

HERizons

A WOMEN'S NEWS MAGAZINE

THE POLITICS OF QUITTING SMOKING

▼
**War Toys aren't
Childsplay**

▼
**Judy Chicago;
Birthing a
New Art Project**



WOMEN... REACHING OUT... SHARING RESOURCES.

Register with the CANADIAN WOMEN'S MAILING LIST. Women's organizations will then keep you informed about feminist events, actions, publications, and services.

When you complete a registration form, you alone determine what kind of groups and/or individuals can mail to you. You will only receive mailings in those areas you have selected. Your wishes will be absolutely respected. No women's name will ever be entered into the data bank without her voluntary registration. You can have your name removed from the list at any time.

A non-profit society providing information services to women, the WEB Women's Information Exchange has started the CANADIAN WOMEN'S MAILING LIST (CWML) as a communication tool for women and women's groups. By building the CWML and by then providing mailing labels at cost to women's organizations, groups or individuals WEB can help bring women together with the wealth of information available to them.

The CWML will also facilitate communication between feminist organizations and allow these organizations to reach out to women they might otherwise be unable to contact. In this way, WEB can build and expand a broad base of support for issues or interests of concern to women across Canada. Many other powerful groups use computerized mailing lists to reach and organize their supporters. *Women can also use the computer to their advantage—to create an efficient feminist communication network.*

Registration cost

This is a grassroots project which depends on donations from the people who participate in the network. A donation of \$3.50 will pay for the costs associated with processing your registration form. Donations of \$10.00 or more will help pay for the urgently needed publicity to enable CWML to reach its target of 10,000 participants by the end of 1984. If you cannot afford to donate please fill out and return the registration form anyway. It is crucial that all women participate in a network that serves women's needs.

Help build the network

HERizons has registered with the Information Exchange and we encourage our readers to register too!

CANADIAN WOMEN'S MAILING LIST REGISTRATION FORM

INDIVIDUAL REGISTRATION

NAME																				
ADDRESS																				
CITY																				

Demographic Information: We are asking for this information so that we can know who we are reaching. This will help us know where our efforts need to be focussed so that we can create a truly broad-based national service that connects with all women. This will also help groups wishing to reach a specific segment of the population. However, you do not have to disclose this information to register.

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<p>Indicate the ethnic/cultural group with which you most identify _____</p>	<p>Occupational Field (Check two categories you most identify with) <input type="checkbox"/> Health/Medical</p>	<p><input type="checkbox"/> Student <input type="checkbox"/> Retired</p>

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Selections: You may choose as many interest areas as you like. Place a mark in the box next to each subject area of your choice. If you wish to receive mailings in all subjects within a category, you may mark, "I am generally interested in"

<p>Who Are You?</p> <input type="checkbox"/> Woman (individual registrant) <input type="checkbox"/> Women-only organization <input type="checkbox"/> Organization with mixed membership/staff <input type="checkbox"/> Man (individual registrant) <p>Who Can Mail to You?</p> <input type="checkbox"/> Individual women and women's organizations (no men) <input type="checkbox"/> Women's organizations <input type="checkbox"/> Women's and mixed organizations (no individuals) <p>Language</p> <input type="checkbox"/> I wish to receive mailings in French <input type="checkbox"/> I wish to receive mailings in English <input type="checkbox"/> I wish to receive mailings whether they are in French or English <input type="checkbox"/> My primary language is neither French nor English. I wish also to receive mailings in (specify) _____ when available. <p>Political Candidates</p> <input type="checkbox"/> Yes. Political candidates may mail to me. <input type="checkbox"/> No. Do not permit political candidates to mail to me.	<p>Legal/Political Issues</p> <input type="checkbox"/> I am generally interested in legal/political issues. <input type="checkbox"/> I am only interested in the following categories: <input type="checkbox"/> Disabled People <input type="checkbox"/> Sexual Preference <input type="checkbox"/> Disarmament/Peace <input type="checkbox"/> Environmental/Ecology <input type="checkbox"/> Racism <input type="checkbox"/> Reproductive Rights <input type="checkbox"/> Marriage-related issues (e.g., contracts, common law, divorce, widowhood) <p>Health</p> <input type="checkbox"/> I am generally interested in health issues concerning women. <input type="checkbox"/> I am only interested in the following categories: <input type="checkbox"/> Pregnancy and Birth <input type="checkbox"/> Sterilization <input type="checkbox"/> Gynecological Health <input type="checkbox"/> Sexually Transmitted Diseases <p>Women of Color</p> <input type="checkbox"/> I wish to receive mailings on issues/subjects of particular interest to women of color. <p>Education</p> <input type="checkbox"/> I am generally interested in educational issues <input type="checkbox"/> I am only interested in the following categories: <input type="checkbox"/> Women's Studies <input type="checkbox"/> Science and Technology <input type="checkbox"/> Women's History/Literature <input type="checkbox"/> Women's Psychology <input type="checkbox"/> Continuing Education for Women <input type="checkbox"/> Alternative Educational Programs <input type="checkbox"/> Parenting <p>Violence Against Women</p> <input type="checkbox"/> I am generally interested in this subject <input type="checkbox"/> I am only interested in the following categories: <input type="checkbox"/> Incest/Child abuse <input type="checkbox"/> Battered Women <input type="checkbox"/> Pornography <p>Work</p> <input type="checkbox"/> I am generally interested in issues related to women and work. <input type="checkbox"/> I am only interested in the following categories: <input type="checkbox"/> Non-traditional employment <input type="checkbox"/> Women's Businesses <input type="checkbox"/> Displaced Homemakers & Employment <input type="checkbox"/> Childcare <input type="checkbox"/> Women's Training Programs <input type="checkbox"/> Women's Professional groups/unions in your occupational area <input type="checkbox"/> Disabled Workers <input type="checkbox"/> Job Sharing/Part-time Work <input type="checkbox"/> Domestic Workers <input type="checkbox"/> Workers' Co-operatives/Alternative Work Situations
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MAIL ENTIRE PAGE TO: Web Women's Information Exchange • 9280 Arvida Drive • Richmond, B.C. • V7A 3P4

ORGANIZATIONS: Send for organizational registration form. If your organization would be willing to include our brochure in a mailing in exchange for mailing label credits, please contact us.

HERizons

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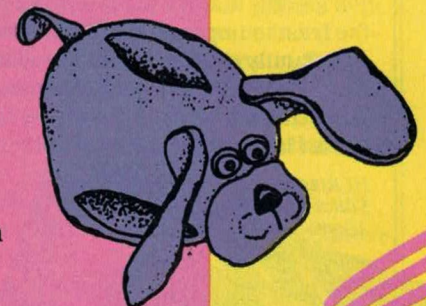
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editorial

Too Close To Home

A while ago I sat listening as friends described the paths that had led them to feminism. They talked of those first illuminating books (*The Women's Room* and *Woman on the Edge of Time* were big in our crowd), of provocative friends, of their internal struggles to recognise and name their oppression. It was an animated conversation and I wracked my brain for something to contribute. But all that came to mind was the vague and hazy notion of "the Holidays." It hardly seemed relevant to the conversation. I kept it to myself. It wasn't until days later that I could complete my train of thought.

In my family "the Holidays" means Christmas, means work. Women's work: Baking, cooking, cleaning, entertaining, shopping, smiling (lots). As a teenager my feminist consciousness blossomed and grew with every dish I washed and every potatoe I peeled; with every moment I worked while my brother sat watching television. Somehow our familial variety of sexism always hit hardest at Christmas. It really was a time of peace and goodwill for all men. It was a crash course in sex roles. Even now when I make my holiday visit home those old roles persist. Yet every year I do less to challenge them.

My parents live some 2,000 miles from my home in Toronto. I've seen them but once or twice a year for the past six or seven years. Christmas is our excuse to get together, our only chance to learn to relate to each other as adults. I dare not complicate that process with "all my feminist ideas". The ease with which I can compromise those ideas amazes me.

I still grumble as I wash the dishes and I mock the importance of designated male tasks as unceremoniously as ever but I do little to indicate that my analysis has undergone further development. Christmas is not the time to make a scene. It's not the time to be an outsider; as feminists we're rarely anything else.

So I bake cookies and roll pastry and I try to keep my mouth shut. Eventually there comes a point when my efforts to stay quiet send me right back to the kitchen, to my "daughter's tasks" for diversion. By washing dishes I quell potential arguments in the dining room. And so the roles are perpetuated. It's a remarkably efficient system.

Quick to express my distaste for the whole notion of "women's work", I do find some comfort in the work itself. It's where I grew up. Times spent with my mother in the kitchen have been some of our closest. Chopping vegetables while listening to stories of her life, my commitment to feminism grows. Hearing of the opportunities she's been denied or of the expectations she's had to meet as a wife and mother, I resolve to work for change. I want women's lives to be different; I want to live differently.

It's ironic that the place where I most passionately feel the need for change, I do the least to implement it. It's so much easier for me to be a feminist when I'm far from family ties and from the memories and traditions of childhood. In many ways it's easier for me to fight the patriarchy as an ideological whole than it is to argue miniscule aspects of it (like who does the dishes) with my parents. In their home I'm an incompetent and bumbling feminist.

For those of us who have had the opportunity to distance ourselves from our roots, it's important that we acknowledge it as a choice and a privilege which many women are denied and one which many would not make. Before I lapse into self-righteous arguments with women who aren't feminists I try to remember the acquiescence with which I serve the men in my family at Christmas, year after year. I remember too my internal struggle to maintain that compliant demeanor and my resolve to struggle publicly as soon as I get away from my family.

Mary Louise Adams

HERizons Eastern Region
Editor Mary Louise
Adams

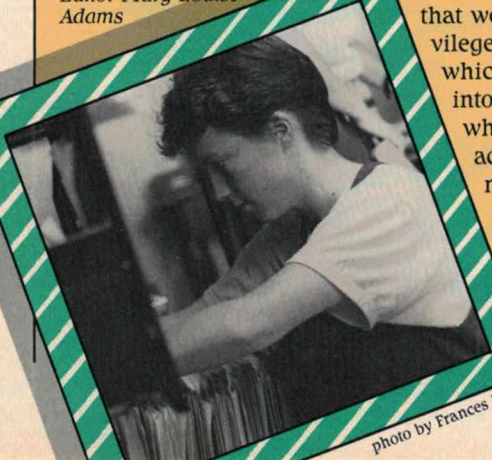


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The aim of this magazine is to provide an alternative means of communication with a feminist perspective in order to stimulate, to inform, to effect change, and to unify women's strengths, serving as a forum for women.

HERizons magazine is located at 200-478 River Ave., Winnipeg, Manitoba, Canada R3L 0C8. Phone (204) 477-1730. HERizons is published monthly, except for combined June/July and January/February issues. Subscriptions \$15 per year for individuals; outside Canada, add \$5.00. Printed at Lawson Graphics, Winnipeg, Manitoba. HERizons is a member of the Canadian Periodical Publishers Association and is listed in the Alternative Press Index. Submissions are welcome. Editing rights reserved and submission does not guarantee publication. A self-addressed, stamped envelope will ensure submissions are returned to author. Views expressed are those of the writers and do not necessarily reflect HERizons policy. Second Class Mail Registration No. 5899.



Letters

Dear Herizons:

As a long time reader of Herizons I have seldom, if ever, come across an article that has been printed out of context. The article which I am so upset about is 'The Family Bed' and the context that is missing is a feminist analysis of the social repercussions involved in the Family Bed theory. The glaring omission is any acknowledgement of the overwhelming amount of adult male initiated incest within our society. Tho I agree with the nurturing concepts of the article I feel strongly that our experience as women needs to be addressed too.

I remember only too clearly what a "lucky woman" I thought I was when my husband took on a fair share of the nurturing of our daughter. Unfortunately years later I was to learn that he had been sexually abusing her since she was very young. Certainly my daughter's experience was not that "the touch of another person induces relaxation."

Please, as uncomfortable as it may be to address this issue when attempting to promote healthy healing ways, we must also never overlook the damage caused when others misuse this trust.

In sisterhood
Suzn Morgan

Herizons:

Brigitte, Penni et al,

Just got my Nov. issue and was pleased to see the item on Chilean women taken from our OXFAM material. That letter & enclosed article went out to over 21,000 Canadians. OXFAM sees women's struggles as a priority.

Glad to see Laura Sundberg's article

on population control — absolutely a key issue.

In sisterhood,
Susan White

Letter to Editor:

On August 23, a Canadian Human Rights Tribunal imposed Canada's first affirmative action program on CN Rail. This landmark decision was a victory for Action Travail des femmes, a NAC member group which has been fighting for access to blue collar jobs in the railway since 1979.

However, CN Rail, which spent nearly \$500,000 to vindicate its discriminatory hiring practices before the tribunal, hasn't finished spending taxpayers money to fight equality for women. On August 27, CN President Maurice LeClair announced that CN will appeal the ruling. This means that Action Travail des femmes will be forced into another lengthy, costly legal battle. It also means that CN can put off hiring women for another four or five years while the courts ponder the arguments.

Individuals can protest CN actions by writing to Maurice LeClair, Presi-

dent, CN Rail, 935 de la Caucheteire, Montreal, Quebec, H3C 2M9.

We also ask that you write Prime Minister Brian Mulroney, urging that the federal government move *immediately* to allocate \$1,000,000 for a legal defense fund for precedent setting cases in the area of discrimination. CN Rail is using taxpayers' money to fight equality. Action Travail des femmes (and other groups) should have access to matching funds for the fight against discrimination!

Please send copies of your letter to Action Travail des femmes, 2515 rue Delisle, Montreal, Quebec, H3J 1K8.

**National Action Committee of
the Status of Women**

Dear Editors,

I am making a film, based on a true story, about a young woman's experience of being illegally certified on a psychiatric ward. I am currently doing research on illegal certification.

The film is to be shot next summer (1985) involving local actors and artists. It will be in story form and will range from one-half to two hours in length. It will be taped on one-half inch video equipment and, hopefully, will be distributed internationally.

I am currently trying to publicise our efforts in the hope of getting support from organisations or individuals who have an interest in the area of illegal certification.

If you would like more information please feel free to write or call me collect at (519) 672-7313.

Thank you.

Jennifer Moore
(Producer)
4-171 Dundas Street, Third Floor
London, Ontario
NGA 1G4

**Letters and responses
welcome from readers.**

HERizons Magazine
200-478 River Avenue
Winnipeg, Manitoba
R3L 0C8



PRAIRIES EMPOWERMENT TRAINING INTENSIVE —

This three day workshop to train facilitators is scheduled to be held in Winnipeg from **Friday, December 7** at 9 am to **Sunday, December 9** at 6 pm (Friday and Saturday evening included). Day 1 — Despair and Empowerment; Day 2 and 3 — Intensive Training to gain leadership tools for peace work. People should attend who have had group experience in feminist consciousness raising; political or religious witness groups. Facilitators will be Tova Green, feminist therapist and peace activist from Boston and Nancy Moorhead, volunteer peace worker with feminist and church groups; both are part of Interhelp, a non-partisan network which works against Nuclear Holocaust, Environmental Deterioration and Human Oppression. Costs: \$100 standard, \$50 low-income (please pay more if you can subsidise someone) (Location TBA, Billets and some meals provided); make cheques payable to Barbara Roberts or Joanne Sydiaha (Training Intensive). For information call Barbara at (306) 664-3688 or Joanne at (306) 382-0489; to register (Winnipeggers only) call Erica Smith at 667-4882.

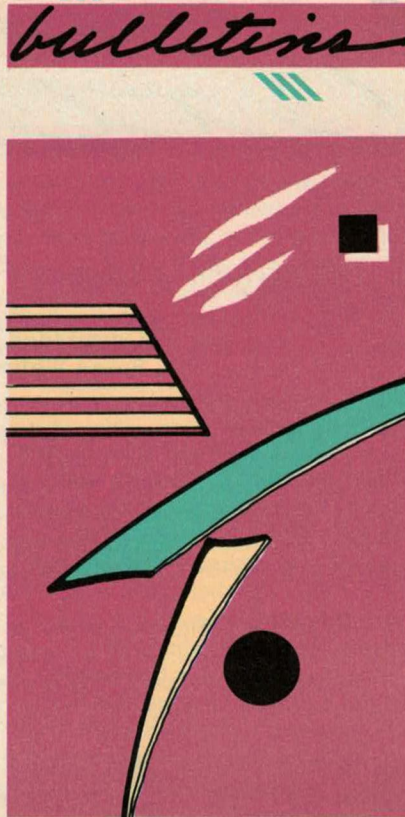
CANADIAN JOURNAL OF WOMEN AND THE LAW —

The first issue "Theories of Equality: a philosophical and practical discussion of equality rights" is scheduled for publication in **Spring of 1985**; second issue will deal with reproductive rights and new technologies.

Contributions are being solicited in both French and English and should take a multi-disciplinary approach to the selected themes. The deadline for submission for the first issue is **December 31, 1984**. Manuscripts should be sent to the Editor, Canadian Journal of Women and the Law, c/o National Association of Women and the Law, 323 Chapel Street, Ottawa, Ontario K1N 7Z2.

PLAYWRITING COMPETITION FOR YOUTH AUDIENCES —

The National Multicultural Theatre Association seeks plays that emphasise tolerance and understanding among cultures and races, pride in one's own heritage and should be of 30-90 minutes in duration. First prize: \$1,000; second prize \$600; third prize \$400. Deadline for entries is **January 30, 1985** with results



announced in **May 1985**. A copy of the competition guidelines can be obtained from: National Multicultural Theatre Association, 8 York St., 6th floor, Toronto, Ontario M4J 1R2.

COUNSELLING THE SEXUAL ABUSE SURVIVOR —

A conference on Clinical and Social Issues is scheduled for **February 20-22, 1985** at the Winnipeg Convention Centre. This major training conference devoted to the treatment of former victims of sexual abuse will draw presenters and participants from throughout Canada and the U.S. Among the presenters will be author Louise Armstrong of *Kiss Daddy Goodnight* and *The Home Front*; Therapist Lucy Berliner; Author of *Conspiracy of Silence*, counsellor and consultant; Sandra Butler; Lecturer, and Author of *Best Kept Secret*, Florence Rush; Professor of Sociology and author of *Rape in Marriage* and *Sexual Exploitation*; Child Advocate, Linde Zingaro.

The conference is planned to include a variety of workshops and issue sessions to allow for the full involvement of conference participants. For information and registration forms: Diane Isaac, Conference

Coordinator, Clinic Community Health Centre, 545 Broadway Avenue, Winnipeg, Manitoba R3C 0W3 (204) 774-9004 between 11 am-1 pm C.S.T.

WOMEN AND THE INVISIBLE ECONOMY —

A conference that will focus on women's unpaid labour on **February 23-25, 1985** at Simone de Beauvoir Institute, Concordia University, Montreal. Among the topics are: The Value of Unpaid Labour; Housework Studies; Double Burdens; The Work of Mothering; Unpaid Work Outside the Home. For further information contact Suzanne Peters at the Institute, 1455 De Maisonneuve Blvd., West Montreal, Quebec H3G 1M8 (514) 879-8521.

STRATEGIES THAT MAKE THE DIFFERENCE —

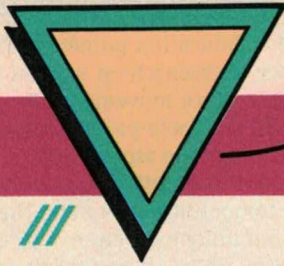
The Manitoba Association for Children (Adults) With Learning Disabilities (MACLD) presents their annual conference from **March 7-8, 1985**. Speakers include Bill Page of the Nashville Learning Centre in Tennessee — a "Teachers' Teacher"; Dr. Marilyn Samuels, Ph. D. of the Calgary Learning Centre; a special Parent Session will be held on Thursday. Registration fees are \$60 for two day conference members (\$70 non-members); special session rates are available. For information call: MACLD, 15-1265 Barratt Ave., Winnipeg, Manitoba R3G 0L9 (204) 774-1821.

WOMEN'S ECONOMIC AND SOCIAL DEVELOPMENT IN CHINA —

A Study Tour sponsored by Women's International Network News (WIN) in **March, 1985**. For details contact: Fran P. Hosken, editor, WIN NEWS, 187 Grant Street, Lexington, MA 021173 (617) 862-9431.

THE BEGUINAGE HOUSING CO-OP —

Named for the medieval all-women communities, this Toronto housing co-op is for sole-support women (with or without children), with priority to women-identified women with some commitment to feminism. Newly built on two adjacent lots in south Cabagetown it consists of one, two or three bedroom apartments and townhouses — 28 units in all. For more information call (416) 925-2475, ext. 330.



on the horizon

Pompous Popes and imperfect prefects



photo by Joe Chang

Two groups of Ottawa feminists welcomed Pope John Paul II's visit in order to publicly demonstrate what they believe him to represent.

"We felt very discouraged by the mass adulation being directed at the Pope, who represents institutionalised woman-hating," charged Myra Palmer, who was one of five women performing street theatre designed to bring to public attention women's continued devaluation in both the church and society.

All the women agreed, that the mainstream media was abysmally fawning. "I really felt that the kind of play-by-play coverage they used was ridiculous," said Myra Palmer. "I felt embarrassed for the media."

Taking advantage of weekend crowds in Ottawa's Byward Market, the women began their play by staging a procession down streets lined with fruit and vegetable stalls. The "Pope-for-a-day" (Letitia Charbonneau) was draped in flowing makeshift vestments and carried a large cross. The "Pope" was followed by an ordinary woman and by three Furies who would be the chorus during the play.

At a large pedestrian mall, the women stopped to perform before about 75 people on Saturday and about 30 on Sunday. The audience was attentive as Carolyn Sinclair knelt before "His Holiness" to petition for leave to have an abortion. Permission was denied. Casting aside the shawl used in that role, Sinclair then played the role of a nun asking to become a priest, a battered woman seeking permission to remarry, a lesbian seeking advice as to how she could maintain her place in the church while loving a woman, a woman wishing the church would help in liberating her country from political repression and, finally, an agnostic woman challenging the Pontiff about the fact that his Church's rules affect all women, Catholic or not.

Juxtaposed with Sinclair's entreaties to the "Pope" and the "Pope's" answers were the moving statements of the three Furies. Dressed in colourful costumes and adorned with "electric" hair, the Furies became an angry and compassionate voice.

The original script for the play was written by Pashta Marymoon (one of

the Furies) after all five women met a few times to discuss ways of effectively stating their concerns.

While Women's Action for Peace was producing its theatrical work for the Pope's visit, another small group of women researched and wrote a leaflet outlining their views on the visit. The women spent about a month researching and then writing the leaflet. "We wanted to accurately represent the Pope's views on issues," said Joan Riggs.

The women circulated a leaflet attacking the expenditure of \$50 million by the Canadian government to wine and dine the Pope and outlined the many and different kinds of government programs which would have had a beneficial effect on Canadian women's lives. As well, the leaflet contrasted the "ideal" Catholic woman as described by the Pope with the reality of women today.

Both groups agreed it was important to portray the Pope accurately. "We checked into Catholic doctrine in preparing the Pope's responses in the play," said Myra Palmer.

Debra Pilon

peace conference prompts debate

Somer Brodribb

TORONTO — Intellectually and emotionally challenging, a two day conference on Women and Education for Peace and Nonviolence was attended by a largely feminist and female audience of more than 100. The conference, organised by Ruth Pierson and sponsored by the Centre for Women's Studies at the Ontario Institute for Studies in Education, did not represent a unified perspective on issues, nor did it resolve them. Rather it opened them to serious debate. The papers presented there will be part of a Round Table on Women and Peace movements next year in Stuttgart, West Germany.

While women were brought together in Toronto by the immediacy of their shared concerns over peace, a conference in London, Ontario on Philosophy and Nuclear Arms discussed games theory and "gamesmanship" with a largely male audience. The fact that there was only one woman on the programme, gave a clear indication of the urgent need for more feminist research and peacework into this topic.

During presentations and discussions in Toronto, questions about the relationship of women to peace proved more complicated than stereotypical and facile associations might suggest. The conference stressed the necessity of tough mindedness and conceptual clarity, as well as of passion and anger. American Berenice Carroll indicated that we should not equate feminist pacifism and feminine passivism. Indeed, the theoretical bridges between feminist and peace studies require construction.

Dorothy Thompson of England traced the general history of peace movements and called a specific female claiming of them disingenuous. She argued that female control over socialisation is important in promoting war and we should not shift the responsibility of blame for war onto one sex or class. After all, she

commented, women do commit violence against their children. Barbara Roberts, a professor of history and an active feminist responded from the floor with statistical information that indicated overwhelming male responsibility for violence in both the domestic and public spheres. Tensions between the two perspectives resonated throughout the conference.

The presentation of Ursula Herrmann of the German Democratic Republic stressed the peace pronouncements of the left leaders of German Social Democracy before and during World War I, but lacked an awareness of the connectedness, in international and feminist terms, of the specific sexism women suffer in the peacework arena and other political work.

Speaking of European women's attempts to prevent World War I, Sandi Cooper of New York reminded us that the long record of women's peace activism takes as many forms as does peace activism itself. She neglected to pursue questions of female specificity in peacework.

Jo Vellacott of Montreal produced well-needed research on Feminist Consciousness and the First World War. She argued that historians have neglected the working class component of the suffragette movement and have overemphasised the minority of women who were militants at the expense of the constitutional suffragettes.

A wonderfully moving presentation by Setsuko Thurlow of the Toronto

Board of Education pointed to the absence of research on women in the Japanese peace movement. She also explored the socio-psychological consequences of the atomic bombing of Japan. Her presentation brought alive these compelling issues and the need for community awareness and action for peace. This call was taken up by Margaret Wells, also of the Toronto Board, who offered her experience in teaching peace studies in the classroom. Wells has undertaken curriculum development in that area, and kits for students and teachers should be available before the end of December.

Films were well-integrated into the formal presentations at the conference. *Women, Peace and Power* by Bonnie Klein, Terri Nash and Dorothy Rosenberg of the National Film Board is in the final stages of production and the conference assisted in its birthing. *If You Love This Planet* by Terri Nash of the NFB was screened as were two lesser-known films about the atomic bombing of Japan. The lasting and powerful images of the films make them particularly appropriate as classroom or discussion resources: an eight minute animated piece called *Pica Don* and a twenty-six minute film called *The Lost Generation* which uses 1945 film footage purchased back from the American government. These two films can be rented for a \$25 donation from Hiroshima Nagasaki Relived, 69 Olsen Drive, Toronto, Ontario, M3A 3J4.

Clearly this conference played a crucial role in initiating and facilitating research and action by women on peace. It was a promising beginning for the urgent explorations of the connections between women's studies and peace studies, feminist and peace activism.

This work will be continued by several feminist journals: *Resources for Feminist Research* is soliciting information about women's peace work and research projects (252 Bloor St. West, Toronto, Ontario, M5S 1V6) and *Atlantis, A Women's Studies Quarterly* is producing a special issue on Feminist Peacework and invites submission on scholarly, artistic and activist forms (for more information contact Barbara Roberts, c/o Atlantis, Mount Saint Vincent University, 166 Bedford Highway, Halifax, Nova Scotia, B3M 2J6).

Berenice Carroll (right) and Alison Prentice (left)



photo by Moira Armour

Vancouver women take back the night

Vancouver's *Take Back the Night* march in September attracted over 200 women who paraded through Vancouver's West End blowing party horns, chanting and yelling as they left behind a trail of anti-rape stickers and posters.

March organisers the Vancouver Rape Relief did not apply for a permit for the march, saying it is contradictory to ask a male police force for permission to take back the night. The police were just beginning to realise what was happening when the crowd reached a Red Hot Video outlet. At first it seemed the marchers would continue past but the noise grew as women stopped in front of the store. One woman boldly walked up to the door and put a sticker on it. Suddenly many women were plastering the plate glass windows with "Women Unite", "Take Back the Night" and "Women Fight Back" stickers. Angered and empowered,

the women then proceeded to the Jim Pattison Group headquarters, gluing more stickers on misogynist ads, assorted lamp and sign posts and even on a few police motorcycles along the way.

Outside the office, Joni Miller of Vancouver Rape Relief explained that Jim Pattison owns Mainland Magazines, a distribution company which handles pornography. Under pressure from the anti-porn movement six months ago, Pattison promised to sell Mainland. Pattison, a prominent Vancouver millionaire heads Vancouver's Expo '86 board. In her statement Miller questioned Pattison's "concern" about the violence against women and children because he still has not sold Mainland.

The police managed to prevent a banner destined for Pattison's building from arriving at the site but posters and stickers made the point. By this nonviolent direct action Vancouver women refused to accept sexist violence and for a few hours — reclaimed the night.

Marriane van Loon

HERIZONS

is looking for women to write regular columns on financial issues and consumer issues

Please send writing samples and summary of background and interests to:

HERIZONS Magazine
200 - 478 River Avenue
Winnipeg, Manitoba
R3L 0W6

Deadline Dec. 31/84.

On August 2, 1984, Barbara Deming died of cancer at her home in Sugar Loaf Key, Florida, a home which she shared with Jane Gapen, her lover of many years. We have lost a voice that has challenged us as non-violent activists, as feminists and as lesbians.

"We will look at everything. We will not turn eyes down or sideways." Her own life's journey was a response to this challenge which she threw to all of us.

After a trip to India, she came under the influence of the teachings of Mahatma Gandhi and so began what was to be a life-long commitment to non-violent action. In solidarity with struggles against violent oppression, she joined the Committee for Non-violent Action in 1959. In the 60s, she visited Cuba and North and South Vietnam. She was active in the struggle for civil rights, marching all over the South, even going to jail for her activities in Birmingham, Alabama in Albany, Georgia. More recently, in July 1983, she was arrested along with 53 other women as they peacefully walked from Seneca Falls to the Seneca Army Depot at Romulus to protest the U.S. deployment of cruise and Pershing missiles in Europe.

A Tribute to Barbara Deming: 1917-1984



Gandhi's *Satyagraha*, "clinging truth" also marked her struggles as a lesbian and as a woman. She sometimes told the story of herself as a young woman in her twenties . . .

"I am a lesbian; I must face this truth." Several days later, rereading her journal, she became afraid that someone else might see it. She cut the sentence out of the page and threw it away.

Moving around her room half an hour later, she glanced down and saw

her words glaring up at her from the wastepaper basket and said to herself, "You can't throw truth away. If you try to throw it away, you get into worse trouble than the trouble you were trying to escape."

In her understanding of patriarchy too, she spoke of "clinging to the truth."

The patriarchy is so clearly founded on lies and more lies that that definition of struggle makes even more sense to me now than before. Though the words "clinging to truth" are not quite adequate, are they? They would seem to imply that we know the whole truth. And women are very aware now that we have to learn to use our own eyes, to refuse just to see what we're told to see. So we have to try to speak the truth as we think we see it at each moment (speak it with acts as well as words) — but be aware always that if we keep looking and look — for ourselves, we'll keep seeing more clearly, seeing new truths.

These and other understandings inform us all. In her books in *Prison Notes* (1966), *Revolution and Equilibrium* (1971), *We Cannot Live Without Our Lives* (1974), *Remembering Who We Are* (1981) and *We Are All Part Of One Another* (1984), she has left us her legacy. **Terre Flower**

Judy Chicago bursting at the seams

Debra Pilon

Judy Chicago is difficult to understand. She has a rampaging ego somehow contained inside the shell of an eager feminist. And she has all the quirky individuality the non-artistic world has come to expect from artists, whether male or female.

Another important thing about Judy Chicago is that she's immensely popular as a result of *The Dinner Party* — her mammoth monument to women throughout history. The organisers of a recent lunch/lecture in Ottawa where she spoke turned away hundreds of women who wanted to see her. As it was, about 1,000 people, including prominent women such as Mayor Marion Dewar, saw and heard the creator of *The Dinner Party* and *The Birth Project* at an afternoon event.

That Judy Chicago is a superstar is evident by the public and media attention her art and her books have garnered over the last two years. But is it sour grapes to suggest that Judy Chicago would be more acceptable to the artistic women's community if she were less of a star?

If I had been an aspiring woman artist in that huge crowd in Ottawa, I wonder whether what Judy Chicago had to say would have helped me in my ongoing struggle against a male-dominated art community? I wonder whether Judy Chicago's presence anywhere in Canada helps Canadian women artists gain the respect or



Photo: Debra Pilon.

Judy Chicago addresses the crowd at Women's World '84, at Ottawa luncheon.

exposure that is their due? Or is it enough that Judy Chicago has made feminist art "acceptable" across North America? Does her success somehow make it easier for all women to gain acceptance for their art?

These are some of the issues raised by the very presence of Judy Chicago, a tiny woman with intense nervous energy who refused, in Ottawa, to use the podium set up at the front of a huge banquet hall. Instead, Chicago jumped to the floor of the room and equipped with a lapel microphone, told her audience "I don't talk from a podium because it reminds me too much of all those male professors at art college who talked down at us from the heights of a podium." Women cheered.

But standing at the front of the room, Chicago could not be seen by hundreds of women who were in the middle or at the back of the hall. When some women at the back called out they would prefer to see her, Chicago replied she "really wanted" to be "down on the floor, among women." This philosophical edict uttered, Chicago proceeded with her talk, pacing about in front of the women who could see her. The message she delivered before she began a narrative based on slides of *The Dinner Party* and *The Birth Project* was that "it's been very difficult to come out and say what I really wanted to say (as a woman artist) but I'm now able to do so."

There is no doubt that Judy Chicago's willfulness and vision have inspired many women to work long hours to "execute" her art. For both *The Dinner Party* and *The Birth Project*, Chicago has been dependent on the skills of women weavers, embroiders and quilters to bring her designs to life.

The Birth Project, which is a series of 85 exhibition units meant to be shown singly or in smaller groups, will be completed and exhibited for the first time in the spring of 1985. Chicago began the project in 1980 with the help of 300 women, about 180 of whom are needleworkers who toiled in their homes across the U.S. and in Canada. Chicago began a relationship with each woman who worked on a piece by describing in detail her vision of the art and providing a drawing onto which the needlework was to be "executed." Chicago periodically visited the women working on units and was the final judge of each piece.

"There was a lot of what we euphemistically called reverse stitching on the pieces," said Chicago who is extremely perturbed by suggestions that she has exploited the women working with her.

"What in the world ever gave you that idea?" she asked when the question of exploitation was raised. "You would think I had gone out with a lasso to get these women. . . . When some of them worked with me for three or four years on *The Dinner Party*, don't you think they would have had to be crazy to do it (if they were being exploited) or else, maybe, they got a lot of satisfaction out of it?"

"Every needleworker who worked on *The Dinner Party* is named in the book," said Chicago. And in *The Birth Project*, an explanatory panel accompanying each piece credits each woman who worked on the piece, she explained.

Having defended herself before the Ottawa crowd, Chicago's mood changed for the latter half of the slide show. She became almost petulantly meticulous in naming the women who worked on pieces of *The Birth Project*.

It's obvious she has been deeply stung by the "exploitation" criticism which first surfaced when the names of women who worked on *The Dinner Party* were inscribed under the tablecloth. Perhaps she feels she does not need criticism from women when she has been subjected to so much negative press from male art critics.

Regardless of all the attention Chicago has received since *The Dinner Party*, she is acutely aware of her unique place in the artistic world. "The struggle," she maintains, "is to do it (create women's art) in the face of no support."

Why is it then, I wondered as I left the Chicago event, that this superstar does not publicly encourage and support other women artists? And why does she not talk about her art and her success in the context of other women artists?

I guess only Judy Chicago knows the answers to those questions. And, perhaps, even by asking the questions, some of us are creating and sustaining the myth that a woman in the limelight must deliver not only her art and her visions but should somehow share her space in the limelight with other women lurking behind the curtain.

Maybe it's just too much to ask.

Feminists against censorship

Heather Allin

In late September, 250 people, including feminists, cultural workers, socialists, lesbians and gay men, gathered outside the Ontario legislature to protest the second bi-annual conference of International Censors. Demonstrators linked international censorship with the rise of international repression and stated publicly that censorship is no solution to the problems presented by pornography.

A week previous to both the conference and the demonstration, a small group of activists met to discuss censorship and the right-wing cooptation of the women's movement in its protest against pornography. Speakers for the demonstration were chosen from this ad hoc group. Varda Burstyn spoke about censorship in relation to pornography and violence to women, Marianne Valverde talked about censorship and escalating sexual repression, and Lisa Steele talked about censorship and cultural production. The demonstration itself was organised by the Artists Union.

The International Censors conference included representatives from eight Canadian provinces, the U.S., Britain, Sweden, West Germany, France, Australia, and the Philippines (a government not known for its feminist or socialist tendencies). It seemed fitting that the Ontario government and its vehicle for disseminating 'community standards' — the Ontario Censor Board (OCB) — a body known around the world for its arbitrary and discretionary practices of cutting and banning films and more recently videos — was playing host to this conference. Currently, the Ontario government is proposing legislation to increase the power of the Censor Board, and to further remove it from direct public accountability.

Censorship challenges the very roots of democracy, the protestors said, a social system intended to give a voice to all peoples. In the age of Thatcherism, Reaganism, and now, Mulroneyism, it is increasingly used as a method of control; as a means of protecting government interests. The OCB have an excellent track record of this. Some of their targets included:

Not a Love Story, *Born in Flames* (a feminist film about the U.S. ten years after a socialist revolution), *Pretty Baby* (a critique of sexism in the media), and recently a film from Quebec about incest, *Ne qu'un jeu* (Not Only A Game).

Pornography is an issue that often arises in discussions of censorship. The two topics have become entwined, the popular notion being that if one is against pornography, one is for censorship, and *vice versa*. To unpack the problem, it is necessary to break pornography into its composite parts. Porn is not a problem because it is representations of sex. Porn is a problem because it is sexist and either violent or potentially violent.



The protestors believe that the sexist attitudes which permeate the pornographic image are the same sexist attitudes which are apparent throughout our society. These attitudes exist in advertising, the media, the workplace, the home and in our relationships. They say we won't change the attitudes which condone violence against women by merely cutting out images of it from film and video. These images are the consequences of a social problem, and are not the problem itself. Even if censorship were to be implemented it would not stop the production of these images. Porn is a commodity produced for profit. The markets are constantly being nurtured for its consumption and that is what we have to change. We have to motivate people to

change their attitudes. We have to do consciousness raising and educate others about sexism.

How can this be done? Feminists present at the demonstration suggest starting discussion groups after seeing local movies; writing to producers of films and demanding progressive change for women both on the screen and behind the cameras; stop buying and consuming media that include offensive imagery; demanding economic security for women; demanding social service systems that deal with the immediate problems of sexism and violence; and demanding the right to produce alternative imagery which challenges the traditional notions of sexuality, power and control.

Judge says shield protects corporate interests

Seven years and 9,000 claims for damages later, a U.S. federal district court judge made the following remarks to the senior staff of the A.H. Robins Company, manufacturers of the Dalkon Shield. (The Dalkon Shield is an I.U.D. which has been implicated in serious and sometimes fatal pelvic infections. It was withdrawn from the market in 1977.)

"It is not enough to say, 'I did not know,' 'It was not me,' . . . Today as you sit here attempting once more to extricate yourselves from the legal consequences of your acts, none of you has faced up to the fact that more than 9,000 women claim they gave up part of their womanhood so that your company might prosper. . . ."

"If one poor young man were, without authority or consent, to inflict such damage upon one woman, he would be jailed for a good portion of the rest of his life. Yet your company, without warning to women, invaded their bodies by the millions and caused them injuries by the thousands. . . ."

"The only conceivable reasons that you have not recalled this product are that it would hurt your balance sheet and alert women who have already been harmed that you may be liable for their injuries. . . . This is corporate irresponsibility at its meanest."

Over 9,000 women have claims pending against the A.H. Robins Company.

Victory for daycare activists

For the first time in more than five years, the Ontario government has given daycare activists a chance to air their concerns about inadequacies in the provincial childcare system. Responding to pressure from the Ontario Coalition for Better Daycare, the Standing Committee on Social Development conducted province-wide hearings on daycare and the *Day Nurseries Act* during September and October.

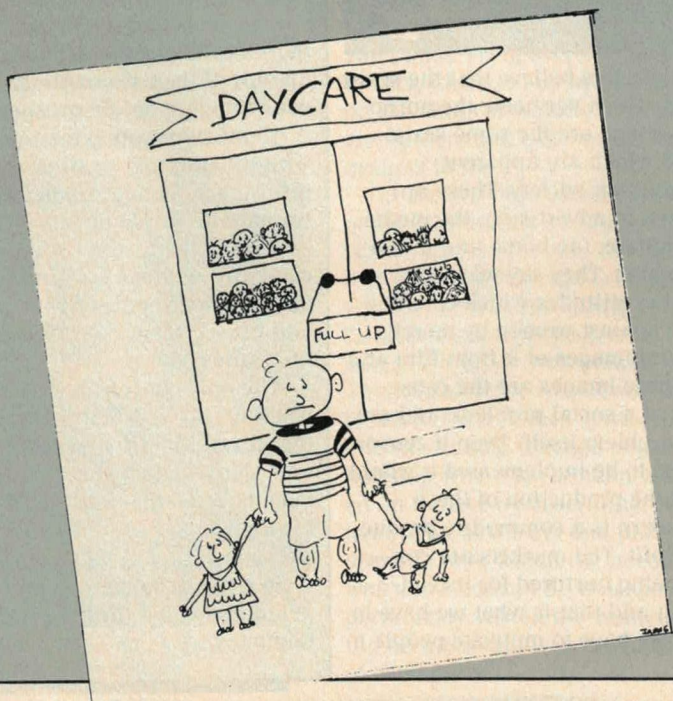
It's hardly news to parents that the current daycare system suffers serious consequences from its low priority on government agendas. According to the Coalition, underfunding forces the salaries of childcare workers to remain at an average of \$10,000 per year in non-profit centres. It makes the cost of daycare (an average of \$3,500 per child in 1982) beyond the reach of the average family income. And it means that almost 84,000 additional daycare spaces are needed to serve preschool children in Ontario. In Metro Toronto alone there are ordinarily more than 1,000 parents on the waiting list for subsidised spaces.

Similarly, Robert Welch, minister of the Status of Women portfolio in Ontario, has announced that he will oversee an inter-ministerial review of daycare services.

The Standing Committee Hearings took place just four months after Judy Erola, former Federal Minister responsible for the Status of Women, announced the creation of a National Task Force on Daycare. Its original mandate is to examine daycare services across Canada, and to make recommendations for their improvement to the Minister, but the status of women portfolio is now compounded in Secretary of State Walter McLean's job description. A freeze on the Task Force's spending has also meant no more out-of-province consultations will be done, although research and written submissions continue. Deborah Gordon, Assistant to the Executive Director of the Task Force remains optimistic about the Task Force's impact in spite of the spending freeze. If a Parliamentary Task Force on Child Care is established to follow through on the present Task Force's research, she says the issue will remain in the limelight longer. As women, she says, "We have to start pushing because these things are so often shelved" after the initial work is done.

This flurry of governmental attentions is a small victory for daycare activists labours. Perhaps the issue is finally being recognised as one of political weight.

Mary Louise Adams and
Penni Mitchell



Nelliegram

STRIKING POWER — More than 17,000 women marched through Central London, England on August 11th demonstrating support for the miners' strike. Most of the women were from the mining communities and responded to a demonstration called by the National Women Against Pit Closures. The march was led by Miners Wives' Support groups from all over England, Scotland and Wales, followed by women's sections from the major unions and various women's organisations. Working class women have organised a powerful movement.

Outwrite
Photo: Spare Rib

Women better bargainers

A Dartmouth University study which involved simulated negotiations between 64 business students found that those with feminine personalities (mostly women) approached negotiations with a win-win strategy that gets results while appeasing both sides. Those with a more masculine personality (mostly men) used a win-lose style of negotiating that is alienating and confrontational.

The study, reported in *Psychology Today*, suggests that women negotiators are more effective because they are more flexible, less deceptive and can usually come to an agreement on friendly terms. Authors of the study said the differing approaches to negotiating were due to socialised sex-role differences, in which girls develop cooperative and interdependent relationships, while boys were encouraged to compete in order to 'win.'

Leonard Greenlough, one of the authors of the study, commented that women are better at avoiding impasses and can usually come to an agreement on friendly terms.

SWAT-ting the So-Creds

Marriane van Loon

From June to mid-September no buses ran in the B.C. cities of Vancouver and Victoria. The union said "lockout", B.C. Transit management claimed "strike", and the provincial government forced workers back to work after 94 days. Women and children and the elderly, who make up the bulk of riders, suffered most from the summer's lack of public transit. The legislative intervention has not resolved all of the problems.

Seniors Without Any Transit (SWAT), one group which formed to protest the lack of adequate transportation, held a rally in front of the transit company office on August 14th. Despite the trouble they had getting there, 100 seniors showed up to demand that the provincial government establish an independent industrial inquiry into the dispute between the Independent Canadian Transit Union and the Metro Transit Operating Company. The seniors joined the transit workers in demanding the resumption of services without cuts and the maintenance of schedules in effect prior to the shutdown.

Most of the demonstrators were women, since as SWAT spokesperson Joan Hunter said: "They are the ones that really miss the buses. Most men drive or have a friend who drives and they are not the least bit backward about asking for a ride. Women are far more hesitant." She said this may be because we have no way of repaying the favour.

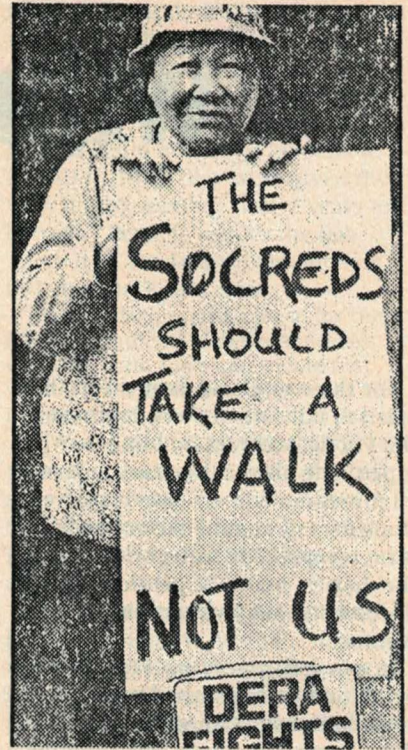
Now that the buses are running again, SWAT has changed its name to Seniors Without Adequate Transit, and are doing field research to determine if the new schedule is causing any hardship for seniors. "If it is, SWAT is coming back in full force," Hunter promised. Already they have reports of seniors unable to find seats or even standing room on crowded buses.

Seniors, of course, were not the only ones affected by the shutdown. Others who weren't able to bike, drive, walk or take taxis, hitchhiked. It was not unusual to see women with children and older women hitching rides because they had no other choice. The dangers of hitchhiking became the

day-to-day experiences of many.

Stephanie Crate of Vancouver Women Against Violence Violence Against Women (WAVAW) made direct connections between the transit shutdown and the safety of transit users: "The government jeopardised women, children and the elderly by failing to implement negotiations earlier." Many found themselves having to accept rides, hitchhike, or walk, when they otherwise would not have had to.

A year ago, when the buses were running, 15 per cent of sexual assaults and harassments reported to WAVAW were related to inadequate transportation — women hitchhiking or walking in areas where there was no public transit. Last summer, 22 per cent of calls were of this nature, however, Crate said that the seven per cent increase cannot clearly be related to the bus shutdown. "I think there is an overall increase in sexual assault that is not a result of the transit dispute, but of the general economic situation," she said.



Women fall through pay gap

Contrary to popular media hype, *today's* woman isn't rich, flying off to exotic places, making it BIG in the corporate world. Even though we've known it all along, Labour Canada recently made it official: women still earn roughly two thirds the salary that men do, and that's in same occupation categories!

Even though two thirds of all women in the paid workforce are in sales, clerical and service occupations, men in those categories earn an average of one-third more than their women counterparts, says Labour Canada. For example, men in clerical work earned an average of \$7,000/per an-

num more than women in the same category.

The only time men and women appear to be on equal ground is when they're both making poverty wages, between the ages of 15-19. That's when men take off. Even when they both manage to make it into managerial jobs, women earn an average \$17,500 to the average male manager's \$31,000 salary. In virtually all occupations, men's wages exceeded women's. The average salary of a woman in the Canadian workforce in 1981 was slightly more than \$13,000 (compared to \$8,500 in 1976). The average man made \$22,700 in 1981 (\$15,400 in 1976). Women have gone from earning 54.9 per cent of what men earned in 1981 to 58.9 per cent.

Still answering for men: women in P.R.

According to Beth Ghiloni of the University of California, women in managerial positions in many corporations are concentrated in the public affairs jobs which she calls the "velvet ghetto."

And while women have been entering managerial jobs in unprecedented numbers, they are still underpaid and performing work which "resembles the volunteer activities of upper-class

women": legitimising the actions of men in positions of power to the 'community' lobbying and doing educational work, including work on company newsletters. Ghiloni observes that although women hold 40 per cent of managerial jobs in the company she surveyed, they occupy dead-end jobs that are not highly valued by other departments of the company.

THE WIDENING SPHERE ISN'T

For three weeks in September, the spirit of our foremothers dominated the Public Archives Building in Winnipeg. The glass cases usually reserved for man-made artifacts displayed the letters of humble factory girls and farm women. The walls bristled with the diaries, journals, petitions, essays, documents and photographs of women.

It was very gratifying. Finally, an exhibition that recognised women's contributions to Canadian history. I don't know which was more exciting — the exhibition or the fact of its taking place after such a long silence.

Jeanne L'Esperance's handsome, well-written book *The Widening Sphere: Women in Canada 1970-1940* was also available at the exhibition.

The first photograph was of four generations of women with ramrod-straight backs and firm chins. The youngest, a toddler of two or three years, looked singularly unimpressed with the following information:

This little girl . . . will live to see women gain the vote and be declared Persons in Canadian law.

Big deal, she seems to be thinking.

The sad photo of a sewing room at the Qu'Appelle Industrial School.
Indian

Erica Smith

girls in pinafores like strait-jackets, hair bound in ribbons, feet anchored solidly in shoes, bending over needles and sewing machines. Tongues silenced. It was felt that by giving up their own language and way of life, Indians would be integrated into the mainstream of Canadian life; a pernicious, short-sighted (white man's) ideal that was to bring ruin and devastation to an ancient culture.

Interior of a clothing factory (ca. 1912) shows us three rows of pinched young faces hemmed in by mountains of what looks like lingerie.

The hockey team in their quaint, turn-of-the-century outfits. Even women's enthusiasm for sport was attended by a lot of controversy-always in the interests of public morality, of course.

History's erasure and distortion of women's lives makes their letters and diaries a precious legacy indeed. In them women often spoke their own truths and a clearer picture emerges.

Among the Hudson's Bay Company's journals is an entry about Thanadelthur who first captured my imagination in Women's Studies. In 1715, she was a remarkably intelligent, forceful Chipewyan teenager who made peace between warring tribes, undertook arduous journeys for the Company, and extended its trade further north. Two years later she died of a fever. Governor James Knight's journal mourns his loss:

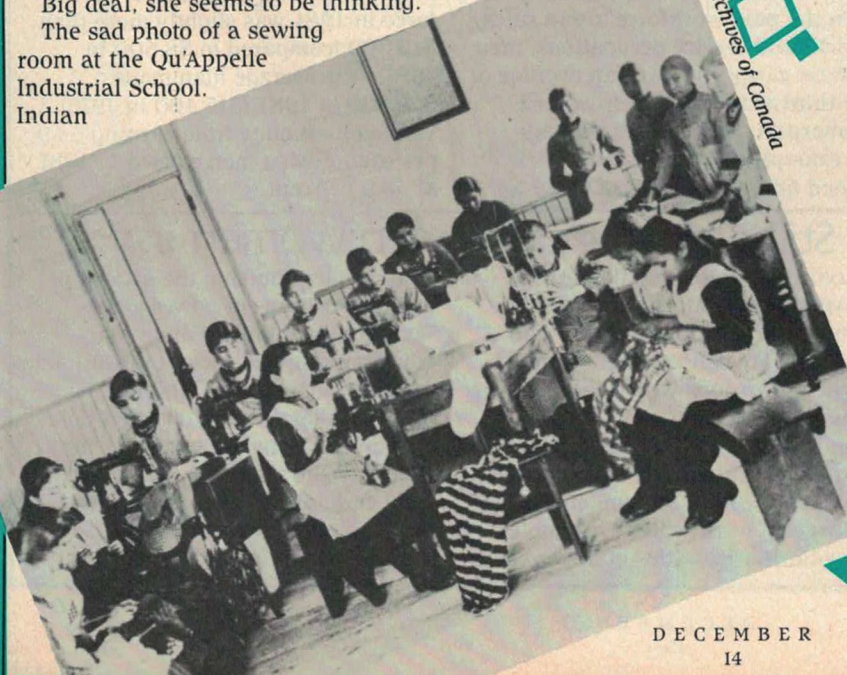
She was one of a Very high Spirit and of the Firmest Resolution that ever I see any Body in my Days and of great Courage & forecast . . .

Fur traders found Indian women to be indispensable. She familiarised him with Indian life, taught him her language, acted as liaison between their two cultures. Through an unwritten code of honour, these marriages *a la façon du pays* as they were known, were considered by the community as binding as any church ceremony. When Governor George Simpson arrived he looked down his patrician nose at these country marriages. His loftiness, however, didn't interfere with his fathering a number of children by a couple of women, whom he called "commodities," "copper-coloured mate," "bits of brown." (Racism, sanctioned by church and state was rampant then as now, though much more overt.) While his "Brunette" waited for his return from England, he got himself properly married to his cousin Francis. The arrival of European women was eulogised thus:

Grace was in all her steps, heaven in her Eye — in all her gestures Dignity and love . . . good as she the world has never seen.

Indian women had outworn their usefulness and were now *persona non grata*. Henceforth they would keep a

Public Archives of Canada





proper distance and approach their white sisters only in a menial capacity. (See Sylvia van Kirk's, *Many Tender Ties: Women in Fur Trade Society 1670-1870*, highly readable accounts of the role of women in the fur trade.)

In 1806 Isabel Gun dressed up as a man and sailed from the Orkneys as a Hudson's Bay Company servant. Like Pope Joan, her secret was revealed only when she gave birth.

One of Haney's men has turned out to be a woman and was delivered of a fine boy. . . the child being born before they could get her breeches off.

Lizzie McFadden travelled from Winnipeg to the Northwest Territories in the summer of 1879 and kept a journal.

Forded cricks about 5 ft. deep, rested for 2 hours, started again the cart ox fell down. . . It rained all night. . . picked strawberries and the wimen made pies of them and baked bisket.

Jane Collis, one of a mass of British pauper children imported as farmhands and domestics, speaks her confusion and alienation:

I have improved better in health, though the work is hard, in drawing up water from the cistern and carrying water to and from and milking from the barn when I have been bending my back along time when scrubbing or doing any other thing, I have a pain in the centre back of my shoulder. . . I have had headaches and faint feelings and then had a slight continual tooth and gum ache. . . I felt ill with the heat of the sun when picking berries all the afternoon. . .

The spirited diary entries of Grace Reed who came to Winnipeg in 1912 to take a stenographer's course. She got a job at Moody Barristers on Main Street, didn't do too well on her first day. Two days later, she reports

with a lilt: "Still working, so I guess they are satisfied with me."

A 1916 letter from M.H. Irish to Col. E.J. Chambers, Chief Press Censor has some sinister, depressingly familiar overtones:

It is conceivable, but not probable, that some of these women or girls might be either actually, or in imagination, interfered with on the streets while going to, or coming from, their place of employment.

He then goes on to ask the newspapers to suppress reporting any rapes. (Interferences, he calls it.) "Mothercraft, a New Science" became a hot topic around this time. The women's magazines promoted the new ideal of motherhood as a scientific occupation. An impassioned treatise by Laura Bradshaw Durand, a "maternal feminist", in the February issue of *Maclean's* cloaks some pretty radical ideas in the pious sentiments of the day. Since women cared for all other workers, and since this care could be improved if women were educated, she wrote, shouldn't they have access to the technical institutions? Male resistance to women's professional education miraculously melted. If women wanted to study the latest scientific methods of housework, cooking and childcare, men were not about to stand in their way. And so they slipped into the universities in large numbers, via the back door. In spite of these and other gains, the impetus of the women's movement seems to have died in the 1920s, a fact which went unnoticed in all

the excitement about "the girl of the new age."

The war years had shown even the most adamant male chauvinist that women could produce munitions, operate cartridge presses, drive ambulances. They could even die in action. Women's right to participate in politics could no longer be denied, and so in 1918, they were given the vote. It took another twelve years to become "Persons" under the law. There it is, the famous amendment, in faded black and white:

Their Lordships have come to the conclusion that the word persons includes members of the male and female sex. . . women are eligible to be summoned and become members of the Senate of Canada.

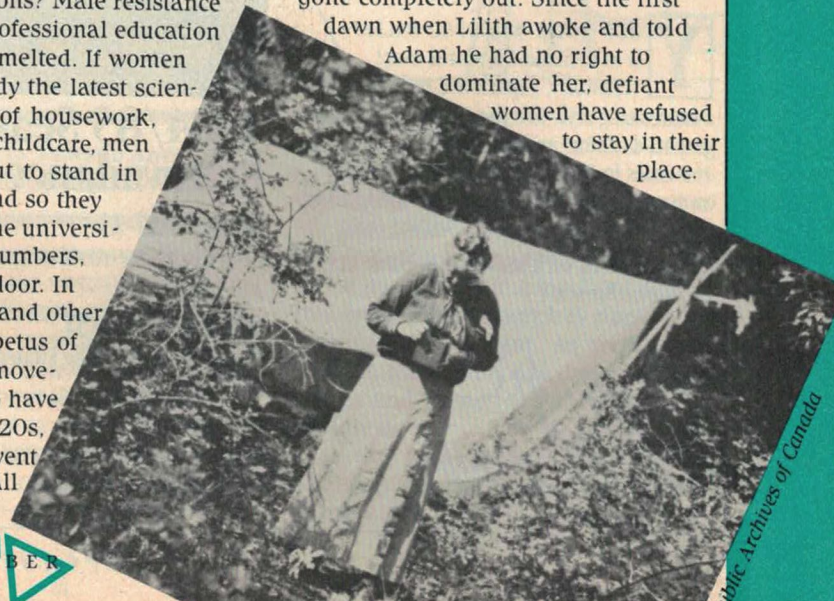
It would take more than half a century after the conclusion of the Persons Case to get a woman in the Supreme Court of Canada, as Jeanne L'Esperance writes. "Why has it taken so long?"

One or two small bones of contention regarding the exhibit: The glaring lack of publicity attending such an important event meant that the people who could have benefited the most from this eye-opener were generally unaware of it. The poor lighting was also a problem and a few of the letters could have been displayed at eye levels. (Crouching on the floor in order to read tiny, florid, 19th century handwriting, which in one instance was covered by a large 20th century sign, cramps one's style in more ways than one.)

My overall impression of the exhibit, however, was a positive one.

There's a shock of recognition in musing on these precious fragments, but also an affirmation of female strength and tenacity. Our struggle is as old as the earth, and in all that time the flame of rebellion has never gone completely out. Since the first dawn when Lilith awoke and told

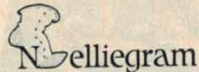
Adam he had no right to dominate her, defiant women have refused to stay in their place.



Only a dummy would push THE button

A survey conducted by Physicians for Social Responsibility in the San Francisco area found that people who found nuclear war acceptable under certain circumstances were also the least knowledgeable on the subject.

Of the 1,355 people surveyed, all attenders of educational presentations on nuclear war, 140 circled "true" after the following statement: "There are causes worth fighting a nuclear war for." Respondents were also given a factual test about nuclear war and a Nuclear War Attitude Survey. The results: the greatest proportion of acceptors of nuclear war were people with the fewest correct answers on the test. After watching either a slide show or the film *The Last Epidemic*, half of those who originally said they thought nuclear war could be justified had changed their mind, while only two per cent of those initially against fighting a nuclear war changed their minds.



FRIENDS OF WOMEN — A Thai women's organisation is questioning the structure of Thai society, the socialisation of women, their lack of economic power and similar issues recognisable to westerners as 'feminism'. Tang, a member of Friends of Women said: "In Thailand, we just don't know the word feminism. There is no such word in the Thai language, and we don't study feminism."

Western images of Thailand and its women as depicted by tourist brochures is one of smiling, delicate and dainty nymphs decorously walking alongside lily filled ponds. But Friends of Women is looking at its own women from the local point of view and doing something about the

OOPS!

Last month HERIZONS referred to the Canadian Advisory Council on the Status of Women's Shocking Pink Paper as a publication of the National Action Committee on the Status of Women. We apologise for any inconvenience this error may have caused.

issues they identify. Prostitution and male tourism are among the problems that the group have identified. "We have made some links with some upper class women's groups campaigning to stop the traffic in women. We have had occasional meeting to find out if there are other things we could do together such as working together on issues such as sexual harassment, rape and violence in the family," says Tang.

The women of Friends of Women attribute the many problems to economics. "Because women are economically inferior, they can be treated that way as prostitutes," says Paco. Women have been discouraged, sometimes by government, both from employment in high-paying jobs and from rewarding training. "Women work as hard as men. Men are the main earners, but women also work when they come home, in the fields and preparing food." The group also object to multi-national companies which have undermined local industries, and also encouraging consumerism by women.

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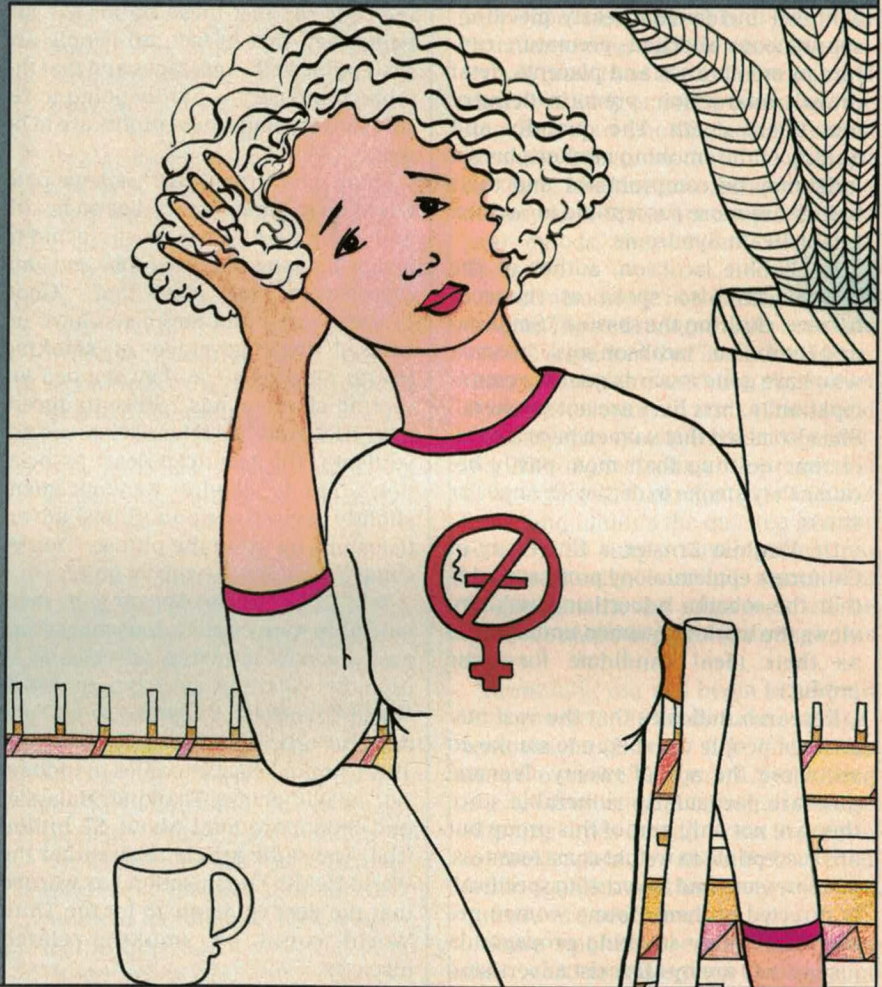
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THE POLITICS OF *Quitting Smoking*

If you are a smoker, there's a good chance that January 1st is the date you've established as the time you're going to kick the habit. In fact, this perennial goal may have become somewhat of a tradition. More than likely you've tried to quit before and now you doubt whether you can quit. You feel it would be so much easier for some scientist to prove smoking was not only not harmful but in fact beneficial.



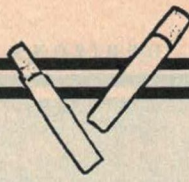
**Patricia Rawson and
Debbie Holmberg Schwartz**

Year after year, smokers are bombarded with gruesome statistics about cancer and heart disease, smoking bylaws, cigarette price increases and general criticism. But in spite of all the available information about the negative effects, people continue to smoke.

For women, the importance of quitting is becoming more vital. Montreal community health director Dr. John Hoey,

reports in an issue of the *Canadian Medical Association Journal* that death from lung cancer in Canadian women will rise to 46 per 100,000 compared to 27 per 100,000 in 1981. Although breast cancer is presently responsible for 18 per cent of cancer-related deaths in women, lung cancer has risen to an alarming 17 per cent. As well, more women than men are beginning to smoke and women are not quitting as rapidly as men.

At the Fifth World Conference on Smoking and Health, held in Winnipeg in July 1983, Dr. Mary Ashley, a Univer-



sity of Toronto medical professor, reported that smoking women have earlier menopauses, more menstrual disorders, increased chance of getting cancer of the cervix, lung, larynx, mouth, esophagus, kidney, pancreas, urinary bladder, and ureter. She added that smokers have higher frequencies of bronchitis, emphysema, sinusitis, peptic ulcers, coronary heart disease, and influenza and they are sick more working days than non-smoking women. Ashley said that female smokers who get pregnant have a higher incidence of early bleeding, spontaneous abortion, premature rupture of membranes and placenta, fetal growth retardation, pre-term delivery and infant death. The quantity and quality of the smoking mother's breast milk may be compromised and their babies are more susceptible to Sudden Infant Death Syndrome.

Dr. Bobbie Jacobson, author of *The Ladykillers*, also spoke at the conference, chairing the session "Smoking and Feminism." Jacobson says, "women who have gone towards genuine emancipation in their lives are not smokers." She also noted that women have a harder time quitting than men, partly because they smoke to deal with anger or stress.

Dr. Virginia Ernster, a University of California epidemiology professor, adds that the tobacco advertising industry views the working women under stress as their ideal candidate for their product.

Research indicates that the vast majority of people who begin to smoke do so before the age of twenty. Teenage girls are particularly vulnerable since they are not only part of this group but are susceptible to weight-consciousness, peer pressure and advertising specifically directed at them. Young women are manipulated by smoking propaganda just as they are by all sexist advertising and media messages that dictate fashion, behaviour and lifestyles. Indeed, smoking may be one of the few symbols of independence. Once these young women become hooked, they will later use the cigarette as a means of coping within a misogynist society.

For men, smoking is not as likely used as a coping mechanism but for enjoyment. Advertisers implement the same sexist techniques when targeting their advertising message to men. According to some advertising, male virility increases with the amount smoked.

In 1972 the tobacco industry adopted a voluntary advertising code. The main

thrust of the code stated that the tobacco industry would not try to recruit new customers, especially teenagers, and would target its advertising at people who already smoked. The rationale was that cigarette advertising would be harmless if it only encouraged people to switch brands rather than to begin to smoke.

Adversaries of this voluntary advertising code say that these claims are not being met, that in fact, all people are susceptible to the messages and that the tobacco industry is hardly going to restrict advertising where profits are to be made.

Many women's magazines have paid attention to the recent studies on health and smoking and are now refusing to accept cigarette ads. The *Globe and Mail* reported in June 1984 that, "Good Housekeeping and Seventeen have increased their coverage of smoking health hazards since they stopped accepting cigarette ads." Since its inception, HERizons has refused cigarette advertising. The American Heart Association's public service announcement slightly revised Virginia Slims' advertisements by using the phrase, "You've come a long way — you've quit."

Tobacco industries appear to be inexhaustible sources of devious marketing and are now targeting advertising to promote cigarette smoking in Third World countries. According to a *Globe and Mail* article published December 27, 1983, annual cigarette sales in Indonesia, the Philippines, Thailand, Malaysia, and Singapore total about \$7 billion (US). The same article reports that the World Health Organisation has warned that the next epidemic to hit the Third World could be smoking-related diseases.

The government also exploits the addiction of smokers by levying heavy taxes on tobacco. If the government truly believes that health is endangered by smoking as it has advertised on each package, why is it sacrificing people's lives in the name of free enterprise?

Dr. Bobbie Jacobson suggests that women become more politically involved during the quitting process. Legislating for banning tobacco and smoking advertisements, getting magazines to stop taking cigarette ads, teaching friends and families how to support women quitting, are some ways to make female smoking a major issue.

So Quit Already

Most people who smoke are aware of the risks they are taking and want to quit. They continue to smoke, not because they are inconsiderate, stupid or harbour suicidal fantasies, but because they are hooked on a powerfully addictive substance. In fact, some researchers believe nicotine to be more addictive than heroin.

But the addiction involves more than a physical dependency on nicotine. The most critical component in the smoking cycle is the behavioural addiction deeply ingrained in the smoker's subconscious. Not only does a smoker's brain include the program which tells the smoker when and how to smoke, but as well, the brain produces a Gestalt effect. For example, smoking and drinking coffee become one activity so that when a smoker drinks a cup of coffee, the brain sends the message that the activity is incomplete and must be made whole by lighting a cigarette. The implications of this are quite extensive considering that many of the activities influenced by the Gestalt effect are basic everyday occurrences such as talking on the phone, reading, watching TV, finishing a meal, or having a drink.

The transition stage between sharing life with a cigarette and going it alone can be very difficult, since the brain continues to flash "activity incomplete" messages for several months. A smoker who wants to quit must recognise these messages as false and learn to experience eating, talking, etc. as complete activities, separate from smoking. The degree to which this is accomplished will probably determine the success or failure of a quitter.

As well, the motivation to quit has to originate from the smoker and not from friends, family or even medical people. Most coordinators of smoking cessation programs can recite anecdotes about people who were supposed to quit smoking because they suffered from heart attacks or respiratory diseases, yet failed to do so even when their own deaths appeared imminent. This kind of behaviour is the result of several years of sophisticated marketing by the tobacco advertising industry. If we truly believed that smoking was going to kill us, or at the very least seriously damage our health, we would never have begun. Instead, whether we feel comfortable about admitting this or not, we have been successfully brainwashed into believing that smoking is a choice made



freely and with little negative implications to our health. Once this lie is swallowed, the behavioural and physical addiction will sustain the habit.

Large corporations who reap the financial benefits of the smoking addiction, also manipulate the "choice" illusions by blaming the individual addict not only for their own terminal illness but for the damage caused to others through secondary smoke. This is accomplished by keeping the focus and responsibility of quitting off the companies who can quickly produce statistics on the number of workers they employ or present the supply and demand argument to rationalise their existence.

This method of operation is, of course, not exactly unique in a patriarchal world, since other companies and individuals that are involved in the addiction business offer alcohol, valium, sleeping pills, and other drugs in very much the same manner, producing different but equally dangerous results in those who are hooked. Cigarettes are part of the whole package of addictive substances and because of this are implicated in the same way as valium or alcohol in the oppression of women.

In breaking the addiction cycle, the cigarette must be viewed for what it really is — a symbol, for whatever is truly needed. First the need must be acknowledged and then met directly. Women never need a cigarette — they need to rest, to eat, to get angry and for their own well being — women *need* to quit smoking.

The Process

The first step to breaking the smoking habit is to become aware of how much you smoke, when you smoke, and what need you are trying to meet by smoking. As part of the process of becoming aware, you can help yourself by viewing the lesser known facts about smoking. For instance, researchers say that a 1½-pack-a-day smoker receives a yearly dose of alpha radiation equivalent to 300 chest X-rays and an average smoker inhales levels of urea formaldehyde that exceed government determined acceptable levels of emissions in homes using urea formaldehyde insulation.

So now you really want to quit

You have a choice of two styles: cold turkey or weaning.

During the process, most quitters experience similar stages with varying degrees of difficulty. Although the first day or two is difficult, most feel proud

How to help yourself

1. For a while, environments that promote smoking, i.e. pubs, might be avoided. Some people have found alternatives to the coffeebreak dilemma.
2. For irritability, taking one tryptophan tablet (an amino acid present in high quality foods such as fish, chicken, eggs, beef, soybeans and milk — can be bought in tablet form at most stores that sell vitamins) three times a day seems to help.
3. Establish your support network, preferably before you quit. Former smokers can often become a lifeline, but it is just as crucial for those who will be with you daily to be supportive.
4. Alter your lifestyle. Combining a new exercise program and quitting smoking is truly committing yourself to a healthier body.
5. Stay informed. It will reaffirm your reasons for quitting and you may discover more reasons.
6. Many quitters have placed the money that would have been spent on purchasing cigarettes in a separate account and used it for some well-deserved vacation.
7. Set short-term goals. For instance, if stating that you are giving up smoking for your whole life makes you weep, tell yourself you'll quit for one week/day and when you've completed that, make another short-term commitment for another week, until you feel comfortable with the phrase "never again."
8. Reward yourself.

that they have actually given up cigarettes. It is at this stage that friends, families and co-workers rally around for this historic event.

But soon the novelty wears off and gradually a feeling of disorientation prevails. This stage is marked by occurrences such as involuntarily reaching for the non-existent package and wondering what to do with your hands.

Women who began to smoke during their teens and continued into their 20s will have identified themselves as smok-

ers and will not know how to behave as a non-smoker. Some people view non-smokers as critical and judgemental people and, therefore, may be hesitant to make friends with their new non-smoking persona.

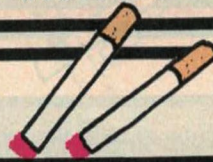
Mood swings are a normal occurrence during withdrawal. Expect lots of crying and unprovoked bursts of temper. At this point the importance of a good support team is crucial. Frequent reassurances that it is the addiction, not a personality flaw, which is responsible is very important. Often it is at this point that many lovers and friends of the quitter will grow tired of this behaviour and either blatantly or subtly encourage the smoker to start smoking again. Remind the guilty bystander that if it's difficult for them, imagine how difficult it must be for you. If they want a reprieve from your moods, they should watch Mr. Dress Up.

Most memorable in a quitter's mind is the grieving and mourning process. One woman remarked that life lacked lustre. Others have compared the absence of cigarettes to losing an arm or friend and some say they their life just lacks meaning. Although a feeling of emptiness is to be expected, prolonged grieving and mourning inhibits the quitting process severely. By simply remembering that what is actually occurring is a gain, that is, good health and not a loss, will be quite a benefit in passing through this stage.

Eventually you will begin to bargain with yourself. "If I only have one cigarette, maybe I'll be so sick, I'll lose my desire to smoke." You won't. Bargaining is a last ditch attempt on behalf of those smoking tapes in your brain to get you to smoke again. Try not to be tricked. It is during this stage that many would-be quitters are overcome.

Some smokers are surprised when they start to experience feelings of anger. This anger is now surfacing because you no longer use the false coping mechanism of smoking. This stage doesn't last forever and serves to release pent-up anger that should be expressed. One smoker says she became very angry at the tobacco industry for causing her addiction and the accompanying damage to her health. Other women find that the change in lifestyle initiates a total consciousness raising experience, which appropriately includes anger. All of this is part of the recovery process.

Finally, at some point you are going to notice that you have not thought of smoking for several days. You will be-



come aware that your mouth tastes and smells fresh, your skin looks healthier and most importantly, you will actually believe that you have power over your smoking addiction.

This is an exciting stage and one that you will proudly share by saying to almost anyone who will listen, "I haven't smoked in three months." As well, you will commit further acts of celebration such as sitting in the No Smoking sections of planes and restaurants.

The sense of freedom is probably only understood by other recovering smokers. There is the physical freedom of not having to carry a purse (purses were invented to carry cigarette packages), or wash ashtrays, of being able to walk up stairs without respiratory distress and the experiencing general good health. But as well there is emotional freedom from guilt and a sense that you have opened the door to other positive health changes, such as becoming a vegetarian or exercising.

Whether occurring in this order, most quitters experience these stages. However, it is quite reassuring that the intensity weakens as quitting day is left further behind.

What you can do to help a quitter

Most former smokers share a similar perception of what the ideal support person could have been. Here are a few ideas on making the quitter's experiences less grueling.

1. Listen. A smoker, when quitting, thinks of cigarettes no less than a million times the first day. Putting it in this light, it is clear why the quitter talks incessantly about smoking. If necessary, recruit another ear.
2. Don't set yourself up as a police officer. Being on guard for dirty ashtrays and give-away breath only creates tension between you and the quitter.
3. Don't be superior or preachy. Most smokers quit several times; lighting up one cigarette after three weeks of abstinence does not make someone scum of the earth. Besides, being a non-smoker does not make you superior, it makes you healthier.
4. Be encouraging. Five star ratings for the support person who uses phrases such as, "Wow, it's been 48 hours," and "You're doing great."

The following is a letter given out by the Manitoba Lung Association to quitters who are having particular problems enlisting the support of those around them.

Dear _____

I am about to embark on a campaign to free myself from the cigarette habit. The campaign is important to me, though I realise it may not seem so to you. My success or failure will depend, on a large part, on the co-operation I get from those around me.

To put it simply, directly, and perhaps bluntly, I need only one thing from you — to be left alone.

This may seem to you like a somewhat rude request, but I do not intend it as such. The experience of other smokers who have gone this route before me — both those who have succeeded and those who have not — shows that even the best intentioned advice and comment from other can do damage to such a campaign.

Think back, if you can, to the last time you were in some difficult or trying situation and other people were commenting and counselling from the sidelines. Do you remember how it was? Somebody may have made a comment that he thought was funny, but it certainly was not funny to you. Somebody else may have offered what he thought was a piece of sound advice, but to you this advice was only an added irritation or an extra element of confusion. Almost everything said by bystanders, even when it was said with goodwill simply made another pothole in the already rough road you had to travel.

This is why I ask you to leave me alone with my campaign. Ignore it as best you can. Please say nothing to me about it.

I will be grateful for your understanding.

Sincerely, _____

5. Don't forget. Even though the ashtrays have a half-inch of dust on them, the experience is not over for the smoker. For the first two months, weekly then monthly anniversary celebrations are thoughtful surprises. The key here is surprises; reminding a quitter of their success is a delightful diversion.

6. Do not use guilt tactics. As a motivator for quitting, guilt doesn't work.

7. Don't threaten. Besides the miniscule success rate of intimidation, you may not be quite prepared to accept the terms you have set.

8. Do use pleasurable activities as a resource. Give messages and make herbal teas for the quitter during the climax of smoking urges.

9. Finally, if in doubt, butt out!

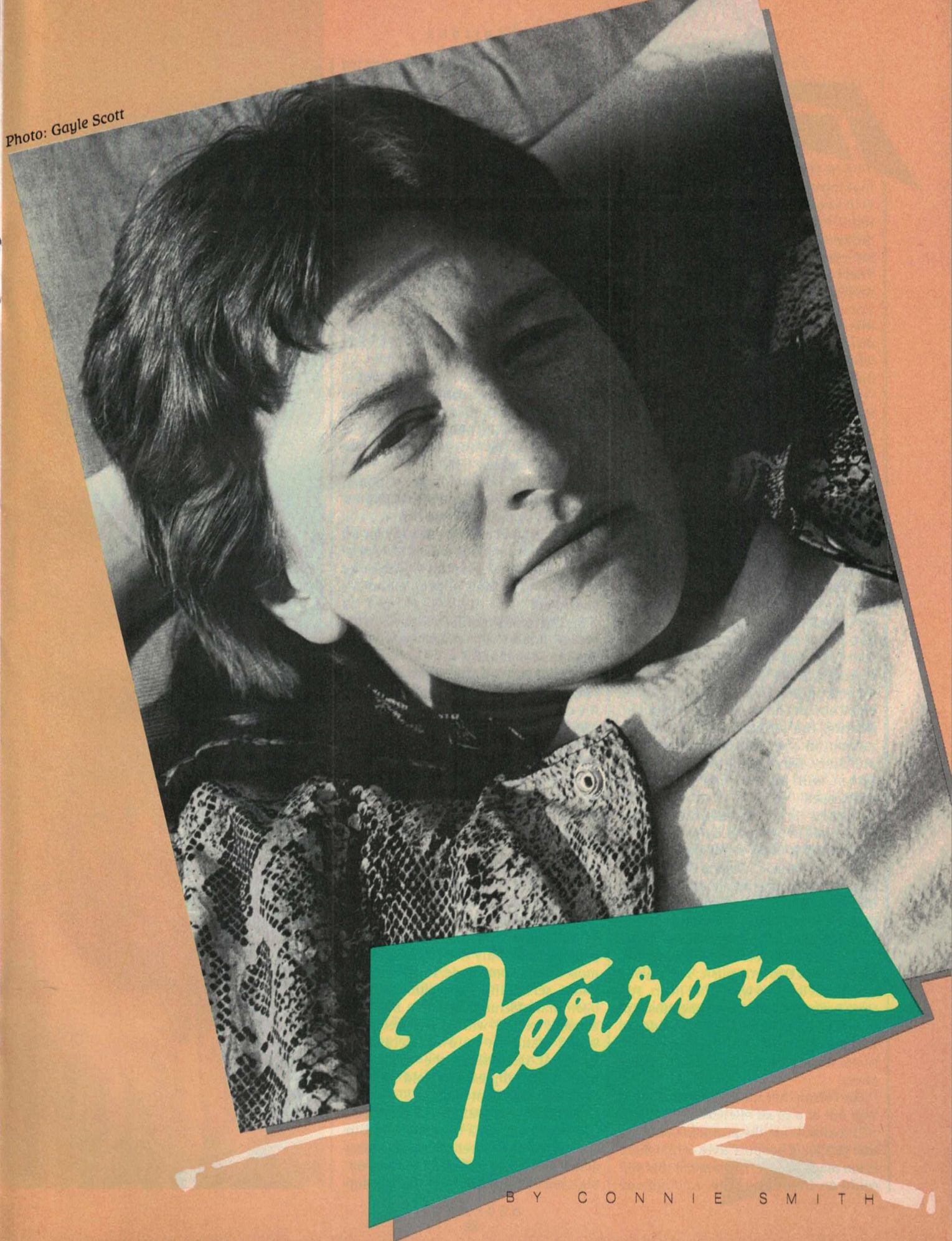
Incantations

1. When I feel bored or need to pass the time, instead of reaching for a cigarette, I must remind myself that I am a non-smoker and smoking is no longer an option for me.
2. When I feel powerless over my addiction I must remind myself of all the other many difficult changes I have made in my life and believe in my own abilities to make this change.
3. When I feel uncomfortable without a cigarette, I must remember the time before I began to smoke and use these addiction-free images of myself as guides in helping me feel comfortable with myself as a non-smoker.
4. When I experience powerful urges to smoke I must remind myself that they will pass and I should respond by relaxing my muscles and taking deep breaths.
5. When I am under a lot of stress and feel I need a cigarette to cope, I must remind myself the smoking will accelerate my metabolism and add further to the stress. I should share my feeling with those around me and ask them to help me cope with the situation.
6. When I feel as though I have lost something important I must make myself aware of the healing process occurring in my body and remind myself that I have gained good health and power over an addiction.

Physical Withdrawal Symptoms

- dizziness
- headaches
- mouth sores/nose sores
- memory loss
- coughing
- and almost anything else that doesn't normally happen could be a withdrawal symptom.▼

Photo: Gayle Scott



Ferron

BY CONNIE SMITH

There is nothing more disarming than looking out of the darkness to a brightly lit stage, at a performer blinded by the light, and have her gaze pierce that darkness like a cat staring straight into my eyes. It is an intimate experience. There is a singer holding a guitar, surrounded by monitors, amplifiers, cables and other people. But the mechanics of this production are lost on me as I find myself at home with strangers; all of whom are thinking, Ferron and I are the only ones here.

I feel obliged to say that I am not an emotional homebody. But I will leave this concert knowing more about myself than I did before. And I am not alone.

Ferron's effect on people, either through her live performances or through her recorded music, is legend. In the past few years, thousands of people have come to hear her sing. Ferron has appeared at every major folk club in Canada and the United States. She has sold out concert halls at Harvard, Smith, Oberlin, and UCLA. She has performed at countless women's music festivals and at the New York Folk Festival two years running. At the close of this year, Ferron will be on stage at Madison Square Garden when New York's famed club Folk City hosts its 25 year reunion. Sharing the billing with her will be, among others, Joan Baez, Peter, Paul and Mary, Judy Collins and Bob Dylan. Ferron will be the only new talent showcased.

The New York Times called Ferron "one of the most powerful lyric voices to emerge out of the post-folk genre known as women's music." *Rolling Stone*, when reviewing her most recent album "Shadows on a Dime", designated this "Canadian-born lesbian . . . a culture hero." And *The Boston Phoenix* declared Ferron "the future of rock and roll." Herein lies the secret of Ferron's music: For anyone who dares to listen with a full heart, Ferron's lyrics can bring even the most apprehensive soul, past prejudice and fear, into the open, into an honest and emotional world that precludes sexual differences.

For Ferron, her music is her personal way out of a great silence.

"I realized that the problem in my life and in a lot of peoples' lives is that there is too much silence. It's so silent that you could go crazy. And I did. And nobody

knew. So it was my intention that if I ever got a chance to talk, that I would talk. I wouldn't hold anything back."

Ferron grew up in Richmond, B.C., an agricultural suburb outside Vancouver. She came from poor people. Her mother was a waitress and her father was a truck driver "who was always looking for work." She was the oldest of seven children and there was never enough food.

Ferron lived in the isolation of her room. Here at a very young age she began playing her mother's guitar and "finding this vibration they call singing." Before words she found it through sounds. Ferron had a stutter. She couldn't even say her name.

When she was 15, she left school to work in a factory. Other jobs would come. A waitress. A cab driver. But she continued playing guitar (she now had her own) and she filled a notebook with her compositions.

"Although I didn't understand money, in a real direct way I understood oppression. And by the time I was able to go on stage, I just had a lot of empathy for all the common people. You don't have to be totally gifted and struck by God in order to stand up in front of people and say your piece."

Ferron found her first audience in the coffee houses of Vancouver's early women's community. After her first performance in 1975 she began to play at benefits and small gatherings around the city. The women's community could not support a singer financially, but they needed music which would make them feel whole. Ferron gave it to them. In spite of the encouragement, she remained shy and rarely talked during her performances. "I would just sort of sit there and mumble away at these songs and walk out and wonder what I was doing there."

In 1977, at the urging of a growing number of supporters, Ferron recorded her first album on her own label, Lucy Records. It was very much a homemade project, using only two tracks. But like most things homemade, Ferron's album had a sensibility that could not have been manufactured. It was a beautiful acoustic record which, if re-released, would stand on its own. Because of financial restrictions she could only press 1,000 copies. She sold them all from her basement suite.

The following year, Ferron released a second album. This time she was joined by a few Vancouver friends and musicians. She called it "Ferron Backed-up". Like her first album, she and her sup-

Photo: Gayle Scott



"You don't have to be totally gifted and struck by God in order to stand up in front of people and say your piece"

porters could only afford to press 1,000 copies. Both of these pioneer albums are now out-of-print collector's items.

Despite the sale of 2,000 records, life went on pretty much the same. Ferron continued performing in Vancouver while working at a variety of jobs. More people regarded her as a unique talent, but she was completely without guidance. She knew only about her music and nothing about the business. Gayle Scott changed all that.

"I feel personally that I could have just stayed where I was and I could still be there and still have the same feelings (if it weren't for Gayle). It makes my heart pound when I think of it. Because I had no idea what the country was — let alone reading the map. And Gayle did."

Gayle Scott first heard Ferron at the Vancouver East Cultural Centre in the summer of 1978. She immediately recognised Ferron as someone "who had a lot of talent and deserved a wider audience. And a person in need of some very careful management and direction."

Gayle had grown up in Hollywood. She had worked in advertising, film and commercial production. And she was very familiar with the "ways and means of stardom and the high price most people pay." At that time, she was running her own commercial production company (she was the first woman in Vancouver to do this) and she was already applying her own style of human ethics to her work. She was just what Ferron needed.

Gayle did not take on the management title immediately. Instead, as Ferron's friend, she encouraged her to come out of herself and be more relaxed on stage. She made suggestions. She assembled promotional material. In Ferron's words, Gayle inspired her and gave her self-confidence.

In the two years that followed, Gayle's passion for the work grew and eventually she gave up her production company to become Ferron's manager and business partner. She also raised \$25,000 to take Ferron into the studio to record "Testimony".

Ferron's third album was a breakthrough. "Testimony" made several critics' Top Ten Lists, and it paved the way for her first major North American tour. The album sold 17,000 copies through mail order and the Women's Independent Label Distribution Network, and in 1982, the record was licensed to Philo Records in Vermont to be distributed in the United States. After two years, Philo could not afford to keep up with the demand, and "Testimony" is

now temporarily out of print.

The title track, written when Ferron said she was "at the lowest I've ever been in my life," has become a song of strength for anyone who has listened to it. Sweet Honey in the Rock have since recorded "Testimony" on their album, "We, Everyone of Us."

In 1983, Ferron and Gayle began recording "Shadows on a Dime." During that year, Gayle raised \$65,000, supervised the production along with jazz singer Terry Garthwaite, and arranged a 10-week tour to follow the album's release.

"Shadows on a Dime" came off the press in March, 1984. And to use Ferron's own lyrics, her recent effort is "the jewel on the crown." Every song is a carefully crafted, deeply felt story. Ferron has said that some of her lyrics have made people "cough and squirm" during performances. And part of her newly comfortable stage manner is to help those people relax. She understands. She coughed and squirmed when she wrote the song. But each performance and each of her albums are a remarkable mixture of pain, humour and hope. Kind of like life.

Ferron lives alone in a rented cabin on one of B.C.'s Gulf Islands. She has lived there for six years, while Gayle operates Lucy Records out of her home in Vancouver. Although there are no fortunes to be made working outside the commercial music industry, the women remain in complete control of their lives. (Although, they do get the occasional letter addressed "Dear Sir".) For Gayle, the goal is to "Make sure that what happens with Ferron's career is not a product that is being manufactured or packaged. But is actually and truthfully 'in time' with what she has to offer."

Ferron takes nothing for granted. She is honoured.

"I think one of my fears in life is that I would be invisible. And I don't mean me, my body, or my image. But my feelings. That there would be a silence in my life, all my life. And consequently I would be at a distance from other people. . . . But I have received more than I ever imagined was possible. So my silence is gone. My isolation is broken. And I feel a deep responsibility — beyond myself."

Connie Smith is a Vancouver-based writer and broadcaster. She is the producer and host of CFRO radio's "Ruby-music" and writes a monthly music column in *Kinesis*.

STILL

“Of the 60 million Valium prescriptions written in 1975, two thirds were for women...among them a disproportionate number were working class...”
Mind Control (US)

Still Sane is a hard show. It is hard to look at, hard to think about and hard to write about. In twenty-seven pieces of sculpture Persimmon Blackbridge and Sheila Gilhooly tell the story of the three years Sheila spent in mental hospitals for being a lesbian. Each of the pieces consists of one or more clay figures taken from three basic body casts of Sheila's body. There are thirty-seven figures taken from these three basic casts and each of them looks different. This diversity is achieved by using different parts of the casts, sometimes only head and upper chest, sometimes only arms or parts of torsos. Also since each piece had to be cut up to be fired in the kiln, the ways they are reassembled has contributed many different planes and

angles to the figures. Colour and texture are created by the use of paint, auto body enamel, melted glass, wire mesh, plastic netting, sheet metal, spring steel, ground carborundum and nails.

The pieces are so powerful and so shocking that they raised many defenses in me as I looked at them. It was in working my way through these defenses that I found the show to be richly rewarding. Some of the questions I threw in the face of the pieces and some of the answers they led me to are in this article for people who may not be able to see and question this show for themselves.

The first thing that's hard about this show is that it smashes the illusion that only crazy people end up in crazy bins.



Hospital: unladylike

SANE

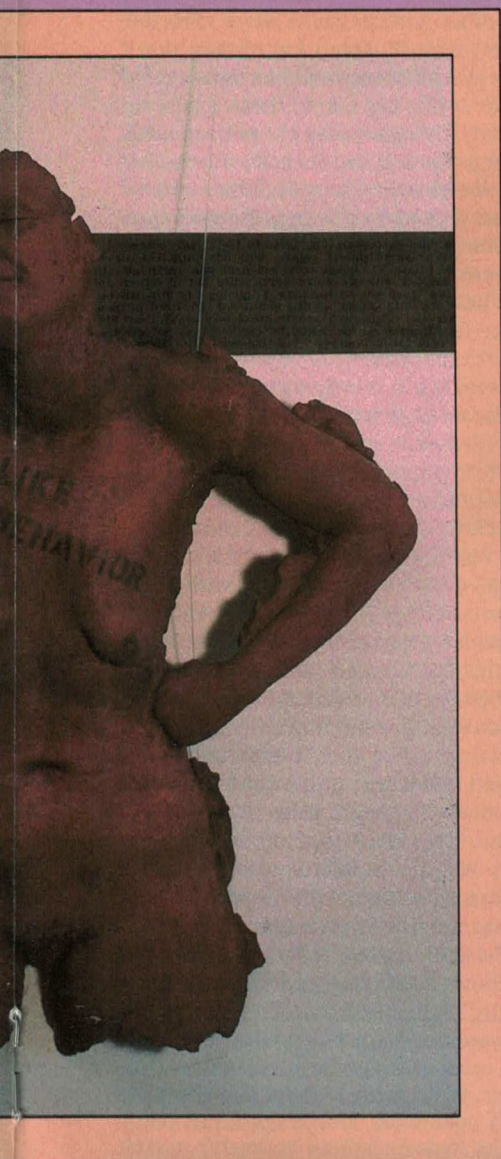


Photo: Marsha Arbour

D. Randall

“Consistently the poor are drugged with major tranquilizers at a rate more than double that of the general population.”
Health Application Systems and Medi-Cal Data (US)

We walk around in comfort born of the illusion that we control what happens to us by our actions. That myth is shattered. Sheila was not crazy when she went to see the psychiatrist. She was 19 years old, and involved with her first woman lover. She was excited about it, and knew it was what she wanted. Her lover told her that homosexuals went to see psychiatrists either to be cured or to help them deal with any problems of guilt they might experience by going against their heterosexual socialisation. So Sheila went off to the student health service and confidently announced to the shrink that she would like help adjusting to being gay. She happened to see a shrink who classified lesbianism as a psychotic illness. She put Sheila on

drugs and into the hospital. It was an accident. Sheila sometimes says that she wonders what would have happened if she had gone to the Tuesday and Thursday shrink and not the Monday and Wednesday one. She knows another woman who went to a psychiatrist in the same year, at the same age with the same "problem" and was told not to worry and so she didn't.

It was an act of random institutional violence. Once caught, lesbians are subjected to "therapeutic programs" aimed at destroying their sexuality. There are some protections against this happening now but only for women who realise that they need protection from institutions. For women who go to institutions for help, their fate is a matter of luck.

That a casual choice can plunge a woman into years of suffering and victimisation is both diminishing and liberating. One of the hardest things to deal with for those of use who have been victims is "How could such a terrible thing happen to me. I must have done something to cause it." But really terrible things do just happen to people. If we can face our terrible vulnerability we can give up our guilt. Sometimes guilt can be a protection against our vulnerability. This show has none of it. Sheila is vulnerable. Period.

The second thing that's hard about this show is that it is the story of a young woman with a great deal of common sense who innocently seeks answers in the wrong place, and has her self-confidence shattered. This is not a story

about a woman who spent three weeks in a mental hospital on valium. This is the story of a woman who was in and out of mental hospitals for three years, on chlorpromazine* for two, who received 19 shock treatments, who stuck her head through windows because she thought it would be kind of a neat trick, who slashed herself with razor blades, took every pill in her medicine cabinet and was finally shipped off to the provincial hospital for hopeless and long term cases. The story is horrifying. Once in its own right and doubly because it is so clearly not a "descent into madness" but a descent into the mental illness system.

In one of the early stories Sheila talks about her friend, Rose Ann.

So she was sitting on her bed crying. And I had my arm around her, comforting her. She was my friend. But then the nurse came in and saw us and started yelling about how she was afraid that this was where our friendship would lead and did Rose Ann know that I was a lesbian and how could I take advantage of her. It wasn't like that. And Rose Ann knew it too.

This particular piece is the one for me where it is clearest that a normal

woman is being taught to be crazy. That accusing voice in our head saying, "How stupid to have acted naturally. There is something wrong with my nature. I do not know how to act."

Undermining Sheila's confidence in her ability to choose right action was only the first turn of the screw, however. With drugs it was possible to remove her from knowledge of what she was doing.

I had to take chlorpromazine for over two years and I hated it. It felt like my body was full of wet cement. The last year, they started upping my dosage, and I was very confused and had blurred vision and stuff started happening like I would forget where my room was and go into someone else's room and that got all the other patients down on me. This one time I was changing my clothes, but it was this guy's room and he came in and made it this big sexual thing. I told my shrink I thought it was because my meds were too strong and I was disoriented but my shrink said it was because I wanted to get fucked by this guy. He said complaining about my meds was paranoid behaviour and he upped my dosage. . .

What is at stake here and has been since the beginning of this story is the question of who has the power to interpret reality. It is only within the context of the struggle for social control over the interpretation of our reality that the hardest part of the show can be understood. The pieces about slashing are shocking. The one entitled *Slashing* is the head, arms and torso of a woman painted with a blue oil base, with white latex covering. The piece has been blasted with a propane torch and string steel blades surrounded with red glaze are embedded in the arms. It and *Unladylike Behaviour*, a terra cotta coloured figure sporting a two inch razor slash from which red acrylic paint flows down the torso, are the two hardest pieces in the show. They challenge my faith. Surely only a crazy person would do this to themselves. But the pieces provide a rational answer to even this.

The first time I did it I cried. I remember I was on Valium then and never cried, but

*chlorpromazine: is a major tranquilizer and anti-psychotic drug used to control mental patients. It has many harmful side effects. In their publication, *Dr. Caligari's Psychiatric Drugs*, Network Against Psychiatric Assault quotes from Peter Sterling, Ph.D., "Psychiatry's Drug Addiction," *The New Republic*, December 8, 1979. "The blunting of conscious motivation, and the ability to solve problems under the influence of chlorpromazine (Thorazine) resembles nothing so much as the effects of frontal lobotomy."

"Most studies indicate that at least half of those who take anti-depressants or antipsychotics suffer from one or more drug induced problems."
Mind Control (US)



The Royal Hospital: Rose Ann
Photo: Paula Levine

there I was slashing and crying and bleeding and I guess that's why I did it.

I did this one after I had shock treatment and my head hurt but they wouldn't give me anything for it. They said I couldn't have a headache from shock, but the blood kept pounding away in my head trying to get out, so I let it out.

On the behaviour mod ward they had this system where they gave us tokens for doing what they wanted, and took them away for being bad. You had to pay tokens for anything you wanted to do, even taking a bath. I remember I had this green plaid skirt and matching sweater I used to get tokens for wearing cause they were trying to change me into their idea of a proper woman. So this one morning I decided to put on my exalted outfit and net a few tokens. I appeared at breakfast all tarted up and this nurse said "Oh! You look very nice!" in this real phony voice she always used for the patients. Then she told me I'd look better if I shaved my legs. I remember feeling all embarrassed and stupid even though I'd decided long before that shaved legs were silly. After breakfast I signed out the razor and went off to the bath. I think at this point I was planning to shave my fucking legs.

I remember the rush of blood as I slashed as hard as I could sort of not looking and then looking, seeing the skin all white and then puffy like, splitting and then the blood welled up and I sat there and let it run in the bath. After a while someone knocked on the door to use the bath so I got up. I went to the desk and slapped the razor down in front of the nurse with my bloody hand and said, "I'm finished with the razor." She looked at me real angry like and said, "You'll be sorry for that." They stitched me up without anesthetic and I remember it hurt like hell but I pretended it didn't.

What is happening here is that Sheila has lost the power to make her pain a socially communicable reality. She cannot touch her pain on valium, she cannot make her headache a reality to anyone else and she is powerless to express what is wrong with getting dressed up and shaving her legs. In fact it would be dangerous for her to do so. Bleeding on the other hand is a socially acceptable pain. She thinks she is bleeding, the nurses think she is bleeding. They treat her as though she is bleeding. They dress the wound. In this one act she has managed despite her powerlessness to make the medical profession respond appropriately to her pain.

Though *Unladylike Behaviour* is a pivotal piece in the show, it is by no means the pit. After *Slashing* the show



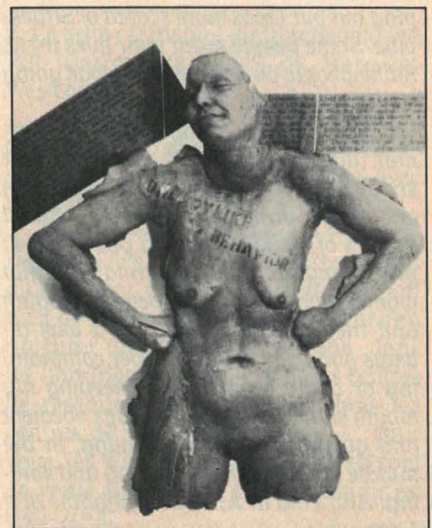
The Royal Hospital: slashing
Photo: Marsha Arbour

goes on to tell us the story of the 19 shock treatments Sheila underwent to cure her lesbianism. They failed, or she triumphed, depending on your social reality. In another piece she deals with the seemingly contradictory act of signing herself in.

Sometimes I signed myself into that place. Maybe you think that means I had some kind of choice, that I wanted to be locked up, but it wasn't a real choice. It always started out with me leaving the hospital against medical advice. That would be a day long ordeal with shrinks telling me I was crazy and nurses saying that I'd never last a week and my parents brought in to plead with me. But if I stuck it out they let me go, with a bag of pills and a certificate for welfare saying that I was unfit for work. I'd live in some cheap rooming house and take my pills and worry that I really was too crazy to be out on my own.

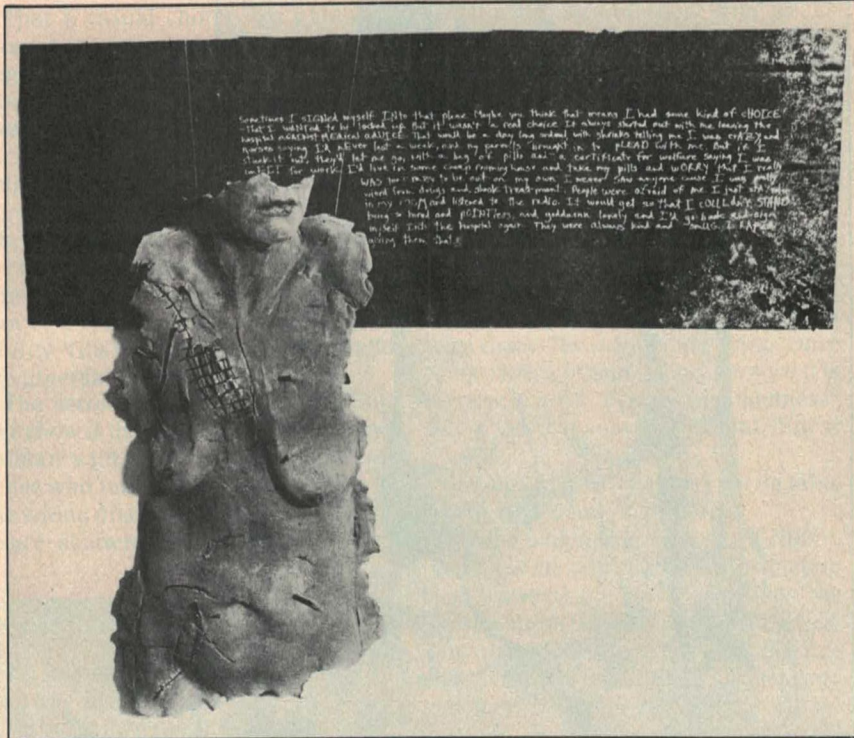
I never saw anyone cause I was pretty weird from drugs and shock treatment. People were afraid of me. I just sat in my room and listened to the radio. It would get so that I couldn't stand to be so bored and pointless and goddamn lonely and I'd go back and sign myself into the hospital again. They were always kind of smug. I hated giving them that.

“The Social Security Administration (USA) estimated that the pharmaceutical industry spent roughly \$1 billion, in 1971 alone, to promote drugs, an average of \$5,000.00 per physician.”
Mind Control (US)



The Royal Hospital: unladylike behaviour
Photo: Marsha Arbour

The Royal Hospital: signing myself in
Photo: Paula Levine



Ultimately there is Strackville, the provincial hospital that mental patients are threatened with at other hospitals. "Shape up or you'll be sent to Strackville." At Strackville she is at the mercy of the male attendants. She reports their abuse but is met once again by denials at the wall of a social reality which systematically excludes her perceptions. By now she realises that she has become socialised in the world into which she wandered and no matter what happens to her she knows enough to keep quiet. This is how she finally escapes.

I decided I had to get out of Strackville. I decided it didn't matter if I was some kind of crazy person who needed their protection to keep from flipping into some kind of total blackout. I was scared of flipping out but I was more scared of Strackville. Some people spent their lives there. Some people died there. Me, I was going to pass for normal and get out.

So there I was, trying to pass for normal, all drugged up in this place that stinks of shit and lysol and every day is endlessly boring except for occasional flashes of violence and I'm powerless to protect myself and I'm normal. Normal women don't talk about being a lesbian and they're always cheerful. I was always good and smiling, never complaining or bothering the staff, keeping my mouth shut and smiling, always obedient and quiet and nice and smiling, in the middle of this hellhole, smiling and smiling. And I did it. After three months of it I got out.

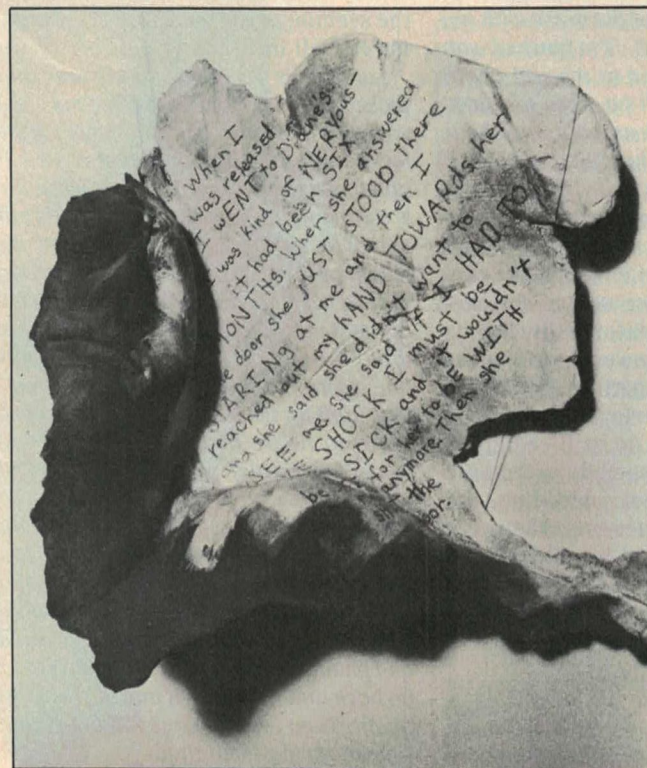
For three years after getting out of Strackville Sheila kept a low profile and lived with another woman "in shame" which is pretty much where she figured she belonged by then. Then one day at a night school she met a lesbian feminist, a woman who was proud to be a lesbian. Through her Sheila met lots of women who were proud to be lesbians and her life began to change. In the final

pieces of the show Sheila's figure is with a group of her friends, each of whom has a small story similar to Sheila's. In another piece her scars are done in gold leaf and she wears them like decorations and in the final piece Sheila's full figure stands alone in layers of bright colour with a triumphant grin and the golden legend STILL SANE.

It is an incredibly rich and inspiring story, only some of which I have been able to talk about here. The show also includes a wealth of impressions about friends and nurses, as well as facts and statistics about the mental illness industry today. It is thought provoking, it's painful, ultimately it's beautiful. It has many gifts to give women who have been victims.

It is an attempt to project into the culture an image of the victim's reality that is stronger than the attacker's reality, so that the attacker will be ostracised and not the victim. It pushes the edge of social reality. It is successful because Sheila's story is much more real and understandable than the psychiatric profession's response to her. It's a useful story for women to know in our fight to define ourselves and our experiences. It may even be a great story.

▼
The ceramics sculpture exhibition "Still Sane" was displayed from September 20 to October 20 as part of the 10th Anniversary Celebration of the Vancouver Women in Focus and Media Centre.



Strackville: getting out Photo: Paula Levine

Une Pizza Pour La Papesse



Jean-Paul II est le 262^e pape de l'Église catholique romaine (et l'avant-dernier de tous, selon les prophéties de Nostradamus!). Mais saviez-vous qu'en l'an 855 l'un de ses prédécesseurs a été une femme?

Jusqu'à la Réforme de 16^e siècle, le pape Jean VIII a figuré dans les registres de l'Église, entre Léon IV et Benoît III. Puis on l'en a extirpé. Non sans difficultés, les historien-ne-s ont rapiécé les faits.

Il est dit que Jean VIII était à l'origine une savante religieuse d'Angleterre qui s'est déguisée en homme pour être admise dans les écoles d'Athènes. Puis elle enseigna la théologie à Rome où son érudition lui valut d'être nommée cardinal. Élu pape à la mort de Léon IV, elle consacra son énergie au peuple, à l'écriture et à la promotion de l'éducation.

Cette belle histoire devait se terminer le jour d'une longue et fatigante procession à travers Rome. On a d'abord cru à un miracle; l'étonnement se lisait sur tous les visages. Leur bon Pape Jean n'était-il pas en train d'accoucher en pleine rue? Personne ne se serait indigné qu'un pape ait des amant-e-s, la chose était courante. Mais qu'il soit une femme? C'en était trop. On lapida sur-le-champ pape et enfant.

Après la Réforme, quelques Jésuites désireux de nettoyer l'image de l'Église, arrachèrent du registre papal les pages concernant Jean VIII. Surtout, ils instaurèrent l'obligation d'un examen génital avant toute élection d'un nou-

veau pape. Et, effectivement, ce rite — *Habet*¹ — sauva le monde d'une autre papesse.

Jusqu'au 16^e siècle, une statue de Jeanne s'élevait à l'endroit de sa mort — puis le pape Sixte V la jeta à la rivière! Aujourd'hui, une petite chapelle à la Vierge Marie y voisine une pizzeria. C'est l'hommage de Rome à Jeanne.²

Who is Joan ?

Joan was the first woman pope in the Catholic church. Known as Pope John VIII, she was appointed cardinal by Leo IV and upon his death in 853 was elected pope. Educated at the School of Athens, she was a renowned scholar and teacher. During a papal procession through the streets of Rome her female identity was revealed when she gave birth. The Vatican immediately rerouted subsequent papal processions and introduced the practice of a sex examination to determine the gender of papal candidates and eliminate further embarrassments. A commemorative statue of Pope Joan was placed on VIA DEI QUATTRECETI — where she died. In the 16th century, Pope Sixtus V replaced the statue of Joan with one of the Virgin Mary. In the 17th century, Joan was completely erased from history by Pope Clement VIII who destroyed all reference to her and proclaimed that she was a myth.

1. *Habet*: cette coutume tient-elle encore? Si oui, elle est maintenant tenue secrète, l'élection du pape se déroulant à huis-clos de toute façon. Mais, depuis la papesse Jeanne, c'est en tâtant sous sa robe qu'on vérifiait si le futur pape était vraiment un homme. S'il y avait des couilles, le cardinal vérificateur clamait à haute voix et en latin le mot *Habet* qui signifie: il en a. (Merci, Denise Boucher)

2. Ce texte est inspiré du film *Behind the Veil* (Derrière le voile), de Margaret Westcott.

Cet article parut dans *La Vie en Rose*, septembre 1984, n^o 19. Réimprimé avec l'autorisation de *La Vie en Rose*.

Deux artistes, Kathleen McFall et Debra d'Entremont, ont créé un t-shirt avec portrait de la Papesse Jeanne. On peut s'en procurer un à travers le Canada, dans les librairies féministes, dans les centres de ressources pour femmes, dans les centres de santé pour femmes. . . Pour vous, les Winnipégoises, ces t-shirts sont en vente au MACSW; contactez Janis au 942-2000. ▽

SACREE LANGUE LANGUE SACREE

Marguerite Andersen

The French language is full of sexist expressions. The author makes her point by looking at dictionary definitions for words like women and sex. She also looks at usage, insults, and the importance of the gender (masculine or feminine) of common nouns. It will be difficult to clear the French language of sexism without doing violence to it. Language is a means of male domination rather than a means of expression for free persons.

Dans mon *Dictionnaire Larousse analogique*, vieux, il est vrai, puisqu'il date de 1971 (malgré toutes les joies et les surprises que j'y puise, je ne peux pas indéfiniment renouveler mon stock de dictionnaires), je vois à ma stupéfaction que pour le mot *sexe*, je me fais renvoyer à *homme* ou *animal*. *Sexe*, chez l'homme, signifie d'après l'auteur Charles Maquet, agrégé de grammaire, *beau sexe*, *sexe fort*, puis finalement et mâle nommé, *sexe faible*. Femme et fille sont mentionnées, toujours "chez l'homme" et avant de passer au paragraphe "chez les animaux." Sont mentionnés également *union*, *mariage*, *émasculer* et *stériliser*. Qui dit mieux?

Femme, m'apprend ce dictionnaire sous-titré "répertoire moderne des mots par les idées, des idées par les mots" (d'après les principes de P. Boissière, rédigé sur un plan nouveau par le dit Maquet) groupe sous le titre "sexe féminin" les mots *femelle*, *mère*, *maman*, *épouse*, *jeune mariée*, suivis de près par *sexe faible* et *filles d'Ève*. Les mots par les

idées, les idées par les mots? La pensée du grammairien semble claire, clairement phallogocentrique. Que je me raccroche à mon bon *Petit Robert* qui depuis 1978 inclut des termes tels que *phallogocentrique*, *phallogocrate*, *phallogocratie* et même *sexisme* et *sexiste*! Eh bien, sous *femme*, le *Petit Robert* 1978 cite le phallogocrate par excellence, Malraux, qui affirme avec générosité qu' "une femme est aussi un être humain". Me voilà tant soit peu rassurée. Je le suis bien mieux, lorsque je consulte le *Robert Méthodique* (1982) dont la rédaction fut dirigée par Josette Rey-Debove, agrégée de grammaire.² Selon ce dictionnaire la femme est un être humain femelle et adulte. Quel ton nouveau et positif! Et c'est seulement à la toute fin de la rubrique "femme" qu'apparaît le mot *épouse*.

Dans le *Robert Méthodique*, fait par une équipe presque entièrement féminine, même le clitoris a droit de cité, alors que ni le *Quillet* 1963 ni le *Petit Robert* 1978, ni le *Dictionnaire du Français Contemporain* (Larousse 1966) n'osent en parler. Le *Robert Méthodique* le définit comme un *petit organe érectile de la vulve* et mentionne, sous *clitoridien*, la zone clitoridienne et le plaisir clitoridien. Je constate avec satisfaction l'influence de la pensée féministe. Sous *érection*, je lis que c'est surtout une ques-

tion de pénis, mais on y parle aussi du "clitoris en érection". Ce dictionnaire me satisfait de plus en plus. Je découvre qu'on peut être *un* ou *une* hystérique, qualité qui auparavant était réservée aux femmes et aux enfants. Passant à des choses plus sérieuses, je vois que de nombreux noms d'agents, *architecte*, *écrivain*, *poète*, sont suivis de phrases comme "elle est écrivain, elle est architecte, cette femme est un grand poète". Des exemples au féminin remplacent, dans la tradition du *Robert*, les définitions au masculin des dictionnaires moins progressifs. Sous *docteur*, je trouve "elle est docteur ès sciences". La langue française serait-elle en train de se débarrasser de son sexisme, après tant de siècles? Certes, ce dictionnaire est un pas dans la bonne direction. Mais la route sera longue. Dans *l'Euguélonne*, Louky Bersianik, ce bas-bleu — expression redécouverte sous "types de femmes" dans mon *Dictionnaire analogique*, bien après *beauté*, *belle*, *rousse*, *gendarme*, peu après *poule* et suivi de près, pour rassurer le lecteur, de *sirène*, *nym-*

phe, déesse, ouf, il l'a échappé belle! — donc cette femme savante et combien précieuse à nous toutes, soulève dans son magnifique roman triptyque à juste titre le problème du français sexiste où le Masculin l'emporte à tous les niveaux sur le féminin. Il faut lire les pages du "troisième volet" de ce livre, pages qui font avec verve et précision le bilan de la misogynie du français. Il faut savourer les perles que Bersianik a découvertes dans les bibliothèques et leurs encyclopédies: "Chez l'homme, la matrice ne reçoit pas directement le sperme, contrairement au cochon." Pas possible! "L'homme a donc une matrice," se dit l'Euguélonne, "au comble de la surprise. Et comment diable reçoit-il le sperme? Et qui le lui envoie de cette façon détournée, plutôt suspecte si

on la compare à celle du cochon? L'Euguélonne tombe dans le désarroi en voyant "sous la photo d'une gracieuse ballerine" les mots: "Chez l'homme voici comment le pied peut se cambrer" (p. 244). Sacrées définitions, en effet, sacrée langue! Bersianik, qui voit le français comme une langue "d'une richesse incroyable", mais aussi "vieux jeux", qualifie cette langue de "purement masculine. Le féminin n'y figure que comme une redondance du masculin" (235-236). Selon elle le terme *l'homme*, soi-disant générique, n'embrasse "que le mâle Humain" (238).

Les hommes, bien sûr, ne pouvaient pas laisser passer son plaidoyer à la fois érudit et fantaisiste pour une réforme du français. Ainsi, la revue *Québec français* "consciente de s'engager sur un terrain délicat" estima "nécessaire" d'intervenir dans un débat auparavant animé essentiellement par les féministes et accepta de publier dans son numéro du mois d'octobre 1981 un article de Gérard Dubourg, "Féminisme

et économie linguistique" (22-24). L'auteur se déclare d'abord favorable à ce que "les femmes soient considérées comme des individus à part entière capables d'assumer toutes les responsabilités sociales." Il admet même la nécessité d'accepter ou de créer "une foule d'expressions nouvelles." Mais il déplore et nous invite à le faire avec lui — "déplorons" dit-il — "un certain extrémisme féministe qui, plein de bonnes intentions, confond tout et mélange tout" (23). Nous y voilà. Discutons pour savoir si la langue est sexiste ou si c'est seulement le discours qui l'est! Ne confondons pas sexe biologique et genre grammatical, attachons-nous plutôt à la question du "principe de l'économie du système linguistique" (23)! Autrement dit, théorisons! Il ne faut surtout pas, dit Dubourg, accepter de "solutions contraires au principe d'économie de la langue" (24). Il veut bien accepter des mots comme *autrice*, *sculptrice*, *professeuse*, néologismes que Bersianik rejette et qui ne figurent point dans le *Robert Méthodique*, mais il tremble d'horreur à l'idée de demander aux poètes de féminiser leurs textes ce que Bersianik, qu'il attaque ouvertement par son article, ne demande d'ailleurs nullement. Dubourg ridiculise les justes



F. Lévesque

préoccupations des féministes en proposant la féminisation des proverbes: "Au royaume des aveugles (ou aveuglées) les borgnes (ou borgnes) sont reines" (24). Comme certaines administrations, il s'oppose à la rédaction en langage masculin/féminin des documents officiels et donne un exemple qui par son exagération révèle l'hostilité totale de l'auteur à tout projet de réforme:

Le Conseil d'administration se compose du (de la) président(e), de deux vice-président(e)s, dont l'un(e) au recrutement des nouveaux (nouvelles) membres(ses) et l'autre (l'autresse?) à la coordination des comités, d'un(e) secrétaire (?), d'un(e) trésorier(e), du (de la) président(e) sortant(e), du (de la) directeur (directrice) de la revue et du (de la) président(e) fondateur (fondatrice). (24)

Couronné par l'affirmation qu'il y a des choses bien plus importantes à changer "dans la société réelle", — les femmes vivraient-elles dans une société de rêve? de cauchemar? — l'article témoigne de la crainte fébrile de l'homme devant le remue-ménage linguistique des femmes. L'équipe de *Québec français*, qui se dit pourtant soucieuse de ne blesser personne, choisit en plus d'illustrer le dilemme par une caricature montrant des *viragos* (femme d'allure masculine, aux manières rudes et autoritaires, *Petit Robert*) terroristes lançant dans le vide le *e muet*, signe du féminin.

Aucun souci d'analyser la position de la femme dans la langue, aucune critique du propos lacanien selon lequel le phallus est le signifiant transcendantal, ni des travaux linguistiques portant sur le sujet. Rien que du mépris pour les femmes, du ridicule, une défense à tout prix d'une langue apparemment sacrée. L'article reflète une attitude profondément ancrée, chez beaucoup, et qui laisse prévoir que le masculin dominera encore longtemps dans la grammaire et la sémantique françaises. Malgré les personnes éclairées comme celles de l'é-

quipe du *Robert Méthodique*, comme Bersianik, malgré des linguistes comme Marina Yaguello, auteur d'un ouvrage féministe et socio-linguistique sur *Les mots et les femmes*.⁵

Yaguello affirme que, dans la société française, la femme n'a point le droit de parler ou d'écrire la même langue que l'homme. La langue de l'homme est la langue commune et la langue dominante et "cette langue essentiellement masculine exprime le mépris de la femme. La place de la femme dans cette langue est le reflet de sa place dans la société" (10). Sur le genre, Yaguello porte ce jugement bref et précis: "Dans l'édifice complexe de la grammaire d'une langue. . . on est frappé par son inutilité apparente" (92). Elle souligne que les langues anglaise et hongroise s'en passent fort bien et finit par se demander si le genre ne serait pas "le reflet d'une vision de l'univers" (93). Elle fait remarquer qu'en français un objet moins grand est souvent féminin et oppose, parmi d'autres exemples, la chaise/le fauteuil, la lampe/le lampadaire, une auberge et un hôtel, la mer et l'océan. L'objet actif serait plus souvent du genre masculin, le passif féminin. En effet, un moteur est actif par lui-même, mais une machine est plutôt l'auxiliaire de l'homme. Yaguello nous rappelle les travaux du linguiste Antoine Meillet qui fit remarquer en 1927 que les noms d'arbres, en français, sont du genre masculin alors que les noms d'arbres indo-européens sont du genre féminin. Mais le français parle du (grand) pommier et de la (petite) pomme.

Quant à l'emploi du masculin comme générique, Yaguello note que chez les Iroquois, c'est le féminin qui a cette fonction, mais, conclut-elle, l'iroquois n'est pas non plus sans sexisme puisque cette langue classe les femmes dans les inanimés. Notons que le français dit un critique (celui qui critique, animé) et une critique (inanimée).

En français, il n'y a que deux mots féminins qui désignent soit l'homme soit la femme: *personne* et *victime*. Or, il y a toute une légion de mots masculins s'appliquant aux deux sexes, particulièrement dans le domaine des noms d'agent: *peintre*, *maçon*, *professeur*,

maire, *plombier* et ainsi de suite, ce qui poussa la philologue Marguerite Durand, en 1936, à conclure que l'emploi du masculin, pour désigner un agent, représentait un genre neutre et que le genre féminin, en tant que nom d'agent était en voie de disparition.⁴ Mais aujourd'hui encore, certains noms d'agents, soit bien la chasse-gardée de l'homme. Lorsque Christiane Massia osa en 1977 s'appeler chef cuisinière, elle se fit rabrouer par Paul Bocuse qui lui écrivit que le titre de chef-cuisinier était réservé à l'homme.⁵ Chanel, bien entendu, était un grand couturier, chez laquelle les couturières n'étaient que des petites mains. Et Marie Curie était un grand savant, "grande savante" ne pouvant que prêter à rire.

Étranges aussi, les dissymétries sémantiques du français. L'homme galant est chez la plupart des gens le bienvenu, mais qui voudrait à la maison d'une femme galante? Le gouverneur est un homme de haute fonction, la gouvernante une femme au service domestique des autres. L'homme a des parties nobles dont il peut se vanter, la femme des parties honteuses qu'elle apprend, pauvre petite bécassine, à cacher dès son enfance.

L'étude par Yaguello de la langue du mépris révèle que "l'oiseau est la métaphore fondamentale de la femme" (151): *Poule*, *bécasse*, *oie blanche*, *pie*. Louky Bersianik fournit dans *L'Euguëlionne* une liste de près de deux cents mots injurieux que les français a inventés pour les femmes (155-159). Yaguello qui note que si la femme/mère n'échappe pas à l'insulte, puisqu'en tant que *lapine* elle peut même avoir un *polichinelle dans son tiroir*, la femme vue comme putain est l'objet d'une langue bien plus violemment péjorative. Pierre Guiraud relève dans son *Dictionnaire Erotique* 600 termes pour désigner la putain. Dans les mots ouvertement péjoratifs, la femme est objet: *machine à plaisir*, *crevasse*; dépravée: *ordure*; laideur: *souillon*; se réduit à presque rien: *viande*; et devient souvent un animal: *poule*, *cocotte*. La femme peut également devenir nourriture jusqu'au point où *on se la farcit*. Le *Dictionnaire Erotique* de Guiraud compte 50 noms pour l'orgasme masculin, 9 pour celui de la femme; 1300 synonymes pour le coït, dont 80 le définissent du point de vue de la femme.⁶

"L'injure sexuelle est strictement à sens unique", constate Yaguello (163).

suite à page 41

T H E

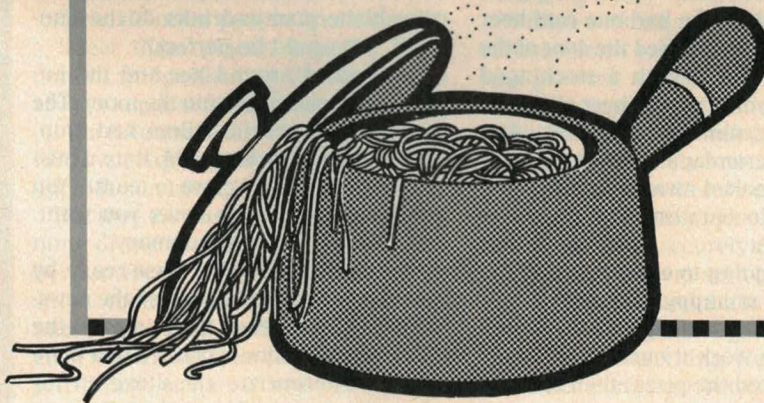
Mary W. Riskin

As Gretzky scored his third consecutive goal, Malcolm Burgess yawned and dropped the second section of *The Journal* onto the rug. "What's for dinner?"

Katy's face appeared over the front page headlines. "You didn't pick up the steaks?"

He studied her, puzzled, for a moment and then looked stricken. "Oh, God. It's our anniversary!"

She sighed and swallowed the last of her beer, placing the glass precisely over the damp circle on the end table so that the surrounding dust would be less obvious. "Never mind. I'll order in a pizza."



W I F E

She folded the first section of the newspaper over the grey spot on the couch beside her. "You want another beer?"

"If you're going," Malcolm raised his empty glass toward her in a toast. "We could go out for dinner."

"I'm tired. And you've got marking to do."

He groaned as Katy moved her briefcase from the coffee table to the front hall, where she had to nudge aside a pair of sandals and one galosh before she had room to put it down.

"I'd rather be writing," he said.

"If you'd spend less time writing, you'd get caught up with your marking."

"But when the book's published, I'll never have to teach again." Malcolm sighed. "*He Shoots . . .*"

Katy was certain that the only way Malcolm's novel would ever see the inside of a bookstore would be if he carried the manuscript into one, but she didn't say so. She tossed an empty cigarette package onto the haphazard stack of magazines on the coffee table, picked up the beer glasses, and started for the kitchen.

"How's it coming?"

"Nother hundred pages ought to do it."

He'd followed her into the kitchen and was leaning against the counter.

"Careful," she said. "You'll get grease on your slacks." She had one cold beer in each hand and pushed the door of the refrigerator closed with a stockinged foot. "Where did I put the beer glasses?"

"Here." Malcolm reached for two glasses behind yesterday's unscrapped dinner dishes. He looked away from the lump of cold potato squatting in a puddle of congealed fat.

"How's it going to end?"

He looked unhappy. "I haven't decided yet. That's just the problem, Katy. I need time to work it out."

Katy ordered the pizza, then came to sit beside him on the couch as the referee dropped the puck to start the third period. For forty minutes by the kitchen clock, and eighteen by the Oilers', she didn't say a word.

"I can't stand the mess any more," she said quietly at last.

"Right after the game. I'll start on the kitchen and you can make the bed."

"I thought you were going to do some marking." She recrossed her feet.

"Why don't we try another cleaning company?"

She shook her head. "We always spend hours cleaning up before they arrive so they won't think we're slob."

As the Flames tied the Oilers, Malcolm folded his arms across his chest and leaned forward.

Suddenly Katy sat up straight, put her feet on the floor and said, "I've got it!"

"Got what, dear?" asked Malcolm, still looking at the set.

"What we need is a Wife."

"I've already got one. Did you see that check?"

"No, you don't. I'm talking about roles here, Malcolm. Roles. What *you've* got is a spouse. What *we* need is a Wife."

"Penalty? What in the hell are they talking about? That was a good clean body check!"

She moved to stand between him and the set, her hands on her hips. He peered around her. She pressed the knob to turn the television off.

"What are you doing? The game's tied!" He came across to turn the set on again but she held his wrist.

"I'm trying to talk to you."

He stared sadly at the grey and empty screen.

"I am trying to talk to you about a Wife. We need a Wife, Malcolm. She could have dinner ready for us when we came home, pour us drinks, do the laundry. . . It would be perfect."

He reached around her and the announcer's voice burst into the room. The game was over; the Oilers had won. "They scored short-handed, Katy. I missed it." He sounded close to tears. "You go ahead and get whatever you want. Just let me watch the summary."

So Katy went ahead. It wasn't easy, by any means. When she phoned the newspaper to place the ad, the woman at the other end of the line explained that there was no appropriate classification for what she wanted. "How about, 'Domestic Employment'?"

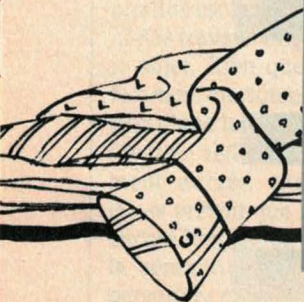
"No," said Katy. "We don't want to pay her, for God's sake."

"You want a servant?"

"No. A Wife! A Wife!"

"Well, even if there were such a classification, it would have to read, 'Husband/Wife Wanted'. Equal opportunity, you understand."

"But we don't need a Husband; we're



discussing roles here, not gender. Husbands change lightbulbs and earn money, and we've already got two of those. We need someone who cooks and cleans and sews." Katy paused to think. "It could be a male, of course, but it has to be a Wife."

The woman at the other end suggested the Personals column and sounded relieved when Katy agreed. They phrased the ad carefully: "Attractive, warm, youngish couple seeks kind, intelligent Wife (male or female). Goal: mutually rewarding, long-term relationship."

Katy was pleased with her ingenuity when the ad appeared but at the end of the week the only responses had been from a handful of those types she supposed frequented the love shops.

Confident that a Wife would be arriving soon, the Burgesses had paid even less attention than usual to the house. Newspapers, medical journals and magazines were strewn from front hall to back porch, there was not a single clean plate or glass in the entire house, and the anniversary pizza box on the kitchen table appeared to be growing a new pizza.

"This is ridiculous," Katy said. "I have to take my showers at the hospital because the sight of our bathtub makes me ill."

Malcolm nodded miserably.

"How do other people find Wives?"

"Meet them places, I guess. Bars, dances, things like that. Ann Landers is always suggesting church gatherings."

"You take the bars then, Malcolm, and I'll hit a couple of churches. We'll come up with something."

But they didn't. Malcolm reported that none of the women he'd talked to had been interested in permanent relationships: their sights were set on careers and travel. "I feel badly that I only talked to women but I just couldn't bring myself to ask a man if he'd like to be a Wife."

Katy understood. Her search had been equally fruitless: the women she'd found in the churches all seemed adequately outfitted with Husbands and Homes already.

Malcolm sighed, stood, and picked his way through the debris to his briefcase in the hallway. "I give up. We'll just have to do the work ourselves, I guess. But first, I've got to get back to my book

before I lose my train of thought."

Katy watched him spread his papers on the coffee table shoving paper plates and flyers absently to the floor to make room for *"He Shoots..."* Within seconds, he was hard at work.

As it turned out, the Wife found them.

She was selling crocheted pot holders door-to-door to support herself and Katy invited her into the vestibule while she went upstairs to find her wallet. When she came back down fifteen minutes later, the woman had one arm full of newspapers and was sorting the shoes in the front hall closet into neat pairs.

She dropped the papers when she saw Katy. "Excuse me, Ma'am," she said. "I just can't help myself."

Katy proposed on the spot.

Lydia proved to be an exceptional Wife. She was strong enough to carry the carpet cleaner and the floor polisher up the stairs, one appliance in each hand, and healthy enough that she wasn't puffing when she reached the top. She was tall and blond and solidly built; pleasant looking without being beautiful. She preferred crocheting in front of the television set to expensive evenings on the town, and she said nothing when the Burgesses left the top off the toothpaste tube or shuffled the newspaper sections before she had a chance to read them.

Within a month, the house had been cleaned from top to bottom and Katy was growing accustomed to returning from the hospital to chilled wine in a clean glass and the comforting aroma of dinner already in the oven. The clothes were clean, ironed and neatly hung in the closet, and every loose button in the house had been securely reattached.

The only problem seemed to be with Malcolm, who found the transition from total disorder to total organisation more than a trifle unsettling. He complained that he couldn't work because every time he got up to go to the bathroom, Lydia restacked his papers and dusted the places where they'd been.

"I can't write up here. I'm going to the basement."

"But it's dark down there, Malcolm. And cold. And probably dusty."

"I doubt that it's dusty and I don't care if it is. I'll take a lamp and a sweater, and I'll use the card table. Don't worry about me. Just tell that Wife of ours to

stay upstairs, you hear me?"

More and more often he retreated morosely to the basement after dinner and Katy once thought she heard him mutter on his way downstairs, "If I'd wanted a Wife, I would have married one." She decided she must have heard him wrong.

The Wife was such excellent company that Katy barely noticed Malcolm's absences. Lydia didn't appear nauseated when Katy enthusiastically described some surgical procedure and she uttered not a murmur when Katy changed channels in the middle of a program. She just sat and crocheted.

Just after Thanksgiving, Katy noted with consternation that Lydia's crocheting was taking on new and alarming dimensions. The project she was sewing together now was already as large as the living room couch and the stacks and stacks of granny squares began to acquire form as they were attached to one another. She finally discovered that Lydia had crocheted The Last Supper in two-ply acrylic orlon with a 4.5 mm. hook, and at that point Katy decided she'd better do something.

"That's quite a blanket," she said.

"Yes," replied Lydia, threading a strand of purple wool through a large-eyed needle. "The biggest yet."

"Where in the world did you find the pattern?"

"Made it up as I went along. I'm going to try The Dinner Party next. Full scale."

Katy swallowed. "And what are you going to do with this one when it's finished?"

"Sell it. I got five hundred for the last one."

Katy blanched. What had started out as a simple hobby was about to turn into a Career, and Katy knew what that meant. If she wanted to keep the Wife, she'd have to keep her busier.

"We could move, to a larger place," she mused.

"Oh, no," replied Lydia. "The nice

thing about crocheting is that it folds. I've plenty of room right where I am."

Katy eyed her suspiciously, but her expression softened as she hit on a solution.

"We'll have a family," she said.

"I suppose that if you're to become a Mother," Katy said later as Lydia loaded the last of the dishes into the dishwasher, "we'll need a Father too."

"I guess we will."

"We'd better go get Malcolm."

She turned toward the basement stairs, then hesitated.

"No. He won't do. Fathers know how to build model railroads and they wear bluejeans on Saturdays when they putter in the garage. That just isn't Malcolm. Now a Father wouldn't necessarily have to be a male, of course. . . ." She looked over at Lydia, thinking. "Although in this case, I suppose it would, since you turned out to be a female. We'll have to advertise."

Lydia shook her head. "I know someone who'd be perfect. He makes the frames for my crocheting."

Katy narrowed her eyes at the Wife but she said nothing. They'd never discussed fidelity before, and there wasn't much point in doing so now.

Harold was, as Lydia predicted, an entirely satisfactory Father. While Lydia crocheted scallops to sew around the collars of her maternity dresses and lit-

tle things in yellow and pale green, Harold papered the guest room in pastel colours and carved a cradle, giving it afterward two coats of unleaded paint. Katy looked on, approving.

For a long time after the arrival of the baby, life at the Burgess household was pleasant, if a trifle overcrowded. But gradually, Katy became aware that she was seeing far less of Lydia than she was of Harold and the baby. Meals lacked creativity and the ironing was haphazard. Sometimes the dust became faintly visible on the furniture before it was removed. Lydia spent a lot of time in the bedroom, which Katy had attributed to post-partum blues until she realised that the baby was six months old.

She knocked on the door of the bedroom and the Wife and Mother opened it just a crack, and peered through. A wisp of pale gold wool trailed from her shoulder.

"What's going on in here, Lydia?"

"Crocheting, Katy. But the light is wrong. Harold and I are going to have to move."

Katy was aghast. "You can't do that! You're the Wife!"

"I'm sorry Katy. I truly am. But I've sold The Dinner Party and we can afford a place of our own. It's bigger than I am, Katy. Crocheting is my life."

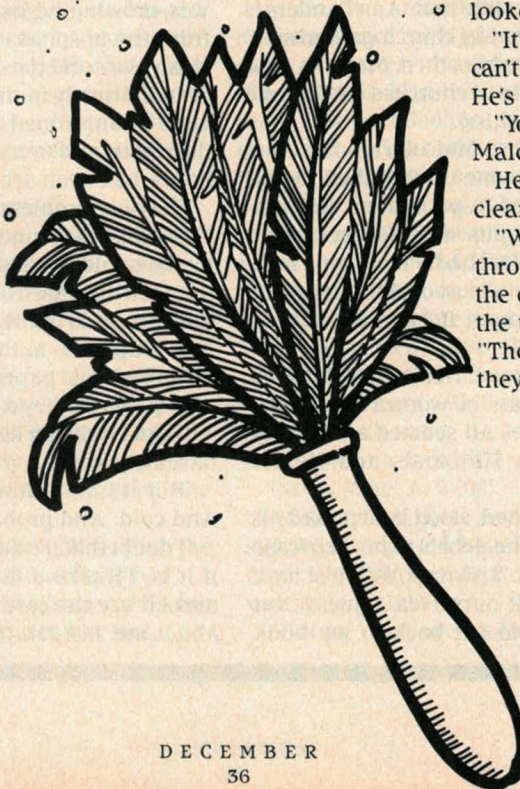
As Katy approached the card table in the corner of the basement, Malcolm looked up.

"It's perfectly clear how it will end. I can't imagine why I didn't see it sooner. He's going to miss the net."

"You can finish it upstairs now, Malcolm. They're gone."

He shook his head firmly. "It's too clean up there."

"Won't be for long." She ran her finger through the thick dust on the borders of the card table. "I guess it wasn't worth the trouble after all," she said quietly. "They just don't make Wives the way they used to." ▼



POETRY

CHOCHECHERRIES

*this moment in the berry patch
our arms bending the same branch down
your sleeve and mine
snagged on the same burr
I can hear your pain purple berries
you drop them in your pail
filling it again again*

*at birth
I was not your sister
now I am*

© Thelma Poirier

AT THE CHALLENGE BOARD

*in the Cranberry hotel she placed
her name and when the stringy
young punk ran out of competition
at the table he approached her with
full intentions of taking her quarter
dug from the maternity dress as she
walked that beautiful side to side
waddle across the floor and proceeded
to sink every ball one by one as
serenely and confident as any easy
prey on a saturday afternoon would.*

© Merle Jordan

AFTER THE DOCUMENTARY

*You Aran Islanders
your courage haunts*

*shawled and stoic women
knitting family crests
into sturdy sweaters*

*if brother, lover, son
is lost beneath the waves
his body washed
into some strange tide-pool*

*they know who to send for
by the pattern knit
into his warm wool sweater*

© Winona Baker

LETTER

*Dear Will Rogers:
You
said you never met a
man you didn't like.
I have.
Love,
Win*

© Winona Baker



CONSUMER WISE

Disposable Diapers: The problems you can't toss away

To judge from the statistics — and the ads — paper-and-plastic diapers aren't just disposable, they're indispensable. American-made disposable diapers are marketed in at least 50 countries, including Saudi Arabia and Japan. And the market for throw-away diapers isn't just infants and toddlers: adult disposables, designed for incontinent individuals, have been called by one industry source "the most exciting new disposable product at this time." Potential customers number more than 5 million, 2 million of whom are "severely impaired."

It seems incredible that as recently as 20 years ago, disposable diapers — DDs, as they're called in the trade — were struggling to win acceptance. And it may be even harder to believe that today, despite near-universal acceptance, DDs are not the completely safe, convenient, and economical products their manufacturers want people to think they are.

Nancy Friedman
reprinted with permission from *Medical Self-Care* magazine

All brands of disposable diapers such as Pampers and Kimbies are constructed of a waterproof backsheet, absorbent padding made of fluffed wood pulp, and a water repellent liner. The absorbent padding separates from the liner so that it can be flushed down the toilet while the rest of the diaper goes into the garbage can. At least, that's what the instructions say. Most parents who use them simply discard the entire diaper, soiled padding and all, in the trash. Otherwise, where's the convenience?

Several brands, including Pampers, add a fragrance to their DDs. Procter & Gamble says the perfume is only in the backsheet, where it supposedly won't irritate the baby's skin. All DDs use sticky tapes as closings.

The newest DDs on the market — Procter & Gamble's "Luvs" and Kimberly-Clark's "Huggies" — have an "hourglass" design and elasticised leg openings, ostensibly to keep the baby drier. In fact, though, this close fit simply seals off the wetness and keeps mom and dad — not baby — dry. In addition, it may promote over-hydration and irritation of the covered area.

Fitted DDs are more expensive, too — they cost 15 to 30 cents per unit, compared to 10 to 20 cents for conventional DDs. Newborn-size DDs are the least expensive; some hospitals even give them away to new mothers in "Gift Paks". This tacit endorsement by

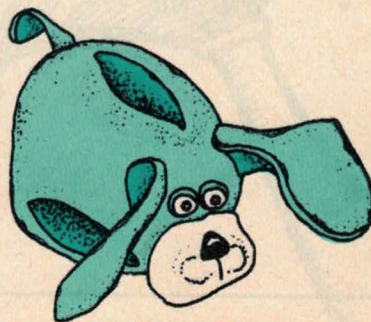
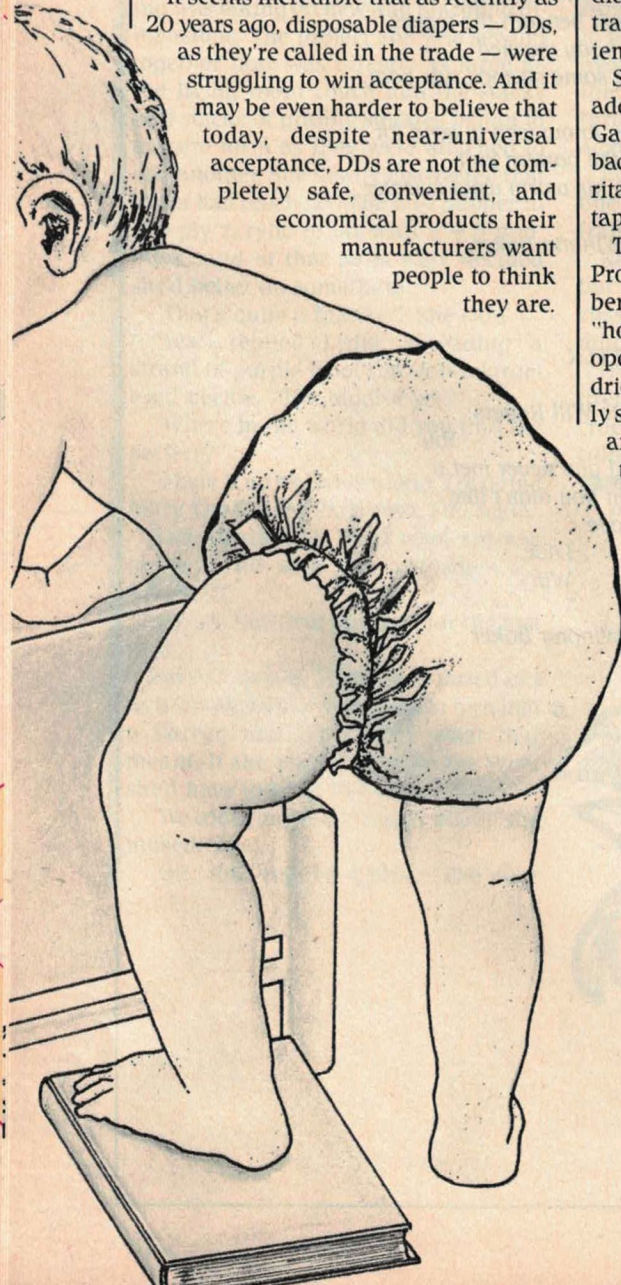
the medical profession is enough to convince many parents that DDs are the diapering alternative of choice.

When superabsorbent fibers in tampons came under scrutiny a couple of years ago because of their possible role in toxic shock syndrome, some investigators pointed to DDs as equally suspect. But superabsorbents aren't found in infant DDs, for an interesting reason. It seems that consumers don't think an ultra-thin, ultra-absorbent pad looks or feels the way a diaper should — thick and cushy. However, adult DDs, which make discretion the better part of value, have successfully integrated "super-sluurper" fibres.

DDs and Diaper Rash

Superabsorbent or not, DDs are the major suspects in one non-fatal, yet bothersome malady: diaper rash. Not only is diaper rash often ugly and uncomfortable, it may also lead to allergies in adulthood. A study by a Montreal pediatrician of 146 one-month-old infants wearing Pampers, cloth diapers alone, or cloth diapers with plastic pants revealed that the Pampers group developed 10 out of 12 "severe" or "very severe" rashes, and 23 out of 41 "mild" or "moderate" rashes. Cloth-and-plastic was the next most common offender. Curiously, diaper rash among one-month-olds was almost unheard of as recently as the 1940s. Noting that no U.S. or Canadian government agency regulates the manufacture or sale of diapers, this doctor concluded: "The plasticised disposable diaper, no doubt, has its place for short-term or intermittent use, such as traveling. Its shortcomings should, however, be recognised. . . . Should a rash appear, a more pervious diaper should be substituted."

These findings were, predictably, disputed by Procter & Gamble staff researcher who conducted an unpublished study that showed no significant difference in the incidence of diaper rash between cloth and paper diaper users. The Procter & Gamble doctor placed responsibility for diaper rash on the shoulders of parents, whom he chided for not changing diapers frequently enough. Easy to understand a parent's predicament, though — DDs work so well at keeping the wet in that it's hard



to tell when it's time for a change.

Diaper rash does not afflict only infants. Three Japanese physicians recently noted a serious type of rash they called "diaper area granuloma of the aged" among incontinent, bedridden elderly women. In their study, they did not specify the type of diaper the women wore, and patch tests for allergy with cloth and paper diapers did not produce reactions. As the use of adult DDs becomes more widespread, however, there should be more opportunities to evaluate their role in skin irritations.

DDs and Public Health

Public health hazards are the other major problem with DDs. A 1972 U.S. Environmental Protection Agency study found a "significant" number of intestinal and polio viruses in DDs taken from garbage dumps. The actual threat to sanitation workers and to the public at large is still unknown. Also unknown is the role DDs play in spreading disease in daycare centers, where the use of paper diapers is often mandatory.

Environmental concerns as well as public health considerations prompted

the introduction of bills in the state legislatures of Washington (in 1976) and Oregon (in 1979 and 1981) to ban the sale of DDs. The bills' supporters cited DDs' role in depleting timber and petroleum resources and the problem of litter. But the paper and DD industries brought in their own experts to refute these arguments, and on all three occasions, the bills failed.

The Choices

Parents and child-care providers who don't use DDs have two options: home or laundromat laundering, and diaper services. Home laundering, long considered the most economical choice, is losing that appeal as utility rates climb. In addition, temperatures in home and laundromat washers and dryers aren't high enough to sterilise diapers, and the standard double rinse in home machines doesn't guarantee that detergent residue will wash out.

Besides offering the economy that goes along with volume, diaper services are able to rinse diapers thoroughly — as many as 13 times — and to add a bacteriostat, which stops bacterial

growth to the clean diapers. Makers of disposable diapers have never been able to find a way to make their product bacteriostatic. Some diaper services will even adjust the pH of finished diapers to special skin conditions. Cost varies according to region and the particular service used, but it's usually slightly less than DDs per 100 diapers. The disadvantages of diaper services are largely geographic: rural areas rarely have them.

No matter what type of diapering system you choose, you'll have better results if you follow some basic guidelines:

- Give baby a break from diapers as often as possible. Sunlight, air and plain soap and water are the best disinfectants.

- If you use disposable diapers, follow the manufacturer's instructions for disposal.

- When diapering more than one child, wash your hands carefully after each child's diaper is removed and discarded.

- If you wash diapers at home, use the hottest water and highest dryer setting. Forty minutes in the dryer is recommended to kill bacteria that haven't been washed out. ▽

SATIRICALLY YOURS

Let's Charge for Freedom of Speech

We're in a worldwide recession and we need a solution. Soon. We've tried lowering inflation, upping interest rates, cutting government spending, devaluing money, war and prayer. We are still in an economic horror show.

As yet, no one has come up with a simple, immediate and practical plan, such as charging for freedom of speech.

Protesters, politicians, writers, organisations and churches; they've all be getting a free ride for far too long. It's time they started contributing to the economic well being of the country in which they practise freedom of speech.

Protest rallies of any kind are an obvious source of revenue, since both organisers and participants can be charged. Individual cities might earn a share of the profits by setting up protest grounds with booths announcing: "Admission \$5.00. Feminists and disarmament buffs to the left; anti-abortionists and death penalty advocates to the right."

Parades through downtown streets will become extremely expensive, since they tie up traffic and give the participants considerable exposure.

Lyn Cockburn

Judging by the frequency with which politicians criticise their opposition, make speeches and give press conferences, charging them to do so will bring in enough revenue to finance massive job creation programmes, if not reduce national debts. Prices ranging from a modest \$50.00 for a two minute diatribe to \$1,000,000.00 for a 30 minute war of words will bring in the millions of dollars needed to support sagging economies and might even curb the number of rambling monologues favoured by countless representatives.

Ordinary citizens wishing to exercise their rights by firing off letters to the editor, will be charged a reasonable fee, perhaps \$20.00. Professional writers will apply to the government for a permit to write and will have to cough up 10 per cent of their earnings.

All organisations, regardless of political bent, will be charged every time

they meet. Non-controversial clubs will pay a mere \$5.00, while environmentalists for example, might have to dig up \$1,000.00 in order to hold a meeting.

Churches are tax free, but there's no reason they ought to get their freedom of speech free. Sermons which adhere strictly to the Bible, Torah, Koran or whatever will cost a minimal amount, perhaps \$10.00. Any digressions will be most expensive. Religious leaders who hold press conferences will be charged the same rate as politicians.

The simple expedient of charging for freedom of speech is obviously an efficient method of curing the world's economic ills.

It also provides a means by which the democracies can prove once and for all that they have more freedom of speech than countries run by other forms of government. An itemised financial statement presented to the United Nations at the end of each fiscal year will soon show that democracies collect far more money for freedom of speech than anyone else and therefore, must have more of it than anyone else. ▽

MOTHER MATTERS

War Is Not Child's Play

Janine Gibson Grant

EMMA

Inspiration takes many unexpected forms. Earlier this year, I stopped while walking past a child playing on the sidewalk. He was repeating to himself, "I'm a war machine, I'm a war machine." I knelt to look at the tank he was pushing and asked him why. "They say it on TV," he answered.

When we observe our media from the child's simple perspective we can see the intensity of programming. A lot is said on television, but more is shown. Kids pick up mainly what is shown. The U.S. National Coalition on Television reported for prime time 1983 viewing an average of 9.4 acts of violence per hour. With this, increased advertising for war toys contributes to the sensationalising of violence, as the sale of this type of toy mounts dramatically. Are the children who are 'buying' incorporating it all into their fabric of reality? In the media, violence is not only acceptable, but entertaining.

Having studied children's increased aggressive play after watching violent programming and having experienced some of the challenges of stressing nonviolence in my own life with children, I wanted to talk more with the very young ones about their perceptions. With the idea of having children express their feelings in pictures for display, I approached Educators for Social Responsibility for the names of teachers who were supportive of this work. The response was overwhelming.

A friend with the Alliance for Non-Violent Action in Toronto, suggested having a Children's Anti-War Festival in Winnipeg in conjunction with festivals planned for Toronto, Kingston and Vancouver, held to promote the National War Toys Boycott Campaign. The intention of the annual children's festivals is to publicise the link between personal violence in our homes (against women and children) and the violence in our societies expressed as militarisation. The children and families must be aware of this connection in order to understand the importance of boycotting war toys. To clarify the issues for the children's understanding, an approach for discussion focussing on the children's personal experience was developed.

In small groups, children between the ages of five and eleven, of many shades

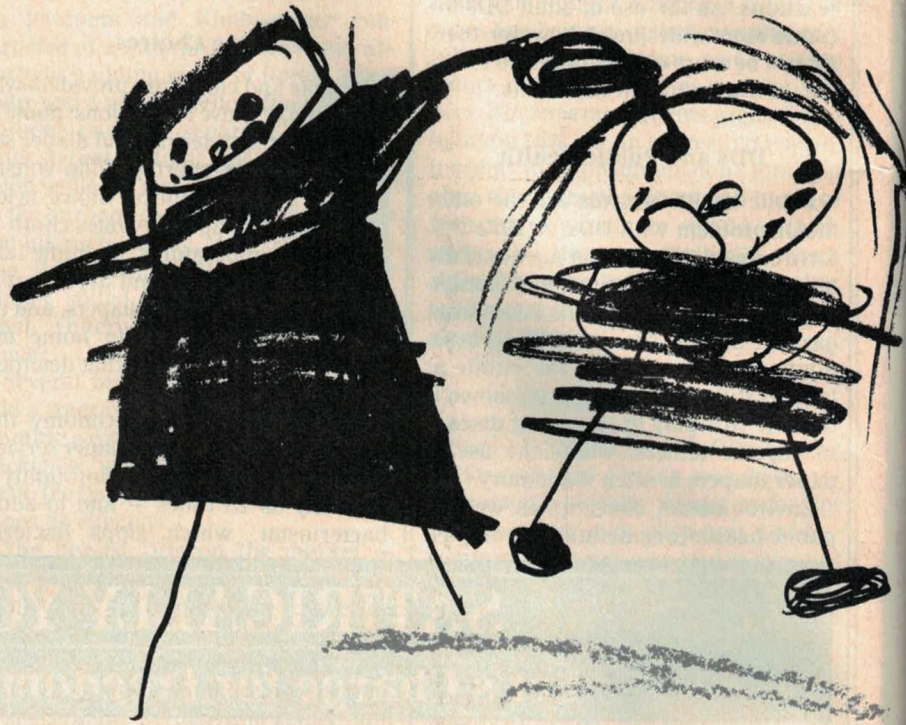
and backgrounds, were asked how they felt when they were with people they loved and all was going well. We talked before we drew, describing giving and nurturing behaviour, feelings of happiness, joy and peace. We talked of fighting, how it felt, and what people do when angry. One seven-year-old commented, "When we're mad, we may feel like hitting, but we have to use words to get the feelings out. Everybody should do that." Everyone, especially those in government and positions of power. The kids could easily see the connection. They were recognising the teaching of threatened violence, often experienced in their own lives, as the basic military solution to conflict resolution.

We talked of what the children enjoyed in their lives, and what we must care for in the world. This was expressed in many pictures of nature, homes, families, and friends. Often they would include an airplane or tank and describe that this was what they were afraid of. Several of these 'fear of fighting' pictures reinforced the connection to personal violence. A picture from

a five-year-old had the classic rings of terror circling the figure's eyes. When asked to talk about her picture she said simply, "she's afraid of the fighting." A seven-year-old described her drawing as "two friends punching each other — this is war between friends."

We talked next of what we could do. "Try and understand," said a ten-year-old, "it's okay to get angry but not to hit." We spoke of fairness, how we spend our time and our money. Another ten-year-old told us, "We should spend money on what's most important to us. Like nice places for people to live, houses and books and stuff, not bombs"; not toys that make war a game, toys that make pain entertainment. We ended our time together by asking that the children think about war toys and talk with their friends. If "people are important," as one said, should we play at hurting people?

The pictures that came from these discussions communicate an intensity of feeling and understanding that I had not expected. Knowing how common our personal experiences of violence are,



Helpful Hints to Parents

As a parent you should have some input into the toys your child receives.

— presents are given with thought and love; be appreciative and thankful but be firm and clear why certain toys are unacceptable.

— make a list of what kids need and don't need for special gift-giving occasions.

What you can do with toys your children receive as presents that you feel don't teach them peace, cooperation, love, independence of thought:

— take them back to store and explain why you're returning them.

— let them play with the toy for ten minutes till they get bored, then make a deal to return the toy for a new one.

— let them play with it and hope it will break soon.

This is a girl who is punching her friend. This is war between friends.

had not prepared me for the familiarity with violence demonstrated by these children when given the opportunity to express themselves. The youngest were often the most free in expression, perhaps less influenced by media and peer pressure.

Talking of concerns for the world and our lives helps to focus anxiety, and is an important first step in reclaiming our power to choose personal and societal directions.

Those of us at the first Annual Children's Anti War Festival looking over the picture display and the bright faces present, celebrated life and our efforts toward understanding peace and violence. The children provided the message and the inspiration. ▽

Janine Gibson Grant is an artist, mother and community worker living in the core area of Winnipeg. For more information on the Children's Festivals contact the Alliance for Non-Violent Action, 730 Bathurst Street, Toronto, Ontario, M5S 2R4.

suite de la page 32



Rien de pire pour un homme que de s'entendre traiter de *con*, ou même *sale con*, expression qui ne figure pas dans les dictionnaires sauf, bien sûr, dans les *Robert*. Alors que le mot *con*, mot vulgaire pour *vagin*, est masculin et constitue l'injure suprême, la plupart des noms injurieux (moins graves) sont féminins: *andouille*, *fripouille*, *canaille*. Le nom féminin est d'ailleurs en général plus injurieux que le nom masculin; *la vieille* est plus blessant que *le vieux*.⁷

Le français, langue riche à tous les points de vue, riche aussi en expressions sexistes désobligeantes pour les femmes, est pour tout francophone un instrument précieux, sacré même, dirais-je. Le francophone vénère sa langue, cette sacrée langue qui lui permet de s'exprimer avec précision et élégance, avec verve. Qu'il s'agisse d'une langue sexiste trouble peu de gens. Les quelques féministes qui la dénoncent comme telle ne sont d'après Jean Cau, éminent écrivain et critique, que "des moches... des mal-baisées, des pas baisables."⁸ Réussirons-nous à transformer cette langue mâle et bien gardée? Pour que le français change, pour qu'il soit débarrassé de son sexisme, il faut se mettre au travail; les lexicographes pour faire des dictionnaires objectifs marqués par l'idéologie du féminisme: le *Robert Méthodique* en est le premier exemple; les auteurs de manuels pour composer des manuels non-sexistes; les réalisateurs (trices) de la radio-télévision pour créer des programmes non-sexistes; les professeurs pour surveiller la langue des étudiant(e)s, les étudiant(e)s pour surveiller celle des professeurs. Travail énorme dont chacun(e) ne peut faire qu'une petite partie, celle peut-être qui, à un moment donné, lui tient le plus à coeur. Ainsi, un jour que je roulais dans ma voiture à travers une région boisée, j'ai été frappée par le fait que les arbres sont masculins. En guise de protestation, j'ai composé le texte suivant:

Les arbres courent le long de la route, pins, chênes, érables, forestiers, fruitiers,

arbres à sève douce, mais tous masculins, je cherche: sa-pin, non, l'orme, le saule, oui même le saule pleureur le premier à faire entrevoir l'arrivée du printemps, est mâle, ses pleurs le sont, ses larmes, privilège de toi et de moi. Alors veux-tu, amie, que nous inventions la giroflière, la tulipière, qu'empêche que ce soit une campêche, arbres franches à fruits douces, l'abricotière et la cerisière, qu'elles portent fruit ou qu'elles n'en portent, qu'elles soient fleuries comme l'amandière d'automne ou neu comme la tremble à l'automne, jouons à bien nommer le mal nommé, jouons tant qu'il fait jour et même la nuit, que le masculin s'évanouisse avant de renaître sans violence.

Texte sans grande portée, mais qui souligne le problème du français, langue sexiste, langue à changer, langue à libérer. La lutte sera longue. Entendre, lire ou écrire une langue avec une conscience anti-sexiste peut être difficile, déplaisant, douloureux. La contestation permanente n'est pas chose facile. Mais cette sacrée langue qu'est le français serait tellement plus belle si elle pouvait être épurée de son sexisme, si, sans la violer, nous pouvions la rendre équitable. La langue est un moyen de domination au service de l'homme. Il faut qu'elle devienne, au service de la femme, un moyen de libération, et puis, finalement, un moyen d'expression de gens libres. Est-ce là un rêve utopique? Peut-être. Mais ce rêve est une réaction angoissée à la réalité inacceptable et ce n'est que grâce à de tels rêves que la pratique de changement s'amorce et que l'évolution se fera.

1. Paris: *Le Robert*.
2. Paris: *Le Robert*.
3. Paris: Bibliothèque Payot, 1978. Les numéros des pages donnés pour les citations se réfèrent à l'édition en livre de poche, publiée chez le même éditeur.
4. Cf. Yaguello, Marina, *op cit.*, p. 123.
5. Cf. *op cit.*, p. 125.
6. Cf. *op cit.* p. 160.
7. Cf. *op cit.* p. 161.
8. C.p. Benoîte Groult, *Ainsi soit-elle*, p. 64.

Rédigé par Marguerite Andersen, auteure et chef du département des langues romanes à l'Université de Guelph, en Ontario. Cet article parut dans *Les Cahiers de la femme*, août 1983, Vol. 4, n° 4. Réimprimé avec l'autorisation de l'auteure et de *Les Cahiers de la femme*.

NOTIONS AND POTIONS

The Women's Revolution in Health Care

When music therapy consultant Susan Munro told more than 600 medical workers that body language and touch could be breakthroughs in medical care, they gave her a standing ovation. She talked about the effects on patients of body language and personal space invasion. She talked about the inadequacy of words, replacing diagnosis with simulation games, right down to the unconscious messages caregivers transmit with pupil dilation.

The applauders, members of a relatively new movement in health care, were attending the Fifth Annual Seminar on Terminal Care in Montreal.

The movement in hospice or palliative care, is part of what nursing professor Jeanne Quint-Benoliel calls a "complete cultural revolution." Quint-Benoliel has spent much of her life researching the roles of women, power and politics in medicine. She teaches at the University of Washington, Seattle.

In its ten years in Canada, hospice has grown from one or two to 120 centres in hospitals across the country. It falls into four main categories of care: support to families where a member is dying at home, consultants and volunteers working throughout a hospital, separate hospice units, and a medical and psychological research program, though the latter are still a rare component.

According to many practitioners, the movement in hospice is towards a feminine model of care, one which strives for integration. Care involves workers in the spiritual, emotional, social and physical needs of a patient, through a team approach. "The creation of human and humane environments in high technology may depend on women," says Quint-Benoliel. But hospice workers also demand good medical practise in the more human setting.

To maintain a balance of medical — and patient-oriented care, hospice must practise in partnership with medical science. It must gain still-lacking credibility and still-needed dollars without backing down on or losing sight of its principles of operation. If it is a women's movement the way that the peace issue is a women's movement, can it achieve that balance and legitimacy within the tradition medical forum?

Never in her public image is a nurse seen as a technically competent medical

Gwen Davies

practitioner in an increasingly complex field. Instead, she is caught in the doctor-nurse power games in a situation where male superiority is institutionalised. As part of her prescription for changing this situation, Quint-Benoliel advocates separating medicine into two distinct disciplines, medicine and nursing. Hospice is closer than any other to being a nursing-centered area of medicine, and it still suffers from low self-esteem for high quality service.

The four caregivers from the Ritter-Sheurer Hospice in the Bronx, New York, talked as a team about their hospice work as part of a women's movement, which they agreed it was. The women listened carefully to each other, built on one another's points, and interacted supportively throughout the discussion.

Wilma Bulkin, a doctor, is now the hospice director. She states bluntly that doctoring in palliative care is impotent in light of conventional medicine. Diagnosis and cure are irrelevant she says.

Bulkin also sees men, largely doctors, coming into the top positions, often as medical directors. "The medical director has to be the aggressor, recruiting patients, getting referrals" from doctors who are sceptical about or resistant to the idea of "giving up" on patients and letting them prepare to die.

I asked the women about men working directly with patients. Mary Anne Holwell is the inpatient nurse manager, Katharine Smith the psychologist and bereavement coordinator, and Ruth Saparata the volunteer coordinator.

All of Saporta's 12 volunteers are women, who all hold other jobs as well.

What happens if men don't get involved in hospice at all? The four women agreed that an important balance and energy would be lost if that were the case.

Men from cultures where death is not the enemy work well with the programs, Saparata said. In our culture, however, people seek comfort from women most of the time, said Holwell.

Mary Cann is hospice co-coordinator at the Victoria General Hospital in

Halifax. She agrees that hospice and medical science are feminine and masculine models of care, respectively. But to polarise men into medical science and women into hospice would be destructive, she says. "We have been functioning for at least a century now on the masculine model," she says — intellectual, focusing on scientific research, hard data, cure and technology. That model denies death and loss, even the people, in its concentration of symptoms, the body and its parts, she says.

In hospice, symptom control is important, and equal to "the personal details of a person's life, the yearnings and fears and hopes of life . . . it's all included," she says.

The hospice movement began in 1967 when Dame Cicely Saunders set up an alternative to the isolation, fear and pain she saw dying patients suffer in St. Christopher's and other hospitals in Britain. The "cure or treat'em-to-the-bitter-end" system we call traditional medicine had neither time or resources for the special needs of patients diagnosed as terminally ill.

In a hospice program, caregivers work with a variety of drugs to eliminate pain and even the fear of its returning. They also work with counselling, alternate therapies like massage and touch, and general patient comfort as they try to help patients come to terms with death and the lives and families they are leaving. Hospice workers also support families of dying patients. Ideally, the palliative care team includes doctor, nurse, social worker or psychologist, chaplain and volunteer.

From her work on stress, researcher Mary Vachon, in 327 interviews, identified hospice workers as having fewer signs of stress overload than people in emergency-related fields of medicine, although they deal continually with death. Hospice workers use their team as the foremost coping mechanism, says Vachon, ideally building a philosophy together, finding support, a sense of belonging, role definitions (flexible), competence sharing and a communication forum. As a feminine model, the hospice interdisciplinary team can offer caregivers and patients a new opportunity in medicine to risk seeing whole people in relation to death without overwhelming either in grief. ▽

REVIEWS

The Dora Russell Reader

Almost every person alive — if given a dime and half a chance — would recognise the name Bertrand Russell (mathematician, philosopher and prolific writer). They may not have the slightest clue who the man is and why he deserves any recognition, but they would probably acknowledge his name nonetheless. It is the unfortunate tragedy of western society that we cannot pay the same courtesy to Dora Russell. And with this Dora Russell would wholeheartedly agree.

Not merely the second ex-wife of Bertrand Russell, Dora Russell — educator, philosopher and writer — has contributed to the body of work which makes up 20th century intellectual activity. That Russell's name spirits no recollection in the memory of current society is not in itself an American tragedy; the tragedy is that women, no matter how important their contribution to history, are virtually non-entities pushed out of the reach of future generations.

In *The Dora Russell Reader*, a collection of her writings over nearly sixty years, Russell's major theme, time and time again, is the lack of recognition paid to women in western society — a lack of recognition which has been the main reason for society's continued decline this century. This has always been her most immediate concern and the fundamental conundrum that she has attempted to solve for nearly seventy years. As she gets older, her philosophy becomes more lucid: man with his emphasis on abstraction, industry and the mechanical world has turned away from the organic, humanist world that women can still provide. Indeed, this may sound like blatant sexism, suggesting that men's minds are more complex and abstract, and women more earthy and simple. But this is not what Russell means at all. Women are capable of being abstract too, but as childbearers, she believes they have a better chance than men at seeing the world in a more concrete, humanistic way. According to Russell, the world desperately needs the balance provided by a humanistic perspective.

Russell records a century from a woman's perspective, taking in issues like reproductive choice, the vote and struggles women have undergone for so many freedoms we either take for granted

Maureen Medved

ed or continue fighting for. In her autobiography *The Tamarisk Tree*, (not contained in this selection, but definitely worth reading) Russell details her life and writes on the events of the 20th century from a woman's vantage point. As editor and feminist Dale Spender puts it "events look very different when a burning issue of the 1920s is that of making it legal for women to have information on birth control." *The Dora Russell Reader* is like that. The energy is incredible when we read, for instance, Russell's first hand experience at the first conference of Labour women in Britain during the twenties.

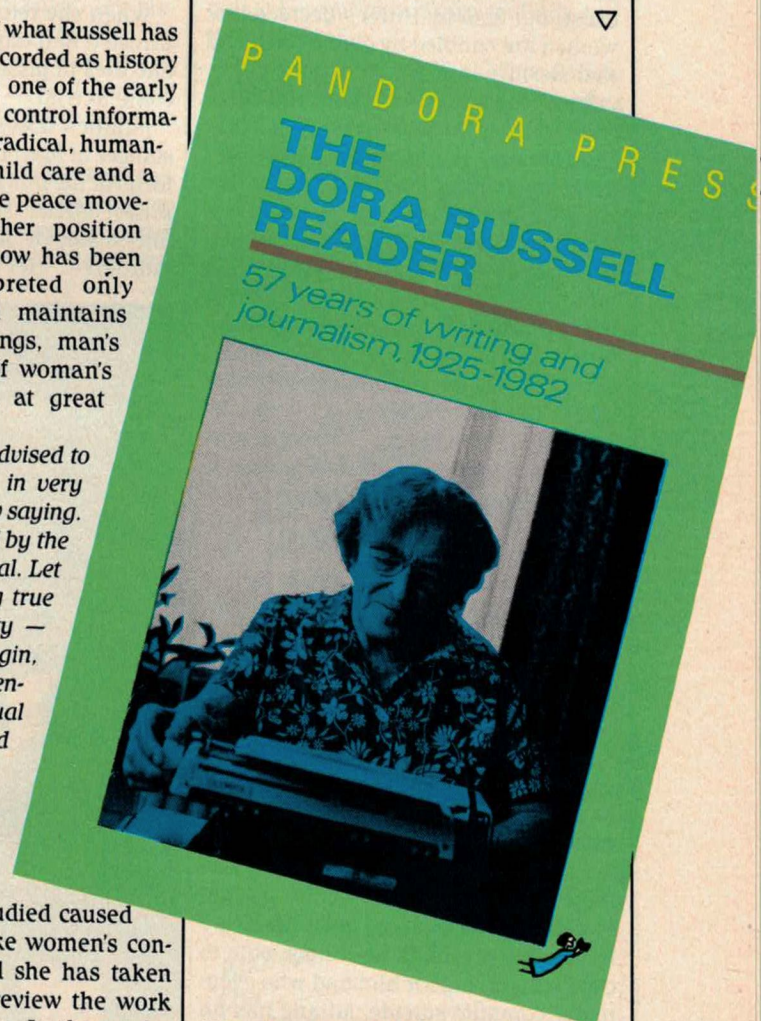
Indeed, that much of what Russell has accomplished is not recorded as history (a list which includes: one of the early campaigners for birth control information, the running of a radical, humanitarian approach to child care and a devoted member of the peace movement) substantiates her position that the world we know has been dictated and interpreted only by men. As Russell maintains throughout her writings, man's complete ignorance of woman's history, is ignorance at great cost:

Men would be well advised to listen to what women in very many countries are now saying. The contribution offered by the thought of women is vital. Let a period of recognising true equality — not identity — between the sexes begin, especially in the influential countries, then equal representation would have real value.

Russell is not a hypocrite. Her advocacies that women's opinions and ideas should be read and studied caused her to struggle to make women's contributions visible; and she has taken every opportunity to review the work and writings of women. In the reader she reviews the work of fellow feminists Alexandra Kollontai and Naomi Mit-

chison — both of whom inspired Russell throughout her life.

That a woman can persist, in the face of abject indifference by the masses and much of the intellectual community, is incredible. She could, I imagine, get personal satisfaction from the progress of women over so many years. And as Russell documents it, they have indeed progressed, though, as she readily admits, not far enough. Russell's style is straightforward, easy journalism. These are essays which tried, when written, to clear up so many misconceptions the fearing and sceptical public had over what the feminists were trying to do and what they stood for. And for the present day reader, Russell's book offers a valuable documentation of the feminist movement throughout the 20th century.



The Dora Russell Reader 57 years of writing journalism, 1925-1982, London: Pandora Press, 1983.

REVIEWS

Marianne and Juliane

Susan Spicer

It's unfortunate that the German film *Marianne and Juliane*, originally entitled *Die Bleierne Zeit* (The Leaden Times), will not have a wider distribution. Although not an elaborate film it is well made. Expanding beautifully on the nature of the bonds between women, it tells a true story of women making choices based on their commitment to each other; choices which place them outside the parameters of traditional roles.

Director Margarethe von Trotta focuses on the lives of two sisters, Marianne and Juliane. Von Trotta allows her audience ample time to know, to learn to understand and finally, to respect the two women. The plot begins in Germany in the 1970s, "a haunted landscape" marked not only by the horrors of the Holocaust, but also by Hitler's decrees that women are ennobled by giving birth and that sterility is a sin.

Both Marianne and Juliane are deeply committed to women's struggle for freedom and autonomy. However their differing political praxis lead to conflict between them. Marianne chooses violent revolution, claiming that "women can be revolutionaries too", while Juliane believes that "in time, ideas become acts." Marianne's political commitment lead her to the Third World where she fights fire with fire in places where lives are threatened by war, by starvation, by a system uncompromisingly patriarchal. In contrast Juliane is a member of a women's magazine collective (no beauty tips, no recipes) in Germany. Both women believe their work to be on the right path, to be absolutely essential. When Juliane accuses Marianne of oversimplification — "You've ruined everything with your bombs", — Marianne responds, "My life begins with other people."

Von Trotta deals in part with the conflicts that emerge from attempts to balance both a public and a private existence, especially as those conflicts are manifest in the lives of women and their children. The film begins as Jan, Marianne's son is placed in Juliane's care by his father who is no longer able to cope with caring for him and who eventually commits suicide. Juliane has no desire to look after the boy and seeks advice from a woman doctor friend. Her friend comments, "What a pair of sis-

ters. You won't have any (children) and the other gives up hers to save humanity." Juliane then learns that her friend is pregnant — she seems confident that she will manage both a career and her child.

When the two sisters meet after a long separation, Marianne insists that Juliane care for her son. But Juliane refuses to take on the role Marianne has rejected and decides to put Jan in a foster home. Upon learning of her sister's decision Marianne is content. In Germany Jan will have everything he needs. She leaves the country to fight for children who have nothing.

When she returns to Germany she is arrested and imprisoned for terrorism. She dies in prison without ever having come to trial.

Juliane's obsession with the circumstances of Marianne's death provide the focus of the film's second half. Although prison officials state that Marianne committed suicide, Juliane believes she was murdered. Her obsession eventually

leads to the demise of the relationship with the man she lives with. He sees Juliane's devotion to her sister as an intrusion — yet he admits he would not mind if Juliane were spending her time with Jan.

By the time Juliane does prove her case, years after the death, no one cares. She is told by a newspaper editor that terrorism is "strictly seventies", out of fashion. Because the film is so well crafted and so carefully plotted, the dichotomies it presents — public vs. private, violent vs. passive revolution, selfishness vs. self-determination — are maintained and explored throughout. Von Trotta presents no answers, and passes no judgements.

As the plot unfolds and public opinion rises against Marianne, Juliane is encouraged by her co-workers to present the other side of the story, since "it is only through the revelation of our personal experience that other women will begin to examine their own lives." Von Trotta has succeeded in inspiring us to that end.

Marianne and Juliane. Written and directed by Margarethe von Trotta. Germany, 1981.



REVIEW

Stepping Out of Line

Erica Smith

Stepping Out of Line — A Workbook on Lesbianism and Feminism by Nym Hughes, Yvonne Johnson, and Yvette Perrault; published by Press Gang Publishers, 603 Powell St., Vancouver, \$12.95.

Lesbians, feminists, straights, undecideds, in fact anyone who wants to know more about any of the preceding will find this book worthwhile. Anyone interested in starting or facilitating a workshop will find it invaluable. The authors, Yvonne, Nym and Yvette are all veterans of some forty workshops on lesbianism, and feminism, and have solid practical experience behind them. There are helpful guidelines on introducing workshops, exercises, celebrations; followed by notes for facilitators, workshop variations, childcare, food, money, advertising and a thorough list of resources. The information is broad enough to apply to all kinds of workshops: non-lesbians also will find it useful. The rest of the book consists of stories, interviews, articles, photographs and drawings — a potpourri of creativity. A number of myths are examined and laid to rest. One of the myths is that lesbians have perfect, egalitarian sex; all it takes is one magic leap over heterosexist conditioning and presto — trouble-free, struggle-free blissful relationships forever after. It's an impossible ideal. Says Rita Mae Brown: "Becoming a lesbian does not make you instantly pure, perpetually happy and decidedly revolutionary." Violence often erupts in relationships where lesbians have internalised their oppression. A lesbian can also be a batterer.*

The section on religion is disappointingly incomplete. The point is made that lesbians are in danger of killing their spirituality by rejecting patriarchal religions outright, without examining the more positive denominations with progressive traditions. Activism within the church is advocated. Supportive ministers, rabbis and priests should be approached as possible allies. Lesbians already belonging to congregations are encouraged to do educational work. This is all very sound advice. But how about exploring the exciting possibilities in the Goddess, Wicca, born-again paganism? How about advice on where to find feminist spirituality, local covens and simple step-by-step instructions on hexing the moral majority?

One of the book's stated aims is to analyse the connection between lesbianism and feminism, but it falls short. The sub-title is a bit of a misnomer — little is said about the problems of femi-

nists and lesbians working together, other than to conclude, painfully, that homophobia runs as deeply in progressive circles as anywhere else, but feels a lot worse. The authors could find only one book that dealt specifically with this issue: Charlotte Bunch's *Lesbianism and the Women's Movement*. Given the present blight of right-wing rhetoric, we welcome any new attempt at clarifying the muddy waters of lesbian/feminist relationships, but much work remains to be done.

"The most blatant homophobic reactions I have ever experienced were from other feminists. My most painful struggles for self-worth and acceptance were within the women's movement," says Nym, voicing the despair of many lesbians.

Is it the deeply felt pain surrounding the issue of sex and sexuality that makes feminists nervously shy away? Much has been written on the oppressor/oppressed aspect of sex, but beyond that the imagination falters. By now, most feminists agree that lesbianism is acceptable — especially as a political or intellectual concept — and so it is swept up into a movement where it surfaces once in a while but is in danger of being permanently submerged. The disagreements arise over how far we feminists should stick our necks out. We're afraid that our movement would lose a lot of momentum and credibility, (not to mention funding) if we allowed a too open association with lesbianism. That hoary old maxim "the personal is the political" apparently doesn't apply to whom we go to bed with. Lesbianism is seen as a purely personal choice with no political implications. ("We've already dealt with lesbianism and we are all comfortable with lesbians, so let's get on with more important issues.")

The Women's Movement is a tough old bird. She has an indomitable survival instinct. You can't strangle, drown, burn, preach, argue, debate her to death; she just bounces back stronger than ever. Not so very long ago, we paled in horror at the very words abortion, incest, rape. But unruly feminists insisted on dragging them out and talking about them at every opportunity. And so nowadays almost everyone knows that one in ten women is battered, that incest is far more widespread than formerly believed, etc. But mention "lesbian" and many people blush, snicker or squirm in discomfort.

We need to address this complex issue, return to our consciousness-raising groups and start talking about sex in the same way that feminist theory was created — out of our own feelings and intuitions.*

* I am indebted to *What We're Rolling Around in Bed With*, by Amber Hollighbaugh and Cherrie Moraga for this insight.

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100 PER CENT WOOLEN BLANKETS to make yourself. Information: Rowe, Box 2935, Smithers, B.C. V0J 2N0.

VOICES, c/o I. Andrews, R.R. -2, Kenora, Ontario P9N 3W8. A lesbian newsjournal focusing on healing (personal, political, spiritual). Priority to lesbians of colour. Subs \$6 for 3 issues; groups \$12; sustaining \$20; sample \$2.

PEACE & POWER, a handbook of feminist process by Charlene Eldridge Wheeler and Peggy L. Chinn. This 64-page contains guidelines for formulating principles of unity as a basis for group work, and details of working together in a group. Available from Margaret Daughters Inc., P.O. Box 70, Buffalo, NY 14222; Price \$4.95 U.S. (postage \$1/book)

PID SUFFERER WRITING A BOOK on PID would like to hear from women cured of chronic PID or information about any successful treatments or interested practitioners. Confidentially respected. Maureen Moore, 2045 Trafalgar, Vancouver, B.C. V6K 3S5.

HERSTORY Calendar revived by the Saskatoon Calendar Collective. The 1985 desk calendar contains new information and sells for \$6.95 a copy. Order from: Coteau Books, Box 239, Sub. 1, Moose Jaw, Saskatchewan S6H 5V0.

I AM COLLECTING SLIDES — of the art and altars of contemporary women who are working in Goddess-related and other ennobling/empowering imagery for possible inclusion in an upcoming Studio D, National Film Board film on the roots of religion. Please send no more than 20 slides, including descriptions, media, motivation and anything else you want to say about your work. I am interested in all media, including women's traditional arts. Deadline — December 31, 1984. Sasha McInnes, 237 A Dundas Street, London, Ontario N6A 1H1. Telephone (519) 438-5307, 672-2832.

A FRIEND INDEED — for women in the prime of life; a newsletter for women in the menopause. The editor, Janine O'Leary Cobb, states that *A Friend Indeed* is not to suggest dogmatic prescriptions or pat solutions. The intention is to explore menopause: to offer an exchange of information from woman to woman; and to gather together in one place relevant information so that women can make knowledgeable decisions. Subscriptions are \$20 for 10/year (except July & August); send cheque to A Friend Indeed Publications, Inc. 4180 Wilson Avenue, Montreal, H4A 2T9 (514) 488-9645.

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Hmmmm... what am I going to give my friends

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Something absolutely enjoyable

Something that will remind them of me

but I don't have time to make home-made jam

but I can't afford to send them to Cuba for a holiday

but I gave them all a picture of me and my cat last year

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