie Afghanis of C.B.C. Sample:

Afghanis: How do the ladies manage to play man-to-man defense?
Yuk! Yuk!

Reply: (basketball commentator)
We call it person-to-person, woman-to-woman, player-to player, and even occasionally man-to-man.

Another tremendous conversation I picked up during the equestrian event:

CBC commentator (he): that horse is a perfect ladies mount- the judges look for less tractability in the horse when a man is riding than when a female is.

CBC commentator (she): Um - I'm not a Liberationist - But - you know the judges are supposed to judge the men and women absolutely equally.

He Ha Ha... A rule more honoured in the breach than the observance
She Ha. Ha. Ha.

AND.... I HAVE A FEW MORE MEDALS I'D LIKE TO AWARD -----

GOLD MEDAL - for the spectator more photographed than the athletes - Queen Elizabeth, who else?

SILVER MEDAL - tie between Prince Andrew and Telly Savalis

GOLD MEDAL - pie-eating contest, humble division: CBC's apology for the Gluteus Maximus Awards

GOLD MEDAL - for restraint: Princess Anne, for not once during the opening ceremonies and march past, looking up and grinning or waving "Hi, Mum!"

By the way, who said: "After the Olympics I'm going to settle down and become a respectable member of the Royal Family."

- (a) Queen Elizabeth
- (b) Prince Philip
- (c) Princess Anne
- (d) Jean Drapeau

And who said: "It's the principle of the thing."

- (a) Taiwan
- (b) Toronto Women Joggers Association
- (c) Archie Moore

ANSWER: All three. (a) Taiwan didn't want to go home, especially since they'd made everyone's Adidas. (b) The T.W.J.A. was just one of many women's groups who vociferously protested CBC's Gluteus Maximus Awards. (c) Archie Moore, former champion heavyweight boxer, is now coach of the Nigerian Olympic team. "Who Killed This Woman?" by Millie Lamb was originally written to a tune by Pete Seeger called "Who Killed Archie Moore?" I was pleased to see Archie Moore was not dead after all, and what's more I was pleased to hear him say that he and team members were 100% behind the pull-out of African Nations. If one more person had said "Politics and sport shouldn't mingle" I think I would have thrown up.

Socialist ♀'s Collective

New Session

Are you interested

Come to planning mtg

Sept 13th 7:30 P.M.

RUNNING FOR GOLD

It is one of those ambivalent fall Afternoons in Toronto's High Park. The brisk air forebodes winter: the brilliant sunshine recalls summer. The park's nature trails are almost devoid of people, the only sounds those of rustling oak leaves underfoot. It's all quite idyllic, although the farther I run the less note I take of the scenery and the more I take of my legs. Up ahead, at the edge of Grenadier Pond, three kids are fishing. I've passed them twice already; and as I come into view again, the three turn their attention from fishing poles to me. They poke each other and hold a hasty conference. As I approach, the youngest (always the most brazen) shouts:

"Hey, mister, are you a lady jogger?"

After a dozen or so years of training in public parks and streets, I'm used to some pretty strange comments. But this one really has me baffled. I'm mildly irked at being mistaken for a jogger - we runners go to great lengths to distinguish ourselves from the ignominious jogger, since the jogger image carries for us the trauma of premature retirement - but I give myself the benefit of the doubt and interpret their inquiry as to whether I am a lady as an exclamation, not a question. Cursing their impudence, I run on, increasing my tempo.

I am often asked if I race against men. I don't. But when I am asked - and this is invariably the next question - if I can beat men at my distance I take advantage of the question's ambiguity, and lying a little, say "Yes". I actually can beat the vast majority of men - 99.9% of them. I cannot,

however, the mediocre male who trains seriously to race the half-mile, my best event. Come the 1976 Olympics in Montreal, I may well have my problems with the other women running the half-mile, but at least I won't need to contend with any of the tiny fraction of men who would be sure to defeat me.

Somehow the legitimacy of women's sports is tied to their ability to be just as good as men. It is true that the men's Olympic sprint champion Valery Borzov will always beat the women's champion Renate Stecher and that Mark Spitz will outswim Shane Gould every time.

But just for the fun, let's ask why men don't perform the balance beam event in gymnastics. In this event, Russia's Olga Korbut usually exhausts her audience with her incredible poise and aesthetic dexterity. Why can an 82-pound girl do what no man can do? Simple - because women are different in a way that makes them superior athletes in this particular event. Women achieve a better balance because of a lower centre of gravity - rump, to the layman. It must be accepted that while both men and women are able to do sports well, they approach the task differently. Men are better at the quick, powerful movement - the end-to-end rush or the slapshot in hockey, the knock-out punch in boxing. Women, with their smaller stature, lack of large heavy muscles and consequently greater flexibility, have a degree of grace in physical movements that men are unable to equal.

The North American emphasis on sports is in terms of competition, where the goal is to dominate the opposition. And this serves to emphasize the "inferiority" of women's athletics. The European tradition starts with gymnastics and the development of the

individual's co-ordination, balance, stamina and strength. It leads to a much healthier situation: equally stringent standards of achievement are applied to boys and girls, and there is less tendency to associate prowess in sport with only one sex. In the North American manner of segregation by sex in physical education classes, boys are unable to share in the natural aesthetic qualities that the girls bring to sport, and the girls fail to profit from the natural aggressiveness and strength of boys.

Athletes themselves are aware of male superiority in terms of brute strength and raw power, but that kind of superiority is not the motivating force of the athlete. At the highest levels one learns how much more there is than simply winning and losing. All through my childhood I fantasized about breaking an Olympic record. And I finally did it in Munich - regrettably there were seven others in front of me breaking that same record. There is a poignancy to reality that juvenile fantasy fails to consider. I am sure, however, that as Olympic finalists all eight of us fulfilled childhood ambitions that day.

We often like to think of our own era as the most progressive. In the case of women's sports this just isn't so. Admittedly, the mid-Fifties was a pretty trivial period, but when I was caught playing hockey on a boy's team the incident became headline copy. At the time I revelled in all the ballyhoo - I must have been the only player in the world with a private dressing room - but I could never figure out why a girl wanting to play hockey was such a sensation. I was more confused by the fact that none of my girl friends would admit that they wanted to play. People had forgotten that women's ice hockey teams were known in 1900 and that national championships were held in women's hockey in the 1930's.

The real heyday of women's sports in Canada was the mid-Twenties to the mid-Thirties. The prosperity of the Twenties and the flood of women into the labour force opened up hitherto taboo activities to all classes of women, and athletics was undoubtedly one of these. Led by Myrtle Cook, we won an Olympic track and field title at the 1928 Amsterdam Olympics, and Canada's best-known team abroad - Percy Page's Edmonton Grads' Ladies Basketball Team - dominated the world.

But it was to be short-lived. In the early Thirties women's baseball was drawing 5,000 spectators a game to Toronto's Sunnyside Park: women's senior basketball games were carried live on the radio with the play-by-play commentary of Bobby Rosenfeld: and sports columnists Phyllis Griffiths, Alexandrine Gibb and Rosenfeld were reporting regularly on women's athletics. By 1934, however, the validity of women's sports was under attack. Vancouver columnist Andy Lytle wrote a long article asking, "Girls, is sport good for you?" and offered a definitive "No." The bad times of the Depression years meant conservative attitudes towards women, and this in turn spelled a return to the old idea that rough, aggressive competitive sport was bad for females.

Following the Second World War, this country and its newfound prosperity created a mood of middle-class habits, such as boisterous body contact and team games among females, was forsaken.

It wasn't only that women turned away from sport, but the 1950s also spawned a number of myths about athletics for women. Women were supposed to be too delicate to perform any but the most modest sports; women who engaged in body contact sports would damage their vital organs; athletic women would become masculinized in appearance and behaviour; and women who took part in vigorous sport would later have difficulty bearing children.

I personally encountered the absurdity of several of these myths.

After one of my very first races (at the then unheard-of distance of two miles) I was accosted by a matronly type who warned that hard training would impair my ability to have children. (I insolently told the old bag to patent her invention while plotting secretly how best to use this against my coach to have my training load reduced.) When I attended U of Toronto I attempted to train on what was the only indoor track in Toronto located in the university men's athletic building. I not only received a belligerent escort to the door but I was also admonished that "girls don't train".

Regrettably, the international governing bodies of sport have helped to perpetuate one myth; that some of those girls out there aren't quite girls. And their solution to this problem is the sex test. Every competitor must submit herself to this test. It used to involve an examination by a panel of medical judges., but thanks to modern science it's now a very proper affair. A chromosome count is taken based on the examination of a hair follicle. I have personally undergone the test seven times --surely worthy of a note in the Guinness Book of Records--and am pleased to say that I've passed every time. I actually took a few hairs belonging to my younger brother to Munich, hoping to slip them through and create a little comic relief. But the scions of the official body watching over the proceedings were not the least amused by my lightheartedness. Most of the women athletes, however, think the test is a joke. Olga Connolly, the Olympic discus champion in 1956, and married with two children when she competed in Munich in 1972, announced: "If I fail the test, my husband Harold (also an Olympic champion) will have to have the children from now on." Anyway, along with thousands of other women athletes, I now have a certificate duly stamped, imprinted, signed and authorized proclaiming to the world that I am, if not wholly female, at least "sex-chromatin positive."

Some of the myths are not really damaging -- merely frustrating. The women-don't-train myth simply means that many public facilities don't provide changing or shower facilities for women athletes.

In Toronto, the Department of Parks and Recreation that builds changing facilities for the exclusive use of boys runs a competitive program for girls and boys. But in these public recreation centres, the time allocation for girls' athletics is about one third less than boys, and often, to hide the disparity, cooking and sewing will appear on the sports-for-girls timetable. Disparities in funding are even worse. In many Canadian universities the budget for the men's football team is larger than that for the entire women's athletics program.

It isn't a single thing that accounts for the lack of sports interest among women; rather it is many things which together create an environment that suggests to girls that sports are mainly for boys. I attended a school in Toronto noted for its excellent football teams. We were near the bottom academically but we had terrific traditions in sport. (I confess to helping sustain both traditions.) Five afternoons every fall we were let off school early so we could attend the Big Game. The morning before kickoff was devoted to a pep rally during which we were exhorted to hysterical frenzy by the principal, the coaches and the cheerleaders. The players looked on grimly from their seats on the stage. They were the prime objects of status and prestige in the school. The community spirit of the school depended on them, and they served also as an excuse for the physical indolence of the rest of the student body. Not only was it virtually demanded that we attend the Big Games, but every fall the girls were subjected in health classes to several weeks instruction in the rules of football. We weren't to play the game--where we might have gained some true idea about it--but we were to pick up enough knowledge to at least participate intelligently in the idolatry. The girls, meanwhile, played their games in the smaller girls' gym with no spectator facilities and no team uniforms. And as for a girls' track meet--much too strenuous.

cont'd
p. 16

COME ONECOME ALL.....

WOMEN'S LIBERATION

\$3.00 MIXED SOCIAL
ARMY AND NAVY - 299 YOUNG ST.
8:30
FOOD, MUSIC, ENTERTAINMENT
TICKETS AT WOMEN'S PLACE

Social

ETHNIC WOMEN'S DAY - 18 SEPTEMBER, 1976

The Citizenship Council of Manitoba is honouring women during their Silver Anniversary Year. One of the highlights will be the ETHNIC WOMEN'S CONFERENCE chaired by Mrs. Olga Fuga will be held at the International Centre from 9 A.M. to 4 P.M. at 65 Redwood Avenue. Experts have been invited to elaborate on topics of concern to immigrant women, i.e. - English Language Training, Day Care Centres, Employment Opportunities and Recognition of Degrees Obtained outside of Canada.

The conference will be free of charge, and a luncheon will be provided.

G E N E R A L S T R I K E -

OCTOBER 14, 1976

We want to have a large women's contingent taking part in this demonstration. We want all women who object to wage control while prices for necessities continue to escalate; i.e. food, rent, heating costs, etc.

We are the people who are always asked to cut back -- to make do with less. Let's tell government how we feel.

Come out to a planning session; Sept. 22
Wednesday nite at 7:30 p.m. at Woman's
Place, 143 Walnut Street.

BEGINNING.....

CONSCIOUSNESS RAISING GROUP

A WOMAN'S PLACE - SEPT. 16TH - 8PM

JOIN US.....



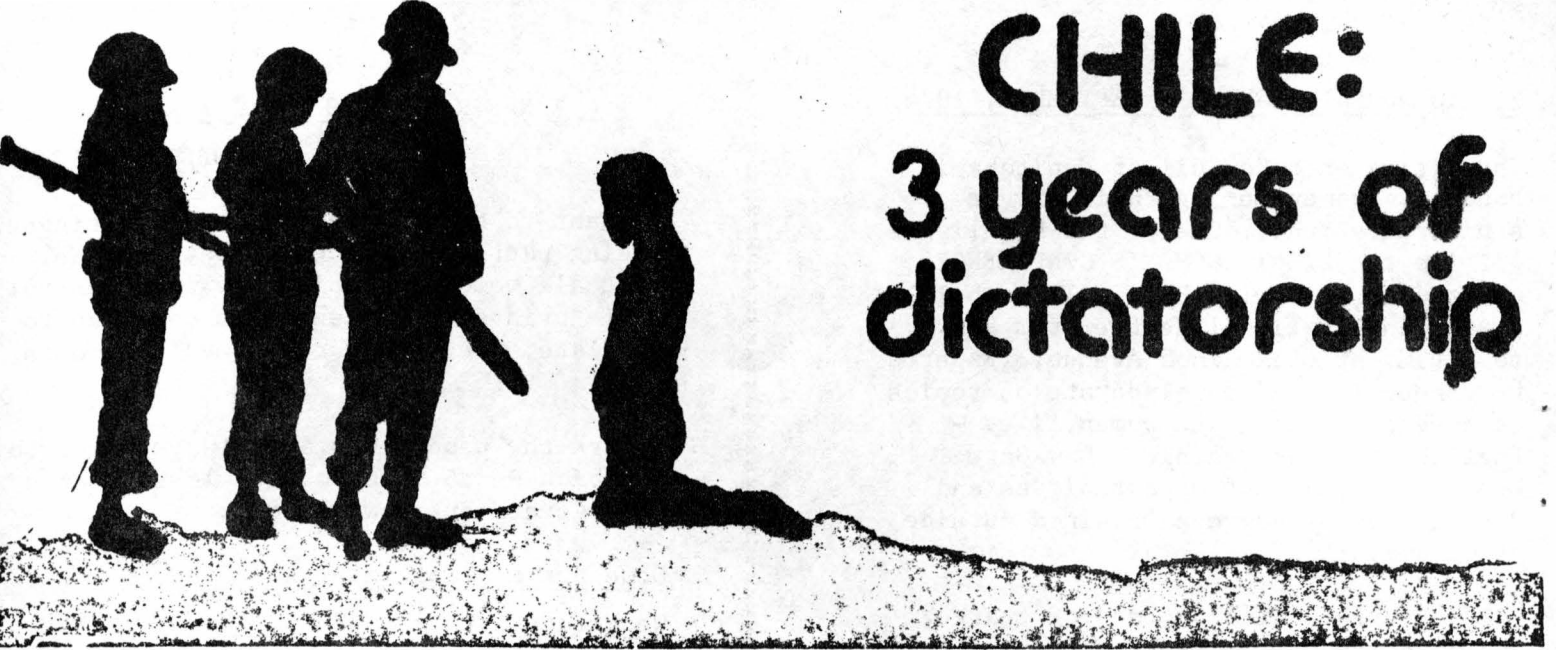
The Socialist Women's Collective met with a group of Chilean women living in Winnipeg. At the meeting, the women presented an analysis that interwove the brutality of every day life in Chili today into an understanding of the situation from both a national and international perspective.

What has been proposed is that a joint committee be set up geared to both action specifically around support for Chilean resistance and education. We have much to learn from each other.

ARE YOU INTERESTED???? PHONE ANDREA 786-5080

We are reprinting the following in an effort to fill in the wide gaps left by the silence of the traditional media.

CHILE: 3 years of dictatorship



Since September 11, 1973 the chilean people have been suffering under oppression of one of the cruellest and most blood thirsty dictatorships in the history of Latin America

The chilean working class has been struggling for more than 50 years to gain the power in order to change the economic and social conditions of the country. The poverty and misery to which the majority of chileans are subjected is not caused because the people are lazy, drunk or lacking initiative, but because for more than 150 years the ruling class has carried on a consistent policy to dehumanize and turn the chilean people into virtual "beasts of burden"

We have resisted this policy with legal organizations determined to gain the dignity of human beings who have the right of a decent house (not a shack of tin and cardboard in a shanty town), education (25% illiteracy in working class), adequate nourishment (600 thousand mentally retarded children due to malnutrition), medical attention (20% infant mortality among poor class), full time employment (more than one million unemployed workers in a country with a 3,3 million labour force), stable purchasing power ("highest inflation rate in the world" ')

In 1970 a democratically elected government became the first to represent the chilean workers. The rich minority ruling class was incapable of controlling the chilean people with democratic means and used military force to overthrow the president, Salvador Allende, rocketing and shelling the government palace and some factories and shanty towns that resisted this shameful abuse of fire power. The dictatorship then slaughtered thousands of workers, including the shooting of women and children on the streets which foreign journalists could witness. The dictatorship has been imprisoning and torturing tens of thousands of union leaders, workers, women, students, church authorities, and anyone opposing their purpose which is to maintain the exploitation.

We have decided not to live on our knees, but to die on our feet, if necessary, to seek freedom.

The Chilean people, with the working class in the forefront, have started a long and hard struggle that can end only with the overthrow of the military dictatorship, the restoration of human rights, the punishment of the criminals of the torture houses, and the reestablishment of a legitimate government that initiates the reconstruction of the country and restores dignity and justice to the people.

The struggle of workers, of exploited and oppressed peoples has had in the front line of fire a handful of men and women that are ready to die for this flag of justice and humanism, the members of the Movement of the Revolutionary Left: M.I.R.

MIR was founded in Chile on August 1965. The new organization developed a Program with a Strategy to gain the power for the working class. Between 1970 and 1973 it gained support in the masses and became a strong Party. The MIR was in the front line of the mobilization of the natives and peasants, (now an underground mobilization). Its Program represents the legitimate hopes of the working class.

The reactionary power triumphed with the coup in 1973. The MIR demonstrated its maturity as it carried on the struggle under the new clandestine conditions. It gained experience in battles that took place after the overthrow of the government. It had militants that were ready to give every minute of their lives and even ready to die to defend the working class cause. It was the only organization that decided to maintain its headquarters in Chile along with the working class to reorganize it, to recover its spirit and encourage it to start the resistance against the dictatorship.

The MIR has suffered many painful blows. Miguel Enriquez, the founder and Secretary General died fighting in a battle against the repressive forces. Many of its members have been arrested, tortured and murdered. Hundreds of its militants have been killed or imprisoned. In spite of the hard blows, the MIR has become stronger and thousands of workers have joined the MIR to overthrow the dictatorship.

The MIR calls to solidarize with the Chilean people's struggle. Your cooperation is very meaningful because it will help to accelerate a process of social justice.

With only one dollar tens, of thousands will benefit:

- \$1.- Will buy 2,500 sheets for leaflets. Information is critical among working class.
- \$1.- Will buy two flashlights to operate during the curfew at night.
- \$1.- Will buy 5 Gal. of milk for the children of the prisoners on the concentration camp
- \$1.- Will permit people to remain in the underground to fight against the dictatorship.

We are grateful for your contribution and solidarity. You can send your contribution in an envelope addressed to: Chile Information Centre

(Support Fund)

P.O. Box 533

Winnipeg, Man.

In return, if you desire, we will send you information about Chile and Latin America. If you want to offer the Chilean Resistance a few minutes of your time every week, get in contact with us:

MIR's SUPPORT GROUP OF WINNIPEG



WOMEN LOOK AT PSYCHIATRY, EDITED BY DOROTHY E. SMITH AND SARA J. DAVID,
VANCOUVER, PRESS GANG PUBLISHERS, 1975 (DISTRIBUTED BY CANADIAN WOMEN'S
EDUCATIONAL PRESS

Women Look at Psychiatry is an important addition to the growing body of literature documenting the reality of women's oppression, as known and understood by women. Bringing together the experiences of Canadian women, integrally connected with psychiatry as victims, professionals and theoreticians, this book begins to peel away the layers of an ideology that has for so long deprived us of an understanding of how psychiatry acts as a mechanism of control in our oppression. Many of the women gathered in this book know all too intimately, the reality of that oppression. The accounts of their desperate and painful battles for life against the power of psychiatry reveal in striking clarity how psychiatry - in language, theory and practise - combines to deny the frustration, anger and despair generated by that oppression.

Taken as a whole, the collection of essays begin the task of constructing a framework for understanding and analysis grounded in women's experience and interests. Articles like Dorothy Smith's 'Women and Psychiatry' and Meredith Kimball's 'Women, Sex Role Stereotypes, and Mental Health: Catch 22' documenting the systematic oppression of the institution of psychiatry combine with accounts by Judi Chamberlin, Marsha Enomoto and Barbara Findlay that articulate the everyday lived experience of that oppression. The result of such a task is first and foremost an indictment of psychiatry as it is thought and practised today.

In an attempt not to be 'uniformly critical' Women Look At Psychiatry proceeds from indictment to an examination of alternative practises emerging from the experiences of women. New types of feminist therapy are explored, again through the eyes of women, both as professionals and patients.

Judi Chamberlin, from her vantage point as an ex-mental patient, suggests an analysis that recognizes women's oppression not simply as woman but as woman mental patient. She argues the oppressive nature of the inevitable dichotomy between therapist and patient in any standard therapy situation. An alternative, then, takes the form of therapy collectively practised by and with those that have lived the ordeal of being defined patients. Each alternative attempts to leave behind the idea of an illness located somewhere deep within the individual woman and so allow her to make her experience of frustration, anger or despair intelligible within the context of her position as woman in our patriarchal capitalist society - that is - within the context of social relations.

What remains undone is the task of piecing together a picture of the relationship of working class women to psychiatry. As Dorothy Smith herself points out in her article 'The Statistics on Mental Illness (What They Will Not Tell Us About Women)', 'the dominant pattern that we have been sketching (is) one that may be generalized to the situations of middle class women rather than working class'. This pattern can in some sense be applied to the book as a whole. Just as the situation of women gets lost in a history of 'mankind' or an analysis of the 'oppression of workers', the important differences in diagnosis and treatment of women in different classes often becomes invisible. The interconnection of a class analysis with a feminist analysis is urgently needed so we are not left finding final solutions in merely challenging sexist attitudes where they exist.

Women Look At Psychiatry is important reading for women - women trying to understand their situation in our society; women as therapists attempting to develop new non-sexist methods of therapy - and perhaps most important for women who have experienced the violence of psychiatry or who are seeking treatment. The book provides no final answers for these women but it does give them the courage to rely on their feelings and experiences as important criteria for judgement. The first major document in the area of women and mental health/illness since Chesler, Women Look At Psychiatry adds a new and essential dimension to our understanding.

Lynda Yanz

STATEMENT OF MYSELF

SOMETIMES IT MAKES ME SHIVER
SOMEHOW I WANT TO DELIVER A PHRASE
I'M YOUNG NOT QUITE EIGHTEEN AND I HAVE PROBLEMS
NO ONE KNOWS OF IT BUT ME
SOMETIMES I THINK I'M CRAZY I HOLD MY HEAD IN MY HANDS AND SHRINK
DOES ANYONE THINK, LIKE ME?
DEEP DOWN I KNOW I'M GOOD I'M SMART BUT CRAZINESS IS AN EASY SOLUTION
I HAVE ANXIETY AND FEEL INFERIOR
I AM CONDEMNED BEFORE I BEGIN
AND THEN THERE IS SOMETHING ELSE

HUSH

I DARE NOT TYPE IT
I WANT HELP I NEED HELP
GO SEE A PSYCHIATRIST NO SUCH LUCK
I'LL CHICKEN OUT AND SAY "GOD, I'M CRAZY"

LINDA ROTH

My Story - Our Life

This is about my abortion. Many women reading this, many of my friends, have had abortions; some of your/their/our experiences have been simple, troublefree; many have been horrendous. Mine was neither. But it was mine. No reading of Eleanor Peirine, or medical texts, no recounting of abortion stories by friends or counsellors, could prepare me for such a terrifyingly lonely experience.

Although I have gone through pregnancy "scares" before, I had never taken my reluctant metabolism seriously enough to actually "see someone" - and, sure enough, always just as I would become alarmed enough to look for a bottle to carry my urine in - bingo, the alarm was false and I'd be back on my regular cycle again. This time was different; I went for a test with no "symptoms", just a hunch, and found out I was pregnant before I even had time to absorb the idea that I might be.

The scene is like a bad bad joke *** Mrs. Jones?, We've got the test results back & I've got wonderful news! - OH, Miss Jones, have we got bad news for you".*** The nurse stares at me carefully somberly as she gives me the news, and I fight to erase the grin that wants to leap out, expressing a moment of sheer joy and wonder that I am involved in the beginning of a strange and exciting process - creating a new life. I deny the joy, even now I begin to feel the guilt of wanting to sing, dance, shout. I quietly compose my face to a replica of hers. Sober. I say nothing, and stand meekly by the reception desk as she makes preparations for me to see The Doctor.

I feel good. My body talks to me, croons. I quit smoking. I lie awake in bed in the morning and discover new feelings, new surges through my body. I feel beautiful, strong, IMPORTANT. Here I am in the middle of the meaning of life.

While my body suges and croons, my head begins the tiresome process leading to Termination. No one calls it an abortion, it's a T.A., a D & C, or a Termination. And people avoid the word baby. Secretly, I enjoy the Victorian phrase In an Interesting Condition.

I know I am not having a baby. Having a baby means day care centres, babysitters, maternity leave, good home environment, supportive non-judgmental friends and relations. It means having a Father. This brief baby is a non-baby because it does not have a father. I am an Unfit Mother because I do not have a husband.

I am angry. How can my body feel so good, when I am so full of rage, resentment? The world is so hard on women who want to raise children - inadequate child care, inadequate salaries, inadequate approval and emotional support. But if only I could get a man (my license to propogate) I presumably would be allowed to try my luck against the odds, with society's sanctimonious blessing. How I hate those men I "could get". How I hate my friends who turn away, the ones who say "I told you so". "It's your own fault for not taking precautions." As if I had committed a crime for which I am deservedly suffering. How I hate those friends who "understand" but gently point out the pitfalls of being a single mother. As if I'm not living those years of pain, in agony, over and over in my mind, as I approach the inevitable decision to abort. And how I love my friends who gently understand my pain, who do not reproach, suggest, demand. To them I confide over and over again the details of my misery, to make up for all those I cannot tell. What I want to do is shout, scream it from the roof of the Richardson Building.

It is the Holy church and the State who have conspired to deprive me of my child. It is all those people who call abortion murder, but consider the unwed mother a greater societal atrocity than a discarded fetus. They have made my decision. I bow to them. They have aborted my fetus.

As I leave the hospital I feel my body winding down fast. By the next day my aching breasts have reduced from a 36C to my normal 36 A. I have a small pain in my gut that feels like an empty ache. My desire for nourishment disappears. My



craving for nicotine returns. After a week I have lost weight, but not enough to make me hollow eyed and haggard - that visible badge of my miser I am to be denied. My body is back to NORMAL. But I am not. I shall never be again.....



RUNNING FOR GOLD (Cont'd.)

However, times do change. At my old school two years ago, the girls boycotted the usual male-dominated awards' assembly and staged their own instead to recognize the outstanding *female* athletes in the school. The unfortunate fact, though, is that the schools still do not succeed either in enhancing the fitness levels of the students or in providing good competitive opportunities. Most girls leave school in a physically autistic state and haven't the faintest idea how to get any pleasure from sport.

The school situation is bad enough, but other areas provide further evidence of the limited sports environment for women. The federal government's National Advisory Council on Fitness and Amateur Sport has never had more than five women on its 30-member board. Of the nearly 200 Canadian coaches sent to major international competitions since 1960, only 5% have been women. In all of professional sport, only one woman — figure-skating's Janet Lynn — commands a larger contract than the top male. And in most pro sports, where the interest level and spectator appeal for the men and women is comparable, as it is in tennis, say, the women still get considerably less prize money.

The sports media have helped to make the names of our greatest female athletes household words. Canadians have made glamorous national heroes of personalities such as Barbara Ann Scott, Marilyn Bell and Nancy Greene

in a way usually reserved for NHL stars. Knowledge of our sports heroines has undoubtedly encouraged thousands of girls to take up sport, but the image of the female athlete created by the media has been an ambivalent one. On the one hand our successes are readily acknowledged, but on the other women still appear as intruders on the sports page. Frequently, physical appearance takes precedence over performance: women athletes are often depicted as either hideously grotesque or else beauties whose figures amply compensate for any lack of athletic talent.

A recent *Weekend* magazine article on the Vancouver Chimos volleyball team claimed that the women's aggressive playing style made them look "like lionesses in heat."

Globe and Mail columnist Dick Beddoes loves to comment that he prefers "nothing more strenuous than motherhood for the ladies." On one occasion he devoted an entire column to maligning pentathlon standout Debbie van Kiekebelt's shot putting — claiming that Canadian males wouldn't have their hormones stirred by lady shot putters. Too bad for Dick — if Debbie van Kiekebelt can't stir his hormones, no woman can.

And where the print medium is merely chauvinistic, television sports can be totally neglectful. Except for the really major events, there is virtually no regular coverage of women's team games. Despite the fact that fully one third of the sports viewing audience is female, there are next to no women sportscasters in Canada. The idea of a woman reading the sports news or doing the color commentary of an event in which the contestants are male is apparently not to be tolerated.

It is often pointed out that our women athletes have a better record in international competition than the men, and many who assess our prospects for the 1976 Olympics look first to the women. Canadian women have in fact produced 15 fewer gold medals than the men in Commonwealth, Pan-American and Olympic competition since 1960, but if we consider that men take part in more than twice as many sports the women do have a decided edge. And most recently, memories of the Canadian performances at the Christchurch Commonwealth Games turn to golds by Jane Haist, Wendy Cook, Glenda Reiser, Bev Boys and the team victory of the Canadian female swimmers over the Australians. All this despite the apparent conspiracy amongst the schools, the media, the recreation authorities and the Canadian culture itself to turn girls away from sport.

It makes you wonder what women might do with a little backing. ♡



WOMEN IN LITERATURE

As *For Me and My House* ostensibly deals with the ordeal of Philip Bentley, a prairie minister who had aspired to be a great painter, but who enters the ministry for economic reasons, marries, and finds himself trapped. He and his wife drift from one dust-bowl, depression-ridden prairie town to another, and eventually arrive in Horizon which they find as bleak, ugly, and philistine as the others. He retreats into himself even more, rejects friendship and affection, and finds himself unable to paint or love. The narrative is handled through successive entries in Mrs. Bentley's diary. Rarely, if ever, has a male novelist had a woman character tell the story in the first person. As the novel proceeds, Philip's story becomes increasingly static, for there is no conflict; he makes no attempt to regain his integrity, or fight the poverty and alienation of his environment. It is Mrs. Bentley's efforts that become the focus of interest.

While Philip remains lethargic and resigned, Mrs. Bentley engages in a ceaseless struggle to revive his confidence and creativity. To free Philip for higher concerns, she labours at the menial tasks, though she is careful "to let him be the man" in the eyes of the community. Since Philip is too sensitive to ask for arrears in salary, she scrimps and does without, grateful for an occasional crumb of interest or affection. Though he had entered the church long before he met her, she shoulders the blame for his poverty, unhappiness and failure. For she had made claims on him, and "as an artist he needed above all things to be free".² However, she feels this applies only to the male artist. Mrs. Bentley is a fine musician, and before she met Philip, she had striven to become a concert pianist. In order to share his bookish interests, she had given up her musical aspirations, only to

be spurned as an intellectual companion. Increasingly isolated from her husband, rejected and humiliated, Mrs. Bentley concludes "it's a man's way and a woman's"³ and that by keeping himself "out of the reach of a woman and his love for her"⁴ that her husband has retained his stature and identity. Hers does not matter--- "Submitting to him that way, yielding my identity --it seemed what life was intended for."⁵

Her devotion seems only to antagonize Philip, as do her occasional flare-up rebellion. He is tight-lipped about her dowdy appearance, or her music, or her occasional friendships. It's the affection of a homeless twelve-year old boy he hungers for. Possibly he sees him as the reincarnation of the son who was still-born in their first year of marriage. To please her husband, Mrs. Bentley suggests adoption, and until he is taken from them, sees her husband lavishing on the boy the money and attention he could not spare for her. Later when she discovers her husband in an adulterous act with the young woman who had come to help Mrs. Bentley through an illness, her first concern is to save his feelings by concealing her knowledge from him. This incident results in Judith's pregnancy, and Mrs. Bentley decides, without consulting Judith's feelings or her own, to adopt the child, so that Philip will have the son he craves. Conveniently Judith dies. Mrs. Bentley encourages Philip to leave the ministry, and buy a second-hand book store, which he is to manage without interference from her:

I'm convinced that Philip would be better without me. In workaday matters I'm so much more practical and capable than he is that in a month or two I'd be one of those domineering females that men abominate.⁶

Her final entry describes her husband's fascinated absorption in his infant son, his own unique creation, a new beginning, a promise of the immortality he has not achieved through art, another Philip. In a rare burst of communication he says to his wife, "Sometimes you won't know which is which."7 Her final comment is her silent reply. "That's right, Philip, I want it so."8 The pattern will continue: now she will have two Philip's to serve and sacrifice for.

Does Sinclair Ross intend this study of self-abnegation to serve as an example of selfless devotion? Is Mrs. Bentley the patient Griselda of the Canadian novel? Some critics have drawn this conclusion.

Or is the novel a study of sado-masochism in the relationship of husband and wife? It is almost Freudian in its pattern of wifely submissiveness, of female incapacity to sublimate instinctual drives and thus develop as an artist, of feminine surrender of career and artistic goals to find fulfillment in motherhood.

Or are his intentions quite different? Is she a woman who has so internalized the values of a male-dominated culture that she accepts without question renunciation and self-effacement, and acquiesces in her own suffering? It is interesting that not once throughout the novel is her first name mentioned; she is Mrs. Bentley throughout, acquiring her identity only through her relationship with her husband. She has sacrificed her soul, yet there is no indication that her husband will find his. Whatever Ross's intention, he has demonstrated through the voice of his female persona that self-abnegation leads merely to self-annihilation.

1. Ross, Sinclair, As For Me and My House (New York, 1941) p. 1
2. Ibid., p. 25
3. Ibid., p. 24
4. Ibid., p. 25
5. Ibid., p. 25
6. Ibid. p. 288
7. Ibid. p. 296
8. Ibid. p. 296

NEXT WEEK MILLIE LOOKS AT MARTHA OSTENSO'S WILD GEESE.....

NO COMMENT



Bust out of the ordinary. With an Incredible T-Shirt promotion.

FROM: THE FREE PRESS
JULY 9TH

Girls

It is apparently official, and CBC commentators have been instructed not to refer to adult female competitors in the Olympic games as "girls." They are to be called "women," and that is that. All of which is vaguely familiar, when one recalls the parody on the ages of women which pointed out that all remained children, for the benefit of the railway companies, until they reached an age where they could not possibly be passed off for twelve.

Those who pressed for the official instructions not to call the girls "girls," may have overlooked one simple fact. There comes a time in the life of every woman when she considers it a distinct compliment to be called a girl, whether it is by a television commentator, her husband, or any male.

FROM: THE FREE PRESS
AUG. 3RD.

SEPTEMBER

Sunday	Monday	Tuesday	Wednesday	Thursday	Friday	Saturday
5	6	7	8	9	10	11
CHILD WEEK! ALL EVENTS BIRD MUSEUM OF NAT HISTORY 12	SOC. Q'S COLL. NEW SESSION 13	CO-ORDINATING CMT. (NEWS- LETTER) GENERAL 7:30 STRIKE 14	LESBIAN MEETING 7:30	CON. MEETING 7:30		ETHNIC Q'S DAY 4PM. 65 REDWOOD
19	20	21	22	23	24	25
		CO-ORDINATING CMT.				
26	27	28	29	30		